


c/1978

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PAPERS


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Dear Tada:

With shame I see that I hadn't even answered your last letter and now another. I've been sliding coorepsondence to finish my mystery novel. Now that's done. So I am free to move on.

I wasn't aware that someone stole the 9100 block in White Center--and after living there all that time. I too revisited the old house, when we were filming out there--a movie called Kicking The Loose Gravel Home which has been bought by National PBS and which should be shown this winter some time--I hope you get to see it. The guy who lives in that house now let us in--though we didn't shoot inside--and several changes had been made. The addition in the back you speak of is actually the back porch walled. I did a poem out of that experience called Doing the House which should appear in a book I will hopefully publish next year. My God, how could you have possibly found A Run Of Jacks? That has been out of rpint for years and years. Several of the poems will appear in my Selected Poems next year and almost all of them in my Collected Poems in 1980 or 1981. The Seola Misspelling was a typo but I slipped up on Carbonado. I'll also have a prose book coming out enxt spring, on creative writing.

And shame on you, Tada, for not knowing Longfellow Creek when you practically lived on it. I saw a highschool boy on TV in Seattle who lived three blocks from the creek and didn't know it was there. I fished it when I was a kid, over and over. My late cousin Warren caught a nice one there. We also caught a lot of crawdads.

I saw John this summer. We went to see the Yankees play the Mariners. John endures bette than anyone, I think. What a dear dear man he is.

It's wonderful to hear from you and to have such an old friend be also such a dedicated fan. I think that means more to me than a million unknown readers would--except for my mystery which I hope sells millions of copies. And many thanks for the White Center book--Jesus, isn't the writing in it awful?

The year in Scotland was a good rest and I got some poems written, as well as two drafts of the mystery. Well, I fancy that all this is leading to a grand reunion in Seattle in a couple of years. For let's face it: it has to be in the cards, doesn't it. Your letters, you, mean much to me?

John

Rich