



The Ruins of the Past

By Crystal Muns

As Poetry Recycles Nurons
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Abstract

This is a highly creative look into my world of ruins. Within this world you will find that a ruin is not only a decaying structure, such as those of Rome or Ancient Greece, but is instead a way of thinking, preserved histories of the small and lowly as well as those of a collective. A ruin can be anything with an air of mystery and history. Our own thoughts as they pass through our minds, pass thusly into the realm of ruins. This manuscript it's self is a ruin, in so much as it is a collective of my conscious thought, the past recollections of those long past, and the history contained within all.

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*The pictures to the left are
Top: a velvet painting of my mothers
Middle: My Aunt Lilyan
Bottom: A picture of Lord Byron*

1. Memories and Lord Byron



A Muns Family Picture

In this picture the two adult's in white are my mother (Ladenna) and my father (James Marvin), The man in red is my Uncle Rey. The three children in the front (from left to right) are my Sister Brenda, myself, and my brother James Earl Muns. This was a rare family outing at Duffy's in Hoquiam.

*There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,
Have left me here to love and live in vain—
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead,
When busy memory flashes on my brain?
Well—I will dream that we may meet again,*

~Lord Byron (Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto the second, verse IX)

Byron,
My sweet poetic Byron,
Whom love has't betrayed,
the world could not understand you,

the pain, the hurt, the inner turmoil,
all poisoning the well-spring of thy poetic reverie
with a sadness of the spirit.

In vain with endearments we sooth the sad heart¹

I've been there too.
Sitting around within my room
Pondering the reason why?
Why is it that the ones we love
so soon
fade away.



My father and a little me at the old home in Richland, Wa

1 "Love's Last Adieu" by Lord Byron

I have fond memories of my mother and father,
 Our life back east-of-the-mountains,
 I was but a babe,
 But still I remember
 The peach tree in the back,
 The grapes growing on the vine,
 The golden colored dog
 Racing round and round
 As mother sprayed me with the hose
 All because I wasn't suppose to pick the grapes.

Life was happy then,
 And it was for a while after that,
 But as with everything
 Time continues forward

*"The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
 when Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung"*²

We grow older,
 Some would say wiser,
 Our muses become a collective memory

² Lord Byron from "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"

Scrawled upon the page

Left there for those who come after.



My old home in Hoquiam the day we moved in.

We fled from the east,

Away from death,

Away from pain,

From the memories

Of a young man

Black haired and young³,

³ My cousin Stephan Cecotti was murdered in 1993. This death had a profound impact on me and my family. It turned our

Cut down before his time.

*“OH! Friend!, for ever loved, for ever dear!
 What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour’d bier!
 What sighs re-echo’d to thy parting breath,
 Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
 Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
 Could sighs avert his dart’s relentless force;
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 Or beauty charm the specter from his prey”⁴*

We fled from the east,
 And into the west.

The heart ache was great,
 The guilt it lingered,
 Even to this day.
 I feel a burden on my shoulders,
 Could we have done anything?
 I was so young!
 But guilt from mother n’ father I bare,

world upside down and left us with our hearts and minds in pieces. My parents held so much grief and guilt that we fled from Eastern Washington along with my Aunt Lea and wound up in Hoquiam by the following year.

⁴ Lord Byron from his poem “Epitaph on a Friend” from *Hours of Idleness*.

All Too soon,
Youth is gone.

*“Affliction’s self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though they sire lament his failing line,
A father’s sorrow cannot equal mine!”⁵*

Lord Byron,
It was as Grosskurth said

*“Gorge Gordon Byron could not be considered fortunate in the parent’s fate had allotted
him.”*

Your father was a manipulator,
A debtor and a fiend,
Your mother was a sucker,
A lover and a dreamer,
And mad as a hatter!

Now,
I can’t say the same thing about my father
As I can yours,
It’s true he was a debtor
But that is where the similarities end.

⁵ Lord Byron from his poem “Epitaph on a Friend” from *Hours of Idleness*.



Father

My father was a good,
Hard working man,
Full of advice,
And full of love and compassion
For all whom he cared for.

My mother was more of an emotional creature,
Much like your mother.
She suffered from mental illness
Affecting her mood,
Shaping how she interacted with us,
But still she loved us,
Even unto her dying day
As the snow fell round,
I think she took a part of my
Heart with her,
That's just what mothers do.

