

Dear Janet,

I stoped in the library after 8pm Monday evening to try and take care of one last correspondance and I read your email but did not have time to respond. I only had six minutes left on my daily allotment.

I really REALLY wish I hadn't left that note on ~~the~~ ^{my} door. I could just have said I would be back in an hour.

Remember The Doghouse? Open 24 hours a day? I was hanging out ^{here} ~~there~~ in the late '50s. ^{as a juvenile delinquent} I peddled my ass there for a couple of nights ~~before~~ on my way out of town. You know, for walking ~~around~~ ^{away} cash. On my way ^{out of town} to be a cowboy in the Sandhills of Nebraska and South ^{Dakota} ~~Dakota~~. go to #1

And the Berenoff out on 85th and Greenwood. I took John Hoge ~~off~~ there every day after work when I was the skilled ^{doing his sculpture} ~~carving~~ ^{that} ~~in~~ his reputation. We had double screened. And that place ^{has been} ~~has been~~ ^{burned} ~~burned~~ ^{down too.} ~~has been burned down too.~~
The ^{lit new} ~~lit new~~ ^{thing} goes on and on. The places I ~~felt~~ ^{are} comfortable in and ~~are~~ now gone.



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colorado



(2)


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(Except for the Ballard Smoke Shop. I am
 comfortable there.) ~~2~~ I know all the waitresses and
 bar-maids by name. They touch my
 shoulder and say: "are you ok dear?" "Do
 you want more coffee?" I use to drink heavily
~~there~~ and now just have coffee and they now
 charge me. But I love to sit at the bar and
 listen to and be a part of the conversation. I
 don't have any family anymore and I am about 60 years
 disenfranchised from life on this planet, the old
 lady in the wheelchair, the guy in the walker. I enjoy
 my time with them. It is the perfect break from
 this intense drawing/thinking period.

Jacqueline

3 So, in answer to your question Janet,
 is yes. ~~you~~ ^{the} you can take Edward to breakfast ~~at the B.S.S.~~ ^{at the B.S.S.} you
 are like Jackie Carr. I can't say no to you.
 But if I ever see anyone under the age of fifty
 five, anyone whose tattoo doesn't date from before
 Danie Dangel died from cancer, I will hunt you
~~and kill you~~ ^{and I will kill you}. I still have a 30
 caliber hand gun and a handful of ammo. I promise to not
 harm Pushbutton. — love and all my best, ~~Janet~~

this one.

★3

You and Jacqueline C. Carver. I can not say no to either of you. You may take Edward to breakfast in the Ballard Smoke Shop. But listen up, if I ever see anyone in there under forty five years of age, any one who's tato post-dates Danny Panyel's death in the late sixties, I will hunt you ~~and~~ down, ~~and~~ kill you. I still have a handgun. Of course I would not harm Pushbutton.

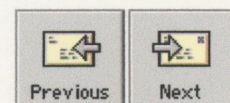
With love and every best wish,

>worth a hundred and fifty dollars a month plus board and room
>anywhere in Northern Nebraska or South Dakota. I was looking at a
>career opportunity. Babe was still just green broke and skittish as
>hell but she was a smart horse and was going to make one great
>cow-pony. She and I were learning together.
>
>So one of the Lovejoy boys, the next ranch over, was making a parts
>rum for a tractor down to Lincoln
>and I caught a ride with him. I didn't say any good-byes or
>anything. I used my two hundred bucks to buy me a rail ticket from
>Lincoln, Nebraska to Seattle. I got a job and a motorcycle and went
>to Cornish Art School and you know the rest.
>
>Jackie and Corey just came in. They look pretty stoned. The CD
>player is on high. I have a couple of things to return to the local
>library and finish packing up. I think I will bus out to the
>Starlight and not wait for Don to get home. Give me a couple of days
>to recoup at the Starlight and we can have a visit over coffee.
>
>I can't get into my Eudora account any more on Don's computer.
>Probably all the music his girls have downloaded. And I am sure I
>have a bunch of stuff to deal with. So what I am going to try and do
>is move this letter off to disk and carry it down to the Beacon Hill
>branch library and send it from there. Janet Galore gave me good
>directions on how to do this. However I can't get in to read them
>now.
>
>All best,
>
>Jim
>
>
>
>Join 18 million Eudora users by signing up for a free Eudora Web-Mail
>account at <http://www.eudoramail.com>

=====
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----- End Forwarded Message -----

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account at <http://www.eudoramail.com>



post script, an important one.

