

Episode Eight: SEVENWELL.ORG ~ “In the Process of Making” Podcast

© The following Script Treatment for “In the Process of Making” was written by Dave Brown (2020-2025) incorporating songs and sketches created by Jon and Dave as part of their co-creation experiment called SEVENWELL.ORG

[Episode Eight: In the Process of Mak⁷ing – SEVENWELL.ORG](#)

Episode 8: "From Dead Ends to Breakthroughs"

27 minutes

- 8.1 The Challenge of Bringing Form to Whimsically Created Content
- 8.2 The Frustration, Anxiety and Despair of Blind Alleys, Dead Ends and Being Stuck!
- 8.3 Getting Unstuck - Lurch in a New Direction – Take a Tangent
- 8.4 The Story That Got Me Unstuck – Jon, Tinsel-Man, the Girl+Dog & Moonlight
- 8.5 Slow Brewing ☺ Perspiration, Persistence, Patience, Perseverance! etc
- 8.6 Wind-up – Special Things Happen on Special Days
- 8.7 “Big Ol’ Moon” Finale Song – Seven’s Your Secret

VOICE MODEL HEADER: In the Process of Making – Episode 8, "From Dead Ends to Breakthroughs"

[175a. SONG SNIPPET: MY MENTOR IS THE MOON] © dave brown

I ALLOW MYSELF
TO CRASH AND BURN
TO FACE OFF FEAR
AT EVERY TURN
COS I DON'T CARE
I CAN CONFIRM
MY MENTOR
IS THE MOON

Dave: That dreamy old moon always there, coming and going, to-ing and fro-ing, throwing light into the dark places of our dreams where nothing is quite as it seems to be ...

Welcome back to 'In the Process of Making!

I'm Dave Brown and this IS an audio-documentary that's exploring the creation of “something” with my artistic associate Jon Bode.

Here we are, we're standing under the moon on the edge of chaos, peering into the swirling vortex of our creative experiment. For two years, we'd been gathering fragments - whispers of ideas, music, stories, songs with a cast of clowns looking for a circus to belong to.... trying to find the sevenwell story-world that is lurking somewhere out there in the dark beyond the feeble glow of the moon.

Remember, in the last episode, we revealed that this podcast is, in and of itself, the vehicle we've been searching for - where our character clowns have finally been given a meaningful purpose to serve, as part of this three-layered audio-documentary experiment of ours.

So now comes the alchemy - the terrifying, exhilaration of attempting to manifest our sevenwell story-world – in a way that somehow serves the overarching purpose of the podcast.... which is “the exploration of the creativity.”

So that is the core creative challenge now. What exactly is this sevenwell story-world doing as part of this podcast. What drives it? Where’s it going? How does it support our exploration of creativity?

That’s not at all clear at this point.

So how do we proceed?

Back in 2022, I had no idea.

But that's the beauty and the terror of the creative process.

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[175a. SONG SNIPPET: MY MENTOR IS THE MOON] © dave brown

MY MENTOR
IS THE MOON

I SIMPLY WANT
TO PLAY HER GAME
TO THROW THE DICE
AND MAKE A CLAIM

TO HAVE SOME FUN
TO SEE WHAT COMES
OF SOMETHING
MY MENTOR
IS THE MOON

Voice Model Header – Blind Alleys and Dead Ends

Going into 2022, I reviewed everything we'd done with our fictional characters in the hope that it would suggest a way forward with the sevenwell storyworld.

Having fuelled my brain with the fodder of our follies, I set myself the challenge of finding a reason for these characters to be part of our podcast.

Ha!!!!

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Where do I start!

Well ... I spent months recording voice memos during my morning bike rides—frantic, desperate rants that seemed brilliant in motion but tended to collapse into naff nonsense by the time I reached home. Day after day, week after week...tossing ideas at my phone, writing, tinkering, only to watch each potential breakthrough crumble to dust. From January through May 2022—blind alleys, dead ends and a wasteland of abandoned concepts and conceits. Days, weeks and months – and nothing useful to show for it

Oh man!! I tell you. This was not going well.

On the 1st of May, I wrote this little song snippet using one of Jon's acapella stems.

You might call it a ... “call for help!”

