

Wed.

Scott: =

The Scholar sends greetings. Once again, I'm swamped with work which has been mounting for the past three frolicsome weeks. Briefly, this week involves reading a novel, 2 Shakespeare plays, 500 pp of psychology, " cursory " research from ten books & a 12 page term paper on Wordsworth, and a test in Shake. It's not worrying me as I'm sure I'll get done somehow, perhaps miraculously. I just returned tonight from a psychology field trip to Milledgeville State Hosp. All the patients liked me (I am "one of them"). These four women decided to entertain me with a game of chase down the corridor which almost mushroomed into riotous proportions. I thought maybe the doctor would kick me out for encouraging it, but it ended peacefully enough with only a few casualties and broken ladies scattered randomly down the hallway. One 65-yr-old Negro man informed us that he was interested in marrying a white man. He had other problems too - like owning the world, and wondering if the girls in our class weren't really boys in dresses ("sometimes they do that"). Seriously, I got along excellently well with them and I wasn't sure if I would - you know, if I had the sympathy and understanding, etc.

I had lunch with my parents, and returned here 6 bananas, 17 sugar cookies and 1 loaf of FR. bread richer. So maybe my wealth isn't as negotiable as yours, but it is, at least, as satisfying. Need I mention that I also own a large economy package of marshmallows, a can of condensed milk, and a loaf of Pep. Farm Raisin bread besides?

I am doing passably fair in my courses besides psychol. My Shakespeare guy almost dropped his rocks (to be banal about it) the other day because I was the only person who knew pejorative and a term in drama, stichomythia (it's sort of obscure).

I guess you know the great galathea Arctic Thaw (IGY to you) has come rather unexpectedly out-of-season. Anyway, Sadi g. came up to M'ville last weekend and we had an almost Euphoric time! Alas, our inconsistency is becoming constant, I guess. Saturday night, though, we were out at the Edwards' lake house, and received a call that Scott had had a wreck. He had just left the hog cabin (you know, it's where we got cigarettes; you turn right there to go to our lake house or go straight for the Edwards'), and was driving to where we were. It's a distance of say 1 1/2 miles. The car ran over his neck after he tumbled out and he died on arrival at the hospital.

He wasn't drunk, nor driving fast. It was terribly traumatic for Sali as we passed just as they were pulling the car from the ditch. So happened to be home too.

The whole family didn't know how to react, because it was bad yet a relief too. Personally, I liked Scott a lot and would rather he had lived even if it did involve suffering for the whole family. I must say it's the most cryptic thing I've ever heard of. Their mother had been up visiting and backed into the door on the driver's side. I think Scott leaned on that door and fell out. Then for Sali & Bo to be there was most unusual since they're only there maybe four times a year. Too, it's most improbable for anyone to land so his head would get back under the car. It's almost impossible.

I had all kinds of reactions. For one thing I threw away my just-read Hindu Book Bahyavad-Gita. And I told Dad there just had to be an after-life because it's all so insane, futile if there's not. And thirdly, I say to hell with the existentialists. A few others too.

I know you & Stuart will be some wild fun-guys T'giving and I'm sorry so I won't be with you. We will do it in the Spring, though. Apparently, you're soaring places with your work. Don't let yourself get gaseous with aplomb. Now, I'm joking. And if you have any etchings which got smeared or something, I'd like one. Last weekend I was looking at your silver-plate self portrait and it's the best work of yours I've seen yet. Mom has your still life framed out at the lake house and it is centered on a wall, the work of an egocentric. Who's next?

I got on a trenchant penchant (ahem) for Persian miniatures a couple weeks ago and exhausted the Emory library (which consisted of 3 tiny folios). My favorite guys are Bihzad and Muhammed (everybody over there got named that sometime; it's as common as Dick in the U.S.). I also looked over Klee. Don't misunderstand me - I do it for pleasure only, although I'm not like the bejeweled, bespectacled lady, trooping through ~~some~~ galleries saying "fabulous," "wonderful," "incomparable touch," - I am like the little boy who says he likes "pretty pictures." A din of cheers for innocence!

I got a new record called Herbie Mann @ Village Gate. He plays a lazy flute.

like your cool daddy-oh!

Jim

↓ Pizz: (Encl) decided to send along these things.
DO NOT READ ↑ She first is, of course, written (thought) by a girl. She was slovenly, etc. and "wondered" if she might join the "boy" in his sweet purity, but it failed and instead she corrupted him, so he had to die, etc. etc. I tell you that, because Sali didn't exactly get it. No doubt it is a lousy thing. Honestly, I'd rather you didn't comment on them, because I already know...

Pizz: I've done 2 abstract drawings water colours. Sali has the tremendous 35 Leonardo book.