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Jan. 30

Dear Dan,

Trumpets and alarums! I'm out!

Having worked myself into a suitably depressed state of mind over the past several months, I sold my car, moved out of my apartment, stored my books, and went down to be inducted into the Army. To my considerable surprise, I was rejected in the induction physical as being overweight (a matter of nine pounds, tribute to good English beer I'm sure) and over-age. Apparently the story is that while draft boards continue to supply people of my age, the Army is not particularly happy to have them.

In any event, I am now back at work. It sounds from your letter that you are also back at work, and that is good. It's just a damn shame you're having difficulties with magazines; there's a not-so-good magazine here in Chicago that might be just the thing, if it continues to improve, in a year or two. The name used to be Omnibus, and it runs all the FM listings, etc. About 80 pages, a glossy monthly. But bad. A year ago Jay Robert Nash (who used to run the Chicago Literary Times, inherited from Hecht), ~~man~~ who has a novel coming out this spring, took over the editorship, changed the name to Chicagoland, and has started buying good fiction, poetry and articles. The thing is, the magazing is still not good enough to justify sending your work to, but it does pay fairly well.

Oh  
good

But why am I telling you all this?

I was asked by Esquire to interview Paul Newman, and did, and sent the article to them although I think it not so good. I am working on another long article, applying the auteur theory with a straight face to Russ Meyer, the king of the sexploitation and skin-flick genre. You of course will recall his The Immoral Mr. Teas, which Leslie Fiedler compared to Chaplin.

I hope to get over ~~to~~ Europe sometime this winter or early spring. On going into the Army, I was paid something like five weeks of vacation. Now that I'm out, I have to take the vacation--and will, of course. Perhaps we could share another Guinness at the Spainard's Inn yet.

The weekend in Denmark (sounds like a movie title somehow) sounds as if it will eventually accumulate the trappings of legend ~~around it~~. Already I find you referring to it ~~in~~ as the Great Visitation, ~~which~~ which will strike just the right note when your selected correspondence is published in Encounter. The thing is, you should write more often to Stephen Spender; I gather he reprints a few more Orwell letters everytime he misses a deadline.

The studio/gymnasium sounds magnificent. Imagine, when nothing is going ~~mmmm~~ right and the words won't come and frustration is ~~mm~~ boiling up, being able to take a few ~~m~~ swoops back and forth in the air on that rope to clear the mind. A tonic indeed.

As to your illness; you mention lying flat on your back but being unable to roll over without urgent john calls. Did you try flat on your stomach? Let nature and gravity work with each other, I say. . . .

and none to<sup>o</sup> cleverly either.

I have not done anything at all interesting for weeks except wait for the Army, an occupation that has a numbing quality to it. Now that I no longer have the Army as an excuse I am going to have to get involved again, get alive, look up those Chicago architectural landmarks I keep meaning to see, eat in the Assyrian-American Restaurant, learn how the Japanese prepare sunomono and all of that.

~~Member~~ I am still, I see, officially a member of the ~~Member~~ British Film Institute and the National Film Theater, but my membership expires on May 31. I took it out a year ago as a sort of private promise that I would return, and now it looks as if I will indeed be able to go to the movies and amortize my investment. I will do that with a great deal of relish. But I will have to do it before May 31. Are you all going to be in London then? Or, in any case, is there a period when I should definitely not plan to come because you'll~~ll~~ be away?

Roger

P.S. It occurs to ~~me~~ to propose an expedition to Venice while it is still ~~mm~~ cold and rainy and unpleasant and empty of tourists. The Trans-Orient Express, or whatever it is, ~~going~~ from Paris to Vienna and then it's just three hours by train down to Venice. I know three good pizza parlors and a little four table/ eight chair family bar that plys you with scampi and octopus while you're getting drunk. When I was in Venice in December 1965 I assisted the family in painting the ~~john~~ john and I imagine it will be needing another coat soon. We ~~would~~ would of course avoid Harry's Bar and buy no glassworks in Murano.

until

Soes