

23 February 1966

Dear Penn,

I was glad you called the other night, even if the news was all bad. If I was more quick-witted, I would have asked you if you knew what happened with the purchaser of the second Ruby letter--was his payment "lost" too? I expect the answer is no, because that would really be too obvious; anyway, his reasons for acquiring it are probably very different from yours--otherwise, we should have heard of him before now.

If you turn up in New York during the working day, my phone at the office is Plaza 4-1234 ext 2024. If I am not at my desk, the message-taking service is lousy, so please impress on the girl who answers (a) your name (b) your phone number, if any, where I can reach you and (c) any other information I should have. If you try my apartment (Chelsea 2-4293) and there is no reply, please phone my nearest-and-dearest friend, Isabel Davis, Chelsea 3-6021. She lives right near me, and usually knows where I am if I am not at home with the cat and the typewriter. If you come to the house, remember, the entrance is on 8th Ave. and the apartment number is 15D.

It worries me that we can't feel free to write certain things or say what needs to be said on the telephone. The most dangerous thing is to walk around with information no one else has--the more people that know, the better the insurance. If you ever want to get something to me in the mail, you could address the outside envelope to my friend Isabel (67 Jane Street, NYC 10014) and she will give me the inside contents or envelope---plain envelopes of course. I don't think they're snopping around Isabel yet (one snooper per one unit of population, as befits the Great(est) Society).

Maggie Field is laid up with flu; she tells me that David is still in hospital. I am afraid this is not the first time, or the last. You have to be made of unbreakable stuff in this business and, so far as I know, we're none of us more than human--and angry, and scared, and terribly overworked. But it won't be the first time that a gargantuan Monster is knocked out by a bedraggled little band of pygmies who refuse to give up and say that justice need not be done, just because the odds are lousy. See you in New York? Love,