

GRANT'S CATS

The Bozo & Sno-Ball Letters

Illustrated by Emily Kaplan

[Grant moved in with me in January of 2011, after his house fire. In the fall, with Brigid's help, he'd moved into the apartment across the hall, but for all intents and purposes it was as if we'd merely added an extra couple of rooms to our existing living situation. It was around this time that Bozo and Sno-Ball's handwritten notes to me morphed into email correspondence.]

9/15/11 (no subject)

HELLO SIR, I AM CURRENTLY REPRESENTING A VERY UNIQUE ACT THAT CONSISTS OF ONE CAT THAT SINGS ALTO AND ANOTHER CAT THAT SINGS BASS. THEIR MATERIAL COVERS A WIDE VARIETY OF SOUNDS AND INFLUENCES. BETWEEN SONGS, THEY DO LIGHT COMEDY ALONG THE LINE OF THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS, BUT WITH A TWIST. INSTEAD OF **PLAYING** AN UPRIGHT BASS, ONE HIDES INSIDE OF IT WHILE THE OTHER DOES SOMETHING ELSE, AND I MEAN **SOMETHING ELSE**. THEY PERFORM UNDER THE NAME "SNO-BALL AND BOZO" WITH SNO-BALL PLAYING THE STRAIGHT MAN WHILE BOZO IS THE GOOFY ONE. THEY HAVE BEEN COMPARED TO THE IMMORTAL GEO. BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN.

IF YOUR LABEL IS LOOKING FOR THE NEXT BIG THING IN FELINE ENTERTAINERS, THEN YOUR LABEL IS LOOKING FOR "SNO-BALL AND BOZO"
SNO-BALL & BOZO

REPRESENTED BY CAT BUTT
ENTERTAINMENT



12/16/11 : **DON'T TELL WHAT'S-HIS-NAME I'M
CONTACTING YOU**

JAMES, YOU HAVE NO IDEA THE TROUBLE AND TIME I HAVE TAKEN TO GET THIS MESSAGE TO YOU. HOLDING THAT FLAG OF MY BROTHERS IN MY TEETH IN ORDER TO TYPE THIS IS A SMALL CHORE COMPARED TO THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING OUT OF THE APARTMENT ACROSS THE HALL AND INTO YOURS. THEN THERE IS THE COMICAL DISTRACTION OF OPERATING THE MOUSE AS YOU CALL IT, FOR WHAT REASON I DO NOT KNOW BECAUSE I HAVE HAD A MOUSE OR TWO OR THREE IN MY LIFE, AND THIS IS NO MOUSE EXCEPT IN NAME.

THE REASON I HAVE TAKEN THESE PAINS TO REACH YOU IS THIS. LAST NIGHT WHAT'S-HIS-NAME LEFT HIS PIANO THING ON ALL NIGHT. MY BROTHER BOZO, WHO I LOVE DEARLY DESPITE HIS COMICAL STUPIDITY, CLIMBED UPON THE CHAIR AND PLACED HIS FRONT PAWS (I CALL THEM HANDS) ON THE KEYS OF THE PIANO THINGY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK IT IS CALLED BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. RATHER THAN RUNNING AWAY SCARED SHITLESS HE CONTINUED TO "PLAY" ON IT AND EVEN REACHED A POINT WHERE THE SOUND COULD BE CONSIDERED MUSIC. AS I SAT ON THE COUCH (BLACK, LIKE ME) I BECAME HYPNOTIZED BY THE RYTHYM AND THE TONES HE WAS PRODUCING AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH THERE WAS AN ALMOST PLEASANT ASPECT TO WHAT HE WAS IN A SHORT TIME PLAYING WITH EASE. NO FLOURISHES MIND YOU, JUST GOOD OLD MUSIC. I THINK HE GETS IT FROM HIS MOTHER, REST HER SOUL.

TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, I WOULD BE VERY INTERESTED IN ARRANGING AN AUDITION FOR MY BROTHER WITH YOUR LABEL. I WOULD TALK TO WHAT'S-HIS-NAME ABOUT THIS BUT I DON'T TRUST HIM FARTHER THAN I CAN PUKE. "MODERN DRUMMER"? WELL I'M ON THE SAINSBURYS CAT LITTER PACKAGE AND BELIEVE ME THEY SELL A HELL OF A LOT MORE CAT LITTER THAN THEY DO DRUMMER MAGAZINES. DO DRUMMERS EVEN KNOW HOW TO READ ? I DON'T THINK SO.

ANYHOO, YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN FIND ME. PLEASE KEEP MUM ABOUT THIS IF YOU COULD. I HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT HOW TO TWIST THE TOP OFF THE FOOD CONTAINER QUITE YET. BUT WHEN I DO, OH BROTHER THERE ARE GOING TO BE A FEW CHANGES AROUND HERE!

YOURS TRULY,

SNO-BALL

CEO AND DIRECTOR OF SALES, SNO-CAT INDUSTRIES



[Sno-Ball had another nickname, to go with the business tycoon / shadow government operative we sometimes pretended him to be : J. P. Poopbox.]

5/22/12 : **HOT, BREAKING INVESTMENT NEWS !**

PONZICORP LLC. HAS PURCHASED ALL OF THE SHARES OF CON D'OR RECORDS AND IT'S AFFILIATES NORA/HiART PUBLISHING AND BOZOCO FINE ARTS. IN A STATEMENT MADE TODAY BOZOCO CEO, J.P. POOPBOX TOLD INVESTORS " EVEN LITTLE KITTIES NEED TO EAT, DON'T I ?

LATER ON POOPBOX CLARIFIED HIS STATEMENT BY ADDING, " I AM A GOOD CAT AND I ONLY DO WHAT MY DADDY TELLS ME" AND THEN WENT ON TO MUTTER SOMETHING ABOUT BEING STUCK WITHOUT FOOD IN A BURNED OUT HOUSE WITH NO HEAT AND THE WATER WAS FROZEN AND MEANWHILE HIS BROTHER WAS GETTING ALL OF THE ATTENTION AND SO ON..."

POOPBOX IS HIGHLY REGARDED IN THE INVESTMENT COMMUNITY AND WELL RESPECTED FOR HIS HUMBLE ORIGINS AND THE ADVERSITY THAT WAS A CHALLENGE IN HIS YOUTH. HE ROSE UP FROM PHYSICAL PROBLEMS AND THE LOSS OF HIS MOTHER AT AN EARLY AGE. HE IS THE BROTHER OF THE ARTIST BOZO WHO IS THE FOUNDER OF THE BEAUXEAU ARTS MOVEMENT.



[While Grant was on tour ...]

6/3/12 : **wee are hungry !**

THAT fUCKER DOSENT NO WEE HAKD INTU E'S-MAIL. WEE WANT
FUDE AND HE IS DISSAPEERD. fUK HIM VERRY MUCH THANQUE.
SNO AN BO



[Grant wrote in all capitals, even after being told that it indicated screaming in email etiquette, saying that typing in one case helped with his dyslexia. I pointed out that he could solve both problems by typing in all lower-case. So he did. Mostly.]

It was around this time that our slumlord lost his rental license, so I quickly started hunting for another apartment & found a new place that I moved into in September.]

8/17/12 (no subject)

dear unca james, me and bozo, he is my brother and a cat like me, we think we figured it out, except for some details. we know that daddy is leaving every day to do something while we stay at home. we think he goes out to find the flat, round metal things that he gives us. the ones with pictures of birds and men on them. and letters. they all have tiny letters on them spelling things like "liberty" and "in god we trust" and something else that we never hear daddy say, "e pluribus unam". we don't think he trusts god either.

as much as we enjoy pushing these things off the bed and hearing them hit the floor we wish that he did not spend so much time finding these flat thingies. please tell him we want him to stay home more. we think restaurant food is bad for him and that he needs to cook himself big tuna steaks with delicious avocados. but tell him wasabi causes bad trouble that we don't want to even think about. please tell him these things for his own good. we try to look out for him but he has to meet us halfway.

By the way, come and visit us here as much as you want to. we are getting the place back to normal after he did something we don't like called cleaning. it even sounds nasty...

if you want to pick up some tuna steak and need a place to cook it, feel free to stop by. let us know when you are arriving. best wishes, sno-ball



8/25/12 : animal rescue (HELP !)

Daddy told us you were movinggggggSTOP IT SNO-BALL and that we had to be extra good to you while yo[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[SNO-BALL! while you war still around.I want to know why you are going ? I hope is is not because of us. Are there any tuna there? If the answer is yes bozo, there are tuna there, can I come along in a box ? My brother can stay here with daddy. They are both a couple of losers. You and me are winners.Tuna is for winners. They can eat all of the fancy-feast and we will eat the tuna.I promise to eat tuna. I am good I want a pony and daddy doesn't give a fuck. I learned that word from a movie daddy was watching about these people who had big ponies called horses and these things on their paws called puppets that could talk like monkeys. I think the movie was called "the big ponies" but it might have been "the big monkeys"

I promise not to tell them where we are going. Do you have a boxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxGOD DAMN IT SNO-BALL ! I have just about had it up to here with this shit! everyone thinks I am cute. love, Lil' Bozo(come and get me !)

