

10:53PM WED

Dear Sir,

Your silver sand self portrait
 arrived today. You are a beautiful little
 dithyramb. And I have my marshmallows
 and a beautiful weekend bedded in soft
 memories - and in which I am still living.
 Sali was HERE. So I am calmed by life and
 beautiful tonight too. Oh tonight is stary
 and quiet and lonely blue and no despair with
 the jets flying. And the birds venturing an early
 return. Yes the portrait is good. Tonight I was
 determined to begin a term paper for which I
 must read ten books and is due in a week &
 the outline on Fri. But, oh woe, I succumbed
 to a pretty temptation and heard a Harvardian
 spill the beans about population explosion with
 my friends. The good life is the life of making
 resolutions & breaking them, of falling constantly
 to all temptations. And the best life is love, because
 love is all funny phantasy and hot and soft and
 covers all ugliness with clouds that are deep and
 grey. You remember flying brow you pass through
 the tumbling grey clouds, then the stratiferous
 (I made that up) and then the blue green sky just
 stretches endlessly, well that is sex and it is also
 life with love the ultimate & final experience.
 And you must not attempt to ascend further because
 you will be alone. No trespassing on the Elysian
 you know.

Tonight reminds ME of Sebring because everything is so still and one can hear only the shifting down and the accelerating and only see the lights. WE really must go + will if I can



get someone to register for me. What are your plans?
I just drew a duck-billed platypus. Have I ever told
you that I am adopted? I am.

See you, Jim

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