

# Pretirement

Tomorrow

1ST EDITION

WWW.MICKBURSON.COM

81st day of this year

Life and times of a traveling Hinge Oiler.

/100



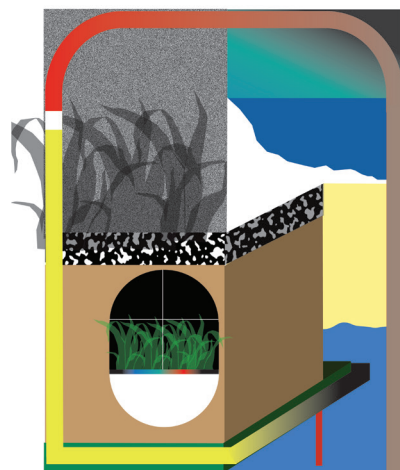
The importance of breathing and showing up. Page 9.

No thank you world, I am just here to dance. Page 12

## Local Must See Beaches



An older beach formed out of necessity; it was created so the waves would not destroy the town that built this. The beach now is a beautiful reminder.



A train yard is a manufactured beach, and I have loved both in my life. Both taught me to collect, they asked for participation, and they showed me that everything is temporary.



This is a portal to a beach but also a mirror to the beach. This beach was made facing a real beach, so the beaches make eye contact and watch each other. This beach will watch the tide until it is retired.



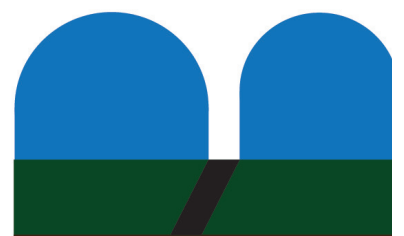
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# Missed Connections

People who are missed in human interaction.

## Painter for Bull.

I was participating in an extracurricular railroad activity the other day where I am on one team, and we play the Union Pacific Bulls. Victory is accomplished by entering, painting, a photograph, and a safe exit. This day was different, however. The game was forced to pause somewhere between the painting and the photograph. I am writing to express my anxiety with the older man who chased me. What a strange sensation it was, but I was also wondering what you thought of me. I wonder if at any point you felt like you were chasing your son? Was it personal or a job task? Do you hate my painting?

- I hope I am not doing this in my 30's

## Optimism for feeling reality.

"Believe in yourself," I haven't heard it around nearly as much as when I was younger, maybe I am supposed to have it down by now. The person I was supposed to be believing in is "the now" so the first full tank of believe in yourselves has lasted me until now, and now I have to buy my gas.

- Good times

## Tall Shopper

Note to the tall shopper. I know your type, I see your kind all the time. The little anxious sprint you enter the store with because you don't know what to do with your arms and don't want people to look at you. It is this specific action that I have the biggest problem, with when you break out in the sprint the length of your legs guarantees you will be someone's backpack in no time. I felt you today, and I didn't even have to turn around to feel your presence. I just wanted to let you know we all notice.

-Excuse me, can you reach that for me?

## Are you the one?

I am writing because of an interaction I had with a solid very personable character. There was a connection that felt young and familiar. We talked about the pros and cons of consumerism, they even went so far as to bring others around us into our conversation. My friends discouraged me from writing this, they felt the person to be average and easily accessible, but I think part of this person is in me for better or worse.

-Lowebrow lover

## Stranger.

We locked eyes all day today throughout the city, and the glances were short. I am still trying to figure out when a glance becomes a stare. I just wanted to tell you that I am excited you are here and I don't have any expectations for you.

-Wall.



Maybe the love of self is a bucket, something you fill and something you spill. The first step that starts the building process is sometimes easier to take than other times and if I stay seated too long my feet fall asleep. I lose the feeling in them, and they feel phantom. Maybe it becomes even harder to get up because I feel bad about not taking action which results in still no movement. Starting from a blank slate is desired rather than in the negatives. But I have to build one way or the other and maybe stagnation counts against me. So what is the first step, what is the first move? Part of me feels like this is an attempt to fill the bucket; it is different than my usual route. I am just hanging out with myself writing what I think and feel. I am sometimes afraid of discovering parts of myself because the digestion has to be closely monitored, if I look away I will end up hiding it in my napkin.

