

Dear Bob:

It is with a feeling of great sorrow that I sit down to pen these thoughts, to transcribe these jottings, to construct sentences that seem to begin w^o such great promise and then end, as Thomas ^{Eliot} Stearns ("I am related to Ivan Stearns!") Tom used to say to me, with great pride, + I would say, "What's Ivan really like?" though I did meet him once, Ivan "extra X chromosome" Stearns told me, with great genealogical Alex Haley-ish fervor that there was a Barnes on the Mayflower to which I, callow rootless WAS [no longer a Presby, I remain White + Anglo-Saxonish though the British Isles were full of Druids + Romans + King Arthurs + Scotts + Walter Scotts + Gaelics

+ Welshman + Irishmen + Normans
 + White Whatnots, + also not to
 forget my Czech 'n' French blood,
 a typical European mutt, in other
 words I indifferently responded
 w. something like "Well, that's nice"
 I don't know if he was offended or
 not, being a soph-o-more ^(me, not Ivan) he probably
 didn't expect much of me. Bob, this ^(proper use of semi-colon)
 sentence is about to end not w. a
 bang but a snivelling dr.'bble, ^(again, the correct way to use a s.colon)
 T.S. Eliot should have said,
 but before it ends, Bob, I would
 like to explain "the great sorrow" ^{(E. Coli (4 or more col. are called "Colons"))}
 I thought you were a madman and
 you're acting like a salesman!!!!

(Correct use of [brackets]) → [exclamation points should be used sparingly - 5 of 'em indicates great distress !? * * !]

I sent you that manila manuscript assuming that you would immediately eat it after reading it; those references to Long/Ubb being trustworthy were of course ironic, intended to fool Long/Ubb into thinking that I still had some faith in him, when I knew that he was still in close contact with Mrs. Beelzebub^{sp?}/Baal/Lucifer/Mephistopheles^(sp?)/~~Santa~~^{oops!} Satan/Wembley Herself...

The idea, you silly salesman, was that if Pynchon is right about the postal service conspiracy as described in "Crying of Lot 49," then if Long/Ubb should have intercepted the package, he would be misled into thinking that I had faith in him... so yesterday I get this

letter from Beetze-bbb/Long, trying to
trick me into thinking that he had intercepted
the package, calling me "Tweety", doing his
damndest to use his considerable
propaganda/agitator/public relations
skills to get me to become a Wembleyite
pamphleteer... they're 20 times trickier
than the Moonies, Bob, + subgenius sources
close to you (for even you, Bob, as
the pre-Scriptures tell us, are as
fallible as... a Pope - just to pick
a Religion at Random) have informed
me that you missed the mega-meta-anti-
irony³ in my manila manuscript, + you
(even salesmen are supposed to be
smoothtalking peddlers of used aluminum
driveways, damn it!!) 2 exclamation
indicates I'm
miffed!

go & give the manuscript to "Andy" Lubbo...

your major espionage fuck-up has

~~been~~ damaged your credibility, Dobbes

sudden
indentation!

I've heard rumors of coup attempts, I'm just warning

you, as a Bob Loyalist,

to Be Careful... some subgeniuses

may be unbrilliant people in drag...

for an Underground Man, Dobbes,

in the Dostoevski/Lou Reed Tradition,

you sure can be a blundering

boob...

Well, light another pipe o'

tobacco & forget it... there's

Work to be done... sorry

about this scolding, it

had to be done...

turn
please page

is there an
"ie" I'm too
laze to
look it up...
that entry
"e" in
Wembley always
bugged me,
it's one
of the
reasons I
left that
stuck organization
that the
burning of
virgins on
the altar...
what a waste
of perfectly
wonderful
virgins!
What kind of
eco-religion
would squander
Naughty Nubies?
Jehovah I you
are trashing
a precious
Natural
Resource!

proper use of margins

You are still the Charismatic Figure
this country needs to lead us into
the Promised Land, Bob... Bless your
mad heart/and-or/mind...

NOTES

Awhile ago, I began some footnotes/end-
notes/memo supplements to original manila-
madness-manuscripture... but the Notes
got outta control... These are Lite Notes,
Tastee Cheez-Whizzz-Sample-Oids, with
Greatly Reduced Clogged Calorie Page
Counts, as I do not wish to give Kinko's
too many of those 6¢ per page -- I
suspect Kinko's / Xerox ^(TM) / Fawn Hall /
Watergate Connection... if only Marilyn
Monroe were still alive, she would
know... course she'd be 60ish, 70ish,

I probably wouldn't even wanna fondle
her famous body, but still she'd know
about this kinko's-photocopying-ring--

-- isn't the star of "Repo Man" Emilio
Estavez, not to be confused w. his
brother Charlie "Platoon" Sheen, + also
not to be confused w. Martin "Apoc.
Now" Sheen, the famous papa?

