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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

4312-47th Street,
Long Island City, N. Y.,
October 3, 1936.

Dear George,

What a friend
I turned out to be! I
you have totally forgotten
my existence by now or
permanently checked me
off the list, I've only
myself to thank. I am
ashamed - terribly - but
I'll not bore you with
pages of explanation
and apology. By now, I'm
comforting myself with
the very obvious fact
that no one, who is in

essentials, like bread and
butter. I am now entering
a period of reform — and
this is the first of the first
fruits!

There — now let's get on
to the really important
thing. Well, well, well, so
you've stepped off at
last — good boy — oh,
very good indeed — it's
so exactly the right thing
for you to have done. But
goodness, goodness — did
you really think it was
going to be a total
surprise to me? Had you
been engaged for a whole
year and learned us
now about women? My

the midst of the first
ceremonies of marriage
is paying the slightest
attention to whether his
friends are as prompt
as they should be or not.
I know quite well you've
not noticed my slowness,
but since I am now
calling myself to your
attention, I have to
produce the appropriate
penitence — which I do
really feel. I will also
remark that — for
reasons too complicated
to deal with now — I have
written no letters to any-
one since about the end
of July, barring absolute

dear boy — any woman
who is a woman can
secret a love-affair at any
given distance. Of course, I
must admit we some-
times secret one where
there isn't any, but at
least we don't miss
the ones that are there!
Anyhow, I'd known
for much more than a
year that you were in
love, and been practically
certain of it, when
I knew that things had
gone well last summer,
and definitely suspected
you of being engaged.
But then I slipped, for I
couldn't believe that any-

one deeply in love, and knowing himself to be loved could reach the depths of despair you did last winter. So all last winter I thought your romance was going badly, and was just dripping with sympathy, but didn't know what to do about it, since you'd not confided in me. So I tried to surround you with a sort of aura of sympathy which you could take pieces of to use for whatever purpose you chose! And all the time everything was all right - I just got my psychology all wrong! That like taking the wrong

my mouth open to say
"how you can get married"
— but discretion got the
better of me and I shut
it.

But George, I do
think it's splendid,
splendid, splendid —
and I'm terribly glad.
You need to be loved,
to be cherished. There
is something in you that's
never had enough
sunshine to flower —
and now it will have.
I wish that you were
near, so that I could
watch it happen. I
should like to see the

turning on a road — you
go back now and see
just where I went off.
And all the year I was
thinking constantly that
it was the thing that
you should do. At the
time of the New Mexico
stew I wrote you a
long letter about it —
but tore it up because
I knew it was none of
my damned business.
And on the famous night
when I ate such an
expensive dinner it's a
wonder to me you had
any money left to buy
a wedding ring — when
you pulled out the letter
from Rochester I heard

growth of that "rare
and precious spirit" my
father recognized in you,
in the enveloping atmos-
phere of peace and love
and understanding. I'm
sure you've chosen well
and wisely, I know
that you have character,
intelligence, and emotional
capacity - the inevitable
conclusion is that your
chances of happiness
are excellent.

Of course nothing is
more silly than to offer
advice to the newly
married - but nothing
is more irresistible, either!
I've thought so much about

it, and watched so closely
the marriages of those I
know intimately and have
been increasingly certain
that the marriages which
remain actively and
positively happy — not
just negatively so — are
the ones in which the
emotional aspect of the
relationship has been
consciously and constantly
enriched, deepened and
encouraged. I don't
think Anglo-Saxons are
good at that as they should
be — they're too self-
conscious about their
emotions for the most part.
But I've seen a few great
marriages, and have
seen how it's done the right.

quite well aware of all
this? Probably you are -
but you know how it is
with us women - we al-
ways think we're every-
body's mother and just
leave to tell us how to
live! My only decent ex-
cuse is that you have a
habit of intellectualizing
experience to a high de-
gree. Don't think I'm un-
aware of the value of that,
but I know that women
give themselves with a
terrible earnestness to love,
that men are more than
likely to fail than in that,
and that upon that
failure rests a large part
of the responsibility for the
many marriages whose

ness and variety of the
emotional relationship
made the intellectual one
seem pale - and how it
was strong enough and
deep enough to take the
place, in old age, of the
physical bond, so that
there was something
still of passion and of
ardor. I don't think
this is something that
just comes, either - I
think it takes conscious
effort, that it takes the
capacity and the will for
self-surrender - but I
am certain that in the
end nothing - nothing
- will be so deeply re-
warding. You say you are

Do write if you ever leave time - shall miss you in year. Constance

radiant beginnings are dimmed into drab and only partially satisfying, wholly matter-of-fact relationships. These are the things women find it hard to say to their husbands - but which matter terribly to them.

So there, my dear child - I've had my little say, and if it means nothing else, it at least should prove to you how genuine is my affection for you, how truly I desire your happiness, and how firmly I believe in your ability, not simply to take what of it comes your way, but to take an active part in creating it. So bless you, my dear - may you always live in the heaven that you do to-day.

Saturday -

(24 May 56)

Dear George -

My day
of prayer is over -
now I wait in a
pew to see how
much drag I had
with God!

A telephone call
is all very well, but

The evening, but
does give me a chance
for a first-hand & com-
plete report, partly
for my own benefit,
partly to pass on to
Dad. I'm particular-
ly anxious to have the
opportunity as I can't,
after all, invite you to
dinner Thurs. — as was
explained later. If
this suits you, date

I want to hear
much more. Can't
we leave dinner to-
gether in town Tues.
night? ("together"
means we each buy
our own dinner)
This doesn't prevent
you from doing
anything else you
have on your
mind the rest of

answers, but meet me
at the Russian Tea
Room at 6:30 Tues. 9/1
it does not suit you,
give me a ring. I shan't
be home Mon. eve. till
after 11, so I guess
Tues. morning would
be the time.

Courtauld

4312-47^B Street,
Long Island City -

Sunday -

(15 March 1936)

Dear George,

I have just
washed up to the fact
that I'm going to lose
out this week on my
periodic opportunity
for politeness and high-
brow conversation all
in one lovely mélange.
You see, my vacation
begins on Wednesday
and off I go to Exeter.
This is a break for
you, and a chance for

are now about to get it.
The next Thursday night
I shall be here in the
2nd of April. I hope I'll
see you ~~again~~ then - or
is this too far ahead to ask
you?

Would you call me up
sometimes before I leave
if it's not too much
trouble, so that I may
take Dad (and likewise
leave for myself) the latest
report on a. your health -
b. the job hunt c. your
state of mind? I'll be in
Tues. between 5 & 6, or
Wed. after 10 p.m. Doubtless
other times, too, but less
certainly.

me to soothe my con-
science a bit, which
has been gnawing at me
ever since the evening
we talked about your
accepting, or not accept-
ing, invitations. Don't
think I didn't see the
logical sequence of that
conversation, and don't
think I don't know that
you're being more gen-
erous with me, ^{in the matter of your time} than I
either deserve or have the
slightest right to ex-
pect. I hope you're
getting stars in your crown
for it - I'm sure you
should. Anyway, you've
earned a vacation and

I am at the moment
enjoying an attack of laryn-
gitis — yes, enjoying is
the word. Let me advise
it to you. It's quite pain-
less, you feel perfectly all
right, but you have an
irreproachable excuse
for doing nothing but
lying about and reading.
Your contributions by way
of periodicals are now
leaving a big income,
I'm meditating starting
"War + Peace";

Constance

Tuesday -

(7 Feb 36)

Dear George -

About the
Petrides concert - or
did you hope that I'd
forgotten it? No use - an
elephant never forgets,
Amelior - it's this next
Monday, and I can't
ask you to dinner, on
account of school
(wouldn't you think, con-
sidering how little
there is of it, it might
keep out of my way

your opinion — my own
is too unenlightened, and
besides, too prejudiced. I
hear too much of it
from the inside to be
objective. At the same
time, I really want
to know. You will tell
me, won't you?

Constance,

better?) , which is an
escape for you (oysters -
charbonnée) but such
a blight for me, as
I've masses of things
I want to say to you!
I think we'd better meet
at Audian Hall (54th +
5th Ave.) — at a bit before
8:30 — on the ground
floor among the pianos.
Sorry it's off your
usual line of march. I
hope you'll get enough
pleasure from it to
compensate. What I'm
counting on is getting

Thursday ~
(24 Jan 36)

Dear George,

You really were an angel to call me up last night. I was definitely leaving the jitters over the whole business, and it certainly was a help to have the suspense ended!

I hope you're not having a reaction now, though I admit the weather is enough to bring one on. Any-

not, probably, one of the major decisions, should increase your confidence in yourself, and in your power to shape your own destiny.

I don't know why I was so stupid as to tell you to call me up again before Tuesday. There's no reason why you should, and besides, I'm haunted by the memory of that endless stream of nichels dripping into the telephone — I feel it my clearly defined duty to save you

now, you mustn't let yourself. You acted on your own considered judgment, based on as complete knowledge as was at the time available, and that's as close an approximation to a wise control of our individual lives as we're likely to get. Don't harbor the idea that perhaps it was a mistake — the odds are on the other side, given the above circumstances. I think the whole thing, even though it's

telephone calls. So
don't call me, but just
as soon as you're through with
come, — we'll leave an
early dinner, and be in
plenty of time for the
concert.

Just as a bit of gen-
eral information, for when-
ever it may be useful — 9
days out of 10 Sister &
I have tea together (not
my school days, of course)
and you can get me
here or at her house be-
tween 5 & 6.

Constance

Sunday —

(12/20/34)

Dear George,

I've lost my
place completely on
Thursdays — in fact,
I'm only just getting to
the point where I know
one day of the week
from another! But is
the New Year's Eve dis-
aster sufficiently re-
moved into the past
for you even to consider
coming here again? Or

this Saturday, and if
you'd rather come than
than Thursday, do.

Supposing I say that
I'd expect you Thursday
if I hear nothing from
you. If you prefer
Saturday or prefer to
eschew my society
entirely, call me up.
I shall be either here or
at Sister's, ³⁴⁴⁻¹⁰⁷⁶ on ~~the~~ Tues-
day until around 6:30.

Have you seen "Winter-
set"? I am going to talk
you blind, deaf, + dumb
about it. I'm just devising

am I permanently off
the list? Anyhow -
this is said timidly and
tentatively - how about
this Thursday? It
has occurred to me
that you might prefer
Saturday nights, since
you don't have to go
to the office the next
day - but that would
be so likely to produce
frequent complications.
What do you think?
Anyhow - I haven't,
to date, anything on for

for a sympathetic listener.
I'm going to see a man
about a job to-morrow
— priez pour moi!

