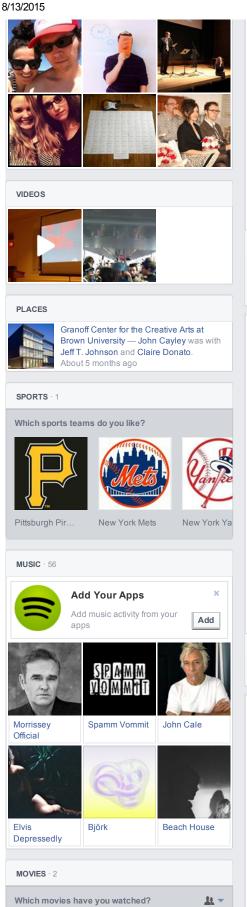


Claire Donato

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The scenario is the same in "The Shadowing." To follow the other is to take charge of his itinerary; it is to watch over his life without him knowing it. It is to play the mythical role of the shadow, which, traditionally, follows you and protects you from the sun-the man without a shadow is exposed to the violence of a life without mediation-it is to relieve him of that existential burden, the responsibility for his own life. Simultaneously, she who follows is herself relieved of responsibility for her own life as she follows blindly in the footsteps of the other. Again, a wonderful reciprocity exists in the cancellation of each existence, in the cancellation of each subject's tenuous position as a subject. Following the other, one replaces him, exchanges lives, passions, wills, transforms oneself in the other's stead. It is perhaps the only way man can finally fulfill himself. An ironic way but all the more certain

Share

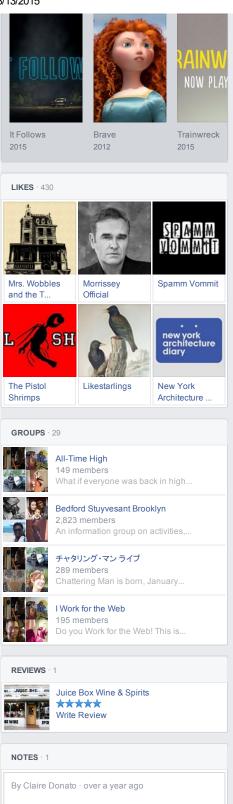


Today, I finally made it back to Muscle Beach in Venice to marvel at the humanity, a buzz(feed) with endorphins. This is the place where you can be anyone you'd like to be if you can only sell people on it. I must say I've got an tube-sock shaped soft spot for father-son Midwestern tourist pairs, middle-aged dad with teenage son, each with mouths agape, hoping the other doesn't notice what he's noticing or that he's noticing it. Every body type spilling out of every swimsuit type, the rolling guru with his guitar, the murals of Venus, rising from her clam shell, kush doctors with their cannabis cures, huckster hiphop musicians slipping their CDs in your hand, the smell of California green everywhere, and of course the plenitude of homeless, who own every inch of this place.

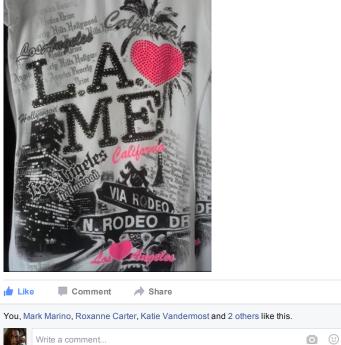
And as I walked into the sea, I knew that I too was home.

