

FOR THOSE ABOUT TO READ (AND SEE)

# THE BIFF MITCHELL SAMPLER



MAGICAL REALISM AND THE ABSURD

WITH A STIFF DOSE OF HUMOR

# ARTIST STATEMENT

There's more to life than we'll ever see. There's magic scampering through the bushes and swimming in every stream and puddle. Unseen meanings hide between the lines of epics and children's stories. Mystery and wonder suffuse the air around us and burrow deep under the veneer of what we know.

That's one way of putting it, but I like to think of it as stuff that's never seen until you pay attention.

We don't pay attention. We're distracted by the surface of things and never peek under the hood. We assume that our eyes define everything we see at a glance, so we don't look closer, and we rarely think about anything that doesn't help us or kill us.

Increasingly, our lives become bullet trains streaking through time with the window blinds down.

We miss it all.

And that's where art comes in. It focusses our attention on the hidden meanings of everything we ignore. It taps us on the shoulder and says, "Hey, look at that."

And when you look, you actually see something. It could be an open manhole in a photograph and you wonder if that's a safety hazard. It's something you might miss if you were walking down the street with *all* the street and distraction around you, but the photograph drew you into the scene and made you think about it.

And under all that...the universe is filled with humor.

# WRITING

Writing is my obsession. If I don't write, I drink, I growl, I swear (even more than usual, and I swear a lot). I want to stay in bed all day, I don't want to go to bed at night, and I stare into space and count dust particles floating in the air. Without the continuous, never-ending flow of misery and soul torture that writing gives me...I'm a mess.

Well, I'm a mess anyway, but even more so when I'm not slapping words into sentences. The inspiration hides around corners and scares the shit out of me as I walk by. I never know where it's going to come from next. It usually starts with a random first sentence for my short fiction. I don't know where that first line comes from. It just appears...and it's like a Big Bang of words...the sentence appears and a universe of words forming a story explodes out of it.

Sometimes the explosion just stops and I put the story away and let my subconscious dwell on it for a while. It dwelled for 10 years for one of my stories, *The Nickel*.

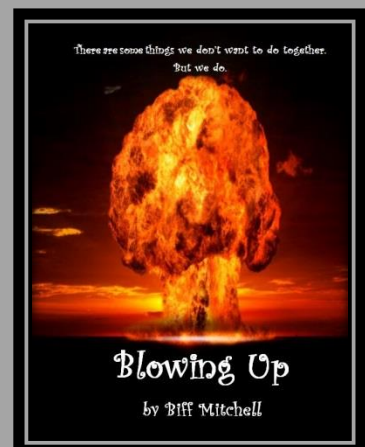
Three of my novels started off as short stories.

I write speculative fiction, stuff that can't really happen because it's magic, has no grounding in reality, takes place in the future or it's just plain silly. I load the stories with humor because I believe it's the only thing that keeps us human and somewhat sane.

I write non-fiction to post on my personal blog and at Vocal. These articles are generally about writing. Go figure.

I taught a creative writing workshop through the University of New Brunswick for over a decade. It was called *Writing Hurts Like Hell*. I recently turned it into a book called *Writing Hurts Like Hell: How to Write a Novel When You Don't Have Time to Write a Short Story*. I think I might start teaching workshops again because I kind of miss torturing innocent people.

Here's a story from my up-coming book of short stories, *Blowing Up*.



## STILL LIFE WITH SAX AND MUSE

It was a quiet afternoon at Molly's Cafe. Outside, gray rain sliced through the air like tiny hatchets. Behind us, a lone sax player ground out something bluesy with all the gravel and grit of a break-hardened heart. Across from me, Jo's eyes, as usual, were green, a green that could feed forests.

She wore a black turtleneck with matching black tights divided by a red swatch of tartan skirt. I tried to keep my eyes on her eyes, but the green threatened to swallow my soul and toss me around in the tides of her green forever. I focused my eyes on a couple of dust motes arguing about semantics and existentialism somewhere in that distance between her green eyes and her long legs, those legs that flowed up into an unimaginable playground, into ... I refocused my eyes on the dust motes.

"Do you like my sweater?" she said.

"Huh?" I said.

"Do you like my sweater? You haven't taken your eyes off it. Are you thinking dirty thoughts again, you pathetic literary pig?"

Damn dust motes, arguing right in front of her breasts.

"Oh, uh ... yeah. Nice sweater." The plan was to be cool. "I've always liked large sweaters," I said.

The plan wasn't working.

The two dust motes were cooler than I was.

She smiled. "You're blushing, pig."

"Something caught in my eye."

"And it's cutting off your air supply, goat?"

"Yeah, that's it," I said. "Air supply."

"How's life ... boar?" she said.

"I haven't slept in three days," I said. "I drink too much. I can't write anything anymore. I dream about grabbing spoons and stabbing people. I found God rummaging through the bottles and boxes in my medicine cabinet. He looked hungry and confused. There's a dead rat in my refrigerator. It sees everything. Its whiskers quiver. It asked me where I go." I slumped my head. "I don't know where I go." I looked up past Jo's black sandals and black forever legs and dazzling tartan and past those damned pretentious motes and into the deep green seas of her eyes. "Other than that, I'm fine. And you?"

