So much importance did the British attach to the operation that London took the unprecedented step of notifying several foreign leaders in advance. These included Nixon, United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim and Prime Minister Jack Lynch of the Republic of Ireland.

I have read your MS. At first I didn’t like it—the old fashioned sort of sordid realism done rather in detail. But when it moves to the orphanage it gets into stride and has the myopic vision and exaggerated sensitiveness and exaggerated insensitiveness on the other hand, of the sort of substratum, gamin life you are dealing with.

Too many people who are romantically involved lack the qualities of friends—they are boyfriend and girlfriend, but not friends. Friendship allows people to share each others’ experiences and enjoy each others’ company.

There’s a Prohibition flavour about the drug trade: It has an aura of adventure and romance. The smugglers make fast runs, big profits and take small risks. The users, the pot-heads, are provided with high times and mellow evenings. Few are exposed to anything more dangerous than their friendly corner trafficker. Yet there is another side. The drug trade is quickly becoming organized on an international level, although the small, independent operator is still very much in evidence. The big operators, however, establish forwarding companies in source countries (Canada has become a source country for the manufacture of chemical drugs—LSD, Speed, PCP), have financiers in various parts of the world, incorporating companies in Canada with the capability of laundering money through Swiss banks and reinvesting in land, real estate holdings, stocks, and bonds.

Acupuncture, in the two short years since Richard Nixon’s visit to the People’s Republic of China and the beginning of China-North America rapprochement, has captured the professional and popular imaginations of Canadians in a way no medical discovery has done since the heart transplant. It’s success in the alleviation of severe and chronic pain has many people regarding it as near miraculous which, of course, it is not; it is merely different.
I was 17 at the time and had been engaged the year before, to a young man who changed his mind. I realize now it would have been a bad thing but at the time I was heart-broken and didn’t want to be engaged to anybody.

Confusion is something university life has made me face countless times. Living by myself gives me my wanted freedom, but it also cuts me from the valuable advice and direction parents give. Here, I must face career decisions and social problems more or less alone. However, confusion is not all bad as it forces a person to rationalize the situation and take responsibility.

Parents love children (their children), and attempt to raise them as well as they can. Children reciprocate this love, and also combine respect with it. Thus, based on this bond between parent and child, of, on one hand love and concern, and on the other hand of love mixed with respect, a relationship develops which lasts until the dying days of individuals.

And I’m a bit doubtful of the sixpenny stories. Better perhaps a little fortnightly or monthly of ten or twelve thousand words; a little magazine something like that Laughing Horse from Santa Fe—did you see the number Spud Johnson did on me?—it wasn’t good, but a little private sort of magazine like that can be made to pay, just to pay, especially if you canvass personally for material, and appeal only to a decently educated public—not like the Adelphi, which wanted all the chapel and church imbeciles, and fell through the holes in its own socks. The point is, you’ve got to offer something genuine; there’s plenty of hotch-potch already. You’ll never make much money with genuine stuff, but you’ll be sound.

This is a case of an interesting contrast between American and European practices in publishing. Over here it would not occur to anyone that a book such as These Eventful Years, published by you, would require any publicity, least of all by its contributors. I will, however, comply with your wish and declare that in my opinion too this book is among the strangest, most deserving, and most informative works that has come my way during this century. I am studying it assiduously so as to orient myself in this world in which, considering my age, I shall not be spending much more time.
As the air and ground war continued, the U.S. prepared another offensive—a new attempt to pacify the Viet Cong-infested countryside.

I basically see myself as an average person. I fit statistics, they usually describe me. I do average things, earn an average wage, get average grades in school and without knowing me specifically, I would just seem to be your average-type of person. I am though, incredibly special in my own world and my life is just as important to me as other people’s lives are important to them. I merely believe in understanding the relativity of life.

Maria Huxley came yesterday, with the Franchettis. He is a Jew, Barone Luigi—and as rich as Croesus. He plays the piano very well, and is quite nice—but I agree entirely—I have absolutely no basic sympathy with people of “assured incomes”. All words become a lie, in their mouths, in their ears also. I loathe rich people.

All aspects of my professional preparation and training through the years have contributed to wider knowledge of people, needs, behaviour, as well as honing my skills and developing personal confidence, enjoyment of challenges and feelings of being able to make some contribution to the community. Such education and work also resulted in a disciplined life style!

There is something I like very much about the Mediterranean; it relaxes one, after the tension of America. Wait a bit, till you get used to it, and you’ll like it too. But after a while, it’s always set me longing to wander, to do a sort of Iliad. But even if all of us, and Earl and Achsah, put our money together, we’d never afford a little ship, which is so much the best of this sea of many shores. You see, one need never sail for more than a night, then there’s somewhere else to land at, if one likes.