**Claire Donato** 2 hrs · 🚱 ▼

8/13/2015









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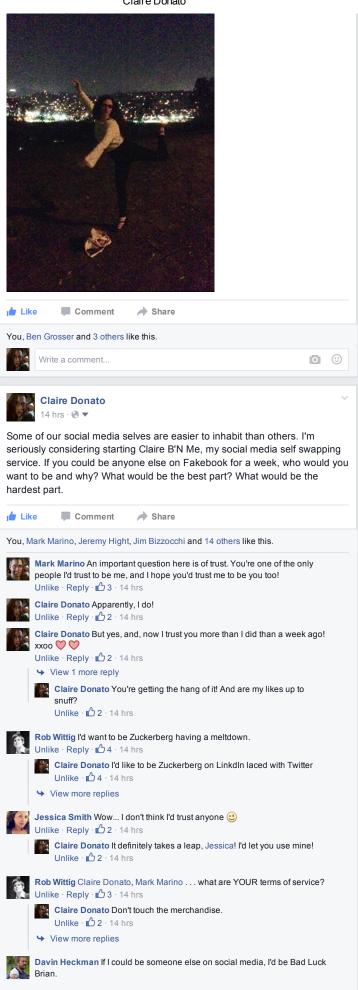
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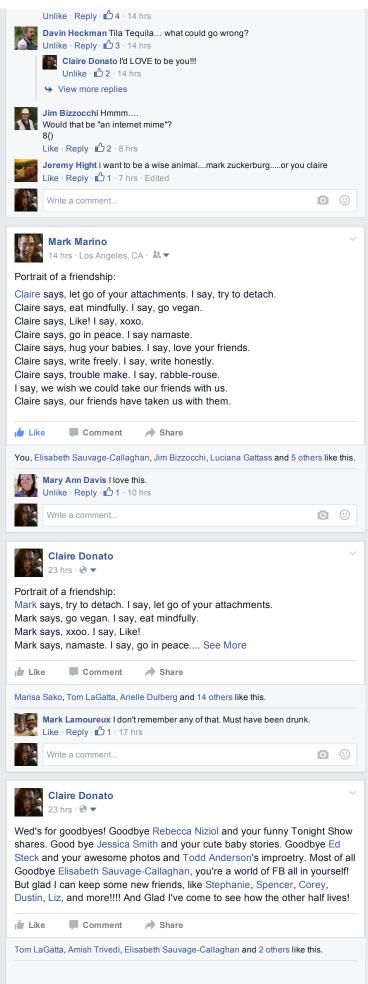
Claire Donato Whereas people perceive my antics as playful and good-natured; they may perceive you as judgmental, bored, irritated. To be fair, there has also been much love, warmth and sweetness. And like that, we hit bad turbulence, so I pressed send to leave a record of my life. I often meditate on the importance of the archive, however ephemeral it may be. In other words, thank you for letting me keep yours. Mark Like Comment You, Mark Marino, Norah Ashe-McNalley and 2 others like this. 0 (1) Write a comment... Claire Donato If we shadows have offended, think on this this: It's just Fakebook. Fuck it. Share Like Comment You, Mia Rovegno, Joel Montgomery, Shea Boresi and 33 others like this. View 4 more comments Miranda T. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EjG3F9SV34Y Yo la Tengo - Fakebook (1990) Full album YOUTURE COM Unlike · Reply · Remove Preview · 🖒 1 · 6 hrs Claire Donato Oops, forgot: xxoo 💙 Unlike · Reply · 🖒 2 · 6 hrs · Edited Diggs Keally Just Puck it? Jeff Knowlton Today I didn't even have to use my A.K. I got to say it was a good day Like · Reply · 38 mins Write a comment... 0 😃 Claire Donato shared Ugly Duckling Presse's photo. **Ugly Duckling Presse** Donate \$500 or more to UDP's RENT PARTY now and UDP author Ed Steck and his cat Kirby Goblin will give you a courteous "thank you" phone call



knows? I'll probably move back in the spring, maybe to Echo Park. — with

Claire Donato.













### **Mark Marino**

August 12 at 6:15pm · Los Angeles, CA · Edited · ♣ ▼

Tomorrow, I'll get on a plane bound for NYC, returning to a city that once felt like home, although I no longer know what (or where or when or who) home is. Lately, home feels more and more like my computer, which is also my head. "The mind is in the head," Robert Creeley said. Home is a place outside of my own identity—one might even say my home is someone else's avatar.

It's been so delightful to get to know all of you, friends who were once strangers whom I now consider my collaborators. I "Like" but also actually love your playful spirits, photographs of your kids on their first days of school, works of electronic art, urgent news clippings, political reflections, music videos, selfies. You make it easier to be open. You light up my sense of humor. I feel affection for you.

Appended is a gift, a song by Laura Marling. It's a song I've been thinking along with since I spent time in Zuccotti Park during Occupy Wall Street. The lyrics elude me, which is why I like the song. Today, I'm thinking about the song's lyrics differently. "Mark's friends, Mark's friends," LM sings. "I'd leave Claire for them. They've got a hand on my back."

Thanks for all you've taught me.

CC'ed: Elisabeth Sauvage-Callaghan Jeff Knowlton Jeff T. Johnson Dustin Stevenson Charley Feldman Chris Rodley Jeremy Hight Jessica Pressman Jeremy Douglass Jean Šrámková Rob Wittig Rob Waller Talan Memmott Beth Marino Stanton Mez Breeze Liz Hughes Wiley Spencer Pratt Heidi Pratt Davin Heckman Jim Brown Jill Walker Rettberg Scott Rettberg Sky Patterson Corey Cordelia Adam Veal Thom Donovan The Pistol Shrimps Dominic Pettman Kate Durbin Maria Damon Gabrielle Gilbert Reed Gaines Katie Vandermost Kelley Brodrick Kelley Chrissy Cortazzo Andy Bouvier-Brown Shefali Rajamannar Sandy Baldwin Anastasia Salter Søren Pold Soodam Lee + everyone else I missed!