Courtoise

Stillwell 4-1076. At a quarter
of seven. Between 6:30
and 7:30, or
at one of the
between 10:30
+ 11:00,
Constance

Saturday -
(21 Dec 1935)

Dear George,

Here I sit, wait-
ing for you to come and
do one washing and
ironing - I'm getting al-
most discouraged!

But, seriously - your
Christmas day is on my
mind. It seems a bit
dismal. Can't you finish
it off by coming over
here for dinner with
us? We don't have it
till eight, and though I
know you'll have had
one dinner, you won't
have to eat anything
worth mentioning, if you

and quietly, not to say
sentimentality (beware
the mistletoe!) that I
think you might even
enjoy^{it} though against
your better judgment!
I'm sure it would add
to our pleasure — partic-
ularly to Dad's, and
he's the most important
person. Bea is going to be
in Philadelphia, so that
someone to fill the empty
place, both literally and
figuratively, would make
it a better evening for
Dad.

I can think of many
reasons why you should

don't want to — and
the more you won't repeat,
because I don't have
the conventional Christ-
mas dinner.

Upon rereading, this
sounds horribly arrogant
— as if I thought the
ultimate in Christmas
celebrations was to have
dinner with the Rogeses!

But you did say you
didn't much look for-
ward to the day in
New Jersey — and that
you didn't like the day
anyhow. We always
have such a happy
^{time}~~time~~, and by evening
are so full of warmth

find it easier and more
pleasant not to come, and
I should be uncomfortable
if I thought you wouldn't
be perfectly free about
declining for any one of
them. I don't want you
to come unless you think
that it would, in some
slight respect, make the
day happier for you. This
is not, however, altruism.
There are a few choice spirits
whom I can include in a
family party, knowing that
they "fit" and that they
add to the pleasure of us
all - as you see, you are
one of them.

If you try the telephone,
+ don't get me, I'm very
likely to be at Sister's -

Friday -

Dear George, (6 Dec 35)

Quite char-
acteristically I went
and forgot the two things
I'd wanted to say to
say to you last night
↳ one of them can wait,
but the other I must
get off my mind while
it's in it - if you can
follow that idea!

What am I supposed
to wear Wednesday? I'd
normally appear in
street clothes, since I'm
coming from school,

My marks go in Wed.,
so I'll spend Tues. from
crack of dawn till
dewy eve in the home
wading through papers.
I'll put it like this
— if I'm not all right
in street clothes, you'll
call me up sometime
on Tues., otherwise
I'll appear as above.

Constance

Be sure to make
your speech Tues.
right — I'm counting on
hearing about it Wed.

but can, if necessary,
change before I leave
Dobbs to formal after-
noon clothes, or evening
clothes. I meant to
ask you where the seats
were, etc., but forgot.
I once went to a Town
Hall concert in informal
clothes, & found all the
other members of the party
in evening clothes — it
was like one of those
dreams when you're
walking down 5th Ave.
in your nightie — or
without it! I've never
been caught in the
wrong clothes since!

Friday -

Dear George,

(16 Nov 35)

I told you
I'd start leaving ideas
as soon as you left -
and I did - had really
quite a good one. But
what with this, and what
with that, I've only just
reached the point of
communicating it. I
think the process of invit-
ing you to dinner is just
too elaborate (especially
considering the odds and
ends you get to eat
after all the letters, tel-
ephone calls, etc. have

life, as I have discovered
— I suppose just because
you get to see people but
with less thought, planning
and conscious effort.

Of course it's not just
to make life more efficient
that I suggest this! Every
now and then I am con-
fronted by the solemn
thought that at any mo-
ment you may leave New
York, and vanish from
my orbit more or less for
good and all — and "The
time to take birds is
when they're passing"!

So — will you come
next Thursday? Or, just
to make it easier, I'll
say I'll expect you
Thursday, as soon after

created the illusion of a
party) and I think it
would be much simpler
for both of us if you just
came over every other
week — say, on Thurs-
days. This is not to be
regarded as binding,
by either one of us, but
can be shifted, post-
poned, or cancelled if
it interferes with some-
thing else, or even if we
just don't happen to
feel in the mood. Regular
engagements are horrible
if you're tied to them,
but otherwise they work
out quite well in the
complexity of New York

5:30 as you get there - unless I hear from you to the contrary. This time and all times you can resign at the last moment if necessary, and the fact that I'm lossless doesn't prevent me from doing the same - O.K.?

Courtesies

P.S. This is all just a ruse, the real reason I want you to come is that I'm in a dither over buying a sweater for my Pa for Xmas, and you're nearer his size than any male I know around here - you follow?

Sunday -

[4/10/35]

Dear George -

I just have
to talk to you - sorry,
but I really do! Of course,
considering how recently
I've seen you, I realize
this is asking for more
than my share of a busy
man's time, but I have
to get some of this said
before it's all gone out
of my mind, and besides,
I like having more than
my share of things!
After this I'll promise to
subside, so be a lamb

Friday evening conver-
sation — I really should
hesitate to keep drag-
ging you out here to
listen to my own in-
valuable contributions!

and come over for
dinner either Thursday
or Saturday. I'll be
in to-morrow ^(mon.) evening
after ten, and probably
most of Tuesday (you're
having a holiday, aren't
you?) — which all seems
to be not too helpful,
but what does one do?

Constance

I should add that
most of what I am
so determined to get off
my chest is things
Dad said after he'd had
time to think over the

Thursday -

Dear George -

(24 Oct 35)

How about
Friday evening - 6:00. 1st?
For innumerable complicated
reasons which I'll not
bother you with that seems
to fit in best with Dad's
schedule. But it does
have a definite drawback
for I don't get back
from school till 7:30,
and can't very well
manage a dinner party.
I don't like to ask
you to come all the
way over here without
giving you a meal - but
you wouldn't mind under

as much freedom as you
leave to me — or more, if
you feel inclined. He can
deal with the difficult
problems of existence with
greater wisdom, compassion,
and understanding than
most men. Life for one
of his temperament might
easily have been sterile,
but has been instead
richly fruitful. He practically
never advises, but he has
a way of talking over your
problems with you that
clarifies your own thought,
throws sudden gleams
of light in dark places,
and helps you most
astoundingly to under-
stand yourself better —
the good old Socratic

the circumstances? I'll
at least give you something
to gnaw on before the
evening is out, so you
needn't get yourself a
whole dinner! Would
8:30 do? Since you don't
have to work Saturday,
you'd not have to cut the
evening short at the other
end.

I think it's going to
work out so that you
and Dad and I shall
have the evening to our-
selves, which I hope, for
it will give you and Dad
a chance to enjoy each
other to an extent that's
rather difficult when
there are a number of
people there. And I wish
you'd talk to him with

method! It's rare to find anyone with so richly emotional a nature who has at the same time the capacity for cool, impersonal, intellectual judgment. This, you understand, is only if you feel inclined. He's very fond of you, as you must realize, and he has travelled some of the same road that you have.

Am I going 'round and 'round? Well, I'll stop - anyhow, I've got to go and sew on my velvet dress!

I'll be in to-morrow evening (Fri.) after 7.30, and Saturday afternoon till dinner time - after that, I'm vague - you'll just have to use the trial and error method. *Courtauld*

Sunday -

14 Feb 35

Dear George -

You see I've learned that our about not calling you in office hours!

How about coming over for dinner some night next week - as for instance, Thursday or Saturday?

You might call me Tuesday evening. No, that's not an order, but my movements for the next

few days are a bit
uncertain, you have to
go out to make a
telephone call, and I'm
sure to be in Tuesday
evening, because I've
a dinner guest — you
follow the reasoning?
Of course you can call
me when, or, and if
you like — but do
come to dinner!

Constance

12 Front Street.

Tuesday -

(29 Aug 35)

Dear George,

Are you dead, or
have you got married? I
feel impelled to inform you that,
barring one or the other (or
possibly an attack of bubonic
plague), you are a so and so,
and a such and such, and
also an old man. How just
think of us, sitting here
week after week, just part-
ing with suspense to know
whether we're going to have
you for a neighbor - don't
you find it a bounding
picture? As a matter of fact,
Sister and Joan, unable to
endure the suspense any

of Times &c. with information
as to your whereabouts,
state of health and ditto
of mind — all in words of
one syllable + a telegraphic
style — no letters, no ex-
planation, no apologies
necessary or ~~to~~ expected.

Also do call Sister up —
she'll be delighted to
hear from you, and probably
come across with a meal.
Also do come and see me
when I get back —
sometime next week, I feel
dismal over the prospect
at the moment. How
horribly gauche — I do not
mean the prospect of
seeing you.

But this is enough, any-
how —

Constance

Excuse incoherence, blots, etc. — I'm
entertaining Tom simultaneously!

longer, are starting, for how
yaks tonight, in order to in-
vestigate on the spot.

Doesn't this bring on con-
volutions of your conscience? I
hope it does, though honesty
forces me to admit that I
don't see any real reason
why it should! I have
simply got intrigued with
the idea of having someone
who's good company near
enough to be seen casually
without the necessity of
planning ahead and
making it a party. That's
the great drawback of living
in a big city — it makes
casual + spontaneous
social intercourse so difficult.

Now you just gather
yourself together and send
me a ~~photo~~ picture post card

72 Front Street,
Exeter, N. H.,
5 August, 1935.

Dear George,

As a helper-
out to young house-plant-
ers, I fear it is not so hot.
This should have been
written immediately after
my last - but the days
seem to slip away from
under my feet like water,
I hope it's not yet too
late! I thought of one
drawback about Sunny
side that you might find
a nuisance - and only a
New Yorker would be aware
of it and warn you! You
see, it's like this - people
who live in Manhattan

get irritating, at moments
and you ought to know
about it. To me the draw-
back of that situation
is so much less than
the advantages of living
there that I'm willing
to put up with it, but
it's all a matter of how
one feels as an individ-
ual, and you certainly
ought to take it into
consideration.

One other thing - lists
& Hugh have some odds
& ends of furniture you
could have - such as
a bedstead, part of a
couch, etc. Write to
Sister here, or get hold
of Hugh in N. Y. if
you're interested.

are firmly convinced that
L. G. C. is at the other end
of the world, and that
it's very ^{lower} middle class
(which, of course, it is).
It's no use telling them
you can get them more
easily & quickly than to
many parts of Manhattan
- they won't listen, &
they won't come. You'll
find that some of your
friends you'll have to
see in the city, or not at
all, and what's more,
they'll regard you as
slightly batty for living
in such a place. If
you like people dropping
in for cocktails or
what-not, you'll be
out of luck. It does

This is written in great haste, as I've an engagement in 5 minutes! It was on my mind for too long, and I was finally driven to do something about it!

