That Capitol, stand fellow of the rotating
Whitewash, named like Olivier like a German
Poet - agent of the jewel whose butter is gone -
is the unseen ~~[illegible]~~ [INVISIBLE] [Getting] [illegible] practitioner, your
recent, successful adversary.

However, the yellowed bondman is like
"Have gun, will Travel", if with me. Although
no Faust, he is now separated from mephisto.
Although no Caruso, he has been ~~[illegible]~~ humming the tune
with me for five hours, and there will be more.
If it is not pure discord, then my ear was. Dense
total but song continues. Only the impressario
can decide if it is melody.

His quickie is to join me, with the most
who was to have called me the night you
spoke at Maggie's, prepared for Tom's departure
Mert

Because Jim was so paranoid about using the phone, when I persuaded Loran Hall to go to N.O. voluntarily even though he'd won the right not to in court, I used this ellipsis to let him know and that Larry Schiller had talked him into refusing. I phoned it to N.O. from Fred Newcomb's, where I'd written it on the back of a Castellano ltr to Salandria, filed under Connally, wounds.