

Sunday night (1/21/68)

Dear Sylvie,

I was shocked to hear from Susan about your father, although from your absence over the weekend I suspected something was wrong. This must be a rotten time for you, and there is so very little that any of your friends can do. We can send you our affection, but what good does that do? It was good to know that Myerben Aronov was at your place when I called. Actually, when I heard that, I decided not to come over - there is also a problem in too many friends, in too much talk, at a time like this. Silence, also, is a kind of medicine.

After talking with Susan I went to my lawyer's office and we huddled and talked until 5:30 in the morning. The suit has moved into high gear and he started to discuss the whole thing in great detail with me before examining the wife people next week. I did a quiet radio thing for Wood the next morning & then came home. Shortly now I leave for San Francisco, Denver, St. Louis, and then, thank God, it will be nearly over.

Enclosed is a copy of my letter to the L.A. Times. I thought it would be better to talk about G.'s latest claims rather than get in a puerile argument about what T. said or didn't say. I'm sure that H. is