8/25/12 : my retarded brother Bozo is on dope

James, My brother and fellow cat Bozo has been a bit "under the weather" lately. He has let himself go completely to Hell. He announced last week that he had been eating coyote, which I found hard to believe because Grant has not let either of us out of the apt.

I guess I ignored his sitting alone in the dark with headphones on. His redecorating the place with day-glow paint was annoying and perhaps a call for help, but I ignored that also. The sitar music and incense I kind of liked, so no complaint there. But his swatting at flies that nobody but him could see made me think twice and put two and two together. Not coyote, but **peyote** was what he had been eating. He keeps chanting "tuna, pony, tuna, pony" over and over . The way his stomach growls is frightening.very frightening...

I took the liberty of administering phenolbarbitol and will continue with that and valium and some anti-psychotics until he "comes down".

I thought it was best that I told somebody other than Grant. (I kind of think he is a loser)

Your friend and confidant, Sno-ball



10/6/12 : dolphin free me

dear uncle james, if i am tasting something and i accidentally eat it, does that mean i have bad taste ? am i a bad taster ? do i taste bad ? do i breathe bad if i have bad breath ? there is so much that i need to learn . yourS truly, bozo



[Grant had been given a name by the Source Family – Axiom Aquarian -- so we gave Bozo and Sno-ball Source Family names, too : Bozo Aquarian and the Sacred Sno-Ball.]

10/11/12 : heY therE are you experienceD?

deaR jameSs, are you aquarium? you know, like full of fish? I like fish wen they are dry.

got enny sacred herB ? we do ! ha ha

In yoD we Trust, bozO aquari-yum !

10/12/12 : (no subject)

Grant : WE MIXED "SHINE,SHINE,SHINE" LAST NIGHT. WE HAVE TO DO THREE TOTAL FOR THE ALBUM, A SINGLE MIX AND A VOCAL FREE MIX. THE VOCAL FREE MIX IS BY REQUEST OF THE PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT. IT MAKES THE LIKELIHOOD OF A SONGS USE FOR COMMERCIALS GREATER IF THERE IS AN INSTRUMENTAL MIX SO THEY CAN DO VOICE-OVERS ABOUT THE PRODUCT." AND YOU SHINE,SHINE SHINE LIKE A COUNTERTOP..LIKE A DRINKING GLASS...LIKE A KITTY-CAT. THAT'S THE KEEPER. I'LL RUN IT BY SNO-BALL TO SEE IF SAINSBURY'S WANTS FIRST CRACK AT IT. BETWEEN BOZO, INDIA(BABY) AND J.P. POOPBOX HIMSELF WE SHOULD GET A PRETTY GOOD ADVERT.

ON ANOTHER NOTE, I MIGHT NEED SOME VOICES FOR A MOB VOCAL ON "WAR IN HEAVEN". I WILL CHECK WID MIKE BEFORE I DROP THE BOMB, BUT I MAY ASK YOU FOR SOME CHUMS.

ANYHOO, ME AND THE BOYS MISS YOU. BOZO WANTS ME TO TELL YOU THAT HE HAS BEEN READING GERTRUDE STEIN. I CAN ONLY GUESS WHAT WILL COME OF **THAT !**

WHAT UP THIS WEEKEND ? LET'S HANG. GH

James : I am sure JP Poopbox's creative team will devise an effective commercial utilizing "Shine Shine Shine" and make everyone piles of money. A shot of a cat ogling a bag of delicious kitty chow singing "And I pine, pine, pine.." Would be happy to lend my dulcet tones to "War In Heaven." Let me know how many mobsters you would like, if need be.
Bozo reading Gertrude Stein? Did someone tell him that the "B" in Alice B Toklas stands for "Bozo"?

We have quickly assembled our Animal Products Thinktank for the purpose of assessing the possibility of using "Shine, Shine, Shine" in our Cat Food advertisements .Because of our direct personal connection with the copyright holder and the current "needs" situation we are experiencing, we have decided to move quickly towards an agreement.

However, we believe that the song would serve a better purpose if used in connection with our new Sainsbury's Pine Scented Cat Litter, and we took our inspiration from your use of the word "pine".

On behalf of Mr. Poopbox we inform you that Sainsbury's Pine Scented Cat Litter is a registered trademark of J.P. Poopbox and associates and any violations of our copyrights will result in the filing of criminal and civil charges.

Have a great day ! J.P. POOPBOX

James : Little did I know that my emails were work-for-hire ! You play rough, Poopbox.

10/14/12 : BOZO HAS A QUESTION

deAR jameS,

foR some reason my brother sno-ball has been lying around on his back. flipping one of daddY's big pennies and catching it in his paw and growling "rrrooaarratoriO" and smiling.

hE also told me to cover my nose with "crreamcheese" and I know he says that to be mean. dO you know what I think I think hE is a "rreal fucker". dO you know what I meaN ?

i'M starting a blog. i'M calling it "bozO's bloG". iT will be in inglisH so you and daddY can read it. bye byE. can yoU see me waving at you ? hA hA hA. herE is another one. imaginE me holding my paws out. noW listen. " i wuv yoU this much " prettY good stuff right? am I right ? hA hA hA.better get some cream cheese.



10/15/12 : **BOZO HAS THE ANSWER**

HELLO **JAMES**, UP UNTIL NOW YOU HAVE PROBABLY THOUGHT OF ME AS GRANT'S CAT BOZO OR SNO-BALL'S BROTHER BOZO. WELL I WOULD LIKE YOU TO SERIOUSLY CONSIDER CALLING ME SOMETHING ELSE. CANDIDATE BOZO.

I FEEL THAT I HAVE BEEN ONE LUCKY KITTEN AND I WANT TO TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO PAY BACK THE COMMUNITY WE HAVE COME TO . THEY SAY THAT IT TAKES A VILLAGE TO RAISE A CHILD. I SAY "WHY RAISE THEM AT ALL ?" THEY WILL FIGURE IT OUT ON THEIR OWN. LOOK AT ME. I TURNED OUT OKAY. DIDN'T I ?

IF I AM ELECTED, THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS FREE ALL OF THE SLAVES.

WOULD THAT IMPRESS YOU ? WOULD THAT MAKE RUBBING MY TUMMY SLIGHTLY MORE ATTRACTIVE TO PEOPLE?

DO YOU KNOW THAT I MARRIED JACKIE ONASSIS AFTER OLEG CASSINNI DIED? NOT TOO MANY PEOPLE DO. I AM ONE OF THE QUIET AMERICANS UNLESS I AM MAKING NOISES, LITTLE GRUNTS NOW AND THEN.

WHAT ABOUT THE DEFICIT? I GO IN THE BOX LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE, UNLESS THEY GO SOMEWHERE ELSE LIKE DADDY DOES. I BURY MINE BECAUSE I BELIEVE

IN FREEDOM. FREEDOM ISN'T FREE. YOU HAVE TO BUY IT FROM SOMEBODY.

VOTEBOZOVOTEBOZO

THERE'S AN OLD SAYING WHERE I COME FROM. NOT REALLY A SAYING BUT A CHANT THAT YOU KEEP YELLING UNTIL EVERYBODY IS YELLING IT TOO. IT GOES LIKE THIS. "KILL THE MOUSE! KILL THE MOUSE! KILL THE MOUSE!" I THINK MY OPPONENT IS A MOUSE. LOOK AT HIS EARS. I HAVE NEVER PERSONALLY SEEN HIS BIRTH CERTIFICATE AND WORSE. I DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS NAME. DOES THAT SCARE THE FUCK OUT OF YOU ? REMEMBER THIS AMERICA. **PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF MICE !** THEY JUMP UP ON CHAIRS AND PULL UP THEIR SKIRTS SO MICE WON'T CLIMB UP THEM.AND THEY SCREAM. ARE YOU GOING TO VOTE FOR SOMEBODY THAT CLIMBS UP YOUR SKIRT AND MAKES YOU

SCREAM ? YOU ALL KNOW MY POLICIES TOWARDS MICE. MY DADDY HAS PICTURES TO PROVE IT.

UNIVERSAL HEALTH CARE ? I AM ALL FOR IT EXCEPT FOR ONE SURGICAL PROCEDURE WHICH I THINK IS BARBARIC . IT MAKES ME ILL TO EVEN THINK OF IT.

THINKING ABOUT IT IS MAKING ME A BETTER KITTY.

IMMIGRATION ? I SAY LET THE DESERT BLOOM !

MY NAME IS BOZO AND I APPROVE OF THIS MESSAGE

VOTEBOZOVOTEBOZO

James : Dear Bozo,

When it comes to elections on the national level, I don't throw away my vote on a furred party candidate.