Still some nights,
When the rain is pattering
Upon the rooftops,
And the smell of pine
Wafts in through



Mother and Myself

The crack of my window,
I sit there in silence
Weeping,
Oh, how I miss them so much!
Mother!
Father!
I wish you both were still here,
But alas,
All I'm left with are memories
And little bits of paper.

*Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.⁶*

⁶ Lord Byron from the poem "Upon leaving Newsted Abby" from *Hours of Idleness*

2. The Road to Ruin



"Writing on the Wall" By Crystal Muns

Many roads can be taken
Within this life or the next,
However you might take it,
All lead back to the end,
For it is also the beginning.

Amidst the ruins I have seen
A multitude of factuality's
And life lessons to be had
Pitter patter amongst the
Dusty halls and empty spaces

So full of empathies last remorse.

A ghost or two to linger still,
 Be that good or bad,
 Only the experience can decide
 As to which it does belong.

Abandoned home In Oklahoma, taken by dad.



The pitter patter of feet along the cobweb bedazzled
 Thoroughfare , is jarring
 Sweet and effervescent
 In its sublime utterances.

One can feel at home,
 Where no formal home
 Doth roam.

Such is the way of ruin,
 And it is a quick and easy
 Step to the left
 For it to take hold
 Of your soul.

Let it intermesh and become one

With mind,
Memory,
Life and love.

The ruin of all
Is not the end,
Just the beginning
To something new
And completely different
From the way
We were taught
Was good
And great.

3. Waiting for the Apocalypse



"The Waiting" By Crystal Muns

*When in the outside world,
all seems to be crumbling,
all seems to be at an end,
what shall we consider the cause?*

*Is it the workings of
our politicians, bringing
our spirits to a lowly state,
or is the root to ruin found
in our past, in the foundation
of our country as it stands.*

*So many questions,
so many answers,
all right
in their own right.⁷*

It starts with a question;

What draws people to apocalyptic thinking here in America?

What draws them to the promise of ruin?

For many, the apocalypse is just another word carelessly tossed about; Birdpocalyps, snowpocalyps, and other various permutations circle round in America media and culture. With the launch of the first twenty-four hour news channel there has been a craving for content, the hyped up media coverage of possibilities instead of actualities has become an ever increasing trend. Though this is not the base cause for such apocalyptic thinking.

Some of it is based within our countries past.

Most of humanity has at one point in their history formerly clung to a circular view

⁷ A poetic reflection by myself.

of time.

Something lost to us for the most part in this day and age, but
was once understood as;
the universe goes through periods of birth, renewal, decay, and death;
all of which repeats endlessly,
much like the seasons,
and the cycles of our own mortality.

Overtime, with the influence of Christianity in our cultural web
The view of the universe has become somewhat
Askew.

The world view that founded our country was that of
The Protestants fleeing from England,
With them came the notion that one
Day all things would end upon our planet
And people would be joined in “heaven”
With their creator.

A notion,
That in a troubled world
Which they thought was due to die
At any moment,
One would find “comforting”.

But in all honesty,
I find it to be the opposite.

Wouldn't a world that
Has circular trend,
A perpetuating cycle,
A thought that
Not all is lost,
That too me is much more
Of a comforting thing.

Though still America clings
To this hope for an end,
but why?

Some would blame the recession,
That has caused much low
Spirits to be had in this our
America,
A land not of the free but of the enslaved,
enslaved by our own need for freedom.
We feel trapped by our consumerist world
And many of us find it hard to
Carve out a life,
in a world so full of strife.

Zombies,
Apocalypse,
An end to big oil,
A tsunami,
An earthquake,
A change in the weather (can anyone say, global warming),
So many ways to an end,
And all welcomed by some individual,
Somewhere out there,
In these united states.

I even find myself,
Looking at the possibility of an end,
Sometimes it seems

To be the only way away from debt,
Away from this life of poverty,
We'd be able to start anew,
A world where each
Can make a world for himself
Or die trying.

Seems good to me.

4. Phoenix



“Blooming Life” By Crystal Muns

*“Oh, Memory! thou choicest blessing,
When joined with hope, when still possessing”⁸*

Over the course of time we are shaped by the world around us.
The hardships we endure,
The sorrow we feel,
The pain endured,
The love scorn or lost,
And all the multitude of

⁸ Lord Byron from the poem “To Woman” which can be found in *Hours of Idleness*.

Good and bad that exists in-between.

From the deepest depths of emotional and physical turmoil

One can either sink into the depths of despair or

rise above and conquer that which would otherwise hold them down.