-Nurturing confidence.



A local woke up this morning; shocked, scared, and surprised, around them was everyone in their life looking at them. They then decided that they would also like to participate in their own life.



# Local



Construction continues in the town after a large budget was recently spent on materials only to be disassembled and stored immediately after. Everyone is still waiting on a complete infrastructure to be built and also an explanation for the attempts that merely equaled practice. The materials were fabricated out of state and then shipped in; a failed attempt was made to rearrange the elements into an explanation of the current environment. The visual engineer now feels the refined materials played a role in its failure, and the town ignored its gut feeling to approach the recycling center for resources as it had in past projects. "The materials were young, they lacked depth and experience, they were out of a tube and not out of life."



A version of Mick recently entered the studio, and there he began spraying makings that follow the aesthetics of art. The motive for the act seems to stem from personal displeasure from the audience he had created for himself to dance in front of, and he was tired. Some aesthetics destroyed in the act were squares, half circles, gooey oil paint, homemade structures, all the power tools, drawings, and the camera used to document it. When Mick was asked about the work he was quoted with saying " ."

## Hero of the week



A man has recently inhabited a 7"x7" square down on the local river. Many thought it was an act of defiance, but it turns out to be a man who lost everything. He is in his 74th year of life and stuck within circles he has made for himself. He says he is down by the water because "water is good at hiding and revealing things, mimicking the human experience of growing and settling into one's self." He sits there and holds his breath in between the currents, he has always needed to stay busy, but after wearing many hats in life, he concluded that any consistent repetitive action fulfilled the need. Before he lived in the square, he spent the last five years reproducing the David Hockney painting Bigger Splash. When asked about its appeal he responded: "He knows where to start, he knows where to stop, he identified the importance and starved me as the viewer."

I would instead adopt two cats and raise them for the next 18 years than get out of my bed this morning — the importance of doing. Sometimes the only thing I can understand or bring myself to do is to make a small action. I don't want to leave my bed. I circle my house for an hour convincing myself that thinking in that moment is most important, sometimes that is true. Then I begin my daily performance in the world, sometimes with a script and sometimes with a freestyle. The action empowers the body as it disobeys the mind. Sometimes this performance can be powered by the brain, sometimes this performance can be powered by the body, and sometimes both. The freestyle of action is my approach to the survival method. Looking back I don't think it was a conscious decision and the body at a young age took on the role as breadwinner. The body freestyle has provided for the mind, allowing it time to disconnect when it is about to overheat or even if it is just feeling lazy.

This world feels very performative. We have a mind, and we perform that mind with a body. The mind is thinking, and the body is a result of this in space. Sometimes the mind gets the body in trouble, and the world blames it on someones physical body, especially their face, and then the mind finds itself in a controlled position with minimal choices to express itself through the body.

I don't have a clue right now, except using my physical body to propel myself forward each day showing my mind beautiful and exciting things encouraging it to once again participate with the body in this performance.

-Momentum

# Classified

SALE!

## Careers

I was looking to hire someone to walk in front of me throughout my day. I have trouble transitioning, so I am hoping you will be able to be "the familiar" in each new situation. Pay is negotiable.

-Mick

I am new in town, and the service I offer is oiling hinges. I oil exterior and interior with the most excellent oil and patience. There will be no more squeaks because you have too many other things to look forward to.

-Hinge

I am looking to hire someone who would be willing to travel to a new place and then begin walking until they are directionally familiar in that place. I encourage you not to stop until you know the area and also walk in a way that convinces people you have a destination. You will then move on to another one. Pay based on experience.

-LSD

I am looking for a job where I can stand for a certain period each day. I look forward to the requirement it will bring, and I am tired of taking advantage of unstructured days.

