MRS. EUNICE HOLSAERT

4 DEAN STREET

COBBLE HILL

BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

Sunday

Dearest Faith,

It sure was elegent to talk to you last night. You sounded so much like yourself that I had the sensation that you were just around the corner == as you probably gathered from my reluctance to let you go!

Tomorrow I shall send cheese, soup, and other tidbits and be sure to keep us informed about how frequently you want packages, whether our choices are good, etc.

I saw Ann Durrell, the Helt editor, at the conference. She is very eager to see the new version of the Ocean, and asked whether I thought she should try to put it on the Spring or the Fall list (Spring 64 -- Fall 63). I magnanimously left that up to her! Perhaps we'd be a shade better off with a Spring pub. date because its close to the season of maximum ocean interest but then a Fall pub. date brings us into the Xmas gift-giving season -- six of one and half dozen of the other, I'd say.

I'm enclosing your excellent rejection wheek slip from Mademoiselle -- fabulous for your first one -- also a letter from Pauline which I thought might entertain you; Shai and I enjoyed it mightily.

Incidentally, the Beb Js have been burning up the

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telephone wires for word of you so I called them to put them out of their misery after I spoke to you last night.

Allen (G) also asked us to tell you that he tried to reach you to say goodbye many times during the weekend before you left but had no luck. He says to wish you godspeed and to send you his love.

I called Candy and read her your letter. She says she'll write soon. She's getting a bit bored with her job. Is she speiled, by any chance? Like her sister Toni, but in different aread?

By the way, Rabbi Flasher is have having a very rough time in the Williamsburg area of Brooklyn. He's been picketting for Core, etc. and the people of that neighborhood, largely the Jews, I gather have been threatening his life, etc. They feel he s a traitor and is not worthy of being a rabbi. As you will see by the enclosed clipping a rabbi in Kurt's neighborhood was killed by a mugger and somehow his good neighbors have decided that it was Kurt's picketting and agitating that had manned runk riled people up, and that the innocent rabbi was killed because of Kurt. Messy, huh?

Betsy told Paul, incidentally, (about you). He sputtered and then subsided fairly fast -- so that

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takes care of everyone.

That seems to be all our news. Take care, lovey. Good luck, joyous accomplishments and a frying pan full of crispy benedictions.

Love

Madre

I'm practicing on your red-and-black ribboned type-writer against the day when I type the final script for Helt. It certainly has elegant action. Txx

I've just cleaned your kee keys. Isn't it much better now?