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Dear John and Mary,

I had intended to visit California this month, but have to undergo long-overdue dental treatment - but perhaps now I should say post-dental treatment. Thailand is the place to get it done, as although things are a bit more primitive than they are in USA they are far, far cheaper.

I am more than busy, getting ready for the Kra Isthmus crossing with the handicapped kids. The actual crossing itself holds few concerns for me; it's the manoeuvring and manipulating beforehand with the Thai government officials that is difficult. But somehow I seem to be muddling through alright, and I hope that by August we'll be on our way.

There has been little interest shown yet in the USA or Britain in our project, but the Japanese are all ears because they know what is involved and what the crossing will mean, and, of course, they're closer to the scene.

I'm afraid the west is more interested in Rambo and improbabilities like Crocodile Dundee, through which it can fantasise an imposition of urban values on raw old nature, than it is on ~~it~~ real-life, head-on, hands-on encounter. When will they realise that often the truth is far more strange than fiction? Can you imagine Rambo gathering his wits together for long enough to write a book?

I'm afraid my British publishers, who put the book together, were not willing to include a list of contributors at the end, and as I was remote I could do nothing about it. There were many other documents they left out, too. An author has little say in these matters unless he can hobble into the publisher's office waving a stick.

So I am writing to you direct to thank you for your support, both financial and morale. And to tell you this is one of the last letters I shall write on my typewriter, as a computer is on the way for my life to be made a little easier, we hope.

Take care of yourselves,
Sincerely,

