

3/25/71

Dear Js,

Couldn't sleep, so I'm up long before I have to leave to catch the train for NYU. While washing, Shaving and dressing I had time to thing a bit. Yesterday I had a fight by phone with one of the publishing partners. It turns out their concept of doing their best with advertising and promotions is not to place any ads and to prepare a sterile press release of the kind that fill newsroom wastebaskets unread. With a hot book they have a cool release, like for the latest in ballet steps. I then had to do by phone, and only where I could reverse the charges, what they should have arranged a month or two ago, and that limited to NYC. I had asked them a week ago to arrange for me to be there this week, so they didn't, hence if any other appearances are to be had, they'll have to be by cancellations, either from natural causes or inspired by what I have done and can do.

This is one way to sell a book, but the worst, and with the entire load on my wearying back and that of my fine young friends. Between them and me we have arranged everythin done so far at a total cost of less than \$75 to the publisher, who hasn't yet paid that. These are nice young scholars. I've finally decided why they married. So they'd have someone to wipe their backsides once they left the German texts and the physics manuals.

I had a pretty good idea what the book is when I did it. I had a better idea when I saw the Publishers' Weekly review. I had even more of a notion when I heard this Establishmentarian reviewer was psending lunches paid for by large-publisher p.r. budgets raving about it. Now he has been asked by some literary journal to do a piece on the three best books he has read in the past year, and I'm one-third. This is a book that can go and might help me do the next, if not reduce my debt, but the largest obstacle to that, aside from the whore press, is the publisher, whose plaint is only that he, too wants it to go, yet never does anything and not knowing how, never consults.

So, I'm writing to ask you to be prepared for Hal the next time you see him, and unless my hunch is wrong, doing what he does so well is the kind of therapy he now needs. He is, I think, really depressed and eaten by something other than financial need, with which he has lived perhaps almost as much as I have. There are things I can do by phone to out there, and when I've wiped this one up, I'll get to that. But there are some of which I may not know, some where a suggestion as to some particular part of the content may make a difference. These things he can do by phone, as he always did, and as he did as the ppros never could, because his is a working of sincerity and love. I don't even have a copy to send him or you. But I'm getting phone calls and mail, so I know my rep has done a bit and I presume the book is available out there.

If he can find time, if he can call the right people when he is not working, he can do much for me and for what we all want. I think, for example, that if he spoke to Louis Freeman and told him of the book and what the hinkies are trying to do with it, Louis would interview me by phone. I know he could. I'll be phoning KEO first, and who else, if anyone, still does talk by radio there I don't know...I could do something for Dunbar if he'd listen for a couple of minutes first, but his inclination has always been not to, even though I've always given him a hot show. But please don't make Hal feel this is an obligation when you see him, for that will be a burden. I think that doing what he can may, for a while, lighten the weight of whatever it is he carries, for I know there has to be some reason why I haven't heard from him since before he went to Europe. Best to you both, and I'm off to the trenches, so to speak (after breakfast, which is the way to fight).

Sincerely,