

Scott -

I got your letter this week, and am taking this opportunity to write since I'm going into scholastic hiding for a week. There are four tests waiting expectantly for my neck this coming week, so I've got to get impregnated with some useless facts. Facts are for the unthinking man. This quarter I'm taking an overload for kicks — my three science courses again plus a non plus course in physiology. I stand for physiology and Prometheus effort to get through the shit. Most people in it are grad. students who work at Emory Hospital. In the first three weeks <sup>they</sup> ~~we~~ have read a 300 page book called Neurology (isn't that a come-on, sensational title). It has cute diagrams of every nerve from the brain and spinal cord.

I was sorry to hear about all your crises and alyses and your general labyrinthousness (I have to use a big word occasionally because they're becoming rarer now that my brain must harbor formulae and chemical reactions). I myself have been a little doldrummy lately. Recently I went into the library to study physics and found I had much rather read the "Paris Review." And I said to myself (quietly) "Do you really want to be a doctor?" But, alas, I have committed myself to the Medical College of Ga. I liked it down there, and maybe

it '22 be okay.

Well, we just took a wrestling break. This friend of mine from Milledgeville and I have an apartment. Another interruption just happened for 3 hours, a discussion of fights, booksies, skiing, and my favorite state hospital patients - Well a lot of things have happened recently, but they are all gumbled, guxtaped, defying even a chronological recording. But, they are mostly all good. Like I have been really enjoying myself lately, drinking and playing. Today is zoo day and the llama (llama?) almost expectorated, a nigger crashed on his bicycle going into a curve at 130 mph and is now a rather epine samuch singing for the C.O.R.E. course (I made that up), and dELSO Churley Brown (my pseudonym of late) jumped over the fence and petted the lion. So it was a good day at the zoo, see. Oh I am still kind of wisky-washy about Maiga, but it is exciting and terribly fun to watch her under the prevalent, static nature of our relationship. She mentions you often. Jack is a cadet at SMC; not taking it seriously, so still in good shape. I began this week nurturing a beard which looks quite like a vast and desolate prairie with an occasional shrub here & there. But I am trying! Which is the point - you can't leave anything in a hypothetical stage. You can't be apprehended by fate. Man, you are fate. What I'm saying is that I

don't know what to tell you about your  
turmoil. I will say if things get too crummy, then  
put on your red hunting cap backwards and come  
up here; there's an extra bed. No joke, come if you  
get a chance anytime. Or if you'd like to go down  
to Milledgeville for a while, you could do that.

I don't think you realize the honesty behind the  
invitation, but soddam it it's there. You could play  
o Maifa's jack while I'm not there. My parents have  
been expecting you for some time. Well anyway ---  
You'd probably say the situation isn't nearly so bad  
as I assume it. Well I'm not assuming anything, only  
saying come on over if you get a chance.

My geisha has arrived with my hot teddy.  
She tells me too that it is time for bed. How sad  
it is.

Disintegratingly, but having a good  
time doing it,



as the crow flies

My address is

1381 N. Decatur Rd.

(the upper garage apt)

for mailing use this preferably  
J Munk  
BOX 22180  
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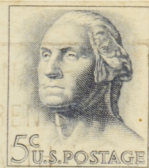


P.S. Tell SUZIE & your mom hello. No doubt you like me,  
(my beard makes me look like an ARABIC Oriental) never do this.

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