

May 27, 1975

Hello Joan:

...all too good. TWO LETTERS from you after the holiday, that deathly flat holiday for the lovely masses... Tried to figure which letter you had written first. I guessed right.

you're so fine, the way you let it go, the run of it, the whirl, I can sense exactly what you mean, and then you get embarrassed and say you might be getting corny or you insert the "Blah. blah. blah." you have yet to be corny or you have yet to say anything that I thought was pretentious. you seem to never miss. and yet all through your writing is this high bright light and just enough laughter. you're 12 astoundingly astonishing. your words and thoughts roll and dance, I feel them in my belly. and I think, how right, how right she is.

we have one hell of an adventure coming up. can you stand it? you help me and I'll help you and all the other people and the rest of the world won't matter that much. it's us. the way we work it. we'll defeat the dills and the ugliness and the awkwardness and anything they throw at us. and if we find we can't stay away from each other after your vacation is over I'll talk you into coming out here. your letters, your thoughts have really raised me to such a pitch that I can't call it anything but love, and even if that's a misused word with most people, I still think it's love.

you're so realistic and open and good#, tickle-laughter, your tickle-laughter. even when I'm drunk on the phone it seeps into me, runs around and around, and I think a Jesus sweet Christ o. I'm hard enough in my way when I have to be, but I have these big soft parts that want to land and have had a very hard time landing. I'm not ashamed of caring. it feels good to let feeling land. and it's miraculous to get it back. almost all people are too far broken away from each other. they go through motions, puppet motions. and the strings that hold it up soon break.

came out of the reading in the redwoods still alive. I was 3/4's through the reading when a girl, quite attractive, came running up toward the stage-- screaming-- this single long high-pitched scream. she leaped up on the stage and said, "I want you! I want you! TAKE ME! TAKE ME!" I fought her off and they pulled her off stage and into the woods where I could still hear this long long scream. you see, just like a rock star, Joan. ta, ta. my guess was that she was on acid.

and speaking of rock, I haven't heard any more on the Rolling Stone situation from KREEM or Atlantic records, so it's probably off, and just as good, more time for Baggage and Bukowski to flop around, laze around together, smoke cigarettes and look at the ceiling and feel so easy good, luckily and gracefully good.