

Saturday noon

12 July 1969

Dear Tom,

Greetings from Boston. Of which I have seen, nothing. We spend all our time within the hotel/convention hall complex in one of the most unreal worlds I have experienced. The day starts with an 8:30 briefing meeting chaired by the Director-General (all genuflect!). lacking only solemn music on the organ and a few candles. He makes a few announcements and informs us of what happened on the previous day (which we all witnessed personally or wrote up for the records or at which we performed our various other duties), in a chatty, avuncular, egalitarian manner---which no one had better take literally. The cabinet and lower staff sit in reverential hush. Upon dismissal, the whole company disperses to the various governmental committees ...(interrupted; will continue when I can).

(Later) My job during the meetings of the (main) Committee (on Administration Finance and Legal Matters) is to maintain a kind of log, a blow by blow account of who speaks on what subject and what proposals and amendments are tabled, from which I then have to construct a precis to be ready about 5 minutes after the meeting adjourns, for publication in a daily "Journal." I have various other related duties. It is all completely strange and new to me but so far, so good.

Each day ends with a debriefing session chaired by a peacock of an Italian (I wish I had his hairdresser!), for no earthly purpose other than to give himself an opportunity to lord it over the assembled dead-tired staff and prevent them from going to their respective rooms to collapse. Meals are taken within the complex or in one's room, if one can afford room service, as there is not the time to go out during the day, nor the energy to do so in the evening.

Two of my colleagues brought their housepets, as I did, and I can report that the three animals are doing very well; the humans---not so good. I am receiving the States-Items, which is almost my sole link to the real world outside. I feel very isolated and I hope you will find time to write. If you have any more of the diary ready, by all means send it here--it will help me keep my sanity and escape, if only mentally, from the oppressive ubiquity of my fellow-workers, socially as well as during work hours.

Any new moves in your case? The last I read was about the proposed recusal (?) of the judge...or was that in the Charles Ward case? As you can see for yourself, I am definitely suffering from disorientation. All the best,

*Sylvia*