

Feb. 12 1972

P.S. I have had lots of trouble (bad pains) lately with my arthritic hip. I need an operation really, but have not the courage to submit to the knife again. However, I seem at times to always good, even if I seem suicidal at times.

Cher Maurice -

It is 3³⁰ A.M. and I have just put your book down, to continue reading tomorrow night. I have only read 70 pages thus far, but slowly, savouring every sentence. I am perpetually surprised, pleased, moved on every page. The way you have written this is ~~like~~ an experience and an education for me. I am amazed at your grasp of the subject, your power of penetration, your lucidity, and the masterful ease with which you hold every thing together.

The day it ^(the book) arrived Tony began asking me questions about you, your work, your life - all of which was like a revelation to him. The book came at just the right moment, (over)

underlined
write again when I have finished it. You should see how I have
certain sentences and whole paragraphs too. It is
full of gems for me - Not to mention some funny

when, believe it or not, the questions which
torment Tony (identity especially) he found
to have been the same for Flaubert. Even
I did not realize there were such prob-
lems as he, Flaubert, presented — I mean,
problems of youth, problems of art, problems
of life itself. It is all a wonderful reve-
lation to me, and helps me to under-
stand so much better my behavior as
a man and my life *vis à vis* my
writing. (many things are still not
clear to me — at eighty!) Your com-
prehension, your lucidity, is astounding.

(Tony and I remembered the volumes of books
piled up everywhere in your room. What a
worker, what a reader — absolutely pro-
digious!)

Tony asked about Gilles too. Tony
is now trying to help me — with my
correspondence. I think he wants to write,
but like myself at his age, he is too
timid and handicapped by having a
father like me.

Dear Maurice, I am so glad you
sent me this book of yours. I will