

4 May 1966

Dear Harold,

I'm sorry it didn't work out with Norton. There was no correction
(re Epstein's book)
in the Sunday Times, as I had been told to expect. One of Mark Lane's
lackeys, or ex-lackeys, called on Sunday after a very long silence, to ask
me to give him a particular reference that he was unable to find. He
said, after I had gone through some pains and supplied the information,
that he had Lane's manuscript, which he was about to return, with some
suggestions. Being a real genius, I then realized that I had taken all
that trouble for Lane, whom I would not give the time of day. The lackey,
a somewhat uncouth charmless and one-dimensional fellow, said also, during
the conversation, that he had gotten my subject index, and used it sometimes.
Dead silence. I guess he will not be the Ambassador to St. James, when he
grows up. (He's in his twenties, but it may stop there.)

A subsequent call from someone else who also had obtained Lane's
manuscript (which is about to be published, June in England and September
here by Holt) indicated that this person didn't think much of the ms; in
fact, found it very consistent with the original work (which I had read with
little approbation), except that the English had been greatly improved and
polished. I suspect that in the end Lane will be the wholly forgotten man
of this piece and that his book, following on Epstein's, will make no impact at all.

I hadn't intended to write at all, merely to enclose the Moree bill you
sent me, but one word led to another. However, I must get back to my official
writings. Best wishes, as always.

Sylvia