

JASPAR JAIMES

Special Communications Attaché
Sector Six Known Universe



The Jaimes Primer

First Moon with
Mister Jaimes

The Jaimes Primer

First Moon of the book “Rhymes With Rhymes”

Written and Illustrated by Jaspar Jaimes

Special Communications Attaché—

Sector Six Known Universe

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Forward

By Robert Theodore Barker

Editor-in-Chief

Mr. Jaimes is undoubtedly a unique and unconstrained observer of life here upon our planet, whose writings may best be described as: “Exuberant excursions into the literary landscape without compass, map, or matches.”

His rich and varied ecosphere of fascinations includes, among countless others: Sumo-Wrestlers, High-School pep rallies, the Northern-Lights, homemade Ice-Cream, Mahalia Jackson, and above and beyond all, Rabbits.

Please note that Mr. Jaimes puts particular emphasis on the correct and proper pronunciation of his last or family name. As he is frequently heard to remark: “It’s Jaimes! Jaimes! Rhymes with Rhymes!”

I myself have had the great good fortune of enjoying what could only be described as a collegial and dynamic relationship with Mr. Jaimes, and am deeply indebted to him for generously allotting me these one-hundred-and-thirty-words.

Forward!

First Moon

Columbus Day

Crescent Waxing Moon

Dear Readers:

So.

Here we are.

Hello world!

Today we shall commence, metaphorically, a bold and fascinating Journey. None of us (Myself included) can envision the twists and turns of the path that lies before us. Nor for that matter, the ready availability of necessary amenities along the way. Yet gazing steadfastly into the Unknown, we take the fateful first step.

Perhaps I should introduce myself. I am a visitor here on Earth. My formal title is *Special Communications Attaché—Sector Six Known Universe*. I was sent to your small planet to write a weekly column entitled **Earthian Times**, which is read widely throughout The Sector. And is, I am often told, followed closely by a large and appreciative audience.

Sector Six (S6) is without a doubt the “Greatest of the Great” of all Ten Sectors in Known Universe (“*Sector Six Rules! Yes!*”). Therefore all Earthians can feel rightly proud to be a part of Sector Six, even though your planet is actually quite small, and also is very near the boundary (on the bubble, so to speak) of Sector Ten, which is universally recognized as the “Lowest of the Low.”

My Home Planet happens to be one of the larger and more influential in S6, with a long and storied history of significant contributions to The Sector, and truth be told, Known Universe as a whole. Yes, my people are widely hailed as a Highly Sentient, witty, and at times even exuberant race. No, never a dull moment around my old homestead.

From an early age onward, I displayed an unmistakable flair for vividly graphic communication, which naturally drew the immediate attention of my teachers and admiration of my classmates. I expect that this proverbial proclivity played a telling role, together with my prodigal propensity for Aterminational Thinking, in propelling me into my current status as an Interplanetary Correspondent.

My life is simple. My needs are few. I arrived here on Earth with my Life Long Support Unit (LLSU) and therefore my comfort and survival are assured. I don't hanker after the “Almighty Dollar” as so many of my Earthian acquaintances do.

No.

I am merely a non-attached watcher of your ways, offering to Sector Six readers my astute (and frequently humorous) observations.

But wait a minute. There's something more.

Today, for the education and edification of all Earthians, I am launching a mind-boggling new BLOG entitled **Rhymes With Rhymes**.

On our Journey together we shall ride the cycles of your beloved Moon. The Crescent Waxing Moon begets Friendships. First Quarter explores Principles of Known Universe. On the Gibbous Waxing Moon I shall expound upon Jaspalogy (my personal perennial philosophy).

On the Full Moon I'll share a succession of Adventures. Third Quarter takes us to Roseborough, my Earthian hometown. On the Crescent Waning Moon I will shed some light upon the "Life and Times" back on my Home Planet.

And on the New Moon (like always) I simply share My Truth.

As I am considered a fresh new voice on your Literary Landscape (as if that mattered a whit) my so-called "Publisher" felt compelled to engage the services of a competent Editor-in-Chief, a certain Mr. Robert Barker. The aforesaid Mr. Barker has agreed to alert me in the unlikely event that a particular custom, convention, or colloquialism here on Earth may have escaped my attention.

Being myself a keen observer of Earthian Females, Males, and other semi-sentient beings, there is an extremely high probability that my esteemed colleague's contributions will be few and far between.

Today is Columbus Day (the REAL Columbus Day, not your so-called "Observed" Columbus Day [*Don't get me started on that!*]).

So.

Here we are.

May our voyage be smooth.

And if all goes well, by the end of our Journey, perhaps we shall pause to ponder the Timeless Eternal Questions (TEQ).

You know what I'm talking about.

"Who am I?"

"From where did I come?"

"And why am I here?"

And if all goes well, by the end of our Journey, not unlike Chaucer's pilgrims spinning their merry tales along the long road to Canterbury, perhaps we shall become Friends.

jjaimes

Instantaneity

First Quarter Moon

Dear Readers:

In my on-going role as *Special Communications Attaché*, quite naturally I am obliged to entertain regular and timely interchange with my Intergalactic Colleagues and Superiors.

