

Letter - October 14, 2002

My Lady,

14 Oct 2002

I feel like I should be hearing "Ta-Daa". It's here! The absolute best time of the year in New Orleans has finally arrived. Mid to late October, after the summer heat and before the winter rains - I love it.

Saturday Jerry and I took advantage of the wonderful weather and went fishing. We didn't catch all that many fish and we stayed way too long - but it just felt good.

Fishing in the marsh is a love it or hate it type of thing. Out there all the eye can see are sky, water, and grass, everywhere looks pretty much the same. I can understand how it's boring to folks who only look at it with their eyes. But I can mentally "see" the bottoms of the lakes, bays, and bayous. I can "see" the bait playing along the topography there ("bottomography"??). I can "see" forces of the tide. Does this make me a good fisherman? Not hardly, but it makes me a fisherman. Is it some caveman "me get food" instinct, or a 19th century drive to dominate nature, or a modern effort to visualize what can't be seen? I don't have a clue - but I like it.

As much as I like fishing, it starkly points out one of life's frustrations for me. I suspect that my attention has been misdirected for half a century. I've learned a lot, I know a great many mechanical things, how a computer works, what makes a car go, what makes it stop, why leaves are green, what holds an aeroplane up, why things fall, what makes the stars shine, why it's dark at night, the difference between space and distance, etc, etc. But when it comes to people ... people ... well there has to be witchcraft involved.

In many social settings I feel like I just fell off the turnip truck. And have fallen off the truck everyday for 50 years - if I've learned anything in that time, I've forgotten what it was. However, you, my voluptuous little sorceress, seem to understand people perfectly. What is a swirling fog to me is crystal clear to you.

For example. Do you remember this summer when we went to one of Paul's little league games? Do you remember the catcher on Paul's team. The round faced guy with the big grin and mischievous look, the one I liked just because he was having a good time. Remember how after the game he ran into the parking lot crying and I wondered why? Remember how you

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pointed out to me his grandfather, his father, his father's girlfriend, his mother, and his mother's new husband - then you told me that the grandfather had just told the boy that he would have to live with his father until school started and the boy didn't want to. Do you remember all of that? Of course you don't, it was so obvious to you, you see bigger dramas every day - but to me it was absolute magic!! I saw the same six people that you did, but all I saw was six people - you saw six people, the relationships between them, and what they were doing to each other. Witchcraft !!!

As Witches go girl you must be a good one. Your spell over me is as strong as ever. You charmed me then and you continue to charm me now. I had better get to work so I can come see you again. I am most definitely thinking about you girl.

Love,

Wayne