"I made love to John Lennon last night."

I nodded. "Big night."

The sax player winked at the empty tables around us and dove into a toe-snapping rendition of So What.

Jo put a cigar to her lips and lit it with a snap of her fingers. She puffed deeply and exhaled Hurricane Castro into my face. I breathed in the smoke and felt every hair on my body go bongo

in the Congo. Her lips parted slowly and she said: "Then we talked about the third brick from the left."

"Which is?"

"Just another brick until you mention it."

"There's a dead rat in my refrigerator."

"Does my sweater display my breasts to advantage? I don't want one looking more intelligent than the other."

I curled around this thought. "I find them very similar."

"You what, trite verbalist?"

"...", I said.

"Tongue-tied spelling bee reject," she said.

I had a thought.

I expressed it: "John Lennon?"

"Yes. He stabbed me in the side of my dawn, comma lizard."

"Did I mention ... there's a dead rat in my refrigerator?"

"I'm going to become a veterinarian and devote my life to things with four legs or more. Does your rat need help?"

"Yes, I think it does."

"What exactly does it need?"

"A second chance."

"Do you find my breasts fascinating?"

"Huh?"

"You're staring at my breasts, shallow imagist."

"What ... what is the sound of wax melting?"

"How are the people in your life?"

Uh ha.

Trick question.

But I can handle it. "Alive," I said.

"Alive?" she said.

"Except for the dead ones."

"Dead?" She puffed on her cigar and blew half of Cuba into my lungs. [Thank you.]

"Not alive," I said.

She thought about this.

I thought about this.

She nodded.

I nodded.

I tore the tablecloth off the table and ate it.

It tasted like ...

... plastic.

I said: "The dead rat in my refrigerator asks questions I can't answer."

“We all have our dead rats,” she said.

“How’s work?” I said.

She puffed on her cigar and blew Jamaica and The Cayman Islands into my face. I surfed in green water. “Imagine a bored labia ...” she said. “... waiting for a bus in the middle of a prairie. With no bar in sight.”

“So ... things are getting better at work.”

“New management.”

“What are your dead rats?”

“Mundane symbolists,” she said. “Like you.”

“Do you keep them in your refrigerator?”

“Yoko was pissed at me,” she said.

“Yoko is pissed at everything,” I said. “In a sublime sort of way.”

“It doesn’t matter. I didn’t care.”

“Of course,” I said.

“Would you like me to take my sweater off, banal sentence arranger?”

I blinked.

She winked. “Perhaps I could take my sweater off and we could discuss my bra.”

I gulped. Was she serious?

I said: “God looked so desperate in my medicine cabinet, as though he expected something that never happened. It made me sad, so I went to my refrigerator.”

“Big mistake,” she said.

“How’s that?”

“Never do anything right after seeing God,” she said. “Especially when he looks that bad.”

Outside, the rain spread acid waste over the cars and pigeons. I had tears in waiting for every piston and wing.

No.

Not really.

I have no tears.

Not even for myself.

She said: “Are you feeling sorry for yourself, maudlin moralist? Thinking about crying for the cars and the birds?”

Damn, she’s good.

“Is God in your medicine cabinet?” I said.

“No, he’s between my legs.”

“He looked like he had something to say,” I said. “But he was too busy rummaging ... just rummaging around ... to do anything other than look confused.”

“Do you want to know what God is doing between my legs?” she said.

“The rain is our only contact with the fate of our sky.”

“The rain is dead,” she said. “The sky is dead. The rain is our only contact with the death of air. Why are you staring at my toes, lecherous linguist? Do you want to suck them?”

“Huh?” I said.

“Suck my toes?” she said.

My face sloshed with blood.

She said: “Hah!”

She said: “Hah! Hah!”

She said: “Hah, frightened little adverbial toilet!”

I blushed deeper.

She said: “Have you read any good books?”

I said: “There’s a good book?”

“It resides on a shelf ...” she said “ ... reserved for one good book. Do you think about me when you masturbate?”

I gulped. “And where is that shelf?”

“Wherever you keep it.”

“There’s a dead rat in my refrigerator.”

The sax player took off his shirt without missing a note and winked at a table full of nobody. He had talent.

She said: “Do you think the sax player has talent?”

I said: “He lacks audience.”

“This room lacks ambience,” she said.

I looked around. Empty tables. Afternoon light drifting through the skylight. Harsh light for a bluesy sax. Small stage. Just big enough for an audience-depraved sax. Depraved. Like in the song poem. The bongo song poem. The bongalongo songo poem. Dipdooling bonga ...

“Grammar slut,” she said.

“I wrote a poem once,” I said. “It had words arranged boldly on white space, announcing their presence, if not their meaning.”

“Did it rhyme?”

“Nothing rhymes.”

“Yeah, right.”

“Nothing rhymes.”

“Yeah, right.”

“Nothing rhymes.”

“Fucking transformational syntactical bongalongo songo dipalongo boo bipi diddly bump ...  
... bump.”

“Exactly,” I said. “Boppa loppa bang.” I said.

