

Ebert

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AÉROGRAMME • PAR AVION

P.S. - Note new address; I've moved into an apartment at last. R.

May 11, 1966

Greetings!

Which may seem a strange way to open a letter, but will perhaps supply a clue to the direction of my thoughts in this Year of Vietnam 6. Ever at my back I hear Local Board 11 drawing near. There are about three or four alternatives at the present moment. I have applied to two graduate schools (Chicago and George Washington). I am seriously considering the Peace Corps. And, of course, I could go into the army and get the damn thing over with. Thanks very much for your letter to Chicago; I haven't heard anything yet but I'm not terribly optimistic, since Chicago is apparently one of the hardest grad schools to get into. The application to George Washington is another story. I was offered a job as research assistant to James Reston, of the New York Times Washington bureau, contingent on a draft deferment for the next year. The only legitimate way to get that is by staying in grad school, and so I applied to George Washington. We shall see. The Reston offer is a good one, but has some bad implications. First is that I'd have a full-time job and also go to school full-time. Second is that it might get me out of English and into journalism again just when I thought I'd buried that ghost. I hope to get into Chicago.

Noel Coward is so sick that a bad review wouldn't kill him.

Speaking about reviews; the only one I saw was in Spectator. The lady (I believe it was a lady) did not appear to have gotten much past the jacket blurb. She employed a sound critical principle, however: if you're not going to read the book, never review it on the basis of the publisher's blurb, because you might make a bad mistake and expose your deception. Instead, review the blurb about the author. If he's ever had a Guggenheim, that's all you need to know. Pow! (You see that reviewing for the Chicago Daily News has been good training for me. But what am I to do when they send me John O'Hara 900-pagers and need a review in a week? Besides, everybody can write the basic review of an O'Hara book in his sleep.)

The Vietnam war is rotten. I see we're going to compensate the families of the innocent bystanders murdered this week when Americans opened fire after the mine went off. If we compensated the families of all the innocent bystanders in ~~in~~ that tragic war, we'd have to give up our color TV sets.

Richard McMullin is giving away the Prophecy Edition of the New Testament (cross-indexed to show how Old Testament prophecies were fulfilled) to any Jew who wants one. Sanford Golding hasn't gotten his copy yet.

But Golding read at our last Literary Miscellany'. He read some (spelling?) Jockul Heifitz (phonetic) or something, and several other modern poets. Randall Jarrell, Robert Lowell. We had another reading, the fourth, last night. This time, no bass, drums or Waste Land. Ron Szoke read a couple of short stories, three local poets read, etc.

You don't have to be protesting anything to have a protest rally--do you? Anyway, they were about the Kam's raid. Nothing more recent has come up in that department.

Now about the English department. I really don't know very much. Apparently Lenoard Dean is loved and hated, severally, by 50 percent of the faculty. Moake has resigned as head of the rhetoric instructors in protest against

Dean's policy that graduate students should hurry up and get their degrees and not sit around making rhetoric instructorship a career. There's more to it than that, but I'm simplifying. I guess a certain number of people are leaving; Golding and Ornstein, for two, although I'm not sure either case has anything to do with Dean. Ornstein is going to Western Reserve, reportedly so that his wife, a harpist, can play in the Cleveland orchestra.

It sounds as if you've had a burst of creativity! I'm particularly interested in mention of the plays, because you said nothing about them in January and I didn't know you ever wrote plays. As for the Curley Underground, if it's anything as efficient as the London Underground you have nothing to fear. I'm going to read Saccovanzetti

FIRST FOLD

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SECOND FOLD

at the last literary evening this season, I guess. I really like that story. (Double take: I just remembered that you were working on a play, based, as I recall, on the man who came under suspicion during the hunt for a dead child. Is that the one?)

I'd love to be in London now, needless to say. Not much is happening here except that the place is absolutely crawling with movies. Citizen Kane was shown Wednesday night by the Illini Union. Cinema International has actually shown such "underground" movies as Scorpio Rising and The Brig, despite a protest by the projectionist that the former was obscene (he said homosexual motorcycle orgies weren't his cup of tea). The air letter form is no more, so--

Write if you get work. *Rozu.*