In this world there is so much that would tear any peaceful minded individual

Into pieces, strewn out upon the street.

But,

We can learn from the hardships that we endure,

We can become much more than

The lowly poet

Or starving artist,

We can become the dreamer

The doer,

And the actuator.

We can allow for this machine,

This mechanistic life,

To be so much more,

To find the spirit in

The bloom as well as the cog.

This world can be the thing of dreams,

But only if we so let it.

*Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,
Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies:
I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
And clear thy road with many a deadly blow⁹*

We must be strong,

And like the phoenix,

Rise from out the ashes.

⁹ Lord Byron from the poem "Episode Of Nisus And Euryalus" from *Hours of Idleness*

5. Ghosts



"Longing" By Crystal Muns

*If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot, where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.*

~ Lord Byron (From "Epitaph on a Friend")

It is not all that uncommon for those of us now living to encounter the ghosts of those who were here before. Be they found in old films, in crawlspaces forgotten, or in sheds of those crossed over. In my diggings in one such shed I have found what can only ever be considered ghosts, they each have names and each one though I have not personally met (or only shared a brief amount of life amongst them) have a voice that echoes long after they are gone.

"Dearest Lilyan,

It was good to hear your voice,

*Even if I couldn't make out a lot of
what you were crying. We Must of
had a weak connection. You really
know how to really thrill two old people
who happen to love you very much.*

*We've never said much about any of
your decisions because we figured it was
your way of trying to find answers
to a lot of questions about life. But sweet-
heart this time Mom+Dad can't get you
out of your uncomfortable position at this
time nor would we really try. You
choose this way+really you should hang
in there + try to be a companion to the one
you say you love."*

~Grandma Orr¹⁰

I only ever got to meet my grandmother once in my entire life. She was much older and in poorer health than the compassionate yet tough woman that I have come to know from the letters that my aunt kept.

"Dearest Nick,

*Welcome to our family! We don't have
Much, but as you've probably found out
by now, we have a great capacity for
love. Each of us in our own way."* ~Grandma Orr¹¹

Though from these letters, I have learned so much about those whom where addressed as well. Each letter is a window into the past, a past that I would have otherwise never been privy to know.

¹⁰ My grandmother (from my mother's side) in a letter to my aunt Lilyan when she was first wed and scared that she had done something stupid. The letter is dated 9-6-1979.

¹¹ Letter dated 9-6-1979. This was a letter to my aunts new husband written the same day as the previous letter.

"Dear Lea,

*Thank you for the continuous encouragement you give to me,
Both in my professional life and in those little flirtations
You receive so pleasantly. Over the years I have spent much time thinking about you, and
always in the most favorable way (at least from my viewpoint)." ~Karl¹²*

*" You are welcome, for what little
Help and encouragement I may have
Given you in your professional life. All
I recall doing was listening, no matter
If this helped. I am happy. As for the
Little flirtations...." ~Lilyan¹³*

From stories of love found, lost and maybe,
To stories of el Kadir the very rich and oh so
Prosperous Arab seeking love with his silly tests.

*"1. While driving el Kadir's jeep across the dunes one night you accidentally strike his albino
camel, mortally wounding it you would*

- a) Grind up the camel in a blender and serve it to el Kadir
As a milk shake, thereby concealing the evidence.*
- b) Bury the beast and tell no one.*
- c) Throw yourself on the loving mercy of el Kadir." ¹⁴*

Quite the ploy, and all for the shot at a dinner date. Then again love will make even
the wisest of us into fools.

*"WHEN Friendship or Love
Our sympathies move;*

¹² Letter marked 3-31-1984 from Karl to my aunt Lilyan (Lea).

¹³ In response to letter dated 3-31-1984 from Karl (some love interest of my aunts)

¹⁴ A sample of the el Kadir compatibility and love test, devised by Karl as a ploy to get my aunt to go to dinner with him.

The man was a tad eccentric in my mind.

*When Truth, in a glance, should appear,
The lips may beguile,
With a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a Tear"¹⁵*



Somewhere in here is my Uncle Ray, everyone else....I haven't a clue who they are.

There is a wealth of character within each page. Each found item shares with us the stories of those who may no longer be amongst us. For me, it is the voice of my

¹⁵ Lord Byron from "The Tear"

grandmother reaching out to her most adventurous daughter; it is the faded pictures of a time long past that was once the home of my father,

There is a wealth of character within each page. Each found item shares with us the stories of those who may no longer be amongst us. For me, it is the voice of my grandmother reaching out to her most adventurous daughter; it is the faded pictures of a time long past that was once the home of my father,



Girl unknown, someone my dad once knew. Probably related.

the reaching out of others for a love that they viewed so precious yet so sad at times.