I have to come back to N.Y. the first of September this year, unfortunately, but at least there is now one more delightful reason for enjoying my life in N.Y. and I hope I'll see you soon after I get back. Sister will be here before that. Of course for our own sakes we hope you're going to be in L.S.C., and that we'll see you often.

Constance

72 Front Street -
Sunday -

Dear George,

[21 July 35]

I got home
late yesterday from a week
in Vermont, went out for
the evening, and never read
my accumulated letters
till after midnight - and
to-day is Sunday - this
makes me apprehensive
about my answers to your
questions reaching you
before you go on your
house hunt. I'm terribly
sorry if it doesn't - but
it seems to have been
unavoidable. Anyhow,
here you are with such
information as I can give
you. However, let me
warn you - this should
not be regarded as advice -

about it, because it must depend a good deal on your neighbours. I heard a friend just twice all last year. People in very small apartments with small incomes just don't have them any more. I never heard any other instruments. But of course the big problem is the radio. The chances are that everyone has one, and I just don't know how you're going to be with certainty sale from them. My guess is — from what I've noticed in other people's houses — that you'd be as safe in Sunnyside as in any place short of the really expensive ones — and in some ways safer, because I've often noticed that the most infuriating radios are not the ones in your own

or I'd be apprehensive of doing anything so definite! Any place may turn out badly, and I should simply conclude if I advised you to go anywhere, and it did. (turn out badly, I mean) ^{might about the} you're quite ^{important} of where you live — which makes the business of suggesting things all the more nerve-wracking! But I think you can probably manage it satisfactorily. Of course \$1,500. is awfully little — but I got through on \$1,200. last year, so it seems princely to me! And, except for rent, living is cheap in N.Y.

Now, as to your specific questions — the matter of noise is difficult. I don't see how I can be definite

house, but those across the
air well, or in the house
backed up to yours. And that
is avoided by the great
amount of space around
the C.H.C. houses. I am
fussy about them myself,
though I doubt if I'm as
much bothered as you —
and the number of times I
was troubled by them
last year was simply
negligible. This may have been
a lucky break, but it
seems to me that by com-
parison with other people's
apartments I was very
little aware of my neighbors
in any way. The old apart-
ment houses in the city
are like paper.

As to eating places — I
never use them, so I'm in
help. I get my own meals
except when I'm invited
out or — very rarely — eat

in N.Y. There is a "Rotisserie"
on the Boulevard between
46th + 47th, which is not bad,
as cheap places go, and there's
a "Coffee Shop" on 2nd Hill-
man Ave. (2 blocks down
from the subway) between
46th + 47th, which I've often
thought looked not at all
bad. That's all I know
about — they could perhaps
tell you more at the ^{Sunny-}
side office. Of course the ^{really} good
places are all in N.Y. and
mostly not in the cheap
residential sections. You
could leave your dinner in
town, before you come out.
Why don't you try out the
places in Sunnyside if you
want to know how they are?
You can count on meals
from the Rogers girls to fill
in!

Sister says there are some

don't really believe for a
minute you'll be leaving at
the end of a year. Certainly
apartment living, even buying
furniture, would be cheaper
than any other way of living
that would give you anywhere
nearly the same privacy,
comfort, freedom, + quiet.

I think you'd find
Sunnyside better suited to
your needs than any other
place equally convenient
& equally cheap, but this
may not be true - I don't
want to be responsible!
Don't let anyone get you to
try Greenwich Village - if
I know you at all, you'd be
miserable there. There are
other cheap places of course,
but I think there's less
noise, less dirt, less heat
& less of the general
hustle + pressure of N.Y.

times furnished apartments
and to ask at the office
about it. I quite see your
point about the furniture, +
yet I think one always (or
nearly always) pays out of
proportion for a furnished
place. I'm sorry I sold
my extras last fall - they'd
have done you nicely! I've
a smallish rug you can
have - not beautiful, but
not awful, either - and
I can supply you with
china, silver, etc, of
which I've loads, but
that's about all. You can
get unfinished furniture at
Macy's ridiculously cheap
- the finishing is easy +
the result excellent. You
could get along for a bit
with the absolute minimum
till you saw how the
job was going, though I

living, where we are than
in any of the others. Of
course I'm prejudiced - but
I do know a little something
of you, so it isn't wholly
ridiculous for me to talk
like this! However, I think
you ought to look about
at other places - there are
sometimes lucky breaks -
one comes across by chance
one of those places in a
thousand. When you go to the
office in Bunnyside (or even if
you don't finally try that
place, you'd better look it
over) ask them all the
things you've asked me.
They might be helpful.

Of course I'm thrilled
that you're to be in N. Y.
I always thought (yes, in
spite of what you said)
that you'd be happy there,
given the right conditions.

I shall be eager to see
how it works. Don't be
disturbed if it gives you the
jitters at first for a bit -
it may till you get a bit
accustomed to it. The job
sounds good - though I
want to hear more about
it.

I want to get this off
before we go swimming,
so I'll not stop to be
more polite now, but
unleashly break off - this
is not a social letter,
but a collection of
information! However, you
have to answer it all
the same, for I shall
be all eyes to hear
where you're going to live.
Don't let me sell Sur-
uptide to you unless it
sells itself. My feelings,

that you'd like it is, after
all, a guess, and guesses
are often wrong! It would
be great fun for us to
have you dropping in
for tea on your way
home, or a drink in the
evening, but that is
hardly to be regarded
as a reason for your
coming! Anyhow, do
report results as soon
as you leave them -
we'll be in a stew
about you wherever you
live.

Adieu, c'est tout -
Constance

4312 - 47th Street,
Long Island City, N.Y.,
16 June, 1935.

Dear George,

I am appalled
when I look at the date
on your letter! You've un-
doubtedly checked me
off your list by now.
Only you probably haven't
because you're too amiable
— which is more than I
deserve. I ought to have
a collection of friends
all like myself — it
would be a lesson to us.
I'm not going to bore
you with autobiography,
but I've been in a daze.

So, please, let me have
a clinical report. How's
your blood pressure, and
your respiration? You
did seem to be feeling
better after the thesis
was in — has the end
of the whole business
flung you onto the crest
of the wave, or left
you too exhausted to
know where you are in
relation to the wave?
I couldn't help being
distressed by your dis-
tress over what you
feel to be the essentially
wasted time you've
put in on the mathe-
matics. I don't blame
you one bit — but still,

mail for weeks for various
reasons, and turmoil is
both absorbing and con-
fusing, as you know, neither
one of which is good
for the art of correspon-
dence (I hesitate to ex-
plain that I use the
above phrase automati-
cally, not because I
think it describes my
letters). So that's that —
it's not an excuse, but
it is an explanation —
and one which you,
thank heaven, are the
sort that understands.
And in the mean-
time — you have pro-
gressed to the end of
your overwhelming task.

I think it's foolish for
you to say "I've blun-
dered badly" — for I
think you've blundered
only moderately. The
more I see of life and
of human beings the
less I believe that
more than a very few
are really doing things
they want to do. You
are equipped to earn a
living — and with rea-
sonable luck it won't
be a bad living, either.
And you have an equip-
ment both intellectual
and emotional for
leading a rich life
of the spirit which
very few have. Most

people's lives are mainly
deceitery — even when
they know just what
they wanted and went
after it in the beginning.
And they've no refuge from
the deceitery — you have
an infinitely various one.
If you were a simple
and single-minded
person like Jack, it
would be easy — but
you're not, and so
it's hard — but so
much fun! I know
you're caught in a trap
financially, but so are
we all, which is some-
thing of a help — lots of
company in the trap.
And besides, there are
things in you that no

you're decamping from
my line of march, and
I loathe the idea. Besides,
you've really not seen me at
all this year - you've been
so distraught, and the
hours we've been together
have been so few, I want
to see something, again
of the charming com-
panion of last summer.
Goodness, this is assum-
ing a sort of "ere we
part forever" kind of
melancholy tone. Any-
how, summers always
get so involved in spite
of their apparent length,
that I thought I'd
better begin screaming
for my share right now.
Maybe I don't rate any

trap, financial or other-
wise, will ever be able to
lay its hands on. (Do
traps have hands? It
seems doubtful.)

My God, how senten-
tious this all sounds -
Bitch me downstairs -
it would put me right
in my place which is
obviously what I need.

So let's change the
subject. What are you
doing for the summer?
Can't you, wait for
come to Grant St. for
a while sooner or later?
How don't be a slight
and say you can't!
Just think - heaven
only knows when I'll
ever see you again, now

The end of this week - she of even, body's plans
seem to be vague about what to do for
Coutance.

share. But don't be an old
meanie and say so. And
don't say you're going to
be at the Hoggs, and
will see us then. It's not
the same thing at all,
and I shall protest
with vigour. In fact, if
you go and say you
can't come, I shall just
simply raise hell -
yes, I shall. And you've
no conception of what
I'm like when raising
hell. So just get right
to work and figure out
when it's going to fit in
with the 49 other visits
you're going to make to
49 other equally vocif-
erous people. Just it
awful to be so attractive?
I'll be in Exeter by

THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCE
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

OFFICE OF THE FRESHMAN DEAN
COLLEGE FOR MEN

RIVER CAMPUS

George - I thought I'd better send this on to you.
Do let me know what come of it all - I'm
holding my breath, & so. I know, is Dad.
May 14, 1936

e. R. C.

Mr. George B. Rogers
The Phillips Exeter Academy
Exeter, New Hampshire

Dear Mr. Rogers:

I am very grateful for your telegram giving me the
address of Dr. George B. VanSchaack.

I met Dr. VanSchaack in Cambridge in January, 1935,
when we were seeking an instructor. As a human being
I was very favorably impressed with Dr. VanSchaack.
We appointed, however, a man with some five years more
experience in research and teaching than Dr. VanSchaack
had had.

The position which we expect to offer him, if he is
interested, is a temporary one. He may not care to
accept it.

Information which had been given me regarding Dr.
VanSchaack's address was shown to be faulty by the
return of a letter I wrote him a week or ten days ago.
I assumed from your letter to President Valentine
that you had probably been in touch with him recently
and could give me his present address.

Very sincerely yours,

Arthur Spale

Dear Zack,

I should be inclined to advise
George to take ASG:h this position
unless something better has been
meantime offered. Rochester is a rising
institution. If he does well there, even on a temporary appointment,
he would have the support of a strong influence toward obtaining
a new position. Dad.

4312-47^B Street,
Long Island City, N.Y.,
28 April, 1955.

