



About i2b

I have been a professional “writer” for almost 30 years, but calling myself a Writer always felt like fraud. True Writing was real, important, to the bone. I’ve been “writing” – making the world safe for construction budget analysts and dental insurance claims administrators. Faulkner I am not.

I know how always to nouns sequence and verbs, appropriate needed as modifiers with, agreement tenses and number. Bucks big did pay the people. Enjoy writing creative did always, just but fun for not and big shots like.

I still don’t feel comfortable calling myself a Writer. Kind of like a toddler trying on dad’s suit and shoes. But never mind: here is my attempt to honor the hero list of people I never had the balls to measure myself against. For too long, my reverence for Writers has kept me from being one.

So as I inevitably measure myself against the hero list If you must know: DFW, Faulkner, Kingsolver, Erdrich, Wharton, Delilo, Rushdie, Carver, O’Connor, Chandler, Saunders, Mosely. That’s for starters, and strive to earn at least a footnote I love footnotes! there, I promise to post something new here every Monday and Wednesday mornings to give you a reason to put off work for another 5 minutes You’re welcome, and whenever else I damn well please.

Eager voyeurs are invited to point and laugh, pass harsh or gentle judgments, or just gawk quietly to themselves as the chrysalitic<fn>If syphilis/syphilitic, then chrysalis/chrysalitic. Works for me.</fn> drama unfolds in real time.