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Van Gogh, Picasso, Todd-
Rundgren. I know almost
every lyric, "The meaning of the verb,
to Love". A wizard a true star.
I Love Mr. Rundgren, I saw him
5 times before I realized
he couldn't save me. My
first gay boyfriend was
Jim McClain from Richmond
Indiana and he was the sweetest,
kindest, most musical young
man, I was only 15, we tried
an apartment. I learned
the artists, musicians, I would
love for my life. I remember,
Darrell, Tom, Mike, Mary, the
first G.B.T people I met accepted
me in their circle, until I ran
away. The G.B.T meetings were
held at Earlham College in Richmond
In. It was 1970. ☺ One time we
all drove over to Dayton Ohio.
We went to a small "GAY" bar
there. I wore an afro wig and
used 3 cans of spray tan.
Outside on the sidewalk on a smoke
break, a big black girl, said to me,
"Honey, what is you? do you →"

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a boy? Or a girl? I told her and her friends in a 14 year old white boy from Cambridge City Indiana, where the only gay thing was the Camps on one of the bridges that crossed a Creek in town. It was "great" fun, that night at that bar. Just to dance and laugh and be "theatrical." It is now 11:30 PM. here in my little cell. I could not write an entry for "Blog 4 HR."

I had a tiny tumor May of 2011. I had a Lobectomy of my left lung. I was told "We got all the cancer?" "You don't need chemo!" a month and 1/2 ago Dr. tells me the cancers back and it's too late. What?? Like the funeral of my father, my mother, my 3 brothers, I was not there. Nope, not even a photo, I'm not here either. Can you tell? I ran to the Rodin Museum and stared at the gates of hell. I sat beneath, the Thinker statue in a blizzard on New Years eve 1977/78. I have many places. Do you know →

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I saw the beautiful "Shiva" exhibit at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Yes. It only was exhibited in Los Angeles and Philadelphia in 1978, I believe?

I thought the Cherry Blossoms falling off the Cherry tree on a walking/running trail, there above the Skunk Kill River was a "portent" of my relationship with "Marya" Yousse, "Mars", was from Princeton New Jersey and her father was a professor at Princeton. Japanese history, think?

I only met her parents once. Anyway, as I ran, I came upon this most beautiful Cherry tree.

A single blossom broke away and the sight stopped me. I caught the beautiful precious work of God's art in my hand and then heard the voice of Marya's father.

"Now you have her, you marvel at the beauty of the soft white complexion the rose glycerin cheeks, the floating skirts, her petals a ballet for only you, I am the Emperor of a dynasty, you have, for a moment captured"

→

this precious boy, this beautiful porcelain doll who is the Emperor's daughter, and ever so slightly the earth shook my bliss broken, his voice asked, and who are you to hold her? I had my big faux fur air force parka on, as I ran I saw Che Guevara in the window looking back at me. It had become very cold outside so I returned to the apartment on 19th and Mount Vernon. She asked me where I had gone, she had gone out on the New Year's with some friends.

I told her, I took a wrong turn in the city and went running in China. I called her "Sweetie Boop" we ate w/ chopsticks and had Budjies flying round the apartment. Joni Mitchell and "We could be heroes" "AJA" when all my dime dancin' is thru. All those silly paintings I did, Watercolor & Acrylics. She wore thick glasses w/ her hair in a bun and JAP flaps. Then I saw her turn into a BoB Seeger Gong at a little club downtown. My heart broke, she said I was a "Beast"



I realized i was an unwilling bum,
a gigolo perhaps? I have to get
some sleep OM Mani Leme oleng.

I Love you deeply and
truly. If the money could only
proud me, what if? Would you
move me back into your heart?

It's always the money.
I just never made very much
money and a man has to
make money - for his woman
to keep the babies, or there are
no babies, just a looming
Maw of past memories, chipped
and torn, stained and worn,
round my shoulders like a pofers
towel robe, or round my head
like an angels prayer shawl.
Goodnight Irene!

Christmas Post.

C-U-Soon!

Randy.