Dear George,

I expect you're thinking you might just as well throw bottles into the Atlantic as land them to me. Well, you know how it is with the things you throw into the Atlantic — bottles with letters in them, etc. — they turn up years later in some unexpected spot. However, I hope this spot is expected, for I sent "English Journey" to the Rowats, which I understood was what you wanted, though I

all along - too amiable, too well-mannered, too considerate etc. etc. - what an array of faults - you should try to correct them!

Well, my dear, believe it or not, I thoroughly enjoyed the books. In fact, had I enjoyed it less, it would have been sent off sooner. But I was determined to read every scrap. To tell the truth, I had declined the opportunity to read it earlier in the year, for I'd never cared much for Priestley, & I was inclined to suspect a little the intellectual integrity of a man who'd made so much money writing second rate stuff. Then you began talking about the books, & of course I realized I'd been mistaken. So - I jumped at the opportunity you offered me, and found it fascinating, stimulating,

course once I'd sent it, I was convinced that I'd probably misunderstood, and that you would be in a frenzy, which would add the last straw to the length of time I'd kept it, and it would all be pretty sad and crushing for one who does her best in her blundering way! So, after days of melancholy contemplation on this dismal subject I decided I'd better write & tell you what I'd done. Besides, there is ^{401.} the little item of thanking. After all, I screamed & yelled till you sent me the books, and then I hung on to it as if there were no one in the world but myself. Of course you shouldn't be so patient with me - in fact, the more I think of it, the more clearly I see that it was really your fault

revealing, and any number
of other excellent things.
In fact, one reason why I
was so slow was that so
much of what he said
was provocative, & my mind
would keep going off down
the endless interesting paths
of which he offered enticing
glimpses. And that, I think,
is good writing on social
subjects — it makes the
reader an active participant,
not merely a wall at which
the ball is thrown. Some-
times, I admit, I argued
with him, some bits I
think he should have left
out — such as the incident
of the hotel register, which
had to do only with his
own ego, & not in the
least with the matters
under discussion. And
some bits seemed to me
finer literature than anything
he'd written when he was

supposedly producing
literature, which intrigued
me so that I've been trying
ever since to explain to
myself just why. Do you
remember, for instance, the
account of the battalion
dinner? How that was
really moving - especially
that bit at the end about
the men who couldn't come
because they hadn't the
clothes. He'd somehow
caught the poignant qual-
ity of that in words so
simple, so direct, so
economical that with no
artificial striving for
dramatic effect, he had
left a picture in my mind,
a pang in my heart that
I shall soon forget. I
think perhaps it's because
this is all close and
personal to him - he has
seen it, felt it, experienced
it, + with the gift for ex-
pression of an excellent
journalist, he can record it

written one first-rate book,

Have I bored you too
horribly? But at least
I've proved to you that
I've been given a great deal
of pleasure by your generosity
with your books - so much
to mull over in my mind in
dull moments or subways!

Anyhow, that's enough
for Mr. Priestley - now
let's talk about you. Are
you a second-rate person
doing a first-rate job or
vice-versa? And I try and
answer that one with your
well-known modesty! I've
caught you either way! But
anyhow, here it is prac-
tically the first of May, &
your big job must be
done. Do you feel a new
man yet, or does the
lifting of the pressure
only leave you exhausted
and a little bewildered?

and convey it to others.

But he's not really creative
so when it comes to writing
that demands imaginative
insight + a real dramatic
power, he's at a loss.
What do you think - is
that plausible? I'd only
just finished it when I
saw on the jacket of
"Heaven's by Destination"

the statement quoted
from him that it was
a modern "Don Quixote"
and a lot of other
encouragements. Whereupon I
said to myself "how
was he paid to say
those things, or is his
judgment really as bad
as all that?" Curious,
isn't it? Perhaps he's just
a second-rate person, who
has by some fortuitous
combination of circumstances

Every time I think of how
you seemed when I saw
you last, I am troubled.
You were too tired - not
just ordinarily so. I kept
feeling that something more
must be wrong than the
accumulated strain of your
work, as if there were some
search as yet fruitless,
some struggle as yet un-
resolved that wore upon
you, and dragged at you.
Perhaps this is all my
imagination, but I shall
continue to feel concerned
until I see you really
yourself - and what is
"really yourself"? Ah, that
would take too long - we'll
leave it for some other
time!

Don't think I mean by
all this that I didn't enjoy

being with you, for I did, as I always do, and felt grateful - though slightly guilty - for the amount that I was able to see you in such crowded days.

And now are you able to get something like a real rest? It seems to me the most perfect time to recover from any malady of either soul or body. A friend said to me the other day that spring was an awful time because - it made you want all sorts of things you couldn't have - but I think it's a grand time because it makes me believe I can have all sorts of things I want! I feel hope + confidence rise in my soul right along with the sap in the trees - at any moment I shall burst into leaf! There is something so breathlessly lovely about this exquisite moment

spend your off moments with us. I hope you've found a job — and one you really want — but if you've not, and if in the process of searching you do come here — I think it would be simply swell. We can at least save you hotel + restaurant bills (be-sides, it's cooler, quieter + greener out here) + furnish entertain-ment or not depending on your mood, and your sched-ule. Besides, think how much pleasure you'd give us — in fact, I think for that reason, you should consider it a positive obligation! We'd pamper you + make a great fuss over you, which I'm sure you both need + deserve — or leave you alone to sleep, if that's what you most want. I might even promise not to pester you in the funny, no matter how great the provocation! Let us know ahead, if easy.

When I sent off your

of hesitations on the brink of fulfilment. It seems to come to me every year with all the freshness + vividness of a totally new experience. I interrupted the writing of this to go and lean from the window, just to savor the spring night! The faint movement of the air touched my face and throat like a caress, the stars seemed soft and close, the tiny new leaves on the tree outside stirred delicately and inaudibly, and every-thing was permeated with the indescribable, intoxicating fragrance of spring. So I seem a bit delirious? Well, come and lean on my window — tell yourself and see what it does to you!

And that reminds me — you once incautiously remarked that if you came to H. G. in the spring on the job hunt, you'd

books, I looked around for one
to send along, by way of re-
turning the courtesy - and
making concrete my penitence
over my slowness. But I've
bought no books for ages, &
was sure if I sent you an old
one you'd have read it,
so I've finally fallen back
on the schoolgirl habit of
sending some candy. It
will probably be flat, stale
& unprofitable by the time it
reaches you. You probably don't
care for candy, anyhow. But
I shan't know any of this,
for you'll be too polite to
tell me, and I shall have
had the satisfaction of
making the gesture!

When you've recovered
consciousness, do tell me -

- A. How the thesis came out.
- B. Whether you're getting some
decent rest.
- C. Whether you're coming to

N.Y.

I seem to have reached the
end! Constance

Tuesday -

(27 March 35)

Dear George,

I did turn out
to be a nuisance after all
— and I'm so sorry. At
least — I'm sorry I'm a
nuisance but not sorry
for the results I get by
being on! You really
are a dear to fit me in
when you're so involved.
It doesn't matter at all
about Friday — in fact,
I'd really prefer some
day early next week —
though Fri. is perfectly
O.K. What I mean to
say is — fit it in
whenever it's most

But how simply grand
that I'm going to see
you to-morrow night,
too!

I'm baby-kending +
Joan's favorite sport is
dropping letters in the
P.O. So here we go!

Constance

easy (or least difficult)
for you — and don't leave
it on your mind as an
obligation, which would
be too horrible. But
— don't leave it out —
please! Which, of course,
just cancels all my pre-
ceding remarks. Aren't
women really too awful?

As for the week-end
— of course I'm sorry,
but still — I'd already
decided it was a silly
idea, anyhow — too much
of a rush + not much
point when you must be
dead tired. You'd far better
come in the summer,
when you can stay long
enough to get bored.

72 Front Street,
Exeter, N.H.,
22 March, 1935.

Dear George,

Friday will
be fine for me — and you
really are a lamb to
crowd in time for me when
you're so hideously
rushed.

I think you're having
tea with Mollie Oxtoby
that afternoon — in which
case you could call for
me at Concord Ave. at
6:30. Don't bother to
answer if this is all
right for you — if
another time or place
would suit you better

out of the time you're
spending, at home, and
it would really please
us all so much. Just
think how little we any
of us see of you, and be
kind-hearted! I promise
you needn't do one thing,
if you don't want to
(which you probably don't
believe after that week
and last summer!) —
you can just sit about +
talk + eat + sleep. School
will be closed + every
thing quiet. Boss will be
away — + she's the one
strong on entertainings
for guests. I can drive
you here on Friday, and
on Sunday I'll drive
you back to Boston, for
I think someone else is

drop me a line as to when
+ when — it makes no
difference to us — I'll
have Dad's car + can get
anywhere at any time. If
I don't go to Mother's I'll
call you up earlier in the
week when I'm in town.
Is this at all clear?

Another thing — we all
(this means Dad, Sister,
Joan + myself) think it
would be swell if you
could come home with
us that night + give
us a day out of your
vacation. How don't
just say you can't, but
let it stew in your mind
a bit — you don't have
to let us know ahead
— tell me that Friday.
It won't take much

coming, ^{from Boston} then, so it would
really be a help to every-
one for me to drive down!
It will only delay you
one little day. Dad
wants very much to see
you - and so do the rest
of us. Please think it over.

Isn't it heavenly to
have spring coming?
Are you all agoag? I go
about feeling most of
the time as if I'd
just consumed a quart
of champagne. I give you
fair warning - I'm
capable of anything.

A Bien sûr -

Constance

How do please be a lamb
and come to Exeter.

4312 - 47th Street,
Long Island City, N.Y.,
15 March, 1935.

Dear George,

The thought of
writing to anyone who
every week reads thirty
pages of mathematics in
German practically par-
alyzes me. Thirty pages of
either practically reduces
me to awkward silence
but the two combined
— well, you can see how
long it's taken me to
gather to-gather my cour-
age to speak above a
whisper to you!

What brings me to it
now is that I'm about to
depart for Exeter — and

at all? I've been having
a frantic week ridiculous-
ly crammed, and besides,
I'm in a dither at the pros-
pect of vacation — and
besides again, there's a
whiff of spring about
that's simply intoxicating.
So I can't possibly think
about anything — I'm all
full of emotions and in-
stinctive reactions, and
all sorts of low things
like that. Are you being
on a very high plane
this month? I do hope
not — it'll give you such
a bad time when you
have to see me. Yes, I
said "have to" — there
are things in life that
just have to be faced and
gone through with. So
gather yourself together
and write me a nice little

I must, I simply must
see you (if I can just
forget those thirty pages
long enough to get through
an evening of not quite
total silence on my part).
So, as man to woman, +
not as mathematician to
pre-week-minded (oh,
have you seen, read, or
heard of the new Shaw
play? I do want someone
to call "Diddie"! —
when are you going on
your vacation — or rather,
when, between the 20th
and the 4th are you
going to be in Cambridge?
Don't you have to be going
away for all of it — or
too busy ~~or~~ too busy
else. Am I coherent

note (no, on further thought,
why ~~I~~ don't I demand a
letter? no again - you
won't get this in time)
that I'll find waiting for
me in Exeter ^{on the 20th}, telling me
you're just dying to see
me (it's spring, and
even mathematicians can
tell lies to please a lady)
and giving me a neat
list of all the times when
you can't.

