

Jamie

As regards your letter to Craig:

Apparently your years of frustration in trying to do what you started out to do creatively have reduced you to the bitter level that someone else I used to admire has fallen to. Only in your case you've turned all the bitterness inward instead of becoming the humorous cartoon Lou Reed has become. Your insistence on having all your surroundings and acquaintances match up to some *hidden or secret* arcane level of perfection can only in the end destroy whatever good may be in you.

An attitude like the one you cop is the very antithesis of what it means to be a living musician and songwriter; instead of opening yourself up to the vast and varied inputs available in the world, you've chosen a sheltered existence where it seems even your dreams are censored.

I don't pretend to understand the complexities and subtleties of growing up as a member of the "Lakewood Underground" (as someone with a sense of humor once referred to your closed circle) but I suspect from the glimpses of its lifestyle I've seen that a major reason for your dislike of me is that I could never pretend to the kind of cool involved in surviving such a lifestyle. I am not afraid to fall on my face. I don't want to be one of the Superior Breed. I don't mind making a fool out of myself because it's one of the ways I learn about the people around me. When I've yielded to the worst impulses of my frustrations it has killed a part of me everytime. I hope I know better than that, and I wish you did, because your frustrations and resultant anger and close-mindedness will kill you as surely as they have killed other creative beings. I only hope you get some kind of statement out before you die.

regrets,

Peter Laughner
peter laughner