

2 May 1970

Dear Elly,

Your letter of 20 February finally lurched, stumbled, and fumbled its way into my mail-box despite being still misaddressed, to 304 (wrong) instead of 302 West 12 St. And I do not even mention the contradictory return addresses. Happily I am not a Freudian and read nothing sinister into this numerical accident-prone condition.

To be serious, I was appalled and most sympathetic to learn of the sick-list and turnover at PC and the burden of work that was thrust on you, and the series of family worries you experienced. I hope that by now all these problems have cleared up for you and especially that your mother is recovered and has the companion you were trying to arrange for her.

Congratulations on your new flat, in which you must now be well settled in. Oops, I see now the reason for the divergent return addresses—you have moved from 25 to 23. Scusi.

What can I report in the way of shop talk? Meetings at the UN have become literally a treadmill. One goes from an ECOSOC which ends Friday night to an outer space sub-committee which starts Monday morning and ends two Friday nights later, to be followed on Monday morning by CPC. Vera Kalm and I do virtually all the meetings work and all the reports between us, never mind what the manning-table shows. Malan, who is a gentle and courteous man, is absolutely hopeless at this kind of thing and cannot even now keep clear in his mind what all the different bodies and organs are, much less their interrelationships, horizontal or vertical.

CPC has been rather interesting this last week, having its licks at natural resources and transport and the Dr. Strangelove-type (Barnea) who runs the R & T Division with an awesome determination to empire-build which seems impervious to attack or insult by any number or combination of delegations. I have been following his campaign with a kind of mesmerized fascination from the start of the year and the Ad Hoc Committee on the Survey Programme for NRs through ECOSOC and now CPC, often with sheer disbelief as he presses for new centres, global conferences, and standing committees. I think that in the end he will so exhaust everyone that he will get some or most of what he wants, despite the complete lack of merit or justification for his grandiose proposals.

We got some feeble echoes of the reorganization crisis from various visitors to LUN and I think we all felt fortunate to be far from the center of the storm. Indeed, I wish we could have a long gab about official and unofficial business! Let me know if and when you will be in New York, once your plans are made.

These days we are all living with a kind of end-of-the-world ~~mis~~ismay and the fear of madedogs, pedigree Establishment. I continue to work in a desultory way on the assassination, without expectation any longer that it will get anywhere.

Much, much love, dear Elly. I hope that Mike is recovered now and I wish you both a happy WHA and a merry ECOSOC.

Best,