

Honestly! your summer accomplishments are
fantabulous, not to mention prolific & other laudatory
adjectives. Don't dare forget to send copies of your
plays. God, I just got all tubercular because I
inhaled a ghastly enormous quantity of smoke.
This is called empathy — i.e. when I get excited
about what you're doing. My literary strivations
are practically zeroed presently; however, I believe
I wrote you about the canoe poem. A canoe is a phallus
in sexual intercourse, etc. But of course I haven't
completed it. As for other endeavours, I'm taking
Romantic poetry & psychology at GSW, making
A & B. Maybe I'm on "the road to recovery" or mental
revivification in a more pedantic tone.

On my wall I have a movie advertisement for
"Where the Hot Wind Blows." A terribly un-Platonic
man is rather supine with a terrifically voluptuous
woman. His mouth is approaching her right breast
which wouldn't be so discomforting except that he's
got a mustache. It's a retaliatory measure because
yesterday Papa-Daddy & I argued for an hour. Finally
I hissed a ~~sed~~ subdued "shit" — inaudibly — and left
the dinner table saying that I am henceforth "an avowed
Sensualist." Really, I'm not — I've just been reading
too much Lord Byron. I don't like him,

I can't afford another piece of this paper
because it costs 1.4¢ and I love it anyway. So bye ya.

All homosexual tendencies aside, I remain
your buddy,
f

Postscriptum: I'm glad the Tong horse was good.

5 July 62

Stuart: —:

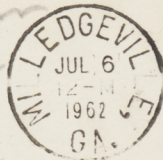
God! was I first bewildered by an Espanolish postmark, then astonished by a "Stu" — which was the first word I read. I know you & Gordor are having a frenzied time. The olive-skinned señoras, flowering patches of maigiana, soft Spanish platitudes, affectionate oily-haired shoe-shine-boys-for-five-centavos — ah... a white man's nirvana. And easy perambulations into god's own realm where some discover miraculous Buddha-truths. If when watching the blazing, "The Stranger" type sun you happen to see reflections in a small lake, look up to a nearby ledge and shriek an obstreperous hello to Shannon, because he is a Christ-image.

Listen, buddy, I've heard Acapulco is a nasty place with sin rampant and syphilitic profligates likewise. Whatever you do, strike a blow for birth control or disease prevention — as the case may be. And here I am, mired in an unpalatable slough of society. But the saviour looms illustriously and timely o'er tomorrow's dawn. Which is to say that Selby is coming Sat. morning at 5 A.M. And I shall pass your greetings. "Please" you said without sounding servile or anything. But whenever I try, it's indubitably the most pretentious please ever echoed. It's like a sardonic needle-pick, a blasphemy!

Yes God! Salinger's shorties are mostly impeccable. — or I remember from F&Z: "unimpeachably right-looking". Hadn't you heard me say once, "With love & squalor?" Oh, and the Banana fish. Too, the memorable prodigy who plunged into a hydrodermated pool. Soon after I got home, I read F&Z again.

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