Therefore, the question might arise:

“By what means, Mister Jaimes, could you possibly communicate with ‘Command Central’ given the vast distance and Inevitable Interstellar Irregularities between our small planet and your HQ?”

Good question.

And the answer, in a word, is “Instantaneity.”

I suspect that this may be fundamentally familiar territory for many of my Dear Readers, in light of (as I have witnessed repeatedly) the deep and abiding reverence of Earthian Females and Males for any and all things “Instant.”

For example: “Instant Soup.”

Or perhaps: “Instant Winner.”

Or possibly: “Come here this Very Instant!”

My interactions, however, with your Instant Foods have been, let us say, at best hit or miss.

Instant Onion Soup: YES!

A masterful and beguiling achievement that would pass muster on most Sixian dinner tables, despite our significantly higher (and perhaps even wider) culinary standards.

Instant Chocolate Pudding: NO!

I mean, what were they THINKING? (I call it “Chalk-Lick Pudding.”) This plucky perigoo would be an unlikely sight even in the dessertless wasteland of cheerless Sector Ten.

Therefore, as you most probably have surmised by now, Instantaneity is basically a commercialization of the Principle of Simultaneity. Which as anyone who knows anything knows, is two different things happening at the same identical time. The corollary of which, obviously, is the same identical thing happening in two different places.

Now as it turns out, Simultaneity was discovered by a couple of clever brothers (Identical Twins actually) who decided to go separately “Bumming around” Known Universe (KU).

And these two young Gents had a lifelong tradition whereas every day they would each eat a Scarf Monster (SM) at exactly the same identical time in exactly the same identical way.

Therefore, out of brotherly fidelity they decided to continue this practice, no matter where each of them might travel throughout the vast reaches of KU.

(By the way, in case you're not aware, the Scarf Monster is something like a HUGE "Twinkie" soaked in espresso, dipped in chocolate, rolled in nuts, and smothered in hot buttered caramel. Quite tasty actually.)

Imagine the brothers' astonishment when one day, chomping down on their SM's (exactly the same identical time, in exactly the same identical way) they discovered that they were able to actually pass back and forth between themselves a fully loaded Scarf Monster!

Amazing!

At which point in time, in order to help finance their continuing travels, these two sharp young entrepreneurs quickly took to *charging people* to watch a Scarf Monster (apparently) appear from out of nowhere.

This phenomenon soon became referred to as the highly enigmatic "Identical Twin Paradox." Which should not be confused with your more primitive Earthian "Twin Paradox" which any child could comprehend.

At which point the stock of HEAVY LIFT UNLIMITED (HLU), sole distributor of the Scarf Monster, skyrocketed. That is, until people realized that the so-called "SM" itself had absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with the trick at all. In fact, by now the Twins were passing back and forth between themselves just about anything they wished, including small dogs and large children.

At which point the ubiquitous HEAVY LIFT UNLIMITED stepped in, put the Twins under contract, patented the process, branded it as "Instantaneity" and created an iron-clad trademark, thereby locking up the market tighter than a hermetically sealed barrel. As is their tradition.

So by now, pretty much everybody transports pretty much everything that is transportable, including documents, mothers-in-laws, circuses (of course, not entire circuses all at the same time, but rather the individual elements of a circus one by one, such as a tiger, trapeze artist, clown, etc. etc. etc. since odd things can happen when you pass a tiger and a clown at the same time) through our good friend HEAVY LIFT.

Well, I suppose that that's pretty much all you need to know about Instantaneity at this point in time. Of course, there's always more to the story. But I prefer simply to call the "Play-by-Play" and leave the "Color" to other broadcasters with more expansive imaginations.

Like the Great Sir William Shakespeare, for example. Who wrote *Romeo and Juliet*. And who, I believe, undeniably, tasted deeply of the sweet fruits of Love.

jjaimes

What is a BLOG?

Gibbous Waxing Moon

Dear Readers:

Technically speaking, this new Earthian Journalistic Endeavor (EJE) of mine is referred to by the *Most Literary Elite* amongst my Dear Readers as a "BLOG."

I realize, however, that the word "BLOG" may be a relatively new-fangled term for the *Less Literary Elite* amongst my Dear Readers. And that at this point in time, some of you may be scratching your head, wrinkling your brow, pursing your lips, and asking the question:

"Excuse me Mister Jaimes. If you will. What is a BLOG?"

Therefore, allow me to elucidate the Etymology of the word "BLOG" in order that you may actively attain a clearer comprehension of this wondrous word. However, in the interest of briefness and brevity, I shall spare you the Entomology and Etiology.

(And by the way, let me warn you right up front, it will take a LOT of "Quotation Marks" to explicate this Timely Etymological Elaboration [TEE]. So hang in there.)

OK. Here we go.

The word "BLOG" is a combination of two perfectly good words, minding their own business, doing what they do best, cruising along through life, when suddenly they are chopped up and pressed together to form a new one-syllable word.

(By the way, have you ever taken a huge chunk of Cheddar Cheese and a huge hunk of Swiss Cheese, minced them each thoroughly, squished them together until they are one, and then carved them into the shape of a Rabbit? No? Well I have. And I can assure you, it is not a pretty sight. As is the word "BLOG.")

