

# Maybe Tomorrow

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**H**ARRY, I wish I had a typewriter. If I had one right here now, I'd sit down and write a story. No, I don't think it would be a short story. It'd be closer to a novel. Yes, I'm sure it would be a novel.

What's it about? It's all in the title. "Maybe Tomorrow." It's too big for me, Harry, somebody else should have had the idea. Maybe they'd know. Maybe tomorrow. No, I couldn't write it even if I had that typewriter.

No, the idea's okay; it's sound enough. In fact, it's wonderful. But I just don't know, it's sound enough. In fact, it's wonderful. But I just don't know, Harry tomorrow—what? A job, a home, a family, a car, school, friends, girls, love, sex, the world?

What do you want tomorrow? What does anyone want tomorrow or today? What the hell did they want yesterday?

I guess maybe they wanted and want to be understood. Maybe they wanted to speak and to be heard. Maybe not having a common language, they wanted an interpreter. Is that what they need, Harry? An interpreter?

Maybe they wanted each other. Why can't they fix it up, Harry? Why can't every mother know her son, and every son recognize his father?

Do they know what they want? Or do they just know they want? Haven't they wanted long enough and hard

enough, Harry? How long are they going to have to want? Can't they ever get something so they won't have to want anymore, at least for a little while?

Do they want money? Is it quarters and halves and stocks and bonds they're after?

Or is it watermelons? And if it is, do they want them off the back of a truck or out of a patch?

Do they want time? Do they want Bulova curved to fit your wrist time?

God, Harry, what is it they want?

Does positive want negative? If they do, I say give it to them. Elect me president and they'll be a proton for every electron in the land.

Do they want Faith, Hope, and Charity? If they do, I say let them be faithful, hopeful, and charitable.

Do they want Greed, Lust and Covetousness? Then let them be greedy, lustful and covetous.

Do they want to sing and shout and laugh? Haven't they cried enough? Let's let them laugh for a while, Harry.

See, what I mean, Harry? It's a novel, almost a volume, but it's too big for me. I don't know what they want. Do you, Harry? Do you think they'll ever get whatever it is they're after? They didn't get it yesterday, they haven't got it today. Maybe they'll get it tomorrow. Tomorrow seems like a nice time. Maybe tomorrow.

Yes, it would be a novel all right if I could write it. Maybe tomorrow.