

7/19/66

Dear Sylvia,

Always, it now seem, I am in haste-too much haste. But there just isn't enough time to do what I'm doing, and I'm surprised at getting done as much as I do.

I was in New York to be a quarter segment of the usual four-part, two hour Alan Burke show on WNEW-TV. It got so exciting, with an ill-intentioned, perviously-organized and quite vocal and ill-mannered claque of lawyers behaving only slightly better than those radical-right kooks on Long John, that the station decided to make a "special" of it. It will run the entire two hours. Instead of being what I have been informed is his usually ogre-ish self (and my experience with him is directly the opposite-he was wonderful and decent to me), Burke maintained a very responsible attitude to the subject. I wish I could see it when it is aired. Before the show started, I was told this would be the 23rd. Whether there is any change, I do not know. The staff, despite the post-midnight hour, was going to view the tape immediately. They invited me to, but I was too tired. I'm sorry I didn't ~~now~~, for I was so keyed up I couldn't sleep and left for home a little after 4 a.m. It was a rough time, but those crazy enemies (may they always be present at such things) were my best friends. They gave it drama by forcing me into a Galahad-like position.

It is quite possible that I am at fault and not your girl, for with so much going on I find my recollections of things sometimes not as acute as they should be, as though I were sifting from my recollection those things not directly related to what I'm now doing. I did plan to be in your neighborhood to deliver a copy of the book to the New School for Curtis Crawford. But the man whose office I was using left and by accident locked my jacket in it. I had to await his return before I could leave, for I could not be on TV without it. I called again and I think said I'd not be able to get down that way. Perhaps I did not, but I was waiting from about 3:30 until close to six for the return. It was about 20 of 5 when I phoned, and I certainly knew then I'd not be able to go down town, for I had to be at the uptown studio by 7. I do think I said I'd not be able to go down town and that if I got a chance to call I would. My first call was to tell you of the program and invite you to attend. I also hoped we could dine together. I had just enough time for a hamburger and coffee between the parking of the car and my entering the studio. I am sorry for the inconvenience and cost this put you to. I did, however, give your girl the phone at which I was, I'm pretty sure. But I am sorry, and also that you couldn't be with me. You could also have just walked up to the mike and had it, although until I got to the studio I didn't know this...I'd love to know who organized that fortunate opposition. That the station could is clear. But if they didn't, somebody's spies are ~~are~~ working well.

I think Selandria will get four hours on the Jack McKinney show on WCAU in Phila. I'm to be there Friday. We've been negotiating about three weeks on it, and I agreed that it would be my first Phila. appearance (!) at their request because they had "discovered" me! They made several proposals subsequently to which I agreed but recommended against, one of which is a kind of confrontation I'll tell you about when we get together again. Anyway, I believe as a consequence of this, Selandria will soon get a four-hour offer on that show.

We're back to press, with an additional 5,000 copies due the first of the week. Serialization has been contracted in Spain, Arribe. An Italian publisher has asked for a reading copy and an option. He has both. Favorable recommendation from Washington staff to Heinichi...Your Calif. friends are wonderful. Hal Very made the initial arrangements from which that two-hour broadcast just grew from the scheduled ~~two~~ ^{two} mins. I'm now being called on for speeches, and the first, U of Md. led to a request for a fall-semester return....Liebeler read the book in haste at Griffin's in Cleveland and asks for his own copy, sent today...The press attitude is changing. Who is Popkin? Haven't had time to read NY Review or Cohen. Didn't see Wash Post ref. NY Rev. yesterday.

15 July 1966

Dear Harold,

I was sorry to miss both your phonecalls to me at my office yesterday. The second message was handed to me as I was on route to the bus at about 5.10 p.m. I think the girl must have misunderstood you, for the message I got was that you would call me at 5.30 or 6, from a point near my apartment, and that you hoped we could have dinner together. I therefore grabbed a taxi and rushed home, so as not to miss your call, and cancelled an appointment to have my hair done. When I didn't hear from you I decided that the girl had undoubtedly scrambled what you actually said--she is a summer relief staffer, so what can I expect?

Anyway, I would have liked to talk to you, at least to hear about your TV taping so I would be able to see the broadcast. If there is still time, please let me know what date and channel to watch.

No real news, and I am (as usual, these days) too rushed for more than this brief note. Best regards,

Sincerely yours,