Now the one-syllable word "BLOG" is an abbreviated form of the two-syllable word "WEBLOG" which is a combination of the one-syllable word "WEB" which is a shorthand version of the three-syllable phrase "WORLD WIDE WEB" plus the one-syllable word "LOG" which is an abbreviated form of the two-syllable word "LOGBOOK".

Stay with me here. This is Important!

Now the one-syllable word "WORLD" refers to something rather BIG (relatively speaking). For example, Earthian Females and Males refer to their small planet as the "WORLD" (ha, ha) implying to the amusement of most Sector Sixians that you believe it to be REALLY REALLY BIG (hee, hee).

(No offense intended here, my friends. We are merely presenting a pertinent point to clarify a significant underlying premise.)

Not unlike an Earthian Male who considers himself to be REALLY REALLY BIG, until the day he finds himself standing elbow-to-elbow with a Japanese Sumo Wrestler who is trying on an extra-extra-extra-large kimono in a downtown Tokyo department store.

Now the one-syllable word “WIDE” refers to something that is undoubtedly rather Biggish, but in a lateral sense, rather than in a vertical sense. For example, Mahalia Jackson (the ground, by the way, upon which she walks, I worship) who for one was not only WIDE, but in my book, without a doubt, REALLY REALLY BIG.

(And let me tell you something, People. When Sister Mahalia launches into “Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child” I defy anyone [ANYONE!] to gather her soaring melismas into their bosom and remain untouched!)

Now the one-syllable word “WEB” refers to “A delicate structure of threads woven by a Spider or other Arachnid to catch their prey.” For example, an unsuspectingly happily flying Fly who suddenly finds itself all awiggle hanging upside down within the sticky WEB of a hungry Spider. Which wiggle, within Arachnid circles, is the rough equivalent to the Earthian dinner bell.

Now the two-syllable word “LOGBOOK” refers to the written journal that an adventurous sojourner maintains to chronicle Her or His Journey. For example, Christopher Columbus, who kept a detailed LOGBOOK recording the particulars of his voyage to the land of “India” (ho, ho). So that in case he actually got there, and in case he actually made it home again, the next time somebody else could go.

OK.

I realize, at this point in time, that this Timely Etymological Elaboration of the word “BLOG” may have gone a bit “Over the heads” of the *Least Literary Elite* of my Dear Readers.

Therefore, for the benefit of one and all, I shall now present my personal and precise mathematical formulae of said TEE. Which I earnestly entreat each and every one of you to mentally memorize. Immediately. That’s right. Right now.

Are you ready?

Are you sure?

Here we go!

[(WORLD WIDE WEB – WORLD WIDE) + (LOGBOOK – BOOK)] – WE = BLOG.

Get it?

Got It?

Great!

jjaimes

Presentation

Full Moon

Dear Readers:

First of all, you should know that I am a Consummate Shopper. Consummate.

Now I realize that to the un-initiated this may sound remotely glamorous. However, let me hasten to assure you that it is definitely not all “Fun and Games” as you might first imagine.

No.

The Consummate Shopper must make certain sacrifices. Certain sacrifices at the most inopportune of moments. Most inopportune of moments engendering deep and lingering regret.

Second of all, you should know that every Consummate Shopper (or “Comrade” as we refer to each other) Unswervingly upholds the “The Four Rules.” Unswervingly.

Rule Number One: **It Must Be (At Least!) 70% Off!**

Rule Number Two: **Never, Never, Never, Never, Never Miss a Sale!**

Rule Number Three: **Always Alert Your Comrades!**

Rule Number Four: **Get There First!**

Third of all, you should know that I am Unquestionably a “Man of the World” (and “Quite a Guy” at that). Unquestionably.

Therefore it should not surprise you that I am, on occasion, sought out by your Earthian Females for my peerless companionship. No, it should not surprise you. Nor should it surprise me. But to be uncharacteristically honest here, it never fails to give my heart a bit of a thump.

For example.

Just last month (it was a rainy Tuesday evening, approximately 8:23 PM) at Estelle’s Organic Cooking Class, one of the Female students apparently took a shine to my sunny countenance and became so emboldened as to invite me to her personal domicile for an intimate “Dinner-for-Two” (heh, heh).

Well, far be it from me to turn down an invitation as luscious as this one promised to be. After all, my hostess was not only a “Regular” at Estelle’s weekly shindig, but was also a Stupendous Stewardess of “All Things Organic” (as Estelle likes to say).

And did I mention her “Peace Day Resistance?”

Yes! Her Chocolate-Drizzled Strawberry-Rhubarb Shortcake! Unmatched anywhere on your small planet. Unrivaled anywhere within Sector Six. Unparalleled anywhere throughout the vast reaches of Known Universe. And I know that of which I speak.

And yet despite her overall excellence on the “Tastiness” front, I had long felt that she might benefit from some direct personal tutoring on the less-well-understood yet equally-vital practice which I personally refer to as “Presentation.”

Therefore, her invitation appeared to be not merely an opportunity for me to eat my fill of exquisite goodies at another’s expense, but in addition, an “Open Door” (so to speak) to offer her a few timely pointers Presentation-wise. Therefore, I readily accepted (ha, ha).