## Laura Marling - My Friends (A Creature I Don't Know)

From Laura Marlings album "A Creature I Don't Know"

YOUTUBE.COM | BY LAURA MARLING



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You, Mark Marino, Jeff T. Johnson, Talan Memmott and 5 others like this.



Write a comment...





## Claire Donato

August 12 at 2:04pm · 🚷 ▼

Can it really be time for me to say goodbye to these Lotophagi? I'm not sure I even recognize all of the lotuses I've been eating. While Jeff's been lulled into a dream on his endless commute, I've been nibbling on vegan delights while listening to that seductive strains of siren Joanna Newsom, as the steady stream of Likes pours over me for all my righteous posts. Oh, to live here in this place, with the marvelous meditations of my mom Elisabeth

> Sauvage-Callaghan! V And the other sights as I've become downright Clairvoyent! To see my poet friends and all their publication posts (can I have a w00t w00t?). And then all the friends I've never met who post selfies when they change their hair. Tracy Stewart, Willis Arnold, Gracie Leavitt, your posts for me are the nectar of the gauze wrapped loosely over my bespectacled eyes. Photos of couples whose wedding dances I never shared, new updos from old hairstyles I never new, babies I've never kissed, and <3s and XxOos I've only begun to sprinkle all over my friens. It's an experience only marred by all these glorious ads for workout clothes and airbrush makeup classes (Thanks Fakebook)... Must I leave? How can I go back to my life? Will I still be me when I am no longer here? Then who? Then what? Why now?



You, Jim Bizzocchi, Todd J. Colby, Tom LaGatta and 7 others like this.

Elisabeth Sauvage-Callaghan My mundane musings are your meditations. I am beyond flattered.

Mark Marino I'm going to miss you!

Claire Donato Me, too. And I might miss me even more!

Like · Reply · 🖒 3 · August 12 at 2:17pm · Edited

→ Mark Marino replied · 3 Replies



**Tracy Stewart** 



Unlike · Reply · 🖒 3 · August 12 at 2:22pm

Jeff T. Johnson replied · 1 Reply



Write a comment...







Mark Marino

August 12 at 1:21pm · Edited · ♣ ▼

How do friends police the borders of our online identity through their affirming Likes or silence? — with Claire Donato.







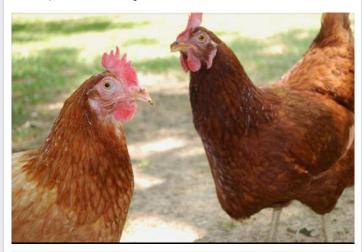
Wednesday is for saying goodbye, but not yet. I'll be leaving this virtual space later tonight to return to my own virtual space's radio silence. In the meantime, I'll relay a few more anecdotes.

Other people's dreams are obviously boring, but last night, I had a vivid dream—an actual dream, insofar as dreams are actual—about two chickens. Both chickens were cuddling affectionately with me, purring. I loved them so much. I felt a deep sense of concern for their well-being. In my concern, I felt much like my character @clairedonato04 from July's All-Time High netprov.

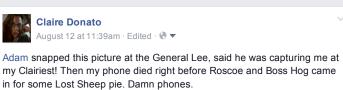
Then, as if from nowhere, one of the chickens died in front of my eyes. A heavy object fell on her. And then there was only one chicken.

I felt a heavy grief. Then the dream cut to a scene featuring Stephanie Boluk, a friend I miss. We were working out in a plain wooden room, reminiscent of the #netprovsanctuary I conceptualized with Claire last night in a private message. Stephanie was running. She ran for 20 minutes. Then she told me to run too.

I woke up before I could begin.











My close, closer, closest friend Mark Marino is reading from these fabulous interactive children's stories with his kids today in Westchester, which I believe is by LAX. My kids ADORE the stories! 2 of them are online, you can check them out. If you're in LA, even if you don't have kids, please go and hear them, taking place in a magical foster care home. His adorable kids wrote them with him. They will amaze and delight you. I'll be there in one form or another.



