

Dear Stu,

In usual Moore fashion, I am late in returning your letter. But for good reasons. For one, I'm finished with a story. It's not the assignment, but it's a story. It's a pure fiction short story about 3000 words long. I'll send it as soon as I can. You see, when I sent your letter, it had been sitting in my car for about a week, in which time, I had all but finished my story. By the time I got your letter, the story was in second draft. Now it's in third draft, with one more to go (at least for now). Second is the fact that parental relations appear to be as close to straightened out as they may ever be again. By this is meant that I have gained permission to stay in Crowley (which they didn't want, mainly because they are trying desperately to break Anne and me up--though I think they have lately given up on this too), they are fixing my car, which they were holding over my head as punishment for ~~not~~ not coming to Mandeville ~~and~~ w and working for them. They seem to have realized how determined I am to stay with Anne and away from them, and they seem to accept it. Regardless of their ~~f~~ reasons or motivations, they have granted my freedom for the summer (at least for the ~~xxx~~ time being). So I am without work, as such, and ~~have xxxxxxixgx~~ (damn typewriter) have little to do except improve myself. Which I am doing by writing, reading, playing guitar and branching out to banjo also, golfing, spending every evening with Anne, and trying to figure out where I'm headed for the next ^(80??) 70 years or so. And I must say I'm enjoying myself emmensly.

Your letter was a good pusher, even though by the time I got it (reference to my not sending your letter soon enough, not to your not answering immediately) I was pretty well on my way. The past week has been pretty much taken up by a deep sea fishing trip, and then a trip to Mandeville to smooth over relations. But now I plan to finish up this first story and send it to you, and get the hell started on another one. I ~~xxxxx~~ guess it's a bad sigh, but I sort of like this little story.

Your comments on the parental relations offered a side I hadn't thought of before, and maybe the fact that I did finish writing a story had a good deal more to do with the "concessions" than I would have thought. Anyway, things are good again, and I'm trying to join the ranks of poor starving writers.

Your job sounds great, but I'm dying of curiosity to know what could have possibly ~~kept~~ kept you from going to Africa. I'd also like to learn more about your story that your working on now. So don't be a silent partner, and let me know what you're doing.

Right now, I have been away from writing for five days, and my story still is not quite readable. Therefore, as psychology taught us, it's not the jobs that you complete, but the ones not quite finished that bother you, my little story about Stephen calls rather loudly. That last sentence was to arouse your curiosity, but really, I'll have it in the mail as soon as I go through it once more, and then type it again. With this promise, I shall, like one of our exalted, immortal brothers once said, ~~xx silentxx~~ fold my tent, like an Arab, and steal silently away into the night.

Dave