



HOTEL • TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Monday

Greetings Gentings,

Well, I must say it was good to hear from you. I thought, well he's not going to write, so I'll type (impersonal medium) a little note: "Go to hell," and send it. But then I decided maybe there had been a tornado or maybe you were up in the woods writing a play for Playhouse 90.

So I'm A-COMIN'. It is going to be a romantic trip. I will sleep on the Vicksburg battlefields, and when I start into Texas I'll hook-up this waterbag to my radiator like in hillier of the field, and will carry a Confederate flag to wave at all the Yankee tourists. Mom was up here this weekend and brought some paper so I could take it, but it won't fit the inside of my car without getting warped⁽ⁿ⁾ by the wind, nor the drunk. So I'll just bring me.

Right now I am in the throes of a scholastic crash program which may crash me, and am also pregnant with philosophia which is bad for anyone. However innumerable the pages, I vow to see them — that is a new Dharma which is necessarily guiding me now, killing me.

But it'll all be over in a week. Tomorrow I'll find out for certain which day I get out of school.

See you in a fortnight



Should you send me directions on how to find your house? If I don't hear from you, I'll find it.

Yesterday's "tomorrow" (which is today)

The professor doesn't know if the final will be ready by Tuesday (June 2). If it is I'll take it then, ~~if~~ ^{on Tues} ~~or there~~ Thurs. afternoon.

So expect me Thurs. or any day following,