“Boppa loppa bang,” she said.

“Boo bop,” I said.

“Bop,” she said.

We were standing, standing in the groove of the smooth green ever green of her eyes dancing in the space of the boppa boomalongo of the ...

“There’s a fucking rat in my refrigerator. It’s dead.”

“Refrigerators are not good for rats,” she said.

We shimmied and shook as her green eyes swallowed me in the greenness of my own lies and blindness. My teeth vibrated. I ate the table.

“Hungry?” she said.

The sax player swallowed the air around him and sprayed broken hearts and bus stops into the blue void of empty tables while Jo and I danced everything green and good in a universe of bop dilop.

“Boop,” she said.

“Biddly boppa,” said I.

“Bop diddly boop diddly diddly boop,” said the sax.

“Boop boppa boop,” she said.

“Boop,” I said.

“Poppa poppa boop,” said the sax.

“There’s a dead rat in my refrigerator.”

Jo sat down, legs and all. Sat down and said: “My ears have teeth. I’ve trained them to kill your tongue.”

“Nothing rhymes,” I said.

“Lingo egoist. Feeling sorry for yourself?”

“Do you have a dream?” I said.

“I’m dreaming now,” she said.

“Do you have another dream?”

“Only when I’m awake,” she said.

“I have a dream,” I said.

“Forget it, verb dweeb, my playground is beyond your leer.”

“Any plans for the weekend?” I said.

“I’m going to read a story about a man whose life means absolutely nothing. Nothing ever happens to him. Nobody knows him. Even death forgets him.”

“Does he live forever?”

“No. He dies,” she said. “Life forgets him.”

“Shouldn’t he go somewhere in between?”

“Get your mind out of there, filthy word bucket.”

“I was thinking about buying a new suit of armor,” I said. “You know, something to keep out the cold shafts of my insecurities. They glare at me through the peep holes of curtains and the stale looks of passersby.”

“I think we’re getting somewhere, cliché clincher.”

“I think I’m the man in the story you’re going to read.”

She nodded. “No one can handle life,” she said. “It kills us all.”

“There’s a dead rat in my refrigerator.”

“Shall we sit?”

The sax player went silent. He waited.



Jo waited.

I thought.

I had an idea.

I said: "Yes. Let's sit."

We sat facing each other. The sax droned something slow and Blue in Green. The table was gone. It was in my stomach. Drums swished in the distance. Odd. Suddenly, the distance between us was less than a trillion miles. There was no border of table. There was no fence of table. There was no prison of table. We were free. Unrestrained.

She said: "Before you can chew, you must bite."

The dust motes stabbed each other with logical palette knives screaming ontological bullshit. They were killing each other with concrete abstractions. I had an idea.

"Premature focus kills art," I said.

"Premature ejaculation kills a good time," she said.

"There's a ..."

"Yes, I know," she said. "In your refrigerator. A rat. Dead. What are the fifty-seven ways you would suck the index finger of my left hand?"

"I thought there were fifty-eight."

"After one," she said, "... there's no difference between fifty-seven and fifty-eight. They don't exist."

"I can't write anything anymore."

"You never could write."

"But I used words."

"No," she said. "Words used you."

The sax player shot three bars of Flamenco straight into the hearts of the dust motes. They died painfully. But they never stopped arguing. Their mote corpses still blocked the view. I cried.

"Stop your damned wailing, spineless symbol spinner ... it's only mote morte."

I laughed.

She said: "Stop your damned hysterics, clause clown ... they're still arguing."

I stood up and ate my chair.

"Now you have no excuse," she said.

"Now I have no excuse," I said.

I walked through the empty air of an eaten table and stood directly in front of her. I bent down on one knee, staring into the emeralds surrounding her irises. The sax player's head blew off his shoulders and stuck to the ceiling. He winked as the room exploded with unresolved meaning. The sax didn't miss a beat.

"You must bite ..." she said.

I reached my hand toward Jo. Her eyes ate my soul. My fingers were inches from her knee. My brain spun inside my skull like a dryer full of starched dreams.

"Before you can chew," she said.

I touched her knee and she disappeared.

## THE EXISTENTIAL ADVENTURES OF CRAZY MAN AND THE DOG, SIDESTEPPER

This is a series I publish at [www.crazymanadventures.com](http://www.crazymanadventures.com). There's a hundred of them so far ...all of them free. I do this for the fame and glory of being able to say that I have almost 3 readers. As of this very moment as I write this on whatever date it is today, I'm on a summer break while I plan the next hundred episodes in spite of the death threats from those almost 3 readers.

I started this during the lockdown. I was alone and feeling kind of blue after a few weeks of being cooped up and having illusions of COVID zombies roaming the streets and eating people's lungs. Five minutes into the first day, I couldn't take it anymore and rushed to my computer and started writing:

One day Crazy Man stepped outside to see what it was all about.

I studied these words closely and thought *I'd love to step out and see what it's all about.*

But I couldn't. There was a lockdown. Lung-eating zombies. So I wrote:

He'd been under his bed crying and drinking wine for so long that he couldn't remember what he was crying about and he'd run out of wine.

