

On the printing of WHITWASH IV, or how come no gray hair? LW 9/9/74

First we were delayed by a spurious offer that amounted a steal by Penthouse. It should not and would not have happened if Bud had preserved confidence, as he said he would for they would not have known about it. Once he spoke to Penthouse we were without alternatives. His cost Jim and me three days and the costs of a trip to New York. Without this the book would have been printed close to a month ago and at a cost of some \$500 less. (local paper strike, increased price, trucking paper in from out of town.)

Then we finally got it ready and the printer was busy that week. So went back and as in the past suggested I'd stay there for the shooting of the negatives. No need, he said, because his regular man was in on Fridays only and his son-in-law who also worked for him had his shop at home. I offered to go there and while the printer, Manny, was talking to him about the best way, they decided it would be a waste of time because Jim had already shot three books for me and done well. So, I spent the rest of the day working on other things.

When the negatives were shot and I went out to Manny's to check the blues. Corrections that were to have been posted on iii were on inside title, etc., and I straightened that out to begin with. Next, with sinking heart, I checked the blues. All were shot too large, with so little margin page numbers were sometimes eliminated from the bottom and on 90 pages where they are documentary original pagination and essential missing entirely! Manny decided, as was obvious, that he had the whole job to reshoot. I said call me when and I'll spend the two days it takes sitting and working quietly so I can be consulted.

I waited. And waited. That was week before last. Jim kept calling Manny and getting no callback. Finally today he tried again after I awakened him for Ray matters about 11. Manny was not there but "the girl" said the proofs were on his desk. (It had been impossible to locate Manny over the weekend because his phone is unlisted.) Fine, I told Jim, I'll be there early in the a.m. to check the blues. Tell 'em.

A little after the 2 p.m. CBS news started the phone rang. It was my artist, Sammie, with the information, "Did you know your book is printed?" I didn't. "You mean the blues are read to check. I know. I'll be there early in the morning." Sammie corrected me. "No, it is printed. All but the cover." "But I haven't checked the blues!" "It's all done except the cover. He wants to print that first thing in the morning." "Heart well sunk, I said "Tell him I'll be there to check it first thing and ask him when they start." They talked and Manny took the phone. He repeated that the book is printed and it looks ok. Did I want to check the cover? Of course, I haven't seen it but if Sammie says it is ok, then ok. "I won't take responsibility for it," I hear Sammie say in the background. Manny comes back, "Have you seen the art work?" I saw only the design, I said, and I hadn't even seen the edited inside and back copy. Manny starts talking shades and I say leave that up to Sammie and I'll be there first thing in the morning.

aside from visions of negatives not too small, with illegibility, I visualize reversed pages, which I'd found, and the kinds of errors that mean no copyright. Too late. Here I've been sitting and waiting for two weeks and then boom! I can only hope!

The funny way odd thing come to mind under trying circumstances: Six years ago a girl fink (officials' and mine) asked me, "Hal how come you're 55 and don't have a gray hair?" I sure wonder! As I'll wonder about more until tomorrow.

How does the mind work? Suddenly I remembered that the NYTimes hadn't come in the a.m. delivery to the newsstand and I'd ordered it. (This may have been an unpredictable that brought the paper to mind or it may have been a below the level of consciousness planning of the time I'll need when I leave.) The papers were dues ten minutes ago. The woman who answered said no New York Times. I asked her if the p.m. delivery was in, fortunately for the man was just entering the door and he did have it. Nothing is simple any more.