

July 19, 1963

Dear Paul:

I am sending you a copy of Eco Contemporáneo where, as you will see, we march together in one common doom. But first and foremost, many congratulations for having found an innocent companion to share the pangs of conscience and the thousand natural troubles that are man's lot in this life. Do I sound pessimistic? Believe me I am. After having been to the dentist who threatens to pull all my teeth away trying to convince me that false teeth are really much prettier, they shine more and they have the advantage that you can wash them upside down and down side up in the basin with your two hands. Alas, these are the logical conclusions of technological civilization. Very soon they will be advertising the convenience of changing one's legs to orthopedic ones. But don't get wet.

I am glad you have finally decided to sit down and do an honest day's work by which I do not mean your cushy job with that lawyer you have discovered which sounds a feat worthy of Columbus. I mean, you have decided to do something about poets. Becoming as I did rather impatient with the time you seem to be taking about the article which promises to be ready in a future reincarnation of mine, at least, I took the liberty of asking a local poet by the name of Lee Holland to write about and select three American poets. He has the article already written and the poets he selected are Gary Schneider, one of which I remember is Zukovsky and the third I can not exactly remember but I think it is also a Polish name, may be Orlovsky. Anyway, let this not be an excuse as regards yourself. I still expect you to send me your article and selection which would make an interesting pendant and may be contrast with Holland's article. What you can is reduce the number to three, instead of five, as I have suggested. Yourself and two others of the cool world. The Black Mountain boys. May be Oppenheimer or Leroy Jones. It is up to you. The only thing I insist is that you try to reach me before I have been reborn in an even ruder shape. I hate poodles, if not cats.

I received the poems from Clayton Eshleman, the translations from Vallejo. I sent him my suggestions already.

Mr. Paul Blackburn
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At the end of this month I am travelling to Colombia and hope to get in touch with the Nadeistas. Another thing. I received a beautiful letter from Henry Miller giving me a warm welcome to the United States. He was favorably impressed by an article I wrote about his correspondence with Darrell.

Well, Paul and Sara, hope to hear from you soon. Write more frequently. You are missed. All the best.

Rafael Squirru
Director
Department of Cultural Affairs

Enclosure