

Leon Barnard

7-10-83
Barnard
California

Paul Konopacki

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Tuesday evening-April 26th, 1983

BARNARD
Institute of Fine Art

Dear Paul,

How glad i was to receive your letter today; it was forwarded from Jackie's box number to mine in Buellton, and that is why i'm slow in responding. I was just bragging about you the other day to a friend of mine, concerning your ability to learn quickly and apply yourself well to the art of 'window washing'. Honestly, just about three days ago. Wish you were here!

I hired a 22 year old fellow two weeks ago to help me and he just didn't seem to get the knack of it. I'm presently at the ranch, where i have been for about two weeks now, but i shall probably make a run to Long Beach sooner or later because i have a couple of big houses to clean, that is, and assuming this constant rain ceases to fall. What a winter we have had! 29 inches of rain. Very unusual for sunny Southern Californig.

Concerning your inquiries about Jean & Lou, i do not know either of their whereabouts. Jean married again, but the last i heard, he was having his usual difficulty in relating to women effectively. O'well, c'est la vie! If i see him, if he's even about town, i'll tell him that you would like to hear something from him. Lou, i believe, is home in Washington.

Alan Ronay, was a very close friend of Jim Morrison's. I think they attended film school together, or something like that. My only connection with the man was once by coincidence when Jim and i were strolling through the streets of Paris one evening, we ran into him there and went out for a drink. I honestly cannot say first hand if whether or not his sexual preference is men, but i do suspect a similarity in his nature as it relates to that of mine; --and we know full well, where i stand! Was there something in the book that seems suspicious? I have not read it. I do know that Jim was not gay, we were close enough friends and would have discussed it. As to his mysterious disappearance, i do believe he died in Paris of a drug overdose, although recently i began to pen a story of his fictionally mysterious reappearance, but i have since discontinued this activity in favour of a much zanier idea: i'm currently running ads in local newspapers for Twelve Great Looking Guys, a 1st class photo fan club which includes photographic outings for amateur snapshot artists, beachparties, and i am attempting to setup fanclubs for all these gorgeous creatures as i find them. Want to apply?

Send a photo to Box 244 Buellton.

Studio 21



Box Two Forty-Four Buellton 93427 California (805)688-~~555~~

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what's your phone number?

688-4559 The ranch.

The stationery, if it impresses you, pays witness to last years endeavour. I rented a studio in Buellton and began teaching a Saturday morning, Tuesday & Thursday evening life drawing class, right here, smack dab in the middle of hick town, live, nude, male & female models and all. I succeeded for seven months but went down in flames due to local disinterest, at least as far as numbers are concerned, that is to say, dollars & cents. However, i was able to hire 16 different models during a 27 week period, and that says something. And, of course, many of them were somewhat good looking young men. I seem to have a talent in that way!

So here i am doing it all over again. This time without a costly studio, and instead of teaching drawing skills, i'm simply going to set an environment and let whomever is interested in this fare, snap their cameras to their heart's content. Maybe i'll make some money. That's my main motivation.

Needlesstosay, my spirit life is less prevailing these days, and i'm rarely ever philosophical as i used to be. Mundane, materialistic to the extent that i have decided to Be Whatever Is. However, i shall always remember our moments together on Alisal Road one evening listening to tapes and watching bunny rabbits play. That was truly a special event, one that i have often sought to tell to people as i meet them. But who could put it into words. The magic of that particular vibration was stupendous, to say the very least.

You say in your letter that you are nowhere near the guy you were when i last saw you; just between you and me, how have you changed? Do you wear your hair in a orange, pink, white & black mohawk or something? What, my friend, has changed?

I am building a beach at the beach where the winter storms washed away all the sand. I have been going there, Gaviota about 20 minutes away, each day, and shovel by shovel, I have been carting sand and pretty rocks to an area that i may soon be calling home. As you know, when Jackie's father appears i must leave for a day or two, sometimes even a week. So this time i thought i'd like to try camping at the beach, enjoy the stars, and listen to the evening tide whistle it's tune. Should be fun.