You were a lamb to
send me "English Tour-
ney". I started on it
instantly and got my-
self through the Cots-
wolds that very eve-
ning. I've never been in
the Cotswolds, and now I
simply have to. I think
I'd like to spend the
summer there. Wouldn't

* We, not the Black Country - the book -

you? Let's pool our resources and spend July and August in the Cotswolds on the resulting \$3.47! But let's not go on to the rest of it! I'm still not very far - too many things have been happening - but the Black Country is haunting me. Is it it* good? Thanks you so much for including me on the list - I'd hate to have missed it.

Wo, I can't do "roast mules", you silly goose, I told you I couldn't - nobody can - not even the remarkable person (alien), I see! The only solution is a dictionary, and endless hours of systematic and laborious toil. And

impressed. There was no
pretentiousness but a lot of
intelligence - it's small,
but very good (so I'm told)
and Miss Watson was a
delightful person who ob-
viously knew what she
was talking about, and
was the sort of person you
feel great confidence in. All
this is because I thought
you might like a try at
it yourself - simply on
the principle of lots of
trials is the fire. She gave
me good advice which
will be helpful to me,
aside from whether she
ever finds me a job. It's
not in the way most
agencies are, a business
organization, but is for
the benefit of the teachers
rather than a money-
making scheme. They've

who will do it? I can think
of no one but you - i.e. the
- p. And I'm afraid you
won't, so that will be the
end of that. Anyhow I
think you've done pretty
well with it so far, and
evolved a lot of really
noble additions to the
English language - I
particularly admire

"smartlouse" - a word
which should find its
way into every home.

How's your job hunt?
Any good juicy fruits yet?
Through a friend whose
judgment would be ex-
cellent I found a very
good agency here, I
wonder if you've heard of
it - The Co-operative Bureau
for Teachers. I went in
to interview the head of
it and was very much

done a lot of investigating
of the situation of the
teaching profession in
the present crisis and
as, I believe, sponsored
by the Private School
Teachers Assoc. — though
they deal with colleges as
well. One of the special
points about them is that
they ask only 4% of
your first year's salary!
Please don't think you
have to do anything
about this at all, unless
you feel inclined. I liked
it so much I couldn't
help thinking of the people
I know who wanted jobs
and it's like so many
things — might be useful
and can't do any harm.

The address is 1776
Broadway. Don't bother

with it unless you want
to. Very likely you've got
5 good jobs by now, any-
how.

You beast - you
smartlouse - you never
told me about whether
you succeeded in
that ~~proving~~ ^{to} ~~you were right~~ ^{Provt. horse}
~~wrong~~. You got me all
worked up about that
and then left me hanging
at the point where you'd
got him to admit that
he was wrong, but not
that you were right.
It's like a serial in a
magazine - the sus-
pense is agonizing and
endless. Kindly answer
this at once!

I've been discovering
Michaelangelo as a poet!
Of course I'd read a scrap

as these — filling the mind,
the heart and the senses
with delight — it's so
glorious that you feel
ashamed of the times
you've complained of it!
I don't dare say another
word about Michelangelo,
Watteau, or Berquet —
for if I said one, I'd
say a thousand. Ask
me sometime when you
think you can see it.

Heavens, it's mid-
night, and I've a
heckie day to-morrow.
I'll break my record,
and actually leave a
blank page.

I'll be seeing you
soon — please —

Constance

The report from the Rowets
is that you furnished them with
one of the better evenings of the year!

have and have before, but
never a real hunt, and
I'm in an absolute state
of mind over them. I read
them over and over to
myself and aloud to
anyone I can get to
listen. They are magif-
icent. I find something
among the most satisfy-
ing of all poetic forms,
anyhow, and these seem
to me the finest except
the Shakespeare ones
that I know. Have
you met them yet?

I have also spent
a long, long time looking
at the new Watteau in
the museum and I
have seen Elizabeth
Berquet's act. When life
offers such satisfactions

4312 - 47^B Street,
Long Island City, N.Y.,
1 February, 1935.

Dear George,

I don't seem to be able to write to you without sending a chaser after my original effort!

This time it's because Dad has just been here, & I asked him why he wouldn't tell you anything you wanted to know about the Estate business. I discovered that the truth was that — as I had suspected all along — both of you had been being so tactful about handling a delicate matter that neither of you altogether understood what the other was driving at! Didn't I

in people you're fond of to
the extent of trying to do
anything you can for them
— and actually meddling,
is often too much for me!
I should like to be able
to manage it perfectly, as
Dad does, but I doubt if
I ever shall. Meddling is
so inexcusable — and for the
most part, so is advising.
I don't go about talking
of you & your affairs to all
& sundry — but I do feel
as if Dad might be of use
to you in various ways —
and I know he wants to
be. Also I don't think I
know better than you do
what the conduct of
your life should be —
I'm not so presumptuous,
though I'm afraid I
sometimes sound as if I

say you were alike? ^{King}
Crow, he says he'd be
glad to tell you everything
about it in as much de-
tail as you want to hear.
Of course you needn't bring
it up at all — he won't
unless you do, naturally.
But if you do really want
to know the whole thing
from the inside, you can.
I should think it might
be a good way of dis-
missing it from your mind
for good — it's the things
you wonder about that
plague your mind. But
this is none of my affair.
I hope you don't think
I've already been officious.
To maintain the delicate
point of balance between
being genuinely interested

were!

But do go to Efeley +
talk to Dad - I really
think it might repay you.

By the way - I told Dad
the tale of your mysterious
persecution (you don't mind,
do you) and he said just
the same sort of thing
had happened to him -
I thought it would
amuse you to know.

Apologies for deluging
you with all this corre-
spondance!

Constance

Tell Dad your story of going
to get Copey - he'd love it.
I didn't dare, for I know I
couldn't do it half as well.

4312 - 47th Street,
Long Island City, N.Y.,
27 January, 1935.

Dear George,

You've got me
all confused! My mental
picture was like this -
here was a hard-working,
hard-driven young man, with
hordes of people making de-
mands on his scant time.
He magnanimously gives me
a ride (at evening) - right up
to the last subway train,
and not only that, but
when I pursue him relent-
lessly by telephone, most
graciously concedes me
part of the next afternoon,
and finishes by putting me
on my train (I adore being
put on trains). So here I
was, all in a glow of grati-
tude, about to write and
thank you, when here

say you never lied about
having previous engagements;
Well, you'll learn before I've
got through with you!

I'm glad you enjoyed
seeing the Rowals — they
obviously did you — all
unless my idea seems so
delightfully altruistic, doesn't
it? And of course it wasn't
— I did it mostly because
I wanted to see you again.

I hate seeing people I
really enjoy in snatches
every few months. I'd like
to live in a community con-
sisting entirely of people
picked out by me, all of
whom I could see as
much as I wanted! Any-
how — do go and see the
Rowals — there's something
rare and fine about them,
and I think it would be
worth time and effort to go
to know them better. They're
shy, and pretty much im-
pressed by you, so they'll

appear a letter from you,
thanking me — how very,
very odd! I suppose it was
because I paid the bill,
which isn't really much of
a reason, for it was actually
Dad who paid the bill —
and after all, what difference
does it make anyhow? The
person who was generous
with something he hadn't
much of was you, with your
time. But, my word, didn't
I come out of it well — I
got an evening, an afternoon,
and a letter! You shouldn't
be so generous with me,
though — you know how
worn out — give them a
little encouragement, and
there's no stopping them.
Next time I shall start
out by being more compre-
hensive in my demands
— "How about Mon., Wed.,
& the week-end?" — some-
thing like that. Did you

probably leave it up to you
to make the first move.

I am definitely in a titter
about your convincing your
boss that he was wrong.
The situation drips with
opportunities for me to savor
triumphantly "I told you
so" — and I did, didn't I?
Oh me, oh my, are you ever
brilliant?; how devil, for
heavens' sake, leave me
in suspense about the final
outcome. Did you prove
that not only was he
wrong, but that you were
right? Of course I'm certain
you did, but I want to be
told, all the same. It
seems too bad for him,
because then they'll decide
to leave you at Princeton,
instead of him — which
would be simply swell
for Mrs. Einstein, but rather
poor for Prof. Morse.

How aren't you an old
meanie to keep telling me

more and more exciting things
about "English Journey", only
to crush my rapidly rising
hopes by saying you've
promised it to someone else
first? It's another WOMAN,
too. I'll bet, she shrieked,
grinding her teeth in a jealous
rage. And undoubtedly one
of the birds (horrid creatures)
that keep books for months
& months! Couldn't you lend
her a little? A certain amount
of judicious bulling is really
quite good policy, you know!

Yes, I've been reading
all about Boston and "Within
the Gates" - it's a disques-
ting spectacle, isn't it? I've
seen ^{the play, not the spectacle} it - at least - since I
saw you, and have thought
about it off & on ever since.
At the risk of being thought
slightly simple by some of
my friends, I am firmly
maintaining that it's rather

as our friend Hawthorne Ellis says "In order to live in any real sense at all, we are compelled to live dangerously". Does this sound at all reasonable to you? I'd have to see it again, to feel at all sure myself, but anyhow, of this I am sure - that, like "Faust", it is the drama of the soul, and anyone who takes it in any sense literally, is missing the point entirely. Now tell me what you think - even if it is that bit, all off! It is, as you said, profoundly moving, and I've been trying to make myself see how much of that is due to the rather remarkable producing and acting, how much to the fact that the play itself does really strike deep into the human heart. Have you ever seen a finer bit of theatre than the Salvation Army scene? The conflict was as clearly stated graphically

important! I dare say this to you, because I remember that you were one of those who takes it seriously. I have a theory about what it's driving at - do you mind if I tell you? Probably you've a better one yourself - I'd love to hear it. I think it's the individual human soul torn between the forces which accept life, and those which deny it. He makes his central figure a woman because there is no better symbol of the life force than love - and she is the child of the union of the two conflicting forces whose struggle must therefore inevitably go on within her. Of course it's the denial of life that is safer, easier, more comfortable - and more respectable, but

as it was verbally.

But I can't go on and say all I want to about it - that would take hours - so I might as well stop here.