This sounded so much like my own life. The rest just flowed:

He wasn't much of a socialite to begin with, what with his brain existing in one dimension and his body in another. Or was it the other way around? Anyways, he'd long since forgotten what it was all about, this outside thing.

He lived in a hovel at the exact end of the world. He knew this for certain because he'd measured it one time. He'd done a few calculations, some adding and subtracting, some guessing (shrewd, informed guessing) and he'd made a few decisions, the most relevant of them being: My hovel is at the exact end of the world. He wasn't sure what this meant, but then, he wasn't sure what anything meant but he knew that everything was going to change because he was stepping outside to see what it was all about.

And when he steps outside, he meets the dog, Sidestepper, and the two, after a harrowing bad start, decide to travel together down the path of adventure and new meanings in search of this outside thing and the dog, Sidestepper's, mother.

I found the perfect photo to begin the series:



After that first one, I let the photos decide the next adventure and that was sometimes the hardest part...finding not just photos, but photos that would match the theme and look good in black & white because that's the color of angst and angst is the color of Crazy Man's and the dog, Sidestepper's, world.

The stories are weird adventures into the improbable, but not nearly as weird as real life. OK, so the talking trees, lakes, frogs, waterfalls, oceans, condoms, banana peels, aliens and mean birds might seem a little odd but take a look around and a talking lost rag doll with a story to tell starts to make sense.

## THE WEEKLY MAN



I woke up one day and said to myself, “There isn’t enough misery, pain, angst and insanity in my life.” So, I set out to change that before I got used to being happy. The instrument of my well-being un-doing was The Weekly Man. It had been rejected by 3465.05 agents, most with death threats if I ever sent them anything again.

So I figured, what’ve I got to lose? (I would re-visit that question later with an entirely different attitude.)

The Weekly Man is, like it says above, the world's first free daily serialized coffee break novel. I checked this out on the internet and, yes, I get to claim this title along with having published the world's first laundromance.

The Weekly Man about a group of people somehow joined by a secret that goes back to their childhood, but none of them know about it until they're in their 30s and start meeting on social media. What finally happens changes their lives forever...and then things get really weird.

I set out with the best intentions. It took almost a year of preparation until I started posting it on September 8, 2019. I posted a chapter a day for 72 days. Thankfully, the novel was already written...thoroughly rejected...but written. If I'd had to write each chapter each day, I'd be somewhere cutting paper dolls today.

The biggest problem was technology on a rampage...things like the blog suddenly showing a new interface that takes a few hours to figure out, or my website or blog suddenly down, or my internet connection suddenly lost, or any number of things that could go wrong and made it their solemn purpose to go wrong.

And in spite of all the things that kept going wrong, I had to get each one of those episodes up by midnight for 72 days.

The best part of the novel is the surprise about a third of the way in. I'd tell you what it is, but then it wouldn't be a surprise.

Nothing is as it seems.

BTW, The Weekly Man is populated with a weird group of people. You can learn more about them [here](#).

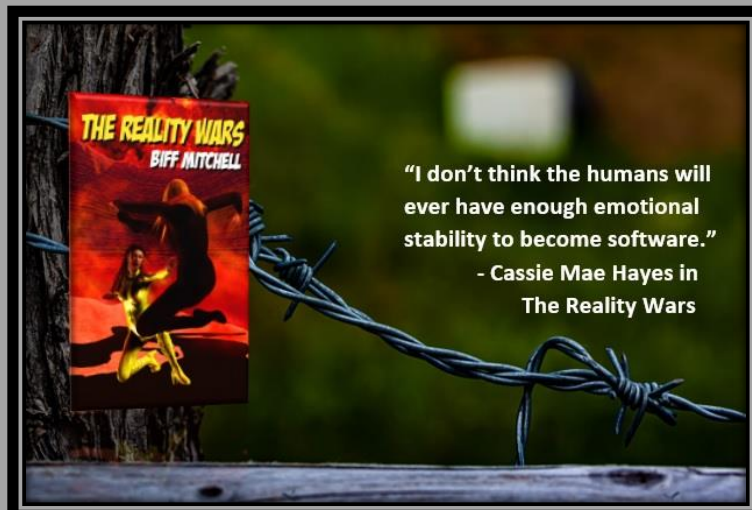
You can read The Weekly Man [here](#).

(BTW, figured out why it was rejected by 3465.05 agents. I tell my writing students to make sure that that first 10 pages of anything they send to an agent or publisher are absolutely perfect. No spelling mistakes. No bad grammar. No typos. Perfection. I tell them, if there's any of that...the agent/publisher stops reading at that point and you get a rejection slip.

This was on Page 2: "Not that he'd noticed. None of them ever noticed noticed. Why would they?" And I didn't notice it. All 3465.05 agents did.)

