

Whiskey Is., Clayton, NY USA July 17, 1963

Dear Dave:- Your shell necklaces arrived here about a week ago. They're beautiful. I have them hanging in a bunch from a nail on the wall and love to look at them. I'm aware they're for Jenny and I will forward some or all of them to her at Camp Treetops if she gives the word. You're a Boyer and as such haven't much genius for making packages. The package with the shells fell open the minute Paul laid it on the desk. Had this not happened I would have forwarded the thing to Jen without opening, but since it came apart and I too am a Boyer and, etc., I'm holding off the loathsome task of coping with string and paper until your sister tells me she can't wait to see your present. A summer camp, full of busy little fingers, probably wouldn't be healthy for anything as lovely and fragile as these necklaces. However, I am leaving it up to JB...

What the hell kind of a "dig" did I make at Tahitian Morality? You must have misread me, boy. All I remember doing is voicing a comment about "different places, different customs". I am aware of all you say about people who Think Dirty back in this country, and the missionaries making the island people conscious of SIN and GUILT and so forth. I've spent more years than you yet have under your belt resenting the heritage of puritanism that made my parents incapable of talking to me about sex so I came through adolescence with all sorts of twisted ideas. I rage at the memory of Aunt Polly Dodge writing you a letter that advocated your remaining a virgin until marriage (sorry, that letter came creeping out of the woodwork in your room; I was about to put it back without a further look when I saw the signature and got an idea of the subject-matter and then I just had to find out what this lady had to say on a topic for which she is eminently unqualified). What business was it of hers, anyway?

Do you get inky black moods? This comes to you via the Boyers: Philip B., sr., jr. and Allie all get them and they're a headache for everyone concerned, including their wives. Thoreau is smart to go home. She sounds smart all around and looks it, too, from what I can see of the photographs. Daddy comes up again tomorrow (bringing Mr. Cheever, he says and I hope) and I'll give him that negative to see what can be done. Re your questions in the PB: Goldwater is a bunch of nonsense in my view; Daddy will give you a better-informed opinion. I like the looks of Happy too and am tired of hearing the disapproving comments. Christine is quite a morsel: even I enjoy looking at her pictures. As for DeGaulle, many people, ~~XXXX~~ including my French friends, the Arnodins, are as horrified as Thoreau. Francoise's sister wrote me that his behavior was quite "grossier" and a few other things. This was last January, when he turned down a US offer of nuclear something-or-others. Josie thought his manner of doing it was frightful -- "il a donc oublié vos braves gens qui, en 44, sont venus se faire descendre sur le sable normand?" My father knew him in England during the war and told me he had an extraordinary genius for saying just the wrong thing to everybody.

Quezatcoatl: what do you mean he was a "nasty guy"? The Indians in Mexico still light candles to him (it doesn't bother anyone that they light these candles in front of a statue of Christ or a miscellaneous saint). He is supposed to have brought the art of reading and writing to his people. After 20 years he vanished to the east, promising he'd return, which is why some Indian tribes accepted the Conquistadores, thinking their leader was the returning demiurge. As for fancy names, Quezatcoatl is nothing compared to a few others: how about Ixtliloxochitl? and Telpochtlatoque? During my visit to Mexico it was rare that I was able to pronounce anything my cousin Mary showed me.

July 18. To get things straight on just who Daddy slugged in the line of business: it was a man from the Ford Motor Company, not Revlon. Yes, he was very little, as you correctly remember. Daddy will be charmed at the idea of sending you a sample of his work, as well as a couple of those leaflets that tell what PBO does and does not do.

Guess what: I know how to juggle -- or used to be pretty good at it; I've been meaning to brush up on this and may do so while up here. By way of commenting on your "the more I read the more I realize I don't know anything: welcome to the human race (adult division). The Jung book will get to you somewhere-somewhat. Daddy recommends, as an address, c/o Sea Wyf, Apia. Don't think this a good idea of did you ask "them" to forward stuff? Yes, Jung talks of many dreams, prophetic & other wise. "So what?" is not a bad commentary on ESP -- does it exist or not? Its pre-

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sence, which to me anyway has been proven over and over again, gives me a certain amount of pleasure when I think of the big men of science who want to get everything nailed down and locked into formulas: this one eludes them and so they say it's a bunch of nonsense or else mass hysteria or whatever.

In the letter-before-last you say "I imagine it irritates you that I'm going back to Tahiti". P. Boyer says he wrote-back to GET ON With it -- the encirclement, I mean. If you care to hear my opinion, I consider this your trip and you have the privilege of deciding whether to go in zig-zags, backwards or jumping up and down in one place. Where I'd agree with your Pa is in the case that you miss out altogether on seeing India and the rest: you may spend a long time regretting this. Several people I've talked to tell me that Tahiti is notoriously difficult to leave.

Jerry Swope sent us the enclosed clipping. He was then in the hospital after some operation. Which island was it that your Canadian friend stopped at, along with the rest of you, glanced at the most beautiful scenery in the world and cried because he couldn't Do Anything About It? This feeling everyone of us has known at some time. Artists have a slight edge on the rest because they can take possession (or try) with their nasty little pencil. Mr. Ullman looking at Bora-Bora and worrying about the Times book review man is quite comical. It reminds me of Louise Foulke gazing down on Venice in all its glory and saying to Bill "next year we really must go out West".

That local method you described, in the same letter, of treating dog-bite with the hair of the dog: is this the origin of the expression reserved now mostly, by us, for hangovers and what to do about them? PB was proud of you for insisting on penicillin and other more modern (or American-European?) measures.

If I were my mother I would tell you that it's a beautiful north wind day on the River, with the water sparkling and so forth. There never existed so many north wind days as contained in her letters, which she knew were guaranteed to make me drool. Actually it's sultry, humid and a fretful wind promising a nice catastrophic thunder-storm. I got a windfall just before coming up here: some inheritance money I hadn't expected. Part of this went into a boat for me: a second-hand Lyman hull (15 feet) and a new Evinrude outboard motor (25 hp, I think). It has a steering wheel and I find it a dream. My landings are not yet very elegant but right from the first I found that Lola (tentative name; maybe I'll change it to Thoreau) didn't scare me. It much resembles that little craft Aunt Polly toots about in.

I won't bother you with River news and it's all just a repetition of every other year. No fights yet, but then we haven't reached the 15th of August, traditional date for spats. I've converted the Gloom or piano room into a studio and have been knocking away at a back-log of art work.

The other night at the Pruyns' Toni brought out her accordion to amuse a group of us with Bavarian and other songs. She had been playing for maybe 30 seconds when I noticed a flopping motion in the grass. It was a toad. During a pause I said "Look at the toad, Lee". He glanced down and then let out a whoop of joy: "why it's George! Toni, George is back!" Toni dropped her instrument, picked up "George" and laid him against her cheek. Apparently he was their pet last Sept. and Oct. This year they hoped to find him again but there was no sign of him. Toni said "I wish I'd played the accordion sooner; he loves a party".

Why are you so surprised that Ricky should have had a spell of envying you? With your itchy foot you should understand how someone else would have a longing for a far-off place, especially when described in delectable terms (yes, I know: it's no more glamorous than Creton; I've spent most of my life telling people that growing up in Paris is no more exotic than growing up in Trenton, N.J.; it's true but no one thinks I really mean it).

I'll forgive you the lack of date if you'll only furnish an address!

Love from myself and all 5 dogs (which is too many

dogs),