

Friday 9<sup>th</sup> July

Sylvia dear -

A few lines to say I'm thinking of you and hoping that, somehow, you are managing to get some respite from the "batter-fatigue" to which we all seem to have fallen victims, at one point or another and in some form or another.

There are no new developments up to date — except for the very valuable New York Review of Books article by Popkin (with the ~~with the~~ pleasingly "glove-fitting" cartoon of Warren on its frontispiece!) — which I'm certain you have long since seen. (If not, be sure to get it — it's the July 24<sup>th</sup> issue). When I say valuable, I mean, in particular that the Review represents the height of "respectable" journalism among "liberals" of the more literary inclinations — and Popkin is apparently one of their "din gods". And the coverage is certainly extensive, 14½ pages!

Additionally, it occurred to me last night that since you had subscribed to the clipping service for Ed.'s book, we, in turn, would do well to engage a similar service\* for both the Lane & Savage books & thus, we could supply you with material you might otherwise miss. (Hopefully, either singularly or jointly, they will create enough of a stir to precipitate the necessity!) \* P.S. We have already subscribed jointly & it begins as of today & you will receive whatever we do!

When I first, seriously, entertained the notion <sup>of</sup> that my state of health would permit me the trip to France, after all — I wanted very much to be able to go via N.Y., mostly so that I could have the pleasure + satisfaction of a few hours with you. Now, however, because of the airline strike (which seems to be persisting ad nauseam) and because of the heat + my still not-peak-strength, I have decided to go straight thru from here via arctic peripheries! My disappointment at missing a chance to see you is keen, but prudence took over and she's a good tid not to be by-passed! I just don't dare risk any sort of set-back at this point! This is not to say, however, that I won't be seeing you ere long because I shall be coming <sup>back</sup> in October most likely to see Joe at college, if for no other reason.

The present plan is to leave here the night of August 8<sup>th</sup> via Air France. I'll be at my "home away from home," the Hotel Prince de Galles" — (33, Av. George V, Paris, 8<sup>e</sup>) from the 9<sup>th</sup> till the 21<sup>st</sup>, thence to visit friends in Brittany, + later to the Basque coast for a spell prior to flying home via, again, the direct route. (Another reason for my decision to go + return directly is the particular villainy which I experienced at the N.Y. Customs in January + which I feel is peculiar to the overly-harrassed, overly expert inspectors at that port (as compared with L.A.) — ~~plus~~, ~~plus~~ which I'd go to almost any lengths to avoid — ~~plus~~, the desire to preclude my having to change airports with its attendant pressures and deadlines.

3.

After a lengthy phone call from D. Welsh, one from Stan. Weinbaum (to which I responded with a 7-page letter) and my presentation to Ramparts (some 2 weeks ago) of my long over-due bill to them (for about \$500 worth of photo-stats, 2 trips to S.F., which included 2 round-trip air fares + 1 hotel stay) in the amount of more than \$600.00 and, to date, I've had no response whatsoever. To say that I'm 'disenchanted' is a gross understatement. What they chose to do about me, personally, is one matter - but their flubbing procrastination and vacillation about the case are something else and I'm really feeling almost hostile at this point! That is somewhat of an exaggeration - and I still feel that if and when they ever get an issue (or 2 or 3) out on the case, it will probably be a pretty damned good one - but all the hope, excitement and anticipation are long since gone.

Oops! The mail just brought the 3 latest Xerox copies from you for which I thank <sup>you</sup> most profoundly + which are already being re-Xeroxed for Ray, Hilman, Bill + Dave. Unfortunately, the quality of the one from the Charlotte Observer was so poor, (can't read the bottom 11 lines) that I'm going to write them for an original.

Mutt away, dear friend. (I still must write Arnoni!)  
Thanks, ever + ever, for all your attention, concern + abiding + wonderful cooperation + friendship.

Much love,  
Maggie.

Regards to Sobel + to Bill Rehan.