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Dear boys,

I seem to need a new ribbon this morning, but never mind. Just days before your far too long delayed answer in re the Free Library of Philadelphia I wrote to my niece, asking her help. Now I have rethought all this as follows.

Take your choice, please, and pronto? I must get on with my chattels and what's to become of them. If you will be so helpful as to ask the UPS to pick up the folio under whatever insurance you may think advisable and feel up to, it is ready (and long since) in its carton. Or, if you prefer, you can offer it to the FL, which would, I am sure, arrange to collect it from me. That is sensible because it will enable you to claim a tax deduction on the basis of your higher inventory price. As for "honor" through my involvement, I feel sure that I am no more than a vague name there, if that.

About your new project which attracts the help of the Mass. literary agent, I have some thoughts that may seem gratuitous but which I shall toss out nonetheless. You know that the late Michael Harwood and wife Mary wrote On the Road With Audubon a while back. They were riding on his coat tails, and made no bones about it. It seems to me that painters who want to shadow him do their own independent art a sad disservice. Why can't you strike out with this book on your own, and not risk creating something with the supposedly helpful injection of a famous name? It is transparent, and for that reason not likely to win a heady success, as a contrived anachronism of sorts? You may hate me for this all you like, but if you think about it you may grant the logic. It sounds to me as if you do not have quite enough confidence in yourselves as originals, and prefer to present yourselves as proselytes. If you can't be Audubon why not be Stuart and Scott Gentling? Once you decided to, you might develop your own way and evolve a lot? Forget the reflected glory!

Let me know, please, what you will do about this. Be mad at my candor if you like, but speak up and very soon?

Best wishes, sincere ones too,

Alice Ford

As for Graves, he certainly did not put himself out to write in sync with your book. I wonder how many people appreciated his Mallorcan reminiscences, such a far cry from fitting ones of Texas.