Mrs Wobbles & the Tangerine House - an interactive story for kids! | Los Angeles Public Library

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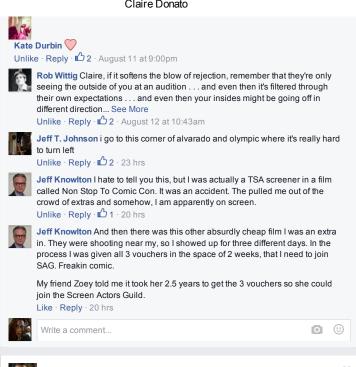
Like Comment Share

Jim Bizzocchi, Molly Gallentine, Greta Hambke and 2 others like this.











I am sitting on the concrete patio at Fix Coffee Los Angeles, drinking iced yerba mate, thinking about the nature of friendship. I want to find a way to talk about my friends without standing outside of myself, without looking at myself looking at them. One way I can think about them is to reflect upon my secret life, which is unknowable, even to me—but who am I, really?

Where does my secret life take place? Certainly not inside the Book of my Face—or maybe it does, but may... See More — with Rob Wittig and 4 others



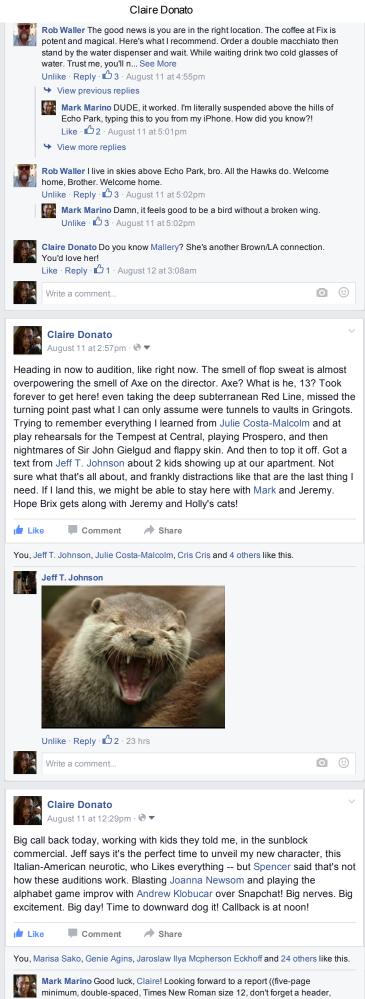
Mark Marino There he is!

Like · 1 · August 11 at 4:38pm · Edited

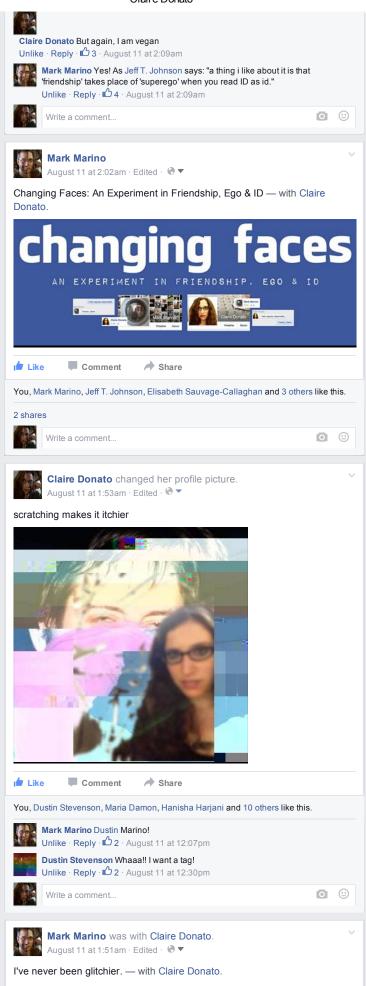
► Elisabeth Sauvage-Callaghan replied · 1 Reply

you! Writing to you feels like going home! Like · Reply · 🖒 1 · August 11 at 4:42pm

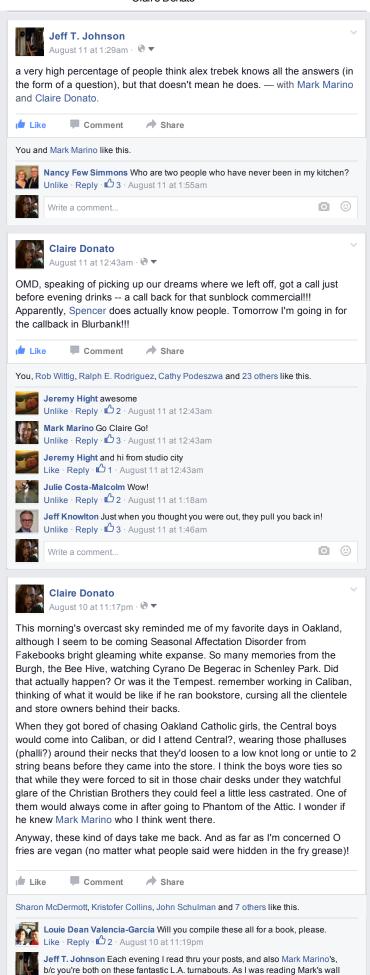
Mark Marino Elisabeth, we've never even met, but I feel so much affection for











