

ST. TROPEZ 29 April 1929

Dear Theodore:

I have just had a letter from my friend Eleanor Fitzgerald about a talk she has had with you. She seems to be under the impression that you were a bit put out because I did not send you more material for your forthcoming portrait of me. Now really, old man, you should not feel hurt. I am surprised that you don't know how much I appreciate what you want to do for me. If I have seemed ungracious I hope you will forgive me. There certainly was no intention on my part of being that.

Being a writer you should know how difficult it is to tear anything out of a book, even if I could take the time now in the midst of my writing. I don't know, anyway, what it is that you want. For instance, Fitz tells me that you want something of my background. What particular part of it? You see, I have written chapters and chapters on my home, my family, my childhood, and all the other things of my youth. They are so much a part of the rest of the story that I hardly see how they can be detached from their context. Nevertheless I will make an attempt to send something to you, provided you tell me exactly what it is you want. Please write me soon and give me an idea of how I can help you.

Believe me, it is not an exaggeration when I say that the least little thing which takes me away from the book or the thoughts I have been living through in the past puts me out for several days, so that I go on again with the greatest effort. Perhaps it is because I am not a ready writer. I find it excruciating to keep at my book, yet I have kept at it for ten months—and it will be many more before even the first draft is finished. I am telling you this so you can know it wasn't lack of appreciation on my part if I did not respond in the way you wanted me to do. Please let me hear from you again soon, and I will see what I can do.

Cordially yours,

cg Goldman
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