



Kamath, 23 avenue de Budé, 1202 Genève, Suisse

Sylvia dear,

As I write the date I'm shattered to realize that I have been thirteen months today on this flipping job and seem never to have had time to catch my breath, and also I'm burdened by guilt at not having had time to write you let alone to thank you for the delightful whiff of Mme Meagher from Boston in that glorious account of how it all took place. It cheered me enormously and I was fraught with good intentions but what matter if there is no result. I arrived in the house just in time for the working group on the org study which I had had seven tough weeks on in 1967 illicitly more or less, and for the EB. Then came spring meetings, Prep Com, ACC, finishing up the org study and trying to undo un-do how do I undo the word, it looks wrong, the elegant-disregard-the-facts-style applied lavishly by our highly paid underworked consultant Claude Berkeley. Then came preparations for ECOSOC and Boston which meant briefing galore, then writing the report while Mike was away, all to be followed by a three week holiday in Holland and Switzerland with my mother. She came, badly worn and greatly aged the gap from 75 to 76 being enormous, took ill in Lucerne and though I was away from work three weeks I had almost no rest and now begin to feel like a wilted cabbage.

Be that as it may October was supposed to be calm save for material to ship off to you and miscellany, November began to get worse, we had a full head of steam on EB docs when Mike collapsed. He was out for five weeks, in part time for a week or two, still doesn't have his strength back and has taken today and half yesterday off which is the only reason I can indulge in writing you at lunchtime which is honoured more in the breach than in the canteen- In any event during his absence Sentici was out two weeks with bronchitis, all of this before Xmas, and though I enjoyed being PC by myself - it could become habit-forming - I was a wreck. My capable secretary left, the new gal is efficient but still a bit lost in the maze of ~~HAN~~ A/AC.7856543/479/Rev.17/Add. 33 and who can blame her - besides last Sunday she went skiing and chipped her ankle bone and is off for ten days with her foot over her head. But to get back to December, it was sheer living hell complicated by family problems - my brother, just turning 50, having decided to emigrate to Australia with his 35 year old second wife and 6 year old lad and the family had decided, playing God, to keep the news from me until I was completely esconced here contractwise and otherwise as I will explain. I know it was for my own good such as it is, though Geneva socially is a void or in other words manless in Gaza, but it was a blow as I haven't seen him for five years, was looking forward to home leave, and now know I'll have to go to Perth. ^{see him} His departure was the result of many things, financial unsuccesses to put it mildly, in life insurance and estate planning which he detested, Tory-mindedness which will make him quite happy in Australia and a bit of racialism not unenhanced by the fact that his charming 23 yr old daughter married a black two years ago - and as my other brother says it's a pity Tom doesn't have good enough vision to see beyond skin. But be that as it may keeping up with the Kahn's and being his brother's kid brother and this and that and they decided to pack up and went as assisted immigrants to settle in Perth. I think for him it was right but gave me pangs leaving mother alone.

Meanwhile he was due to and did ~~sail~~ sail on 7 February and ~~that~~ ^{the} week before that letters from home I got queasy, began calling my mothers flat, no answer, on a hunch called hospitals, got one only to learn she was then in surgery. Since then it has been three weeks of agonizing waiting, phoning and such but she seems to be on the mend and now we are trying - my brother and I by mail to solve her problems of having someone live with her as she dreads the idea of an old lady's residential hotel being young in spirit, convinced the kids are wonderful, and mentally about 23 and rebellious. By a fluke Walter Beecroft of all mentioned a woman who retired from here, a longtime Personneler named Kitty Culshaw - do you know her? - now living in SF, in a dingy hot doing a clerical job because pensions don't stretch. So my brother in SF is now about to see her and see if perhaps she is someone who might live in the spare room and bat fortunately the flat is large, and be someone around at night. We shall see but none

