

Friday.

Ha! Now no nasty epistemologist can analyze this being. An eternal enigma...maybe. Nietzsche said woman is an ~~enigma~~ riddle and the only solution is pregnancy. Sali said she once had a neurotic feminine cat who finally used her feline wiles to corner a nice virile Tom and after the kittens was a good cat and mother and never beed depressed and mopey again. Isn't that a delightful Romance. The Hebrews say God is a mystery, but i say a cat is cryptic. So I don't know whether to humble myself before God or my Egyptian Black God. Emory is about twenty times more difficult than Tulane. I'm going to see my girl friend next weekend. She is my babi and brilliant. We are going to meet in New Orleans

sometime near Mardi Gras. Not that weekend, because I am apprehensive about being with a girl during those riotous times. Once, when a man approached and touched a boy's girl the boy hit him and the policemen hit both boys with clubs. Things like that nauseate me and I almost vomited. I wish people would be good and leave everyone alone. Your letter today was a bundle of ecstasy and you were wild with it, I could tell. I get all frenzied frequently that way when I'm writing S. about some dream that I have conjured into a real reality. You cannot imagine how much you are like Sali in many ways. This letter was exemplary to be a bit understatementishical. Jesus, seven syllables all in one word. And when you are wild, your reason disintegrates into billions of atoms going in different directions and coliding all at once. I mean I get the same waybut it's not exactly like you and S.

Of Course, I've thought that heaven might be my last thought. and I had planned to think nice holy thoughts of our omnipotent father pater but I decided he might see that I was being a phoney Lane Coustell. So I've decided to think of SEX or CONDENSED MILK, and both are very mundane and unscholarly and a little sticky but they are sensually untouchables. But if I had to choose my most cherished moment, it would be just lying close to S and that's all and everything. How is Stuart? I have met through Eleanor a person who is very smart and is so gentle like Barry. I don't know him very well and never will. I wouldn't introduce you to any of my "friends". Eleanor is the existentialist and she continually manipulates people to learn from them and withdraws herself. She isn't that way to me, but now that I see her, I don't even like her. I have another friend two here also. Word is my friend, but likes hardly anyone. So Sali is the only person you can see. Your squiggle at the end of your letter made me hysterical. That is what I do when I get wild writing S., only mine zoom across pages and I can't stop them. I love them.

You say that You never do anything exciting. Inever do either. Last weekend between Fri and Mon morning I left my house once--to wash my clothes. I have sandwich meats, Ovaltine, marshmallows, cookies, and Cokes here at my house. There is a Renoir copy in my room. That deal about looking through one's fist is amasing. S is taking an art course and the teacher is a dogmatic contemp. abstractionist admirer. She said she had to prepare critiques on a display, a crumby one, at the school and that she just couldn't do it. She started to write you about all of it and ask you didn't you think a knowledge of realism should come first and some other things. I wrote a poem the other night which I am sending and isn't good, is bad. No comments please. One should remember that I know nothing about meter, rhyme, or any of the things one should be acquainted with before writing.

The sumach--wild and red, venomous in spring--
Now lies black in homage to a wintry wind's sting
And a plaintive cry resounds from a distant hill
Where a bending sappling, scathed from deathly chill,
To life's last blood does feebly cling.

Burrowed deeply is a bear, entombed in sleep,
A sole sanctuary to mighty winter's creep,
While nestling in selfsame warmth are oats from field
In a snow-covered barn, to the sorrow a shield,
To winter a partial defeat.

Now to a leafless limb come the claws of night,
An owl, who reels the ratty crew in gruesome plight,
Who labors long and late in contemplation,
And now asks with cocked head in self-admiration:
Is not life, death; and darkness, light?

When I read the last line of the analysis, I thought I would die. "and sometimes you are childlike." I can't disagree with anything he said - what I means that the lack of drive & aspiration is the big bad thing really. As question on an Emory form was 'name the one accomplishment which gave you most pleasure' - I couldn't answer it because I've never accomplished anything.

Your friend Jim

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