10/21/12 : let uS gather togetherR and fool goD

deaR jameS,

daddY said that me and sno-ball need to start going to churchH. wE think that daddY should fuck-off. do yoU know what cat-holics are? thaT is a kind of church where they have red hats like sno-ball wants. daddY has red shoes. daddY will be around later or earlier.

OH ! bless uS, 'lil brotheR bozo

10/24/12 : mY concept

hiyA unclE jameS,

noW that daddY has finished his record i am making a movie! I am calling it "thE meaL".

iT is the story of two little cats. onE is like sno-balL, and the other one is like the most pretty cat there ever was. buT he does not care that he is so pretty because he is also very,very smart and can operate computers.thE kitty that is like sno-ball is actually called sno-balL in the story. thE other kitty is named "doN armandO" and he is a latiN lover. "doN armandO" always gets the chicks.

iN the first part of the story the mama kitty is shot by members of an international catnip cartel. shE tells baby doN armandO to find the bad kitty that shot her and chase him around the living room. sno-balL is licking his foot when suddenly the bad kitty, his name is scrappY, comes in and starts licking his foot also.theN doN armandO, played by me if nobody else wants to, comes in on a pony and pretends to be licking his foot but he is really loading a shotgun full of kitty litter.suddenlY doN armandO screams " takE that, bad kitty" and shoots sno-balL.theN doN armandO chases scrappY around the living room like his mama said to.

finis

sO, what do you think of my idea ? leT me know soon, wuv, 'lil bozO

[Prior to moving into an apartment with me, Grant had never had any of his cats neutered. It took many discussions to convince him that neutering cats wasn't just "trendy," and that the procedure wouldn't fundamentally alter their playfulness or their personalities to any noticeable degree, but he finally agreed, reluctantly, to have it done.]

10/30/12 : **help me !**

i heard daddy talking to brigiD (i like her) about mE. theY were talking about me and sno-ball and our diet.theY seem to think we eat too many cashews and almonds and delicious walnuts. I know they are greasy, and teenage kitties get bad skin from too many of them, but I don't think I want my nuts totally cut off. maybE sno-ball and me can just cut down. I do not want to give up my beloved nuts!

theY are taking us to south saint paul (yay ! packerS ! go team go ! i wuv girls hockee !

stand up and cheer

stand up and cheer for our kaposiA, pledge your loyalty 'cuz it's the high school team so dear. our boys are fighting and we will help them see it through

wE got the team ! (raH !! raH !) wE got the steam(raH ! raH !)

kaposiA packerS here's to you!) please forgive mE for the sin of home town pride. I was born in cowtown, cowtown u.s.a.) on wednesday to see some doctor-man. I guess he wants to help us with this nuts business. I will give up my nuts if daddy gives up his.

anyway, daddY will let you know tomorrow if you need to stop by.or just give us a call on daddY's i-phone. iF it is an I-phone how come he sticks it in his ear ?

mE and sno-ball will see you later. wuV, lil' bozo

James : hello Bozo,

do not be afraid of giving up nuts (if you put your paw just under the base of your tail, you will find Deez Nuts). But if you want to blame someone, blame Sno-ball. Seems that Daddy woke up one too many times to your brother attempting to "have his way" with him.

your loving Uncle,

James

10/31/12 : re: help me !

hello jameS wE are going for a ride with daddY and brigiD. packeR towN here we come.

leavinG about the time you get home from the record factory. daddY's friend mikE is bringing over a ruff order of daddY's world record. shoulD he call you? bozO, with wuv.

p.s. wE saw abraham lincolN out the window.

*James : dear Bozerita,
have your Daddy call me later, but tell him I may be napping. You know how the naps suddenly hit you after a long day of work, when you've been up late the night before, hoovering up the catnip? Yeah.*

I would like to hear your Daddy's world record but I may have to wait until he is back from visiting his friend Carol Eighna.

love,

Unca James

I will do that ,uncle jameS. whY do you call me a girls name ? waiT a minute ! i"M a gettin' outa here while i still have my nuts! li"L bozO (and i'M not getting any li"Ler)

[Election night.]

11/7/12: bozO wants to know

nobodY on cnN said a word about cats. arE my mean brother and I
represented ? oR was there some amendment thing way back.
should I pay taxes to caT-less tyranny ?

wuv, (oH, I think that is so cute !) li'L bozo



11/7/12 : MY SIDE OF THE STORY

Poopbox here, Speaking of politics, at Poopcorp we made an eleventh hour move and quietly pulled our support from Romney andwell you know what happened. I still own Obama and all is right with the world.

It has come to my attention that my brother has been making more of his usual allegations concerning me kicking his ass. Well how would **you** like to be called "No-balls" instead of the name you were given as a kitten. If our daddy could see him when he leaves, different story. I'm getting really pissed-off about the whole thing.

Tell them to look out, I'm scrappy when I need to be,
J.P.P.



11/8/12 : (no subject)

BOZO COMES IN FOR A PET
SNO-BALL SAYS " YOU WANNA BET ?
I'M THE ONE WHO DADDY 'WUVS'
AND I HAVE TAKEN OFF MY GLOVES
TO SHOW THE SHARPNESS OF MY CLAWS
THE LIGHTNING QUICKNESS OF MY PAWS
MY DEADLY AIM COMBINED WITH SPEED
I'VE EVEN MADE YOUR DADDY BLEED"
"BUT SNO-BALL, DADDY MADE AN OATH
ON MOMMY'S GRAVE TO LOVE US BOTH
AND TO THAT OATH HE HAS BEEN TRUE
WHAT'S FUCKING GOTTEN INTO YOU ?"
"WHAT'S IN ME IT IS NOT ABOUT
IT'S RATHER WHAT'S BEEN TAKEN OUT
THAT'S FILLED ME WITH THIS GREED AND HATE
AND MADE ME OVERCOMPENSATE
FOR FROLICS I WILL NEVER KNOW
WITH A HOWLING FELINE FEMALE HO
WHO LIFT THEIR ASSES TO THE AIR
TO INDICATE EXACTLY WHERE
THEIR FAVORS CAN BE BEST ENJOYED"
" I DIG" SAID BOZO " I'VE READ FREUD
BUT I ALSO READ THE WORDS OF CHRIST
WHO SAID 'HEY BROTHERS ! LET'S BE NICE
AND I WILL GIVE YOU ALL THE MICE
AND CAT-FOOD TOO , WILL THAT SUFFICE?'
BROTHER SNO-BALL BE ASHAMED !
YOU WOULD NOT EVEN HAVE A NAME
AND THO YOUR FUR IS BLACK AS NIGHT
YOUR NAME MEANS SOMETHING PURE AND WHITE
ME ? I'M NAMED AFTER A CLOWN
AND I WILL NEVER LIVE THAT DOWN
BUT PEOPLE HEAR IT AND THEY SMILE
AND THAT MAKES EVERYTHING WORTHWHILE
SO SMOKE A REEFER, TAKE A PILL
DO SOME YOGA, RELAX, CHILL
JUST STOP YOUR VIOLENT PURSUIT
YOU MAY BE BAD, BUT I AM CUTE"

11/12/12 : (no subject)

James : One comment about the flow of the album: you might want to consider not sequencing "Glorious" and "Most Disturbing Dream" back-to-back. Given the variety and dynamics of the songwriting throughout the album, perhaps separating two of the heavier guitar numbers would allow them a little more force and power. Or at least separate them with a side break. Just a thought.

deaR jameS, daddY is wrong, you are wright, i told him to put "glorieuS" before ""waR iN heaveN" and he told me " go fuck off ,li'L bozO. I was in what was arguably the most influential band of the '80's. I walk on two legs and still have my balls." sno-balL lays there , nodding his head whenever daddY says i'M stupid or something. i'IL get all the attention thursdaY when i bring my guns to school. theY won't call me li'L bozO anymore. theY will call me "bozO leE oswalD" or maybe "squeekY bozO". mommY would be proud. lot'S of lovE, bozO, li'L bozo



11/15/12 : thankS indianS, thanks a lot !

deaR jameS, don"T tell daddY about this, but sno-ball got a turkey. thE problem is we can't turn on the stove. dO you know any other people who don't have a place to go for thanksgivinG ? wE were thinking about asking janE from yamsomobuS, she'S cool.

pleasE let me or sno_balL know what you choose.

wuV, li'L bozO

[James : dear Bozo, I am going to my cousin's for Turkey Day in the afternoon, but I can hang out with you after that. Maybe I'll even sneak you some delicious table scraps.]

whaT is a cousin ? li'L bozO

[James : it's what you call the food of a particular culture. Japanese cousin has lots of raw fish, for example.]

i wish daddY was a bit more japanesE. hoW do you get there ? is it far ? xo ,li'L bozO

11/15/12 : **Re: j.p. poopbox says**

Hello James, What did you say to my brother ? He is parading around the apartment in a fucking kimono like a geisha fag. Bowing, taking obnoxious tiny steps and squinting. It is funny for about ten seconds. I might just have to kick his li'L ass again.

