

Fallowfield
Manor Road
Penn, Buckinghamshire
England.

October 14th, 1976

Dear Mario,

Many thanks for your letter of September 27th, and for your offer to publish a volume of essays of mine. I should love you to do this, but you would have to write the essays.

To be serious: of course I should love it, but although I have quite a few essays, I have nothing I can offer to you now, and I cannot revise them now.

I am still working on my part of The Self and Its Brain, and while I am working a terrible heap of long neglected work is building up all around me. In short, I have no hope to be able to get down to work on anything else. (six months ago)

Tom Settle has kindly offered to prepare for publication my old Postscript, but I have not got round to look at it, and to send him the material.

Your new series sounds very good to me, and I wish you the very best of luck with it.

*Many thanks for your very challenging
assignments.
Love, yours ever,*

Karl

P.S. Incidentally, I should be very interested to hear what are Reidel's terms. I am retired, but my pension from the L.S.E. amounts to £ 140.- a month (due to a number of unfortunate circumstances); and if I die, Hennie gets nothing. We have therefore to live on my earnings from my books - a very precarious business.

