

MAXWELL GEISMAR

WINFIELD, HARRISON, N. Y.

November 21, 67

Dear Sylvia,

A note in haste~~x~~ to thank you for your lovely note: I seem to like your personal tone as much as I admire your book.

I have not written sooner just because I seem to have given up everything, including my own writing and research, ~~in~~ in order to read~~x~~ your book for the last week or so: I find I can't skip it, I have about 100 pages to go: I wonder if you could return a copy of my note with earlier comments, so that I can give you a statement-- which I am sure, gathering from the present reactions to the book, you won't need: but not necessary, really, I don't need the copy... It just may be that your book~~x~~, like all books written out of deep inner need, will break things wide open... Being cynical, I doubt it; being innocent at heart, I hope, I hope.... Best, max

over >

ps/ I was touched about your sorrow about all the great books which don't get recognition: and that is true.

I rate my James book as almost one of those, or at least the best book I will probably ever do: and it has been absolutely taboo in the US Literary scene since its publication.

But gradually taken up by the British, over 7 years, and by a few American professors--if I can only survive! ~~it~~ will still make it: meanwhile it did mark a spiritual rebirth on my part that I value more than fame or fortune...It is good to be outcast; I only groan and weep "when I am sick," as Lawrence said about money.

Forgive confessions
from one great book to another!