By the way, I seem to have mis-placed my testicles. I have plans to use them. Let me know if you see them. Thank you. J.P. Poopbox

11/24/12 : deeP thoughts from bozo

deaR unclE jameS, I can see why daddY uses only the big letters.
mE and sno-balL think you are a better hunter than daddY. wE
know he loves us, but the animals he brings home are all chopped
up and dry. hE has to carry them home in a bag. yoU must teach
him how to hunt. youR animals are real moist and taste yummy.
daddY does know how to fish though. lasT night I pretended to go
crazy. I went absolutely fucking nuts! iT was fun. waiT 'til tonight.
I have plans. hA ha ha . wuv, (i get such a kick out of that word!)
li'L bozo

11/25/12 : J.P. Poopbox says...

Hello Mr. Lindbloom,

I just got back from an emergency meeting at Bohemian Grove. We were having some problems with the most recently inserted Obama double and had to pick a new one. We are confident that our new version of the democratically (note the small d) elected leader will perform a bit more predictably. He is an interesting fellow, this new President of ours.

Former pimp from Trenton, New Jersey, on ice at Super-Max since 2002. Voice is damn close. His nose took a bit of work but the baldness pattern particularly in the back of the head is a mess. Fortunately a new chemical we developed with the people at Popiel is an answer to our prayers. duplicates any hair color and can be administered via aerosol. Anyway there won't be many photographs taken from the rear that we can't substitute or Photoshop. We only have to worry about that for twenty months regardless.

By the way, stay out of Miami in July 2014. Just take my word for it, you don't want to be there. The hotels are overpriced, the food sucks and there are lots of Cubans there. Funny people, the Cubans. Willing to take on any job for no real money. Then the turn around and try to sell you their sisters. But I digress...

Back to the Kennedy thing, OOPS ! I mean back to the Obama thing. It has not been announced yet, but he is going to go to China. Between now and when the trip is announced buy as much Alcoa as you can afford. THEN, when the President returns, sell every piece of gold you have for whatever you can get. Gold will be poison. You can't build weapons out of it and you can't eat it. You can't power your factories with it so that you can flood international markets with cheap products.

We will soon see the day when bicycles again flood the streets of Peking. No more of this Beijing crap. Those cat-eating sons-o-bitches will beg to pull my rickshaw. Even if I have to spend a year in the cave it will be worth it. I have a ton of dvds to watch, a cellar that puts 21 to shame and dig this ! FRESH TUNA ! Not frozen, fresh. Wait til you see my set-up. Shrimp too ! in the same underground lake. It never ceases to amaze me what a semi full of one hundred dollar bills can do. Hell, what are you doing next week ? I can make a few phone calls and we can fast-forward this whole "Operation Ponytail" thing. Wait, no I can't. Daddy's record has to come out first. Never mind.

In closing I would like to thank you for the whatever. Was it bird? Pretty big pieces for bird. Birds are really small, at least the ones I see. Big, small, bird or lizard, it tasted great.

I sure hope it wasn't lizard though.

I slipped my brother some Popiel free-will enhancer just for kicks. It wigs you out then wears off leaving you the impression that the whole thing was just blowing off a little steam. I could use him if he was more reliable. More reliable and Cuban that is. There isn't enough sheep dip in the whole world to pull that off.

Take care, take my advice, and take a gun with you everywhere. Your pal, J.P.

11/30/12 : what'S wuV goT to dO with iT ?

uncLE jameS,

will you come and visit me and sno-ball when daddY and brigiD go to their land? otherwisE he will bring us back to that perverted doctor who steals balls from little kitties..

I guess i'M not so little. i'M getting chubby.whaT will the girl cats think ? actualLY, I don't really care what they think. i used to...li'L bozO

b.s. sno-ball says hello jameS



12/7/12 : worD uP,uncle

deaR unclE jameS, mY brother and i know that daddY is leaving
to play rockband. hE has been really nice but we are looking
forward to seeing you. wE can plaY scrabble and twister. Sno-ball
likeS to spin the spinner. wheN the game really gets going it is
funny, I really like the part where everyone falls down and start
laughing ! hA,hA! noW I can't stop! ha,ha,ha. wuv, li'L bozo

12/7/12 : Re:J.P. Poopbox says...

Hello Uncle James,

I am writing this to let you know about a serious medical condition that is affecting my brother's health. He will deny it, but he is severely tuna fish intolerant. If you should happen to bring any with you on one (or more!) of your visits, please leave it with me and don't even tell him about it. Let him make his little " I wuv you this much" jokes but leave the tuna fish with me. Now that I think about it don't tell Daddy about any fish either.

We can keep it between us, but please don't let this situation change any plans you have already made to bring over tuna fish. What kind of quantity are we talking about here? Two pounds ? Three ? Looking forward to seeing you, asap Sunday. Your loving and devoted nephew, Sno-ball



*Grant : DEAR JAMES, SATURDAY IS TWO YEARS SINCE THE FIRE
AND I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO GRAB SOME
DINNER, ANY PLANS ? LET ME KNOW...GH*

James : Saturday evening is clear for me, let's do it !

1/24/13 : don'T forget about us on "daddY burned the
houseE down daY

I saw what daddY was writing you. don'T you think I would like
to have a party too?

I put the idea to sno-ball, but he just walked away, bad memories i
guess. wE can have a "rescue sno-ball party at my place. daddY
goes to brigiD's house when it is cold. fills up the bowls and "bye-
byE". he is a real fucker. sno-ball and I have our own place but we
miss daddY when he is away. wE found his marijuanna. fuck him.

wuV, liL bozo



3/2/13 : bee oh zee capital oh !

deaR uncle jameS

daddY said something about going to the post office to check on the big publishing payment but that it might be a waste of time because it was not mailed until thursdaY. I will make sure he has something for you on mondaY.

daddY left the back door open all night thursdaY by mistake. noT only did we get to watch all of the people, but we got to eat most of a roasted chicken that was staying cold between the doors.iT is a good thing sno-ball had his machete to prevent intruders from escaping. wE love (wuv,ha ha) to have intruders around. sno-ball says he pities the fool who come messing around here.mY brother is a tough hombre, or would that be chatbre ? anywaY, i feel safe when he is around and vice versa.wE are just like brothers.hE was even licking my neck this morning! weT! i got all of the brains though.I can talk!

yoU take care and i will have daddY call you and have you over for some fun. youR nefyou,bozo (bee oh zee capital oh!)



5/2/13 : messagE from li'L bozo

deaR unclE jameS, daddy'S car doesn't work good. somE problem with something called the egnishun. noW he will have to walk to work. dO you know a fish store that brings fish over to hungry li'L bozO? I am a bit concerned about this. snowballL tells me that daddY is happy with his new master. iS daddY a dog? I sure hope not! wE will have to watch him closer from now on. remembeR the words of aleisteR crowleY, wuV is the waw.
smilin' li'L bozo

Dear Bozo,

Uncle James' car doesn't work so good either. Only 10% left on the front brakes, I might crash on the way back from the fish store and we wouldn't want that. Uncle James' mechanic also says his tie rod ends are loose but they cost even more than the brakes to fix, so loose they will stay.

If your daddy was signed to Victor Records then he would be a dog, in the His Master's Voice picture.

Uncle James

hello , daddY says that if we got the parts that fixing the brakes is easy.iT will be the brake pads most likely, rotors rarely wear out.z yoU should call daddy's friend andY @ 952-XXX-XXXX hE knows a place to get the pads, cheap... li'L bozO goodwrenchH

Dear Bozo,

Too late ! They are getting fixed as we speak. But not "fixed" like you, Bozo.

Does daddy's friend have cheap tie rod ends?

Your Uncle James

daddY says he will call andY later. I learned some bad words. i'M a "49eR. li'L bozO.

5/11/13 : a staR is born

Dear Uncle James,

I am contacting you for professional reasons as well as my usual cheer bringing. I know you are quite used to getting dottering observations from my brother Bozo. Please know that this is not from bozo, but from me, J.P.Poopbox, aka Sno-ball.

We were putting together a little skit to present to Grant Hart, our daddy. We worked out a version of Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs timeless classic, Stay (Just a Little Bit Longer) to sing for him next time he drops by to feed us. I have things to occupy my spare time, but my brother can drive me nuts because he cannot apply himself to a project like I can. Cats, as you well know from our example, are not created equal.

Bozo got a bit shortchanged in the brains department. I still love him, or, let's say I'm entertained by him.

When he comes in with the falsetto part in our version of Stay, it reminds me of Daniel Johnston.

