

Monday 7 pm 25 July 1966

Dear Susan,

(which I started to type prematurely on the envelope),

I am afraid that by the time I was finishing my letter to you last night (mailed this morning) I was almost incoherent with fatigue; and I am not much better tonight. First thing this morning I set about trying to get a copy of Book Week in the Sunday Washington Post, the basis for the NY Times story on Richard Goodwin's proposals of which I mailed you earlier today. I won't go into the details of the frustrations I encountered at every turn; suffice it to say that I now have enough copies to paper the walls. I got them only on the way home--stopped at the out-of-town newsstand to get the Wash. Post, got one, removed Book Week, walked over to trash can to discard the rest of it, in time to pick up the Book Week discarded by preceding customer, who wanted to keep the rest of it (we could have saved 35¢ by getting together in advance). Arriving home, I found a third copy in the mail, sent by Aaron Asher. Found also 2 letters from Maggie--she is taking press-clipping service on the Lane book, to "match" what she mistakenly thinks is my service on Ed's book. (Another hour of frustration this morning trying to get a copy of the Lane book, which I saw at Jones Harris yesterday, but which with all my contacts, etc., I failed to obtain, even for money.) A third letter was from Harold--it made me really groan, for just as I thought I had solved the problem of commenting on his TV spectacular, by means of merely telling him how much other people loved him (in truth, they did, i.e., Bill non-Stop Crehan and Herb Taylor, a kind of parallel Crehan but in the UFO field, who afflicts Isabel, not me, thanks god), Harold writes a specific request for my opinion: "please tell me if I made any gross errors in my manner and approach, if there were any real opportunities I missed, etc...." How do I get out of THAT?/???? And listen to Harold on the subject of Vince:

"Having just returned from Philadelphia...I simply must as the very first thing after taking my bag from the car acknowledge the accuracy of your comment" (of quite long ago, you will remember, Susan) "on Vince Salandria's fine character...He is a really 'big' person, apparently at least that honest, and I am confident he does regret the harm he did me, the error of which he freely admitted. He also did at least as much as one might expect to rectify this."

The one successful procurement of today was that I did get, without complications (other than paying a messenger \$2.75) the proofs of Sauvage's book, which he had promised to leave for me before departing on his vacation. Don't think me immodest if I copy out what he said about me (nothing in the world could stop me):

Finally, I wish to express my gratitude to Mrs. S---M---, author of an indispensable Subject Index to the W---R--- and the only person in the world who really knows every item hidden in the 26 volumes of Hearings and Exhibits. With total unselfishness, Mrs. M--- has always been available, to me as to others, for any needed information, verification, or reference.

New York, June 1966.

Isn't that SPEECHLESS???? Too generous, but really the act of a man of character, mainly because he never said a word about it and wanted it to be a total surprise i.e., so I would not be able to thank him before he left on vacation. The only other tributes are to his editor, who got the American edition accepted for publication, and to the editor of New Leader, who had published Sauvage's articles and critiques.

The good news about Lex is only every OTHER day. Nothing specific identified in the way of organic malady. Now he is talking about electric shock treatment, which is in itself almost an electric shock treatment to Isabel, who went home and got drunk to counteract the horror of the suggestion (we don't know whether it is an idea which germinated in Lex or a suggestion by one of his doctors). //Paul Hoch is the kid who centuries ago betrayed Vince's shirt bubble to Ramparts; Ed, Vince, and Paul himself acknowledge that Paul found the new dogs. // About the espresso-maker--sure, bring it, ONE of us will surely be able to use it (maybe both of us???) //No, I don't remember Sam Katz. Signing off. Allegra joins me in sending hugs, kisses, and much warm love. How did you and Clem make out with the American businessmen? Shall I stop writing as of the 28th or will you send new address? Your letters are a delight. *By/via*