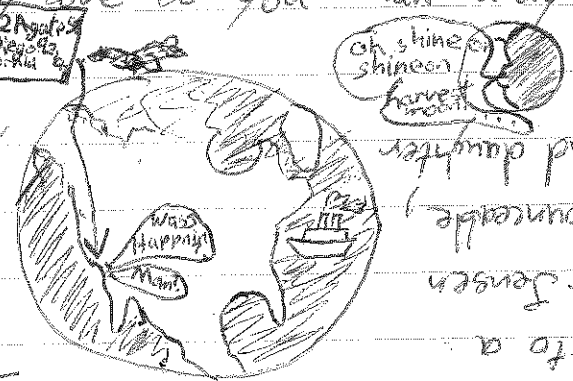


Pre Script St I think when I last wrote we still lived on Bonair St.
Our New Address is: 872 Agate St.
SD, Ca.
92109

Hello Mike

Good _____ to you. From the vantage point of a living room couch with a Rock n Roll stereo on one side and Desmond pussycat occasionally within reach on the other I am able to tell you of my recent adventures, and to express my love to you half way around the globe.

Today we went to a wedding of Peter Jensen to Julie Unpronounceable, ex-princess of and daughter of the King of Thailand, Peter's family has been friends with mine for ages, make you know Peter in high school, he's a year



older than we are, he went to M eye Tea etc.

Well, yesterday I was part of an experiment investigating daydreams. For ten hours I sat in a small room in the Veteran Administration Hospital near UCSID, writing down what I'd been thinking about every five minutes when a whistle blew. Attached to my head were electrode and a little radio box sending brain waves to the EEG-machine next door (also to Mars, Berkeley, Wichita, and Rael espore). Now they're going to rate the thoughts from Daydreams, through several intermediate categories to logical consideration of the present situation, and then see if the different sort of brain waves correlate to the different types a thinkin. Struck me as dumb, cause my thoughts ranged from one end to the other

within every five minutes but they say they'll take averages an stuff. Anyway, it was sort of interesting to find out what I thought, when I had little else to do but think. Because of my anticipating that I must describe my thoughts after 5 minutes, my flow of thoughts was interrupted and channelled by self conscious verbalisation - this also inhibited natural well developed daydreams. Most of my thoughts turned out to be depressingly uninteresting. I became quite bored towards the end. I did however learn that mantras are used to keep the verbalizing part of the mind occupied so it doesn't interfere with meditation - the trick to Auming is to always be exactly balanced between the Ahh and the mmm, thus verbalizing is licked - time stands still - and the mind escapes.

So it seems,

And
Ginger is
Growing
Henks in the
Back yard.

I've re-discovered surfing! yes just a week ago!

Ginger and I now live in a half of a duplex in North Pacific Beach. It's fairly roomy and pleasant and we're very comfortable here, we'll probably be here until next June. Except that we're going to menlow park/palo alto for a couple of weeks from about sept. 7-20 and maybe to Nor. Calif. or Oregon or what not for the week before that.

My car broke down, the rear U joint dropped out about 3 weeks ago. One day when I was going to a hardware store

to get parts for a plumbing job I was doing. So
It's being repaired at my parents' service station - they're
waiting for certain rare parts. So I had to give up my
Recycling endeavours. (which were a losing concern anyway)
but it's a bummer that people around here can't get things
recycled more easily.

I started doing canvassing for Megovern a few
days ago and yesterday Ginger said the local Megovern
Pude came around to ask if I wanted to be in charge of this
precinct - hot damn! I'll be one of these fat cat politicians
in one a them there smokefilled back rooms pretty soon.

↑
That was yesterday!

This is today!

↓
We just decided that "Alpha Beta Brand
Instant Breakfast drink" sounds illiterate, and calling it
Tang is lying even if it's similar, so we're going to call it
Bagdaddyo. Oh, yeah, the guy in charge of the
precinct came around and didn't say anything about
me taking over so he must have changed his
mind, so much for my dreams of political power.
(Ginger wanted to know if I ever write seriously
sure I curse when I write, but I'm gonna print
smore, this is too hard) But he did say that

the Boy Scouts of America at a National Jamboree or what not had a plebescite or whatever, ~~and~~ ^{they} decided to drop the Boy from their name, and they expressed their opinion that smoking marijuana is a harmless recreation.

I just stopped writing for a minute to play the blues on my trumpet - the particular song I was working on bein "Shine on", "Shine on harvest moon"...

"Up in the sky", with a lot of that nasty Rock and Roll intonation.

Well, now, it's my ~~turn~~ a different hand: writing - hope you can decyphon it. Well I've been babysitting, and I'm getting sick of kids. Little screaming monsters, whose evil machinations are Devil's work. But some are cute kids. I'm now torn (that's torn, son) between vowing never to have children, and having some right away. Neither is very likely, tho.