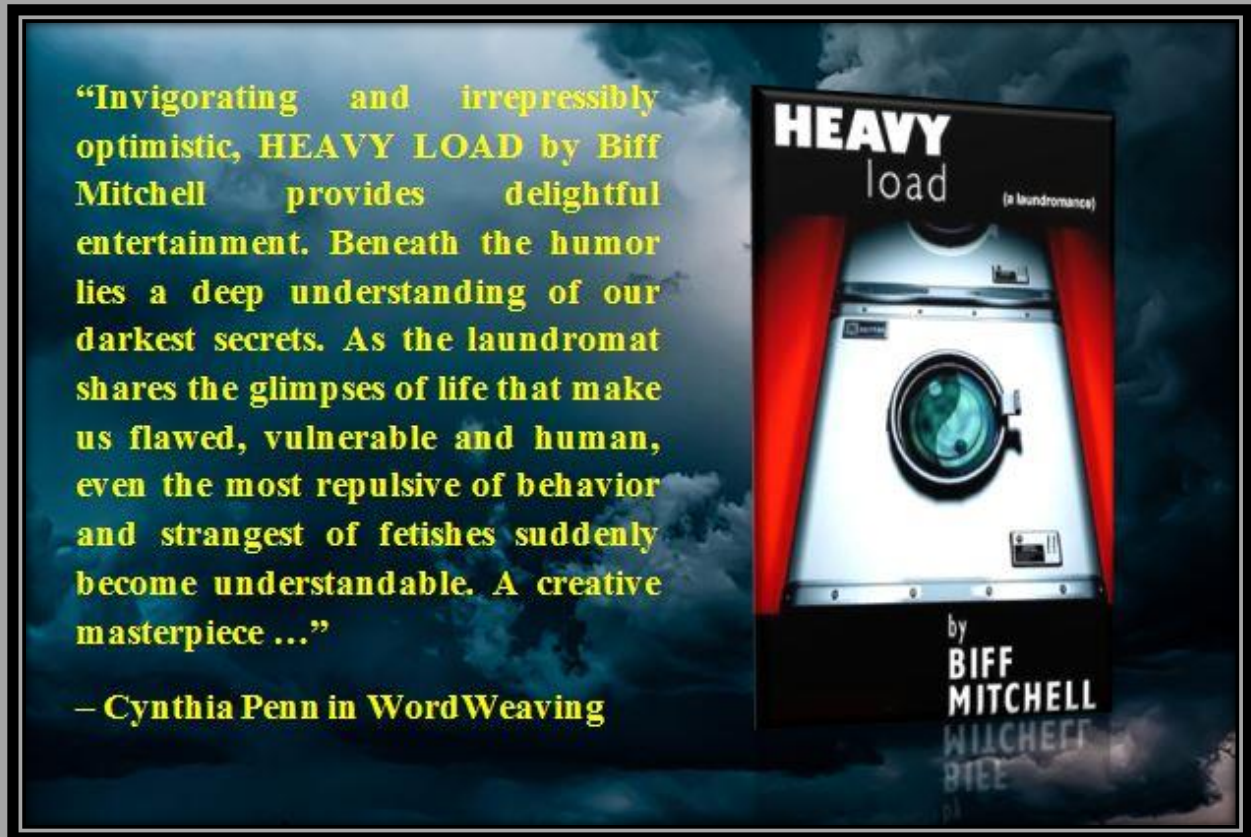
## NOVELS

My first two novels were published by Jacobyte Books in Australia and later by Double Dragon Publishing in Canada (along with several other books) and now by Fiction4All in the UK. The books are in the process of being re-published and, so far, these ones are available on [Amazon](#) and elsewhere.

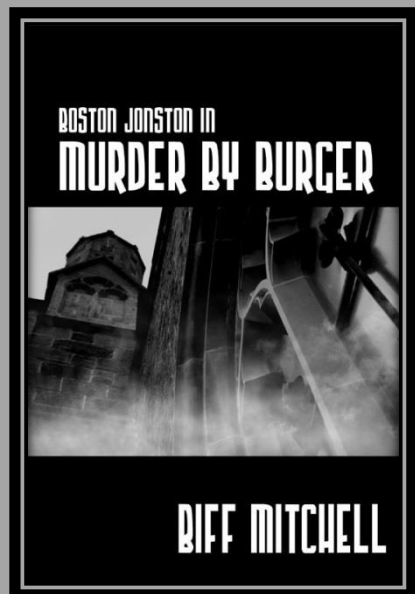
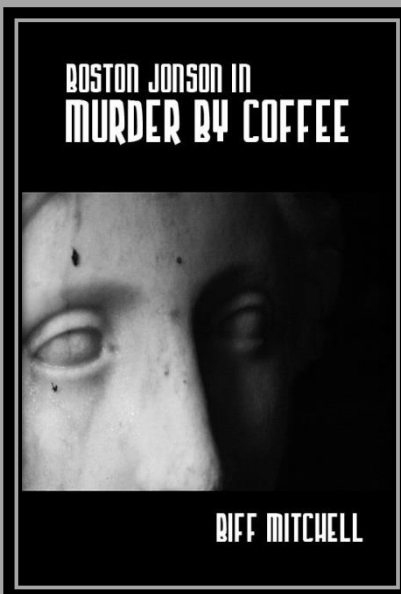
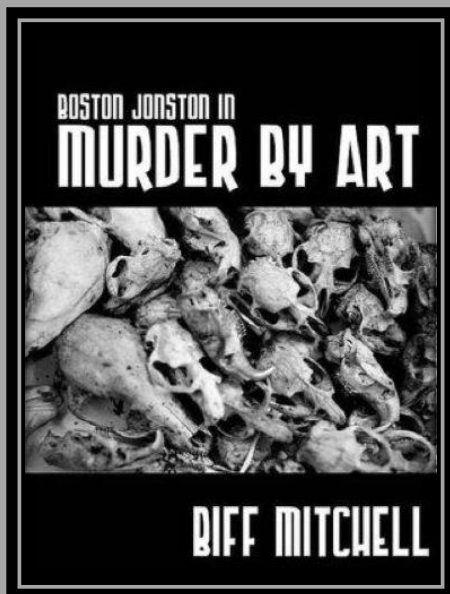




