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Michelle Serros

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Dear Writer I Girl:

In Ian Bernard's group last week, your reading of the riot at the supermarket was worth my coming to Santa Barbara. I was convulsed because you went into such lunatic but logical mayhem, each situation building to another. More, more!

You ran out of copies of your paperback (Chicana Falsa?) at our final barbecue near the pool. You quoted \$7.50 for it plus postage, so I enclose \$9.00 for my copy. If I've overpaid, keep the extra postage for a letter to me sometime; underpaid, I send you stamps

Humor is my elixir, whether I'm telling the story or hearing it. So I hope for more of your humor in your book. I see humor as being truth told by suprise. And since everyone gropes for truth in any situation (his or her truth of course), and everyone likes surprises, then everyone loves humor. My ego insists I enclose tear sheets.

But I'm only a beginner writer. I used to produce movies, then TV, where I was at the other end. I paid for good stories and the best writers the budgets would allow. My job was to make a good show, and that I concentrated on. Later, I got into an orthodox business that now allows me to dance with Erato; you, Grace, and Shawn provided the music last week. Santa Barbara was my first "reading" conference, and I floundered in learning what to do for a next one.

Onward!

Bud