-Savings Spender

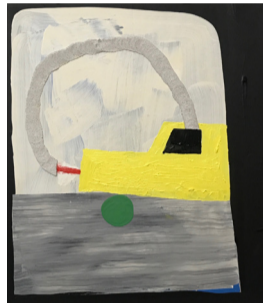
We are looking for a group willing to serve our structure. Our company is structured in racism and has become such a big structure that even the ones we target join our team. Pay bonuses available through civil forfeiture.

-12

Group of movers? In need of a full house packing service every morning and a complete house unpacking service each evening. It will be at the same time and location each day.

-Yard Stick

## Automobiles/engines



I am selling my yellow car with green wheels. It is a real eager attempt, and it has all the basic shapes that you need for a vehicle. Just passed the emission test.



I am trying to sell a sailboat I received a few months ago after helping a friend clean out his studio. Despite its appearance, it is a beautiful boat and holds 100's of hours of work.



Train engine stuck in a deep hole for sale. Pick up only. The sooner, the better before it rains again.

## Bits/Pieces

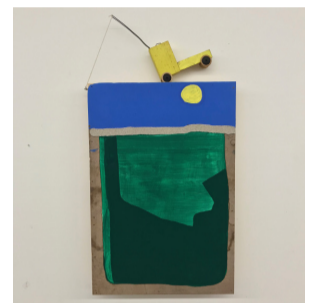


Abstracted animals and tape lines have been missing for multiple years from the work of Mick, his family has never given up hope that it would return, even offering rewards, but Mick never seemed too concerned.



I have always wondered about trading money for the physical deterioration of my body. I understand it is currently happening, but when having to work hard or use strange chemicals, it becomes even more of a concern. If not this then what else, it has to be something. I am not a sedentary human. I am confident I will not be bitter about the aches and pains my body will have when I am older. That would mean I get to be old!

## Lawn



A local family needs someone to finish a job that was started by a drunk father. The situation came to a halt after he passed out drunk while trying to mow his name in the front yard. The family is looking for someone to finish the mowing and help raise two kids.



Local for hire who is capable of installing antagonizing yard objects that mimic calm life.



# Sports Sports



Sports are important for the character, never can I do such a "regular" activity while regularly loosing. Anytime I would like to recenter myself I pick up a basketball or try to run a few miles. I remember having grown strangers scream in my face when I was younger, and despite their blood pressure, I could still not figure out my field position.

# Sports Sports



A person in town recently stayed on the sports field for 100 days straight. It was a shift they showed up for as if it was work; however, no physical work resulted. Each day they would start by walking around the whole field ten times before spending 30 minutes sitting at each corner. They would then run in a scribble pattern on the field until they collapsed with exhaustion. They rested by laying face up and then face down in 5-minute shifts, and this lasted for an hour. They then tested their voice in the environment by going to different sections and shouting, then apologized for shouting. The chair shift would usually take up the rest of the afternoon, they would sit in a chair so still it looked as if they were sleeping and then out of nowhere jump up as if they were about to take action but seeing as there were no physical objects to interact with they would return to the seat.

This person showed up in the off season to live on the field, and he knew the area, he thought about the field while being in the field not able to take action. That built a reverence for the area of the field, and it grew in potential. They were gaining knowledge of the characteristics they work within by taking inventory and removing excess; also they showed up they showed up and they showed up.

## Field Goals



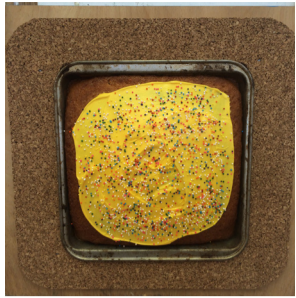
If you are practicing, games are going to happen. However games won't happen if you are waiting for games to arrive, and in the surprise chance they do you are not ready because you are the person that expected for games and not the person that practiced. How much practice time counts and how much is just excess like taking more than the human body absorption rate of a vitamin? I am not sure, but if you love the practice, then you will stay fully saturated. The game becomes a less favorite part but still essential. You get to see what the public thinks about your practice and seeing them enjoy it becomes part of it. The thrill of a game will last until you sleep that evening, the next morning your feelings about the game resemble how a doctor feels about the body.