I'm glad you talked over the job situation with Prof. Morse - I expect his advice would be good. I felt rather disturbed, as a matter of fact, about what I'd repeated to you as Dad's advice to me, for of course getting you sort of job is in quite another class from getting mine. So I wrote to Dad about it. He says - in part - "I am going to write to Williams College + to Hamilton College about George. I am inclined to think that the agencies could be of no use to him. (eff Prof. Morse!)"

Those who could serve him best would be the men under whom he's worked at Harvard. They should be fully informed about his

needs and wants." And also
— "I hope he'll come to
Egates soon, when I may
have the opportunity to talk
with him." I think you'd
better make a point of it —
you might well find it really
helpful, and this is the sort
of occasion on which you
turn every stone you can
lay your hands on.

And now I'm going to give
you some advice! There are
two things you need to do to
"get on" in this world —
and you've got to "get
on" to a certain extent,
even if it does seem rather
ignoble, for you've got to live
and in this highly competitive
society, that's the only way
you can. Well, to get back
to where I started — one
thing is to play politics,
and that I simply don't
believe you'll ever be able
to do — thank God. But if

you are the man the rest of
the world sees, and whether
or not that picture agrees
with the one you see in the
mirror has no essential
significance. You'd do much
better to accept it — believe
you're foolish than if you
want to, but feel the
confidence in yourself that
a good actor feels in his
ability to convince the
audience that he is the
person he seems to be. You
give the impression of being
a remarkable person and
I think you're a winner if
you don't build on that,
Hell, who cares whether it's
true or not? What is
false, anyway, and what
is a man except the reflect-
ion of himself in other
people's eyes? Do you
read Pirandello?

You aren't annoyed at
me, are you? I'm really not
an interloper, — and you can

will change you — other people
will get the plums you've
earned. So the second thing
is even more important —
and that is to stop under-
estimating yourself. Now
don't contradict me — you
do. It's astonishing how
often people — and intelligent
ones, too — will take a man
at his own valuation, so
do your best to put that
valuation as high as you
can. You're not, heaven
knows, in any danger of
putting it too high. (And
that, come to think of it,
might mean a number of
things!) Make yourself be-
lieve you're a find for any
college ^{get} ~~or~~ ^{or} pretty well excited
about. You can't? Well now
listen to grandma — perhaps
you really are the sort of
person you think you are,
and perhaps the sort the
rest of us think you are,
but for all practical purposes

tell me to go to hell if you like
— only don't laugh at me —
I'll burst into tears if you
do — yes, I shall, This is
the sort of thing, I've tried
to say to you, but never got
it said, for you never let
me get well started, but
go all modest. And don't
you dare think I admire
you because I'm fond of
you — there are lots of
people I'm fond of, but
admire only moderately —
and vice versa. Besides,
I'm expressing a consensus
of opinion — not my own
undiluted. Besides, you're
just like my father —
underestimate yourself, &
can't eat cucumbers —
complete duplicates! So
I recognize the type.
Goodness, I wish I
weren't subject to these

attacks of epistolary elephantiasis - I've been at this off
+ on for days - how hard
on both of us! It's inher-
ited, though, like the gray
in my hair - so I am
helpless in the grip of the
mysterious forces of heredity
and not responsible. I'm
going to stop, though, even
with these empty pages
unfilled - and my head
full of things I've not said.
So there!

Constance

P.S. I forgot to say - I
thought you were a louse
not to want to go to a
theatre - I liked it much
better leaving a chance to
talk.

P.S. No. 2 - Be sure
to let me know about
those specimens - and
about the progress of the
job hunt!

Tuesday -

(2 Jan 35)

Dear George,

How
about Tuesday, the
8th? Since I
wrote you my plans
have changed 15
times + I feel as if
they were like the
railway time tables
— subject to change

definite + final - + say
Tuesday. You will gather
that I feel it's definitely
exciting to see
you - & not to be
missed - though I'm
writing in great haste
& probably sound bungled
I'm staying at Uncle
Baron's (31 Concord Ave.)
from ^{morning} Fri. ^{to} ^{the 4th} Mon.
morning & can be reached
there by any of the
usual methods of
communication. I've

without notice. I
at the last minute
- or next to last
minute I changed
that to Wednesday,
what would happen?
Yes, it is low to ask
anyone to hold two
nights - but I thought
maybe in the middle of
the week it might
not make any
difference to you. If
it does, I'll be

fect to be at the
Parsons House Tues. night
(or Wed. night, as the
case may be) -
dinner at 6:30? (you
do not have to take me
to the theatre! That is,
not unless you really
want to and feeling like
a bloated capitalist -
I am one, at the mo-
ment - on a Christmas
check, so I should
pay the bills! A bit
muddled, but you follow?
Enfin - à toute à
l'heure - C. R. C.

4312-47th Street,
Long Island City, N.Y.,
13 November, 1934.

Dear George,

I am just about
to post you book to you.
Isn't that a stupefying bit
of news? How I always
treated you as badly as this?
I'm really much better, some-
times — practically normal,
in fact. You see, my vices
come upon me in waves —
rather like epileptic
seizures. They arrive without
warning, I believe in the
most shocking fashion, and
when it's all over, I find it
difficult to understand
that I could have allowed
myself to be quite so
appalling. You handed me
Havelock Ellis just as an
attack of not-returning —

qualities of youth ripened into a splendid maturity. It makes it seem plausible that that beautifully sane world which he regards as not impossible may actually evolve in some distant time. Or am I being a little silly about it all? Anyhow I was thrilled by it. You haven't got any more, have you? (Safer to say "no" in any case.)

Something Havelock Ellis said reminded me of you — then flowed a train of thought which resulted in this — that the reason why you will always be safe and indomitable is that you are the sort of person who can be forged by life and experience to a fine temper. Whatever happens to you will only increase your strength and discipline you to a greater maturity. This gain occurred to me in the midst of a football game

books was coming on, and now I can't think of anything to say sufficiently abject.

But I'm sure that in spite of everything, you'd be glad you lent it to me if you knew how much I've enjoyed it. I read quite a bit of it — in fact, there were two or three sentences I couldn't bear to be parted from, and which I have copied to put where they will often meet my eye, and satisfy my soul. Reading a book like that puts solid ground under one's belief in humanity. It's a book written by an old man, but a man whom the years have mellowed and enriched, a man who is wise, compassionate, and full of understanding, with a mind still vital, clear, and fresh — all the best

at Princeton and I just had
to tell you about it. And if
you ask why was I thinking
about you and H. E. at a
football game — well, partly
because I'm often taken that
way at football games, and
partly because the game
had reached the point
where there were three
touchdowns in four plays
(literally) and really, you just
couldn't keep your mind on
it — the element of suspense
having entirely disappeared.

I've had another thought,
too, — only really Sister and
I had this one in collaboration.
We think it would be a
simply swell idea if you
would come down for a
week-end. It's really not
at all expensive if you get
some of these lovely round-
trip rates — especially on
boats, and we'd all (includ-

ing Joan) get such a kick
out of it. We could be very
gay, if you liked, or complete-
ly quiet if what you wanted
was a rest (we really can,
believe it or not) — or any-
thing in between. This is
supposed to be sufficiently
comprehensive to make it
allowing — or would the effect
be more telling if I went
into detail? Anyhow, you
don't have to answer this
yes or no — only don't go
quitting away all your better
week-ends, but keep one
for us sometime or other.
Don't you have a longish
one sometime — after mid-
year or our Washington's
birthday or what not? By
that time you ought to be
bored enough with Cambridge
to find New York intriguing
— even among the lower
middle classes. Or else tired

write you five sheets next
week — or to-morrow.
Didn't I tell you you were
fatal in your affect on
women — or did I?

In closing (yes, really)
let me remark that I
put a book in with yours
— partly as a peace offering,
partly because I think
you'll find it interesting.
I hope you'll keep it for a
year and a day.

Constance

enough to like the notion of
doing nothing but sleep
and eat for days. Sister
says to tell you she'll
think you're lousy if you
don't come — sooner or
later! This is, as you will
gather, a subtle reference to
your taste in adjectives —
the theory being that you'd
go through practically
anything to avoid being
thought such an awful
word!

Good heavens, this
started to be a few well-
chosen words of thanks
and apology — and look
at it! But oh, my word,
do you ever owe me a
letter now?! How do you
like being peppered with
letters by admiring females?
You can't be sure — I may

4312 - 47³ Street,
Long Island City, N.Y.,
25 October, 1934.

Dear George,

It seems like a
thousand years since you
vanished from my bay on
the corner of Quiner Street.
Or else that was something
that happened to me in a
dream — along with all the
rest of the summer. I
hope not, though, for it's
pleasant to remember how
patient you were with my
vagaries. Sometimes I
wonder how men ever
put up with us! The more
feminine we are, the more
liberal we are to behave like
that — and yet the more
feminine we are, the more
they profess to like us. Don't
you think it's very odd?

most profoundly interesting thing in the world. Perhaps it's because we're emotionally so much more vulnerable than men, and it's a sort of refuge to turn in imagination to other lives, especially when our interest in them is based on affections. Anyhow - there it is - a woman finds nothing more flattering than being confided in - not even being loved, and so it's a constant and conscious effort to remember that all persons, even those most close to us, have an inalienable right to live their lives uninvestigated. Be patient with us - and tell us to shut up and keep out when we deserve it!

One thing I couldn't help noticing, on that disturbing evening, was that you didn't touch me if you could avoid it and just because it certainly hadn't been true the last

Still and all, I didn't give way to all my feminine vices - and managed to refrain from prying into what it really was that had started the whole thing. I hope you noticed that I didn't even investigate your visits to Granville - and was that ever a masterpiece of restraint?! Sometimes I suspect that I was a bit too inquisitive all summer, so let me go on record as saying that the only woman whose relations with you are any of my affair is myself - all the others I will leave uninvestigated unless you choose to talk of them. But I do think there's something to be said for women's curiosity about other people's business. It's often a very genuine interest and not mere idle prying. I believe most women in the long run find an understanding of other human beings the

time we were together I
was troubled. Perhaps you
just didn't feel that way -
which, after all, is natural
enough, but I just want to
be sure you don't think I
ever attached any undue
importance to it. That
game is too old a one, and
we all learn the rules too
early, even to mistake wild
manifestations of affection
for anything of greater
moment. Not that I go in for
it extensively - even in so
moderate a form, I think
it should be treated like
a fine wine - taken infre-
quently, and with discrimina-
tion. All this, you understand,
applies, not to love in its
larger sense, but to that
game which men and women
so play with each other
and for which there never
seems to be any adequate
terms. I suppose it's more
mental than anything else -

wit, just enough of the emot-
ional and just enough of the
physical to give it salt.
Flirtation is too frivolous to de-
scribe it when it's played
with any subtlety. Love is
too serious. I suppose it
should hover delicately
between those two - in
some danger of falling into
one or the other, and achiev-
ing that poise is something
of an art.

