

that he will not say it with his lips, because these have decayed long ago. No doubt you will say - "in all this long time I have pretty well exhausted Richard Rose's repertoire of half-baked scientific facts, pornographic & sadistic imaginings (annoying when the organ has gone the way of all flesh), smart rejoinders, convoluted conjectures, wishful thinking, childhood & baby memories" --- who knows? perhaps one or two loving & altruistic wishes that didn't quite reach action ---

- well, "here I am, Richard Rose, still me, more bored with "me" than ever in 19,609,999,999,999,999,980 years since my death." But still hanging on! still full of fight and only

∞ - 19,609,999,999,999,999,980 years still to go -----

That's a cinch. Soon get to $10^{100,000,000}$ years & then to $10^{10^{10}}$ & so on -----
oo-here I come!

SEPT 1, 1960 "Is it just the knowledge of our nothingness?"

Just the opposite.

"What are your plans for the future?"

No plans while Richard Rose is assing about in the preliminary stages with spurts of correspondence ---

When Richard is ready to dip one toe in the ocean I will tell him what to do.

"If you wish I can visit you."

Well I have a nice place here (on 12 acres) but since neither my wife nor I are young we find entertaining a chore except in the case of close, congenial friends - & frankly, right now, you would be a pain in the neck. There is much delight here (there are 3 artists, my wife, my teacher & myself - in 3 houses, 2 close & 1 half a mile away. I can "work" as well by mail as personally (better: so do not need to make this a place of residence for students as I once contemplated. All this is purely friendly & no question of money or gifts ever arises - what we are dealing with transcends such things.

When you are a bit "housebroken" so to say - if ever you get that far & you are only hanging on by your eyebrows now - then you & I can meet and chuckle over the long and bumpy road - sometimes a short road but always bumpy.