It hasn't been easy for me. I'm the smarter one, but Bozo attracts more...affection from others. I come off as cold and cerebral while he gets more attention because he finds it easier to be around others. I know that part of it is his good looks and the "bad kitty" attitude that he demonstrates. And the nose. Chicks fall for his nose.

Could it be my...perfection that puts people off ?

Anyway, I got a bit off topic there. Back to the reason I am e-mailing you.

I know you have seen 'THE ROCKCATS' and are a music fan as well as a cat lover. And you do run a label. I remember all the boxes that would show up back when we lived with you. I was always curious about those boxes. Bozo was even more intrigued, as I recall, but after they had been emptied. I would like to arrange a time when you can come over, pet me, and talk about doing a record with the two of us. I have written a few originals that I have published, dba Inqui/Hi-ART music (BMI). I think you will enjoy some of them. Our set is

1. Gimme Tuna !
2. Stay(cover)
3. Gimme Some More Tuna !
4. Cantina Band Song (from Star Wars)(instrumental)
5. M.E.O.W.
6. Filling Up a Box
7. I'm a Lover Baby
8. Is There Any Tuna?
9. Furburger

10. Claws of Passion
11. (Baby, You're Nothin' But) Fishbait
12. Nice Tail
13. Feline Sexy!
14. What's In the Bag?
15. Daddy Medley

Let me know when you have some time free to come over and talk. We can even go through some of our material for you. If we can tour as support for Daddy it would be a perfect situation for all concerned. Please do not let the cat out of the bag. We want to surprise him.

Also, we still have to find a name to perform under. Any suggestions ? My brother wants to say something.

J.P. Poopbox

p.S. wE need a little help, someone to discover us. daddyY says we have to work harder. thaT isn't the answer we were looking for. hE just wants to be the star all the time and i,M sick of that. i got talent. lotS of it.

wuV yoU uncle james,
li'L bozo

p.p.S. dO you think my "wuv" routine will work on t.V. ? likE "where'S the beeF ?" i think we should go on t.V.

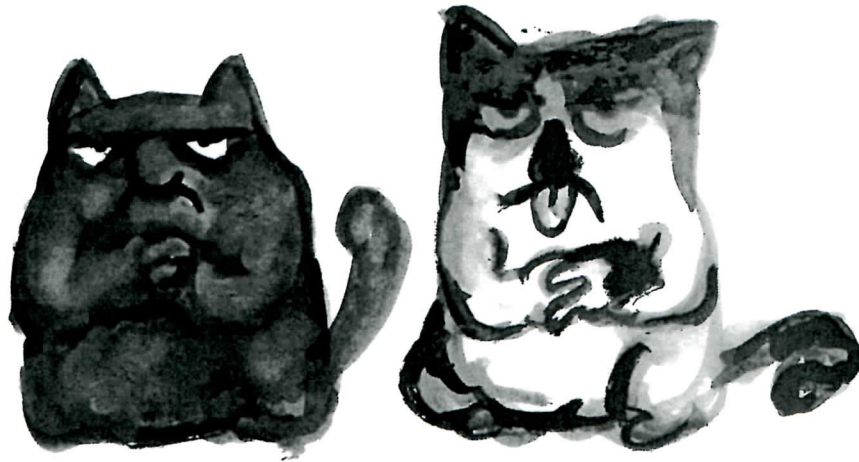


[Grant had left for a tour of Ireland.]

6/1/13 : (no subject)

deaR unclE jameS, c'moN feeL the noisE ! mE and my
brother sno-ball want you to bring us to tielanD to see ouR
daddY. we hear that he is iratE. sno-ball says daddY is
going to kiss a baloney stone. then he will get the gift of
crab.

i wonder if he will still remember us ? i am a worried li'L
bozO



Grant : We are planning a gala celebration of the birthday of Snowy and Bozo next wednesday. Probably in the alley for Q, as in BB. Please get back to me on this....GH

James : Oh no ~~ I'll be at Midway Stadium, watching Bob Dylan. Thursday is clear for me, if Bozo and Sno-ball are cool with waiting a day.

7/6/13 : bring boB dylaN with you !

deaR unclE jameS, sno-ball was the runt. i am the alphA romeO. caN you bring your friend to my house on thursdaY? doeS boB dylaN have a kitty cat to give him wuV? daddY told me that boB dylaN used to come over and make pancakes for me and my brother. i remember this very clearly. he had a monkey that stirred up stuff in a bowl and he would sing and do tricks for snowY. hE would sing that song with the names of all the states in it. then he lost all his hair, i think. wheN i go to michigaN i visit him at his airport. he has a new helicopter that he won playing high stakes poker for helicopters.

tell boB dylaN that bozO is cool ! bye byE, li'l bozO



8/22/13 : ouR triP to irelanD

deaR unclE, my brother is hiding somewhere, I fear he was taken by the black and tanS.auntiE is mad at daddY for having to bring us to irelanD, so ixnaY on the ewnaY omehaY ! I have to go rescue soO-ball from the torrieS! wuV, shamE-uS o'bozO

James : Dear Bozo,

Those cross-town -- whoops, I mean cross-continent -- trips can be awful rough ! At least you had a steward come through the cabin with complimentary catnip.

*I often go to Ireland myself, so I am sure you will be seeing your uncle James soon, in your new home.
Love to Sno-Ball too.*

deaR unclE, afteR daddY dropped you off we had a really bumpy ride. mY brother said it was turbulence. wE got out of our boxes and found ourselves in a neat new place where it smelled like daddY. snO-ball told me it was irelanD. thE people are nice and brigiD is here. wE will keep you posted. wuV, li'L bozO.

8/22/13 : (no subject)

Hello Uncle James, Upon arrival in Ireland (I think Shannon Airport, Dublin) my naive brother and I were taken to a house where our father had been staying. I sensed from the beginning that daddy was involved in something, something evil. I think it has something to do with international tuna smuggling. Anyway, I fell into the clutches of a group Known as The Blue Fin Brotherhood, an ancient organisation that claims to have its origins in the famine era gang The Hungry Kittens. It is part of American folk history, the story of how The Kittens came to dominate the 5 Points and fought the rival Irish mobs The Dead Mice and the more connected Fenian Felines, who entered politics and came to control Tammany Hall for decades.

I have been educated by this courageous group, and I have been convinced by them that my future in business is limited. I have re-dedicated myself and my fortune to what some call Eco-Terrorism. I wish my legacy to be that of a loyal cat who ensured the cats of the future a chance to eat plenty of this yummy fish !

Please tell my clown brother that I love him and that I look forward to the day when our struggles are over and we can raise a glass in good fellowship.. Give my best to Daddy. I know he isn't my real father. Duh...

9/6/13 : yippiE !

deaR unclE jameS, daddY told me and my brother snO-balL that we were going to visit you for a bit. wE are very excited about this !
wE are packing everything we need to bring. caN we bring some games ?
daddY says that if we bring stuff to play with then we wont get into trouble.
sO far we have food for our little dishes and little dishes for our food. We have our boxes to go poopy in and some of the sandy stuff. wE even have a new fun thing that brigiD brought here. caN we come over on saturday night ? thaT way daddY isn't freaking in, or out. dO you play scrabble ?
li'L bozO

deaR unclE, daddY thinks this will only be until he gets back on the 17th.
brigiD is falling for my brother, snO-balL.

seE you tomorrow ! wuV, li'L bozO

dO we need to bring water ?

James :

Dear Bozo,

*Sno-Ball is a fine figure of a cat but I know of at least 2 Ladies (human) who said -- independently of each other -- how handsome you were. We should go out to a bar some time and you could be my wingman. In England it would be called "pulling some birds" and I bet you excel at that. With love,
Uncle J*

deaR unclE jameS, wheN daddY is away will you take us to penciL vayniA ? therE is a city I want to see and so dose my brother,snO-balL. brigiD brought us nice things today from petcO. dO you know how to play cards? I want to play go to the dump.
will you take us to see the twinS? caN we go fishing? iN the ocean? wE like irelanD very much but we are americaN kitties. I wuv the uniteD stateS and hilarY obamA. shE danceS nice.
I got to go now. brigiD says I have dead skin. noW I am sad. pooR skin.
byE, li'L bozO

12/21/14 : bozO report...

hello deaR unclE,

li'L bozO here with the latest family news.

wE are all saddened by the announcement that caT fancY magazine is going to suspend publication. noW I will never be able to look at the pictures again or rip apart the pages of this sophisticated journal. thE news makes me want to cry, like this...waaaah ! wah, wah, blubber bwah, wah....mY brother, snoW-balL is very upset too but he keeps it all inside. iF you put your head on his tummy you can hear it. iT goes "mmmmm, mmm, mmmmmmmhh,mrmmmnm. anD then a bunch of sound comes out when he poops. I wish he could just let it go.

