

10/8/71

Dear Js,

As you will realize, there is no urgency in this note. It is apt of a means by which I am trying to work my way out of a depression covered in enclosures I resume that, in the course of time you'll read. It leaves me in a state of mind in which I think I'd better not do any writing or editing. (I have, as a matter of fact, completed the reading of the second of the two earlier parts of PH and Lil has completed the typing of the 3rd.)

If we could enjoy the luxury of enemies only, no "friends"!

First, what I hope will please you: Lil has been working away at the blanket. I do not know how you will react, but she has about 6" of it done and I think it is attractive, in the colors and in the stitch. She had used a different stitch in this one and a different yarn, one that is machine washable. The final appearance is of herringbone. The purpose is to make it ravel-proof. The extra effect is to almost double the thickness, which is a fine thing in a blanket that is to do more than decorate. And not long ago, she showed me her worked-out design. "Jennifer" will be a single line, as will 10 April 1971 (my stepfather's birthday, two days after mine, six before Lil's). She has the character worked out to scale and has overcome the problem of the slant in the letters where the stitch gives a small square effect. We are both enjoying this. But the toughest part lies ahead for her. She'll enjoy that most, because it is a bit tougher.

The other thing is this: do you know anything about the Chi Mail News syndicate that makes it worse than what I would assume about any? A (nice) reporter from the CDM was here two days ago and through him I'm making a couple of pitches. If I do not expect success, there is always the remote chance that lightning will strike.

I have the USM&MR 10/11 on the CIA/ Marchetti, if you get that, thanks.

I think that the three things bugging me most today are the failure of the deferral link not only to come but not to let me know he wasn't until mid-morning; the inherent danger of Cyril's poorly-kept secret; and the unpleasantness of having to go to my bank link less than an hour and beg indulgence when a crooked bastard of a publisher owes me more than thrice what I am due to pay the bank Sunday, which means today; and an insurance company owes me twice that. I had, in fact, expected to use these funds to pay next year's entire interest and not have that to worry about and put what Lil considered the minimum we'd need for minimum subsistence for the next four-~~sox~~ months aside (she can keep it aside, too, thank God) and to put the rest on principal. This should have taken care of this year's (overdue) and next's, for we can probably just make do on what Lil will make beginning in 2½ months and lasting three of this six.

I'm sure you both feel better than I do!

Best,