

Dear Bill,

11/23/93

I hope that in my haste I was clear enough in telling you that both the ~~citrus~~ citrus and the flower spread were as fine as could be. The florist, a new one to us, ~~forming~~ we'd never heard of the place, used a ceramic container and the flowers were first-class and well selected and arranged. With some buds. I think I forgot to tell you that there are two nice tall candles in the center. And, of course, the thought, that is most beautiful of all. So, it was all fine and we do appreciate it all.

AM I look forward to having some time with Newman. I do hope that my friendly Post deliveryman finds the best hunting and fishing this week in West Virginia so he will be really motivated to dig out that Style section because xeroxing that story will not be easy, many copies as I want to make.

If a dozen good riflemen had been here yesterday morning and had been able to take aim at different deer they'd have bagged a dozen within a hundred feet of the house, some no farther than the near end of the pool. Or, if one had been with me this morning when I returned from my walking he'd have seen three less than two car lengths ahead in the lane and not at all anxious to run. Too small to shoot.

I got much work done today in part because I was up too early and in part because I had nothing after that walking other than the rough draft I'm doing of a book that is not worth a book to make a record on the most disgusting, ignorant, stupid self-disclosure by a sick fraud I can imagine. A slick writer with a light touch and a sense of the ridiculous could edit this into a best seller. But I am not that kind of writer and I'm not doing it for that purpose. If you have not gotten the book, save your stomach. If you want what he said about me, what is indexed, which is not all (the most disgraceful apology for an index I've ever seen, that many names not in it) I can send that. I've an extra copy sent me. *Living Stones*

About an hour ago it got to be too much. And except for the walking I'd been on it since before 1, or most of 14 hours. Much on paper, more or less, but I wanted some relief from it. I started to read and soon will go to supper.

There is not a single thing of any worth in that Killing the Truth stinker. And it is in every way a very poor apology for a book. I can't figure out why they went ahead with it because I do not think they have reason to believe that it will make them any money. I may be wrong but I think they'd have been better off to forget the advance and cancel the whole thing.

These are the upstanding gentlemen I'm still waiting to hear from. I probably will wait until maybe Monday before doing anything else.

I have trouble also that they do not, did not see that there were real commercial possibilities, the terms in which they think, in NEVER AGAIN! It could have been out when Posner's was and the controversy would have been better than any ads or promotions. They

really blew a real one. I likewise have trouble understanding why they are so crooked and go out of their way to treat me so badly when I can withdraw the book they want enough to rush and will if they do not change all they are doing. Ego has never figured in my publishing or that I can recall in my work.

I've not given this much thought but from time to time have briefly and not a single thing about it makes any sense at all.

Least of all the behavior of one who has been a fine friend, a thoughtful one, and a helpful one, too. Without my asking.

That he could be part of this, as he is, I have the greatest trouble understanding.

It is opposite everything I know about him.

I have the final chapter and the conclusions of Livingstone's fright and then from time to time I'll read and correct it.

~~Tomorrow~~^{Tomorrow}, not long after I'm home, I speak to a local Rotary. I do not get the results of the blood test until about 10:30. I'm home from the last of the mornings doing, the p.t., a little after nine, and that may be all the time I have before I can leave for the luncheon. It can take time to get through to the doctor if I have to consult him on any change in dosage so I sit by the phone until I do. Maybe in the afternoon I can get some work done. And before I leave early in the morning. But I'm going to try to sleep a little later and if I can that will be less working time. But I am anxious to get this dreadful thing done. I have to do it because of the attacks on me and it is nagging just to look at, it is that terrible a mishmash of insanity.

Well, I hope I did make clear that we do appreciate your (pl)thoughtfulness and as you see, I'm reminded of it when I am first up. Good feeling" Thanks!

Our best,

Herold