

February 16, 1970

Dear Dad,

I think it's the sixteenth. In any event it's Monday and at least that is reassuring - leaving Tues, Weds, and so on before I've finished wasting a week. I got your dated packet, which didn't exactly remind me to write, but it was a goad.

To continue the "I'm sorries" will you forgive me for writing on jellow-or is it yellow~~ed~~ paper? I'm drinking port, which is three-quarters Portugese wine and one-quarter brandy, and this port, since it is tawny and hence properly aged, is quite good. Also, not too expensive. All of this is a way of explaining why the keys on my typing machine are occasionally out of place.

I am currently employed in the process of getting a job. I've discovered that getting a job is as much an art as say planing a party. I had a shitty morning, but the day turned tail on me at three when I met the career planning counselor at columbia, who is fantastic and is working with me on a new (or somewhat new) technique for vocational training which concentrates on getting me to actualize my personal past puccesses into future successes. When I'm done, I won't look for a job; I'll interview employers.

Vicki was very happy with her visit with you and Billie. She feels very much that she's aquired a lovable father and ~~and~~ ^{our} mean wicked step-mother-in-law.

Much love,



joel