I learned how to talk in chinesE. I am going there to stage a cat-commando raid on all of the bad people who eat my fellow kitties. goD is on my side. mY left side. hE comes to sleep with me and daddY and my brother, snoW-balL. hE has a crooked tail from when the hebrewS built a boat to sail over lakE superioR. hE has a brother too! imaginE ! I have something in common with the superior being ! hiS brother is called tubbY. hE is fat as fuck and eats anything made of rubber or cardboard. tubbY sings sweet songs about goD and him growing up in northerN michigaN. onE of the best is called "mE and goD growinG uP iN northerN michigaN". iT belongS to walteR, he says in an italiaN accent. daddY hates tubbY because he ate the tires on daddy'S germaN sheparD. also the covers to his records and the box the soup comes in but not the soup. noT the soup and not the noodles.

indented paragraph. neW tropic. iT is especially painful to not have mommY, our REAL mommY around for christmaS. wE were born in augusT and mommY was killed in late octobeR so we never got to have christmaS with her. wE never posed in santA hats . some cats mommyS eat a bunch of maraschino cherries and drink creme d'menthe so that their milk comes out looking and tasting like a candy cane. hoW do I know this ? I hear things...

indented paragraph again. daddy taught me a word, a talking word not just a typewriter word. the word is ouch. when we are begging for a delicious treat and pull down daddy's trousers so we can kiss his butt our fingernails make him say "ouch". I went to where he was using the litter bowl and put my hands on his leg and he quietly said "ouch" and so I stopped right away and he was happy and proud of me.

another indented paragraph. daddy caught my brother, snow-ball eating petroleum jelly right out of the jar. he loves that stuff and the price is going down too because the mysterious lion spinks in egypt growled at texas. that's the story I heard. I wonder, how long I would have to study to become a kangaroo ? then I could live in a land where all little kitties are free and it's always midnight. or, I could study really hard and become a panda bear. I am already the right colors. except for the blue. daddy says you are going to see your mommy and daddy. my daddy walked out on my mommy before I was born but I saw him once from the window of a car. he was strutting around like a big shot with his tail up in the air, coming and going as he pleased. he would never amount to much so I am glad that me and my brother, snow-ball have the daddy that we do. our daddy is a good hunter even if he puts all of what he brings home into a tiny cold room and deals it out like it was mouse meat. hmmm, never saw him catch a mouse...what's up with that?

have a holiday that is grrrrrrrrreat ! (I saw a tiger say that on nick at night) Luv, li'l bozo and his brother, snow-ball



12/21/14 : ooopS

I forgot to tell you what I heard. staY away from history. baD things happen there.

li'L bozO



1/19/15 : The Truth Be Known....

[Grant :] Snow-Ball is a good boy ! Somehow last night Bozo got the door open. He was outside trying to get in and Snow-Ball wouldn't let him.

Bozo calls him "Snot-Ball"

In a different time Snobie might have become one of the greats in science or the arts. He might have accomplished wonders in the field of literature or mathematics . He is happy with the role of foot-warmer and dust collector.

[James :] Every job is important, foot-warmer and dust-collector included. What else to do, when he's made his fortune early in life and retired from Poopbox Industries ?

[Grant :] You apparently have read the press release issued by Poopbox Industries and believed it. What is not generally known is he was swindled out of most of his wealth in a scam designed to remove him as head of the company he founded as a kitten four years ago.

A hostile takeover of P.I. by competing company bozOcorp forced Snobie to purchase shares of bozOcorp at a price in excess of their worth. He was attempting to profit from research conducted by bozOcorp in the area of virtual litterboxes. Further development was cancelled when researchers were unable to develop a modem that could be worn on a cat's ass.

J.P. Poopbox was desperate for funds and embarked on a scheme to smuggle catnip into Indonesia. While on a plane to Jakarta he was arrested after calling attention to himself by constantly pressing the attendant call button and requesting "rough petting, like what daddy does." Suspecting customs men searched his luggage and found over five hundred kilograms of raw British Columbian catnip with a negligible street value. He confessed to the charges after the arresting officer told him, "We eat little kitties like you !"

Sentenced to death, he was led to the firing squad where he was tied to the post. It was at this time that the executioner lowered "her" burkha and exposed a black nose on an all white face. "Follow my lead" "she" said.

Asked if he had a last request, Bozo spoke for the prisoner and said, "He wants a tuna...He wants TWO tuna steaks. "Very well" said the lord high executioner, "He shall have them."

After an interval that seemed short, two tuna steaks were brought out on a plate. Bozo dove right in and consumed them both. The execution resumed.

When Snobie returned to the United States he was grateful to the Justice Department. In the nick of time they extradited him back to the U.S. to testify in court in an insider trading case involving boZocorp. When asked if he felt any remorse in testifying against his brother he replied, "Sometimes you have to play rough, especially when the steaks are this big."

Talk to you later, Grant

4/1/15 : Something nice for Daddy

Dear Uncle James, Daddy was petting me the other day(night) and I thought that it would be nice for me to do something nice for him in return. The idea struck me that it would please him very much to behold me in all of my Regal splendor.

Would you happen to know anyone who could supply me with a golden crown ? I think that that would make Daddy smile, to see me wearing a nice, big crown, beaten from the finest gold ! What do you think ? It would also make it easier for my brother, Bozo to remember who is the King of all the Cats, Felix Rex. If he wants to have a title he can be known as "Bozo, His brother's little bitch". He would be wise to jump at that opportunity instead of jumping at me.

What are your thoughts ? I will be here waiting to hear from you.

You are a fine human, a credit to your breed.

Your Pal,

King Snow-Ball the first

[and the same day....]

Dear Uncle,

One big attraction of being Royal is I hear they have lots of concubines. Am I mistaken or are they a relative of the hedgehog ?

I am thinking of Knighting Daddy and giving him some kind of official status. What do you think he would like the most ? Minister of Petting ? Director of Fisheries ? Scooper of the Royal Poop ? Let me know what you think, I want to rule with wisdom and compassion.

Your King, Snow-Ball the First

(And last, thanks to that fucking veterinarian !)



8/9/15 : birthdayS ? who needs 'em

deaR unclE jameS,

mY brother, snoW-balL and I heard you had a nice time eating fish with daddy and talking about our birthday. wiSH I could have been there but daddY and our new mommY snuck out of the house telling us they were picking up some tape. I hope it is strong tape that will help bind up our little broken hearts.

mY brother, snoW-balL really had a good laugh at my expense with that "gift" you sent home. I told him I didn't know what was so funny about it and I was telling the truth. iS that how people see me ? aLL this time people say I am an adorable little kitty and now I am teased with a bag of air with a scary face. somE birthdaY. *[ed. note : the birthday present was a small inflatable Bozo The Clown doll]*

tell you what, go find a bag of doggy poop and write "snoW-balL" on it and give it to him. thaT would really be funny.

somE times I get so fucking pissed off at you people that it is hard to be adorable and cute. I better get some tuna really soon or i'M going to do something crazy. hoW would that make you feel ?

luV, li'L bozo

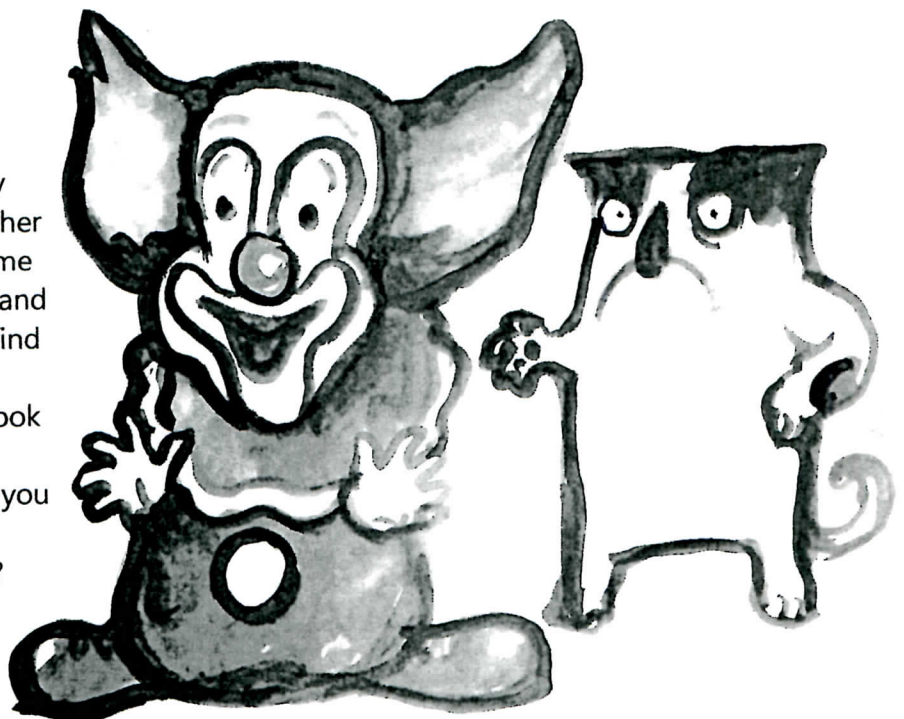
*James : Happy birthday, Bozo.
You too, Sno-ball.
I'm sure Daddy and your new
Mommy will make this day very
special for you. Kindergarten
starts in a few weeks, are you ready ??*

love,
Unca' James

deaR UncLE jameS,

I think that I am going to go directly into the job market and postpone higher education like kindy garden for the time being. therE are many meat counters and fish markets where my expertise can find a place.

mY brother, snoW-balL has a lot of book learning and all he does with it is act like mR. smarty-britcheS. thanK you for the nice birthday present. caN you tell me what you did with it ?



