

Mrs. Raphaela Seroy
Richard Gallen & Co.
260 Fifth Ave.,
New York, NY 10001

3/20/94

Dear Raphaela,

The package you refer to in your letter of the 15th was here before it and it came in good shape. I do thank you for it and for your letter. I was very glad to hear that the Conclusion was added to Case Open. Richard sent me proofs that because of what I did yesterday I was late in getting because I was late in getting the mail. You may find the reason interesting.

A very fine Danish gentleman who lives, apparently, in a Copenhagen suburb and who has been translating my work into Danish sent me a beautiful gift. He had retired from a lamp business. The gift was one of his collection of the lamps he sold. It was, as I learned from the letter with it all were, hand made. The or one of the men who made them is 79, he told me, and is still making them. It is of a teak base virtually ~~sculpted~~ sculpted, of grace and beauty, with a simple but beautiful shade that has what to me is an usual feature, a cover that can be used or not used, to keep the rays from going up to and being reflected from the ceiling. If he had known he could not have sent one more perfectly adapted for my wife's reading in bed. (Which I've not done for years.) But the shade was damaged in shipment where it fits on the base. Yesterday I went looking for someone who could make the repair. The pros could not do it ^{but} I found a hobby shop where they could, and with taking some time, did make the repair.

A few months ago he sent me the first instalment of his translations ^{of my work} into Danish in the most beautiful loose-leaf binder I have ever seen, along with a Danish-English dictionary. Both are now in the local college library.

The Danes, as we learned years ago, when we farmed, have always been big in using woods from southeast Asia. I had a customer who became a friend of one of the families in that business. His uncle was Copenhagen's chief of police at the time the Danes saved most of Denmark's Jews right under Nazi occupier noses in a remarkable night of sailing them to Sweden in almost anything that could float, with the preparations and the execution of that rescue operation undetected. Olaf, in fact, had a Thai mother. He was a wonderful man who died young. When World War II broke out he handled part of the business in the United States. We were not in that war for several years. He went to Canada, enlisted and rose to be a colonel.

I read the proofs as soon as we were home, found four serious typos, corrected them and because they make Richard look bad, drove into town to return them as rapidly as possible. Too late for Express mail because also we could not possibly affix the stamps required and the post office was closed. So Lil took up just about all but the address on the ^{envelope} ~~envelope~~ with stamps and we sent it Priority mail. ^{Richard} ~~He~~ should have it Monday morning. I hope it is not too late. There are such typos as Case Opened where

Case Closed is meant, several reversals of letters and as I recall society for society.

While I cannot make sense out of the editing, meaning really the cutting, what is more important is that the book will not appear without conclusions. It just pooped out without them.

That also made Richard look bad, cheap and sloppy. As I regret the many typographic faults still do. Amateurish, too, alas.

These kinds of things reflect more on the publisher than on the author.

I do thank you very much and do appreciate your work and what you say.

Best,

Harold