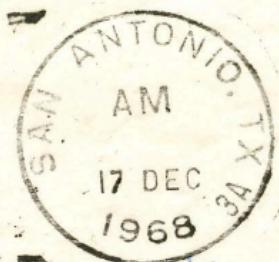


AIR MAIL



Ann Moore
1118 Villanova
Davis, California

Put Pat Clary
US56842528
Co 6 4th BN Chass 11-P
US MELTC
Fort Sam Houston Texas



Dear Ann

Hello. I'm finally writing to you. even though I don't know you. Actually, I've got a good reason to write because you've written me two letters that made me feel good, the last one made me laugh even though I was brooding about becky at the time. Still brooding right now, so don't expect me to pay back your friendly/funny letters by making you laugh. Ann as I said you are beautiful for a girl, you're the kind of girl boys go around making cow eyes at. What you're supposed to do when you catch them is say Moooo! and giggle.

IF you like the blues (any kind) you should try playing them because they're fun, they're a good noise and make you feel good or bad or however you want. Just the month before I left I began to be able to play a little. It really felt good after I'd drunk (right word) a quart or so of wine to sit and play and bemoan my fate or celebrate how cool everything was, though nothing has ever been cool. I actually don't know anything at all about music, blues just feels right to me. If you're black inside maybe you can play the blues. Beckly already told me that you play good jazzmusic. You make me feel inferior.

Once hitchhiking from Calif to Montana I spent ~~4 hours~~ talking to a white fag who picked me up, trying to get him to explain race, specifically why white men shouldn't sleep with black women or black women make love to white women. That's a pretty simple nitty-gritty question. But that guy (I guess you'd call him a white

racist) could it give me any real explanation at all. I don't understand the black/white thing, I don't understand anything really, or anybody.

Brief Interlude: dialogue

Two ~~black~~ conscientious objectors, Pvt Herbert, an episcopalian, and Pvt Batheker, a Catholic, are sitting in a corner ^{concealed by a wall} and intellectually discussing various aspects of the Virgin Birth, and its ramifications. ~~This is an interlude~~
Particular and rather heated point is being made of the doctrinal differences in this matter between their respective churches. Pvt Clary (4556842528) is sitting on his footlocker writing a letter. Corporal Combs strides into room yelling Herbert! Batheker!. Stops beside Clary.

Cpl. Combs: Clary, where are Batheker & Herbert, dammit?

Pvt Clary: Oh, they're over ~~so~~ there in the corner bullshitting.

end interlude

I'll sign off now for no reason except I have nothing more to say.

PJ