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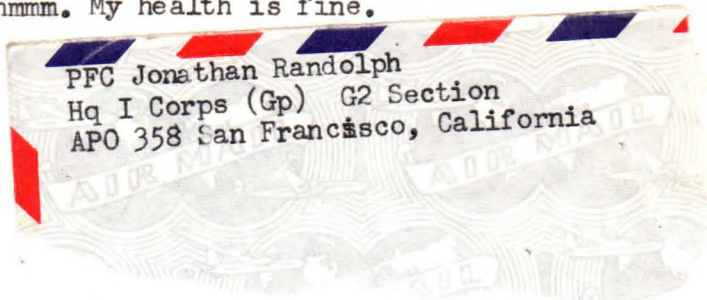
Dear Bill (Willy),

I think that this is a most singular way to refer to one's self. It must get a little awkward in quick conversation, or do you just drop the parentheses and substitute an hyphen? Anyway I am glad there is someone else who is having trouble with his nickname. Being referred/occasionally as Hillbilly has nothing on the problems that I face. Willy, Bill, Bill-Willy, etc all have some relation to William. The whole thing is fairly logical. Not so Jonathan and Terry. I am beginning to loathe Terry. In my stuffy way I rather like Jonathan. Logically there should be no problem. However, I cannot bring myself to say that my name is Jonathan and/because ~~no one else can bring~~ no one else can bring himself to use it. They invariably use John which in comparison makes Terry the most euphonious and desirable name imaginable. The other alternative is Randolph or Randy. Bad. Actually the Randolph ploy is the one that I have adopted as the Army is pretty much a last-name organization. Thus I can sidestep the problem, if I stay away from members of the opposite sex (I am not quite so gung-ho, RA, Special Forces, as ~~to be excited by the melifluous cooing~~ to be excited by the melifluous cooing of my surname). In Korea, believe me, this is not hard to do. Thus the problem is not acute yet, but I know what it will be like when I get out (in 21 months) and I shudder.

Wesley Antick

Other than this psychological problem of changing my name, a problem, really, akin to the whole question of identification, a theme that occurs in so much of our modern theatre (the identification papers in the "Caretaker"), Oh, when I realize that in my little struggle here in Korea I symbolize the insecurity and alienation of modern man, the meaninglessness of life, the east-off bonds of custom, the severed roots of traditional stability, the.....

hmmm. My health is fine.



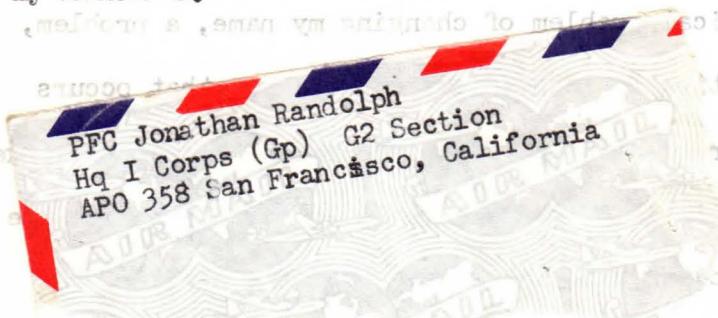
Dear Billy (Willie)

I do not know how you canface another three years of school. The thought of ever going back is enough to make me pale. At the moment I doubt that I will, knowing full well that I will come to my senses eventually and finish. However, I feel strong in saying, and thinking that I think that I won't.

I really was quite surprised to get your letter. One of those things that I meant to do, in my usual half-hearted way was to get down to that miserable city of yours and see you, Johnny Lang (spell?), and Shreve Schofield (he dropped in one day in the middle of my first or Freshmore--Oh the rampant insecurity of an Advanced Standing student at Harvard--year). Obviously I never got around to it despite my good intentions and now everybody is graduating, and from college yet. I really can't believe it. I am in mortal danger of becoming overly sentimental at the moment. I keep seeing inner-tube sail-boats.

Robert Kennedy's trip did not inspire me. In fact I never knew he was even here at good old Camp Red Cloud until he was ready to leave, and even then I saw not so much as the tracks of his limousine. The only official word I got on the subject came from the Pacific Stars and Stripes, which merely reprints AP or UPI blurbs. I really have nothing to say on the subject.

What, by the way, is your brother doing? He was always a favorite of my mother's.



Jonathan - Terry