

29 Mar 79

Dear Human Being:

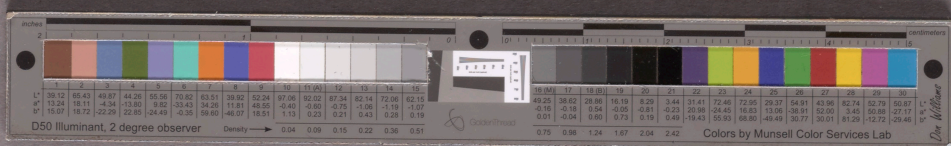
Same old place

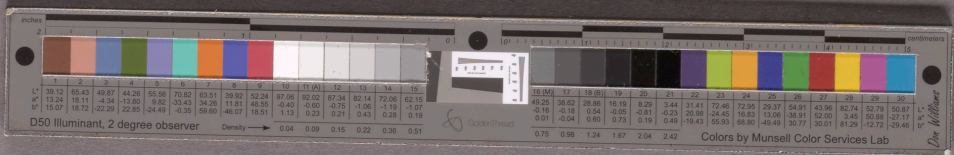
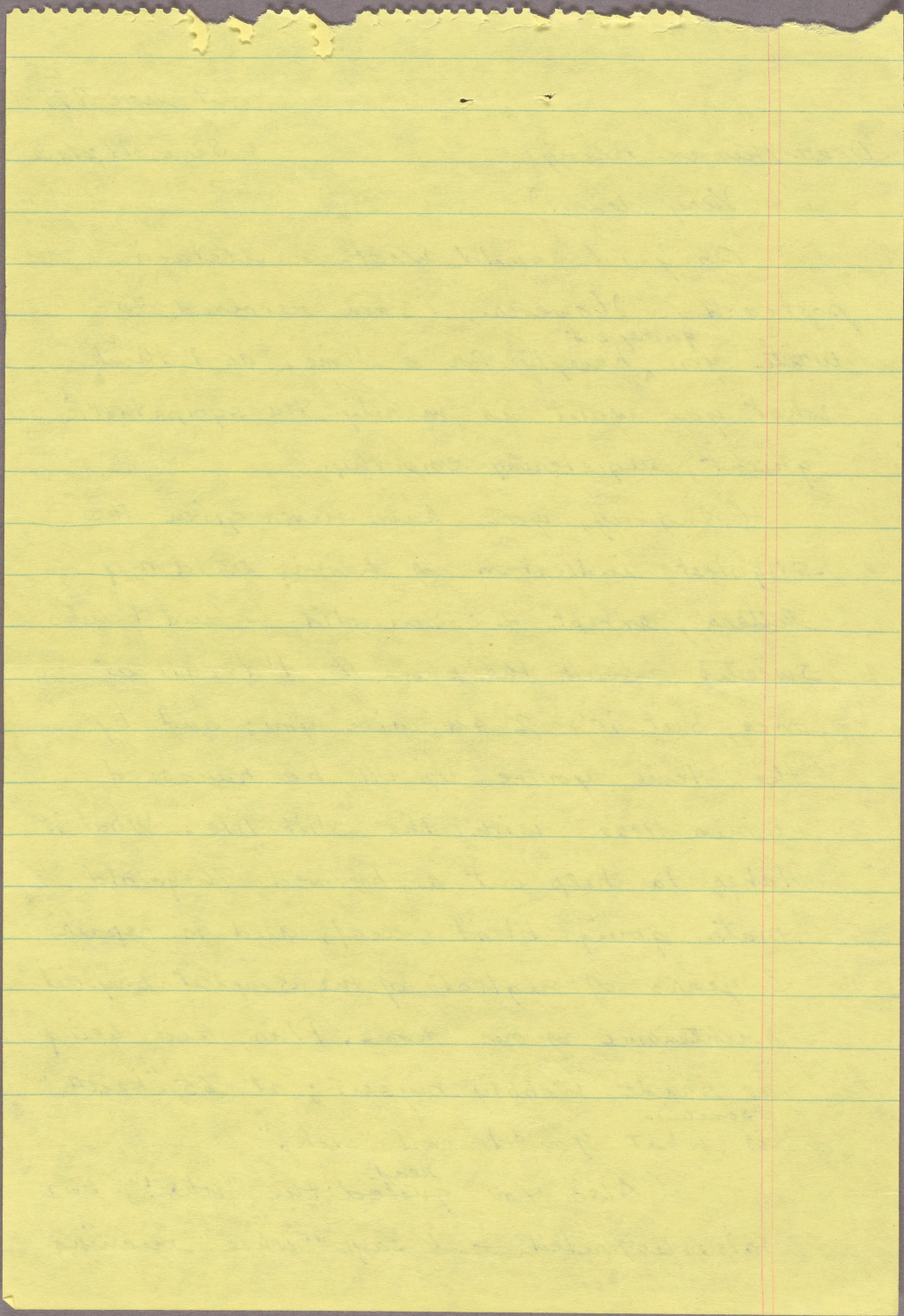
(Very dear.)

