

Dear Janice——

May 3 70

Haystack here. You know, I like hell out of that silly name. I think only from you though, because it is out of format from anyone else, or would be if anyone else used it. It is me, for you.

I didn't mean for it to sound like I thought you were going to your death by getting married. I meant that the part of me that is you is going to its death. I am sorry, dreadfully sorry for that. I will miss that part of me. Hopefully, I'll soon be a transplant patient, because as I told you, I will look for someone like you until I find her. I don't think, having known you, I could settle for anything less. I always did compare Miss L. V. to you and she just kept going down and down and down. Don't let your head get too big tho! The Graduate and On The Road and that ilk had a lot to do with it. Not as much as your image though. Or maybe things rearrange themselves upon reflection. Maybe it had nothing to do with books and movies and you. It's hard to accurately recall something thru prejudiced eyes.

You said you were disturbed. You said that ever since you have known Wayne you have wanted to marry him. And you also said that you wonder if what you are doing is the right thing. I hope so Janice, I want you to do the right thing. I want you to be happy. There has been the not so wonderful between us also and I'll take the blame for most of it because that's where it belongs. I'm sorry, but what are words. Two lines of "Sisters of Mercy" fit us right down the line I think. "We weren't lovers like that, and besides, it would still be alright." You said that we have a mental closeness. You always were good with words. I envy that.

I also remember when I used to ask you to live for the two of us while I was overseas. It's funny, but now I don't feel that need, for I feel that I am living now, for myself. A person has to draw the most he can from any situation. I realize that now, this isn't suspended animation it's a part of live, distasteful yes, but not useless.

I seem to have been saying good-bye to a lot of girls here lately. There's you, Karren, Karen, Janis, Terry, Phlo. I suppose that this should be a total good-bye, but that I'm not ready to face, so — I used to put of Brussels Sprouts till last too. (Now I don't eat them at all). Everything seems to be caving in. Look says minis and micros are on the way out. I mean, damn it, they weren't even in yet before I left! If I miss out on a whole cultural cycle I'll definitely be upset. Especially since I'm a confirmed leg man.

The nasty rumors are flying that we ain't leaving here after all. Supposedly all short timers are to be extended 90 days because of ~~the~~ the "invasion" of Cambodia. Frankly I can't see the difference. Viet Nam, Cambodia, Laos, what's the difference? It's all wrong as hell, so why

the big rucus all of a sudden? It's that national boundary B.S. again I suppose. I have only 82 days left here Janice, I've been over seas 797 days now. It's so hard to face getting that close and then having the whole thing pulled out of your reach. It's like teasing a baby or a dog. Please keep your fingers crossed for me. I don't think I could face it. I really don't.

On the other hand, just how safe is it to come home these days? I read about what's going on in Lawrence and UCLA and what have you, and the 55,000 traffic fatalities and this stuff never bothered me before. Me, a sportsman racer, afraid of traffic, ironic! I'm really getting hung up on dirt racing, enduros, motocrosses, hill climbs and so on with cycles. I got smug satisfaction in thinking, "so she's got her canoe busters, soon I'll have my real butt busters!" I just envy the capital L, capital I, capital F, capital E that you live. BE'ARE Ozarks come August!! I've got a feeling that you and I will take that ride. You got a bug, huh? Great fun! First thing you do is find a wrecked Porche and pull a swap, then..... Really, I've been giving consideration to a Microbus with a Corvair engine. With Martys knowledge about that sort of thing I'll bet he and I could pull the swap in a weekend or so. I need something to haul my bike around in, you can't ride a dirt maching on a highway too long. It's either that or an El Camino, but I'm still shopping.

That's my problem. I spend too much time debating the alternatives of things. You loose out alot. You knew what they say about he who hesitates. And not just about wheels.

Welp, I'd better quit before my fingers get permanently curled or I get any more incoherent. Give my love to everyone.

Alan

Words are only necessary
after love has gone

Steve

P.S. * Did you know that now nearly everyone in the section comes to me with their camera problems? Not useless. Ask Peggy how come Rick's a friend and I'm an acquaintance. I'm wounded!