I saw that flick not long after it
came out, liked it a lot - only dimly recall
the plot, bizarre contents of car trunk,
& + the legendary Harry "Mr. Craggy faced"
Dean "Character Actor Extraordinary" Stanton...
+ also generic "Beer," "Food," etc.

Cheep Sci-Fi-Ripoff of "Repo Man":
"Subpoena Man"... disillusioned math/
physics-type guy leaves MIT type

school located in California—"Californivacation-
Land Tech"TM (I have a poem s. where that
alludes to Californivacationland, I ask that
you, Bob, not allude to this mystical
Land in any of your subPamphlets...)--

~~the~~ guy's bothered by defense-contracting-
bullshit, voyages up coast via ^{moto-}cycle
(long sequence, w. "Revolution No. 9"
droning in background, as cyclist

[haciendas/spas/Tangelo County Republicans/film/capital/earthquakes
Californivacationland locales, then on etc.]

up through Washington^{D.C.} to ~~Oregano~~
New Oregano, where he finds himself
in Eugene O'Neillville, the capital of
the State... gets sordid job working
as a Subpoena Man... his boss is
H. D. Stanton, of course... Subpoena

Man goes to Bagwan City, site of
New Age weirdness (this is a period
picture, probably black 'n' white, mid-80's,
research needed on clothing/hairstyles,
who was President, etc... make people
feel like they're back in the mid-80's
as they munch their \$2 popcorn)...
Subpoena Man calls himself Superpoena
Man, has sex w. various Bagwan Babes,
using Peace Corps Official Prophylactics
("she'll love U for Using ^{Them}!"), serves
summons on Bagwan after narrowly
avoiding assassination attempt by a
Bagwan Lady... "see you in court, sucker!"
Rajneesh charged w. illegal ownership of
massive Quantities of Firearms, & also
w. Being Silly about God... Subpoena

Man rides off into sunset... I love
a happy ending!

-- I am now ^{air} single spacing - these narrow
ruled pages were a little narrower than I
like, but in the name of limiting
Kinko's ^(TM) profits from my Spontaneous
Revision ^(TM) style...

-- I think you're right that the 9th
grade Grammar Babe, was named
Fogt -- possibly Vogt... sitting
German... she was short - I was
a little taller than her, & I was
not a basketball player... she had
brown hair & short skirts which
displayed her "gams, or legs," as I
like to call them... she was a
luscious, bi-pep... I guess I was
more selective than you, I could name
many female teachers of that Public
Era who did not evoke, provoke
BONERS... also her ~~breasts~~ pajzoms,
or "breasts" ^(TM) as I dubbed them,
were nice...

-- Personal Note... I'm taking a
summer class... at Bowling Green
Strange Unisexpath'n' classrooms...
(B.G.S.U.)... it was at one time,
Bowling Green Normal School, but

somebody slipped something into the city
water supply...

the class is on Children's Lit. -- at
grad level, we read what we want...
400 level students there also -- for

lectures... M.T.W.R 12:30 - 2:30...

I talked to prof on phone, I was
on waiting list for "Modern Novel",
this will be more interesting I
think... Keep a journal on our impressions...

the
prof → she mentioned censorship on phone as issue,
I've always been interested in that...
even before Elohssa High days... my

1st censor was my mom... Liz Abel
& I wrote a story about some folks
in the neighborhood who were pleasantly
plump... they were floating in this
unnamed body of water, & they were
eating chocolate & drinking lemonade,
& then they were flushed down through
this hole, never to emerge again
from that dark abyss... there were

illustrations, too. Feared that this
story might fall into the wrong hands -
Art or Mary Abel's, for instance...

Liz told me to hide the manuscript...
I thought my desk drawer
was off limits... Spies are everywhere...
my mother waved it at me & said -
1st time I recall hearing this phrase,
"If you can't say anything nice,
etc."

I burst into tears. Artists are never
understood in their own time. I

should have said, "But don't you see the scathing, scatological Swiftrian satirical jabs at the mammoth megalomaniacal manure-eating piddle-swallowing yahoos that rule this world?" But I didn't say it... my vocabulary was smaller then... the story was thrown away! Burning Literature! That's what happened in early days of Nazi Germany.

I destroyed just about all of my own early works... at 9 I was ashamed of how badly I wrote at...

did you read "Harriet the Spy" when you were a lad?