

Dear Bob:

Probably I shouldn't give you the attached; when I told Herma I was going to write it she asked for a copy but I'm not going to give her one. If I had time I would rewrite it, but I haven't this weekend and Herma tells me you are about to discuss marriage law. The secretary who transcribed my dictation worries about whether there is a crime of being an accessory to the destruction of a beautiful friendship. However if you really believe this crap you've written about marriage (which I can't believe) of think you can get away with it (certainly we are all subject to that kind of self-delusion), then the highest act of my ~~xxx~~ friendship and admiration for you would be to save you from yourself in this instance. It is in that spirit that I deliver it to you. We are all entitled to at least one big goof; getting yourself into this Serbonian bog would appear to be yours.

Saturday is Hope's birthday and we are celebrating it by doing some urgent work in our Inverness house. We are going to have dinner together there, so decline your kind invitation to Saturday ~~xxx~~ dinner, but are returning to Berkeley sometime after dark. If you get to our house (360 Vassar) before we do after you finish work saturday, Andy will probably be there to admit you, but if he isn't and locks the door (which he won't) I enclose a key. Your room is on the ground floor, hard around to the left after you enter the front door; the liquor is above the refrigerator and the ice is inside it (the refrig. that ~~xx~~ is). We'll see you tomorrow night, and don't get too mad at me because of the attached. I've had a hard week and let myself go at you. Isn't that better than taking it out on Hope?

*Cal*

In case you need to reach me during the day my Inverness Telephone (unlisted, you better note it for future reference) is 663-1360.