

15 Sept. 61

Dear Steve,

Hope you're home by now, after a good trip. How was the sleeping bag? Lonely? Me too!

Congratulations on your record time going down the hill! It made me envious. Our trip was so awful I hate to remember it. We didn't get down until 5 o'clock to Happy Isles. We got a ride over to the stables.

Fred has been in bed since we got home. He has pneumonia of the right lung. He went to the hospital as soon as we got down, and he had a temperature of 104° . I drove us to Bakersfield that night, and we came on to L.A. the next day.

I ran into a ratter right below Twin Bridges. We didn't kill it, so I hope no one else ran into it. I'm still dreaming

about that rigly fellow, (Freudian
key?)

I've moved into a too-expensive
one-bedroom apartment in the
snobbish Pacific Palisades.
My roommate, Cynthia, is also
a New English teacher at the
school. She's 24, an ex-TWA
stewardess, and very much
like myself. We're a wild
team. The beer cans are stack-
ing up, and we just keep
telling each other we're going to
throw them out - one day.

I sure do miss everyone
and everything - even Studebaker.
I'm only glad we all realized
what we had and that we
enjoyed it. I'm sending you a
snapshot just for the hell of
it. My own pictures are in the
mill - Judy

30 Nov. 1961

Dear Steve,

Crawling out from under a heap of juvenile scrawls which must dutifully be corrected, I sniff night air and brandy alternately. The night is chilly and squishy with rain, fine for walking, or sleeping, or writing letters.

There are lots of letters before yours which should be written, but I do enjoy writing to you. Somehow there is a bond. Perhaps because I sympathize so thoroughly with the intellectual dilemmas which you must be suffering. Philosophy always worked on me like raisins in cider, bubbling and fermenting until I wanted to beat my head against any convenient wall.

I craved absolutes — to know that all was well, that I am myself, vital, real, and egocentric. But the University will not let you be — they must steal your gods, destroy the idol, security, and tear you apart, idea by idea.

The evolution of a thoughtful

person is an intriguing - if painful - one. They do glue you back together before putting you on the rumble and sending you forth mit sheepskin. However, the glue is not waterproof or permanent, and five years later, even to the end of life I suppose, you are re-arranging and re-exploring the old ideas.

Loneliness, isolation and even perpetual unhappiness are the rewards of an academic life. If education takes, I guess you are immune to stupidity and prejudice; but you are equally isolated from the greatest majority of your own family and fellow humanity.

This is small solace, I am sure. And I am also sure that you could express these things so much more eloquently.

You comment that my correspondence betrays a reaching back. I don't think so. I cling to kindred spirits. We probably shall never meet again (alas!), but still I know you are there. I have

learned so much from you, and shared so much with you — and Kay likewise — that our friendship is not something I can easily give up.

How often my mind wanders to the wonderful dawn as we lay together looking across the lake; to the stark beauty of Vogelsang Pass; to the intrigue of the campfire; to our rowdy good humor, to wildflowers collected by a loving hand, to pain, complaint, and exhaustion.

How I relished it when you helped me to make a bed, how jealous I was when you helped Kay. The long night of talk and drink at Clyde's. The fun of unloading the mules. The animal joy of hugging and carressing, eating and laughing, breathing, swimming, working, singing. I hit you once in rage; I loved you more than once in tenderness and adoration.

All is past, but all is still with me. It is a part of me. Brandy and Bach are having their effects.
Love, Jasef

March 13, 1962

Dear Steve,

I hope springtime has reached your soul, nurturing hope and happiness.

You must come back to California. The whole state has changed. An easterner can never understand how wonderful rain is. It has transformed the dry, barren mountains into a lush garden.

Will you be back at Yosemite? I certainly wish I could return, but I must face up to my age and responsibilities. And, after all, a Tahitian honeymoon shouldn't be too hard to take. We may be able to spend a week in Sequoia during August or September too. His brother works there permanently.

We have been hiking and exploring all winter. This area is endlessly exciting. We are trying to buy some property