

Dear Stu,

I know you think I'm dead, but... no such luck. As you say, our correspondence is sporadic, but it never will quite die out. It better not anyway.

I have no idea when this will reach you or where, since I talked to Connie (McCoy's girlfriend) and she said that you had gone to Penn. with Scott. Stu, I hope so. You're not cut ~~out~~ out to be a lawyer. You've got too much inside you. Enough for compliments, however truthful. Seriously, as you said once, it doesn't matter what you are if you're happy. I just think you'd be happier doing something creative. I'd love to see the drama you've been working on — either the one-act or the full-length. As for the painting, I know you're got the talent for that too, I remember your sketches and our plan for the Mayan murals which fell through due to our laziness.

Stu, so damn ~~much~~ much has happened since my last letter I hardly know where to begin. I guess I should start by saying I've finally finished another short story (craftsmanship, you know), and I'd love to send it to you for criticism — if I knew where the hell you were. I really think it's an improvement. It's another ~~ten~~ away ~~and~~ story, but more in the Nick Adams vein. I'll send it when (over)

I hear from you. I think I ~~told~~ told you about the motorcycle — a real beauty — Tall red, black, and chrome. I'm a real hell's ~~angel~~ angel. (like Seth Scalary<sup>sp?</sup> would like to be).

Seriously, between that and Anne's being in N.O. this year, I've kept fairly sane. I made a 3.4 1<sup>st</sup> semester & a B.6 the 2<sup>nd</sup>. Nobody ever dreamed it was possible, much less me. I'm in summer school right now — God forgive me. Nine more hours and I'm finished. It's hard to imagine. Then — who knows? Under Sam, or a job. I've actually thought that the ideal life would be graduate work & a possible Ph.D., but the work, — and the ulcers. I don't know. I wish I could just go to sleep for 4 years and wake up an English prof. Yes, I'm still a dreamer.

And yes, writing still obsesses me. I shall write, even though the results are poor to date. My mind works overtime, dream it, and I finally keep a journal. With hope, luck, and God-knows how-much work, I may still make it. Not for the public. I don't give a damn for that; just for myself and what I think creative writing should be. Speaking of that, have you read Under the Volcano by Malcolm Lowry. If not, do so pronto. It's great. Depressing, but a real work of art. The characterization and presentation are truly great,

almost Faulkneresque in complexity and perfection. Sometime I think all has been written that's worth writing, but still, no one listens so why not write it again - differently. 'Enough of this, back to Trivials.

Jack & Betty just left this semester, and I'm waiting to hear from them. When I do, I'll send you their address. They asked about you all year, and all I could say was "I owe him a letter," anyway you're lost no friends. I ~~say~~ saw Ron Telle and Alonzo Jence or twice & they asked about you. See, I told you everybody liked you, Charlie Brown.

As added incentive to your visiting I still hold your three records (Gregorian Chants, ~~Wagner~~ Hayden Organ Concertos, and Handel's Fireworks music) in hope that you'll get desperate enough to come to N.O. (and get them). You have an open invitation, here, you know that.

I could write scads more, but my hand's killing me. It is imperative that I learn if you're still alive or not, so don't be like me and wait for years. Just drop a short line & I shall respond further.

David

P.S. Tell Scott hello.