August 21, 1980

Dear Stuart: I have been driven off my feet, hence the long silence. And until this very moment, I have been unable to extract an hard-covers from the RH book warehouse in Maryland. Today they came and I hasten to post one to you, good friend. I hope you find something to your taste. Summer has whisked by for us. Both deep in work, Eleanor in one of her secret projects, I'll find out what some day when she drops a wad of MS in my lap-- or a published book. I amd winding up a new book of poems, then the anguish if reassessment, excision, and revision begins, God help me. We go to the birthdaypary at Lexington in late October, then to Vanderbilt for the I'll Take My Stand powow- 50th anniversary, I'll see two other survivors. And you, I fondly trust. We are still eating your marvellous smoked bacon for state breakfast, only for most distinguished guests. Come!

Come, have some! As ever, Red

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