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Dear Phil and Brandy:

So here's my \$2.00. I must've felt
guilty to give you a whole hell of a lot about
and as for the others, my first I, I told you
once. I was not reading about mythology
in order to figure out The Distances. Do you
read what I'm writing to you? I was
reading mythology because the title poem
reminded me of my vast experience in that
field. Since I am a modest man, I
can not take credit for seeing a whole new
dimension in the book just because it happened
to be reading a lovely paperback by Edith
Hamilton at the time - subconscious or not.
Do I make myself clear?

And now let's get down to the bloody red
bone. What about White Rose? When do I
find out how to obtain a copy of that?

Did you ever read a book, The Hunger
Meyer. If so, why did your brother read it of a kind
book?

Your postcard, by the way, was an oasis
of joy in a desert of sand. Love in California
now. Back to the Quarter in September! All
I can hold out that long. There is an
intellectual-cultural vacuum out here, but
I'm making a little of the root of all good -
which I intend to transplant from here to N.C.
via Mexico.

P.S.

That comment about the post
card was just an ~~am~~ idle
joke. I've got a million
of 'em - (idle jokes).

Viva Picasso!

Kerry
J.

Here is a
Fament

What is all
the fuss
about?

I should say!

But what?

And why?

I know
at least

this

now.

Love makes the
merry go rounds

I stand so

stock

still.

Philip Boatright
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