

March 23, 1967

Dear Sylvia,

Don't know whether this is good news or bad, but - Mother I. H. is ~~w~~ quite alive. Penn went to her home today, and she explained she just hadn't felt like answering the phone.

We have changed typewriters, and believe me, this one has a mind of its own. Don't know whether to tackle it with cracking whip, kitchen chair and a pistol loaded with blanks, or just drop sand in the bearings once or twice. . . . Am so damn busy typing, have absolutely no time to think what I'm saying.

Penn has found an index he will send you. All the others - except our copy, are gone. People bought them; we supplied them when we bought the volumes for someone, etc. . . . If he hasn't already mailed it to you, I will remind him.

He said if you wanted another printing of the index, he MIGHT be able to do it if the publisher* still had - AND I CAN'T THINK OF THAT DAMN WORD - the plates! That's it, the plates!

Read your "Post-assassination Credibility Chasm" this morning. It was great. . . . If I'd had a lick of sense the evening we were at Ray's house, I'd have knocked you in the head and got hold of "Accessories After the Fact" - instead of stewing around and waiting around and drooling to read it.

About the lawsuit, I don't know the latest. We sort of thought they might hold off on their new book to await developments, but I think Harold called, and said they were going ahead. . . . Think Harold plans to meet us in New Orleans soon. We have been there three times already.

Be a good kid, and hide the book on flying saucers.

Your old buddy,

Robin

* Publisher or printer?

in New Orleans