Canadian
Colorado

As I was leaving for the library to send this
this ^{Tuesday} morning Al, the Starlight sup, showed up
with a crew of ^{complete} ineptitude to fix my door. For four
hours my door has been open to all. I explained my
drawings a dozen times. ^{I was a Starlight event.} The carpenter told me he had
been a driver for the Beach Boys. The asian guy tried
to tell me something but his english was so bad I
couldn't understand. He liked my drawings and kept
pointing to them and bowing to me. Al had invited the
young, beautiful hooker up to meet me. We are both
artists. ^{he thinks} He thought we should meet. She did give up her
room here for six weeks. So I am the senior tenant in
the Starlight. She had a six week date with a white guy
~~older than me~~ ^{my age} in the ~~Canadian~~ ^{Canadian} Rockies. She said the
lodge was really fancy and the mountains were beautiful.
She has a two year old son she gave birth to when she
was thirteen. She hasn't seen him in seven months. He
was taken from her after her last arrest. ~~She thinks he~~
~~was adopted~~ in Colorado. She went down to her room and
brought up a bunch of really bad watercolors and photos of
her soup show me. ~~I know~~ I know her name now,
Maggann.

>There is no need for me to contextualize that carving in contemporary
>art terms. But that Don is still making a sculpture, every day, is
>so fine. When I become disheartened with my heavy load, Don's always
>continuing work on his alabaster statuette is an inspiration. The
>way you get art made is you don't quite. Not for a single day.

>And if you had gotten here a couple of hours earlier you could have
>said high to Jacqueline. So I am going to paint you a picture of
>Jackie some hours ago. Now you heard from Don Carver, Jacquelines
>father, that "Yes, Jackie is doing good". If this were Alissa, or
>one of Fred Moody's daughters, we would all be sitting around a table
>in Larry's Greenfount wringing our hands and I would be listening to
>you guys saying "Where did we go wrong, were did we go wrong.". But
>this is Jacqueline, the toughest kid on the planet to raise. I have
>been to juvenile court with her five times. I don't know how Don
>does it.

>But the picture I want to paint for you is three-thirty this
>afternoon. I am packing up for the Starlight and Jackie is in the
>kitchen on the phone. She is blow-drying her hair with one hand and
>on the phone with the other. She is doing a drug deal for twenty
>hits of oxycotton (some new pain pill) for somebody she works with.
>And she is making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich for lunch to
>take with her to work out at an old fokes home at Northgate. And she
>has a 24-oz can of Mickey's Malt Liquor going with a large red
>plastic straw and keeps bending down to the kitchen counter to have a
>sip while she is making her sandwich and drying her hair and closing
>the drug deal. Well, it was a precious and memorial moment.

>But I do need to get out of here. The Starlight Hotel is perfect. I
>need the time out. To draw, to think, to herd all the proposals for
>creating The Fourth Reliquary through the right shoots and that is
>cowboy talk you might not get. I looked over all the spell-checks on
>this word and nothing looks right. But I don't know how to spell.

>A shoot is a metal fence like box, with a squeeze, in a coral and we
>ran hundreds of steers through the shoot spring and fall. Each calf
>on the ranch went through the shoot to be dehorned, branded,
>vaccinated castrated and earmarked. Being a herdsman is so laced
>with cruelty.

>But when a cowboy was in the shoots it meant something different. We
>broke out the next string of horses in the spring. Late April. The
>ranch had a string if about seventy horses and we cut out a half a
>dozen two year-olds and brought them to the main barn to be made into
>saddle horses. Everybody got to pick their horse and I had a serious
>crush on this buckskin mare named Babe. And remember I was the
>complete greenhorn. Fifteen years old. So Babe was lip-twitched
>down, saddled and bridled with my gear and driven into the shoot.
>Doc Makiel and Lloyd Walking Eagle had me by the belt, were holding
>me up by my belt. That's how it was done. So Doc and Lloyd lowered
>me down onto Babe's back in the shoot. And I remember all this so
>clearly. Lloyd, a Sioux off the Rosebud Reservation almost never
>spoke. Doc had a strand of snot about two foot long hanging off one
>nostril and he said "you ready?" I said "Yes" and Doug opened the
>gate.

>So I am in the shoot again. Writing proposals to make a sculpture
>with a nuclear reactor to BNFL and RAL. And it is more then forty
>years ago when Lloyd and Doc lowered me down into that shoot, and I
>was in over my head then as I am now. You know Tom; I had saved up
>more then two hundred dollars. And the Boss said he would sell me
>Babe for two hundred dollars. Now a cowboy with his own horse is

★ #1

And, at your invitation sometime 2 years ago, I met up with you and Ed and Bonney and Linley and a bunch of your friends for a breakfast there and it ~~wasn't~~ wasn't the Doghouse anymore. The sixty year old waitress with their union buttons on their aprons had been replaced by a waitstaff with rings through their eyebrows & jugs & honiyou. The Doghouse had another name.

★ 2

The wait staff know me by sight and touch my shoulder and say: "Are you OK dear? Need some more coffee?"

I use to drink heavy in the bar ~~that~~ there. Now I just have coffee ^{or a beer} and ~~they never charge me~~. I talk to guys twenty years my senior about gill-netting the Copper River ^{in Alaska}. We have both done it.