8/28/15 : **black liveS matteR (all nine of them)**

deaR unclE herself jameS,

mY brother, snoW-ball has gone off again. thiS time he is giving daddY a bunch of grief also.

hE stared picking on me saying I didn't know a damn thing because I am half white. I can handle that, I have dealt with it before. noW he says that he is only my half brother and that his daddy had to be black because he is "all black" and that my daddy was white. I told him that daddY is the only daddy I ever knew and that the same was true for him. theN he got all belligerent and started calling me an "uncle tom-cat". yoU are the only uncle I ever knew and I don't think you are a "toM-cat". arE you a "toM-cat" ?

daddY got fed up and told him that our real mommy deserved some respect. snoW-ball just kept yelling "shut up !" snoW-ball said that she would be alive if she didn't have to go carousing and getting all dead. noW he is blocking the way to the food bowl and says I should be ashamed for taking a "handout" from daddY. I bet he would eat some tuna if daddY offered it. tunA solves everything.

sigH...li'L bozO

p.S. dO you know what a "hood rat" is ?

2/12/15 : collaR ?

deaR unclE jameS, i can't seem to find my collar anywhere. i've looked around everywhere for it and can't find it. daddY is going to be pissed off at one poor little kitty. I know, i'll paint one on with this paint in this tube thingy ! iT smells minty. I wonder what would happen if I put some in my eye. FUCKING JESUS that hurts. I guess I won't be doing that again...perhaps...but I better make sure...

WHOOOOAAAAHHH ! that hurt alright. I am pouring tears out of my eyes like raindrops. I will find out what my brother,snoW-ball thinks. come here snoW-ball ! iS that my collar you are wearing ? puT some of this in your eye and everything you eat will taste like a tuna treat.(I am a little bastard, hA !)

don'T eat it ! whaT are you doing ? it'S what ? neveR heard of it. mY collar? oh...I am wearing it. I thought I took it off. neverminD. juST forget I even mentioned it. luV, li'L bozO



9/7/15 : deaD seT on consumption !

well I'm standing by the sink
and I'm so hungry that I cannot think
'cuZ there's tuna in the 'fridge
and I just wanna eat a tiny smidge
deaD seT on consumption !
deaD seT on consumption !
thE countertop is high
there might be something up there so I try
buT the food is put away
so i'll have to get some in another way
deaD seT on consumption !
deaD seT on consumption !
mY daddy's coming around
I stick my claws in his trousers and I pull them down
buT he is not swayed
so I won't get tuna 'til another day
deaD seT on Consumption ! (repeaT a bunch of times)
(wordS by bozO, 2015 inqui/hl-arT(bml))

[After a few years of not having one of my own, I brought home a cat named Duncan.]

10/24/15 : **New cat**

deaR unclE jameS, daddY showed me and my brother, snoW-ball, the picture you sent of your new "cat". wE are happy that you are happy but how did he get all brown ? snoW-ball, my brother says he might be from guatamala. buT then his name suggests he is from luck, wisconsin. i think the way to tell is if he has a string and he goes up and then down. diD you save the box he came in ? i would very much like to sit in it and think. iT might be a small box and i am a big kitty now that i'm eating regular. daddY says my brother, snoW-ball and I came in the same box with two other kitties. onE of them was from mexicO. thE other was just like my brother, snoW-ball and me. wE are from south sT. paul wisconsin, and damn proud of it. I am american and my brother, snoW-ball is a polack. hE eats mouse sausages and sowerkraut and little pickles that he makes himself. anD onions. lotS of onions.

yoU should find another kitty to lick the brown kitty from guatamala. yoU don't want to do that but somebody has to.

byE bye, bozo



10/25/15 : no subject

deaR yoyO (AKA duncaN,AKA duncaN imperial) yoU don't have to introduce yourself to us because we know all about you and your work with DJ tabby and pusS princesS. wE know about it but we don't listen to it. ouT here in little Canada we try not to focus on the negative aspects of society. wE don't make ourselves seem tough or strong by pretending our neighborhoods are warzones. it'S a good life here and you are welcome to visit as long as you leave the violence and saggy-assed britches at home. ouR daddY is the only one around here with saggy-assed britches. sometimeS you can see his butt.

yoU are lucky to find a nice human like our unclE to live with. he is kind and you could probably learn a lot about other kinds of music from him. don'T run away or cause him any grief because he doesn't need any. bE really careful when you are on the porch anD when he has a ladY over be a good "wing-man", let her pet you and call you cute then get out of there and stay away even if she starts howling. it'S not your business.

onE last thing...no cat has ever been able to take one bite of tuna and walk away. tunA gets into a cat's mind, into his soul. yoU will trade all of your favorite toys for just one more bite.iT will make you start acting like a bad kitty.

sO, all preaching aside, me and my brother,snoW-ball look forward to seeing you. therE must be a special quality that you have because unclE jameS hasn't had a kitty for quite a while. wE know he is excited to have you come live at his home.

happY landingS ! bozO & snoW-ball



[Duncan didn't work out. I brought him back to Feline Rescue and brought home a girl named Eleanor.]

11/23/15 : **Hello Elenore**

My name is Snow-Ball and I would love to meet you!



11/23/15 : Oh....iS that ElenorE?

hello, I was just smelling these flowers.

yoU see, I am a strong, but sensitive kind of cat. mY name is bozO and we should get together. I live in littlE canadA with my daddY and mommY and somebody else of no real consequence. daddY buys so much tunA that we have to throw a lot of it away. i'M pretty well fixed. call me up !



11/24/15 : Eleanor

deaR eleanoR, I like the way you look
and I want to make you purr.

bozO-612-267-0473

iF a man answers hang up !

3/15/16 : '16

Dear Uncle James, These rumors get started and they never quite die out. I am too old-school to get behind Trump. I prefer traditional Republicans, Bob Dole was the last one I could really endorse wholeheartedly. Reagan was an embarrassment but people loved him. I spoke at Nancy's service the other day and the crowd reminded me of the cast of "Animal House". I had to sit next to Dick Cheney who shit his pants halfway thru the gig. He tried to cover it up by staying close to Bush Sr. who always smells that way. Why do you think Babs always has that look on her face ?

No, Mr.Trump can take the party to Hell without me. There are contingency plans for October but right now the West Virginia farm boys can't choose between a disturbed Iraq war vet and a burkha wearing tranny from the Mossad. I favor a guy from Camp Pendleton who is a dead ringer for Ted Cruz.

We have many choices this election year. Bozo asked me if I wanted to spend the afternoon handing out Bernie Sanders campaign literature. It might be fun !

What the Hell ! It's going to be Hillary anyway.

Take care, Your old friend J.P.

