

Ebert

2204 Vawter

Urbana, Ill.

U.S.A.



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12/7/37-70

2204 Vawter Drive
Urbana, Illinois
18 March 1966

Dear Curleys,

Happy Saint Patrick's Day! Presume Nelson's column in Trafalgar was spared. Most popular Irishman in local pubs was O'Grandad.

Urbana is as always. Ron Szoke liked a movie the other week, but otherwise the same. Richard McMullin wrote another letter to the Daily Illini, telling the story of a "young Jew cab driver" who, informed by his evangelical passenger that he, personally, bore the guilt of Christ's death, stopped the cab in midtown Manhattan, and "oblivious to the traffic jam he created, experienced then and there a conversion and redemption to Christ." Richard adds a P.S. that he is considering returning as a messiah (honest) to Illinois.

Oblique, the literary magazine, sponsored a literary evening in the K-Room the other night that was a surprising success. Jane Lewis read her poetry, Prof. Kerrigan Prescott read *The Waste Land*, Fritz Plous read Mencken, Auden was read, and Mike Holloway read his poetry-to-be-accompanied-by-a-bass-and-timed-by-stopwatch. Brought his own bass and stopwatch. This is Illinois? *100 people came!*

The Thunderbird Theatre is open, showing *Juliet of the Spirits*. A luxurious place. Secretary of State Paul Powell's raiders raided Kam's, and carted away 100 students to the driver's licence office, where they were held until 3 a.m. Saturday morning. This was two weeks ago. Not a single conviction grew out of the raid, but Powell's chief raider has now resigned after the Daily News found he had 13 arrests and was padding the expense account. Now they're auditing the books in the Secy of State office. Doesn't pay to mess with Kam's, brother. *We had two great protest rallies.*

My very best regards to Mike Butterfield and family (or is that too hasty--wife, then). Glad to hear they looked you up. Hope you're enjoying each other's company. They're great people (which is the same thing I told them about you all).

I'm taking $4\frac{1}{2}$ units in grad school and hope to get my M.A. in August. Then maybe I'll go to Wisconsin and study African English literature, or to Pennsylvania and study American Civilization, or just possibly to Viet Nam.

Well, good luck on the book. I haven't heard a word here apart from your letter, in which you said you hadn't heard a word. Is there a progress report yet on the new novel, which at last report was in the agent's or publisher's hands?

Just finished In Cold Blood. I dunno, I guess it's good. It's certainly written in cold blood. Stanley Kauffman was both right and wrong in the *New Republic*. He's wrong when he says it's overwritten, affected, etc., and right when he says it's a damn good account of a crime. If everybody would forget about Truman Capote and his *Electric Flying Non-Fiction Novel Grandmother*, and would just read the book, things would be more sensible.

over for important advice

FOLD SIDES OVER AND THEN FOLD BOTTOM UP
MOISTEN FLAP WELL AND APPLY PRESSURE TO SEAL

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Important advice: This is in regard to the London boy problem. I'm sorry that Mike Butterfield is married, expecting etc. The story about the Poor Girls Who Have No Big Brother to Scout for Them, etc., touched my heart. My advice is that said Poor Girls had better scout for themselves and catch said London Boys, because one thing you gotta say for Wilson, he hasn't declared war on Vietnam yet, and if they settle down in London there's at least some chance of having a normal life, etc., raising kids, etc., etc. Here, plans are impossible and everyone is sitting on a powder-keg. I've been reclassified I-A. The draft board said it was because there was an "interruption" in my college enrollment. I demurred. They asked where I was from Nov. 1965 to Feb. 1966. I explained I was a fulltime student at Cape Town and that the Cape Town summer vacation began in Nov., at which time I hurried right back to enroll at Illinois in Feb. Explained about southern summer. Draft board lady commented: "Those Africans!" (Local board not responsible for orbit of earth) So stay in London! God, I wish I ~~were~~ with you! 25¢ they charge here for ten ounces of Hamm's.

I hope you didn't give Marvin Cohen my address. I think he could smell dinner cooking transatlantic.

But he was an interesting guy. Maybe he's a genius. You never can tell. D is now married (he married his home town Mattoon high school sweetheart) and is at the Graduate School of Journalism. So write off another potential Hemingway. I dunno, I rather thought ~~he~~ would break away from Mattoon and/or journalism and stay in English. He kept making motions but he never quite succeeded.

You were right about the English Dept.

Best regards,

Roz.

SECOND FOLD

FIRST FOLD