

### Letter from Harvey Manning to Rowland Tabor

"September 25, 2005

Dear Rowland,

Well, sir, there's another lifetime of sitting-on-my-ass-roaming. Have to do it at the desk. Walls are full up.

I wrote up the other maps long ago, but M[ountaineers] Editor kept getting other stuff pushed on her. Polly's little note of rapture\*\* provided an opening. I have taken some pieces of the new marvel, a bit from the pamphlet, some of the little photos and captions, and submitted them to Betty [At that time Editor of the the N3C newsletter].

Good to hear that you and Kajsa and family are bearing up under war and hurricane and the coming simultaneous collapse of the nation's infrastructure as the newest pandemic descends on us. Two of our kids have fled to Canada, one as a professor, and other as a terrorist, same thing. I don't know the what of cognitive science and software. I understand to be what is known on the cable as porn.

Should you ever find a spare hour, please do check in at the 200-meter hut. We're always here. Don't get out much. When we do, a little red car driven by a blond lassie of costly garment and non-natural proportions attaches to my rear bumper and requests me to first quench her Second-Sex aggressive desire and then get outta here.

The latter demand is shared by a sizable proportion of the society in which I "used-to-be a contendah" and now am filling the space from which fans of English football are trying to turn me out. From your allusion to my "feud with them" I see that you have picked up on the action as the bullring masses cry "Ole!" at the thrusts of the picadors.

They have hunted down better than me. However, I never supposed by public presence was all that important. Yet the little people of the "clubby" ilk must have the frisson of schadenfreude, or what's a club for?

Cheers, Harvey and Betty"

\*\*Actually a tirade against guidebooks for the wilderness.