FOR A FLEETING MOMENT IT CAUGHT
MY ATTENTION — THERE! IN THE SHADOWS!
A FAINT SILHOUETTE, LOVELY. AND THEN, AS
IT STOOD MOTIONLESS, ALERT ONLY TO THE
STEADFASTNESS OF MY GAZE, IT SEEMED TO
SURRENDER ITSELF TO ME.

NOW THAT IT WAS MINE, WHAT SHOULD
I DO? AT FIRST I LONGED TO ENSHRINE IT,
TO WORSHIP IT AS A WORK OF UNCONTESTABLE
BEAUTY. BUT ITS MOTIONLESSNESS INDICATED
A MORE PRACTICAL END, SUCH AS CONSUMING,
COMPLETING, CARESSING — LOVING...

AND IN ANOTHER FLEETING MOMENT
IT WAS GONE, GIVEN TO TIME & SPACE,
LEAVING ONLY A MEMORY & A VOID I
CAN NEVER ELIMINATE.

This is a card from Karl to my Aunt,

A nice piece of poetry.

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Appendix

The Letters

Within the next few pages you will find the images of a few of the letters that I had found within my shed. There are too many letters to attach them all so my main focus was on the ones from my grandmother, my mother, two of the more prominent love interests of my aunt lea, anything written by Lea herself, and those things that I found amongst the piles and manila envelopes that did the best job of displaying the wealth of human creativity and emotion. I hope that you all find them as fascinating as I myself did while digging.

Dear Lea,

It was great to talk to you. I can't wait until you move back here, so we can have a long visit and go do things together.

It was so good to hear everyone there is doing ok. Tell Deena ~~congratulations~~ congratulations on her baby boy. I hope Dee has a boy. We don't see Drissa and her little Gregory very much. They still live in Bellingham.

I don't have any ~~news~~ news since last night, so I will close for now and write again sooner than last time.

Good luck with the hunting for a park to stay in.

Your friend,
Sharon

And Michael says Hello!

12-2-91

Dear Lilyan, & Stephen,

I've thought a lot about your last visit & I finally came to the conclusion that evidently I was too ill at the time for it to register, that you may have come prepared to stay the week-end.

Sorry, it took so long for it to sink in. Your face was so bright when you came but darkened so very much before you left & I couldn't imagine why. The more I thought about it & went back over some of the things you said, made me realize I had missed something.

I'm a little slow any more at picking up on things, especially since I've had so many bad days. I'm truly sorry about that.

It seems the older I get the slower I become.

At any rate, the thing you must do is ask in advance so that I can prepare myself

both, physically & mentally for it.

I have gone thru too much in my lifetime to always be prepared for surprises. I use to love surprises, but, the nervous breakdown & my physical ailments have taken its toll, both on my body & my mind.

The Dr's are now concentrating on my feet & the circulatory system. They've worsened even since you were here. But hopefully, they'll come up with something that will improve that. I don't know if it will ever improve my thinking ability but I can at least hope that it will help a little. Ha -

They've gotten really stinky & strict here in the park & we're not supposed to have anyone stay more than 2 nights, plus a limit on pets. We're not supposed to have as many as we do. We have to get rid of some. So if you know anyone who wants a cat & some birds, let us know.

Anyway, I enjoyed seeing you again & hope your not too upset with me.

Your old mother isn't up to what she use to.

I've learned that the quiet life is what I've needed for many long years & never got.

I can't think good when there's too many people around. I can't handle stress any more. I've gone thru a complete "burn-out" and it's taking a long time to get over it. So just bear with me. I'm working on it.

If you'd like to come over X-mas, some time call me, we'll maybe spend the day together & I'll fix a lunch or dinner.

I have no place to put you overnight except on the floor or the couches & that wouldn't be too comfy for you I'm afraid.

Call at least 2 days in advance, please.

So I can get my emotions organized.

If you can't make it, at least have a good X-mas & I hope to see you again, soon.

Lots of love to
both of you

Mom

1-3-91

Dear Lilyan & Stephan,

I was going thru my things, trying to get set up to do some silver work, checking to see what I needed more of, & I noticed that I had goofed, but royally.

