

CRAWFORD'S
"EPILOGUE OF AN EPILOGUE,"
WRITTEN SPECIFICALLY FOR THIS *GUEST ARTIST*
LINK



“PRESENT AND FUTURE LIGHT”

***(A further riff and summing-up, of a rich summed-up
life-in-art . . . and musings on a life in transit)***

by Jerry L. Crawford

There should be no sequel to a Memoir--PAST LIGHT was released in 2012. Since then, two friends reacted to my Memoir with comments that inspired me to add a brief, still fresher look at my view of the present and future.

Playwright and close friend, Julie Jensen, spent a couple days with PAST LIGHT, valued it, but, noted that it had been written for a known audience, especially, my children. Julie said she still wondered about my totally "free style" view of my life. Later, playwright and close friend, Frank Gagliano, added a request to comment on my present views and future speculations in order to enhance his new website focusing on American artists he knows as colleagues/friends. The site will soon focus on me, my life and career.

Those new imperatives motivate me to look at my immediate present and possible future.

I will turn age 79 in August--it is now late July, 2013. My health seems to hold steady after my 2012 pre-diabetic alarm and subsequent loss of weight from 204 pounds to 170. Careful eating with expanded walks and gym exercise rapidly brought things under control, along with a couple pills, of course. All Americans seem dependent upon pharmacies on one level or another.

The national scene never changes in that we move from crisis to crisis with reckless abandon in terms of economic, immigration and gun control issues, as well as military threats. Traditional warfare is over save ground troops to mop up after pre-emptive drone strikes. Of course, if some idiot in North Korea, Iran, here or wherever prompts a suicidal strike, nuclear war might follow, likely brief but catastrophic. I have no idea where all this will lead but it seems ominous to me. From Iraq to Afghanistan to North Korea, Pakistan, Iran, Egypt, and beyond, all is precarious.

I like President Obama and voted for his re-election. However, the Congress and government seem broken beyond immediate repair. Hopefully that is an exaggeration but nothing seems to be getting done. The job market still sucks and education is threatened at all levels, not to mention the problems resulting from the infamous Sequester.

I am disillusioned by the announced fact that President Obama paid only 18.4 % on his taxable income. He campaigned against Romney for doing such a thing, noting that cops and teachers pay as much as 50 %. Come on, Barack, own up to this and correct it. No wonder friends like Bob Fridley are against the man. I still think Obama is doing a solid job with most issues, far better than any Republican I see. However, I admit to getting a kick out of the New Jersey Governor, the merry, rotund Kristie. 2016 should be a very interesting election. I predict that Hilary Clinton will be elected, but, if I am still here and proven wrong, I promise Bob Fridley and others I will make no further comments on American politics. If Yooper Critic still is reviewing films by then, that is more than enough to thrust upon people. Were I to live to election 2016, I would be 82. I suppose that is more than possible, albeit these U.P. winters are getting to me.

My son, Mitch, teaching at the college/university level part-time in recent years secured a full-time slot in Art in the Clark County School District in Nevada. That is a great sense of relief and a boon to students at Rancho High. Mitch's wife, Diane, is an elementary librarian;

son, McCade, is in high school and a fine writer. Daughter, Haley Bunn, is 12 with the intent to study bio-chemistry and enter medical research.

My eldest daughter, Vali, sustains a solid position as Head of English at a top magnet school in northwest Las Vegas. However, she commutes many miles a day from Boulder City to teach. She lives happily with her fella, Doug Bishop, a Las Vegas detective. Her son, Kolby, is a junior at Northern Michigan University here in Marquette, studying in the Honors Program (German and Philosophy). Vali's other son, Baelin, lives with his father, Erle Borg, in Las Vegas. Baelin is a high school junior at Bonanza. He is an expert tracker of deer sheds. One day he plans college to train as a fire fighter. Vali also helps a former student, supporting him like a son. I am wary of that situation but Vali is an extremely nurturing person and teacher.

