

Dear Beryl -- Guess what? I'm coming home! If you have time and such therefore, you can fold this down and treat the below as

#### THE LAST LETTERSUB

This is to announce that all of you who haven't written me in Copenhagen by Nov. 20, should write to me in care of S.R. Delany, 184 West 82 St, New York, New York, 10024, up to Nov 30, and then hold all letters till about Jan 1. That's when I plan to actually reach home ie San Francisco.

I should land at JFK Dec. 2, stay in NYC a bit, then on to Michigan and maybe even stay there till Xmas, then train home to SF which takes three days.

My plans also seem currently to include a little tour of Jutland with the show and Jacob, seeing his ancestral manse and so forth, things I have always wanted to do here. We may not be able to get along all that well, but no one is lately -- two women in the collective went to England with Jacob and they all had a terrible fight with each other and members of a London audience and it was all apparently rather dreadful. It was over issues about women, of course, in part, and I suspect Jacob behaved very badly, knowing him as I do. It's a pity but I suppose eventually you just have to give up on certain people's ability to really understand anything. Jacob's good qualities are constantly being overlaid with his refusal to ally himself with the underdog in any significant way -- this has a whole lot to do with his family relationships which are in a more primitive stage than they really ought to be at his age. I've decided that men who aren't able to see their fathers clearly are the most dangerous and unpleasant people in the world -- taken as a class, that is.

The many of you who've written, be assured that I will one day answer your letters with more than just this! But possibly not before my return to the US. Things, as you may have noticed, tend to pile up. There's a lot to do, somehow, before I am ready to leave. One thing I really want to try hard to do is to find a used set of the fabulous big Danish-English dictionary I must have if I'm ever to do any translation work, which I would like to do. This is a luxury budget-wise, but a necessity in the long run. It would pay for itself in one translation job.

There appears to be a holdup in the Danish mail system right now, so I hope this reaches Beryl in time to be worth sending out. They say the main post office is really backed up, not sure why, so I will try sending it through Frederiksberg, a little town-within-a-town here. It may be independent enough to send its own mailbag to the airport.

I managed to see a bit of fall here for the first time in years, tho of course the city isn't the best place to see it. It would have been great to see it in Michigan, in the country -- winter will be interesting (she said doubtfully) but not as thrilling. Still I look forward to the visit home in a way I wouldn't have expected. My spring visit wasn't bad at all, though so prolonged while waiting for passport arrangements, and this one will be about 2 weeks, just right.

Think of me on the Second, winging my way, hopefully doped to the gills, across the Atlantic. I'm thinking of all of you already.