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(The *"Blank Page"* loses something in translation to Email, but you'll probably get the idea anyway, ...

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Sunday, January 23, 2005 c:/wklylt5.5wc06

(2005 NHN&WR letter/story/poem/card # 4)

**Title: The Blank Page**

In a recent letter we expressed amazement at people who write daily columns for publications. How do they do it? The more we thought about this the more we thought we should try it some week. Just sit down at the computer without a thing in mind and come up with brand new subject matter. Not something that may already be in the back of the mind, … something completely new. Sounds good, … let’s go.

Turn the page for the full effect of a

BLANK PAGE.

(Intimidating what?)

Yes, … definitely intimidating..

Okay, so here we go. We are staring at a blank page.

Still staring.

Ah, … a thought! *“Lucile, isn’t it your turn to write the monthly letter?’*

Come on, … no cop outs here, … think!

Jason chased the neighborhood rabbit around the backyard this morning, how about that? Two pages of an unequal track meet? Don’t think so. We have seen Bunny Boy’s tracks when he’s under a full head of steam. They’re about six feet apart. He keeps ahead of Jason with leisurely two foot jumps. No, might work into some other theme, but not a stand aloner.

Back to the stare.

A blank page is kind of hypnotizing. Wonder how many words it takes to fill up a page.. After you do fill one up, wonder how many extraneous words you can go back and delete. Does Lincoln’s *“Gettysburg* *Address*” fit on one page? Maybe, it is mostly one syllable words. Then of course there’s font size …. STOP! STOP the digressive thoughts! Okay, re-staring.

Ah, … a thought train. Went from: imminent breakfast, to fresh fruit, to should I wash the apple first, to a psychological analysis of those who wash their fruit and those who don’t. Who’s side shall we take? Being a non-washer, … that side of course. Never understood “The Washers”. They don’t use hot water, soap or scrub brush. What do they think they are removing by holding fruit under the tap for a few seconds? Ruins raspberries/strawberries and does nothing to build up ones immune system. Yes, think this is a keeper, make a note and circle back to the blank page.

Staring. Digressing. ‘Circle Back’ reminds me of square dancing. Let’s see, … yes, the call was *“The Grapevine Twist”. “Grab your partner by the wrist and around the first with a grapevine twist, circle back on the same old track and round the gent with the crooked back.”* Maybe not digressful. We square danced in the NYC’s old Madison Square Garden once. Perhaps a documentary. As I remember all stopped to eat at a diner on the way home. All but me. I was left in the car, sound asleep. Beth Brock was there. Have I got that right Beth? (Hee hee, … if she rises to the bait I’ll get her to help with the letter.) Make another note.

Staring.

Ah yes, … why didn’t I think of it before! Windshield wipers! A pet peeve of ours and it has gone unmentioned for nine years. Definitely a no sweat four pager and note number three.

Déjà vu, staring all over again.

The oxymoron thing! We never wrote it! Theme #4, staring us right in the face. The creative juices are really flowing!

(Time out. Just invoked ‘word count’. There are 435 words in the previous page )

Back to page two, the blank one.

Isn’t ‘Déjà vu all over again’ one of those ‘Yogisms’? Can’t entertain doing ‘Yogisms’, but how about ‘Familyisms’? For example: Ken’s mother had her first baby while still living at home. She would put the baby to bed. Baby would cry, … loud enough to be heard throughout the neighborhood. The next door neighbor of twenty years standing, would call over the fence, *“Elizabeth, … your baby’s crying.”*. As if Elizabeth didn’t know. All crying babies have since elicited this comment en family. The baby was the aforementioned square dancer and as long as we are beating on her, she is also famous for checking the day of the week her birthday was going to be on and announcing, *“My Birthday is on the 3rd this year.”* Wonderful opportunities here to embarrass most members of the family. Probably need a few ‘Friendisms also, but we can handle that. Notate this.

Blank staring.

Yes, … that morning Jason and I had the altercation with the Ground Hog Family that lived in the big juniper patch by Westboro Beach. I still laugh when I think of those Ground Hog Heads popping up all over the juniper and Jason going bananas. Not exactly a new thought this session, but really worth detailing.

Well, good heavens, that’s subject matter for 6 letters and it only took 35 minutes. Maybe writing a daily column isn’t all that bad after all. (We’ll ignore the Sunday edition.) Need to write a letter? We highly recommend the ‘Blank Page Stare’.

Lucile & Ken.