

AVANTE

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this is part of my
Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams
series

I never did finish it.
And I'm never going to.

Feel free to enjoy it for what it is or turn the page at your own discretion.

Like what you see?
Want to finish it?
Or transform it into something else?
Let's work out a deal.
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Avante: it's so avante there's no need for a guard!

Avante: I mean, we're talking so avante, you don't even need the guard... or to be on guard. Look, I don't know. I guess, as with a lot of this artsy crap, you're just going to have to figure it out on your own.

PREMISE

Fractured, avant-garde novel, which uses the oddest means for telling a story that I can think of the methodology of which changes from chapter to chapter.

(Few things are more pathetic than a writer who has nothing to say, but who still insists on putting words on the page)

(A dose of pretentious snobbery and wit guaranteed to appeal to the jaded philistine masses.)

(Would you read a book if you already knew the plot, characters, and details so well that they all seemed like they had been taken from your own life? Or maybe the question here is to ask would you write it if the plot, characters, and details had already been taken from your life?)

The word is avant-garde

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List of Maps, Photographs, Charts, & Illustrations

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Preface - to save face, don't you know

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Intro to 2cnd

Guide to Reading

List of Characters

CHAPTERS

Chapters, Lists, stories, etc.

Bridge game, chess, crossword, word search, coloring book

Wine list, book club, decorator colors, ask eddie advise

Resturaunt review, travel advisory (Tourist)

Epilogue

Afterward

Addendum

Notes

Appendix - Rumored to be a vestigial organ & no longer critical to the functioning of a book, but it's just not true. The story must go on

Glossary - Yes, it has a glossary. Even a philistine hungers to know its true name.

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Goodbye - Sign Off

Cover

Avante'

It's so avant there's no need for you to be on guard!

When the muse is gone, only the words remain... but then sometimes, even they have no meaning.

Back Cover

Being a writer is pretty cool. Every time I snap my fingers, a wizard casts a spell. A wave of my hand as I work the keyboard and a problem is dismissed, a foe bypassed. If I get stuck mid-story, halfway through the plot, I can pause and let the detective, the hero, or some bit character, meet an old friend for lunch, and as they recap the story, discuss their options, and come up with some believably course of action, I continue to rack up the word count and get that much closer to the end, all while doing little more than organizing my thoughts -- hiding my confusion right in the open... for all the world to see.

It's a great life, a great gig.
But what if I were to lose my muse? Cast off? Adrift?
Alone?
What if I were to lose my focus? My gift? And my writing
reverted to its true form? And all the world was to see me for the
uninspired hack that I really am?
By myself, with no way home: what then?
Tell me fair reader, what then?

TITLE PAGE

Avante'
So avant there's no reason to be on guard!
No, really.
Look, I'm serious.
You can trust me.
Here, this is even how it starts.

Taking the day off, she went to the beach to play in the waves
and catch a few rays. She was late in coming home, but there was
not reason to be concerned, she had seldom been on time.

But then, the phone rang!
High seas! A riptide! Swept out to sea!
Staggering, at a loss, he put down the receiver. Slumping to
the floor, he had lost her: his muse, his one true love, and now she
was gone... forever!
Would he ever be able to write again?

ENDORSEMENTS

"Honey, can you get in here? I need an endorsement."
"An endorsement? I thought you just starting writing this
thing today. You wrote an entire novel while I was at the beach?"
"Just a little bit. But I want to write it in order. You know,
table of contents, acknowledgments, etc. And I'm at the

endorsements, so I need an endorsement. Think you can help me?"

"I have no idea what you are talking about."

"Just give me a sample endorsement. Something you might say about my work."

"I still don't understand. No. Don't try to explain it to me. You're the writer. It's your book. What do you have so far?"

"Um..."

"If you want an endorsement, I've got to at least read what you've got so far. Hand it over. OK, let's see. 'High seas... riptide... swept out to sea.' He had lost his muse! He had lost his muse! What does this mean?"

"Um..."

"Oh, I see what it means. You're turning me into a character. I thought we agreed you wouldn't do that."

"It's not really you."

"Oh, clearly not! Because then you killed me!"

"No, honey. I mean, you're my inspiration, sure."

"You killed me!"

"It's not you, OK?"

"Not me? You expect me to believe that. I'm down at the beach today and when I get back I find that you've killed off a character in the ocean, 'his muse, his one true love,' and you expect me to believe that this character wasn't me supposed to be me? OK. Fine! Who is this one true love, then? Who?"

"Um..."

"Yeah, that's what I thought. You're sleeping on the couch tonight, Mister!"

SLAM!

"Honey. Come on, honey. It an artsy thing. I mean, OK. There's some cross-over to reality. I admit that. It's to be expected. But look, I'm talking to you, right?"

"I'm not talking to you!"

"But if I'm talking to you, you're not dead. See? So, it couldn't have been you."

"Go away!"

“Honey?”

“Go! Away!”

Later.

Meow.

“I’m still working, kitty.”

Meow.

“Oh, alright.”

Purr. Purr. Purr.

“What’s that? A little more behind the ears you say?”

Purr. Purr. Purr.

“Hey, would you like to write an endorsement for me?”

Purr. Purr. Purr.

“Purrific? OK, we’ll go with that.

Endorsements Revisited

“Purrific,” Stiletto Blue Eyes

“A howling good time,” Zephyr, a.k.a. The Wind

“This is not what we discussed when we gave you an advance!” Ernie, a fan, a friend, someone who just happens to work in the publishing industry. He has given me so much encouragement over the years -- not to mention fiscal support. But lately, I fear worldly concerns are tearing us apart. Has he no regard for my recent loss?

