

Le Manoir, Ile de Port Cros, (VAR), France, July 11, 1966

Dear Albert:

Before I forget, a French scholar (who has written a book on Du Bois and is doing onelargeoy about yours truly) writes me that there is an error in WSN about the place of Du Bois's death. It is, in the book Nigeria: should be Accra, Ghana.^{*} I was sure that this had been checked, but it seems not. This for new printing, if and when.

All well here. The children bloom, brown as berries, I mean brown berries, which I have never seen. Rosanna takes to the local tongue. Gabriel resists it with all his might. But he is great with his boat and the crawl. Mommy hides off in her donkey stable, which she has adapted for her study, and does something she won't tell about. I whack along. We swim in the afternoons, Gabe and I sailing ariund to the beach, then taking a sail afterwards, the others walking. On bad days, hikes in the woods, bad being a relative term, not snow, just windy. Our only adventure into social life on the "continent" was a day with the Legers, at his villa. A quite fine occasion in all ways.. We expect to go another mojtth without stirring.

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A young man named Poverman, who has done a quite brilliant novelett has now sent a novel to me at Fairfield, where it reposes. I am in no state of mind to read MS novels right and right 10,000 critiques, but I am suggesting that he send it to you. He has -- if I am to judge by his previous performance -- an awful fine talent, otherwise I wouldn't trouble you. The novel is probably unpublishable as is, but who knows?

It's funny how little one can find out at this distance about what is happening at home. We take the Paris Herakd Tribune and read the French papers, the latter painting a most dismal picture of the USA right now.

Well, so long. Love all round from all around. Yrs.

Seymour says you have
made a lovely book of the poems!

Ry