

% Youzand, % Posters Flying Service, SHIN POND, PATTEN, ME 04765
til 1 oct [26 August 1979?]

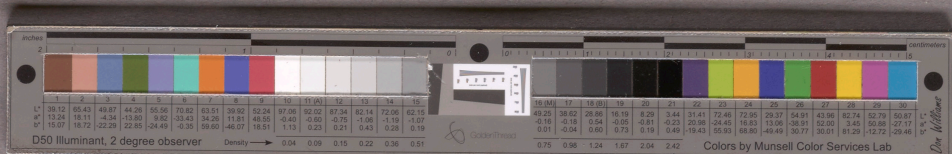
Midnite
1 Loon, No moon
Joanna My dear-

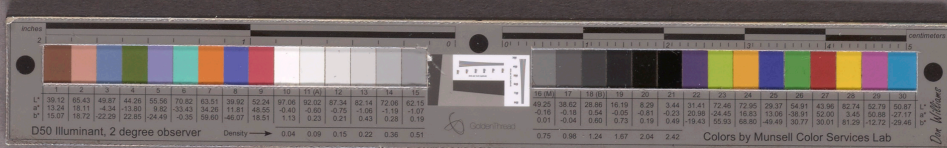
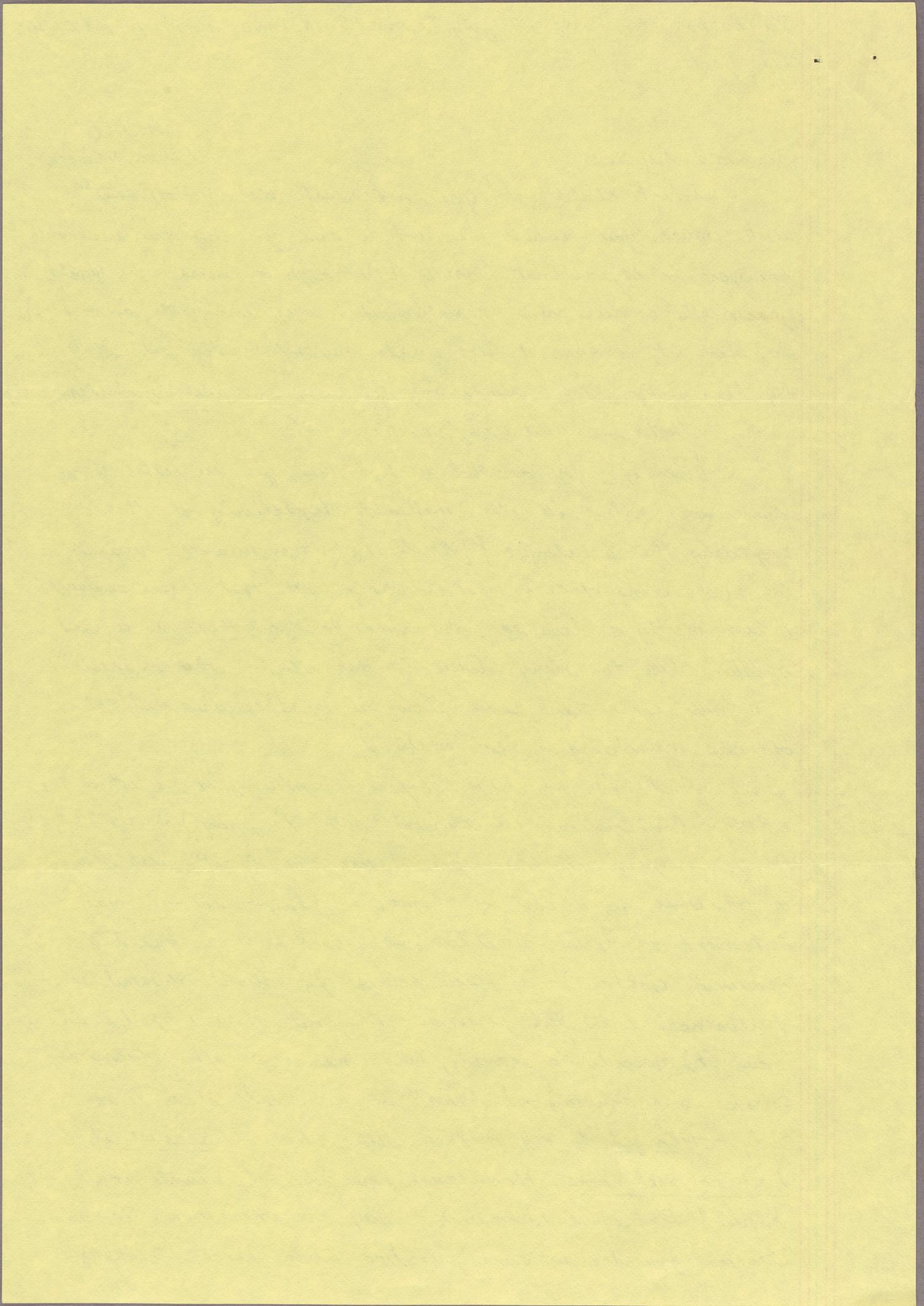
Idiot child, do you not recall the cold dis^{aste}tain
with which you asked me not to call you by any nickname?
You were to be, dammit, JOANNA. [Although of course you would
graciously endure some variation if I were incapable of - etc.]
So, dammit, JOANNA I have made myself scratch out, while
my head sings "John Anderson, my Jo." (Anderson, Andersen.)

