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May 18 1979

Dear Sylvia,

I am writing hurriedly after talking to you this afternoon. Clearly you were upset, as well as sick with flu, and - if this was my doing - I am very sorry.

As I hope I have said and written previously, I was very grateful for your continuing interest in my work. You urged me to do the book from the start, at a time when I was feeling very feeble about it. Then, when Mary was ailing, your encouragement kept me going during a rather glum winter period. As I had asked you in advance, I felt that I knew I could ask for help when I came north to wind up the outstanding sections. Help I got, and good advice. Until this week I had no sense that you were feeling harassed. Then came a shout of impatience from "'New York'" magazine, and I felt sure I could tell them to pick the ms up from you - because you had put them on to me in the first place. Clearly I ~~was~~ goofed. However, I feel that you might have felt more equable about it had you not been feeling ill. I did not know that till yesterday, and would of course have come up with a zerox of the ms myself had I known.

It was, and is, important to me to have your help and goodwill. I had planned to come and see you early next week (as I said in my card), but perhaps that's too soon. Let me know. As it is, and given that the damned report is delayed till mid-June, I plan to take a couple of weeks off from about the 24th. If I don't see you before then, get well and please accept my apology for any offence I may have caused.

Sincerely,

Tome