

Some letter in Sept.

Well hello Scott Esq.,

That "Esq." is added with a fiery —
flaming! — energy and sort of commemorates
your meteoric debut into artland. Really,
I'm just overjoyed and awed by/with your
success. And I'm not wholly disheartened
about our sojourn to the promised land, ah
sweet Europa. Don't misunderstand me though
buddy — I don't consider it reached finally,
inextricably; it's still very foreseeable and
Desired and I mean even necessary! Because
what's comparable to carrying two young,
unpenetrated maidens up into the alps' must
"with a little plaid tablecloth, and Fair bread and
gouda cheese to eat — and maybe even eating
wild-growing herbs and the alps, themselves.

So you can't remain up there with Schubyllhill
and Steumtzig forever. You said you weren't
going to live in Philadelphia; where are you living?
I trust you aren't one of the Master's "protégés."

Well, let's compare accomplishments. This
summer I've written one short story which I
cannot, as usual, revise. Sali liked it (impartially)
except she said it "stank." What I mean is that
it knocked hell out of her she said, but I'm
so indolent I don't, won't, bother to revise it and

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have a nice story. This summer has been madness & hatred for me. Honestly, I'm not sure that I can make it much longer because every day is more wretched than the previous — the future even more distastefully repulsive.

There's no niche for me, and my soul's begging its liberation. So I've got sort of a tentative death plan (which probably won't materialise out of cowardice). In two weeks I'm going to buy a sports car, a Sunbeam Alpine — I can go "alpinism". Precisely! I'm going to the mountains alone, park my wee Alpine, climb that mountain and die. I'll probably talk to Dad awhile — nothing serious, no regrets or anything, just carefree talking — before I die. What I can hardly wait to know is whether I'll hate or love Sali then. My tongue hangs out in wonder.

Oh! About this Sali and love business. First let's clear any naitete about it's being entirely intellectual for me. For about three months at Tulane it was, but I attribute that to Plato's Symposium and other unpardonable ideas floating in my head at the time. The "intellectual" bit was a drawing card, no more.

Now let us proceed to less discussable realms — first I think of "physical". We have performed admirably here, "closely" & in rapport I should say. Both were virginal, neither are. How's that for good, mundane bluntness. It's such a delicate thing and I rather

loathe having to mention it to you. I mean it's SACRED and a ~~see~~ secretive transcendence between Soli & me. For most it is a mere accomplishment, an activity, and I am unutterably nauseated by them. I hate them.

Now for the spiritual (if I must) realm. Well, I just say that it seems love is a twin planar experience. I mean there's a lower plane, one that abso'ds daily despondencies, picayune remembrances of some of S's frolics that drive me to hatred of her; this is essentially the life-plane. But then there's the second plane which hovers above everything, is comforting & constant, never varying with S's or my vicissitudes. There is no escape from it, and always you feel you've given yourself to someone and there's this new unity above both of you.

But you've been reading the wrong propaganda. I mean you talk about selfishness, Jesus, ol Soli's immersed in it. She even regrets, after I get there, the weekends I visit her — they interrupt her schedule. Well I'd rather not go into it except to say that there is a black side of her you haven't encountered. Last summer that side nearly drove me insane. The fact is I have given everything because I had never liked or loved anyone before; she has given whatever she felt inclined to at different times. I am the one who cannot bare any severance because of this, because she is my only friend (exclusive of you), and the only person I've ever loved.

Shit, it's terribly nostalgic you see; too, there's too much to tell for you to be able to

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understand it. I'm going to see her this weekend and we'll probably end it because of her irresponsibility more than anything else.

Yesterday, I was rummaging through a box and found this sentence which was written in Phil.: "Flattery is treachery, but spurious flattery is deficient morality." Did you say that? Oh, before I forget, you mentioned "that modern thing" you painted here. Do you mean the dead out at the lake? I can't believe it was that one, I think it had blues in it and we tried to name it.

Well, I must ~~say~~ say your letter came as lightning at midnight.

Your buddy, Jim

If you get a chance to write, I'll have the same address beginning 17 Sept,
1400 Harvard Rd NE,
Atlanta 6, Ga.

"You jess keep them Emancipation Proclamation stamps off'n yo letters, sis!"