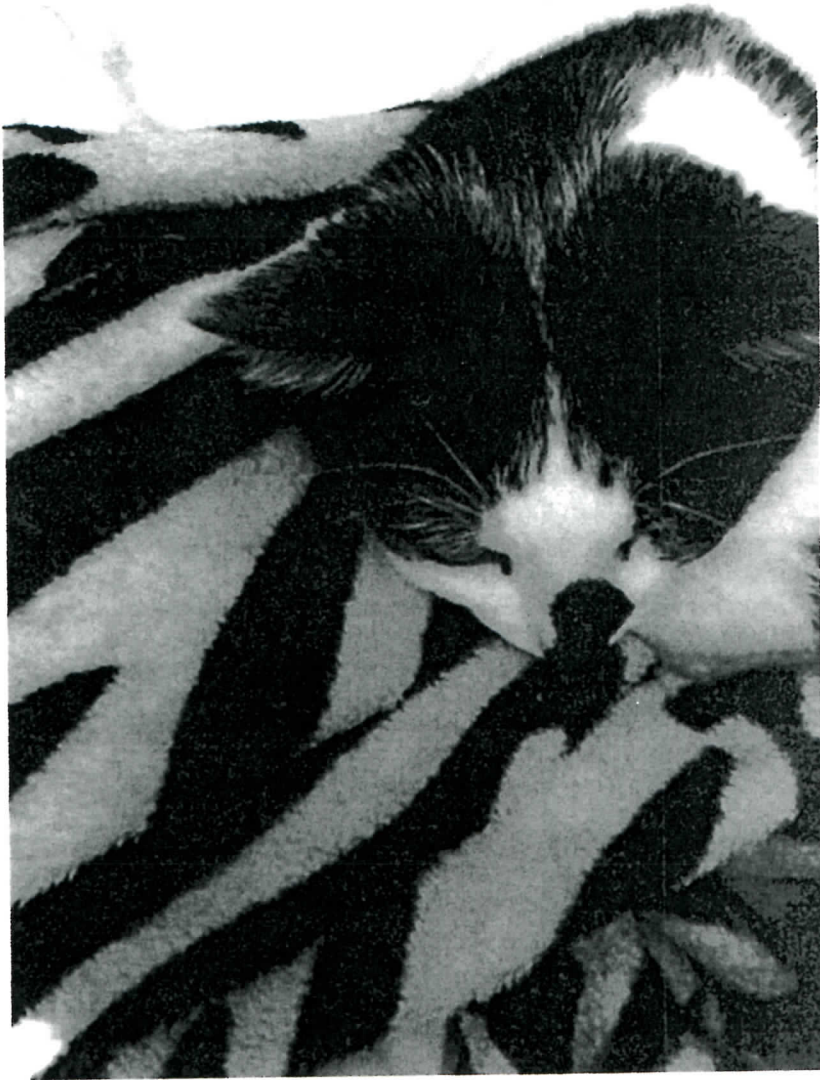


11/19/16: Thinking about Elinore...

I've only seen her in pictures but I just can't stop thinking about her.

I won't mention her to my brother, Snow-Ball, because he would probably say something mean.

One time he told me he was the original "little Friskies" cat and I believed him. Next he told me he was one of the cowboys on the Chuck Wagon commercial. That I did not believe.

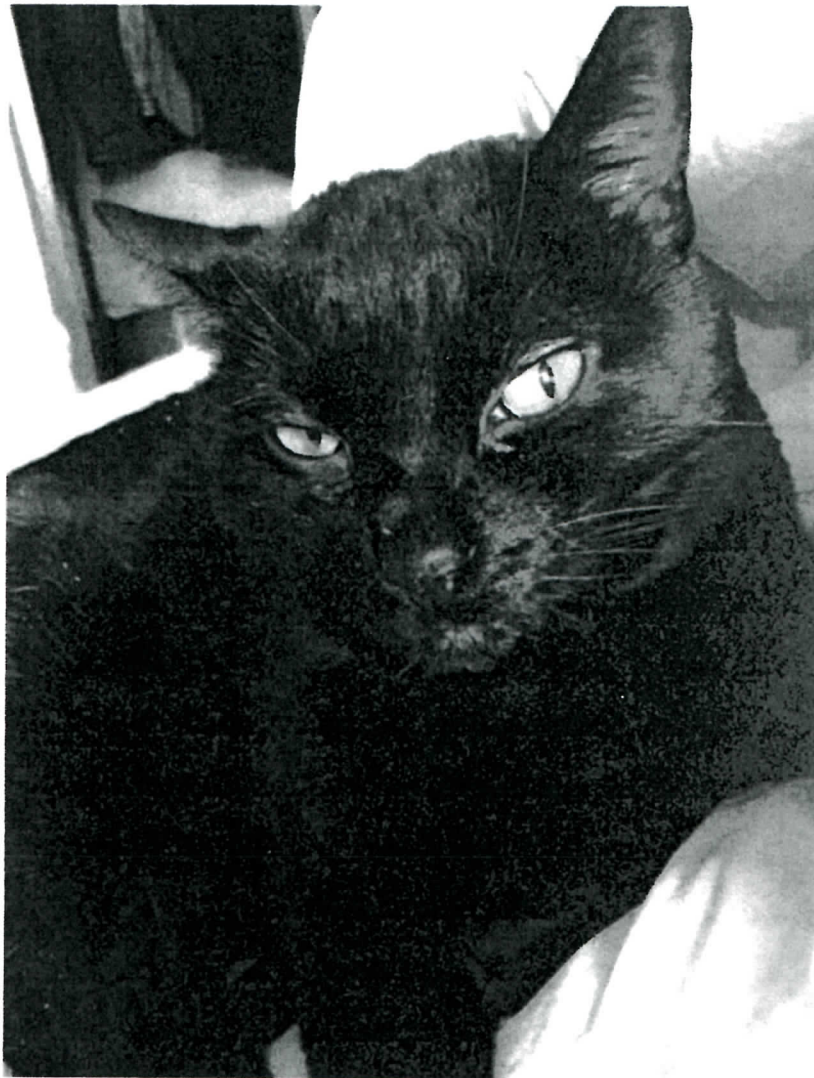


11/19/16 : **To Elinore.**

Hello there fuzzy cheeks! My name is Snow-Ball and James and I were room mates once.

My brother mentioned you and spoke fondly about you. I then took great pleasure in saying something mean. He is a weakling who needs to toughen-up. I, on the other hand, am strong, very strong.

Snow-Ball.



BONUS CUTS

10/31/14 : **BOO !**

Grant : Hello kiddies ! Who are you ? A little princess ? did your mommy help you get dressed up so pretty ? You are such a sweet little princess...HEY ! Don't do that ! Give me back that bowl of candy you little bitch ! Come back here with that fucking candy ! I'll chase you, you little snotface ! Don't throw that bowl at me! Shit...now I'm bleeding ! There...I got you ...OOPS ! These costumes are made so cheap! Damn thing tore like kleenex..."Now what's wrong ? get up ! open your eyes. Christ Almighty I've knocked her out...and I'm bleeding like a stuck pig, whatever THAT means...stuck with what? a bleeding forehead and an eight-year-old princess covered in my blood, all over her white dress...all over her rhinestone crown and blond hair ! What do I do now ? Oh God !

I better act quick...There isn't much time... I KNOW ! the car, the trunk of the car. i'll just drag her...like so...keys in my pocket, so far so good, lay her on this old blanket like so...CHRIST SHE'S WAKING UP...QUICK, THE TIRE IRON...

James : Don't leave me hanging.... WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

Grant : Then there was a twenty minute instrumental, after which he wakes up and it was all a dream !

James : OH MY GOD. This email CHANGED MY LIFE. Best and most influential email EVER.

Grant : Pretty cathartic, huh ?

11/27/14 : Holiday greetings

Christmas is coming
the goat is getting fat
please put a cephalopod
in Cthulu's hat
If you haven't got a cephalopod
an I-pod will do
if you haven't got an I-pod
GOD BLESS YOU !!

Happy Black Friday friends

4/29/16 : Warheads

James : I have a very vague memory of Warheads appearing on a local compilation, probably a cassette comp. Not one that Husker appeared on as well. Does this ring a bell at all ?

Grant : I have an even vaguer memory about old-timey things like cracker barrels, boat-tailed Locomobiles and fishing on old Lake Wenfoshiblemk. Once I caught seventeen Walleyes and a Northern pike on one hook. I only had one hook. We took care of our hooks back then and didn't let them get all wet like the kids are known to do nowadays. I remember an old Indian named Frenchy who showed us kids how to strip off our clothes and rub goose fat all over ourselves and roll in the dirt. When we did that all of the gold would stick to the goose fat like a magnet. One time we collected Seventy-two pounds of gold between the three of us. Twenty-four pounds apiece. Back then that was a lot of gold. My sister decided then and there that she was gonna get close to old Frenchy and steal his gold.

Back then I had an old Ford model W. It was called model W because it was the first automobile that featured that new invention, the wheel. Before that you just sat in the thing and didn't go anywhere. Big waste of money. T'was the wheel that made the automobile practical. Yes Sir, that's what changed the way people lived. The wheel is what inspired Thomas Edison to start developing the road. The rest is history.

Warheads...weren't they the band at Schumacher's Cake-Walk Pavilion? It was at Schumacher's that I met the woman that would one day become my Mother. Back then people would use pennies and nickels interchangeably. A beer cost four cents and you gave the man a nickel and he gave you the same nickel back as change. A man could get pretty drunk that way. Seems to me that Schumacher's went out of business. It must have been the free lunches.

Those were the good times !

By the way, after sister took Frenchy's gold I was obliged to marry her. We built us a house out of a run-down outhouse. The first house around here with a basement.

11/25/12

I AM SURVEYING PEOPLE ABOUT THIS AND I DON'T THINK I HAVE ASKED YOU THIS EVER. DID YOU READ 'PARADISE LOST' WHEN, AND UNDER WHAT CONDITIONS. YOU WOULD BE AMAZED AT THE STATS I HAVE.

KEEP IN MIND THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE I HAVE QUERIED WHO HAS A MOM WHO ADAPTED IT. SHE IS YOUR MOM RIGHT? YOU WEREN'T ADAPTED ?

SPEAKING OF, YOU MAY HAVE BEEN THE ONLY OFFSPRING, BUT YOU AREN'T AN ONLY CHILD. TAKE CARE MEIN FRER