

7-17
(Still in Murky
Merced)

Dear Steve;

Do you mind a green pen — for green thoughts? Blue ones seem some businesslike and suit-y; Black ones are better for sketching. Just wake up from a slight nap or whatever it's called when lazy people sleep in the middle of a day — s' funny that I could sleep after talking to you — I sure as anything didn't either Saturday or Sunday nights — wonder why? Many nephews & niece are dear little people — at present are asking me to (1.) do a crossword puzzle; (2) wear a hat one of them made of a Kleenex

(over)

(5)

and (3) scratch their respective backs.

Even in my sleepy state I can still smile indulgently at them while not listening to a thing they say — a useful talent learned while babysitting. Import some, won't you please, and I'll come up to take

Merced for them — How in love I

am with the tiny bit of High Country

I met! — Odd the way mountains affect people — they seem to either exaggerate human pettinesses or to illuminate

the Bigness of people's souls — mostly the latter.

7-19

Dear Steve

All this morning I ironed the Hughes' clothes & even a few of my own — not being noble, but I'm going tomorrow & love them all & why waste me while I'm here? Anyway (and this is only what matters) through the open door came smell of rich hot blackberries and from the Yosemite clothes — the scent of hot Sierra earth & sticky pine juice (sap is such a silly word — better to be used as descriptive when speaking of slabs if necessary) and of (somehow) tobacco — All of this rose up as I pressed the iron to the pieces of cloth and filled me with such a longing & a wondering at the pungency & poignancy of it that I suddenly felt I had to have you here! To scribble is the closest way — yours

July 31 - 61

Dear Steve -

Got home yesterday & found your letter - (I stayed a week longer than I'd planned since the Hughes' were transferred suddenly to San Diego and asked me to stay & drive down with them - Mary's friends all good people and did party-type thing almost daily & nightly - [never thought I'd eat bagels] - so am quite beat, to say the least.)

Listen, my good philosophical one - you mustn't be so intense! What would Aristotle say? Surely he'd turn over in his grave (or wherever they've got him) - and yet perhaps I don't care about Aristotle - perhaps I am only overwhelmed -