-Coach

“ New goals have been made recently as a refresh for the individual which will supply a return for the community ”







# Cooking Corner

Easy recipes to try at home.



This recipe is perfect for colder evenings, imagine cobbler as the first dish, but not cobbler because cooked fruit is weird. This recipe was made for me when I was a kid and its stuck inside my soul like 90's country music. It is warm and familiar but at the same time not great to eat too many times a month.

#### Tools

- 1 wooden arena
- 1 dirty garage
- 1 confusing relationship
- 2 life moves

#### Ingredients

- 1 cup of Garth Brooks
- 2 cups of dizziness
- 1 tbsp of vanilla
- 2 lbs of wild horses
- 1 cup of inkwell black
- 1 lb of narrative (ambiguity if a narrative isn't available.)
- 2 Tbsp of light-sensitive neon.

#### Cooking

- 1 month of rising at 5 am



My go-to recipe if I have forgotten a birthday or anniversary, this is that "something needs to be produced kind of recipe." Beyond how I feel about myself I can create and I return to that responsibility for digestion of life's circumstances. It is a beautiful recipe that is human and pulls from past childhood references and reassigns them to adult interactions.

#### Tools

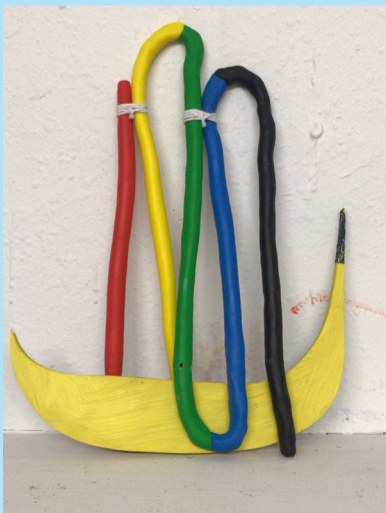
- 1 wall

#### Ingredients

- 5 cups forgiveness
- 2 lbs of a sense of fleeting
- 1 can of Major Blue
- 2 memories of the rodeo
- 1 mentor who doesn't give compliments
- 1 lb of lard
- 1 large boulder

#### Cooking

- 4 hours of full speed painting that is contemplating the past while creating in the present for the future.



- \* Vitamin A
- \* Vitamin B1
- \* Vitamin B2
- \* Vitamin B3
- \* Vitamin B5
- \* Vitamin B6
- \* Vitamin B9
- \* Vitamin B12
- \* Biotin
- \* Vitamin C
- \* Vitamin D
- \* Vitamin K
- \* Vitamin E
- \* Calcium
- \* Chloride
- \* Choline

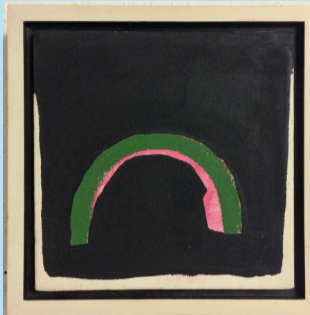
I want to start by telling you how much I appreciate you; I understand the effort it takes, and also I see the sincerity in your actions. We both know things could always be better and I never want the pressure of that to discourage you and slip from this new plateau we have found. Its the motion of the ocean and I'm happy we have learned to float on the back. I have used some of the resources you gave me today to compile a full list (See left), it would make me whole if you could give me all of these things each day. Nothing is perfect; keep my head up and keep doing your best.

-Body



# Forecast

Daily High for today is a renewed sense of self-love through self-affirmation. It rains in town, but the type of rain it is and why it is raining are essential to consider.



Sunny day rainy night.



Sunny rain Sunny night.



Cold day, cold night.



Overcast day, cold night.