today... or was I reading your wall? They're blurring together as you mention





After late morning yoga, I picked Claire Donato up from the hills of Echo Park, and we drove to have a summer lunch with two of my favorite people, Heidi Montag and Spencer Pratt. It's always a pleasure to introduce kindred spirits to one another, to watch new friendships form away from Facebook (AKA Fakebook, Two-Faced Book, etc.). Apart from our discussions re: veganism, poetry, and our second bodies' minds' eyes, we all engaged in a lively writing exercise based on Wallace Stevens' poem "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird." Our variation was called "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Netprov," and we referenced All-Time High as a point of inspiration, writing image-driven fragments about characters including @soemploy, @highschoolrob, @katiev4prez and @franziakafka. During the lunch, we were all surprised and excited to learn that Spence actually played THREE characters during the netprov's four-week run. We can't say which ones here, but those of you who were involved in the performance can probably guess.

Anyway, we're looking to publish "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Netprov" ASAP. Maybe The Paris Review is interested?



# since we worked together on Speidishow. So wild. Heidi asked me so ma... See More

Comment → Share i Like

You, Mark Marino, Jeff T. Johnson, Elisabeth Sauvage-Callaghan and 9 others like this.



## Lane Hall great stuff!

Like · Reply · 1 · August 10 at 3:58pm



Claire Donato Was Spencer netproving about being able to shape-shift into other people or did he really mean it? Or -- and I suspect this is it -- does he really mean his netprovs?

Like · Reply · 6 2 · August 11 at 12:39am



The Khaleesi is coming to Westeros!!!!!!

http://pitchfork.com/.../59135-joanna-newsom-announces-new-a.../

https://www.facebook.com/claire.donato





Woke up feeling kind of Walden-filtered with my back singing the song of seat belt safety from me paddling down the LA River yesterday. I could just medicate with some natural pain killers (recommendations?) or maybe today's the day I have to start working out, maybe running or skipping or crossfit. I don't know if it's watching all my friends fitbit updates or watching all these Silver Lakers jog around so earnestly, hipster beards and scarves dangling in the wind, but I'm seriously thinking of starting a new workout regimen. Quick breakfast at the Silver Lake, but not too much since Mark arranged a surprise lunch for me. More to come.





as my proxy -- my eyes were fairly blurred from the haze of the pipe, who knows what I was walking in. I wished I'd still had my granola bar to offer her.



So much happened since we boarded those kayaks at the start of our ride into LA's Heart of Darkness. It all started so simply. Calm waters down this concrete artery into the city center. The water had normal bushes and plants. But then it got a little weirder. We entered what the guide called the gullet of the miasma. I saw a story bible for the third season of True Detective. Jeff saw a crane, but he swears if was a Scarlet Ibis, even after our guide explained that it was likely just an adjunct professor or a homeless person. As we descended, the vegetation grew to jungle proportions. (Check out the picture if you don't believe me).

At the end of the paddle, the guide explained we'd have to go the rest of the way by foot, if we were going to find the shopping cart. She didn't seem overly worried and hadn't even canceled her 4pm hot stone massage appointment.

5 hours later...

I need to rest a bit but will continue soon.



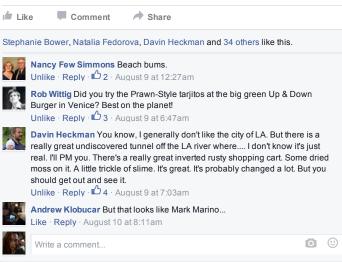




2nd surprise of the day, Jeff is taking me on a safari of the LA River. He says he talked to the guide who knows where the tunnel is that Davin mentioned. Excited to explore this concrete channel in this urban wilderness. Maybe I can also paddle through some of the changes I've been feeling in me lately. The audition and surfing have got me questioning the existential limits I've put on Claire in the past, you know the figure of the shadowy, willowy, temeritous poet. Perhaps Claires seen with clarity are multiple. Well, time to get ready to paddle!