My youngest daughter, Keli, lives nearby in Marquette with husband, Paul Truckey, a tenured Associate Professor in Theatre at NMU. They raise a daughter, Baux, age 9. Keli directs plays at NMU and in the community along with watching after me as she did with her mother. Beloved Pat passed on June 26, 2011, in Marquette with me and the girls at her bedside.

The release of PAST LIGHT brought interesting responses from people who have known me. Most friends were laudatory and supportive about the book. A few friends were peevisish about some of my openness, memories and accounts of the past. Del Hendricks faulted my recollection about certain facts and related matters, as did Lyle Dye. We had phone conversations with my apologizing when I was corrected with validity. When not, I stick to my guns, to repeat a favorite American cliché.

Las Vegas friend, Bob Burgan, was understandably conflicted about my frank details about major crises he had encountered, all of which directly impacted me in more ways than one. However, Bob recovered, called me, and resumed communication with me. I am grateful to him. Del and Lyle also seemed to accept things better after we talked on the phone, though

there is no question they were deeply upset with me. Did I expect such controversy when PAST LIGHT was published? Yes, I did. A memoir, similar to being a playwright, is an exercise in public humiliation and can garner conflicts and disagreements.

I told Julie and Frank that this "addition" to the Memoir was also NOT going to be a "confessional", but, more of a free commentary than PAST LIGHT which was intentionally more of a family history than free/open accounts of very personal experiences, be they positive or negative. Also, I am not interested in sensationalism, nor in challenging anyone to law suits or assassination attempts, both of which have been tried against me in the past. (No, that is not an exaggeration. I have both written proof and living witnesses!)

2013 brought an unfortunate new conflict with my long time mentor and friend, Bob Fridley of Des Moines. *I inadvertently commented and revealed to him critical views I had of his strong Right Wing Republican conservatism, among other things. (Damn me, playwrights judge and I cannot help but do so when I should not.) I hurt Bob. However, we have begun efforts at reconciliation. Bob believes our problem focuses solely on my "extreme Liberalism." That is partially true, but, the problem is also connected to HIS views, comments and what I see as "extreme Conservatism." We may have a life stalemate there. We have agreed to omit politics from any future communication. At 96, Bob is amazing; he still drives to work every day as he heads the many and grand Fridley Theatre in Iowa and Nebraska.*

My annual March Madness trip to Las Vegas in 2013 was both fun and sobering. I spent five of the twelve day trip at the old Hilton Hotel, now called the Las Vegas Hotel and Casino. I know men who run the Race and Sport Book; it was nostalgic to see them again and make small sports wagers. Friends Terry Miller and Mike Robertson of Fresno joined me in Vegas for that first week. We had a joyous time. I moved into the home of

Mitch and Di the second week. I enjoy a running Bumper Pool war with grandson, McCade. He shoots a good stick.

I call Mitch, "Mr. Chaos." That is a play on a philosophic concept as well as on his operating nature. Perhaps it is just that he is an Artist in every sense of the word. I love him with all my heart, as I do my daughters (AND my dogs, Foo Foo and Pootie!). Parenting never ends. I tend to be supportive to excess with my kids, especially Mitch. The daughters correctly call me an enabler. However, the recession hit Las Vegas and Mitch harder than it did Marquette, or, indeed, harder than it hit Vali and Keli, at least in my biased view. I try to balance my generosity and support among them as best I can.

As usual, I saw old friends in Vegas, one in a hospital (theatre critic Tony del Valle who sadly passed away from cancer not long after). I enjoyed time with Davey Marlin-Jones' widow, Maggie Winn-Jones. I met with Bob Brewer, Taylor Hanes, Michael Lugering, Louis Kavouras, and some former students. By the time I left, I was convinced again that I belong now in Marquette, not Las Vegas, long winters notwithstanding. Yes, it can get depressing. However, Las Vegas as a city, as a home, no longer appeals to me. The place is over-grown and poorly organized, similar to the world at large. I drove by our old home at 1016 Bonita Avenue--yes, it made me sad. The old crooked tree out front is gone; so is the grass, now rocks, typical in Vegas. New windows in the house are nice. Bushes and Pat's roses gone. Pat's metal weather vane of a rooster on the roof still stands and that made me happy. The lovely, curved brick sidewalk Pat laid is still there, but, probably not for long. All the old neighbors gone. It was always really Pat's home. I was gone too much, although I loved the place. We raised our children there in a nice neighborhood with good neighbors. However, when Vali moved to Boulder City last year, I did not wish to rent the house and pool. I sold it well under what it was worth but still at a strong profit over its original cost. We added on three times and put in a pool which our children loved. It remains The Crawford Homestead in memory.

