

Phone message to Jim from LA 2/14/68

That Capital, rotund fellow of the <sup>revolving</sup> ~~rotating~~ whitewash, named like Olivier, like a German poet - agent of the jewel whose lustre is gone - is the unseen latrine practitioner, your recent invisible successful adversary -

However the yellowed loudmouth is like "Have Gun, Will Travel", if with me - Although no Faust, he is now separated from Mephisto. Although no Caruso, he has been running the saws with me for five hours, and there will be more. If it is not pure discord, then my aria was. Denial total but song continues. Only the impresario can decide if it is melody -

His Grissledw is to join me, with the man who was to have called me the night you spoke at Maggie's, prepared for Tom's department -

The verbalized LSD has expanded a number of minds. Our opera is recasting old characters and delineating new ones, like one who may have planted in the park land. In our duet, the second singer has been so overcome with remorse, so emotionally committed, he is willing to take another trip, which, I think, may not be necessary and still, others, into the past, that could be helpful. I suggest Mumu AND I discuss the casting.

A dramatic reading a week ago, to a mistress of the past, whose gone great friend ~~xxxxxxx~~ casts a long shadow from the grave, produced an exciting aria, script blended Dante and Jekyll-Hyde. You should soon have the lyrics. *on stage*  
Griselda ~~has~~ not yet arrived.