

ans June 25
Shaftsbury June 15 1973

Dear Kit:

A funny thing happened to me on the way to our weekly shopping:

Esther, who is devoted to her vegetable garden (despite the depredations of woodchuck and rabbit) has said several times since we met you at the A&P that she intends to read your book; so, when I went into the Bennington Bookshop for stationary I got a copy of it for her (since my poor old pump has been giving out I've refrained from gardening) and I had no intention of reading a book on the subject. But she sampled it on the drive home and said it was very good; and I picked it up when I went to bed expecting it to put me to sleep. But I read on and on and on . . . fascinated not only by its erudition but the fact that it is such good reading despite the enormous amount of information in it! It is good literature! The style (far better than your columns (I can't say why at this point - I haven't finished it but had to write you that it doesn't give the feeling of exposition so much as of something listened to, an unpedantic voice which makes learning a pleasure.

Besides, its revelation of the infinite complexity of biological life bears out my long felt belief that it is the result not of evolution but of an amateur (lover) of creative variety, which is shared by you, the writer who is able to give such a variety of enchanting information without getting lost in the maze. How you managed that is also a mystery to me. And I think that if you could carry that ability over into a work of fiction you could produce a hell of a fine novel. Not that I think what you have produced is less worthy than a novel.

Esther will call you about the possibility of you and Tom coming for supper soon so that we can talk about literature and gardening. It would be a boon to me. I go out very little these days. And Esther would sit at your feet. Regards to Tom.

Sincerely