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meanwhile on the home front, I have decided this is the place for me, that I was ready for dullth. Like the work, feel useful, can look in the mirror etc. You know all the syndromes though if I had really known how dirty the clearance made one feel I'm not sure I would have started which said she modestly would have been a great loss to who. In any event I've been 32 months in a meublé in Budé and nary a sign of a flat and when in November I saw a studio for sale I whipped down, borrowed money left and right, left being Société de Banque Suisse which has a LOVELY handsome new office in Johannesburg just to complicate relations with the Special Cttee on the Imp of the Dec of Ind for Col C's and Peeps - and bought it and on 31 March I move an enormous distance from 25 Budé to 23. It is small and I have spent most of my odd moments for three months working with a millimetre rule to be sure I can divide the 54 sq metres into (by bookshelves and divider units and such) a coin for sleeping and a ditto for a desk and such - looking forward to the day when I linger on consultancies and become the little old lady of Budé without tennis shoes, in case you see Arthur Hoppe's wonderful columns anywhere. It cost a packet, \$27,000 but I can manage to pay off the bank half in five years and my brother will be glad to inherit the rest. Then the maintenance is low - even if it doubles. Right now maintenance including local taxes, heat, hot water, janitorial service etc is \$270 a YEAR. You see why I thus decided. It is not the most desirable location - all studios being first floor - right over the café but I have visions of tottering to the balcony some years from now and whistling down for lunch which has its allures. As I have a two year contract only it was reassuring to have personnel underwrite part of the note against repatriation and terminal pay on a fiveyear basis. I must say I find a P3-1 unbearable in Geneva and will be glad to see the first step inc on my next pay cheque. I calculated that I earned more in dollars in 1959 when I left NY than I do here, but they wouldn't take it into account as I had not just left a f.t. job and taken a loss. In any event what with 19 years with no social security and what will be at best a minuscule pension I will at least have the proverbial place to lay the head and I learned while sitting out the boys in blue that one can cut all living expenses very low save for rent, and as I was and have been paying \$240 a month I know what a burden it can be. In any event a smidgeon of social security of my own.

Naturally there is much to talk about but when and how? The job has been a revelation, most educational, and I am bystanding now while the battle rages on the house reorganization, and picking up echoes hither and yon but nothing firm. And if anyone tells you it is settled say they may because the battle was still on at lunchtime and the piles of coffee cups and ashtrays emerging from some of the big offices tell the tale. As you know workwise I am on the UN side and will do my best to do Soc Cn for you with daily mail and files. Mike and I are going. Don't know what yet about women, probably only the FP item and the one on sci-techand the IASI sorry its a place not an abbreviation - and not much more, especially as it is two weeks before and one week of Prep Com and also I move house as we Indians say the end of March and will have to have some time off. Is there any chance you might be coming this way? I could stand a long gabfest of things I have no yen to put on paper now - at worst we'll talk when I come on homeleave. Given the US anti-trainism I've decided I can't cope with struggling cross country, don't really want to come to NY except to see a handful of people and trying to go direct to SF and back on a Dutch cargo-passenger ship. Waiting now to see if I can do it in which case I will leave 1 Sept and be gone until mid Nov and back in time for preparations for EB as we have no report to do this year, and leave late enough for Mike to have a holiday while I do an ECOSOC report for you and Vera only. No one else ever saw the whole thing but I hope it was helpful. In any event there is plenty to occupy us with the exceptionally heavy Geneva calendar this year, and when you curse your overload think of PC with three professionals and light a candle that we all survive. I can see the great advantages of outposting sometimes when I am wading thru the intricacies of clearance. For example did a letter to Chief Adebo and DDG of all sent it back asking for something warm and cozy. It has finally gone out. Would that WHO would provide us with individual monitors to deduce the day's weather on the 7th floor. If I don't stop I won't get lunch! This won't tell you news but it makes me feel that at last at least I've said hello. Gawd how I'd love to have you close enuf for coffeklatsching. Are you still doing the SR puzzles? And how are you-do write if

You'll forgive my procrastination - soon -
Rtg