I drove by our three former house rentals which remain the same save minor repairs and improvements. Seeing them brought memories of my mother-in-law, Alphoretta Bunn, who lived in one until her death. I also thought of close friend, poet Red Shuttleworth, and his fine family who lived in a couple of our rentals. Actually, many good friends and people did, as well as Mitch, Vali and families. Of course, there were a few renters who were real stinkers, too.

The subject of my writing: *I wrote a new play--MONKEY'S DON'T MARRY BUT NILE RATS KILL CROCODILES. The title is based on Victor Hugo's THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME and involves a national scam scheme being leveled at senior citizens. Only about fifty pages long, it is amusing as well as serious in intent; thus far, most readers like it, including one of my agents. There might even be a small theatre production of it in Las Vegas next year if friend and actor, Taylor Hanes, can manage it.*

I have begun what may be my last and certainly my largest writing effort, SPLINTERS, ASHES, AND SON, an autobiographical account of my relationship with Mitch. The two daughters deserve a play, too, but, it would not serve because there is not enough conflict. (Yes, I am smiling, though that is true.) This piece is framed as a play, but, is not one. Yet, it is not a novel. Perhaps it is some new literary/theatrical form. (Not sure if I am joking.)

It is tempting to write a short farce about the infamous Jodi Arias murder trial in Arizona, which still rages, but, I think that temptation will pass once they finish the penalty phase of the trial. She has been rightfully convicted by the evidence of aggravated first degree murder. I considered this idea because I once knew two women who were dangerous. Hearing details about one of the women, a psychologist I knew speculated that this woman is a "border-line personality and sociopath." This Arias creature is way beyond the women I knew because Arias went further into psychopathic

slaughter of a human being. Ugh. However, the two ladies in my checkered past wanted me dead, one making that clear by trying to hit me with a hammer and run me over with a car and the other announcing that desire in front of witnesses. Nice, eh? If you are wondering if perhaps I deserved it, did Travis Alexander deserve 27 knife wounds, a bullet in the head, and his throat cut from ear to ear in Arizona? Ms. Arias thought so. I am sure my dark ladies of the night would not have minded seeing me in such a condition. Brrrrr.

Largely due to my support of family, along with poor management, I continue to bumble along financially. *I have friends who are actually wealthy; men who inherited enormous wealth and/or worked hard, played the market, and managed money well. I admire them short of envy. I am one who can objectively recognize my shortcomings, be they financial or with certain relationships. I know this--I married above me in quality of person and wronged Pat undeservedly at times. I at least count my blessings that our last years were marked not just by my care-giving, but, my overdue devotion.*

What is remarkable about me and money is that I made a very good living all my life, including a terrific state of Nevada pension. However, Pat and I gave our kids three rental houses we had in Vegas and when I sold the house last year, I gave it all away to my daughters. Mitch and I knew Pat's wishes about that house and we honored them. Anything I have at my death will be equally divided among the three sibs. Good luck, kids.

However, I suspect I will die in debt, the new Mortgage home mortgage aside. The kids will have to figure it all out. My car will go to Keli. I rather hope one of them keeps the log cabin home in Marquette, but, that remains to be seen. I do not want for anything. I travel only to Las Vegas, New York, Des Moines, Washington, D.C. now. Sure, there are world cities and places I might enjoy visiting, but, I harbor no urgent needs to make the effort it would take to go there. I may visit friends in Salt Lake City this fall.

