

August 28, 82

Dear Stuart,

Went to see parents a last time, ^{before Montana} with tape on my new radio/cassette unit on the seat singing deep Vaughan Williams. Also thinking of the Black Butterfly piece, to make it as strong as possible. So herewith, some addition which after thought I think builds it and makes the nut.

First line of story, in case my writing, always bad, does not legiblize:

"You stumble drunk from Alabama to Abalone Cove, facing Catalina."

Then I have added the last paragraph:

"So, in Abalone Cove, where the rocks do not sing, where the water washes in full of the rust from old wrecks, the rust from my sunken shotgun washing over her tanned feet, I sit still stunned by carnivorous passion when the drug runs out.

"I drank enough, I banged the walls of ~~time and space~~ space and time long enough with my lies, until I found something so good I do not have to lie about it.

"The black butterfly comes to my chest and sometimes I can even remember the woman's name."

Note other small changes, esp. the paragraphing in 2nd paragraph, page 1. That and the dash are it, as a matter of fact.

Eudora likes it in the mouth while I re~~ad~~ad my stories to her. Every now and then she comes up for air saying, "Shit, I wish I'd done that."

Etc.

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