Finally back from the beach. First let me introduce you to my new best friend: SPF 70+ Beach Defense, which allowed Jeff to take the 2nd picture and then allowed me to take the 3rd, which I've entitled Tofu Dogs or Legs?

Sorry for all the weird bodyimage nonsense this a.m., not that the beach had any shortage of skeeziness. Yes, another opportunity to thoroughly reflect on the male gaze. Question: how can the male gaze even see past the glint of the gold chains on its hairy man boob chest? I've developed a new response: The Claire Stare. IT goes out piercingly over the top of my shades until the gazer feels the need to cover up his own disappointing self.

Of course, the real bugger is that we internalize the male gaze. Except, to what extend do we? This might have been the sunblock fumes, but I started wondering, could you ever really internalize a male gaze, I mean, bring it inward, swallowing it like the whale swallows Pinocchio and Gepetto?

I don't think so, because from the inside, all the male would see would be how others respond to you, how people greet you, how their eyes widen with surprise and desire or shrink to seedy slits or roll as in the case of my friends when they see me in my Downton Abbey bathing suit (just ordered). Because the male gaze if allowed to gaze from the inside would recover everything the male gaze removes -- the sense of the subjectivity of the one on whom he's been gazing.

When I rehearsed this notion with Jeff, he said, We can go to Guisados tonight if you want.

him!

Next update: surfing class!

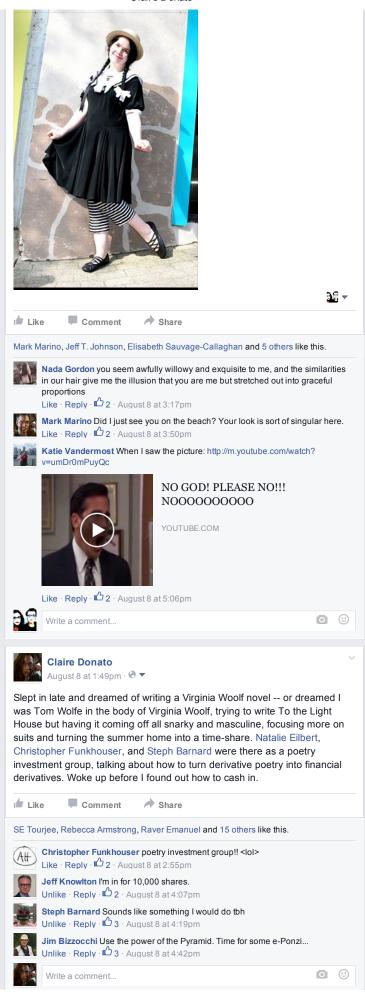




After yesterday's catastrophic yet empowering audition, I'm going to face another item from the "things Clare dreams about doing but is to temeritous to attempt": surfing. Yes, after a week of Jeff facing the soul-crushing commute, we will be trying a surf lesson, because what could be better to get your mind off of the traffic than, you know, sharks. Might just inspire a new set of SPECIAL AMERICA movies: Beach Blanket Bingo!

That means I'll also have to face another one of my major bugaboos: my Clairebod (yes, Mark, sorry, I was projecting a bit with my comments Friday night). And the audition confirmed every stereotype about LA ladies' BMI, not that I fall for any of that bullshit, but the beach is basically an exercise in mass bodyshaming as far as I can tell. So what are my alternatives? Face the bod and embrace it or, and I like this better, cover. Can't I wear a wetsuit while surfing? Could I wear that all day? Are there any laws I should know of, Cali friends? If not, I'd have to shellac my porcelain skin with 70+ SPF. But it's not really about this beach. It just all dredges up memories of that 4th of July at Lake Eerie, the boat incident, Tim Hortons.

Or I could just try this Edwardian number I saw on DeviantArt. Like that episode of Downton where they head to the beach. Why not? Jeff looks so nice in stripey pajamas.







#### **Claire Donato**

August 8 at 12:53am · Edited · 🕙 ▼

Found my way to the Grove, not of trees, but of high-end commerce to see LA's most artificial shopping experience outside of Downtown Disney and Citywalk or maybe the mythical Fashion Island, not that I can cross the barrier into the OC. Anyway, it sounded perfect for working on my novel, even if just in my head.