Sunny day

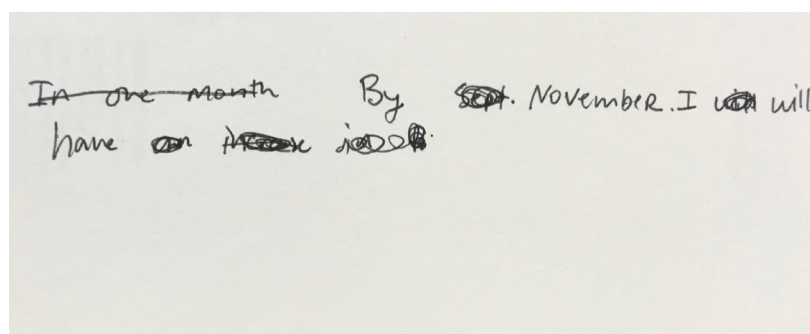


This town has been trying to predict and control its weather since it realized it was a town. By understanding its weather patterns, it can predict a happy and healthy future. It can make promising commitments to the industries it supports, it can plan for a future without fear of destruction. It can plant its feet and build something more substantial than itself. A lot of fear stemmed from unpredictable weather patterns it experienced, the town didn't realize it is not the weather that happens to it, but it is its entity and therefore can control the effect the weather has but not the weather itself.

Future forecast shows a town with strong aesthetics that is highly susceptible to the effects of color. The response from color is visceral and biological. The towns construction industry has a concrete understanding of architectural forms while simultaneously responding to technology and advancement; the result is a well-balanced sense of new and old. The space available in this town will outlive its residents providing a never-ending space for opportunities, as long as the town never loses its sense of curiosity while engaging with the towns around it.

The bravery in the town has become one of the most critical aspects. Looking back on the history of the place compared to now there is a comfort a familiarity and a settling in that has taken place. As the town ages, it knows itself and settles into itself. The settling has built a strong foundation where projects and life moments will be tried, and it invests in itself, the town believes in itself and likes the fact that it's weird. The whole act is a shot in the dark, there are so many external factors beyond its control, but that is just part of it. That is how it is today. Tomorrow could be completely different.

The inevitability of weather. Inevitable's seem like a nice leveler. People try to gain control of others by using resources as a bartering chip, exploiting human needs. The weather is more significant than this, and the weather isn't petty. It just is what it is, not honest or dishonest because those are human issues.



IA ~~one~~ month By ~~set~~ November. I ~~can~~ will have ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~job~~.



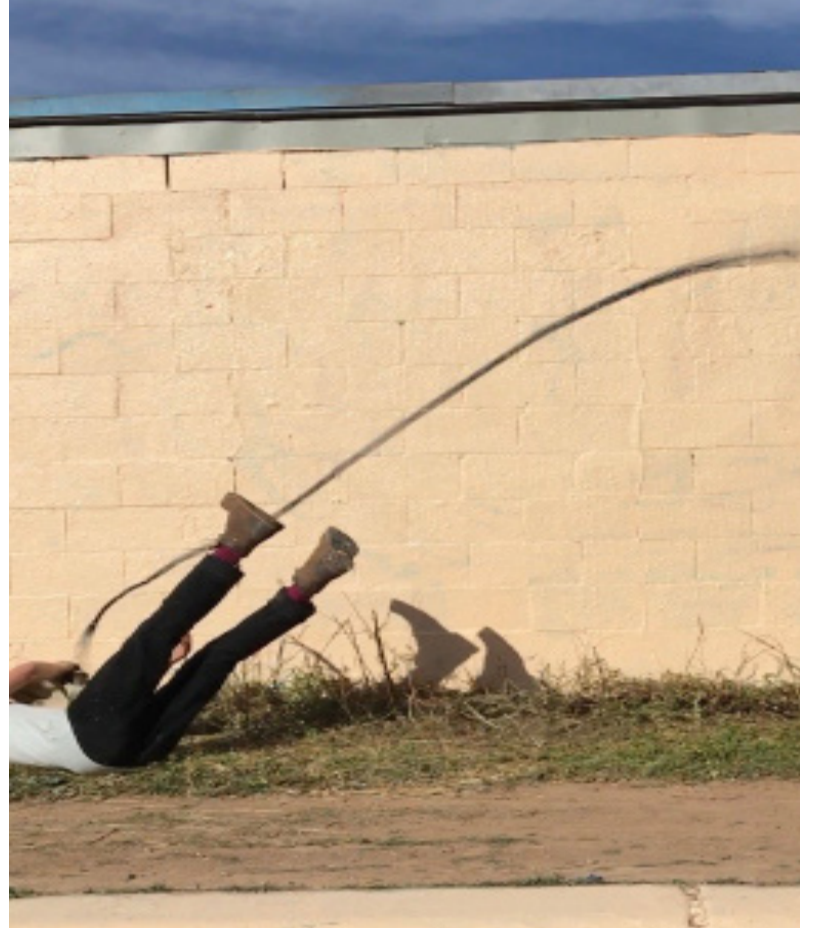
I went outside this afternoon and saw a holographic projection in the sky. When I was younger, these projections were described to me as a sign of hope, and it was a brief apology from a creator for the storm that just destroyed our town. As a human I felt possession in me when I was younger, I wanted that toy or that candy, now that I'm older I now feel possession takes the form of re-assignment. To reference the most magical things in the world and try to describe them using the limited knowledge I have and limited resources I have feels like an act of possession. Maybe an act of leveling. A flawed human taking the most magical things and trying to describe them using latex paint without concern for accuracy feels honest. I am a moment in time for humans, and therefore my actions and what I make are sincere and earnest while acknowledging my place and insignificance in the larger picture. Aesthetics mimic reality. The characteristics that happen are not from a lazy standpoint; I hope that they are respectful and honest on the scale of existence.