That's all that was, Sweetie.

[Perhaps you do not realize that you indicate your
preferences with all the malleable tentativity of Moses
wielding the Decalogue.] [At least to the nuance-hungry
ear... speaking of ears, what's wrong with that Moses sentence?
I have mostly a tin ear, but even to tin there is a bad
rhythm there, too many ditte-dit-dah-dite -- what, anapests?
.. I never could scan; even 'Down in the deep dark dell/sat an
old cow munching a bean stalk.']

And now you have stopped Triptumping me which I
adored. (Subconscious punishment? Oh, Jo-baby.) Seriously,
though, I guess (a) like you, I use the first "Dear Morton"
or whatever as a sort of theme, a play-place - a way to
set mood & express qualities of affection (the quantity
remaining constant) - a place perhaps for almost-physical im-
pertinences with the persona - ah shit. How I spoil it all!
- and (b) specially to women, whose names so often belong to
someone else anyway - ["Alice", it was made clear to me
early - belonged to my mother, who chose it because it
had no nickname. How cruel can you get, unintentionally - I
hope?] But ones nicknames - they are ones own. So, as
"Joanna" you are in some puzzling alien place. Although



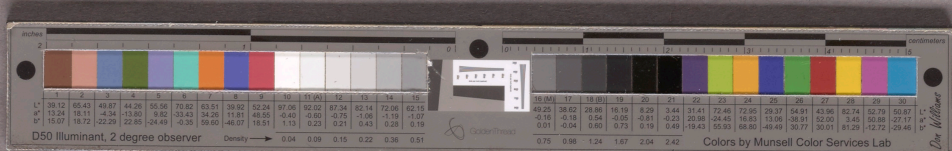


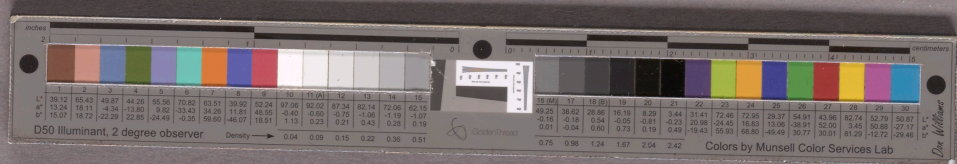
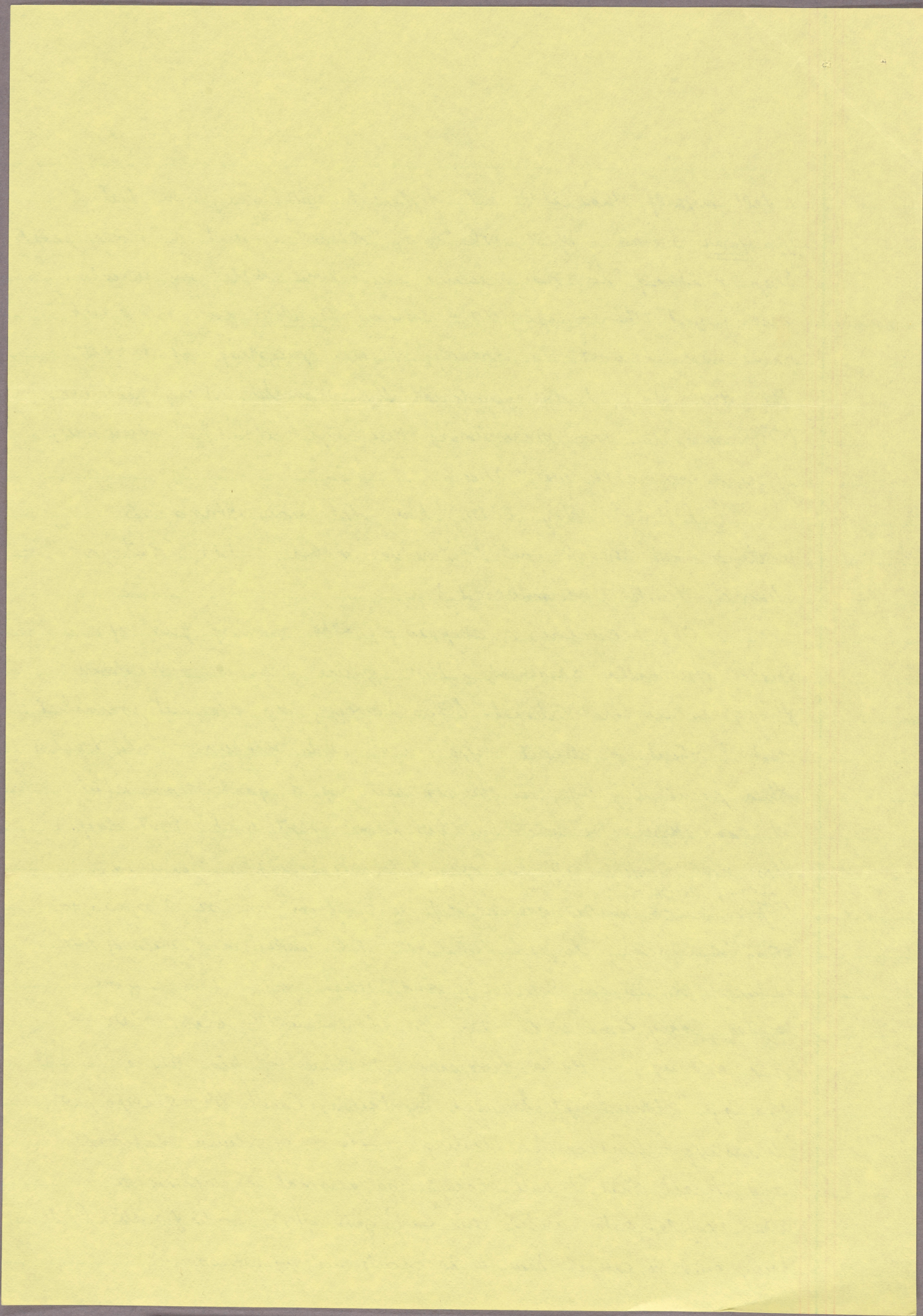
I tell myself that it's all different with you, you feel it is your name... Well, whatever, "Alice"^{to me} is just a noise people keep making in my presence, and even 'Alli', in which I once joyed when - age 40 - someone finally gave me a nick-name - is almost as dreary. I was puzzling about that the other day; I am fundamentally nameless. Very peculiar.. (Tip of course was marvellous; but Tip's dead) ... Anyway, if you ever call me "Alice".....