The old lady in the wheel chair you saw, the guy in the walker. We have breakfast ^{next to each other} ~~together~~ and talk about the weather and the news. They tell me about ^{County} their grandchildren. Janet, it is as close to family as I have, my last refuge. **The perfect break from all this intense drawing.** I have never given this place up, **that**

★ 3

InBox - Read Mail

[Privacy Policy](#) [Contact Us](#) [Help](#)**Date:** Fri, 17 May 2002 13:09:08 -0700**From:** "James L. Acord" <acord@eudoramail.com> [Add to Address Book](#) [Add To Spam](#)[Block List](#)**Subject:** Fwd: RE: Babe**Organization:** QUALCOMM Eudora Web-Mail (<http://www.eudoramail.com:80>)**To:** "James Flint" [REDACTED]**Reply To:** acord@eudoramail.com

Dear Jim Flint,

This was an email I sent to film maker Tom Putnam and a copy to Fred Moody a few months ago. I no longer have a copy but found this in my inbox. I\The format is a bit garbbled but thought you would like it.

Best Jim

--

----- Forwarded Message -----

DATE: Tue, 16 Apr 2002 16:55:05

From: "Fred Moody" [REDACTED]

To: acord@eudoramail.com

Shit, James, I write for a living and I wish I could write as evocatively, beautifully, as you do.

Best,

Fred

---- Original Message ----

From: acord@eudoramail.comTo: tcomput [REDACTED]

Subject: RE: Babe

Date: Tue, 16 Apr 2002 15:03:41 -0700

>Dear Tom,

>

>Tom,

>

>Thanks so very much for bringing the cash out here to Don's. I for
>sure really enjoyed seeing you and I know it meant a lot to Don too.
>He feels so isolated and alone since the Fremont Foundry shut down
>and all our sculptor friends dispersed. He has a grueling shipyard
>job that sends him home with acks and pains for seventeen fifty an
>hour. He is also managing this apartment complex and raising two
>teenage daughters.

>

>And you know Tom, he carries that box with his alabaster mermaid with
>him every where he goes. He works on it every single day. He is
>down to using 4-cut watchmaker's files on it. It is almost done.

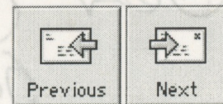
Dear Janet —

Sorry about yesterday's first half of this letter; I ^{Marxman} kind of spun out. I am having a great deal of difficulty writing ^{words} now, even to friends. On the up side I am getting some good drawings done. The time press of the library, being away from the Starlight... it all adds up and I become frustrated and angry. I do want to finish ~~this~~ ^{the} letter though. It is the post-script that is the most ^{interesting} ~~important~~, and could you patch it together and send it to Finlay? I think she would enjoy it. And of course you can take Edward to The Baller & Smoke Shop ^{*}. And I forgot to give you the big bottle of baby shampoo. Next time.

This letter is longhand and I'll try and find where I was yesterday when I ran out of time.

** That place will change and it will be neither your ^{Fault} nor mine. Growing old is learning how to let go of things.*

InBox - Read Mail

[Privacy Policy](#) [Contact Us](#) [Help](#)**Date:**Fri, 31 May 2002 10:31:39 +0100**From:**James Flint [REDACTED] [Add to Address Book](#) [Add To Spam Block List](#)**Subject:**Re: All up to date.**To:**acord@eudoramail.com

Hey Jim -

thanks for your letter. sounds like the starlight's the perfect drawing studio - and i love your seven keys exercise/exorcise; that's the most zen thing i've ever heard.

I've got a busy few weeks coming up. the end of this draft is really in sight now, but i'm going to take a week off before i tackle it, and get out of london for a while. then i hope to have something complete by the end of july. then, of course, i'll have to redraft, a process that could take a month, could take six. in the meantime, money problems are occupying more and more of my brain - i've got about enough cash to see me through till august, and after that i just don't know what i'm going to do. take out a loan probably. maybe i'll ask my good friend hari for money - proceeds from the sale of his book are currently pushing \$2million, believe it or not. I have to say i'm having a hard time swallowing it. this is my best friend we're talking about. obviously i'm pleased for him. just wish i wasn't offering up such a total contrast as an example of writerly success.

talking of money (ugh), i realise the fee i paid you for the drawings (£300, wasn't it? tell you the truth, i can't rightly remember) wasn't all that much. all i can say is, if i do manage to get this book finished and sold for any reasonable amount of cash, (and the drawings end up in it, of course), i'll bump it up. since my star is not exactly in the ascendant at the moment, i can't make any promises. but who knows... life's a fucking roundabout, after all.

anyway, look on the bright side. the first reviews for my new book have come out, and they're all positive so far, so that's good. it's still not in the shops for another month, but the early signs are positive enough. as i said in my last mail, i've got a copy reserved for you, but i need to know where to send it. what's best? care of tom putnam? if i don't hear to the contrary, i'll send it via him.

all best

Jim

At 12:48 17/05/02 -0700, you wrote:

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>Content-Language: en
>Content-Length: 136
>Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit