

July 18,

Dear Sylvia,

It's incredibly hot and I've been hibernating for the past two days. I presume that you are having similar weather in Boston so be thankful that you are spared the commuting. Westchester had a power failure during the day yesterday and Brooklyn was without electricity during the night. What hell!

The TV picture of our serene ball in the middle of nowhere is really stupendous. It is hard to imagine that on this mass are buildings and machines and people and wars between people; the latter seeming particularly absurd from this perspective. Did you catch the story about the special interest in the glowing colored lights in the various craters? Thus far these pulsating lights have been unexplained. The day is upon us when such a phenomenon will either be chalked up as moon gas or moonmen's gas. What exciting times!

Lenny and I are spending the weekend at Diane's place. Can't wait to see Amy. Diane has been prompting her all week on my name and forthcoming visit so that when she gets on the phone she gayly sings out "Shoshan". What a happy voice that kid has. I'll give you more of a report when we return, but things sound much better in those quarters. Manny's father has returned to work and both Diane and Manny are recuperating from their weeks of tension. Manny received still another raise.

Ruth called the other night and all is well. Ann typed a two line note to me and Ellen dashed off a few lines expressing her disappointment in our cancelling out on our visit last weekend because of the pouring rain.

Last Sunday Lenny and I went to the Bronx Zoo. I can just hear you saying that you haven't been there in years. Well neither had Lenny. Unfortunately, the zoo has also been the victim of budget cuts and there is now an entrance fee of 75¢, but ~~ix~~ it is one of the best zoos in the world. There is a new building there now that houses a permanent exhibit of nocturnal and diurnal animals with simulated nighttime conditions. The balance in nature never ceases to amaze.

At this point, you are more farther than nearer (don't remember the Yiddish) in your Boston stay which makes you more nearer than farther to home. Stick it out as pleasantly as you can. I suspect that things will become more fun toward the end of your stay. Speak to you soon.

Much love,

