

10/8/71

OCT 9 1971

Dear Js,

As you will realize, there is no urgency in this note. It is aprt of a means by which I am trying to work my way out of a depression covered in enc,osures I presume 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, sompleted the reading of the second of the two earlier parts of PM and Lil has completed the typing of the 3rd.)

If we could enjoy the kuxury 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 if of herringbone. The purpose it to make it ravel-proof. The extra effect it to almost double the thickness, which is a fine think in a blanket that is to do more than decorate. And not long ago, she showed me her worked-out design. "Jenifer" will be a single lines, as will 10 April 1971 (my stepfather's boethday, two days after mine, six before Lil's). She has thencharacter 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 things is this: do you know anything about the Chi Dail News syndicate thaat makes it worse than what I would assume about any? A (nice) reporter from the CDN 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 USN&WR 10/11 on the CIA/ Marchetti, if you get that, thanks.

I t ink that the three things bugging me most today are the failure of the deferral fink not only to come but not to let me know he wasn't until mid-morning; the inheresnt danger of Cyril's poorly-kept secret; and the unpleasantness of having to go to my bank inx less than an hour and bed indulgence when a crooked bastard of a publishers 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 principaa. 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,

