

Wed. March 2

Dear Stu,

I have made several abortive attempts to write but I have always had to give up, due to a lack of material. I think that now, in view of your one-page letter, I can think of enough interesting events without delving into my woddid private life in the Quarter. Another reason is that I no longer have a woddid private life in the Quarter: I moved into the dorms on March 1.

Wardi was good - I had five couples staying at my 1-room apartment. Brown came down from Austin with two boys and two girls and a friend from NTSU came from Denton with four girls. Three of them were from TWU and are currently being kicked out of school. A shame. My date for the holidays was among this unfortunate trio. She was nice looking, 18, and a virgin - but I am delving. At any rate it has certainly been a memorable holiday for her.

My old man has cut me off from the funds so necessary for the maintenance of a woddid life. Consequently I am going home this weekend to sell my car - I am bringing your rug. I will buy a motorcycle as soon as the car sells and will come to Austin. Brown has promised me a good time and anyway I don't mind leaving the dorms for a week or so.

My Hall - 5th floor of Monroe - is full of jocks and Jews from New York. I am considered to be something of an oracle, due to the profusion of books piled along my walls. And I am thought to be very cultured because I own some

classical records. In fact, everyone on the Ball turned down their radios after I ridiculed WNDU yesterday. It is all a sobering example of the ease with which one may purchase respectability and respect.

Holcombe is now working as a petroleum engineer in Bogota, Colombia. He works in the jungle and comes into Bogota every couple of weeks. He lives in a whore house there. He says, although I suspect some romanticism, that everyone goes about armed and that the rigs and jeeps are covered with wire mesh to keep off curare arrows from the rain forest. I am afraid that he will start another mood.

My school work is disgusting, except for one ~~modern~~ ~~and~~ lit. since 1918 English course. We read some good books which I had missed. I'll give the titles in a postscript after I get back to my room. I had only read three of them.

If it is possible for me to avoid the draft I may come to Texas next year. Irons says that it is lots of fun. However I do don't expect to return from South America until at least the end of November so I will probably be pushing up bamboo shoot in Dietman by this time next year. Perhaps we can make some heroic stand there together, killing thousands of Cong, Chinese, Russians, Cubans, et al., before we are finally traitorously dispatched by one of our own men. Eh, Lt. Bantling? Lt. Bantling sounds pretty good when pronounced with a German accent. Have you tried it? I have tried Lt. Beeh many times. In fact, I once ~~was~~ woke up screaming it. To be honest, Stuart, I don't want to go.

I am presently in an eight o'clock Spanish class which is too boring for words. I also have classes at 9, 10, 11, 12, 1, & 7:30 tonight. I hate it here.

I have seen a few of your old friends around but I don't want to go through the labor of naming them. Dave Moore is the only one that I really like - I see him from time to time on his motorcycle.

Well, since I have more than doubled your last effort, I will close. Write when you have time and tell me about your painting and especially your play. I will take the ring to Ft. Worth this weekend, if possible. Say hello to Scott & the rest.

Yours,
Bill

B.B.

The books in the lit course are: The Good Soldier by Ford M. Ford; Light in August - Faulkner; For Whom the Bell Tolls - Hemingway; Pender in the Night - Fitzgerald; Under the Volcano - Malcolm Lowry; A High Wind in Jamaica - Richard Hughes; Cat's Cradle - Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; The Singer - J. P. Donleavy; Call it Sleep - Henry Roth; Leaving Cheyenne - Larry McMurtry; Appointment in Samarra - John O'Hara; Lucy Gray - Kingsley Amis; The Knot of the Matter - ~~the~~ Graham Greene; two plays by Edward Albee: The American Dream & the Zoo Story; and a book of poetry that contains only 4 poet out of 33 that I have ever heard of. I had already read Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Faulkner and now for I have read Ford & Hughes this semester. Both are good.

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