

11 Foundry Street,
Brighton,
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England.

6 May, 1974

Dear Phyllis,

Of course I remember you - and I'm flattered that you remember me enough to let me know what's happened. I am sorry. It all sounds as if it's been wretched and messy for you - especially with regard to the children. What can I say about the divorce? I don't know what happened, though it's easy to guess why, in part at least. But guesses can be so wrong that I'd stick to hoping that things work out for you - for all of you - now and that the vindictiveness dies away with the legal matters.

For myself, I'm nearly finished here at university. In a few weeks I'll be working in London, and I am looking forward to being back there. Academic life can be good, but it has its own problems and it hasn't all been easy. Now with London be, I know - I have emotional problems of my own to sort out there - but they're problems which contain a lot of enjoyment and warmth too.

I hope yours do, and that the good - any good - in your situation outweighs any bitterness.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

Debby Hyams.