

I feel more or less guilty. Does that make sense? No. Ok.

Like, it makes sense to feel guilty about singing *Swing Low Sweet Chariot* in earnest during a graduation, but shouldn't embarrassment really be my main emotion? I think my guilt comes out of a blanket I stitched together out of my broken parts. I was given so much to be ashamed of at such a young age, that I protected myself by refusing to feel shame - because to do otherwise would devolve into a fear-based freeze of redness and silence. So instead I felt guilt - by making it my fault I was simultaneously demanding a leadership role in the conversation and I was beyond reproach because I had finished the reproaching all on my own.

I feel more or less guilty that I am in the spotlight. That I'm often literally making spotlights turn on so that I can bask in them. Like I've hogged all the responsibility and I haven't let anyone else learn from their embarrassment. Like I've killed all possibility of shame because I won't let anybody else feel it and I don't know how to feel it.

I'm using my home as a performance venue. It's gonna be great. It's a free show in the library in my collective home that is organized by feelings. The BookWomb. I'm really excited about this show. I am so excited that I'm making deviled eggs to eat with the show. Because the show is about demons. [Here is a link to the show.](#) This show features three storytellers who I have at one time or another referred to as "the best storyteller" depending on what mood I'm in.

Other things that are coming up that are important to me:

[October 23rd: My class on Statistics of Self-Analysis](#)

[October 25th: VHS Presents @ Videology](#)

[November 7th: Drawn Out @ Under St. Marks as a part of the Gotham Storytelling Festival](#)

[November 8th: Improvised Storytelling @ Under St. Marks as a part of Gotham Storytelling Festival](#)