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[1953?]

72 Constance St.
City.

Dear Dr. Pierce:

It was good to hear from you, and pleasant to learn that the contest does not close until January. I could do with a snatch of coin, heaven knows, and time is not so free with me either.

I have started the cutting job. I began by writing a straight historical introduction, which should do away with many interpolations within the narrative itself. But I must say that, at the moment, I am having a tough time knowing what and what not to rip out of the first part. Once that is done, perhaps the rest wont be so bad. In any case I shall do my best to cut it down to size.

The only thing that cheers me is the knowledge that the removal of Eric's saga disposes of over an hundred pages, and leaves me with a nice tale which only a bit of padding can turn into a really short novel. I am comforted by the thought that you understand that most of this rambling is due to mischance and moves etc etc. I was not so wordy in the days when I had a few months of peace from the fury of fate.

I shall try to get on with this in reasonable time, but the house is rather a big chore and yet, since it is also half of our living, I cannot go high-hat and arty.

Sincerely Yours

James Jackson