And this one, I self-published after Jacobyte Books was bought out by another publisher and I'd heard so much about the benefits of self-publishing. If you know nothing about marketing and can't afford to hire a marketing agency, self-publishing might not be for you and may be the most expensive mistake you'll ever make. You can get *Heavy Load* at [Apple Books](#) and [Barns & Noble](#).



And coming soon...the re-publication of the Boston Jonson mysteries...



















# VOCAL

I like to think that I know a few things. I've done some reading, lived a little, gone to college, worked a few jobs, did acid in the 60s, cried when Elvis died, survived extreme arachnophobia while dangling by one hand 200 feet up on a cliff side, won a Twist contest way back when they twisted., missed Woodstock, read Ulysses without falling asleep or screaming, had sex in a clump of bushes beside a busy sidewalk, met George Thorogood while I was working at a radio station, met Wolfman Jack at the same station, had my bongos stolen by my roommates and some other stuff.

I figure all this gives me something to write about, someday. In the meantime, I have articles on writing and teaching at Vocal. I think I get a nickel if you read one of them 1000 times.

Check them out [here](#).

			
<b>How to Become an Instructional Designer</b> Introduction I designed my first e-learning course in 1997. At that time, we called e-learning computer base...	<b>The Christmas Cards</b> I was on fire that night. There wasn't a thing I could do wrong, not a thing I could say that wouldn't be exactly...	<b>Don't Lose the Moment</b> OK...I get that some people can't afford to pay thousands of dollars on the perfect wedding: the lavish...	<b>The Creativity Workshop</b> Everyone is creative This isn't a mind-boggling, back-breaking treatise on creativity. Much has been written on...
 <b>Biff Mitchell</b> 24 days ago in Journal	 <b>Biff Mitchell</b> 2 months ago in Confessions	 <b>Biff Mitchell</b> 2 months ago in Photography	 <b>Biff Mitchell</b> 8 months ago in Education
			
<b>Learning and Reflection</b> It's never enough to throw a pile of information at a learner and assume they're going to somehow benefit jus...	<b>Back Story and Motivation</b> NOTE: Some the exercises in this mini-workshop require going into public places. If this is not possible a...	<b>How Does Violence Fit into Your Stories?</b> Violence. It's everywhere. Think about it: An ant foraging through the grass on a sunny summer day thinking, "It's s..."	<b>How to Write Sex Scenes In Your Stories</b> One evening at Windsor, the windows steamed up as a member of the Writing Hurts Like Hell workshop rea...
 <b>Biff Mitchell</b> 9 months ago in Education	 <b>Biff Mitchell</b> 9 months ago in Journal	 <b>Biff Mitchell</b> 10 months ago in Journal	 <b>Biff Mitchell</b> 10 months ago in Filthy



# PHOTOGRAPHY

There's so much we don't see. We walk past universes everywhere we go. Entire worlds exist in a garden. But mostly, we see the flowers and the birds and look past all the energy of those plants and animals churning in worlds of magic.

Well, that's my take on it. I'll let you decide what you see in the pictures below. *And then*, disagree with you. There's magic out there and we've lost contact with it. Hopefully, here's some of it back.

You can see more of my photography [here](#).











# INK DRAWINGS

I got the strap in grade 1. Yep, in grade 1...Toronto in the 50s. Apparently, I'd offended the teacher and the principle with a drawing of a man standing beside a woman and the woman had a penis hanging down from her dress. I was young and stupid long before I was old and stupid.. But I got one hell of an anatomy lesson and I never stopped drawing.

I did some oil painting. I started in Germany right after I got back from Florence. I loved Florence and fell head over heels in love with the art. As soon as the family got back to Germany (where we lived for three years) I sold my motorcycle and bought paint, brushes, an easel, linseed oil, canvasses, a palette, palette knives...and proceeded to produce really awful oil paintings.

Years later, I came to my senses, sold the painting gear and went back to drawing...with ink.

There's something about the flow of lines in an ink drawing that mesmerizes me and makes the little things at the back of my head tingle.

I was a big fan of early Inuit art and of Aubrey Beardsley...two big influences of my drawing...and later Deanna Musgrave and Pamela Marie Pierce (two amazing East Coast artists).

The drawings were all over the place until I joined the Emerge Artists' Collective and created 105 personal demons for an exhibit in a major venue. It looked like this...



