

9 October 1967

Dear Bob,

Thanks for sending me The Virginia Kirkus Service review. It isn't too bad. I guess being compared to a bull-dog is an improvement over being called a scavenger. As Viking Press must subscribe to the VK Service, they may give Epstein the unhappy news that his scholarly book is deemed "sensational" and has been equated with the work of his bete-neire Mark Lane.

I had very tragic news from Shirley Martin, the Oklahoma critic. Her 21-year-old daughter, with whom she was extremely close, was killed in an auto accident.

Garrison, the Grim Green Pygmy, like you, rushed to the judgment that I had written (or at least inspired) Arneni's editorial. Garrison is very energetic in reacting to criticism and fired off a three-page letter to TMO, copy of which was sent to me special delivery last Friday but has never arrived. (Sent by Arneni, that is.) From hearing the letter read hastily over the phone, I remember one of his points of "rebuttal"—that the criticism in the editorial results from the fact that he, rather than an "unhappy critic," "discovered" the infamous "code" ("P.O.19106). That is rather a good index to his intellectual and moral caliber—especially when it was a "critic" (Jenes Harris) who actually "found" it.

A disappointing development—Cener Cruise O'Brien finally get in touch with Arneni to say that he cannot give him the review before October 20th, which will almost surely be too late for the November issue. We may have to be content with having his review only in the December issue—not a disaster, I guess, but I am disappointed.

I'm sending this note because you are not in the office today and I don't know if I will be able to phone tomorrow—we are back in meetings full steam, from 10:30 to 1 and from 3 to 6, so if you want to reach me, try before or between these hours. Love,