

KAY SWIFT
9700 YOAKUM DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

April 9th

Dearest C.J.,

My long silence is not only as regards you-it has extended to everybody else, and is mainly due to the fact that I have been working on a book. You get all written out and can't even write your name, I find... But I have missed you very much and am hoping to see you before too long now. Either here-if you come out-or in NY, whither I shall hasten as soon as I get a signed contract of some sort ~~here~~. There'd probably be a stretch of a week or two after the arrangement was made.

This little house is such a joy that I am more grateful than I can say for your help in having made it possible to live in it. No job having come my way since the fall, the going hasn't been as easy as I hoped. But it's taught me a lot, and I wouldn't swap the past months for any I've ever had. I'll tell you all about it when I see you... I have come a long way in the past year, and feel more on the beam than ever in my life. Anything that has been difficult, I see now, has always been just the result of a block in my own thinking, plus a lack of listening for the spiritual guidance that never lets you down if you follow it.

What do you think? April seems to be about to have a baby-next October, that is. She sounds happy about it-and I am sure it is the best thing that could have happened to her. Of course I shall be on hand then-since she seems to want me very much. And I should like to get back and take a look at her sooner if my job comes through. I know it will, somehow-it looks like a good prospect. I have a new agent now...

Never having tried to fool you in my life, dear C.J., it would be less than frank if I didn't tell you that I have fallen in love in the past few months. But although I imagine I shall eventually step off with the guy (whose name is Hunter Galloway) I shall take no action until I get the green light from some central source—just as I got it when you came out before, and I left Faye...

Faye, by the way, is happily remarried—to a woman with a chain of drugstores—and feels perfectly friendly, according to a wire I had not long ago. The kids still write most affectionately too. So, just as you told him, life or fate, or whatever, takes us into the right channels eventually, regardless of how unlikely that looks when we're down. I'll never forget that session in my lawyer's office, nor how thankful I was to have you with me. It was a right moment if there ever was one. ...Nor do I regret having spent those six years with Faye; they were wonderfully different and enriching.

This sounds damned philosophic and more than a little smug—but I hope you won't find it so. I am so lucky, having this house and my poodles (the female, Ruby, has just given birth to a fine littler of 3, sired by dear old Porgy, aged 11) and work in the offing, plus a book in the writing. (The book, by the way, concerns the paralyzed veterans at Birmingham Hospital, into whose condition my collaborator and I have been making a survey during the past months; I started going out to spend time with them about a year and a half ago, and we have some interesting material that we're building into a novel and, I hope, a

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future picture. The "Best Years Of Our Lives"—which I hope you saw—has broken the ice for a picture dealing with our subject, I think.)

And I am luckier'n hell to have found a marvellous person to collaborate with, to say nothing of his being the guy who's tops in my picture. And some of my best friends are out here now—Mary Lasker for one—just temporarily—and Emily Kimbrough for another.

To the question "What is worth while?" that you ask, dear, I can only say that it seems to vary a lot with different people. To me it just seems to be working along and finding a way or ways to express happiness and gratitude... I get off the beam from time to time, as always—but not for as long stretches as I used to. And every time I do I get kicked right in the teeth, so perhaps I'll learn eventually to stay on it...

Andy and Kasey sound fine, from their letters. Andy is writing a lot—and continuing to work at her analysis. And Kasey is right in there pitching, as educational director for one of the CIO unions in the garment trade. God knows they could stand a little education!... Of course I am right behind her in her ideas, but sometimes it seems that there ought to be a more harmonious way to handle things than fighting for them. However, I could be wrong. Kasey is happy and in the old groove, as far as that goes.

Sam I haven't heard of lately. I have a fairly bad conscience, but will see him, I feel, before too long.

All my best love—and I'll write soon again. Kay