

Hi Laura --

Here's my play. I'll be anxious to hear what you think about it.

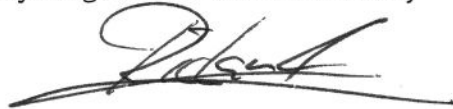
I'm well into my new play, tentatively titled -- Mad Dance -- about an on again off again on again off again love affair beginning in 1919 and going all the way up to the present. Among other places it's set in the post WWI socialist scene in New York up to the Sacco Vanzetti trial to WWII and the McCarthy era in Hollywood and so on. (Sounds like a sweeping epic TV mini series, eh?) Anyway, I'm having tons of fun working on it, reading people like Dos Passos and St. Vincent Millay's letters to get a feeling for the time and place, walking around NY to see if a certain brownstone mentioned is still standing, etc.

Yale. I'm applying to Yale grad school. Waddaya think about that? I heard there's pretty girls there so I figured what the hell. Allan did okay there, didn't he? Isn't that where he fell in love with Margaret? (Wham. Ouch.) Seriously, I do want to go to Yale. I want to immerse myself in all that intensive training. I don't see how I can lose by it really. I feel I have a pretty good foothold in the biz at this point (make that a toehold), and I can still have plays produced while I'm away at school so I don't think I'll be losing ground. Since you were there perhaps you'll have a few words of wisdom for me, but in the meantime would you please write me another letter of recommendation? I'm enclosing a copy of the letter you wrote for the NEA (which was terrific) in case you don't have a copy ~~\*\*\*\*~~ and in case you want to re-use any of it.

That's it. No, wait! Balm in Gilead -- lousy. Kipling -- worse. Also saw a play called The Foreigner, with your friend Mr. Heald (he was quite good, I'm sorry to say, in Henry V in the park this summer, by the way). The play was most enjoyable despite being completely meaningless (The Foreigner, that is, not Henry V -- ho ho ho).

That's it. Goodbye. Hope all is well with y -- Wait, one more thing -- I noticed you did Slab Boys (nice flier), I'd be interested to hear how it went. Now then -- Hope all is well with you and Allan, the smiling young dogsters and the Back Alley. All for now --

your playwright-out-of-residence,



P.S. Could you send me the Anderson's address? I lost it and would like to send them a Christmas card. Thanks.