Perhaps I will change my mind about more traveling in whatever time remains. I thought I would die as my brothers did, at age 69. Now a decade past that and given modern care, who knows? I could reach my 90's, as Bob Fridley has. I am past the average male life span. I am not afraid of death but I do not like the idea of dying unless it is quick, which is how my father managed with his heart attack. I do fear a slow or lingering act of dying. I also know that one can live too long. Then death becomes release and freedom. This was the stated case for Pat.

I am really fond of my home in Marquette with its nice office and huge fireplace. *My remaining two dogs are superb companions. I am never lonely, especially with Keli and family nearby. I have a huge email correspondence, some of which I force upon people to read or delete. Any response is totally their choice. I frustrate some when I forward too many things of interest to me. Terry Pluto and Terry Miller have to remind me now and then not to send such things. This rather amuses me; all one has to do is hit the delete button. However, Pluto gets too much email as a sports writer and Miller is just getting fussier with age.*

(True, Terry, but, you better laugh as you read this.) And there are my YOOPEER CRITIC MOVIE REVIEWS. The local cinema is horrible and the fare worse. Netflix allows me some decent viewing and reporting. I do these to keep the mind active and the fingers working. A writer must write....every day. Again, if people are not interested or annoyed, the delete button is handy.

I seem to be busy every day. I watch my Indians games via a cable package; I watch news, sports, specials. I watch films, as noted. I exercise and eat healthily. I am mostly happy. I take a Celexa pill just to make sure some depressive episodes do not erode my life. Occasional depression occurs for everyone; it is part of the human condition. I miss Pat every day in some way or other. Driving around Vegas in my rental car, I would see a place Pat and I frequented and it hurt. Too many memories there, mostly

good, but, some not so good. Mitch and Keli suffer more than Vali and I do with Pat's loss because Vali is a lot like me, able to be a loner and tough things out. We FEEL as much as Mitch and Keli, but, emote it less. Believe it or not.

As for the life long issue of women, Capital W. *I still have great friends, remarkable women in my life. If Blanche DuBois always depended upon the kindness of strangers, I depended on women, no question. I had and have great male friends, but, my fractured relationship with my mother left a void. Pat was as loyal and fine a wife as a man could possibly have, but, it was impossible for me to keep from other strong relationships. One of my closest friends now is a former student who kept me as her mentor during her career and life. We see each other once or twice a year and relish things like theatre, films, and humor.*

Another woman held to me over the years but our communication has been limited for many reasons. She suffers from major health issues.

Two other women are very close friends, one from native Iowa and the other on the east coast. Add to these many of the women in The College of Fellows of the American Theatre, women I cherish along with many men in that same elite group.

I suppose the bottom line is that I am a people person; in some ways, raised a loner, I sustain a gregarious nature, be it real or performed, no matter. As Plato said, the mask may become your face.

Any woman who shared romance or passion with me either adjusted such feelings or dismissed them one way or another, just as I have done. There were dramatic and melodramatic episodes. One woman drove a car into a bridge pillar. She survived and moved on quickly. One sought therapy. Therapists have a strong tendency to fully blame the man, especially an older one, and lead the woman toward despising the former love. If it works, it works.

One woman went way over the edge and created mayhem on a grand scale for many people, some directly involved, some not. If I write here in what appears to be flippant or a tilt to narcissism, I stand condemned, though not my intention. I merely say what Julie Jensen asked me to say, the free style release of deeper stuff locked in my mind, heart and bile. Much more of this is emerging in the play now in progress. At times, it is more of a Memoir than PAST LIGHT was; Julie will be pleased.

One never sheds the love of one's life, in my case, Pat, nor does one shed meaningful love that required major adjustments or dismissal. One keeps moving on, as Dot sings to George in the great Sondheim musical, SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE. Or one stops. In that way chaos comes again.