That's me in the photo having a bad hair day. And yes, there were 105 of those ink drawings. I had a lot of demons. Here's what they looked like....



A couple of years later, we did an exhibition at the McCain Gallery in Florenceville, NB. This one had over 100 small drawings spilling out of garbage bags.





My last major project with ink was 33 pine boards.

For me, working on the boards was one of the most fulfilling and mystical experiences of my life. I believe that where there was life, there will always be life. Life is energy and wherever that energy has existed, there will always be some remnant of it...like when you cut down a tree, the tree's life energy doesn't just disappear...patches of it inundate the wood like shadows of the tree's memories, and I can feel that energy in the boards.

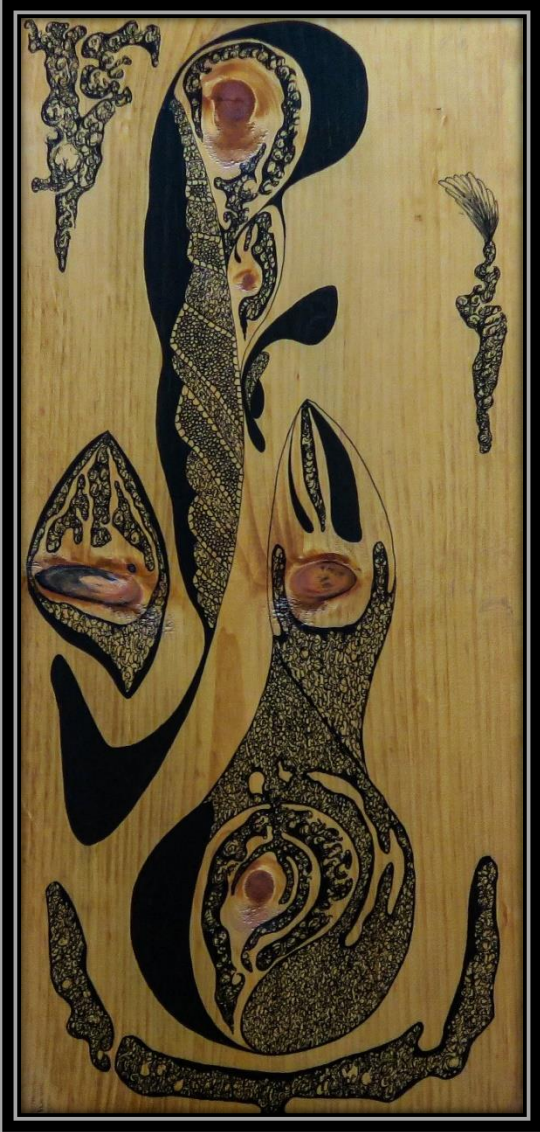
I try to tune myself into the life of the tree while I'm drawing. It starts with a few big lines to set the rhythm and composition; then, I really get into delving into whatever vestiges of energy might be left in the board. That's when I start getting images in my head that I can't see until they travel down my arm into the pen and my hand and onto the board where lines of ink begin looking like animals, sprites and otherworldly beings climbing up through the wood grain.

The stories are mesmerizing: heroic battles for survival between ants and slugs and beetles, generations of bird families returning year-after-year to the common nest, centuries of shooting stars, vicious fang and claw wars to reign over territory...all told by knot holes, grooves, grain and texture.

Over the six months that I worked on the boards, I lost 20 pounds.