When are you coming back to California? Or do i have to come back there? I'm not sure South Lyon, Michigan would be ready quite yet for a Leon Barnard to visit their fair town. O'well, in the meantime, i'll continue to hammer out notes on this ancient writing machine, and hope that you will do the same.

As i say, it was a great pleasure to receive your mail. And it doesn't really matter the time in between either of our writing, do not apologize; i somehow knew that eventually we would get it together, --old souls can never be kept apart!

Meanwhile,

--Eat your vegetables,

and lovecon.

Friday-May 27, 1983

Dear Paul,

Even though i am presently spending time here in Angelus Oaks, high in the San Bernardino mountains, your letter of the 15th was forwarded to me right on time. My brother and his wife have a cabin here and i sometimes join them for brief if not prolonged visits; this time it has been about two weeks, and it appears that i may stick around for a short while because i'm involved in various writing projects as well as creating a new line of fashion products called, "The Leon Lion of Fashion Dezion." --Git my drift?

Primarily, i have been cutting out and personally sewing together inside/outside reversible artists smocks, caftans, and jumpsuits for men, and i intend to eventually advertise and sell them to the public at large. As soon as i perfect my prototype. I discontinued my efforts to establish a Great Looking Guys photo fan club due to a failure to stimulate enough interest concerning photographers to make it profitable, time, --or money. Also, those who responded did not meet the high standard of Barnard appreciation for male beauty even though they believed themselves to be ready for modelling. I think you give yourself too little credit. Anyway, it was a spur of the moment idea and i acted spontaneously as usual, and, who knows, something may transpire on it's own in the coincidental future.

Meanwhile i'm authoring humorous anecdotes and sending them to READER'S DIGEST for possible publication. They offer \$300. for very brief/short stories pertaining to true life human interest situations, and who among you have more of those than i? It has been only two weeks since i submitted my first so i have no idea as to whether or not they are as impressed with my writing skills as i, but then, i never ~~have~~ been rated high in humble humility and neither for false modesty. I'll keep you posted as to the outcome. Success would do wonders for my sense of self-esteem. Furthermore, i would like to write some other articles of a greater length for eventual publication. The feeling i get from writing far exceeds that of painting, because while i'm involved in the participation, i have a greater hope of gratification knowing that potentially i could be speaking to multitudes, and this helps to assuage feelings i have about separation and dissection, and, loneliness. --Now, that's heavy! And i'm glad that i made that discovery, right before your very eyes.

The basis of all psychological disorder^{is} the inability to forgive; primarily, the self. For whatever reason. And this is how we are manipulated by others. Guilt. And self-condemnation exists because we are continually making comparisons.

I...Love...You, and because i do i'm able to write these words with ease and far more effectively; you are an object of my affection. (Can you imagine the results should this spirit be translated internationally, projected universally?)

Lou worked the duration of the time allotted and improved his physical body, building muscles here and there, astronomically. I think the experience for him mentally & emotionally was favourable too. I also think that psychologically he is less affected by demeaning labour, and the incongruity of Jackie's personality. I, too, see no glory in picking-up after elephants while turning the other cheek!

I am much more willing these days to answer questions, &/or discuss my association with Jim Morrison and the DOORS, so if you have any, fire away! It was a valid experience of my life upon this earth and shall be included in my memoirs: "Living by Coincidence (In The Suburbs of Edge City)".

Meanwhile, i continue to advertise my window washing skills to buy the time to write these letters, and perhaps travel around a bit. I'll be housesitting in Long Beach again this summer during August and September, so if you're gonna do any driving, do it then, cause that's where i'll be. However, the ads are out, so it may be that i'll get hooked-up with some other house jobs before those mentioned, and of course you know that the invitation is always open.

Otherwise, June and July will find me between here and the ranch in Solvang, from one moment to the next. All of my mail is forwarded wherever, i go, and within days of its first arrival, so do continue to write and let me know the news.

I have faith in you and i foresee something beautiful. Keep peace, --Eat your vegetables, and,

Love, Leon

Leon Barnard P.O. Box 71 Angelus Oaks 92305 California (714) 794-6880

You Are Cordially Invited To Invite Me Over For Dinner Sometime.....

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-- Leon is back in town!