

Feb/2018?

Dear Charles,

Wassup. I realize I would never say wassup in person, and I'll probably regret having immortalized it in this letter. But since I continue to harbor doubts that these letters will find you, its chances of immortality are pretty slim. As are my own. Although I did recently dream that I lived long into the future. I saw the most wondrous things! Along with some pretty horrible stuff. I recall the feeling more than the details. Isn't that always the rub? Feelings over facts. The root of so many of our problems. I am hardly immune. Before arriving in this strange land, I was in a real "zone of bummer." Perhaps the two things are related? Who knows.

I hope you don't think I need an excuse to write. My urge is to simply say hello. But saying hello isn't so simple, is it? The point of all words and letters is to say hello, I think. But "hello" doesn't always mean we come in peace. In the movies, the killer just looooooooooooooves to say "Hello, John" before doing the deed. I am no longer sure what the intent of my hellos are except to keep things humming along. I also view these hello-letters as threads to a fabric. Any one being disposable, yet as an entity, still primary to the whole. I find it interesting that once a thread departs the fabric it loses its name. It's no longer cashmere, for example, it's lint.

A quick update: my collection of objects and wares is growing. I keep finding these odd lil' artifacts. I really want to call them "onion bones" or "trigger schticks." Since I'm still exploring this lonely land, I'm working on ways these objects can travel with me. So I've begun to wear my wares. Even out here I think it's important to consider one's appearance and cool factor.

On that point I have zero shame. I'll always care about how things look and what it means to feel or experience cool, even in failure. That's what (mid) Andy and (mid) Kanye get so right. In some ways it's everything. Almost like a religion, the yearn for cool - however defined - allows us to be our best real-fake selves. A symbiotic meld of deep personal meaning and a self-conscious pose for the tribe. That's the whole "lifey" thing in a nutshell if you ask me.

Time to exit Blab City, but somewhere in this stream of hello-ing is an attempt to transform words and letters into a kind of seductive flesh, able to hold all these onion bones together. A cool chaos-vessel made visible, in sync with the trials of our age and its aging. The best I can put it is that this chaos vessel's imperfections mirror the curves of an asymmetric hourglass inhabiting a space of endlessly fading light and all of its immeasurable boo-tay.

Getting better with age

Charlie