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42 East 82nd Street

New York 28, N. Y.

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Dear, dear people...

Where, oh WHERE are you??!

If you had a dollar for every time you've come up in our thoughts and conversation your financial status would be fixed for life -- but wishes ain't horses, and beggars don't ride, etc.,etc. Anyhow we and the Praegers and Hersch and the Kaplanskys have received your greetings from time to time and we've wondered alone and together what's with you and I have gone so far as to call your old number, the Ford Foundation, the Saldenberg gallery, and was grumpily considering tackling the FBI when the "invitation" from Ambassador Jones reached here. It reminded me of that old limerick:

There was a young fellow quite bright
Who traveled much faster than light
He went out one day
In a relative way
And came home the previous night!

Anyhow, the message is clear that you've been productive and that fulfills our kind hopes for you -- but I must confess it throws me, personally, into a lustful dilemma. Along with the events of the outer world, the conquest of space, the efforts toward coexistence, the tumultuous struggle toward integration here, etc., goes the skyrocketing of prices as Artmania virus invades the populace. Even our friend Edith, who has been a lone fighter for some sanity in the business, is powerless prevent the current inflation. In this regard, incidentally, Mel has been putting to her from time the time the question of her taking John in. Who and what has influence with this good lady only the gods do know, but she offers verbally something about "as long as she doesn't get accused of stealing (you) from Saldenberg." After my conversation with Mrs. S. when I called hoping she had your address, I know, of course, that such couldn't be the case. I have to run now, but

just had to confess that not only are we looking forward to your return, but that the acquisitive lust of the poor possessor is rearing its ugly guise, as well as petty hates for Hirschorn, Billy Rose, and the Rockefeller's who always seem to get there first! Keep well, and please forward your address, unless you want to escape long outpourings, and in case you do, know anyway that we think of you lovingly...

Handwritten signature

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