

Sept. 18 72



Beverly Wilshire Hotel

Dearest Mr. Stout.

They can't give me  
your phone number.  
I should have known...

By the way: is herol coffee  
in the book?

I am leaving for Denver  
to work there till Sept. 23  
then back here.

I did get the package  
the day I left Paris!

and I read all the way  
to Chicago and L.A.  
and bless you!  
then I got sick because  
of the air-conditioning  
I'm not used to, and  
again you helped me  
pass the long nights.  
I've only read the books  
with Archie talking.  
The others I leave for  
real Desperation-Time.  
Much love and all  
thanks possible Maude Dick.

M. DIETRICH 12 AVE MONTAIGNE  
PARIS 8

**OTHER BOOKS BY REX STOUT**

*Novels*

HOW LIKE A GOD • GOLDEN REMEDY • SEED ON THE WIND  
O CARELESS LOVE! • MR. CINDERELLA • FOREST FIRE  
THE PRESIDENT VANISHES

*Nero Wolfe Mysteries*

FER-DE-LANCE • THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED MEN  
THE RUBBER BAND • THE RED BOX • SOME BURIED CAESAR  
OVER MY DEAD BODY • BLACK ORCHIDS  
WHERE THERE'S A WILL • NOT QUITE DEAD ENOUGH  
TOO MANY COOKS • THE SILENT SPEAKER  
TOO MANY WOMEN • AND BE A VILLAIN  
TROUBLE IN TRIPLICATE • THE SECOND CONFESSION  
THREE DOORS TO DEATH • IN THE BEST FAMILIES  
CURTAINS FOR THREE • MURDER BY THE BOOK  
TRIPLE JEOPARDY • PRISONER'S BASE • THE GOLDEN SPIDERS  
THREE MEN OUT • THE BLACK MOUNTAIN  
FULL HOUSE: A NERO WOLFE OMNIBUS • BEFORE MIDNIGHT  
THREE WITNESSES • MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD  
THREE FOR THE CHAIR • IF DEATH EVER SLEPT  
AND FOUR TO GO • ALL ACES: A NERO WOLFE OMNIBUS  
CHAMPAGNE FOR ONE • PLOT IT YOURSELF  
THREE AT WOLFE'S DOOR • TOO MANY CLIENTS  
FIVE OF A KIND: THE THIRD NERO WOLFE OMNIBUS  
HOMICIDE TRINITY: A NERO WOLFE THREESOME  
THE FINAL DEDUCTION • GAMBIT • THE MOTHER HUNT  
TRIO FOR BLUNT INSTRUMENTS • A RIGHT TO DIE  
THE DOORBELL RANG  
ROYAL FLUSH: THE FOURTH NERO WOLFE OMNIBUS

*Tecumseh Fox Mysteries*

DOUBLE FOR DEATH • THE BROKEN VASE • BAD FOR BUSINESS

*Mysteries*

THE HAND IN THE GLOVE • MOUNTAIN CAT  
ALPHABET HICKS • RED THREADS

DEATH OF A DOXY • THE FATHER HUNT •  
DEATH OF A DUDE

Nero Wolfe Mysteries

NEED URGENTLY  
ALL MARKED

July 7 72

Dear, dear Mr. Stout,

I just came back to Paris and I found your letter. My heart beat fast. Such joy.

Ever since my son-in law introduced me to your books my life has been much brighter.

We hunt in every city for one we have not read and he brought me two from America which I saved until I had a very lonely and sad evening - or two.

Sometimes I force myself to read only half the book and wait for another time. But mostly I read the book right through. I love the stories, the style, the dialogue e.t.c.e.t.c. I took all the books I still had ( because I give them away to other aficionados) to Orson Welles and begged him to do the series for television, but naturally I could not tell him where the rights were.

