

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Blame It on the Rain

Chiwan Choi · Thursday, May 9th, 2013

I don't know why anybody would write a weekly column. Before I know it, Sunday is coming to a close and I'm thinking that I need to write a new post. But about what? I think to myself. I mean, does anybody really (I mean really) care what we are doing at little old Writ Large Press? Anybody? Time for sleep!

And then it's Monday morning and I'm drinking coffee and I'm saying out loud, "Dude, I have to go write my column," followed by my coffee companions laughing, and I start trying to figure out what we are doing and a thing we are doing that is not the same (exactly) as we were doing last week because I can't just write the same thing I wrote last week, just in case somebody is reading this column. I can't, right? (In case I can, here is a link to [last week's entry](#) so you can read that and skip the rest of this piece.)

Which leads to all the things I'd like to be doing instead of writing, like going to [Men Oh](#) for ramen or re-watching [Season 3 of Skins](#) ordering a bottle of Bushmills for delivery from [Jason's liquor store](#) or dropping in at the offices of [Rare Bird Lit](#) with said bottle to chew the fat.

At some point trying to maneuver through all the distraction, it's become Tuesday! Tuesday morning, for crying out loud! I get up early enough to burn two eggs and take the dog out to poop in the drizzle before 8AM.

Then coffee! And a cheeseburger at LA Cafe while agreeing to manage my first writer, avoiding the fact that I still haven't written my column for the week and also that I have no idea how to manage a writer.

The weird thing is that there actually are plenty of things to write about this week. I mean, we got quite a bit of work done this past week! There's many things that we are planning for and figuring out those things helped us focus a little more on our direction.

We went through the first proof copy of *Antidote* and sent in revisions to the printer. We also heard from [José Luis Peixoto](#), who is in Seoul now, that he'll be in LA on the weekend of 6/23, which means we can start actually planning our book release event and more.



We sat down and drew up a plan for our NYC underground event. In the process, we realized (with the ever present help of Sunyoung Lee and the Kaya Press crew) that this is the beginning of a multi-year, multi-city (multi-country?) project. One more Skype meeting to come with the folk in New York before the underground event, currently set for end of May, is finalized.

We have agreed to attend our very first AWP, next year in Seattle. Panels! Seattle friends! [Wonton noodle soup](#)! And rain.

And Peter is kicking off a bunch of music/lit events all over town with an event at the Grand Star Jazz Club in Chinatown on May 25th. Mobile bookstore will be there.

See? Lot of things to write about.

Except I can't seem to really write about any of it this week.

I feel flat. The sky is gray. The dog is shedding like a motherfucker. Life is crazy. Love is difficult.

Money is scarce. The bottle is dry. Car is making weird noises. Insomnia is in full force.

Anyway! This is my failed attempt at a weekly column. It occurred in my 29th installment. I shall go flog myself.

Next week, I will be back though. With actual, you know, information. And such.

In the meantime, I give you this. The world is indeed a spectacularly absurd thing.

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