



HOTEL • TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Sat late

You can see by the letterhead where I am.

Boy, just all suddenly it's intolerable not wishing-for-summer winter time. I got in here in 80° weather, now it's a mercurial-Mercury mark of 30°! (Fahrenheit).

Well, I didn't bring warm clothes either.

Well, I've almost irrevocably committed my soul to psychology. My degenerate, lifeless and mourning soul! Jesus, what soul? Shit. Ol' Sali & I are pretty convinced that we've ruined each other. "Ruined" is perhaps too classical sounding; I mean one thinks of corporeal Rome or something. Basilism maybe. Well, it is like the simple progression from Doric to Corinthian columns. It started all pure & simple, all innocence. Then it got more complex, involved (like the Corinthian) and although it's more elaborate, it lost that certain pristine "woodsy" simplicity.

So finally the columns collapsed, and nothing remains but "Reveries, Regrets, and Memories."

But Sali is going to the North Carolina mountains on T'giving w/ her parents, and I'm supposed to go. It'll be a good way to terminate it, because the end

will resemble the beginning. So I don't guess I'll go to New Orleans or Natchez. Well, if you don't either, just come on to Atlanta & go to the mts. with us. (Maybe you & I could be boyfriend & girlfriend). Your interests are similar anyway.

So... so-so... this isn't self-pity. Frankly & candidly, it's great to be unencumbered again, oh just free & flying wild in the wind. Let us all be happy birds. Wm Faulkner said if he could be reincarnated, he'd be a vulture. But, I am happy! Really, no self-delusion or dreamy illusion. S & I are both happy. I have my TR-3, she has had me, la-de-dah-da-dee. That's poetry.

Well, the main tone of this letter suggests my sleepiness. So Morpheus & I are one, and I remain,

One Jim Minto.

PS: I told Sam all about your blazing success in etching. I'm glad you're doing good work. If it gets too appallingly impersonal up in the ugly North, the South's arms are open, even beckoning, at anytime. And I'm quite serious about it giving.

Oh! Sam ~~Sam~~ WANTS you to write:
Miss S. Jenkins
503 W. College St.
Tallahassee, Fla.

Boy, I went out in the woods last week and ~~gathered~~ gathered acorns and oh beautiful leaves and berries. Some leaves were green and only the edges and veins were red. I liked those best.