What a lot of nonsense!
Are you still listening, or did
you hang up some time
ago? I said it simply hell to
know someone who's always
insisting on telling you all
about life, love, or the
Italian Renaissance; anyhow,
this doesn't any of it need to
be answered - I just like
to mess about in my mind,
and pick out bits here and
there to put on paper, not
because I'm any illusive
about their value or their
novelty - it's just a little
game of play. Am I very
provoking? Unhappy late -

my soul my own is a very in-
expansive pleasure — though a
rather intoxicating one. I'm
enjoying my friends more
completely than I have for
ages, and being ridiculously
gay. This is the third night in
two weeks that I've been at
home ^{and} alone, and I don't see
another till next Tuesday. I
really think it's rather
silly — but it's not so frivolous
as it sounds, because
a lot of the things I'm doing
are not frivolous at all. Still,
and all, every now and then
I think of you, and the incred-
ible list of things you are
doing, which overwhelms
me with a hideous sense of
inferiority — unless I can
manage to think of you as
an isolated pleasure-seeker
and not at all in compar-
ison to myself. I'd love to
hear how your innumerable
duties are progressing —

when what women want is
to be provocative! Well, it's
what you get for having any-
thing to do with you intellec-
tual inferiors — they murder.
To leave the realm of
higher thought (sic) and
return to everyday existence
— I am busily learning
the technique of living
with very little space and
ever less money. I go in
for plain living and high
thinking (well, anyhow,
plain living) and belong
definitely to the lower middle
class. I am, in other words,
as a friend of my father's
used to say — poor, but
thanks God, not respectable!
Do you suppose my enjoy-
ment of it is just because
it's a new toy, and that
presently I shall begin
mooing about outside
shop windows or peering at
the ~~too~~ closely encroaching
walls? But being able to call

and such pleasures as you can
spare time for. Or never mind
his duties and pleasures, but
tell me what you've been
thinking about — or read-
ing about — or even what
you've been feeling. I wish I
could give you some of my
lovely spacious days — I
know you'd use them so
richly — and I'm sure you
used them.

All these sheets and sheets
are supposed to puzzle your
head so you won't even
notice when I utter in an
undertone that I only yester-
day unpacked the box of
books I brought down
from Exeter — and lo, there
was Hawthorn Ellis! I'll
return it almost immedi-
ately — wrapped in elaborate
apologies — really I will. I'm
going to take it with me on
week-ends!

Constance

72 Front St.,
Exeter, N.H.,
12 September, 1934.

Dear George,

And now where
are you? At Lake George,
she said, meaningly, (or is
it meaningfully? or possibly
just meanly?)?

Well, anyhow, it's irrele-
vant at the moment, for
what I really want to
know is — where are you
going to be on the 19th?
I was suddenly overcome
last night by the reali-
zation that there are only
a few days left before
I go. And among the
things that I shall be
simply blighted if I can't
get done is seeing you.

on the 19th & 9/20, can't
we have dinner + the
evening together? I know
it's a bit mean to pounce
on you the minute you get
back, but if it's the
only time I can pounce,
what's a poor girl to do?
I've an idea I said
something about meeting
you - or was that one
of the things I only
thought? Anyhow - why
don't you - if I can - or if
it would be any help
to you.

Supposing you drop
me two lines letting
me know when you
get to Boston - and
if you're free for that
evening (it's no good
saying you don't want

So I just had to do
something about it instantly
- for God knows when
I'll get to see you again,
since I've no idea when
I'll be here again. And
I'm already weeks + weeks
+ weeks behind on the
story of your life. And
I can't remember what I
said, and what I only
thought of saying when
we did last meet. So I'm
in a horrid (no, I think
it's horrid) state of con-
fusion. Was I to write to
you, or you to me? Did I
or didn't I tell you I
was going on the 20th?
But I can't stop for
questions, anyhow!

I'm driving to N.Y. on
the 20th - is it right
that you get to Cambridge

to play with me, for I'm
determined to leave my
own way, no matter how
miserable it makes you,
and whether it would
be simpler for you to
leave me meet your
train, or to pick me up
at the apartment at
6:30.

Of course this may
cross a letter from you
in which case what?
Well, supposing you then
remain silent till you
hear from me again -
otherwise, we'll never get
straight, it'll probably
end in a burst of
telegrams, anyhow -
these things always do.

Have I left dozens
of contingencies unmentioned?

I simply cannot think -
there are two people
talking to me, and I'm
in a ditch, even without
that. The one idea that's
really clear in my mind
is that it was horribly
taunting, to have you
about here for days &
never have a chance to
really hear about you,
which will make it
simply too dismal if I
can't see you before
I go. So take that as
your starting point & do
what you can to oblige
a lady. You'll have to
talk practically steadily
from the moment we
meet till the moment
we part, so rest you

voice!

And that's that!

Cornie

Oh are you calling me
Constance - or what?
Oh, well, figure out for
yourself whom it's
for.

Perhaps you'd better
tell me just where you
are to be the last few
days before you come
back, so if I did
send you a wire, I'd
have somewhere to send
it. Why didn't I
wake up to the passage
of time earlier - stupid
in this last minute sort
of thing!

72 Front Street,

Friday -

5th July 34

Dear George,

My inhibitions against making my friends listen to the complications of my private life are so great that I've never succeeded in these last weeks in telling you something which I fully intended to at the beginning of the summer. To come to the point - I am in the midst of the miserable business of getting divorced. This is the point at which it is definitely to the good that I am writing and not talking, for I should probably go all gooey and confidential due to that air of understanding sympathy at which you are so good. But since I'm safely at a distance I'll inflict no details on

ever to let me see that you're being loved, or think you deserve an explanation. And in the second place, the fact that there's something constantly in the front of my mind which is unknown to you is bound to take something from the harmony of our association. That's a bit vague, but you are too sensitive to overtones of feeling, for it to be necessary to put everything in words of one syllable.

I don't really believe that you would think of me as the predatory sort, divorced or not, but there ^{is one more} thing I want ^{which should make you feel} to say - ^{it's safe} that I wanted your companionship for those Cambridge evenings partly for the very reason that I knew your interest in me was not romantic, for that's something I don't want to have to cope with till I've thought

you, but simply say that we were in most ways singularly unsuited to each other, and though I think I should, on general principles have struck it out, the fact that Howard has done, not to, will, I think, be much better in the end for all concerned. But for the present it makes life frightfully complicated, and beastly unpleasant - again, I will spare you details.

And why need I tell you this at all? Well, in the first place, I feel - and doubtless look, and probably believe, as if I were a good ten years older than I was two months ago, which I trust is temporary, but it must for now make me an absolute washout as a companion, and though you're much too sweet

through more clearly what I
want to do with my life
from his point on.

But in the meantime, my
friends are more than ever
valuable to me, and any
friend as various and as
stimulating as you is as
refreshing, and exciting as -
well, as the bottle of Sauterne
the jantor took! I really
am most awfully grateful
for all those evenings. Of
course I don't really know
what you think about
divorce - except what I
can infer from my knowledge
of you, and the few remarks
you made last Wednesday (to
which I listened with more
interest than you knew!). Nat-
urally I hope you'll feel about
me just as you did before,
but I know that often one
feels quite differently in prac-
tice from the way one
thinks in theory! And you
must feel perfectly free to

believe exactly as you are
most naturally inclined.

Quidentally, there's no
need to answer this either
in writing or by word of
mouth, if you find it simpler
not to.

I've a horrid suspicion
that I've said this all very
badly - perhaps I'd have
done better sitting in the pine
tree by the reservoir, after all!
But I think you are sensitive
enough and astute enough
to read what I've not said,
and to understand what I've
said clumsily.

I hope I shall see you
Wednesday - at 6:30,

Constance

P.S. I finally managed
to remember what it was
from your conversation last
week I was supposed to
put together with this week
and make seventeen! I resign

Having to go through life
with a mental equipment
like that — takes a good
12 hours to function!

P.S. Again. I never did
finally explain to you that
when I said you were born
to be domestic I didn't
mean dishwashing, at all,
but that you would find
emotional satisfaction more
completely in marriage than
in a series of more casual
affairs. Am I right?

Friday -

16 July 343

Dear Van,

That lunch was an absolute life-saver - it was one of those days when everything was all this way and that way, and the combination of mental + physical refreshment which you gave me was simply grand.

And now it's my turn. Do you ever take an evening off? If not, do you ever consent to go out for dinner? An 9 meals or an 9 meals? Anyhow, I'm planning to stay down over night or

meet me at Fogg Mon -
at 12 - or 1.

Another thing - if there's
somewhere you'd rather eat
than at the C.H., please
say so.

Another thing - does this
make any sense? No.

Constance

Sorry for the
holes!

Tuesday, and it would
be much less dreary if
you would have dinner
with me. So be an angel
and say you will. Oh
is it too short notice?

An amiable friend has
lent me her apartment
as a pied à terre + you
could pick me up there,
ho, on second thoughts, it
would be much simpler
for you to meet me at the
Cock Horse - + equally
simple for me. Would
seven o'clock be too late?
Since I'm staying down
here to grind, I think
I'd better stick at it for-
ever late. If it's easier for
you than to drop me a line,

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

6 June, 1934.

Dear Van,

I am at last about
to send off "The Way of the
Flesh". I hope I made
enough of a commotion
last time about how
prompt I was so that you'll
have gathered that it was
a permanent condition
and so will not observe
my current lapse! Of
course I read it in no time,
but then I kept waiting

much as the book itself. It
was very amusing to try
and figure out why you'd
marked them - whether you
approved or just thought it
was interesting, or found it
entertaining, etc. Once
you helped me with a
question mark and once
with an exclamation point,
but that really spoiled
the game! I also indulged
~~with~~ in arguments with you
over some bits - which
is, I find, much the best
way to argue with you, for
when I do it in the flesh, you
always win. The combination

for time to thank you before I
sent it back, and that was
simply fatal - time is a
commodity I have simply
ceased to be familiar with.
Never have I had such a
spring - it's been exceedingly
busy, but also fantastically
busy, and I've not decided
yet whether I've had a
simply swell time or a
very exhausting one! Well,
anyhow I did have a
swell time in the moments
I snatched for Samuel
Butler, and I am properly
grateful to you. I'm not
sure that I didn't enjoy
your marginal marks as

of you knowing more and
thinking better is too much
for me. But when I argue
with you this way, I always
win — very good for the ego!

