

11 June 1973

Mrs. Mary Ferrell
1610 Enfield Road
Apartment 202
Austin 78703

Dear Mary,

It was so GOOD to hear from you after all the time that has passed. I had no inkling that you had left Dallas. Apparently the change is reason for congratulation--it isn't every day that one joins the staff of a Governor. All the best, Mary, although I am sure that it is the Governor who has gotten the best of the bargain.

Re: Lincoln Lawrence. He first called me about 1966 or 1967, not long after his book (WERE WE CONTROLLED?) was issued. He was most charming, asking for this or that item of information on the case, but steadfastly refused to give me a clue to his real identity, on the pretext that my phone might be bugged. Over the years since 1966, he has called from time to time to chat and to ask for further items of information. I could not get a clue to his identity from any one. For a while, I thought that Lincoln Lawrence was really Frank Edwards --but when Edwards died, and LL continued to phone, I decided that I was obviously mistaken. Recently after a spate of calls from him LL pressed me to reveal my taste in flowers and/or perfume. I refused, but eventually said that if he was so keen on expressing his appreciation he could send a toy for Mimi, the cat. He immediately told me that he was a cat-lover, too, and a few days later a package arrived with a toy mouse that Mimi really likes.

I am most fascinated by the theory that LL is really Art Ford. Shortly after ACCESSORIES was published, I was invited to a bookshop to autograph copies. Very few customers appeared at the stated time but Art Ford, whose name I knew vaguely as a disc jockey, did turn up (with a wife or girl-friend) and we got into a discussion of the Bermuda Triangle mystery, on which Ford said that he had done years of research and a manuscript which might be published early in the next year (1968). Needless to say, his book never appeared at all. After this distance in time, I can no longer recall him very well and cannot say whether Art Ford in person is consistent with Lincoln Lawrence over the telephone. The Bank Street address is very near my apartment, perhaps two short city blocks, and I will try to find out what I can about Ford/Lawrence.

Like you and I imagine others, I was excited when Fensterwald surfaced as McCord's lawyer. I had been following Watergate with fascination and pleasure, and his entry into the picture made it all the more piquant.

I appreciate the information you gave me on the blob or blobs and, like you yourself, I remain highly sceptical that it was only a common garden-variety fungus. If that is all it was, why the failure to recognize and identify it right away?

But I am truly mystified by your paragraph on the remains of an 1880 flying saucer. (Your page 3, paragraph 2.) Have I missed something? Please do tell me more about this phenomenon, when you get a moment to write again.

As to Paris Flammonde--yes, I do know his address, but I am under a solemn oath not to reveal it to anyone. I have no idea why he makes such a mystery of it or why he left New York as abruptly as he did, a couple of years ago. However, while I cannot give his address, I can forward on to him anything you may wish to send. Address it to me marked "forward to Paris Flammonde" and I will gladly send it on.

I have asked my secretary to buy a copy of PENTHOUSE dated July with the article by George O'Toole. Would you believe that in a city as vast as New York I do not have a news dealer anywhere near my apartment and must make a special trip to the Times Square area to get periodicals!

I think your point about conspiracies (last paragraph of your letter) is completely valid. One of the spin-offs of Watergate has been a few letters and phonecalls from various people, both friends and strangers, who said that they were compelled to re-think their position on the JFK assassination, since clearly the Government was capable of criminal conspiracy on a vast and multiple ~~man~~ scale. Incidentally, one person I have NOT heard from is Jones Harris, a fervent admirer of Nixon. He has expressed so profound admiration and support of Tricky Dicky, or Dirty Dick as he is now called, that he must feel especially mortified by Watergate.

Mary, let's try not to get so out of touch again. Please write when you can. For July and August I will be c/o Postmaster, Ocean Beach, New York. All my love,

Sylvia