When the anointed hour arrived, I for one was “Raring to go” having forgone my usual lunchtime repast in order to insure that my taste buds were all attuned to their acme of alertness, primed to pounce on each and every tender morsel that might pass their way.

Likewise, as I am a Master of Disguise, I was “Dressed to the Nines.” Of course, I did not actually cloak my identity and thereby jeopardize getting through her front door and bellying up to her table groaning (her table groaning, not my belly) with delightful goodies.

No.

Rather, I chose my “Italian Playboy” outfit (just use your imagination, People!) which is always a big winner with the Earthian Female Gender, minus the final masking of my identity. As a necessary part of my disguise, I arrived with a dozen red roses and a smooth white shiny box of chocolates, as any good Italian Playboy most certainly would do.

Upon opening her front door, my hostess seemed suitably impressed by my appearance and gifts. And yes, just as I had imagined, the aromas oozing out from her kitchen were far beyond enchanting. Within moments I was sitting at her small “Table-for-Two” and the revered salivary glands were doing some of their best work in ages.

Fourth of all, you should know that there are Four Provocative Pillars of Presentation. Provocative.

Pillar Number One: **Anticipation.**

Vividly imagining every detail of the Scents, the Flavors, the Textures, the Colors, and the Patterns of the food to be consumed, well in advance of actually making direct personal contact with the aforementioned Scents, Flavors, Textures, Colors, and Patterns.

Pillar Number Two: **Aroma.**

The vital vital importance of fully satisfying the Olfactory Organ prior to the Seeing, the Tasting, the Chewing, the Swallowing, and Digesting of the array of delightful goodies.

Pillar Number Three: **Titillation.**

Stimulating ALL THE SENSES simultaneously as one works one’s way through the Bread Course, the Salad Course, the Soup Course, and the Main Dish Course, reaching the apex of activation just at the moment the Dessert Plate is set before one.

Pillar Number Four: **Consummation.**

The headlong rush into total and complete extinguishment of appetite (as in “I can’t eat another bite!”) even as that last forkful of Dessert sits there on its plate, looking longingly up at you.

Fifth of all, you should know that I am Undisputably a Diplomat and a Gentleman. Undisputably.

Therefore, I was careful to refrain from just barging in and pointing out her clear and present shortcomings in the arena of Presentation “Per Say.”

No.

I chose rather to speak more broadly about the “Total Concept” of Presentation in general, thereby allowing HER to “Connect the dots” to foodstuffs in particular. And thereby avoiding any possibility that she, perhaps taking my comments in the wrong light, might (like a Tiger) snatch away my plate before all the gastronomical juices had Met their Maker.

So I began casually as if “Off of the cuff” to introduce the Pillar of Anticipation during the Salad Course. That’s when my hostess began to smile at me and say, “You’re Quite a Guy.” So I felt my point had been well taken.

As we moved on to the Soup Course, I commenced my discourse on the Pillar of Aroma. She listened attentively for several minutes, and then politely excused herself. Upon her return, she once again gave me her full and complete attention (although unfortunately she had doused herself with some sweet-smelling substance that nearly drowned out the subtly pleasing scents of the food). Luckily, I was still able to smell the Chocolate-Drizzled Strawberry-Rhubarb Shortcake wafting out from the kitchen.

As we dug into the Main Dish, I began an enthusiastic elucidation regarding the Pillar of Titillation. At which point she began leaning forward across the table and gazing deeply into my eyes, so I knew for sure that the Pillars were having their effect.

The only distraction at this point was that she began unconsciously rubbing her leg against mine (which was a bit annoying) but I figured she was so entranced by my enthralling allocution that she had lost awareness of just exactly where all her body parts were, and what they were up to.

As we “Crossed the Rubicon” and prepared to plunge headfirst into the Dessert Course (The Dessert! Her Specialty!! The Chocolate-Drizzled Strawberry-Rhubarb Shortcake!!!) I launched into a climatic oration on the Pillar of Consummation. However, I had no more than introduced the theme when she suddenly jumped up from the table and announced that she was going to (and I quote) “Slip into something more comfortable.”

Which, by the way, I grasped immediately and completely, as at that very moment I myself ALSO (I mean, is this synchronicity or what?) was desperately wishing that I myself ALSO might “Slip into something more comfortable.”

Sixth of all, you should know that I am Indubitably a Stickler for Authenticity. Indubitably.

And that, my friends, is how I happened to be sitting there at the chummy little Table-for-Two of my hostess, wearing a pair of Tiger Underwear that were *two sizes too small*.

I know what you’re thinking:

“Why, Mister Jaimes, why? If no one was going to even SEE your underwear, much less pass judgment upon them, then please Sir, give me Three Good Reasons why you would pull on the pair of too-tight Tigers?”

Very well.

