

ATTORNEY AT LAW

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AREA CODE

11 April 1994.

Mr. Brian Lamb,
Ms Susan Swain,
C-Span
400 North Capitol Street,
Washington, D.C., 20001.

Dear Mr. Lamb,
Ms. Swain:

although I cannot organize,
let alone articulate, an adequate question
or statement for a telephone call or
a faxing, I am quite genuinely
constrained to communicate with you
as follows.

C-Span has become the
adhesive which keeps bound the restless
bits of my ageing mind. The entire staff
of C-Span's interviewers perform admirably,
but preeminently it is you whom I hope
to see when I enter into my routine
engagements with my TV set.

Quite simply, you are
born and each "Tops" and I shall say no more
than that about Mr. Lamb,* but with Ms. Swain
I must say more, namely what follows.
Whenever she faces
"outward", screenwise, I blush.

*we being two heterosexual males

(Fortunately, no one is on hand but my
Airedale, Oliver, and he is fast asleep). If
she smiles my entire face flushes. If
I were truly in her presence, I dare say
that I would dissolve, and who could
die more benignly? I can as readily
imagine her serving tea to select
company in a fine Georgian Georgetown
house, either in a parlor or on the
Terrace (which would, of course, not be in
the house, which would be fine enough if
simply a small townhouse).

Whoever views her and
adequately appreciates the quality of
the experience should account it an
inexcusable strike against himself not
to propose marriage, no matter what
might be his or her immediate marital
status, but no such person (least of
all I) should entertain for an instant
the notion that he is qualified to
encourage his sort.

One so pretty, so gracious
and so dear, let alone her being so
talented, should be forever excused from
any experience, payment-wise or just
return-wise, from federal, state or

Local income taxes, highway or bridge
Tolls or any other mentally onerous
Considerations (I have merely listed
what for myself are the most dreadful
by way of illustration) (She should have
an absolutely unlimited range of choice).

I wish to blazes I could
have organized a sensible question
and could "get through" (but then I
am always appalled to hear myself
"on Tape"). On my defense, I am
often deeply stirred, especially to behold
Congressmen's behaviour when a lone one
of them has the floor or to witness
the press's thrusts when Mr. Clinton
had Mr. (The Georgian prime minister) at his
side. Also, so far as concerns crime all
I behold are programs for hacking down
trees when no well-considered reforestation
seems being contemplated.

But, enough of that!! Mainly,
I simply am admiring writing to you
(with no wish* whatever that my message
be circulated beyond you)

With very best wishes
Quite sincerely

Kindly, truly, truly