

Jessie Helms
403 Dirksen Senate Office Building
Washington DC
USA
20510

Dear Mr. Helms:

There's a conflict between land and people... The people have to go. They've come all the way out here to make mining claims, to do automobile bodywork, to gamble. To take pictures, to not have to do laundry, to own a mini-bike, to have their own CB radios and air conditioning, good plumbing for sure, and to sell Time-Life books and to work in a deli, to have some chili every morning and maybe...maybe to own their own gas stations again and to take drugs and have some crazy sex, but above all, above all to have a fair shake, to get a piece of the rock and a slice of the pie and to spit out the window of your car and not have the wind blow it back in your face.

Swaddled with a frozen brook of pinkest vomit out of eyes which noticed nobody he looked as if he did not care to rise.

The yellow brick road is certainly the stretch of Interstate 94 between Kenosha and Milwaukee with a particularly wonderful set of roadside bratwurst-and-cheese emporia. The Emerald City is a delightful and imaginative portrayal of Spokane, Washington; in particular the area around the university. Oz itself represents the Universe as a whole, but especially my car when I get stuck in traffic on the Long Island Expressway, which is at least eight times a week. And Kansas represents Nebraska.

You are a fluke of the universe. You have no right to be here. And whether you can hear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back.

Love,

Garth Johnson

P.S. If you could send me an autographed picture, I'll leash the dogs.