

Wednesday, Oct. 20, 3PM

Dear Stu

I don't know if this will ever reach you - you are pretty hard to find. I doubt very seriously that it would be a great loss to the world of letters, since I have been up for two days on dex. I did a Span 311 test this morning and I have a Music test tonight. I am taking 21 hours: Span. 311, Music, Art. Gen. Stu., Hist. of Mod. Art, Latin American Hist. - 633, Hist. of Psychological Systems, and, presently, Canada's Viet. Lst. We are studying Ferryman, whom I have come to regard as truly the mouth of hell, or, at least, a pair of dead jaws. All my classes are MWF. On Wednesday I have classes at 8, 9, 11, 1, 2, 3, and 7:30-10. At suchs.

I tried to find you at Texas on my way down here but you didn't exist. I wanted to give you back your 600 lb. rug which is now reposing on my apt. floor. My apt., by the way, is pretty nice though small. It has three rooms - kitchen, bedroom, and bath. It's neat, clean, modern, etc., has a ~~very~~ nice patio and is on the first floor. It is at 818 Bowdoin, in the same block with Pete Fountain. I am living alone and love it. Joy de vivre, etc., especially on TTS.

Back to your location, if any. You remember Palmer, the kid who lived across from W^olsey last year? Well, he went to Texas Business School this year and couldn't find you. The Law School doesn't seem to be aware of you. Perhaps you should red up on solipsism.

Palmer, incidentally, tired of Texas and left, unbeknownst to his parents, with a few credit cards. He is here at TU. now and has no immediate plans.

I have seen Dave Moore around some and Bob Jones is in my Music class. I can't remember anyone else of interest except of course the ubiquitous M^o Joy.

I intend to sell my car during Thanksgiving and buy a 900 cc Harley-Davidson Sportster CH, known to little children as "beast from laos." the only thing that keeps ~~them~~ their speed down is the fear that it will turn to light. I will trade it for a more docile machine for my South Am. trip, probably a 650 BMW.

Assad presents the perfect vehicle for delivering Tennyson. His moribund monotone makes one blissfully unaware of the great heaves of sentimentality rubbing by. And too, he delights (the word is really inconsistent with his nature) in the study of metres and, after all, the vulture-sucked bones of the jackal look remarkably like those of a lobo wolf. (or, if you prefer, mouse → shrew, pig → wild boar, negro → human, Tennyson → a competent secretary.)

While on the subject of literature, I will recommend again the four best American natives - the novels of Nathaniel West. I read The Dream Life of Walter Snell again this afternoon. It is divinely inspired.

I have gotten onto a jangy kick lately and have been acquiring records at a rather brisk clip. If you like low-down nigger blues, you would love an album on the Folkways label, "Lead Belly sings Folk Songs" with Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston, Sonny Terry, and Brownie McGhee. Lightnin' Hopkins is also one of my favorites. The sentiment which is slyly coagulating around Leadbelly may disgust you but some of his music is really good.

I hope to come to Ft. Worth on my bike during Thanksgiving but I have been waiting to find out if you are alive. If so, please address my answering letter to: Box 72, Tulane Station, since I have my apt. under a false name. No phone either. If you are, in truth, dead, please give my condolences to your mother ~~brother~~ sister.

Canada's drone has changed about a decibal, a sure sign that the end is near. Hence, ~~de~~ end this letter. Write soon if you can take time from your researches.

Yours ever faithfully,

Bill

OK

Mac has your radio - it is sick. Perhaps he will have it repaired.

818 Bourbon St. #3
New Orleans, La.



Mr. Stuart Bentley
No. 5638 Pershing
Aledo, Texas