I find it difficult to write about myself. I am unable to figure out who I am in my own mind, never mind on paper. I can be a leader just as easily as I can follow; I’m easy-going, but on the other hand, I’ll argue in favor of what I believe in. Independence and having strong morals make me the person I am. I’m an outsider; I absorb most everything in my environment. I tend to be a listener.
As for your proposals, I completely trust your judgement. I would really have preferred to publish a sizable collection of stories (let us say, the story from Arkadia, the Metamorphosis, and still another novella, under the collective title of *Punishments*). By the way, Herr Wolff agreed some time ago to this, but I suppose in the present circumstances it should be better temporarily to proceed as you have outlined. I also quite agree with the idea of reissuing Meditation.

Here is defence II of my poor dear Velluti—Do not say that it is too enthusiastic—Wherefore should not the enthusiasm he excites be published as well as the criticisms against him?—He is a gentle graceful angelic being—too much the reverse of coarse natures to be relished by them—If he is not all the boasted energy of that vain creature, man, he has what is far better, a strength all his own, founded on the tenderness & sympathy he irresistibly excites. You see how cautious & cold I am in my expression to be printed, in comparison with the real warmth that is obliged to find unworthy exit in cut & dried phrases—

I am a very strong person. I think I became this way through a combination of factors. I was brought up to be (outwardly) calm and under control, honest, brave, and kind, to believe in equality and justice, and to laugh—never to cry. Although I rebelled against this approach, particularly the denial of emotions, other parts of this upbringing have stood me in good stead. I have now learned to be more in touch with my feelings, and to express them. Though I’m still not very good at this, I’m better than I was.

Today, scientists on Earth pour over the legacy Pioneer 10 leaves behind. From it will come a better understanding of Jupiter and its influence on our tiny niche in the universe. Even more important, perhaps, Pioneer 10 has opened the door to the outer planets and the stars.

I am so busy now that I cannot take time to answer it at present, but before long I hope to be able to make a comprehensive statement of my reasons for supporting the Zionist movement, which should remove such misconceptions and I hope will allay any doubts which you may feel.
A flood of applications for national housing loans is expected, particularly in view of the serious shortage of houses reported in many sections of the province. Some months ago, the office of the district administrator for national housing reported that numerous inquiries had been received.

What about the War Pensioner—what have they done for him? They’ve left him in a position detrimental to the comfort of himself and his family.

I view friendship as something very special, and long-lasting. It is a relationship between two people that has occurred because they enjoy the company of one another, the interests of one another, and they accept the differences in one another. Friendships are crucial to the human race because a person can learn about themselves and about others at the same time. By learning about yourself and about others, you can create an image of what a good person should be like and set yourself towards that goal.

But fortunately the goals of deterrence, of defense, and of arms control are not always in conflict. For example, when we improve our command and control systems, we improve our deterrent to aggression and, at the same time, we decrease the chance of a completely uncontrolled war, should deterrence fail. We have installed a number of both administrative and physical safeguards for our nuclear weapons which reduce as far as possible the chances of unauthorized use. The great emphasis we have placed on forces which can survive a nuclear attack from the Soviet not only serves to deter Soviet aggression but also greatly reduces the pressure on us to act precipitately in a crisis, thus decreasing the danger of inadvertent or accidental war.

At present, the smoker with a normal heart and sound arteries can only choose between abstinence and moderation—or else take his chances. Moderation may mean cutting down on the number of cigarettes he smokes, switching to a brand that yields less nicotine, or using a filter-holder.
I still do not fully understand the matter of the Fontane Prize; nevertheless I trust your general opinion on the question. However, the fact that Leonhard Frank was a candidate (I suppose the prize cannot be awarded to the same person twice) suggests that what is involved is only and exclusively the distribution of the money. Nevertheless, again following your advice, I have written to Sternheim; it is not very easy to write to someone from whom one has received no direct word and to thank him without knowing exactly what for.

Having suggested that we are of some importance to you, let me hasten to say that you are of very obvious, and often of overwhelming, importance to us. Our geography, our common history, our interwoven economics, and our defense concerns combine to make your interests in world affairs very largely our interests. When your security is weakened, we have cause to worry. When freedom falters with you, ours is diminished.

I am so cross today, crosser than ever—that fool of a man, the Cornhill editor (Reginald Smith), sends me back my article—Boswell’s letters—without a word, but a printed slip. I never expected him to take it, since I found that it would only make 2 Cornhill pages, which is impossibly short, of course—but I thought he might say so. Also, Haldane isn’t exactly warm in his praise, and altogether I feel, as you read in the Bible, despised and rejected of men. I was a fool not to find something suitable for the Cornhill.

This indifference to the lung cancer problem is hardly surprising. For there is seemingly a similar lack of concern among other responsible segments of the community.