The weather doesn't know you exist.



# Film



A film about a human with human functions searching for something more significant than themselves to be able to escape their current situation. The movie starts with the flip of an object that represents worth and separates humans into classes. The object landed twice on the same side revealing the first president. The repetitious reveal was a sign that the lead character should uproot their surroundings and enter into a predetermined system. Their decision tool mimicked the system they were subscribing too. It was a chance, and it was luck, it was said to represent worth, and it separated humans into classes. They arrive! The film follows the character's experiences in the new environment in the search for understanding of why so many people have gathered here and why so many people come here to be the person in charge that later profits off a younger generation of themselves. They begin to learn that the experience is not about them but instead about others perception of their experience. The movie concludes with a scene that I described as patting on the back while slipping out the door.

As I review this film there are things that I believe shouldn't have been included and it paints the character in a light where you worry about his future and fate. For the life of them, they can't seem to follow the rules. Continually biting the hand that feeds, and as an adult, I can see that becoming extremely problematic in the future. I found myself crying while watching them burn bridges but also finding beauty in the realization they won't be back because there is no way back.

## How To Make A Realistic Mountain Line.

A character relocates and begins the process of visual, and cultural digestion of a new area. The character starts asking questions of themselves and natural objects around them, asking if this is their place to be and how much they should speak. It is a silent film. Seeing the character interact with the environment feels a lot like watching someone hand someone else a brand new baby, it is important because it is a human, but that doesn't change the fact a stranger is holding a smaller stranger. What a good looking baby, the character waits to weigh back until they have an opinion on its personality and until then they watch.



A character is coloring, and they go outside of the lines, they circle their mistake.

A character is putting on pants, and they are too short, they reach down and cuff their pants.

If you pee on the seat, you should dab it instead of wiping it.



# Commercial Break



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# Keshet



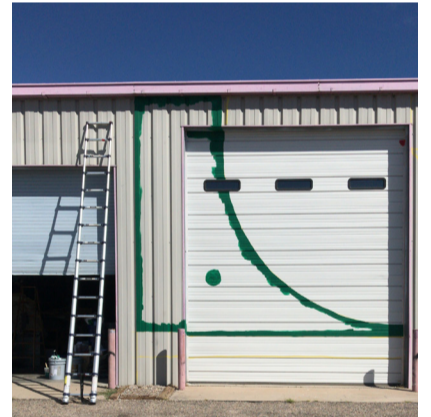
Where to start writing about this project, I will start the same way I started the project, from the left side working my way to the right side. Similar to right now; I made myself present, worked from past experiences and knowledge, freestyled a vague plan and realized towards the end that the actual painting is a section of the whole but not the whole. The painting is a physical representation demonstrating the power of a group working towards a common goal. So much history of physical energy exist because of 200 individuals working on it. The painting freezes a moment in time, but the actual event and community is the critical portion, it is the history in this painting.