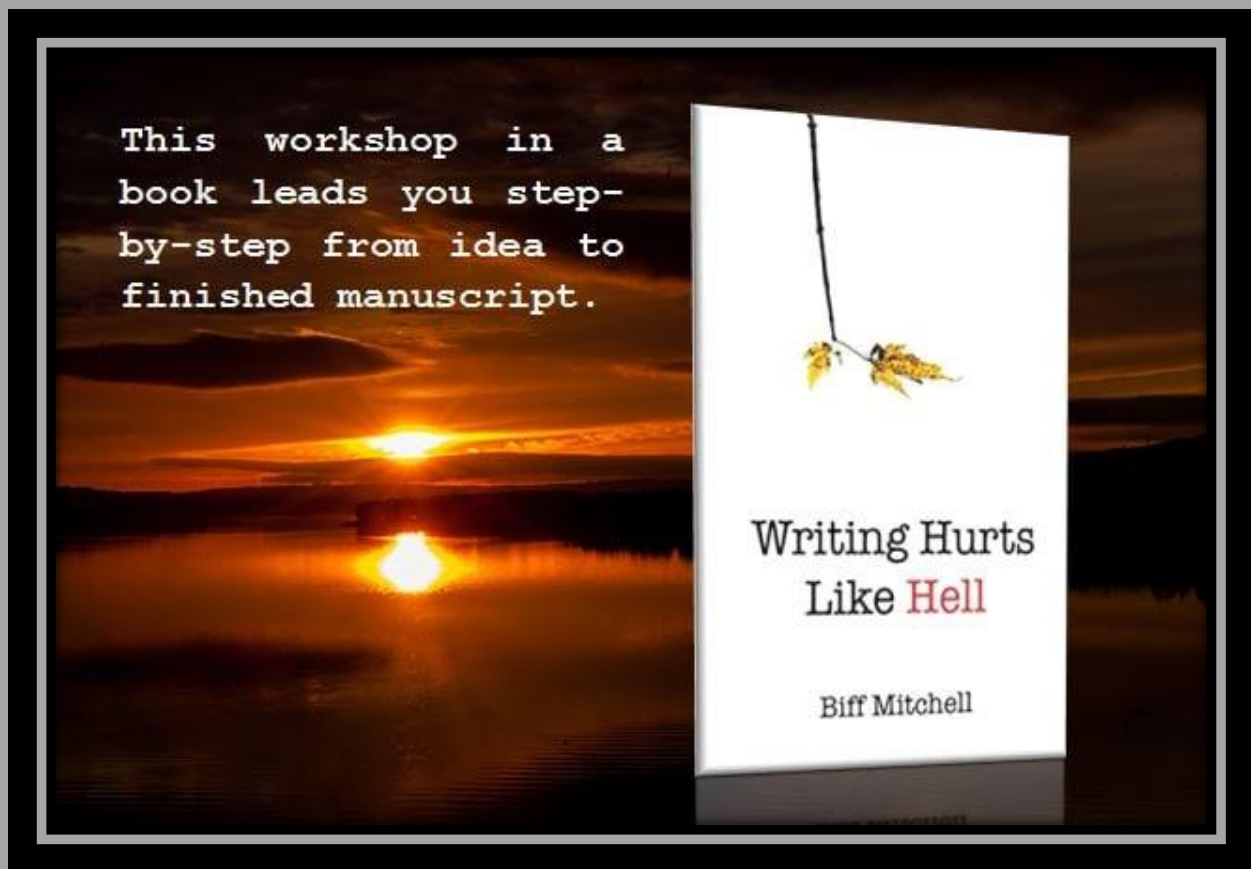








## AND THEN...



I taught a creative writing workshop through the University of New Brunswick for a decade. It was called Writing Hurts Like Hell. We had a lot of fun with the workshop, meeting in bars, coffee shops, students' homes, mall, parks, back alleys, terrariums...we even had one class in a hot tub. I turned the workshop into a book for those who can't get to the end of the world to take it. It's available on [Amazon](#).

A word of warning: The workshop works. The book works. However, if you don't do the work, you'll never write a novel. This workshop was designed for busy people. The exercises are short but effective. But you need to do them. So, if you have some crazy idea in the back of your mind about sitting in front of a typewriter, cigarette burning in an ashtray, steaming cup of coffee beside it, and your fingers dancing across the key board churning out page after page of spell-binding stories, then I have some bad news for you: Nobody uses typewriters anymore.

# LINKS

[Saatchi](#)

[The Existential Adventures of Crazy Mand and the Dog, Sidestepper](#)

[The Weekly Man](#)

[Silence Says It All](#) (personal blog)

[For Those About to Read](#)

[Biffmitchellvisuals](#) (photography website)

[Facebook](#) (writing page)

[Portal Webstie](#) (kind of links everything together)

[Vocal](#)

Novels at [Apple Books](#)

[Amazon](#)



# FREE STUFF

## [The Creativity Workshop](#)

If you're slowing down on your creative half...or just never had it...this workshop will get you back in gear.

## [Searching for Peace](#)

I started posting the Searching for Peace blogs in December 2014 and into March 2015. All two people who read my blog were astounded by the sheer absurdity of the posts and read them only so they could laugh at me. But that's OK, I laugh at myself and the blog posts gave three people a reason to laugh.

## [The Coffee Shop Writing Workshop](#)

I used to do all my writing in coffee shops...six novels, dozens of short stories and essays...even some poems. However, that's been put on hold for a while in view of current matters. Like a plague. Hopefully, that will change soon.

## [Tina and Her Talking Nipple](#)

This is a collection of stories mostly on the humor side and sometimes exploring some unknown region of writing that puzzles me.

## [eMarketing Tools for Writers, 3rd Edition](#)

It's no longer enough for writers to just write books. Increasingly, publishers expect their stable of writers to play a role in marketing their books and, the smaller the publisher, the larger and more crucial that role becomes. It was with this in mind that I wrote the first edition of this book over a decade ago.

I completed the third edition of this book many years ago, so some of the links no longer work, some of the options are no longer relevant and, definitely, there are many new options for writers to market their books that aren't covered in this book.

However, this book can still provide a starting point for writers who know nothing about marketing and don't want to pay thousands of dollars to a marketing agency without first trying a few things on their own.

The book follows a format of define, demonstrate and explore. This allows you to read through the book, pick a handful of options and start using them right away. Most of the options are either free or inexpensive. As you become comfortable with whatever options you're using, you can add others.

# THE SAD TRUTH ABOUT BIFF MITCHELL

Biff Mitchell lives in a hovel at the edge of the world. He has no life. He has no friends. Neighborhood children throw stones at his hovel. At night, Biff throws stones at his hovel.

Someday Biff plans to write a book about a man who lives in a house that is stoned daily by neighborhood children who—through some magical twist of events—turn into snowmen.

When Spring arrives, the man's house melts.



THE END