“I guess once you’ve got a best seller, they’ll publish anything you write,” Fritz, a fellow writer, who is maybe a wee bit bitter.

“Oh, I’m bitter alright, but that’s not what I wanted to talk to you about. Um... if you and Helen are breaking up, mind if I ask her out? I mean, normally, I’d just sort of sit by the sidelines and wait a week or two before making my move, but she’s a real

looker. Somebody's going to snap her up fast, so I just wanted to get in there and make my move as soon as I could. You know, beat the competition."

The body wasn't even cold (she actually heats up pretty nicely in her sleep) and already the vultures were circling overhead, moving in, and marking their territory.

"Hot bodied? Vulture? Yeah, OK. I mean, sounds sort of kinky, but if she's into it, I'm into it. What do I have to do? Put on a costume or something?"

Clearly, he was having trouble thinking. He needed to focus. Maybe if he went over the stages of grief?

Denial: refusing to confront the bedroom door beyond which, once she lay. Check.

Anger: yes. If he was going to be honest, that Fritz character was starting to annoy him. Check.

Bargaining: he would write the next chapter tomorrow if only he could finish up this bit quickly... it seemed to be dragging on, not to mention taking on a life of it's own, so check.

Depression: um...

"I'm certainly depressed with the quality of your current endeavor," Ernie.

Well, that's good enough for me. Check.

And finally, acceptance: I guess it's the couch, tonight. Oh, wait. We've got the back bedroom. I guess I'll just sleep there, so check, check, and check.

The events had unfolded quickly.
He hadn't had time to think. That would come tomorrow.
Tonight, all he wanted to do was sleep... but the bed wasn't

made and the cats didn't feel like helping.

“Honey? Where to we keep the extra sheets? Honey?”

Zzzzz!

Meow.

“You're right. Maybe we shouldn't wake her. How do you feel about a snack, maybe a some Captain Crunch?”

Meow.

“Captain Crunch and a saucer of milk it is.”

Meow.

“Sorry, we're fresh out of mice.”

Meow.

Clearly, he had regressed and was back to bargaining.

“I'm serious. We don't have any mice.”

Meow.

“No really, we don't”

Meow.

“Why would I lie?”

Meow.

“Just drink you milk.”

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to all the other writers out there, who after reading their poem, short story, how to book, magazine article, novel, and/or other works, I had but one reaction:

I can do that... and better.

Thank you, for the inspiration.

You are the wind beneath my wings.

Maps

- 1 - Find way to bathroom in night
- 2 - To Mailbox
- 3 - To Office
- 4 - Up mountain
- 5 - To Beach
- 6 - To waterfall

Pairings: How to Read this Book

Ice Wine, Stilton Lemon Cheese

Silence, Mozart, Public Radio

Bookseller who recommended dinners to accompany each book, but this can get tedious for slow readers

Light Dinner, Low Calorie [Miso Soup (from scratch), Tossed Green Salad (Local, organic, in season)]

CONTENTS

1. In which the reader realizes this is going to be one of those type of books.
2. In which the reader loses his conviction that this is going to be one of those types of books,
3. In which reader redefines what “one of those types of books” means, but still pretty much feels that this book fits the bill.
4. Yes, definitely. No matter the definition, this is one of those types of books.
5. Still, this far into it, might as well give him another chapter and see what he does with it.
6. OK. That was good. Maybe another.
7. And another...

TOC - TABLE OF CONTINUITY (actual contents)

Foreword

Excerpted from Helen Dookah's Diary

I just wish he was more creative sometimes... that he would just make something up for a change

Chapters

ODDS & ENDS

Odds and ends, beginnings and endings, perhaps all ending with,

It was 3AM when the phone rang...

... one thing was certain, things would never be the same around the Johnson's dinner table ever again!

Medicine Labels, Instructions

Colors I Have Known

(Screaming yellow,

Stories Unwritten

Interior designer who is afraid of the color yellow

About the Author

By his own estimation the author has written well over 10,000 major books (fiction and nonfiction), short stories, novelettes, poems, letters to the editor, letters of complaint, letters of indulgence, emails, shopping lists, and notes tacked to the refrigerator. And although this is his first published work, if you include speaking engagements (lectures, book signings, phone calls to visiting dignitaries (sadly, 0), and conversations undertaken during the normal course of the day (grocery clerks, etc.) then the number of communications, diatribes, and rants of which the author has been a personal and primary contributor must now number in the millions. Truly a talent of prestigious extent.

Other works

It's a Mystery: has been called a high end collection of notebook paper

CONCEPTS

Ken “Dozer” Dookah, grief, “A quiet day is when your neighbors phone rings and you think it might be your own.

STUPIDISM: a backformation philosophical outlook which gathers together all the greater aspects of solipsism, nihilism, existentialism (whatever that means), spiritualism, and so on.

Helen, his wife, car crash (can see her turning around to talk to passenger in back seat and veering off the road), cancer, POD, artist, painter, midnight interior design sessions, exploding water microwave, kitchen fire

“On *Elves & Art*. Dwarves work in foundries because they have to. Elves write poems, sing, and dance, because they can... because they want to”

“Richness of Detail... Harmonics of Feel”

Helen has “Pen Envy” if you know what I mean; I mean, you know she does.

You killed me off and you want me to help you?

Chapter, Song parodies, I can see again, now the Vog is gone
Colors, Puce is underbelly of a flea (can you really see that)

Rebuttal to foreward, did he kill the cat? No, I don’t even rank as high as the cat. Oh, don’t give me that -- worthy to kill, crap... and this from a man who is an avowed pacifist... the hypocrite.