

Dear Janice \_\_\_\_\_

May 22

Hi Corky! How are you? You wouldn't believe how hard it is for me to write you a letter anymore. Special circumstances.

Did you all get our last tape with the yucks before you left? We sure are going to miss that. It was really you wasn't it? We all had a ball. See any improvement in me? I've been working out furiously since leave. I don't want to be the "yat American".

Guess what, ya, my love beads broke. I'd really love it if you would/could get me some more. I wear those all the time and they broke in back a few times but this looks like a major fracture.

In your last note you sounded almost as disillusioned and sad as I am about the American scene. It's kind of like a test I haven't studied for - it frustrates me. I can't find anyone to side with - any group that is. Found on the news I actually saw what was happening for the very first

time. It was one of the student-construction workers confrontations in New York I couldn't believe my eyes for. It was like a medieval clash of armies. It was disgusting and infinitely sad. I almost wanted to cry. My America, where I was born and raised in the grips of some omnivorous monster. Only the monster is America. It's devouring its own tail like some grotesque cartoon. Only in the cartoons the monster eventually gobbles up everything. There can be no vacuum between Canada and Mexico and God, I hope that that monster's sharp toothed jaws aren't the only thing left. The jaws that fire .30 cal. slugs into groups of students. Students the powerful tail that switches and harasses the hated jaws.

My ~~self~~ schizoid personality manifests itself to disturbing degrees when I get to thinking about such enormous problems as are apparent today. As you, the only things I believe in are; first, my life and second the right to be happy. And grass.

I can't believe in the future of the world or America because I don't think there is much of a future in store for either. But

somehow, if you were to look at me through the darkness and gloom of all the problems I would be a shimmering candle of hope. Not faith, for I have none of that, but I do have hope. Hope is more realistic than faith. Hope is tangible, faith is not. I hope the world lasts past September 11 which is when I get out. I've got so much to do.

I feel like an arrow in flight, an arrow that is drawn taut awaiting flight, hoping the bowstring doesn't snap against such pressure and preempt flight. God I want to go! I've learned how to live where death is a daily possibility. Cause any effect?

Jack Jones, "L.A. Breakdown," how I love that song. "... I'm so lost and on my own." I've never felt so on my own. "... crippled by my failures." Smoking my first cigarette in over two weeks. You know that kind of feeling?

I start scuba classes in June, I can hardly wait!! I'm really excited about it. I've read up on it. If I like it enough and I think I will, I want to become some kind of underwater cinematographer or researcher. I'll be goddamned if I'll put

in 40 years behind a desk for a gold watch.  
 I've narrowed down my prospective living  
 areas to British Columbia and possibly  
 San Diego or the Miami - Nassau<sup>(?)</sup> areas.  
 A lot depends on what the monster does  
 in the next couple of years. B.C. is so  
 clean, virgin and - Canadian, it's really  
 tempting. I've got all kinds of stuff from  
 the Chamber of Commerce there. I'm serious  
 about it. When I hit Mr Chord I want  
 to visit the U. of B.C. and Vancouver.

Well, I've got 62 days left. I hope  
 to see you in about 63 or so. Did your folks  
 receive my letter? Give them my love and  
 Pam too!

To Euer

> Haegstach

P.S. Please write.