Good Reason Number One: **They Were (At Least) 70% Off!**

Good Reason Number Two: Obviously, when I stated that I was a “Master of Disguise” you perhaps missed the word “Master.” Meaning that, even though no one else would know what I was wearing (underwear-wise) *I would know.*

Good Reason Number Three: Just supposing I were in an automobile accident and rushed to the hospital emergency room, where the Nurse on Duty, upon spying my impeccably pressed white linen boxers, suddenly screams, “Doctor, this is not an Italian Playboy at all, but rather an Imposter!” At which point I am wheeled off into a broom closet as the highly trained medical staff saves the lives of all the real Italian Playboys, while a janitor pokes me in the ribs with his thumb, asking “Where it hurts.” (“The ribs!!!”)

So there I sat in my too-small Tiger Underwear, wishing upon wish that I myself ALSO might “Slip into something more comfortable” as we hadn’t even SEEN the Chocolate-Drizzled Strawberry-Rhubarb Shortcake, much less tasted it.

Seventh of all, you should know that there are But Three Kinds of Underwear in this world. But Three.

Droopers, Snuggers, and Climbers.

Oh sure, all three of these fellows may have the same “Look and Feel” sliding on. But before you know it the Droopers are starting to sag. And before you know it you’re walking with your knees pointed outwards trying to keep them (the Droopers) from finding their way down to your ankles. And before you know it they’re fighting your socks for space in the shoe.

Then there are the Snuggers, absolutely great from start to finish. They hang in there, not too loose, not too tight. Just so perfectly right that you hardly even know they’re there. But yes, there they are, like a well-behaved and faithful Dog at your side, trotting along, not chasing Squirrels, not barking at Cats, just there, occasionally rubbing gently against your leg.

Last but not least there are the Climbers. Need I say more? They’re just like your so-called “Social Climbers” who are never satisfied with their current level of status and perks. And thus feel compelled to claw their way ever higher, Higher, HIGHER. There can be no obstacle so great as to stop their ascendance to the pinnacle of underwearhood, as they cry out: “Armpits or Bust!”

And it was then, seated at her groaning table (with my belly beginning to join in on the chorus) that I discovered my Tiger Underwear were not only two sizes too small, but in addition (however at that precise moment it felt much more like multiplication) they were Climbers.

At that pivotal point, I was jolted from my reverie by a frantic pounding at the front door. Knowing my hostess to be temporarily indisposed (and desperately hoping to gain some leverage on my Climbing Tigers) I rose to investigate the source of “The Pound.”

Eighth of all, you should know that Estelle (Yes, Estelle, the Diva of “All Things Organic”) is like Me, a Consummate Shopper. Yes, Estelle.

Which makes us Comrades.

And it was none other than Comrade Estelle pummeling the front door, who upon my opening it, thrust a printed flyer into my hand and dashed for her car.

The headline set my soul afire:

Moonlight Madness SALE!

Everything (At Least!) 70% Off!

One Hour ONLY!

There was no choice. And not a moment to lose.

I raced out the front door and dove headfirst through an open window into the back seat of Estelle’s SUV as she peeled rubber backwards out the driveway.

The last time I saw my hostess, she was standing there with her front door wide open. With her eyes wide open. And her mouth wide open. Wearing a “Something” she had just “Slipped into” that appeared to be way Way WAY “More comfortable.”

Way more.

WAY.

Ninth of all, you should know that I Deeply Regret the sudden and unexpected conclusion to our intimate Dinner-for-Two. Deeply.

Since that night, my hostess has not once shown her face at Estelle’s Organic Cooking Class. Not once.

Oh yes. The Consummate Shopper must make certain sacrifices. Certain sacrifices at the most inopportune of moments. Most inopportune of moments engendering deep and lingering regret.

I miss that Chocolate-Drizzled Strawberry-Rhubarb Shortcake something fierce.

jjaimes

Literature

Gibbous Waning Moon

{My Dear Mr. Barker. Yes, I received your (timely I am sure) comments regarding my Literary BLOG *Rhymes with Rhymes*. And I must say that while I may not agree with each and every personal opinion you so freely expressed, I most certainly do “Defend till death” your right to express them. Be that as it may, you have certainly “Roused” my curiosity with your most likely well-intentioned suggestion that I (and I quote) “Stick to the point at hand.” Perhaps you in the loftiness of your more Ivory Tower experience as Editor-in-Chief have developed a particular fondness for those writers who (and again I quote) “Cut to the chase.” I can only imagine that (and once more I quote) “The less said, the better” which means Fewer Words Written = Fewer Words To Edit = Less Work For You = A Significantly Longer Lunch Break. What a pity that you were not on duty back in 1851 to make your services available to a certain Doctor Herbert Melville, as his laborious classic might profitably have been shortened to: “Captain Ahab was obsessed with killing Moby Dick, but in the end the White Whale got him.” And forget all that “Call me Ishmael” stuff. By the way, please feel free to convey my carefully considered feelings to your so-called “Publisher” at your earliest of conveniences. And of course, do not fail to delete this personal missive, noted at the beginning and at the end by the curly brackets {...} before posting today's BLOG. You're welcome. (signed) Mister Jaimes.}

Dear Readers:

Well, well, well.

This has been a most exhilarating day, comparing notes with my highly competent Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Robert Barker, as we collectively consider the appropriate tenor of my new “BLOG.”

In fact, it has put me in a rather reflective mood, musing upon the Diverse Ways in which the multifarious “Players in the Game” approach the Literary Arts.

