

September 3, 1966

Dear Sam,

I trust that all is well with you up there in Boston, working for the Cause. I believe everyone should have some sort of Cause, even if I don't believe in it and many others do not.

My cause is ~~po~~ Poetry, and I still wish it were yours as it used to be in college, along with you present political interests. You were one of the best poets I knew in those days, and one of the few poets whose ~~lines~~ lines I can remember from time to time - a line here, and a line there, liked "You laughed and I remembered it for weeks." I think that is a sign of talent. There are about twenty million poets ~~with~~ writing and giving readings in N.Y. now - or so it seems. And they all seem to be giving readings at the Folklore Center. But not one line can I remember from any ~~other~~ their collected drivel.

I have been giving a few readings and perhaps my star is rising at long long last. This latest is the ~~first~~ first I or perhaps anyone else has given uptown, in the fashionable East Side belt - and we hope to attract a glittering crowd - or at least half-way so.

I have also written a new play lately called "Grow With Me!", in collaboration with Howard Greenberger. Remember - he was the fellow who saw me off on the boat to Italy years ago. You and he were the only ones, and I count you both as among my closest friends.

Howard wrote the story from which I adapted the ~~play~~ play and he is currently revigins it with me. A big ~~Broadway~~ Broadway agent named Micahel Hartig read it in rough draft and he thinks it is touched with genius. Wow!. He and Howard are going to give it to people like Tony Richardson and Alan Schneider after it is re-typed.

In the past year I've had plays done at the La Mama Cafe and the Chelsea Theatre Center - but these are ~~what~~ what people now call off-off-~~Broadway~~ Broadway and not the absolute big time.

Perhaps you are right and humor is my forte. My plays are essentially ~~x~~ tragic, but the laughs are always there. And in my poetry readings I sometimes convulse the audience.

I would like to right much more but I can only ~~fit~~ fit one page into this invitation envelope. More in another letter.

Try to make it to the reading and perhaps we can all get together for coffee afterwards - the Old and Aging Bunch.

Bob