I sent the wrong band to Stephan.

The band I sent belonged to a man whom I was trying to sell it for. I was using his to also make a copy.

There's no real harm done. All it means is, that one I didn't make. I have the copy of it. Plus, that one is not sterling silver, but, Mexican silver, which is only 85% silver. All my work is done in 9990 "fine" Sterling.

It's still a fine band, but it's not one that I made. As long as your happy with it, that the important thing.

I'm sorry, but I guess that's what comes of being sick & getting in a hurry to get it to you in time for x-mas.

Maybe by graduation time I can have

a ring made for you. Just let me know what size & for which finger.

Tie a string around the knuckle of the finger & without untieing it, send it to me. I will take it from there. Just be sure to make a double knot so it won't come out.

You might also make a choice of color, or, send me a rock you've found that might ^{work} ~~make~~ up nice into a stone for the ring.

I haven't been able to do any silver work in almost 2 yrs because of the body brace I was in, so, I'll be a little rusty at first. But if I take my time & don't have too many interruptions, I should be able to do ok.

I apologize for the mix-up & hope you're not unhappy with it.

Things will all work out if we can maintain a little patience. They always do.

The important thing right now, I guess, is to just survive the winter. So, take care & keep the chin up.

Love

Mom & Grandma

Dear Lilyan

You didn't let me finish on the phone last night.

You & Jim have a guilt complex at Xmas time because you can't get everyone the things that you'd like to.

If you both could only realize that you don't need to feel guilty & get it thru your thick heads that only love is important. Not material things. And you should teach that boy of yours that if he wants things better than what you have to offer him, he should get off his duff & go out & earn the money himself doing odd jobs. He's big enough & old enough now that its high time he learned the value of hard work & how it feels to work for what he wants. Also make sure he knows the value of true love.

Any way thats what he would have

to do if he were with me. You should know me better than anyone. You had to work for what you got. And so can he.

Remember what Mr Nance use to say, "Spank them with one hand & love with the other."

They have to be taught. Its not something their going to pick up on their own. And only a Mother can teach them.

Love, not material things, is important. Take it from some one who's been there.

I made that mistake, don't you do it. I had to learn the hard way. I found out too late with four, not one pulling at me, that were always fighting. I was too busy seperating them to teach them the joys of love. And I always assumed that everyone was born with the ability to love. Boy, was I wrong.

So don't make the same mistakes I did. Teach him to get off his duff

if he wants expensive toys, because you
can't afford it! And neither can the
rest of us.

Enough from this corner.

I still love you both even if you are
a pain. Same goes for Tim, ^{but} I just
can't hack the stress he causes any
more. I want to be happy over the little
things in life, because it's much too short
(life) to be fighting all the time.

I want to see my family happy also, but
I guess that's too much to ask.

"Happiness is a frame of mind" & can be
found in small or large minds.

Try to understand what life is all about.

Sincerest love

Mom

April 3, 1984

Dear Lea:

Here are the originals, which I am hesitant to offer because it frightens me to do so. Still, I'm doing it because it excites me at the same time. I'm convinced man is a paradox of fears, desires, compulsions and circumstances, blended together into something so complex that few can understand it.

I'm dismayed that you have managed to read my body language so well! I don't intend to defend anything, nor would I dare to proffer something which, appropriately, could be either misunderstood or rejected in disgust. I do think of you in special ways, and I think it would be unfair of me to shortchange whatever "better" motives might sincerely lie at the root of my intentions or desires. If these are forms of self-justification, they are nevertheless good and proper.

And when I flatter you, consider that I might actually mean what I'm saying; but to come across with sincerity would be too threatening for me, so I cower behind the mask of flattery. The thing with which I have the most difficulty is lust. It seeks to shortcut the normal course of social love and leave me eventually breathless on the grass, abandoned and so alone.

I don't want you to think less of me than you would had you never read these rejects. Yet I do understand the risks that you will. I so much wish to defend myself, but to do so would be to tamper with the truth of my thoughts and feelings, and then I'd water down whatever yearnings I have and spray it across this paper hoping to mystify you with half-stated half-truths. So I won't defend it this time. Can I be diminished any more from rejection of the truth than by default for non-specificity?

With warmest regards,

Karl

*P.S. - I just re-read the rejects
& they are too-too-very!
Even the syntax is crummy - no
easy flow, no depth of thought ---
(forgive me)*

Lilyan,

Please answer this man so that he won't lose his job. He's a good man, he loves you. He doesn't deserve to be hurt like this. The least you can do is tell him before he leaves the ship. All he wanted was your love and to come to America. Think about it!

