

12/20/72

Wednesday morning

Dear Sylvia,

Months have gone by. Why? After I thought of calling and then got it off. I suppose I've been readjusting my own horizons in ways not completely unlike what you went through this summer. We've been living very hermetically the last few months, not entertaining, not really seeing to see people as possible. Listening to music, fiddling with a novel I've had in mind, basically hermits, we trying to make some sense of the follies of last year and trying to justify the retreat into privacy that for so many reasons seemed viscerally necessary. But you've been in my thought so often and early next month I'm hoping we can get together for a brief reunion. I'll call when I get a better idea of when I'll have to deliver the gallery to Kemp.

So I think I'll break off now, holding for conversation what comes only gudgingly through the tip of a pen.

Affectionately,  
W. Child