

P.S.

Keep us posted on your European visits as I get over annually now.



HOTEL NETTUNO

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Dear Col + Lisa HARPER

2 March 1962

Well goddam, you'd try anything! Let's hope he grows up to be as original a poet as his pop. No need to tell you the brats are worth the trouble, though god knows they stress the heck out of one. Just got word my pretty demure little Katie knocked out her tooth in a fall, & my John is on crutches from a skiing accident. Little kids, little problems. Sure would love to see you kids. How about doing a little research & finding out if there is any area where the natives live so be old enough (40-60) to get heart trouble, what they eat, & how accessible they are to examination. We are

rolling well here, examining a large sample of PO valley farmers to follow for
some years in parallel with samples in U.S., S. Italy, Dalmatia, Slovenia,
Finland, Holland, & Japan. After pretty well excluding heredity, smoking,
& "stress", diet & physical activity seem to be the most significant
factors in "mode of life" causing large differences in coronaries
between populations.

Had a delightful trip over, having missed my Paris
flight, with a 1st class seat courtesy Juan Trippe who was
aboard, good scotch, lobster, 10 cru wine, etc. & Sterling Moss as
seatmate. We solved the physiological problems of prolonged heat
& stress of big car racing, of the creative passions of man, of
marriage with intelligent women, etc. Saw the alps for the
1st time from above, stark white & naked, really a fine
spiny curve through Europe, & site of such great drama,
history, tragedy & pleasure. Mt. Blanc had a fine
beet & we passed within 1000 meters of the summit.
Am going back to Courmayeur in 2 weeks to see



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whether the magic is still there, & if
so, whether the ^{Belmonte} legs will take
me to it.

I have nothing much to say about
Bologna, mainly because I'm too damn
fried with our rough schedule to
prowl about as I once did. It's so
painful to lose that sensitivity & curiosity
of earlier travels. It's safe to say I won't
lose 20 pounds as I did in Jugoslavia,
as the most interesting thing here is the
food - lasagna, good main dishes, bubbly
local wine. We work at Cevalcore, still
a strong Red area, & eat in the local
Communist Trattoria, but what meals, & we
de-emphasize the American direction of the

study, calling ourselves the "Commissione Internazionale per la
Prevenzione delle Cardiopatie."

Since our time together we replaced mountains by
jazz and am cutting a popular figger in Twin Cities circles
with my new Soprano Sax, a la Bechet. We play in the back
of an old auto garage, delightful orgies all nite long with
2-300 people, students, pro musicians, doctors, & other riff
raff filing in & out. I am setting this little albergo on its
own to practicing, & hope to meet later & other old assoc-
iates of the late Bechet on my return through Paris. Spent
a delightful evening to Jack Lucas (Fredrick Carleton English prof), a
Jazz & Art Critic, free lance, in Rome. You should look him
up if you are ever there & he would be a good contact for you,
literary-wise. Spent an evening in his terrazzo penthouse, one
wall of records & books, another of letters & portraits (Ezra Pound, etc),
another of pornographic Greek vases, & another of glass looking
over Rome. A shaggy, anti-conventional, vulgar but sensitive,
& altogether delightful chap. In fact, excusi, he reminded me of
Harper. Regards to all three. Yours.