Diverse Way #1: First of all, there are those Deeply Dedicated Artists (such as Me Myself) who hold Literature (and here I am referring to Pure Literature, True Literature, Un-Impeachably *Great* Literature) above all else. Not unlike those affectionados of freshly homemade Ice Cream, who embrace this precocious substance as the supreme dining experience, and who would never ever consider sullyng their refined palate with the over-frozen, crystallized, stale product commonly sold in your neighborhood grocery stores. Especially when the treat of the day just might be a freshly made Peanut Butter Chocolate Milkshake. Yes! A culinary delight which is unsurpassable ANYWHERE within Sector Six Known Universe. And I know that of which I speak.

Diverse Way #2: And then there are those Mentally Mechanistic Wordsmiths (such as Overzealous Editors) who see Literature as merely “Writing.” And Writing as merely “Words.” And Words as merely “Little combinations of letters to be shuffled around until they lose their vigor and just sit there in docility.” Waiting perhaps (who knows?) for “Someone” to return from an Overly Long Lunch Break and shuffle them around some more.

Diverse Way #3: Sad to say, then there are those Literarily Languorous Captains of Industry (such as Pernickety Publishers) who worship the “Almighty Dollar” to such an extreme extent, and to whom Literature (Pure Literature, True Literature, Un-Impeachably *Great* Literature) is of absolutely no interest whatsoever unless it can be immediately and commercially sold for a massive “Profit Margin.”

Even Words, the tender angels of semantic sibilance, are twisted into their service. Short catchy slogans to whet the eager appetite of perpetually unsatisfied buyers. Rampant names like “Bender Corp” and “Diathalon” and “Rimblestork” accost us at every turn.

Is it any wonder that true dedicated Desirers of Sentience everywhere are irrepressibly drawn to the quiet sanctuaries of your Public Libraries, where they perchance might find solace in the one highest of all high endeavors: Literature?

Oh yes. I know not what course others may choose. But as for me, “Give me Letirature, or give me death!”

By the way, this morning I ventured out for a somewhat longish walk in the park. Suddenly, without warning, my left sneaker began squeaking.

Exactly six minutes and twenty-seven seconds later, it stopped.

Amazing.

jjaimes

Weddings and Funerals

Third Quarter Moon

Dear Readers:

I tend to avoid Earthian religious services, since on my planet the One-and-Only Approved Religion is nearly indistinguishable from what you refer to as “Comedy” and therefore whenever I enter a church or synagogue (or any other house of worship) I feel irrepressibly compelled to stand up and share a quotation from the Book of Howard (the first verse of which reads “God has a great sense of humor!”) and yet when I do yield to that urge to offer a line from Howard (which for me is invariably a heartfelt, sincere, genuine, earnest, and authentic Religious Act) most people mistakenly interpret my personal form of worship as merely “Cracking Jokes” (which of course it does highly resemble, but which in truth is far Far FAR away from what you would put in the basket of mere “Standup Comedy”) which always ends up creating an uncomfortable situation for everybody involved (especially at Funerals for some odd reason) as two diverse yet equally valid religious traditions collide, and therefore I tend to avoid Earthian religious services.

For example.

Just last week I attended a Wedding here in my Earthian hometown of Roseborough. At least I believe it was a Wedding. Or was it a Funeral? I’m actually a bit unclear on that point, as I tend

to get Weddings and Funerals mixed up. You know, the flowers, the teary eyes, the emotionally charged atmosphere, following the bride and groom's car with your lights on and chasing the hearse honking your horn.

Anyway.

The very first moment there was a break in the action I was unable to restrain myself from jumping up and tossing out a quick one-liner from Howard. And as you might well imagine, my spontaneous scriptural quotation was not well received.

No.

Wait a minute! Now I remember!

I attended BOTH a Wedding AND a Funeral in Roseborough last week. And BOTH the Wedding AND the Funeral were held at the same church. And BOTH the Wedding AND the Funeral were conducted by the same Minister. And BOTH the Wedding AND the Funeral had pretty much the same people in attendance. Which as you can imagine, makes it pretty darn easy to confuse the two (except that, and I'm actually quite clear on this point, there was no casket at the Wedding).

The sanctuary fell suddenly silent. The lady sitting next to me, who moments before had been smiling weakly at me as she dabbed the corner of her eye with the corner of her (exquisitely hand-embroidered) handkerchief, was slowly sliding her way to the end of the pew as an "Usher" glided down the aisle to her assistance, just in case there was any "Trouble."

Wait a minute! Now I remember!

This same thing happened at BOTH the Wedding AND the Funeral. So (ha, ha) it's absolutely no wonder that I couldn't remember which service got a bit sticky on the Howard front, as it was obviously BOTH the Wedding AND the Funeral. The only difference being, at the Wedding everyone glared at me with a frozen smile on their face, whereas at the Funeral everyone glared at me with a frown.

This whole thing is made all that much more difficult by the fact that (and if this doesn't create a scrap of sympathy in your soul for me, I don't know what will) the particular Minister in question tends to be the perfect "Straight Man."

Oh yes.

