

Nate Pritts // <http://www.natepritts.com>

INTERVIEW :: Apostrophe Cast, September 2009

Conducted by Guy Benjamin Brookshire

DEAR [Mister Pritts](#),

You have never swam this far out into the ocean, and though you feel a kind of dread having so much depth beneath you, you feel — for a moment — like a dolphin.

It comes out of the corner of your eye, and is gone. Was it another swimmer? A fish. Your heart beat races, and it's not just the effort of swimming. There – again! It's at the edge of visibility in the murky water, but you can tell it's huge. And then it comes straight for you, faster than you could have imagined.

Then it is upon you . . .

YOUR APOSTROPHE CAST INTERVIEW.

This email interview will be published unedited. Only those questions you do not answer will be deleted.

1) What was the last thing you read that made you cry?

[A Model Year](#) by Gina Myers. The whole book, but especially the title poem.

2) Is there anything you will never do in your work?

*I've started to write three answers already & each time I can't even finish typing before I think "Well, actually, I might try that sometime..." So no.

4) What are your favorite Greek Myths?

Anything dramatized with [Ray Harryhausen](#) special fx (ie Clash of the Titans or Jason & the Argonauts).

5) Who does your dirty work?

I misread this as "How does your dirty work?"

My dirty works like this – it wakes up at 3:37 am, it darts its eyes around looking for any pure source of light left blinking in the whole wide world of sleep. Then my dirty shoots itself like an arrow straight at the heart of all goodness & hope. After, my dirty slinks home, trench coat collar pulled up to protect itself against the cold wind of dying love & expectations.

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6) How do you eat an orange?

Without hesitation.

I pick one of three different varieties from the red ceramic bowl on the kitchen table. Music plays in the background. I dig my thumbnail in & peel & peel as if my life depended on it. I remove every last bit of white white pith until I hold something shining & real in my hands.

7) What is an ideal writing environment?

A broad table (given by a friend who was moving out of town with a girl & he knew it wouldn't work but did it anyway) jammed into a corner in front of a window (in a chintzy garage apartment that swayed when your roommate walked from one room to the other; she was home for only a few days before going back out into the field & did you feed the fish?) in the Fall (& the leaves drifted by your window which was supposed to be symbolic of something but who cares because your friend could pull up at any minute to pick you up for a run to the coffee shop where you'll discuss Coleridge & Olson & pretty girls & ambition too loudly), in the morning (because, Thoreau: morning is when I am awake & there is a dawn in me), when it is quiet (except for the turntable in the next room playing Surfer Rosa over & over again forever).

**Thank you ever so,
Guy Benjamin Brookshire**

link:

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