As Always
Mom

BATUMI 12-13-79

Dear Boygie and Jim

I got your letter today dated 10-18-79
Thank you where you remember me you
and Jim. Before few weeks I try to call
Lilyan from Russia. But is very difficult, to
give you line. I stay 8 hours and I wait
and use to go for two day but nothing.

I know my sweet Lilyan she is not strong
girl and she need medical care.

I tell her before at the time when she
has lot of pains and stay to the bed.

"My sweet don't worring, she tell me
after Nick maybe I have sort life or
maybe I stay for ever in to the bed.

When she finished to tell that, I tell
again. I don't care only for the sex I want
you for all my life, and if you stay on the
bed I be house keeper, your nurse. Maybe,
she not love me but she know I love her.

I swearing to the God before to stay close
to her for ever if some thing happing her
and I never move her to field sorry. Just
now where I write this letter we have bad
wether and the time is 2 o'clock after mid-
night, so I can't to tell you lies because

2

the God blessing me.

At the days where we stay together and she has pains eye right I promise to the blessed Virgin Mary that.

If my Lilyay be ok I go to her island to give gold vow same like the body of my Lilyay. Many to this island come people from all around the world to take the bless from the icon where move before the saint Lucas and every year many people where come after when leave is ok.

I don't know what happening and she got write to me. I don't know if she take the money where I send every month. Because if she got take money it is not good the captain to keep every month from my salary.

Many if the Lilyay is a very sick why she not call me to come close to her. She knows I need only to have her voice me. This give me the power of my life. —

This letter I have to give to crew member to send you from Greece so you taking very soon. I can send you cards for Christmas because I can't find to the Russia.

3

and you the ship going strait to Argentine
If I don't have any answer from Libya
over there I have to ask signed off and
I have to leave from ship to the next
port.

Now I close my letter and I send you
all my regards to you and Jim for
the x'mas days

With all my love

Nick

November 30, 1983

Dear Nickos:

Yes, again I try to reach you as I have tried many times before. Why do you not tell me what to do. For many months I have been fighting a battle with myself on if I should or should not write another letter to you. Today I loose this battle. All year for three years I have thought of you, I cannot make the thought of you leave my mind, I do not want to forget you.

For three long years I have not really lived, all that I have done in this three years has been a lie. Nothing to me is real, only make believe. Fantacia. My soul is already in hell and I wait only for my body to join it there. If I were stronger I would will myself dead, but I am not. But you my dear one can help me. Write to me and tell me to stop this yearning for you so that I may go the way I have chosen.

I have tried in many ways to find you or to hear word of you. I call many New York companies and ask for your name on a crew list. But there are many of these companies and I do not know their names.

I have asked people that I know that are going to Greece to carry a message to you at the address of your mother's, but I don't know if you take these messages. If you do take them won't you please answer them. Just one would be enough.

I continue to send these letters to the house of your parents because I have no other way to try to contact you but I feel that these letters never reach your hands.

The main reason for this letter is not to cry on you, but to give you news of your son, Stephen. He is your son now. On September 3, 1983 Stephen's name became Stephen Nathaniel Dendrinis. This was his wish, I could not deny him the name of the father he loves so much. I pray that this does not disturb you very much. He's only a small boy, please let him keep this name .

He has grown much in the past years and is very quickly reaching manhood. In September he became nine years old and has grown very tall and very clever. Always he is making questions for his teachers and for me. Some of these questions I have no answer for, because I am not a man. For these I take him to his grand father. He has begun to play many sports, he has soccer practice on Wenesday nights and Hockey on Saturday afternoons.

He has asked me to send you his new school Photos so that you can see how much he has grown. And he hopes that these will make you happy.

Well, I guess that is all the news that I have for you now. Except that we both want to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, where ever you are.

If you wish to contact me or my family please call 206-775-5580 after 7:00 PM West coast time or call the house of my parents 206-745-2338.

Lilyan Dendrinios
19816 - 50th Ave. West.
Lynnwood, Washington. 98036

All Our Love & Best Wishes

Lilyan & Stephen Dendrinios.

Dear Nick, Lee + Stephen

8/11/79

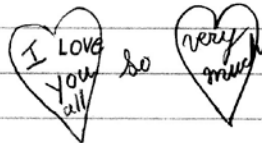
Hi how is everything doing with you guys. I hope everything is fine with you and that you are having fun down there. I hope that it is warm enough for you. We have been having a warm time of thing around here. The sun dont want to stop shining around here.