Enough. Hey, listen how did your stand-up writing desk work out? You've never said. (Bet you didn't think I remembered.)

Oh; I enclose a clipping. The opening gun of a small guerrilla skirmish. I'm quite serious - the damn thing is unconstitutional. (Bob Levey, an elegant journalist and I think a decent type - I've never met him - only touches this point lightly, in the interests of a good story, but it came thru. He wrote me his phone 'went mad' that day.)

I'm now getting off an open-letter type reply, you know, (Correct, Mr. Smith, of course st writers are no different from you or 200,000,000 other American citizens - we all live under a system of laws anchored to the constitution; and when you or I or anyone writes, they come under the 1st Amendment - blah blah - and ending, after a ludicrous picture of his office issuing "Manuscript Licensed by Fairfax County VA" - stamps, or "Warning - Unlicensed Writing" - etc - a solemn defiance and threat that I will accept no personal exemptions or other waffle-outs until this 'law' gets off the books for all. (I'll bring suit to compel him to prosecute me, if necessary.)





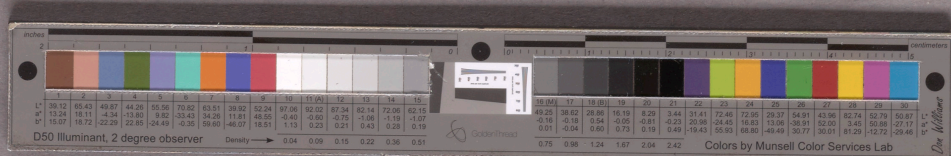
It's enough to get me started writing again, out of
 corneriness. (I have.) But it takes so much, so bloody much
 time! To mobilize for a ^{small} civil-rights action, all alone
 on a log in the woods - sans references (Can you quote
 de First?) (Neither could the 2 Harvard professors, one a
 sociologist, who passed briefly) - Sans - at first even
 paper and stamps - I'm 100 miles from a store, our
 "mail" comes & goes - when it does - from pilot to
 pilot - sans typewriter, sans copier, sans address-book,
 of course sans phone - and sans HELP. Scribble-scribble
 with a part-plastic hand - sans proper light - well, you
 can see by my writing here what's left by evening.
 (In the mornings it's nice and clear, like this.) And
 I've been officially put to bed with eyestrain-migraine
 and too-fast heart rate - but I couldn't sleep - so
 after 2 hrs of spinning wheels decided to Do Something
 I Wanted To damnit - and am writing you - By flashlight.

Oh - query - what is with a person named Avedon
 Carol? I got a most disturbing letter from her, half
 hostile and childishly patronising ("You won't enjoy jail" -
 silly ass, I was kicking Berkeley policemen in the crotch be-
 fore her mother had teeth. I did enjoy ^(jail) it, a little, in the
 sense that I could make a stupendous fuss) - but mostly a long
 affectless drabble - off which I take as either very low brain-
 oxygen or a plea for help. Or both. Do you know her? What
 should I do?

As to you and your favorite chewing-gum, U.K.L.G.,
 Oh, we could exchange reams - but not now because I'm

Hey,
 that's
 good!

↓



(over, at last)

about to be 'battered into Taking Care of Myself Properly by my beloved male Mother Hen - and since I can't produce a lowered pulse-rate, I shall have to give in. Writing to you does not lower my pulse rate, ^(the pulse) match - and it is uncomfy. like a disco-eel in my solar plexus. (That's a word you don't hear much now. Must check.)

But, re VKLG, a person who can say "Being a Virgin's kid is no fun - ask Jesus" can't be all bad. Or was she quoting? Oh no - here comes the hook -

Love, my dark Swan -
coruscate on . on ever

-No-Mann

(Signatures are mood places too)

(write while pretending not to)

Have you any reviews coming out since the WP one months back?? (Do you have a copy of any more you could send?)

And - see Michelle Wallace, BLACK MACHO etc - good. But, oh so edit for 5 min

