

January 11, 1968

Dear Sylvia,

I was most happy to receive your letter of January 5th. It is a graphic reminder as to how much time has passed so quickly. I am sure that I am a more objective judge, this January, of what I wrote last January, than I was at that time. And so, I hope you will accept my apology for writing words for which I am sorry. Words such as those you quote certainly do not represent my views of your character, and it is clear to me that I must have written them in anger.

One of the things I have learned is the vast difference between written and oral communications between people. In oral communication, there is a more precise relationship between intended effect, and actual effect. Furthermore, time passes and serves to help calm troubled waters. In the case of written communication, this is not true. Time passes, but the typewritten words of a letter remain, staring back at the receiver whenever they are read, in all their black and white, yet the sender can have changed his mind, feel differently, etc.----so much so, that remarks of a personal nature delivered in writing can have an effect all out of proportion to anything ever intended by the writer.

I also want to make sure that you understand there was no reproach meant in the way I phrased the manner of my acquisition of your book. I agree that you did the proper thing. The phraseology I employed was just my way of saying "ouch" or "touché". It was not intended to be reproachful of any reasons you may have had, or of your motive.

You should know that there have been numerous times in the past year, where I have heard of an evaluation you made of evidence, or about various situations, or read material in published "letters" columns, and felt that we had much in common in our views on different topics. Had I reread past correspondence then, then I am sure that I would have written this sooner.

Still basking in the glow of my first letter from Sylvia Meagher in over a year, I am

Most sincerely yours,

David
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