

2/26/63

Dear Stew (sp.)

I was just about to write you a letter and tell you I was pissed off at your apathy, when I received yours, (letter that is) so I figured the least I could do is write back -

Washington Square College is everything I had hoped it would be, and more; you'd love it here Stu, you can really LIVE the total round of life. You can even get your women with clubs, if you're so inclined. I'm living at home now and driving to the City like a commuter. I don't mind it - in the fall I'll be getting an apartment here in the Village.

I'm glad to hear that you are not getting overly bogged down in the rancid thick provincial atmosphere of Jaguarsville. Your realization of your position is the first step out of the cave. Also glad to hear that your mother has something on the ball, Superiority of northern education is I hope your letting her win the argument wasn't merely another example of fetishistically blatant Momism, a garden variety neurosis in the warmer Southern Climate.

Better you include me as a suave, sophisticated, intelligent, brilliant, tremendous, continental character in the Novel you're so brilliantly "lashing off."

I'm taking one of the all-time great courses of my life - Ethics. The professor is great, the books are great, and the broads in the class are great (philosophically, of course!)

I hope you change your mind about going back to Pulare. What an Atrocitiy!! You ought to go out West, or up North, or Abroad, or some fucking thing, but not Pulare, you madman, not the land of the living dead! (maybe dead dead).

"Better to drive to the poor house in a Jaguar
than to poor to the housecar in a libido"
(Ecclesiastes I: 167-14)

Evidently your duck hunt was barbarically
successful. You looked good in the picture but I
felt sorry for the ducks (one or more of which may
have been somebody's mistress - maybe even a
Yankee!)

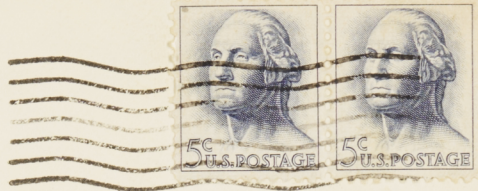
I'm in my "Advanced Spanish" course
were back on the Generation of 1898 - I thought
I was thru (w) with that bag-eating book once
and for all, but the school gods have it
in for me, and I must needs bear the worst,
grade wise. I'll just work harder, sacrifice
more tender goat's throats to aegis bearing
Zeus, lord of men and goats, minimum. (My
Classical Civ. course is interesting too)

Well Steven, gotta go and fuck 10 or 12
girls now to get the adult daily minimum
requirement of sex for an typical average
undersized New Yorkite. Drop me a line
now + then (mainly now) to tell me how
your book is coming plus any other earth
shattering news that might happen.

Hasta Luego

Pete

P.S. If you're carrying on a continued correspondence
with pinfoot, or lightfoot, or whatever Bob's name
is, say hello and give him my regards.



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