There he stands with the most totally ramrod Straight Posture. And with the most highly constrained Straight Face. Delivering the most deliciously pregnant Straight Lines. Followed by the most obviously expectant Straight Man Pause. At which point he invariably stares Straight At Me (raising his eyebrows a good quarter inch) as if just DARING me to provide the Punch Line!

And not just any old Punch Line at that, but something from the "Best of Howard." Something so appropriate, so timely, so gut-wrenchingly funny that it will drive his point home in a way that the Parishioners will never never forget.

So is that my fault too, that the Minister delivers his Straight Line, pauses expectantly, and stares Straight At Me?

Well is it?

Let me tell you, if (just once!) he would let me join him up there in the pulpit, standing side by side, trading lines, nudging each other in the ribs, yucking it up, why we'd have that congregation rolling in the aisles. ROLLING!

By golly, we'd put the "Fun" back in Funeral, and the "Ding" in Wedding!

But no. It is not to be. Religion here on your small planet is all so serious. Some people say there is no God. Other people say there is no Comedy. Who really knows?

As for me, I'm content simply to declare: "God has a great sense of humor!"

And as Verse Two of Howard proclaims:

"So should you!"

jjaimes

ICP

Crescent Waning Moon

Dear Readers:

"All Things Must Pass."

Or perhaps we should say (heh, heh) "All Things Must BE Passed."

Oh yes, there are those *Curious Souls* amongst you who have specifically requested that I take a moment to (as you say) "*Penetrate more deeply into the principles and practice of Instantaneity.*"

And there are those *More Curious Souls* amongst you who have more specifically asked whether I myself am personally and professionally qualified to practice the Supreme Art and Science of Instantaneity (SASI).

And then there are those *Most Curious Souls* amongst you who have most specifically enquired as to who might be that individual with whom I am professionally qualified to perform this "Inter-Galactic Sleight of Hand" (as it is sometimes called).

Fair enough.

However, perhaps I might first take the liberty to express your question in a much simpler and more direct manner. As in:

"Mister Jaimes, pray tell, who might that Partner be with whom you are able, at a pre-determined time and in a pre-decided manner, to 'Pass' those Highly Confidential Communiqués generated in the performance of your duties as Special Communications Attaché from our small

planet to your Superiors, as well as to “Pass” back to you any and all Top-Secret Documents from your HQ?”

Yes, now THERE is a fine question. Clearly stated. Much to the point. No beating around the bush. And deserving of an equally clearly stated, much to the point, no-eating-around-the-bush response.

And this is undeniably a zesty topic upon which to dwell. Much like the wildly-crafted, freshly-chopped “Greens Salad” that I carefully harvest each early Spring from my own yard, that includes the Leafs of the Dandelion (this is not a weed, People, but rather a Spring Tonic par excellents) and the Leafs of the Lambs Quarter (tastes even better than Spinach, grows wildly, and it’s free!) and most notably, the Leafs of the Wild Mustard (which burn the tongue, awaken the taste buds, and get your entire army of gastric juices marching in unison [*“Left! Right! Left! Right!”*]) until the stomach itself begins to pulsate in pure anticipation) swizzled with the organic cold-pressed Italian Oil of the Olive (first pressing, unheated) and sprinkled with the appropriate 60/40 ratio of eco-harvested Sea Salt intermixed with sustainably fresh-ground Black Peppercorns.

OK.

Now naturally, you must appreciate that there are certain “Codes of Conduct” which require that I measure my words carefully in this situation. After all, the relationship between the individual with whom I engage in this SASI performance and myself must be, of necessity, somewhat “Close.”

We would hesitate to use the word “Intimate” here, as this might stimulate the imagination of my more romantically minded Dear Readers. However, if it were used in absolutely the proper context, it would certainly not be wrong.

Technically speaking, the “Other Half” who participates in this regular “Cosmic Handoff” is known as my “Instantaneity Contact Partner” (ICP). In other words, my Contact Partner is “My ICP.” And I in turn, am “Her ICP.”

Oh yes, it is most certainly possible that one’s Instantaneity Contact Partner might be of the opposite sex (ha, ha, ha) as no direct physical contact takes place during the procedure (ha, ha) and therefore there is no real opportunity for intergalactic “Hanky-Panky” so to speak (ha).

As it turns out, “My ICP” is an extremely talented, jovial, genial, intelligent, pleasant, appealing, charming, delightful, fascinating, and charismatic individual. To put it mildly. One could not ask for a more congenial, affable, and great-natured Partner. Of course, our relationship is, and always has been, maintained at The Highest Levels of Professionalism.

The Highest of Levels.

Quite naturally, in the early days, it does take considerable time and careful footwork to develop the necessary bonds and professional practices to successfully navigate the intricacies of Instantaneity.

First of all, each prospective ICP must become acquainted with the personality traits of their future partner. Their likes and dislikes. Their tendencies and inclinations. Their ups and their

downs. Their ins and their outs. Their traits and behaviors. Their memories, dreams, and reflections.

Yes, each subtle nuance of their finely tuned character. All of this is necessary background information prior to the selection of “The Act.”

