

Monroeville, Alabama
9 March 1994

Dear Mr. Breathed:

Not quite brain-dead, just absent from my NYC address to which my agent in all innocence forwarded your letter. She sometimes has trouble finding me, too. She thought I'd be back last February, but had no way of knowing that among my gifts is weather-prophecy: I had predicted that the snows of yesteryear would finally dump on New York, so went to ground in Alabama last fall and have stayed here. Your letter was included in the mail my neighbor rakes up and sends here about every two months.

How kind of you to ask permission to trespass on my privacy! As well as being a super artist in every way, you are a gentleman. If the cartoon you want to run is the one on page 2 of your letter, okay, but you'll have to answer the mail I get from it. If you want to run something else, please let me see it first. (I'm on my way back to NY, so please address any correspondence in care of my agent. I ~~will~~^{will} (God, I hate this machine) get it this time)

This sounds impossibly pompous, but it is a struggle for me to maintain what I value most (aside from the usual virtues) in the world--privacy. From the volume of mail I get, you'd think Mockingbird was published last year, and from the number of requests for interviews, etc., you'd think I was working the media like Tonja. What has happened, I think, is that Mockingbird is on its second generation of readers.

Dotty and/or brain-dead, in an age where authors are fodder for television & are just another branch of show-biz, I decline to participate.

Best always,

Harper

MBH

3 January '08

Dear Mr. Brewster.

Thank you for
Opos and his beautiful
eccentric world.

Thank you for
his kind reference
to Mockingbird.

Although I get
more like Mrs.

Gumbridge every
day, OPUS never
ceases to delight
me. I hope
he soars for years
to come because
he is one of life's
blessings.

With gratitude,
Barbara Lee

NBH 5'08

Dear Mr. Breaded:
This is a plea
from a dotty old
lady, and from
others not dotty at
all; please don't
shut down OPUS. Can't
you at least give
him a reprieve? OPUS
is simply the best
comic strip there is, and

depriving him of
life is murder. a hard word
to describe the obliteration of your creation,
but OPUS is real. He LIVES.

Sincerely yours,

Harper Lee

6 December (I guess) '08

Dear Berkeley:

Your lovely letter
from the snoozing
Opus went straight
to this old lady's
heart. Maybe I can
find it in my heart (not
being old + horrible but
young + beautiful) to for-
give you - Opus delighted
millions of people of all
ages - I have a book, "The
Pessimist's Guide to History",
that I won't send you because
I'm reading it. Much love, Harper