

Tuesday. Dear Scott. I bathed my wearied soul in the sordid city's sun this weekend, and now my lifeblood runs hot again. Living alone for the weekend, I recuperated from a Thurs-Fri lobotomy of tests, and paraded my body all wild in the winds and nude except for a scant, almost transparent, pair of fokey shorts. Saturday night I played blackjack with Naomi, Doug and ^{Robert} Bo who was at home also. Bo, you've heard, is perhaps our most colourful character - a scintillating mixture of reds & blacks. Sat. night at 2 AM he brought this original girl to my abode and left at 5 AM with a rose whose petals were ripped - so says Bo & certain tell-tale stains on one of Mom's better blankets. I was asleep. Sunday a rampaging herd of thirty relatives romped their way into my sea-side serenity. And sheep bleating frantically. And devoured half of our familial savings in one swallow: 4 gallons tea, 12 Cokes, 8 loaves of Merita bread, 6 chickens, 1 8 lb. ham, one gargantuan bowl of potatoe salad, innumerable pimento-cheese sandwiches, an average jar of pickles, 22 bananas, 7 apples, an inestimable quantity of oxygen. There was also a terribly embarrassing argument over integration because one of my six aunts inadvertently married a YANKEE about 17 years ago. He has twice been voted the ugliest man of Butler (pop: 1,500) Co. To complete my weekend I skied (Sad!), found a secret bird nest, was struck in the Achilles tendon by a supercilious but nearly impotent yellow-jacket, and discussed Leonardo & Mona Lisa with Naomi rather late in the inebriated air of night (you can imagine).

I'm sorry you're all alienated and dolorous,
but you can retreat soon to somewhere pleasant
and carefree - or by July - anyway. So wear your
coat of mail nobly until then and maybe you'll
survive H. Worth. Your return has already been
sanctioned by Naomi, et.al.

PETE = Seymour, huh? Mostly I do live by the
Wai We Wei way but often deceptively. Probably the
happiest I've ever been was in April and late March
when I was in love with God. Now, though, I'm almost
equally transcendent. I scream incessantly because
of these indescribable happy-tensions inside me.
But there are intricacies inside too which are entwined
and baffling and even I don't understand me. So I
SEE no reason to despair over what some see as a
void and as someone said Sat. night (Steve, a friend) "other
channels." I must say that I fear many acquaintances
are ~~misconceived~~. (deluded?)

My poetic ramblings are decaying recently?
This weekend I'm going to Fla.