The worst relationship I had with a woman was with the one I called, Mrs Mormon, in PAST LIGHT. *Like me, she must now wonder how in hell our obsessive need at the time got us together within a very destructive period of time. I do believe obsession can attract and connect with obsession. Talk about double jeopardy! She tried to harm me and others close to me but everyone survived. Nuff said.*

In PAST LIGHT I did try to explore my psyche as to why I was too often a faithless husband and absent father. The career easily explained the latter. Probing the former was probably less effective. No defense or excuse serve; thus, neither does any explanation. I was who I was at any given time. I am who I am. I was here. I am still here. Is that not also finally true of you, too? All that remains for me or any of us is face the unknown of today and tomorrow. Hamlet: "Let be."

If I do not die quickly, *I want no heroics to prolong a less than effective way of living. All writers have a little Hemingway in them. I admired my late friend, Donald Moyer, former President of UNLV. Near death, he said to his wife and doctors concerning trying desperate surgical efforts, "Do what you can." Don was one of the most positive and optimistic people I ever knew. Not me.*

Keli lives close and will take care of me as she did Pat should I have life but need help to some degree. Mitch and Vali will be supportive, but, they live many miles away, have jobs and family whereas Keli and family are closer and freer to help. Pat and I made the final, courageous move to Marquette for that very reason. Keli is an extraordinary care-giver.

I know my children now love me unconditionally; there was a time when they did not. Today Mitch and Vali would not object even were I to fall in love again and be with another woman. Not so with Keli and I understand why. I assure her that she need not worry. It is not a selfish motive that Keli would not have me slight her mother in death; I did it in life and that was enough. However, I have every right to my friends and that serves for me. I have no intention of upsetting Keli even if her view is narrow or old fashioned. I do not need or want to live with anyone, frankly, beyond my dogs. The loner finally emerges However, do I still love certain people, family and beyond? Damn sure.

I cannot stress enough how much my dogs mean to me. *And have we not heard that thousands of times from thousands of people? What's with these creatures?*

My guess is that either a heart attack or cancer will take me out in the next decade. There is always the possibility of an accident of one kind or another.

Friend Kenny Guinn in Las Vegas fell off his roof! Car wrecks took several of my closest friends in high school. Timing is everything. A couple seconds, one.

I have no hope to make 90, but, I would welcome as many good years in my 80's as I can manage. I am in pretty fair health and appear to most people to be younger than my actual years. Genes. When I go, no funeral service. Plant another lilac bush or tree as we did for Pat. Mix our ashes and sprinkle in places the kids know with the last into the blue Pacific at

Moss Beach in Laguna. And dog ashes can mix with ours. I do not wish to outlive Foo Foo—that is how much she means to me. I hope all the family is there for that ocean sprinkling of ashes occasion, followed by a happy dinner and drinks at one of our favorite restaurants in the area. There has been a recent peace treaty between Mitch and Vali which brings me great relief, as it would have Pat.

Mitch asked me recently how he should remember me or how I would prefer to be remembered. Well, I have no control of the memory of others---memory is as memory does. I did say that I hope to be remembered as a man who closed his life as a good and devoted husband and father, flaws and all. My only regret is for pain I caused Pat and family when I was “artist astray.” If I gave pain to others, I trust the sheet was balanced. This includes friends like Del Hendricks, Lyle Dye, Bob Burgan, Bob Fridley, unfortunates like Mrs. Mormon and others.

I think I was a very good writer, playwright. I leave quite a canon of work for a man who was first and foremost a worthy teacher, mentor, traveling critic. With only a small break, a little piece of luck here or there, a few of my plays could have reached prominence. Way it goes. Of course, I ain’t gone yet.

I think I was OCD and never knew it until late in life. I am pretty obsessive in routine, organization, redundant behavior. All that made me a capable administrator but too controlling in too many ways. By all reports, I was a hell of a fine critic and public speaker. Go figure. Farm kid, ball player. Refuckingmarkable, as perhaps my close friend Dan Slobig would say.

I was always good at listening, reading, comprehending; thus, a fine student with rare lapses. I never felt secure about my thinking and talents enough to feel original or successful. Hence, the burning drive and ambition to keep trying.

I borrowed the way playwrights borrow, like a sponge soaking up things. Thus, I felt like a fraud with any success. Somehow my most

cherished memories are my overt failures. I do not recall but one good critical comment or headline about my work...a Burlington, Vermont, paper printed, "Crawford's Eagle Soars!"