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[171. SONG SNIPPET: GIVE ME A SIGN] © dave brown

GIVE ME A SIGN
OF WHERE THIS MIGHT GO
I'M ON A RIDE
AND I'M NEEDING TO KNOW
DO I STOP THIS RIGHT NOW
OR DO I GO WITH THE FLOW
PLEASE
GIVE ME A SIGN
I'M NEEDING TO KNOW

Dave: I'd spent 6 months of going round and round in circles trying to find an overarching story that would make sense of these clown characters and this alternate world we were calling sevenwell ... trying to find some thematic purpose for it all

And then, at some point, that Alex Miller quote popped into my head

Remember Alex Miller was the novelist who said ... *“For me, it has never been possible to plot or plan a novel beyond a few very basic elements. The story reveals itself to me as I proceed with the book and it is nearly always a surprise.”*

Ahhhhh! Yes!!! That was an “ah ha” moment. I'd been trying to control what it was going to be, this story ... rather than allowing it “to come into being.”

GIVE ME A SIGN
OF WHERE THIS MIGHT GO

Voice Model Header: Write a Story and See What Happens

Back in Episode 7, I shared with you our plan to weave ourselves (Jon and I) into the fictional narrative of the sevenwell story-world.

You'll remember that we invented a storyline in which Jon and I share the same birthday – the 7th of July - which we thought might serve as a meta-fictional bridge of sorts between the creative journey of the making of our podcast and the sevenwell story-world that we were trying to manifest by way of our cast of clownish characters.

So I thought , okay let's go with the flow on that idea.

[Big breath...]

Okay.... Story Identify a location, a character, a set of circumstances and then disrupt the balance of things.

Ok so location? I chose Port Willunga.

Why? It's a place I know quite well... a beach-side village with a beautiful long sandy beach that has a kind of magic to it. I've spent many holidays there over the years. So yeah ... good spot.

Character? Jon Bode.... The fictional version.

Circumstance? A moonlit night. Always something special about a moonlit night.

Actually, I love driving on a moonlit night – especially through back streets – it's like sliding through velvet...

This got me writing a little lyric for a song... "I like driving in my car."

I used one of Jon's acapella pieces as a backing track and built a counter melody over the top of that track with multiple harmonies - a bit Bon Iver-ish ...to disguise my less-than-listenable voice.

(SOUND BITE) of Jon's backing

Anyway ... a fter some tinkering and a night's sleep, this little song just sort of fell into place – I'm not suggesting it's particularly astounding, but it's an example of the default mode network doing its stuff...

[310. SONG SNIPPET – DRIVING IN MY CAR]

SONG: DRIVING IN MY CAR © dave brown

I LIKE
DRIVING IN MY CAR
QUIET NIGHT
I LIKE
DRIVING IN MY CAR
THINKING OF NOTHING

DRIVING IN MY CAR
WINDING DOWN THE DAY

So this little song snippet set the scene for my story involving fictional Jon, Port Willunga and Night Driving.

From late July 2022 – here I am, doing a reading of my story.

[311. MUSIC UNDERSCORE – BETWEEN WORLDS]

[\[AUDIO READING: DRIVING IN MY CAR\]](#)

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Greetings, dear listener. Tomorrow is a special day.

Tomorrow is the 7th July 2025. It's our birthday.

Tomorrow, I turn 70.

Ten multiples of seven.

And Jon - he turns 49.

Seven multiples of seven.

On the seventh of the seventh, 2025

25 well that's 2 and 5 = 7

Mmmm! So you see. Tomorrow is a very special day.

And special things happen on special days.

You might expect Jon and I to be celebrating this special day together ... but no.

Our relationship is a casual, artistic one – we're artistic associates rather than close family friends.

Jon is celebrating his 49th birthday with his family, holidaying in the seaside community of Pt Willunga, staying in a rather swish Air Bn'B suspended in the Willunga hills that roll down to the sand and the sea.

I was celebrating my 70th birthday on Kangaroo Island with my partner, Robyn and my two kids Lani and Tarkin and their kids – our grandkids - but that's bye the bye, because what I'm about to tell you – happened to Jon.

It began on the evening before our birthday.

It was a moonlit night in the small beach community of Port Willunga, located just 30 minutes from the beautiful city of Adelaide in South Australia...

Jon loved to go for a drive at night before going to bed. It calmed his nerves. And tonight he was still a bit wired after the trip from Melbourne and maybe just a bit excited about his birthday.

[SONG SNIPPET: 49 YEARS OLD] © dave brown

49 YEARS OLD

IT'S 7

49 YEARS OLD

BY 7

49 YEARS OLD

IT'S 7

49 YEARS OLD

BY 7

“I'm goin' for a drive. Anyone want to come?”

No-one did.

Nobody else in their family could ever understand why you would go for a drive without needing to go somewhere.

