

September 17, 1966

Dear Roger:

Just testing to try to get the range. I hear your name mentioned from time to time. Ebert is at Chicago. Ebert is at the SUN. Ebert's column last year.

It is terrible to be back. Mad students have already found me out. Appeals from the AdHoc Committee pour in. I got so depressed that I even wanted to write some direct propaganda. I thought I might burn my draft card but that is a gesture no one pays much attention to. I thought (in a purely hypothetical way) of burning myself. But although Buddhists seem to dig a burning Buddhists, Americans would know that a burning American was a nut. I tried to come up with something that would really get to an American audience and I evolved a happening in which I burn my automobile. It should be put on on Dad's day in the stadium. I don't seem, in other words, to be able to come to grips with the mess in the proper terms.

Did I tell you about meeting Wesker at last because Sean was dating his
son
nephew, ~~daughter~~ of a woman in the trilogy?