Boy are you lucky that you wernt around here the last two weeks ever one has been sick with god only knows what it is but it has not been fun.

Mom and Dad are moving back home probly in November they dont want to wate any longer. I really cant blame them thow.

I really dont have much to say right now. So you guys take care and may God bless and keep you safe always

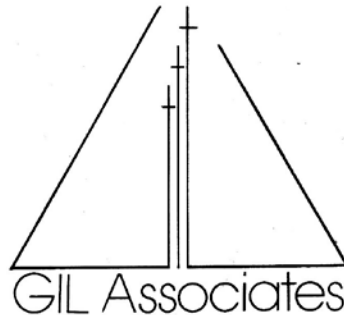
With all my love I send to you
I Love + miss you all so very much
So you guys take care of your self ok.



Love Always

Dena

P.S. Let me know when you are going to be back so that I know wther or not to send Stephen his Birthday presents ok.
Love Dena



November 6, 1982

Dear Miss Cecotti:

Well, your lucky day has arrived at last. Enclosed please find your "MUAMMAR el KADIR COMPATIBILITY & LOVE TEST, second edition, abridged 1982".

We have sent you the abridged version of the test because, quite frankly, you did express a degree of insincerity to one of our agents, and el Kadir normally sends the abbreviated test to insincere admirers. It isn't that el Kadir doesn't think you worthy of the full test, but the missing parts are of little consequence since they pertain to sexual preferences. And el Kadir doesn't like to get excited over nothing.

But the abridged test will tell the Sheik everything he'd like to know about you and your potential compatibility. After you've completed the test, score yourself according to the directions contained in the sealed envelope.

If you've scored high, perhaps you'd be interested in partaking of the interview over dinner (at el Kadir's expense). To do so, just write or telephone expressing your desire to do so, or mention it to an agent. Arrangements will then be made for a time suitable to you.

I regret that we have never met, but I feel I know you through conversations about you with Mr. Whitezel. Perhaps, someday, our paths will cross through a future association with el Kadir.

Good luck, Miss Cecotti. el Kadir is well worth the effort. If you're half as great as Mr. Whitezel tells us you are, el Kadir will be most pleased.

Yours, in service to el Kadir,

Muhammed ibn Ali al-Sanusis, jr.
Assistant to Muammar el Kadir.

MiAa-S, jr./ABC
CC: KW
Encl.

P.O. Box 1321 / Auburn, Washington 98002 / (206) 952-4226

THE NEW MUAMMAR eL KADIR COMPATIBILITY & LOVE TEST
 Second Edition
 (Abridged 1982)

SITUATIONAL ETHICS: Choose the answer most likely to conform to your background, as applied to Libyan culture.

1. While driving el Kadir's Jeep across the dunes one night, you accidentally strike his albino camel, mortally wounding it. You would:
 - a) grind up the camel in a blender and serve it to el Kadir as milkshakes, thereby concealing the evidence.
 - b) bury the beast and tell no one.
 - ☒ c) throw yourself on the loving mercy of el Kadir.
2. You are dining with el Kadir when suddenly he leans across the table and asks you to foxtrot. This means he wants you to:
 - a) trot like a fox.
 - b) try a new sexual position.
 - ☒ c) dance with him.
3. You are restless on a summer night and your thoughts turn lightly to love. You are most likely to:
 - a) sneak off to the stable and seduce el Kadir's camel.
 - b) take a cold shower and go back to sleep.
 - ☒ c) awaken el Kadir and express your need.
4. While walking through Benghazi Park, you notice Gameel Akbar has no hands. This causes you to reflect that:
 - a) Gameel has trouble using a fork.
 - b) Gameel does not work in a massage parlor.
 - ☒ c) crime does not pay.
5. el Kadir, you, and the Hunchback of Notre Dame are the last three people on earth. You would:
 - a) work feverishly at inventing a male version of the Latex doll.
 - b) visit Paris, but avoid church towers.
 - ☒ c) run immediately to the protective arms of el Kadir.
6. While half asleep one night, you feel a rapturous glow come over you, followed by the sound of bells. This means:
 - a) el Kadir's camel has mated with a Nubian goat outside.
 - b) you didn't escape the Hunchback after all.
 - ☒ c) el Kadir has satisfied your deepest yearning.