Jon loved the velvety feel of a quiet night on the back streets of anywhere. He loved the narrow view of the world you got from the headlights of the car.

He loved the interplay of the streetlights and their fluorescent attempt to do battle with the indigo darkness of night. There was a rhythm to it all that was reassuring. It was his ruminating time, thinking of nothing in particular and everything in general.

He could feel the tensions of the day dissolve. He'd often have a tune in his head, one of his own, usually one he was working on, but he didn't "work" on it at these times. It would just be there in his head as he allowed his mind to meander around it.

It was often around 20 minutes or so into the drive that he'd think, "Ok, time for bed", and he'd smile to himself that cheshire cat kind of self-satisfied smile and head for home.

This night was no different. Ten minutes later, he was re-entering the outskirts of the small community. He was relaxed; at ease again ...

The night drive had worked its magic.

Their AirBnB was on Encounter Avenue, the street coming up on the right which ran back in a similar direction to the road he was on, making it a hard turn of 120 degrees or more. As he made the turn, Jon was momentarily distracted by a light flashing further down the road, maybe someone walking with a torch.

Then, in the midst of the turn, a thud. Boof!

Jon thrust his foot on the brake pedal.

He sits stunned for a moment.

What just happened? He gets out of the car and runs round the bonnet to the left of the vehicle. But there's no one there. He looks back to the bonnet.

No apparent damage at first glance.

He runs to the back of the car.

Nothing. No one. He looks under the car.

No sign of anything untoward.

He goes back to the front of the car and looks carefully for any sign of a collision. No scratches, no dents, just ... "what is that?" He presses his

finger into the soft steel of bonnet to pick up what he thinks he sees. He takes his finger into the beam of the car light.

Tinsel. Catching the light. It's tinsel.

He pulls an iphone out of his pocket and turns on its light. It's tinsel for sure on his finger ... on the bonnet. He looks on the ground.

More tinsel. A trail. Not a lot, but enough.

Alongside the car. Definitely a trail. And then maybe a metre? No? More like two... Two thirds the length of the car. A shape. An outline on the asphalt.

A human figure of sorts ... a circle for the head, two dots for eyes, a rectangular body, stik figure legs and arms.

The size of a human.

It's an outline of the tinsel man

He's understandably shaken.

He takes a photo of the tinsel man. The stik figure outline on the road where the body should have been.

Everything is quiet. He looks up at the street sign. Encounter Avenue.

He gets back into the Kia that's sitting in the middle of the road. The motor is still running. He manoeuvres it to the curb and parks.

He turns the motor off, opens the door, swivels in his seat, legs dangling out of the door, and sits there in the moonlight, looking up at the moon.

He takes a breath, a long breath of Port Willunga sea air. He looks up at the moon.

“Why should I be worried about strange happenings when there is such a thing as the moon”, he thinks.

That night, Jon asked the moon a simple question.

“What the hell is going on?”, he said out loud, and the moon just looked down on him and smiled her cheesy smile.

“You'll find out soon enough”, the moon whispered, “if you dare!”

Suddenly there's a light in his eyes.

Ah yes the torchlight along the street as he was turning.

“You all right?”, says a voice.

He can't see a face behind the glare of the torch, but if he could, he would see the face of a girl. Hard to say what age ... 17 ...18? Young.

Are you okay?” she says again.

A dog barks. Jon squints.

A little black dog stands obediently beside her.

Her torchlight turns off, replaced by the lights of a car behind her ...at a distance. He can see her silhouette making off into the roadside scrub.

Moments later a police car pulls up beside him.

“You okay, sir?”

“ Yes,” Jon says. “I was er ... feeling a bit dizzy, so I pulled over, but I'm okay now.”

“Can I see your driver's license, sir?”

“Sure”, says Jon.

A breath test follow. “This is just routine sir, says the policemen – just blow into this for 7 seconds or so. “

“All clear”, he says.

Jon explains that he's staying in an AirBn'B about 800 metres down the road.

“We'll follow you down sir”, says the police officer.

“Make sure you get home safely.”

The escorted Jon in his Kia hire car turns into the AirBnB, 77 Encounter Avenue.

He's always surrounded by sevens.

It's been that way all his life, like a force field surrounding him like iron filings around a magnet.

No one, other than himself, has ever paid any heed to it. And it wasn't more than a point of interest, even to him.

That is, until he discovered the synchronicity of sevens that he shares with his Artistic Associate, Dave.

