

17 May 1966

Dear Mr. Sauvage,

After our telephone conversation I opened the waiting letter from Weisberg. Enclosed in the envelope was a copy of a letter he had sent to Mark Lane's publisher. I have made an exact copy for you to see, since I am convinced that no paraphrase or summary could possibly convey the surrealist extravagance of the original text.

I am (finally) speechless.

It is probably unethical to circulate the letter, even though Weisberg did not specify that I should keep it confidential; in self-defense, I must plead that the letter is too extraordinary to be denied to other beneficiaries of Weisberg's largesse --i.e., his privately-printed book.

Just the same, please don't give me away as your source, if the problem should arise. Say only that no one was first to see the letter--not Holt, not Rinsart, not Winston.

Weisberg has been living too long with only chickens for company, and geese. This could never happen to someone who keeps a cat.

Kind regards.