Dear, dear Eliot,

How lovely of you to write as you did. Your note meant a great deal to me, as I am sure you will realize. If the book did mean something to you, I am more than glad. As you know, there is so much that could not possibly be contained in one volume. A heart-break. I think of you often. Wonder about you. I am certain that the work goes well. Whenever I see anything of yours, it always is outstanding. Beautiful. Do let me know when you come east.

My love to Aline. Really thank you, and always my love,



PS. Mis anour was delayrd breame tir brom in martico. march 7-74