

28 May '63

I was wondering if you'd crucified yourself or maybe residing with an iguana colony in Mexico, or, more realistically, camping with Young Fu on the Upper Brazos. I just know you haven't donned that uncomfortably scratchy sack cloth to find the highest tree and jump. There are martyrdoms just as sensational and a bit more sensible you know.

I'm having a nice time. Last weekend I visited good ol' S. and we did all sorts of constructive things which is unusual. We went to a movie, ate at Valencia Gardens, watched mullet jump wild in the water - I think they were going upstream to spawn and were real excited about it, and one other real social activity I can't remember. Oh yes! Sali did jestures of me being a nigger jazzman, Buddhist priest, etc. I looked for a book on Chinese mysticism unbecomingly. Isn't that a funny word. All those end words are - moribund, jocund, etc. Last weekend, I went home and gained four lbs. Nothing happened. I did call S and recorded her voice; then couldn't erase it.

Last week I wrote my first - and last - piece of modern poetry. Just saturated with symbolist, you understand, and all these hard mundane metaphors. All about a drunk who's terribly alone with undertones of SEX. It was utterly unrivaled in ghastliness. Well, I have to read many pages, so goodbye. Oh yes - if anyone EVER asks where modern poetry was born, tell them T. E. Hulme. It's truth from B.G.'s mouth. His teeth are pearly and wondrously white not yellow! Greetings to Stuart. Oh yes, I'm again considering going into medicine as I do want a Ferrari. Teachers are too impoverished I can only afford Rammers. I just don't know what I should do. Your comrade,

I trust you rec'd. my other letter.

P.S. after June 6, my address: P.O. Box 336
Milledgeville. → M'ville alone will get it to me.

It's raining so beautifully here, I just
go to bed and sleep. Love it.

Even if you aren't interested, pray for me to make
A's on my finals as you did last Dec.