However, a counter headline is more vivid to me about my play, *THE LOOK OF EAGLES*: "Crawford's Eagle in Nose Dive!" My first New York *TIMES* review by the short-lived critic, Richard Eder: "Jerry L. Crawford's *THE AUCTION TOMORROW* is a box of poison cornflakes; it and its author should be taken back to Iowa and buried." I was the only one laughing in our Hartman Theatre Company that morning.

I knew very little about my father, the quietest man I ever knew. But I adored him for bringing me to baseball, Bob Feller, and the Cleveland Indians. I know I loved my mother but felt largely abandoned or dismissed by her in formative years, the war and jobs notwithstanding.

I was never able to show her much affection. I was very close to my brothers, John in early years, Jim in later years. I feel their losses still whereas my father and mother are now more or less misty memories.

I was a competent athlete for a lad so slight and relatively short. I played baseball and basketball as a starter for four years in high school at about five foot ten inches and 120 pounds. Legion ball in the summer before my senior year earned me a college scholarship in baseball but it went aside fast to theatre and when I met Pat. My love of baseball and sports came from those days and I am grateful. My two spring trainings as a bogus sports journalist with the Cleveland Indians are among my favorite life highlights. I made great friends there, especially with renowned sports writers, Terry Pluto and Sheldon Ocker.

After a health scare (heart murmur) at age 12, I was fine until my 1981 heart attack at age 46; I recovered strongly until I needed a spinal infusion in 2010 after stents were inserted in an artery in 2004. Finally, in 2011, I fought off diabetes by losing 35 pounds in three months. I believe exercise and fairly balanced eating habits keep one going. I do not smoke and I

drink little alcohol. If we move, we live; stop and we die. I tried pot only once with a delightful lady from the east coast and simply laughed myself asleep. Never touched it again.

I would rather go to a ballgame or a movie than to the theatre, but, in New York, I love going to the theatre. Perhaps I saw too many uneven amateur theatre productions over my many years as a critic for ACTF and ACT. Even in New York, only great writing and acting/directing fully captivate me. I am critical. Fabulous scenery and spectacle do nothing for me; too many years in Las Vegas?

I think theatre and films are now dominated by fine acting, not fine writing.

Sam Shepard and Edward Albee are fading with age now and Shepard seems to prefer acting as his creative medium. I wait for anything David Milch writes or produces on television, but, I am biased, I suppose, because Howard Stein was also his mentor. I learned the most from those writers and Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, William Inge, Eugene O'Neill, and Shakespeare. I wrote somewhat in an old fashioned way—continuous action over one or two acts, mostly in realism. I was damned good with comedy, but, mostly pursued serious stories and ideas. I wish I knew the work of more of today's new playwrights, especially the women. The male playwrights dominated unfairly most of my working life.

My best play to date is 'ROCK'...AND A SOFT PLACE. Hal Prince agreed, as did Howard Stein. THE DARK ROOTS and THE AUCTION TOMORROW are sentimental favorites. CHAOS IS COME AGAIN delights me still and Howard thought it the wildest, freest, most entertaining thing I ever wrote.

I am only a poor, closet poet and I have never finished a work of prose outside of a set of short stories I converted to one act plays.

I cherish many summers spent with Ace Pilkington under the pines in our seminar grove at the Utah Shakespeare Festival (then the Utah

Shakespearean Festival). Ace remains a close friend and the most brilliant scholar of Shakespeare I ever met. I would love to visit him and my replacement in the grove, close friend, Nancy Melich, but, I will never venture into that beloved grove while Mrs. Mormon resides nearby. I think she will be there forever. Yes, forever. You figure it out.

Late life wishes? I would like to do one more full spring training with the Indians in Arizona, but, I doubt I will manage. I wish I had the patience, money, and ability to try things like smart phones, tablets, and the like. I use a Dell PC.

I am also stubborn, old fashioned. And lazy about such things.

