

11 23 1995

Dear David:

Thanksgiving. I'm home alone. There are dinners all around and I declined three invitations pleading insanity. Now some kind neighbor dropped off a basketful of turkey stuffing, cranberry and squash. The thing is, I really like all foods, especially cranberry but there is something about turkey stuffing and squash. My first wife [she died recently, isn't that amazing? How can first wives die? And she was such a sensible woman. Never indulged in nothing. And there she just falls over. They had to do an autopsy to find cause and there was cancer and a stomach bleeding, the latter did it. Her second husband (who looks like me, but is younger & nicer) was surprised, waited a year and married a student, his own, he being a professor], now, as I was saying, my first wife liked to cook stuffing and serve same with (un)canned peas. Her other meal was something called "fish rice". So eating stuffing every other day for three years ... I dunno I dunno. Turkey is a bird that should be left alive. Squash is okay for target practise. I shot one two years ago and suddenly we have squash growing all over the acreage. Beautiful plants, gorgeous fruits. But still, should we eat them when there are other vegetables around?

Glad to hear from you, Colleague. I think your book was and is splendid. There is very little true Zen literature you know.

I had to write a story about my adventure in new Guinea for a German New Age magazine, illustrated. I had a picture of me with some beautiful nude women on an island off Milne Bay, but they wanted another one so I found a snapshot of wild men dressed in feathers and clay masks. The masks were leering skulls and some surrealist images they took from Hyronimus Bosch (if they had known his work). So I claimed I was the man in the middle, the one with the tusked grin under the shell eyes.

Inspired by you I called the picture FUCK YOU AND OKAY! and there it is in the magazine right now. Appropriately titled.

You living off Niels Holm? A good idea indeed.
Tell your professor friend to please write to me. The last

professor who wrote to me gave me all sorts of ideas. And I him he says now. So there you go. Mutual. That's the thing. Mutual.

Your Suzuki book isn't going the way my Afterzen book is it? On and on and on? Meanwhile we feel guilty.

You know why religious seekers are so full of shit? Because we are sick, man. Only the weird look for meaning and are willing to suck up to Those who Devise Seminars, always with a scaled pricelist for the various enlightenments on the menu.

Sensible folks just "have a life". I wish I knew what that means, so that I could try it myself. Beer and Mad About You? Sports and Seinfeld? Stuck in traffic five hours a day to go to jobs that don't offer health insurance?

I keep dreaming I am a Chinese pirate and swing myself aboard (from a tree, Tarzan-like) my heavily armed (but innocent-looking) junk. Then I take off and kidnap white ladies. I already have enough ransom so I just keep them to cook noodles. It is a simple dream.

So, back to work. Keep me informed about your scheme to live Free New Age on the West Coast.

We must persist, but I don't know about this Thanksgiving today. Didn't we abuse the Red Man's hospitality just a trifle? So what is this Thanks for? For being smart enough to figure out a use for gun powder other than fireworks in China?

Yo ho ho ho and a bottle of liquid tofu.

J. Don Williams