On you I should waste a Matasiri postcard? However, I am resolved to write you <sup>quickly but</sup> briefly for a time, as I think what you want is merely the sympathetic grunt, registering empathy.

(Anyway, you have never given the slightest indication of having read my letters, except 2: You did — and thanks, Sweetie — send the phone #. I'd call at once, but it's 2 AM with you; and by the time you're up I'll be harassed & mindless with the shit-life. What it takes to help out a beloved 76-yr old mate going blind & deaf, and to repair 3 years of neglect of the simplest physical maintenance of our home. Plus, kid, being a shade wobbly myself; at 65 "health" is <sup>sometimes</sup> what you'd call "sick."

(Also you <sup>read</sup> quoted the "whee!"; but misinterpreted — I say "whee" meaning





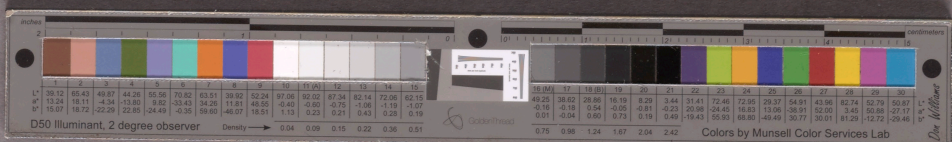
PS The rhododendron-eating cat was either starving and/or committing suicide; I'm told most of that family is lethal. Did it live?