My friend, John Bailiff, seems to live to exercise and exercises to live. Not me. I refuse to bike, ski, swim, canoe, or such. Walks in the woods with my dogs and Keli or Vali, fine. A few hours at the Fitness Center, fine. Beyond that? Hell, no.

I think major new weapons of destruction are coming from our military and I believe perpetual war is here to stay (sorry, Rachel Maddow, the drift continues).

I believe the sun will eventually burn us up somehow or other. I worry most about my children and grandchildren in terms of what history they are going to see. I just hope they survive and live full lives. I do not think space travel or exploration can save us.

The most recent violent act of terrorism against our American homeland in Boston was outrageous by the sick nature of its cowardice. Bombs aimed at the legs and torso of people, especially children, matches the horrific gun massacres of recent decades. Also, picking Patriot's Day and the grand Boston Marathon reveals an anti-American perversion which may point to a disillusioned American citizen as well as the usual radical foreign elements.

We are in the drift of perpetual war around the world, but, at home we are at full throttle with terrorism and gun violence. Obama has unhappily noted that our social fabric is unraveling. Sadly, I do not think we will be able to completely stop it without the kind of legislation lobbyists block plus precautions that violate the whole point of a free society. We can only be alert, we can try as individuals. The most hopeless factor seems to be the United States Congress. We are often dominated by fools given to self-service and greed. German philosopher, Oswald Spengler, spoke to these matters as well as Karl Marx. The problem is not mere Liberalism vs Conservatism, the menace is mindless, dogmatic, fixed and extreme posturing on both sides. A plague o both your houses.

I continue to be without God or religion albeit I would be thrilled for eternity to be again with Pat and those I loved and lost. As a so-called Humanist, I do believe in Man and Woman as marvelous creatures with limitless potential.

I think our carnal drive and survival instincts keep us from perfection. I believe the American Dream is just that and our government is eroding past repair.

Marx was right that Capitalism eats and destroys itself with greed, but, his Communism was even less effective. I believe the greatest American flaws were our racial/ethnic bias with Native Americans, African Americans, Hispanics, and now, Arabs, as well as our 2d Amendment madness for guns. We are a hopelessly violent nation. We are given to war and empire building despite having produced some of the greatest statesman the world has ever known, as well as great military leaders. Someone had to tame the atom but it was a mistake.

Christ got one thing right: love is the key to family and societal life. The cliché holds because it is rooted in a rare truth. (Love is never the problem, loving is.)

Go Tribe! Ipso facto ladee smoochee!

Again, say goodbye to me—I say goodbye to you.

Jlc July 29 2013

[From Gagliano: But, of course, with Crawford, it's rarely "goodbye." Below is an email I received, just three months after Jerry wrote his "Epilogue" for me. As you will see — it points to a new burst of new-play creativity.

Of course.

Stay tuned.

FG]

----- Forwarded message -----

From: Jerry Crawford

Date: Sat, Jul 6, 2013 at 3:39 PM

Subject: First Time Amazing Experience

To: FG

Recently, I finished a new play and sent it off to a select few. Usually that drains my creativity for a spell.

I slept deep and hard last night. Just before I awakened, I had a remarkably specific dream.

I was hearing a new play I was writing with two characters, father and son, WITH DETAILED DIALOGUE. I went to the gym to work out and as I did the dialogue was running again in my head, clear as a bell.....several exchanges. I had no choice....when home alone, I started writing. The exact lines returned.....when I got to where the dream ended it just kept flowing. Finally, I found a good spot to stop and take a break. I have been reflecting on this ever since Never had that happen before. I had dashed out 15 pages!! And it was indeed the play I was planning to write, EXCEPT that I was preparing to spend time organizing all the material I have saved to use in this play. Suddenly

I am well into the script and only now turning to all the material I have for the play.

Bottom line: a play, possibly my last one, was intended to be written later this year. It took over and I have no choice but to continue with my usual pace because it is strangely sort of writing itself. It projects to be way too long and likely not stage worthy, but, I do not care. I have not launched it; it has launched me. It may not even be a play — just WRITING. We shall see.

