

9. RUE DE CONDÉ (VI^e)

April 22, 1931. *Paris.*

Dear Mr Kohler,

I want to thank you very sincerely for your pages about me in the Bookman. When one is not more than normally popular; when one is too lazy or too passionate or too shy to face one's readers publicly, as many of our more flexible colleagues do; and when one has gone on sulking and struggling for years over a new sort of book, waiting for one's talent to equal one's ambition, as I have been doing — it is really exciting to be so well liked. It must always be exciting to be so well understood. Of course I prefer to be welcomed as a myth-maker than judged as just one more mid-western realist; especially since, as you ~~may~~ suggest, Wisconsin itself up to date is scarcely real. Reading, in the keenness of my ^{te} interest, almost maliciously, I only found two mistakes, which I mention in evidence of the good faith of my general congratulations: 1. I was thirty just ten days ago. 2. "Many were fleeing from debt..." Perhaps you are right about the second, for that matter. I hope we shall meet some day.

Yours faithfully,

Glenway Wescott