

10/27/67

Dear Sylvia,

Your book arrived today. I have just unwrapped it, all I've been able to do for a while, and write immediately to thank you for the very kind comment and to confirm your judgement of the attractiveness of the cover.

I look forward to being able to read it carefully.

At the moment, I'm far behind in my preparations for my coming trip. I have been learning what Mr. Balandings was fortunate to avoid, and it is very costly, in time and in money. The place is still as beautiful as I described, with an added, temporary spectacular display of the colors of the season, as far as the top of the mountain out of my den window. It is wonderful to go to bed at night and have the feeling of being under the stars. For a strange reason, a Little bird I could not identify without my glasses and in the dark of night tried to fly through the enormous windows about midnight. Such is the charm of our new place, which will be peaceful when all the essential repairs are made.

I'll get to New York P.M. 10/30 and hope to spend the first day making sense out of the Dell situation and preparing for a p.m. press conference the next day, so I do not know what my schedule will be. I hope we can get together. If I fail to reach you, I'll get a message at Parallax, 421-8050. I'd like to give you a copy of the New Orleans book, a few more of which I'll pick up there. My envelopes have not yet arrived! I went to town for them Monday, when they were to have been ready. Now they are to be shipped by bus tomorrow. Will my wife have a job, mailing them out, alone!

I also flipped the pages. The appearance is quite pleasing. Whoever designed your book did well.

I haven't yet read my own! Having written two since I finished it and not knowing what editing was done (I know the prologue was butchered so that it does not say what it said and what it says is not in the context in which it was written) I must read it as soon as I can. When I get to bed I'm too tired to read anymore. The print job is terrible. In the hope there will be additional printings (when we can include the table of contents!), I hope you will have time to note any errors you spot, including typos, for it is inevitable there will be many. It is a sloppy job all around. It could have included the index, which omitted only the page numbers, having been prepared from the galleys, but we were not consulted.

My western trip begins 11/4, when I go to New Orleans. My last scheduled stop is in Dallas 11/20. I'm looking forward to seeing our friends again. Penn is going to invite Shirley to come down. I hope she feels able to, for I do want to meet her and thank her. Unless it is cut, you'll find I speak of her in O In N.O.

Arnoni solicited my comment on his Garrison piece. Although walking a city block is now the limit of my physical capacity and I am very far behind on everything, I wrote him five pages. I spare you his intemperate, demeaning reply. I just cannot understand that man or his misguided passion. It may ruin him yet. He loses himself so he cannot be aware of what he is saying -about himself, too. I am genuinely sorry he is this way. I have ignored him and did not initiate this. I think what he said about all the critics except you cannot be justified on any ground and is entirely false, as any one who is involved who you trust can tell you. Ask Maggie sometimes how many letters he has written her. He has phoned me three times, aside from asking for help. Once was to apologize for his delay in completing the foreword, once to ask how he could help get the book published, and the third was to ask when I could come down to help again. I'll be glad to talk with your book. See you next week, I hope, H