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20 July 72

Dear Sally:

I very much appreciated your reassuring & affectionate postcard, and I dwell in the hope that before too very long I may truly find some means again to make films. I have come to the point in my life where I sense a culminating of my energies, a desire to gather together all I know and all I have learned and all that I have not yet revealed, and shape it into some substantial and glowing container. This plagues me, this pushes me, this disturbs my dreams.

I want to tell you that I had a dream the other night. And in it I saw all those persons in my life who have given me insights or who have collaborated with me in so many various and unexpected ways, entering a cave like a catacomb where they were all to participate in some unifying initiation rite. This involved drinking from & washing in water from a natural spring, and then moving on into some secret purification chamber, which was a form of steaming bath. From there they emerged and next I saw them all lying under one great white sheet in a circular pattern, their feet all toward the center, only their heads visible, so that they made a kind of circle. I stood beside this incredible bed, and then from my feet a flock of quail hens fluttered & flew across the bed toward a dark wall of the cave directly opposite me. This immediately started up, on the wall, a film, all in yellow-green and red colors, very animated, a most original form of animation, being a boisterous and vivid celebration of the entire animal world kicking up its heels and performing like humans. The protagonist seemed to be a kind of man-horse who had a fantastic grin. I asked what in the world this film was, and I was told, "Oh, that's the Pittsburgh movie!"

Meanwhile my summer is being devoted to the difficult task of moving my family into a new home, since we have been evicted; and also relocating my editing studio. As a result I have had to increase my teaching load for the fall, and the time for creative work seems slim at best. Therefore I shall probably fall back on dreaming deliberately of making a "Pittsburgh movie" out of all my dreams in, maybe, the summer of 1973. I realize it is only a fantasy, but it is a nice one.

Thank you again for your generous responses and your beautiful spirit. All the very best to you,

*James*

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