

Thank God the Sixties Are Over With! Is All I'm Saying

by Jerry Ratch

I am surprised that you're not famous already. I remember sitting in your bedroom for hours just watching you while you wrote poetry. I was in awe of you, thinking you were going to be the next Dylan Thomas! Or Bob Dylan. Or Dylan Somebody! And I remember you with the same beard (just a different color!) and slightly longer hair.

I read your book. I've got to tell you — much more solid content than the rationalizing wimps that fill up the couch on Oprah's show. A literate and inspiring memoir that stands well above the usual marketplace-driven drivel. You have the exuberance of another Henry Miller.

And all the wanderlust! No wonder you left us behind in Villa Park. I just keep thinking about poor Sharon, when you left her for that girl down in Chicago, Terry, was that her name? The one who wanted to have your baby? That sure must have scared the crap out of you, I'll bet! You didn't know I knew about her, did you? You'd be surprised.

But we all survive and go on, don't we? Even you yourself! I mean, some of us go on to become writers. So ... imagine that!

Did you ever learn to cook? I remember one time we were cooking bacon in your kitchen (why, I have no idea) and I asked you to flip the bacon over, and you left the kitchen in a big huff, saying *you don't cook!*

Thank God the 60's are over with! Is all I'm saying.