“The Act” is that action which the Mutual ICP Couple will perform at exactly the same identical time in exactly the same identical way, which in turn allows them to Pass the official documents (or whatever else it may be that they are required to Pass) across Known Universe.

So for example, if one or the other of an ICP Twosome were allergic to Crunch Busters (CB) which is (and for the life of me I know not why) a favored hard candy in much of Sector Six, then eating a CB would obviously NOT be a good choice as The Act.

Obviously.

Or for another example, if one or the other of The Twosome tended to burst out into tears every time they sang the song “People” as made famous by the inimitable star of stage, screen, and theatre Barbara Streisand, then ditto.

And once you realize (and I realize that this may be a rather BIG topic for you, and that you may even be feeling a tad “Overwhelmed” at this very moment, but please hang in here with me) that you will be performing The Act repeatedly day after day, week after week, month after month, year after long long year, well then, does it not make perfect sense that you would want and need to know every little thing possible about your ICP?

Every precious detail, to savor for all those future years to come. And that you would look forward to each Pass no matter how insignificant it might appear on the professional level, simply because there’s always Someone there. Someone you know so deeply. Someone who knows you so deeply in a way that no one else has ever known you ever before. Nor perhaps never will.

Does it not?

Therefore.

At this point in our discourse, it should be eminently clear that I am completely qualified to perform the Supreme Art and Science of Instantaneity. As is my highly professional and competent ICP.

As they say, “All Things Must Pass.”

Or BE Passed.

Or past.

jjames

Why I Write

New Moon

Dear Readers:

Sometimes you hit a home run.

And the ball soars high high over the head of the centerfielder and arcs off into the bleachers, where perhaps, a small boy who wore his baseball glove to the game hoping for just this moment leaps to his feet and makes the catch. YES!

Sometimes you hit a triple, or a double, and you race your way around the bases and slide headfirst into the dirt to beat the tag. SAFE!

And sometimes you just feel lucky to get on base. Maybe you get a single or a bunt. A walk or a balk. Or maybe you get hit by a wild pitch. OUCH!

Sometimes you smack the ball, and just when you think it's "Going, going, gone!" at the very last moment it veers out of bounds just to the left of the third base line. DANG!

Or sometimes (like "The Mighty Casey") you strike out. And you walk back to the dugout dragging your bat and scuffling your heels and biting your lower lip, wondering what you could have done different. Whether you actually could have done anything different at all. Or not.

And then there are times that you don't even know the Old Ball Game is on. That the other team has arrived in town. That the lights are bright and the fans are lining up in anticipation of a hotly contested competition, hoping for extra innings.

There are so many reasons why I write, Dear Readers. I wish I could share them all.

I write because I think. And I think because I write. I write what I think. And I think what I write is an offering of my Self upon this world. Upon your world. Upon you.

I don't know what you think about what I write. I hope you like it. Or it makes you laugh. Or it makes you smile. Or makes you think. Or makes you write. Offering your Self upon this world. Upon my world. Upon me.

The written word gives substance to a thought. It takes air and makes it solid. Like the earth, or a rock, or ice, or sometimes, even fire. Something that can be seen and touched, liked or disliked, or even ignored.

Yet even when it's ignored, *it is still there.*

Sometimes it comes out right. Sometimes you think it comes out right. Sometimes you just want to stand up and walk off into the night and not come back. Sometimes you know that nobody understands, but you.

I wrote from an early age, when the other "Fellas" were busy stealing apples, wrestling each other to the ground, laughing at "Wimps," and foolishly pretending to be grownups when they weren't.

I wrote.

That was *my way* to get on base, even though I wasn't really in the game. I wasn't really on the team. I didn't even know that the game was on. So I created my own game. Out of words. Out of air. Out of earth and rock and ice. And in those rarer than rare moments, even fire.

Words are my friends. Sometimes they may play hide and seek, but somehow they always care enough to be there when nobody else is.

The Empty Spaces between words are my friends. Those precious Empty Spaces that hold the very next thing just waiting to be said. Every possible word, nuance, inflection, accent, sudden twist of plot.

Punctuation Marks are my friends. Numerals are my friends. Symbols are my friends. Page Numbers and Chapter Titles. Copyright Notices and ISBN Numbers. Tables of Contents and Publication Dates. Acknowledgements, Dedications, Indexes, Footnotes, Erratas and Everything. Every thing.

Ev-er-y-thing.

I'm really not all that much of a batter. I'm more of a fielder. An outfielder. I roam the vast grassy reaches of the well-mowed pastures of Center Field, watching ardently for any ball of a thought flying high against the stars towards my mind.

And I catch it.

I'm good at that. No matter what the score. No matter if we're winning or losing. No matter if there are fans in the stands, or the whole place stands empty. No matter if the lights are on. Or not.

I catch it.

It feels so good in my hand. Solid like the earth, or a rock, or ice, or sometimes, even fire.

I grip it tight, and then I throw that earth or rock or ice or fire back off into the night. To the stars. To this world. To your world. To you.

To where you, or someone like you, or someone you once imagined yourself to be, might read it, grasp it, and soar.

jjaimex

And here is the Table of Contents for the book [Rhymes With Rhymes](#) written by Jaspar Jaimes.

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