June 26, 1984

My Dear Lea:

Reflections on a summer night:

Unsure, nervous, searching deeply for a reason to abandon the journey upstream. What once would have been an unwavering conquest rang with so much importance that I dared not take it lightly.

How unmeasured are your depths, how reserved your gentle affections. I should have taken you as Lea beside me, not a princess above me; had I need to fear a friend? Was I indeed worthy of a princess? Churning inwardly were the thoughts that I could fail, that I might disappoint: I did fail.

The sweet fragrances, the lips parted and pulling toward me, the soft caresses affirming the moment's passions. How much more could they tell me that wasn't already spoken in silence, that I still would not believe?

How lovely you are! A perfect tulip beside the gushing waters of life. Reach down and touch me, that I might proclaim your loveliness through the transfiguration of your passions glowing within me. Invigorate me by the petals of your gracious beauty.

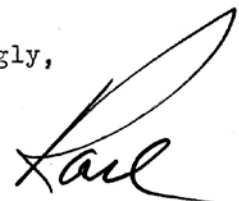
The incandescent light cast yellow shadows upon your closed eyes, your face turning into the pillows that shared your intimate glory. How privileged to serve so wondrous a woman! Pleasures crashing against your shore like waves as I watch, yearning to share, needing your touch, loving to serve.

Words fail terribly! So much feeling, so much emotion, so much desperation to say what cannot be captured. Thankfulness for your caring, grateful to have been chosen for the blessings of your glance, your trust, your ineluctable stature!

I am worthy, because I care enough to be a friend, though I would yearn to be more than a friend. Keep my proper place. Share the wilderness with the wildlife, but do not cage, do not corral. Be free in all your spectacular loveliness, and with tears born out of sincerity, take care . . . friend.

Lovingly,

Karl

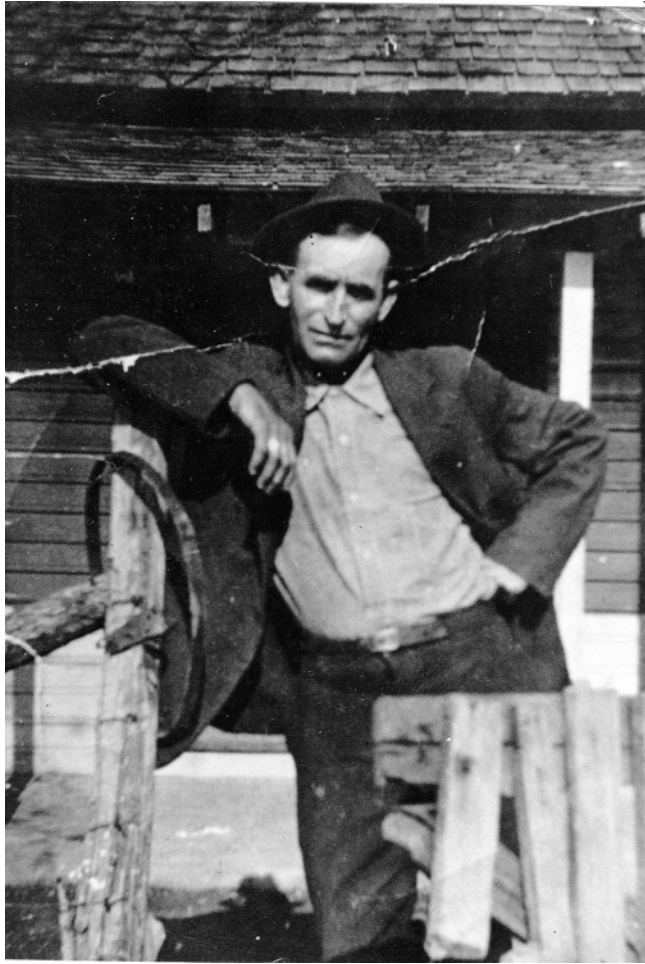


Photography

From here on after you will find the photography that I did. Be it altered by digital means or in its natural state.



"Stop Sir" by Crystal Muns



Old picture from my father's album



The two lovers as I have called them. Another found pic.



Grandma on my father's side



Dad



Dad and a friend in Bensheim, Germany



Eatin' Water Melon



Old rig



On the farm. Another found image from dads album.



Guys my father must have known



A friend of my fathers



From my book on Lord Byron



"Distortion" by Crystal Muns



“Majestic” By Crystal Muns



"The Heart" by Crystal Muns