

Guess althou I think it's well.

Dear Scott, You are a distygram which the dictionary calls "a poem in wild irregular strain," and which is quite incorrect because I have learned from a sublime source and Hellenistic that that it is ok I forgot. But it's not something I like to Express scripturally. I prefer not to exhibit the platypus which you received as I am presently working - mentally - on a much more provocative platypus with eyes that see but cannot be seen. It will shake the foundations of art and other things. Anyway you said Skumpfi was an off-horse so he can't see it. I'm sorry you had the flu and that the soot came out and enveloped you blackly. My weekend - this past one - was also a dreary & damp one and I got mired in a despair too. But I am such a splendid vasillator that I merely retreat to some pleasant thought. Like on WWC, I heard some broadcasting of Mardi Gras and flew into sunshining revelry. Some of the Czechoslovakian "throw-me" beads got dangled on the trolley wires. And everytime I would perfectly anticipate the coming breez(e) and get them. So all is not vanity.

I was really surprised that you were working on the portrait ~~chm~~ ~~meam~~ mei. I would send you a photograph, but I just do not have the camera you know. If you take a picture of it, I will certainly try to help you spot the dissimilarities between the real me & the portrait of the real me. Jesus Christ, I have to write a 15 pp term paper for Bible and I have 20 ~~non~~ clothes books all about the grand & glorious marshmallows suffering servant of Isaiah & Jesus. I know see adviser that I'll just plunge into the puddle and make it terribly muddy and lose my A. Really, I'll let you anything, not only that buddy but I have 2

Tests this week which leaves three days to take notes & write it. And one of those days I'm going to see a play, The Importance of Being Earnest. And my back has a cancer, at worst, or a rheumatismatic spur in it. And I've started Salinger's new book which is another vacissitude. I have also figured out how I was exactly like Jesus for 4 months last year. Your Self-portrait rests restively (it wants a frame) next to my kaleidroscope, Planter's peanuts "palliated" by a youth picture of S, and Black God respectively from W to E. I extract it & look at it.

I know well how you feel about your seclusion. I won't do many. Anyway, your expenses will be practically nil. Sebring will cost \$4 or \$3 but I found a complimentary ticket under some bleachers - you don't sit, you walk and get dirty - so maybe you could be as fortunate. Additionally while we are in Florida (Mar 21-23) you will have to have money for food. 1 dollar per diem should do, maybe more. Mom & Dad will probably return their progeny to Atlanta on Mar 24 (Sunday), so we can bring you as far as Atlanta. Living with us will not entail room & board fee because this is THE South, so what you need is a round-trip ticket and a few more dollars. And I will be going home Mar 15, so could you arrive in Atlanta by then?

Expecting you, I remain a disgruntled student
and normal.
James Cunningham

Scott Gentling

Luvin Chestnut

Ann L. L. L.