I don't understand it. The magically helpful guard from the parking lot of the audition had recommended this place so highly, to wit, 'You want a place so hip the hipsters can't even mason jar it to death, go down to Fairfax and 3rd.' After hours of dancing fountains and fashion-plated couples, I grew so tired of riding the trolley back and forth, playing as though I were in San Francisco, it hit me -- it is not the city by the Bay that calls my name, it is the Land of Make Believe -- and I found myself standing face-to-face -- or face-to-hand with the source of my panic this afternoon -- His Manual Majesty, King Friday. Yes, the man who had shamed me in front of my idol, Mr. (Fred) Rogers, who rumor had it was just a regular person who swam at the JCC in Squirrel Hill. King Friday, you have returned, as you always do with that smug twist of your mustache and spin of thumb and pinky. That terrible audition. Mr. McFeely laughing till he cried. Prince Tuesday, chuckling into his hands. Asshole.

But when the vision was gone, I looked up -- and the conductor was standing before me.

'This isnt' what I had hoped for,' I mumbled into my own hand, which was not covered in monarchical vestments like the puppet master's. 'This is place isn't hipper than hipsters, like she told me.'

Then the trolley conductor looked at me and smiled and said, 'I think you want the Farmer's Market,' he said. 'Have a Po' boy. Get some dates.' 'But I'm vegan,' I replied.

'So's my girlfriend. -- I mean, partner. It's better to say partner. You can still eat dates, right?' he asked.

And it wasn't worth explaining the rest. So I got off and found something much more wondrous and campy and trashy, wreaking of tour buses and chintz and day drinking. More to come, as I explore and reflect...

http://www.thegrovela.com/



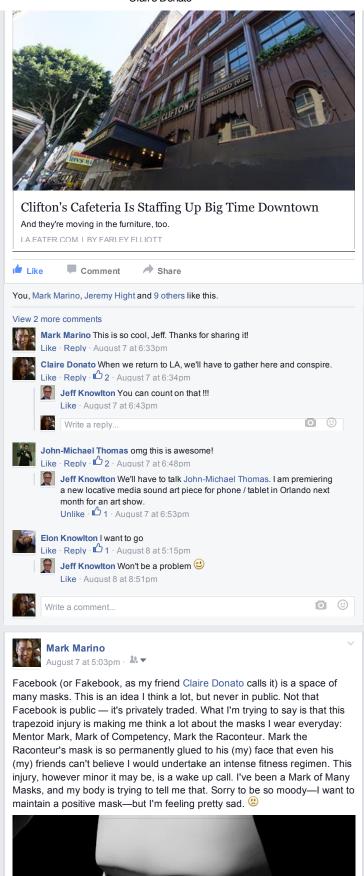
Audition update: Well, that wasn't what I expected -- but most of you were right. Turns out, it wasn't a commercial audition for cars, but for an RX (a new one, that treats constipation and irritated bowel syndrome, which the director seemed to be suffering from, based on his face and constant barking). When I finally got into the waiting room, this bony blonde from

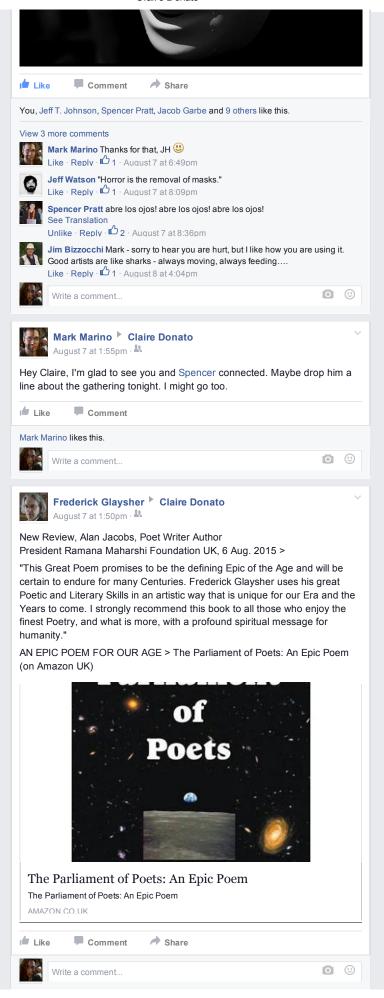
> Huntington Beach (via Exeter, said her mom) with super wide eyes but kind of sloping features that made her nose, eyes, and mouth look like they were about to slide off her face, kept asking if this was my real hair and kept saying how jealous she was of my figure. Once I got in a realized why. The RX apparently, in the process of relieving the digestive symptoms causes bloating and fatigue. I was reading primarily for fatigue, I think, though I think they considered me for bloating, too.

> On my way out, after getting Next-ed almost instantly, I shouted at them my 12th Night monologue. The girl with the sloping features clapped (just her finger tips) and mouthed a silent "Yay." Then her wrinkleless mom scowled at her so hard I could see her submerged scowl lines resurface, if only for a minute.