Casting Nero Wolfe is easy ,but I cannot yet find Archie. I know how he looks. A bit like Burt Bacharach, but taller. As I have given so many of your books away I cannot be quite certain which titles I have read. I have marked the ones about which I am dubious or certain . All the others unmarked ones I have read. Please send them to me, I cannot get any of those here or in London. I even have a German one called "before Midnight" but the translation is terrible. They try to copy the jargon of Archie, frightfull. Please don't let's lose touch, as Ppa Hemingway used to say.

The dinner with Mr. Harold Stern and Mr. Kenneth Tynan was wonderful because I suddenly started to talk about you, as I very often do, and there was someone who knew you.

If I were young and a man, I could play Archie better than anyone. I even love him when he gets angry at Wolfe.

I know the house outside and inside, the orchidroom and even the smell of the kitchen.

I thank you very deeply for the wonderful rest you give me from all the troubles of today's life.

May you be well and happy.

devotedly

Mark Siegel

12 Avenue Montaigne

Aug. 6 75

Dear Barbara Burn,

I only read your letter today as I was on tour  
and did not have my mail sent to America.  
Please get ESQUIRE AUGUST and give page 59 to Rex STOUT.  
Our French President loves him too.  
What can I say other than that we are all hungry for more  
and reading the old books over and over again.  
Give my love to Mr. Stout and Archie and Fritz .

With very best wishes



Marlene Dietrich

Lerman, Leo  
"Grand Recapture"  
Pg. 349  
5/07

would have mattered?" But, of course, it did matter. I don't know quite what Puss said. They were both drunk.

AUGUST 12, 1971 Gray to Robert: "Richard [Hunter] is eccentric in every respect. In fact, he is one of the oddest people I've ever known. You would have to have him to stay with you to know." Robert: "For seven months! You have excessive kindness." Gray: "I don't. Leo does. He's the kind one."



AUGUST 13, 1971 Gray's temper is just beneath the skin—almost showing at all times—scorn and temper and contemptuousness. There must be a French phrase for this condition—just barely covered by skin. The American expression thin-skinned covers (pun intended) all sorts of acerbating conditions. Sometimes I cannot bear this. Most of the time, I cannot but I do. Will this ever blow up? It must not. Too much would pour out too late.

AUGUST 14, 1971 Marlene's flat and her preparations for tomorrow's party—Orson [Welles], Tony Perkins, and [director Claude] Chabrol. Marlene leaning on the balustrade of her minuscule, bright-red-geranium-lined terrace, just a ledge upon which to stand, looking down in the Avenue Montaigne, into the trees and out at the lighted church, the motors fleeing down the avenue—great rushes of autos—saying, "I was too dumb when I was young—too shut away. All I knew was nightclubs and hotels." She has just come from her Copenhagen triumph ("Better than ever") by way of Switzerland, where she had Neiman's injections. She looks better than she did in New York: The famous beauty—the bones, the smile—is apparent again beneath the erosions, the scratches and scourges of time, which, like the prehistoric glacier, has moved across her face.

AUGUST 16, 1971 A happy evening with Marlene—such laughter and talk and reminiscences, the kind we used to have years ago in New York. "If only somebody had told me that it was only glands . . . years ago . . . not love . . . only glands. All of that misery and that waiting and that meaning—Did he mean that? Did he turn his face this way or that? Now it's better—to bed with Rex Stout. No worrying."<sup>47</sup>

Marlene on Carbo: "That blankness, that beautiful blankness behind that face . . . that was it. . . . So touching. She was no actress. . . . I was in the hospital with a strep throat, and she was in a room above me . . . with the clap. She got it from [director Rouben] Mamoulian. And Mercedes [de Acosta] was running between us with food. The hospital food was so bad. . . . Mercedes said Carbo used everybody. She wrecked [Mauritz] Stiller and she killed [John]

<sup>47</sup> Dietrich was reading, not sleeping with, the mystery novelist Rex Stout.

Hi  
He would have loved  
this! Probably matter not  
so much  
Love,  
me