I've taken up several domestic arts, next I'll be able to mow and give milk. Embroidering (you should hear my stories) Macrame sewing (so-so), cooking and taking care of a house (ugh!) Now I want a maid. ~~Can't~~ Can't do all of it myself... that's why Robert

Helps me. I'm now become political and radical -
my stationery's a hidden message. The Purloined
letter.

Without lines, my writing becomes unbearable,
my printing's worse. So I'll write cursive. Damn it!

My security was shaken tonight - there really is
a cold world out there. I frighten too easily.

I'm afraid I'm not as clever at writing as
Robert is - his good at it, so I'll try not to drag
on. Maybe I shud get to ~~know~~ you better before
skitsing about, or something like that. Or maybe
I just don't do as good as Robt., because I got framed
to think in a certain way. I refuse to think that.

Am listening to a strange recording - trumpet with
a lot of thrashing around in the background (background,
son). I'm continually haunted by a nauseating
commercial. A guy, middle aged or slightly older with
a beer belly and the rest of it - A fat bigot,
is giving a play up pep talk, sounds like to a 17 yr.
old. "You're old enough to go out, and even to shave," ad
nauseum. Flash to a freckle face, spectacled 12 yr.
old. Old man gives someone's brand of deodorant
to the kid. "... so you're old enough to know
about girls, and you can use this. (or some such
crud). False laugh, big hollow and ~~was~~ strained.
"Sotto voce: "It's the best I can do for America's
women." As if - oh well. It haunts me. Why
do I think of it?

Should stop - I'm going to let Robert and
his flashing wit. Now introducing Robert

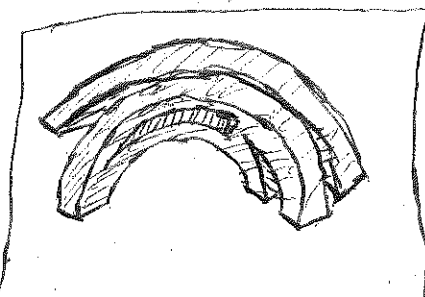
and his flashing wit! [Applause]. G.I. Herings
Robert appears, with witi'n hand, ready to perform.

the sixth Thank you, Thank you, you know a funny thing happened
on my way to the post box today.

We've put at least 71 pictures on our walls so far.
Cutout from National Geographic and such; and pictures of
Mushrooms, ~~owls~~ and koalas ~~and~~, things ginger loves; and a
couple of Record covers with pictures of flying elephants, and a
few of my old 'Psychedelik Phase' paintings. And we
Plan to put up still more.

Well, you asked me about Dusty, Don, & Steve
Munkelt. I Aven't seen Steve since we left high school, But
a few weeks ago, Dusty called and invited me to a picnic on the
beach. Ginger and I went there and Mr Lorch was there,
and, its strange you know, I can no longer see him as a

father figure, or
is different to
there, and said she
and Don was in
A while, and will
call them and



a pair of
Fuckin' As
an example from his
Pada phase which lasted
for 14 minutes every 2nd
Full moon, and occasionally longer
A pair of Fuckin' As should be called a
Fluent of Fuckin' As.

maybe it's just that a father
a grown up son. Dusty was
was living at her mom's house,
massachusetts or something for
be back soon. Hey! I should
Invite them over! Wow, yes!
And Sarah was there, kind of
Happy sad as usual, and John

Nolen - Quiet, Resourceful,
Assured - straight out of
(well not so much) the

Barry Goldwater
Handbook of upright
Americans

a Boy (capital B) Scout of
America

I will soon.
or A. The and
didn't you whole were
interesting very
I feel And didn't
That is logically tortuous
to say there
was a number of Zulus,
And preferable to state there were a number of Zulus,

seem to expect Ed be interesting
either.

Even if grammatically im correct. But then I never bother to spell so why should I worry about grammar, especially at this late date.

I just discovered that my record player goes a little bit fast. I think I know how to fix it if I send away for a part.

seventh I guess I've gotten used to it. I suspected it along time ago, but I'm sure now. oh well.

It's actually kind of funny all these Beatles and Rolling Stones and Beethoven's and so on singing a little bit squeaky.

A group of Beethoven's should be called a "Symphony of Beethoven's"

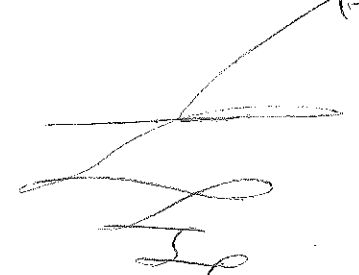
Well, Dig that Crazy Beat

love e e

Jinger

and

Edgar Allan Poe



Post Scripto - I took a letter

The last with an address - of yours - and copyed the address onto envelope - onto the Return address position! - well that's all wrong, so I send it to you - in hopes that you can use it. and oh yes

in the future I'll try to answer your letters much less tardily, or may God strike me with lightning (very gently, as a reminder)