

2/13/67

Dear Both,

A very happy and unusual occasion has me doing the correspondence instead of Lil. Dell has paid the royalty on the first 100,000 copies (so we know they've sold more) and she is happily and busily engaged in allocating it among our many debts. We are getting close to the surface. We'll be scavengers yet! I suppose the salutation should have included Batman and Robin, which reminds me that by now you should have received additions for your wallspace I think you will find not inappropriate. You'll know when it arrives.

So I asked Lil, when I finished the accumulation of other letters and she said would I write, "anything you want me to say?"

"Yes", she replied, "Tell them I'm glad I didn't cook their goose".

Take it literally and you are alright. She put a goose away for when you come. She fretted all day yesterday, not wanting to take it out of the freezer if you weren't coming and not wanting to have it stay there so late it wouldn't thaw. So now you have something I bet you've never had before, a goosecheck! Somebody forgot to mail a letter or your postal service is like ours. Yours dated 2/4 is postmarked 2/10!

You were right to cancel your flight to New York. I was leaving it when the storm began, Tuesday a.m. It was still an awful mess Friday when I returned. I couldn't take a plane above New York until Thursday, and by then the reservations were so tight I had to fight to keep one of the locals from keeping my week-old reservation that had already been preempted. And I mean fight. Two hours in person and a held by phone, else I'd still be up near the Canadian border. But I picked up what I hope is good news, and not from any of us but friends in the "trade". You and Award. Fine, I hope. I have come to wonder if there is anything good about a relationship with any publisher, outside private and weekly ones, that is.

Tried to phone Tom today in the time I was waiting to hear from Lil that she had heard from you. I wasted no time, for I had a dental appointment and then had to learn that the newest sign of approaching old age is but bursitis (I can live with that as long as there is someone near to help with the coat). He was not in, so I left a message asking that he phone me tonight. It is nine and he hasn't. Earlier I introduced him to some British correspondent friends and from one of them I learned that when he is around Tom lives at the same place, has an interest in jazz and is competent to record, having done a couple of jazz records, and and has since I saw him found something new having to do with a bank.

I've decided to do Manchester Machiavelli: The Unintended Unofficial Whitewash, and in a rush. I've a fourth of it drafted. Maybe publisher interest. My artist is too busy for III and I'm getting more stuff for it, which delays it anyway. Whaddya think?

Best,