

Sept. 29, 1982

Dear David,

So much to write that will have to wait for calmer and more lucid moments. I will always treasure the moments shared with you and Shana this summer - time that is like a quiet nature preserve in the midst of the cyclone which has engulfed us since our arrival... But now it is 2:00 A.M. and I am, bleary-eyed, completing my application forms for a fellowship from the Radcliffe Institute for next year's sabbatical.

Let me begin with apologies. I had been misinformed as to the deadline for application to Radcliffe, and only received the forms a week ago; it was then that I discovered, to my dismay, that the "postmark" deadline for the entire application, including the recommendations, is Oct. 8 - I realize that, even though I am sending this by personal courier, you will barely have received it by then. I have no idea how flexible they are about deadlines, if at all. I'm sorry that I didn't even have time to write asking if you'd agree to write -- the idea came too late. But I know that, under these most adverse circumstances, you'll do your best. I am also applying for a fellowship from the Santa Institute at Brandeis, and may also submit a recommendation from you. So let me add another, advance, apology and thank you.

The project proposal will of course undergo further refinements. I have tried to define the subjects carefully in order to avoid overlapping with you and Alan's work. If, however, you sense that there will be duplication, please let me know, as most of the subjects are still in their infancy. (I think the introduction, as it now stands, will be largely anticipated by you and Alan - I will build on you...).

I've applied for a David Grant for Dec. and will let you know as soon as I hear. So read 1177/67 '710'7 of Kanite; if you can't get it, I'd send it.

All of us send love to you and Shana - and wishes for a good year.
Love,
Sidra