

7 July 1967

Dearest Mike,

Thanks for your letter, I wasn't angry that you hadn't written earlier, I know how hectic you have been. Winnicka told me that you would be here for three months, to my great delight. I am really looking forward to seeing you and Barbara and William again, after this long time since your last home leave.

I am on leave for this whole month, although working full-time at home on WR matters, in particular the GBS travesty of an "inquiry." I've done a review of this semi-official propaganda job for September publication as well as a long letter to GBS with copies to the press etc. The page proofs of my book are due on the 20th, which will mean two weeks of concentrated work and indexing of the whole book, which cannot be done until the pagination has become available. As soon as that is finished, I'll return to the office and will be at my desk there when you arrive, waiting with real pleasure for the sight of three Sacks faces.

Bernard was a joy—he looks like the DG and sounds like the DDG, quite bewitching. We had an excellent staff roundtable with him and Dr. Sambaseven, who greatly endeared himself to all of us, too, one of the best meetings we have ever had with visiting staff. Bernard has developed real authority on both WHO and UN affairs, and I certainly respected his views and admired his versatile and wide knowledge. He was friendly and warm and I am glad that we did not disappoint or dismay him.

I'm sorry Bea has been out of commission. Please do give her my best, I am so fond of Bea.

The publication date for the book is coming nearer and nearer. I am getting more and more jittery. My spies tell me that Mark Lane, who has read the galleys, said it is the best of all the books. Conor Cruise O'Brien is reading a set of galleys, too, and Harrison Salisbury has agreed to read a set when he returns in August. (These are all arrangements made by the publisher, not by me.) If they have something nice to say for quotation, it will go on the jacket, I'm told. Well, the book may accomplish what nothing else could—I may have to take refuge in Geneva if the going gets rough. (This is a facetious remark. If I have to seek literary asylum, I will probably try for Israel, and convert to Judaism.)

Hurry, August; and Hurry, Mike. I am impatient to see you again.
All my love,