

desultory civil

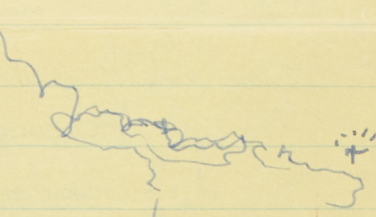
TUESDAY

D.S. Last night I was so sad & exhausted, I couldn't even go to sleep. So I whined & whimpered and, tucking my tail between my legs, sang myself to sleep with a dirge. I took your silver point portrait out and placed it near a light so I could SEE you backwards, but I didn't know you so I REVERSED it lightning-quickly like to SEE if I still had any even facsimile of a friend. So you SEE, Sally and I aren't writing or seeing each other for a while. The "why's" are inscrutably buried beneath peat bogs and entombed in roots. Nothing is wrong and we decided to do this a week ago when I was visiting down there. God we had the most enjoyable weekend EVER. What I mean is that we still love each other. So that's why it's more definite than problematical that we won't SEE her. Anyway, the only way we could get to Florida would be fly, and you ain't rich like sum "southern gentleman" I'm acquainted with; truthfully he's a surreptitious satyr (NOT REALLY) from the North which is why he's wealthy. For about five weeks I've BEEN conscious of a malignant bud in my brain gradually blossoming; although it's maybe been precipitated by the Sal-Jim deal, I don't think so. But anyway I'm awfully despondent because I'm drifting and too because I'll never be satisfied doing anything like Eng or Psychol, so I hate It, and I'm goddamned ready to go away to Europe and if I weren't trapped and my parents hadn't spent so much money I would, FUCK. The most peculiarly amusing thing is that I appear to myself to be happy, honestly! I am excited that you're coming because we'll have a nice time ... doing what? No, if you can't fly to Florida which is sixty dollars and which we can't do in a car because it takes 2 days, then we'll go to Milledgeville for a day or two because we bought a house on Lake Sinclair. And although we haven't moved, you & I will move out there. And then we'll come back to Atlanta

and I'll show you THE Envy m. (I hate it too)
and we go to a cowboy movie. Yesterday I saw
"The Birds" and that's the stupidest movie I've ever
seen. Last night I dreamed about Superman, Capt. Marvel,
& Wonder Woman all collectively and dreamed about eating
at a cafeteria (a luxury) and robbing a bank and then my
comrades (Jack, my brother; Word; Bo etc) being asphyxiated by
the train smoke or exhaust while robbing it. Tell Stuart
I promised myself already to be irreversibly irresponsible
and nobody or bodies can dissuade me. It would be best if
you could be here on Fri., but if not then come as soon as
possible. The things somebody has — obligatorily — to
decide are "whether we are flying to Florida & what
time you can earliest arrive in Atlanta (like arriving
~~here~~! For instance: if you want to go to Fla. and could be
here by 2:45 A.M. Sat morning (Fri. night), we could get a
night flt. leaving at 3:15 A.M. No you would have to be here
earlier fr to make it to the airport. Oh endless perplexities.

Now just listen to ME! You just write me
what you want to do because we'll have an enjoyable time
whatever, and what time your bus can get here on
Thurs., Fri. or Sat. If you can't get here until Sat.,
we won't go to Fla even if you want to because I couldn't.
Whether we even go to Fla. is your decision because I'm entirely
disinterested, I swear.

Well, how's this for an intricately woven spider web
letter?

Your brother


Write me soon so I'll know what
arrangement type things to make.
Seriously we got to plan. Hurry,

Word
Word's



Jim