

28 June 1971

Dear Paris,

A copy of The Age of Flying Saucers arrived this morning. My renewed best wishes for the success that the book so eminently deserves!

Unhappily, the copy sent to me--and I hope it is only a "freak"--repeats pages 133-160 but omits entirely pages 161-192. In view of the many difficulties you have had with the publishers, this scramble is more dismaying than surprising, and I can only hope that the rest of the edition is unmitigated.

I have assumed that you must be away, perhaps in England, as you had mentioned you planned, since I did not hear from you nor hear your voice on the Long John program. Otherwise, I should have liked to discuss with you the shocking news of the suicide of Jim McDonald. Perhaps we can compare notes on this tragic event when I return in the fall from a summer away from the real world and my first genuine vacation in many years, which begins in three days. I have taken a house on Fire Island, where I will be until Labor Day, hopefully doing absolutely nothing except sun myself and breathe salt air. (Just the same, in case you need to reach me for some reason, my phone there is 516-583-5246.)

I am sorry to say that my cat Allegra died earlier this month, after progressive enfeeblement caused, it turns out, by a malignancy. This was a very crushing sorrow, which I shall continue to feel for a long time to come. I have adopted a kitten, to share the summer that was planned around Allegra, and I hope that you will get to meet her when we return.

Again, Paris, my warm regards and best wishes for the book. As I shall be cut off from newspapers and magazines, I will hope to see your copies of reviews at some convenient time. Have a very good summer!

Sincerely yours,