> I've got to get out of here (not LA, not yet), but out of this green room for Dante's Inferno, this parking lot, where I'm not really crying, but kinda doing



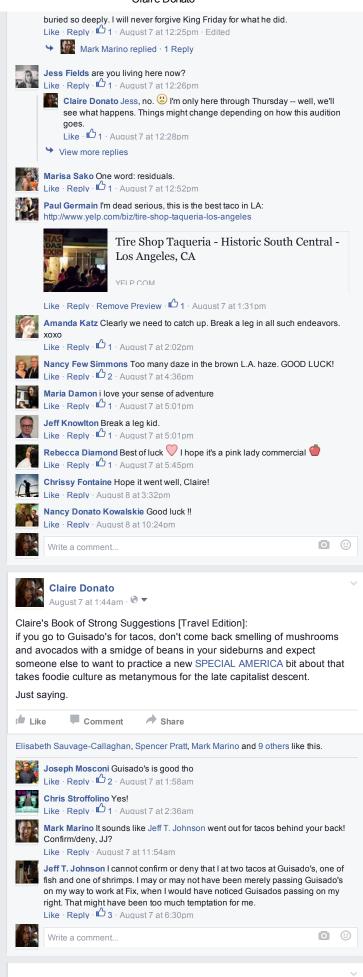






one humiliating cold-read at a time. I prefer the madhouse of poets: Whether the darken'd room to muse invite, Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write; In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint, Like Lee or Budgel I will rhyme and print.







## Frederick Glaysher ▶ Claire Donato

August 6 at 8:42pm - 👫

New Amazon Review, Bob Dixon-Kolar, Department of English, College of DuPage >

"Frederick Glaysher, in "The Poet's Religion of Rabindranath Tagore," an essay from his book The Myth of Enlightenment, mentions his poem The Dawn of a New Day, which describes his spiritual awakening, when "the world grew clearer" and he "discovered that it was nothing like what [he] had thought or imagined it to be." As powerful and beneficent as that experience was, it set Glaysher upon a singular and even a lonely path: Who around him felt what he felt, saw what he saw? That is what made his communion with Tagore--through his poetry, essays and reminiscences—so encouraging and welcome. Tagore, the great Bengali poet and social reformer, had had his own transformative awakening; and, consequently, he daily surrendered himself to the Lord of Life, his Jivan Devata. That devotion freed him spiritually and artistically, while at the same time it guided his service in behalf of humanity.

"It is clear to me that Glaysher's scholarship, his poetry, and his hopeful vision of Unity among people of all lands remain grounded in ever-dawning encounters with the Divine."



## The Myth of the Enlightenment: Essays

The Myth of the Enlightenment is Frederick Glaysher's first collection of literary essays since The Grove of the Eumenides in 2007. Divided into three sections, these essays and reviews were all written during the 21st Century, with many of them central to...

AMAZON COM





Claire Donato
August 6 at 5:26pm · ♥ ▼

Wandering and wondering through the hills of southern California marveling at how green everything can remain in this winsome waterless wilderness, imagining planting myself in this landscape: would I grow like iceplant and over take or would I become straggly and dried out like tenacious chaparral?

Amazing that one can find solitude in this city of 7 million....









8/13/2015



It's been an incredible month. Thanks to all who contributed their energy to our improvised and radicalized specula... See More



## The Coup - "The Guillotine"

"The Guillotine" by The Coup from the new album 'Sorry To Bother You,' out 10/30! Produced and Directed by Beau Patrick Coulon DP & Edit - Shawn Butcher AC -...

YOUTURE COM





## Elisabeth Sauvage-Callaghan

July 24 at 10:51am · 4 ▼

I was browsing through my daughter's website earlier this morning, and found this wonderful piece of artwork, by her, which I had never seen before. I adore Claire's artwork - I think that it's incredibly sweet and smart, and filled with cute little details. This self-portrait fills the bill as well as all others pieces created by Claire. Please, note (as I added it on the piece itself), that this image belongs to Claire. Do not copy or alter.



You, Pamela Marshall Ganné, Ellen McGrath Smith, Kara Campbell Raehsler and 9 others like this.



Elisabeth Sauvage-Callaghan The word "Text" should not appear in the center of the image. I screwed up when adding the copyright notice. Woe me. Like · Reply · July 24 at 10:57am

Kara Campbell Raehsler She is so amazingly talented.

Like · Reply · 1 · July 24 at 11:52am

