

In Which We Discuss How Turn One/Chapter One Came to Be...

The first “piece” of this puzzle was posted by Colby Keller via his blog, right ‘chere:

<http://bigshoediaries.blogspot.com/2013/10/pieces-of-eight.html>

The task at hand, so to speak, was to chat-up/make art/generally ponder deeply over a beverage of choice the following symbol and associations:

Justice: "Truth tempered by Love."



Kelly's Take

My version of “art” is very much the literary. Telling pictures that make movies in other peoples’ heads, that’s my game. I often use a liberal dose of music and images, though, along the creative way.

So, it’s hard for me to say where the image stopped inspiring and the story started or vice versa. The thing I love most about this project so far is that all the concepts nicely eat their own tails. The first bit of inspiration I had about how to tell a story/make our version of art around this concept of JUSTICE, but also to carry on through the rest of the virtues, was “Love letters.” From there, the idea of How People Meet One Another In This Day And Age sort of came out, along with the overarching plotline to the story. We knew each of our main characters had something to hide, something to confess, and something to hope for. As it stands right now, we’re still developing the characters and the plotline, which is in a lovely state of limbo, as we wait for each of the Virtues to come out (of the closet. Heh.).

With specific regard to the object/image/virtue, I'd say it's represented best in the interplay of our main characters. Jay's been through some shit, all involving secrecy, deceit, and the hurt that inevitably comes in the aftermath of such intent. He is quite literally searching and actively involved in finding "justice" as defined by: "Just behavior or treatment." He's doing it through an attorney and the law, but also by seeking new virtual stomping grounds. He didn't find "justice," "love," or "truth" in his former online/social haunts, and he's hoping to have better results elsewhere.

In a way, Jay's experiencing what I'll call the "dark side" of "Justice is truth tempered by love." His love disemboweled him, and he's realigning his truth (or "self") by seeking justice. Or, another way, he is correcting his circumstances by attempting to reassert justice in his life with truth tempered by his former love and now love of self.

And, just to make this explanation a tad more murky, as it's not dark enough already in here, IF "Justice" is TRUTH tempered by LOVE... then Jay is manifesting justice by telling Branwenn/Adam -- someone whom he obviously likes/admires -- his story/what's going on in his life. He's quite literally (as, Universe knows, I am literal, sometimes) restoring some balance by sharing some truth to someone with whom he has a *version* of love for/with. Love doesn't have to mean Valentine hearts. Sometimes it's just bloody consideration and a good listening ear.

(And, Henley would say, a strong set of shoulders on which to lean.)

I swear this makes more sense in the story, where I got to use Joe vs The Volcano and Superman to help paint this picture. At least, one HOPES it makes more sense. And this project isn't about me and my rambling ways trying to articulate how the art proves the point or illustrates it... It's about the story.

It's worth mentioning, definitely for sure, though, that in return for Jay's drug-and-alcohol-Ambien-laced monologue about life, Adam, with his response, also embodies the essence of this drawing in his own fashion. He quite literally tells Jay the truth -- both about what Jay's shared and Adam's own -- and does it out of the same version, or so one would assume at this point, of "love" that Jay's offered up.

Hazy? Confused? Generally lost?

Excellent. I've done my job.

Henley's Take

Less than three months ago, (perhaps it was four, it might have been six, time management is not my forte) I was figuratively grabbed by tiny fists of death about my lapels, given a hard shake, and forced to contemplate incoming consequences as an "***I've done a thing!***" was squee'd into my ear.

Let's just say, for such a wee thing, Kelly has quite a voice when the requirement calls for it. For anyone that follows us already, that "thing" turned out to be [Vision Quest](#) -- a successful, entirely-too fun, yet sometimes exhausting (heart-wrenching, mind-exploding, oh-my-God-do-I-really-have-to-write-something-after-that-last-post-kill-me-now) work of fiction that we tag-teamed each other on (heheh).

Paybacks... all I can say is paybacks.

Occasionally, like... once in a while, say... during stressful life-moments (okay, almost daily), Kelly and I will watch porn together. Odd, you might think? Screw you, I say in reply to that. These online ventures often have us drifting to various support sites. In other words, we find an actor that sets both our hearts pit-pattering and we have to go find us some goods on said actor. She finds Colby's blog, she reads about the art project, and I do my own version of "I've done a thing" by calmly suggesting, "Let's write him a story."

Kelly's stunned silence is almost more disconcerting than her ear-splitting squeals.

Which leads us to *Eight Turns Of Fate*, and to the concept of Justice. I admit, the first thoughts I had were of He-Man holding aloft the PowerSword whilst bellowing. Of course that could have something to do with the porn we had just watched.

Mmm... porn. *drifts off*

Wait... right... I'm supposed to be writing something clever about the first chapter of this story. Now, I know that Kelly has already explained the how's and the what's of most of this story so far, so I won't repeat them. Besides, I've got nothing. Go read it. See for yourself. Let us know what you think. And for the love of God, help me convince Kelly that these two men need to get spicy.

Kelly's Counter-Damned-Take

AS IF I AM THE ONE WHO NEEDS CONVINCING OF THIS IMPLIED SPICING?!

Oooh. Don't let Henley fool you, folks. ASK ABOUT THE GAZING. THE GOD-DAMNED GAZING.

straightens self and suit

Ahem. As we all were...

Henley's Counter-Counter-Damned-Take

eyes Kelly

"Ahh, I don't want Colby Keller to see us writing sex..."

Kelly's Insufficient Rage Spluttering

THAT IS NOT WHAT I FUCKING SAI--

Henley's Carrying On With the Original Point

To which, I say, "I'm sure he knows about sex. What exactly is the issue here? Are you neeeervooooooooous?"

Kelly's Final Word.

...and that's when I shot him, Your Honor.

The Way of the Write-y

Henley and I work in the round. We each take a character, and we play it. Think of the process as the best combination of creating, role playing, and acting. For the duration of this project, I'm Jay Watson and Henley is Branwenn/Adam Fielde. We're each responsible for our own sections, and we each write 'em on our own.

In our other collaborative works, we've "tag-teamed," meaning, one of us starts a part, hands it over to the other person, and the second person carries on with the story without knowing what the first person was going to do in the first part. Then the story gets handed back over, and it gets carried on yet again, each time ending in a blind pass. By that method, it's the best parts of creating, role playing, and *improvisational* acting.

In this case, we know much more about what the other hand is doing, though there is still a healthy amount of devil-take-the-hindmost improv.

We have plans, friends. Oh the plans we have...

As soon as I resurrect Henley, that is.

Much love.

Kelly (And Zombie Henley)

Thank you for reading!

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