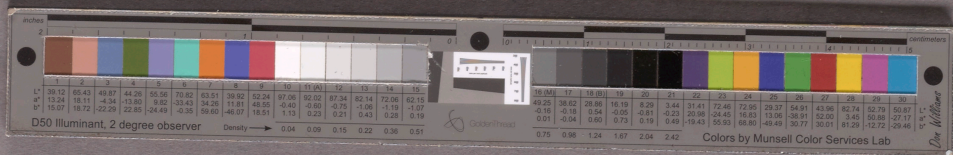
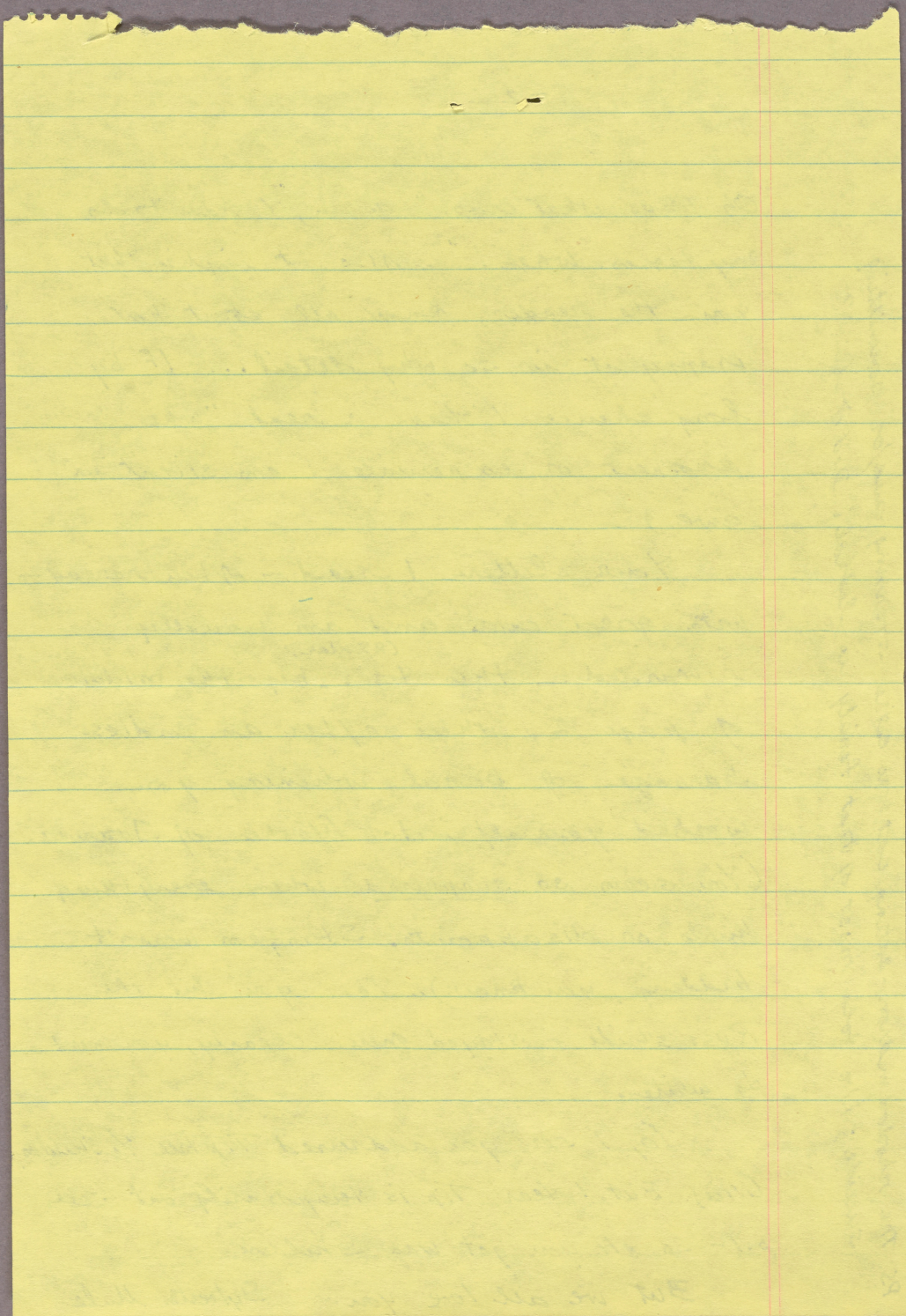
"Oh Jesus what crap." as in, "I have to do my taxes. whee!" .. Also it implies that you, the reader, know all about how crappy it is so why detail... (If by long chance I have a real "whee!" prospect or experience I am silent in awe.)

Your letters I read - of ten reread - with great care and am usually rewarded - this time <sup>(25 Mar)</sup> by the middle of page 2, where after an endless barrage of banal whining you worked yourself into flashes of Joanna. (You seem so surprised when everything hurts or disappoints. Sturgeon wasn't kidding, you know).. Then you hit the Russ stride & stayed there. Clearly, you need to write.

To, I see you addressed Tipfree % Sheldon (Nice). But I fear Tip is temporarily out - see p.1 - so all you got was Sheldon.

But we all love you. Syl/roster Mule





(not so brief, eh?)

[Kid, / boy to be tough but it hurts me to think of you hurting ---]

PPS - Yes, of course I am "under some influence" of chemicals. My God, you should see the marbles it takes to keep me going - the white one keeps the heart beating, the 3 red ones keep me from cutting my throat because some enzyme at my synapses has failed; the purple one keeps me from growing a beard; the yellow one lets me sleep; the pink one fights all the others so I can work; the big piss-colored one keeps my sinuses from killing me; the 2 light-dark turds supply the nutriment & minerals I can't eat, etc. etc. etc.

And the funny thing is - crude as they are, they're a miracle. / live in a golden age, in the sense that even 15 years ago I'd be among the living dead. [You know, "poor old Alice, she hasn't come downstairs in years.."]

Never  
Scott at  
"chemicals"

love - Oh hell, that doesn't say it; addiction, vasopressin, EMPATHY. (FP)  
Again

