

Tuesday -

Dearest Kai: I ~~did~~ wanted to answer your letter as soon as it came since you added a bit of sunshine to the rather dismal part of existence of the time - but I've been a sick girl - in the infirmary for over a week - and with orders since my release to stay flat on my back the greater part of the day - So I'm up and around for only a few hours a day and pretty much fed up with ~~so~~ this sort of life. This semester has been so hectic from the very beginning - if anything more happens I think I'd jump in the bay & let the sharks enjoy what's left of me. You're probably wondering what in heaven's name happened & why I'm not sensible enough to take care of myself so I won't go sick. There's much involved & telling you by ~~the~~ letter is simply out of the question. But - it can be put in a nutshell - simply by saying I worked entirely too hard - didn't get any sleep - and my heart decided to let itself go. I was never so amazed in all my life - one minute I was in the household Art Building & the next thing I knew I was in bed at the infirmary - & to add insult to injury I was in complete isolation - no visitors allowed but Lois & Paul who act as

my local parents — & had I ~~been~~ ^{been} engaged — my
finance — but that's all. All my finals have
come and gone — I've managed to take two makeups
but don't know what's going to be done about the
others — the doctors don't think I should take them
but the thought of having them hang over until
next semester doesn't appeal to me in the least.
Well — enough about myself — I'm being taken care
of — & am seeing a specialist at the end of
this week. All of this "being sick" makes me absolutely
furious — all the weight I managed to gain this
semester sort of slid off & took more with it &
now I'm thinner than ever. But I guess I
ought to be glad I'm alive.

Your letter was very informative — I do envy you,
dammit, — it really must be fun to travel
around by yourself & see & learn things. Please
tell me about glass making — what I want especially
to know is how these very delicate figures are
made — is the molten glass blown into moulds
and then pried together to make one figure or
what? Is molten glass — when blown into moulds
allowed to cool in the mould or is it taken out
so that it ~~won't~~ ^{won't} stick to it? If it's taken out, how
does the glass manage to hold the desired shape?

Incidentally, ~~you~~, you didn't answer any of the questions I asked — so I feel insulted! How about a bit of reciprocation — since in the following paragraph I shall try to answer what you asked for. — It's not a very even exchange but why should I sit and be picky about it.

Kau — there isn't anything I really want to say any more. Any sort of bitterness and heart-felt unhappiness has disappeared — I've tried damned hard this semester from the first day of classes to bury myself completely in my work & not think of those night mare-ish days of Jan. & December — my recent bed-ridden state (with lectures from every doctor in the hospital) has made me realize how much more important health is than anything else in this world that one may want. I realize now, what a complete fool I've been in completely disregarding myself — pushing on like an insane person — staying up until 2 and 3 every morning, working hard during the day — all because I felt the urge to go on & on — learning & working & trying at the same time to bury myself away from people & social activities in order to forget what had happened. You've often accused me of being a feeble person — I often think how swell everything would be if I were — Unfortunately I've never been one for decking around with every man that lauded me a compliment or asked for a date. I don't know what you're going to think of me for saying all I have — but, I think,

if you are the same man - you'll understand.
As far as forgetting you is concerned I must
admit I've been very unsuccessful - in spite
of all my desperate attempts. There's little more to
say or write - I'm afraid I've said too much
already - but please take it all for face value.

My brother came to see me the other day & told me
of your loss of moving picture camera etc. - I'm
sorry such a terrible thing happened - isn't there
any way of getting it back - i.e. don't cameras of
that type have numbers etc.?

Well - keep enjoying yourself and please tell
me more about things you see & do -
I have to go & drink some milk - damnit - I
hate the stuff - * 2 quarts a day are just 2
quarts too much.

yours
Zally
Stimule



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