The synchronicity that joins their birthdays together in a seventological synergy

The synchronicity that led to the creation of this very story that now becomes an integral chapter in the surreal storyworld of sevenwell.org.

[316c. SONG: COMPREHENSION] © dave brown

IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THERE
YOU WERE BARELY AWARE
THE SEVENS NOW DARE
YOUR ATTENTION
YOU NEED TO TAKE CARE
THIS 7'S AFFAIR
WILL UNLIKELY BARE
COMPREHENSION

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Voice Model Header: Slow Brewing

Now let me be clear about getting to this point. What I've described in this one episode took me more than nine tedious months to get through... with lots of creative effort and energy put into content that went absolutely nowhere. Blind alleys! Dead ends!!

But somehow, we survived it all... and made a little headway.

So I figure now is a good time to introduce The PaperBoat's Creative Principle Number FOUR: Slow Brewing.

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It says: "Seventy percent of the material that comes from whimsical play ends up on the cutting floor. There's a lot of waste.

To get to the elegant simplicity we aspire to, the process must be given time... Time for whimsical play and tinkering. Time for obsessive immersion. Time for building layers of meaning and for the logic of dramaturgy to emerge.

'Simplicity is the ultimate sophistication' – so said, Leonardo Da Vinci

That's the kind of elegance that sits on the other side of complexity. You need to pass through complexity to get there.

From the Big Bang to Now... approximately 13.8 billion years. Creation takes time. It's a slow brew, chewing the seven 'P's in the pod: Patience, purpose, perseverance, passion, persistence, playfulness, perspiration."

[155. SONG SNIPPET: IT'S DONE – SIMPLE VERSION JB] © dave brown

TAKE IT EASY
TAKE IT SLOW
TAKE IT HIGH
TAKE IT LOW
NEVER, EVER,
LET IT GO
UNTIL IT SAYS
IT'S DONE!

[\[RETURN 8\]](#)

Dave: So, dear listener, there we have it - another deep dive into the chaotic cauldron of creativity. In this episode, we've shared the struggles we had finding our narrative footing in the sevenwell story world ...and that our way in was to have Jon collide literally with the tinselman. so let's see where that takes us in this oddball odyssey we're on. And who is this "girl with the little black dog?" Well ...all of this **is** happening on the night before Jon's 49th birthday and Dave's 70th birthday on the 7th day of the 7th Month ... 2025 ...surely a time when impossible things are very likely to happen.

All I can say is thanks for being our partners in this deft dance between whimsy and logic, between the real and the imagined. I look forward to being with you again next month when things get even wilder and whackier.

Meantime, may I suggest that one night, you try dancing in the moonlight?

Go on ... do it ... I dare you.

[219./250. Voice Model Sam – with 77a underscore]

Voice Model: "In the Process of Making" is conceived by Dave Brown and Jon Bode and presented by The PaperBoats.

Please subscribe to our podcast and recommend it to your friends, lovers, and others. Visit our sevenwell.org website to find out more. Episodes are released on the 7th day of each month on all your favourite podcast platforms.

[132. Voice Model: AND DID YOU KNOW...]

Dave: In 1968, Apollo 7 became the first crewed Apollo mission—spending seven days orbiting Earth, testing systems, doing the unglamorous groundwork nobody writes songs about. Mission number seven never touched the moon. But without Apollo 7's success, there would have been no Apollo 11 landing ten months later. Sometimes the breakthrough doesn't come from the breakthrough moment itself, but from the persistent work of mission number seven—circling, testing, not giving up, until the path forward reveals itself. Just like our own creative orbits

through dead ends and blind alleys, sometimes we need to complete our seven days of testing before we fulfill our dreams.

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[77a. SONG: BIG OL' MOON] © dave brown

BIG OLD MOON
UP IN THE SKY
YOU'RE SO MUCH BIGGER
IN MY EYE
OF ALL OF THE OTHER
STARS AROUND
I LOVE YOU MOST
YOU CHEESY OLD CLOWN

SEVEN'S YOUR SECRET
YOU FUNNY OLD THING
YOU'RE IN ON THE JOKE
I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING
I KNOW YOU DON'T JUDGE
YOU JUST WATCH AND OBSERVE
YOU NEVER STOP BEAMING
WITH PATIENT RESERVE
SO BEAM ON DEAR FRIEND
DON'T LET ME DOWN
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW
YOU CHEESY OLD CLOWN

BEAM ON DEAR FRIEND
DREAM ON

AHHHH OOOOO.

[RETURN](#)