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Reading Truman Capote

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When a part of my bookshelf came off its hinges, I emptied the shelf, removed it from the wall and put a picture in its place. Looking at the odd assortment of books on the floor, I endeavored to expand the project. Soon great stacks had to be negotiated in order to move from one end of the room to another. It was during the weeding out process (antiquated nonfiction like the Encyclopedia Britannica, Dr. Spock's Baby and Child Care, texts on economics, perennial gardens and human health were to be boxed and donated) that I came across *In Cold Blood*. I had always meant to read *In Cold Blood*, but I was afraid of the material. Scary stuff, I thought. My edition was hardbound and dusty, the paper book sleeve yellowed and brittle, and the possibility of nightmares notwithstanding, the time was right….

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Image: Irving Penn's portrait of Truman Capote.

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