In my past experiences with painting, I gain energy and encouragement as the project progresses, but I unconsciously knew within myself that the usual place to increase energy would not be available for a while with this project. I had space where I could show up for ten weeks and work as hard as I could each day, and each day it would not be completed, it was exciting, like going to the painting gym. It helped me live in the moment, the only thing I focused on was the shape in front of me.



Painting 13,700 square feet takes 91 Gallons of paint + Primer. The paint primer combo proved to be extremely important rather than individually layering them. An official fingernail scratch test was the scientific method used. With the exterior being corrugated metal the use of rollers proved to be more time, cleaning and money than painting with a brush. I did not consider human energy in this equation; instead, I was thinking, I am going to be a different person after this experience. We had to double and usually triple coat colors. It is a funny feeling to spend a week painting to repeat that same process covering the same areas the following week, and then again the next week. It proved to be a real bicep and character building activity.



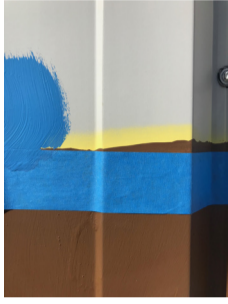
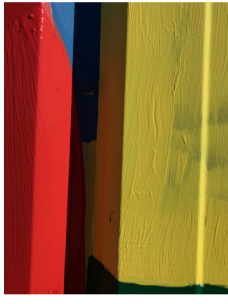
## Podcast Recommendation List

- \* The Moth Radio Hour
- \* How I Built This
- \* This American Life
- \* Joe Rogan Experience
- \* Terrible Thanks for Asking
- \* Sword and Scale
- \* Serial
- \*Criminal
- \* This Imagined Life
- \* Hidden Brain
- \* Radiolab
- \* The Thread
- \*Dear Sugar





A recurring thought that happens in me while painting tall walls is the idea that those surfaces don't get touched by humans after they are in place. There are exceptions to this idea, but for the most part, it's true. The experience I have with a wall while painting feels intimate and sacred. I use tools to access parts of the walls that aren't familiar with human interaction, and I am allowed to cover its surface with color while always hoping it elevates the surface. During the process of painting, I physically touch the wall, and I spend my time and energy facing it with a foot of distance between us. I have never spent that much time consecutively doing that sort of activity with anyone or anything else. I stare and paint and stare and paint. I wanted to share a few special moments from that experience. They reminded me of landscapes and portals, and I found them exciting based on their size versus the whole of the wall.



Preparation is not a strong point. I am most comfortable in the range of 50% prepared. The other 50% is a freestyle of life and experiences. If fully prepared when I show up then what fun is the reciting without discovery. The discovery is the fear and the struggle which also gives breathing room, room for human error, room for failure, and room for exploration. I have only watched two movies in my life more than once, and immediately both were rewind and watched again. The unexpected is a comfortable place to live within once you have remained in it for a certain amount of life. It is a partnership because you are continually learning about that side without wanting to gain control of the side. I have made strange decisions in life and while making paintings and during reflection, I digest the emotions. I have been surprised, horrified, confused, disappointed, glad, and many more including hungry as to what comes out in visual digestion. Despite the fear it creates within myself to let 50% of me run wild, it is how I have learned to exist. I have had many awkward moments in painting growing up where I have submitted a design only to have the owners show up at the end of the day, and the painting was not at all the design. I stand with the owners in agreement, and I can't believe 50% of me could not follow the simple directions I had created. The 50% who likes structure had to figure out a working method so I wouldn't have to find myself in these situations anymore and so designs are described as visual word banks, and it will feel like the design but not be the design.



I get terrible anxiety if I have to travel and leave town in the middle of a project. I would hate to die while in the middle of a project, I would also hate to die not in the middle of a project.

Clouds are wonderful but you can't say it too often.



I taped a paintbrush to a broomstick to color in this section.

