

7/8/69

Dear both,

Just realized, for the second time, I've forgotten to take the roll of color film for processing. Try again later this week. Those show it as it was shots from the back are enclosed. But your record is no better!

Hope you are as well and happy as you should be.

If you recall the contact you initiated for me, the badie, it is ripening. We've had two exchanges. Best say absolutely nothing. There is a ghosting offer not accepted or rejected! I wrote the contactor and offered them in if the fruit ripened. No response. I've not made it easy for the badie, which seemed to me the best approach, and I've not given offense.

Until I know what the material is, I can have no interest in ghosting. Once I do, I may not. Already it is clear, however, that hate is a pervading emotion.

I'm told my letter never reached the senior badie. It also has not been returned. I would presume this is not G.I.

Work proceeded rather expeditiously until the end of last week, when I had what the hospital called something or other due to the heat. Now I was not at all bothered by the heat, then or earlier. So, I presume it is the same something or other without heat. Doctors apparently consider their patients incapable of understanding a diagnosis, so I didn't get it. From the symptoms, I'm presuming it is exhaustion. The treatment (without post-treatment injunctions) was a shot of phenobarbital. About two hours later I fell into a good for me record-breaking 10-hour sleep and I've been even more pooped since. Next night I made 7½, next 6½. But I'm taking it easy, reading and not working, but writing required letters as they come in. The ms addition is now about 35,000 words and I'm just getting into the hot part. Far as I've gone I think it is persuasive. Not having read any of it make this belief easier to hold! This far, nothing remains of Quie, the British lawyer, first U.S. ditto, and I'm in Foreman's guts now, telling the story in terms of each villain. When I finish with F and the judge I get into the evidence, and there is where I'll have best fun.

In several days of part-time thinking of the offer, a racist principal, me the writer and a black agents strikes me more and more as a natural switcheroo. Not impossible. All other scheduled work is in the Tobacco Road spirit, which will have no more meaning than Blair. (I call his chapter Trumpets Blair.)

Hope it's wonderful. Best from us both.