All of which reminds
me — aren't you a beast
to go delving into the
Renaissance? Couldn't you
leave me one little corner
where I could stand and
be superior, knowing
more than you? And you
know perfectly well that
the real variables are forever
out of my reach, so I am
left screaming with rage by
the wayside. All the same,

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

I must admit that the Renaissance is too juicy a bit to deprive you of, and I'm not at all sure that I should like your variables even if I could get them, she said defiantly.

Now you must go to Florence as soon as ever you can. It's very easy to believe that the Medici still walk its narrow streets - partly because the city has changed so little physically since they did, partly because the impact of those minds

eminence. Am I getting a bit
maudlin? Sorry, but I had
lunch yesterday + spent the
afternoon with a friend who
lives in Florence, and I
am consequently wallowing
in sentimental nostalgia.

How did the 31st go?
I thought of you squirming
in the grip of the exam-
iners, and felt very sym-
pathetic. Of course I know
damn well you didn't
squirm, but that seems
the proper ~~thing~~ ^{remark} to com-
mune with that lovely
fiction about the Ans you
get because you've fooled
them all these years.

and ambitious was so tran-
scendent that the very
stones themselves seem to
have absorbed it. Besides,
it's the most beautiful
city in the world, I think,
not like the pale, romantic
beauty of Venice, nor the
obvious splendor of Rome,
but with a beauty that is
at once of the senses, of the
mind, and of the emotions
— a profoundly satisfying ex-
perience because it is so
complete. I suppose it
was that streak of auster-
ity in the Florentine temper
which saved her from the
excesses of the rest of Italy,
and set her on her solitary

I'm so sorry about your father. Of course I wondered, when you spoke earlier in the spring of his going to Albany to be looked over whether it was anything serious — which it evidently was. The operation seems rather too awful. How angelic you were to take all that dreadful trip just to cheer him up, and how pleased he must have been! Did the second operation go well?

I put Walter Duranty in the parcel with Samuel Butler — read him when,

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

as, and if you want to,
I heard her other night
that he is the only person
who writes really objective-
ly about Russia. This
from a man who's been in
Russia ^{a good deal} of + on, — knows
a lot of Russians, and
speaks the language.
His sympathies are pro rather
than con, but he says this, I think,
though sincere, is not abso-
lutely reliable. I don't know
how much any individual
opinion is worth on Russia,

Front St. after the 20th,
I expect.

Sorry to be so stupid
— do get a good rest, and
have yourself a good time
in your brief holiday.
Constance

but I repeat this to you
for what it's worth.

Isn't this a horrible
letter — it gets duller +
duller though I keep on
writing + writing in the
hope that it will improve.
I trust it's temporary +
not chronic — otherwise,
you've got a quin prospect
ahead of you for one
summer school!

Let me know (if
you're equal to being it)
where you'll be for the
6 weeks — not in Hollis, I
judge! I shall be at 72

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

20 April, 1934.

Dear Van,

When I consider what a grand time I had on the occasion of our last meeting, and when I consider how large a share of the hospitality that evening was yours, I am filled with amazement at discovering that it is you who have written thanks to me! But how very charming of you! All the same, I had been full of good intentions — just as I had at Christmas time, about being the complete hostess. But

I don't really hope for you - I want about this - I want to leave

apprehension run down your spine? It should, for I don't imagine anyone I know in Boston + vicinity will be there in the summer, which leaves you in a position of lurid and conspicuous isolation. If I were you, I'd start thinking up good dodges right now.*

Oh, by the way - Rebecca confided in me that she was afraid the romance between you and Margant Tinkler was not progressing as rapidly as she had hoped and expected! I received the news with the air of sympathetic surprise that was evidently expected of me. Dear, dear, how was it that you got that out of me? I ordinarily

you're so frightfully high-handed - I never seem to be able to cope with you when it comes to the point. Besides, I really couldn't precipitate a brandy fight in the lobby of the Adlon, could I? But just wait - wait, for instance till this summer, and I'll leave my wings, if it takes elbow-joint to accomplish it. I hope you're impressed by this, but since there won't be any thing to go to but 25-cent movies, I'm not very myself! Yes, as you have doubtless inferred, I am going to take a course at Harvard - if my ambition doesn't give out between now and then. Does that make a shudder of

never tell anything to any
one - and now behold us a
monument of duplicity! My
masterpiece, though, was when
Rebecca told me about the
ships. You should have heard
my exclamations of amazement
and admiration when she told
me he picked them out all
by his self - yes, my dear, he
really did - can you imagine
Jack? I said no, I couldn't
- which was funnier than she
knew. But I must say - as a
picker-out of fluffy feminine
intines you are suspiciously
good. What's all that rig-
marole about your knowing
nothing about women?)

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

wish you'd just tell me how
much of that I'm supposed
to pretend to believe.

All of which reminds me of
you and the prospective trip
to Jubee (I mean the Hogg's
remind me of it - not the
women in your life!). The more
I think about it, the more I
think what I have thought
at other times - that Jack
always tends to think that
everyone could live satis-
factorily by following his
formula, and seems to be
often unaware of the enormous

Besides, I fully realize that without men of action like him the world would be in a poor way, I just think that he has much the same attitude toward the art of living as he has toward the rest of the arts. And when he thinks you're being foolish, I think you're being heroic — so then, she said defiantly, goodness, I hope you're not interpreting this as advice or whether you should or shouldn't go to Sweden! Since you told us the whole story you gave me the right to comment — but of course nothing would give me the

complexity and variety of human life, I suppose it's because he's a simple person (that's not meant as a term of opprobrium, but as a purely descriptive one) and he's not imaginative enough to realize that for so complex a person as yourself the same formula couldn't possibly work — or perhaps it is simply that you couldn't arrange your life by any formula. Does this sound as if I were not appreciating Jack? It shouldn't, for I really do — I admire him, I'm very fond of him and

right to tell you what
you should or shouldn't do
— and anyhow, I don't know!

How was "Dods worth"?
Should I make a point of
seeing it? And did you get
the lawns and flower-beds
all done? I thought of you
Easter morning — did you
weather it successfully? You
must have to overcome the
resistance of something very
deep in you to manage that.
It really is heroic.

Please don't bother with
"The Way of All Flesh" like
you're through with "The Man
of the Renaissance" — it would
be silly. And there's no hurry
about either. Constance

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Sunday -
(25 March 34)

Dear Sam,

Would Thursday do?

I've an impression that it's
the 29th, but anyhow, I'm
sure it's before the 30th which
was your dead-line. I'm
tea-ing in Cambridge, so how's
for meeting me at the Lock
House - at 6:30? You needn't
answer unless this doesn't
suit you, I think I could
make it Wednesday, if that
would be better for you.
What's all this foolishness

So let's declare an armistice on
apologies. If you were intelligent
enough to perceive my humble
intention through my arrogant
words, it's sure I don't need
to pepper you with apologies +
explanations - and let's
just pretend that it's as
intelligent as you.

Until Thursday, then -

Constantin

about not leaving written?
Didn't I tell you you weren't
to write unless you felt in the
mood? And goodness knows,
if our friendship has got to be
one of the apologizing kind,
it's simply going to fill all
my spare time. As, for instance
- I've a nasty lingering
memory of my last commun-
ication with you which I
suspect read rather as if
I were informing you that
I was spending an evening
or you instead of inviting
you to spend one with me,
like a royal summons,
you know - you are to
have the inextinguishable privi-
lege - etc. etc. Good!

126 NINETY FIRST STREET
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

.13 March, 1934

Dear Van,

As a returner of books,
I am definitely on the up grade.
But wouldn't you think I could
organize better, than to have to
write twice in rapid succession
to the same person? I shall
try to kill two birds with one
stone this time, but if I were
really efficient, I'd manage
a whole case, shouldn't I?
I am about to send off
"Marie Antoinette". The second

Which brings me to my second
bird — when are you vacationing
— or rather, when are you not?
Shall you, for instance, be in Boston
at all during the week of the 25th?
This is a bit vague, but I'm half-
way involved with several other
people and can't be definite.
Anyhow, I am inviting you to
have dinner with me and do
whatever you like afterwards —
you'll have to say what, for
you'll know what there is to
do, but it is definitely my
evening. I'll let you know
more definitely when my own
plans coagulate — and when
you let me know when you'll
be where. You might as well

books in the parcel is not a mis-
take, but an attempt to be as
amiable as you. You may not like
it, but I found it absorbing. It
added greatly to my understand-
ing of the period which was,
after all, the beginning of the
modern world, and therefore to
my understanding of the age
in which we live. I'm not sure
what Mr. DeVoto would say
about it, but I'd like to hear
what you do! But don't read
it at all unless you feel in-
clined — or read only bits of it.
I shouldn't be in the least annoyed
if you send it back unopened
— or keep it to throw at my
head.

write me to Exeter (72 Front
St.) - any time after the 19th -
or here until then if you prefer.

I hope this makes sense -
I am swamped with this &
that - it ~~felt~~ (you see, I can't
even spell) ~~feel~~ very incoherent,

Courtnance.

The revolting appearance of
"The Man of the Renaissance" is
due to the fact that I used it
for subway reading, this long
hard winter - please don't
hesitate to leave it out in the
rain or foul your cigarette
on it.

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

2 March, 1934.

Dear Van,

"Marie Antoinette" is simply swell! I am tearing through it - partly because the speed with which you returned mine gave me an awful attack of conscience. The last book I borrowed from you I never even gave you the opportunity to decline to let me take - and thus kept it until it was practically absorbed into my own library. However, my conscience is really

I'm not sure that it isn't taking liberties with the psychological analysis he talks so much about. It just doesn't seem probable that a frivolous + superficial woman living in a frivolous + superficial age was likely to have the emotional equipment for a great love. If he were writing it as a work of fiction, I should object to the inconsistency of his characterization! But perhaps, after all, that makes it more believable, for human beings don't believe, or feel, with the consistency one can give to invented beings. Anyhow, I'm having a grand time over it, including my arguments with Mr. Zwerger en route. Thank

only a secondary incentive for being speedy - the primary one being that I'm fascinated by the book. My word, what a tale! I rather think you're right about feeling a little untroubled of it - which is too bad, for I'd love to believe it - every word. Do you suppose the Jensen story is true - could be true? Of course I don't doubt she had an affair with him - or at least, it's quite plausible, but to put it on so high a plane, to treat it as one of the great love affairs of history I suspect is taking liberties - in fact,

ever so much for giving me the
opportunity.
Goodness, did you really think
you had to do all that ex-
plaining about the impressions
you had or hadn't made?
There was not the slightest
suspicion in anything you
said of blame laid upon your
parents - on the contrary, you
left me with the impression
that what you felt for them was
a compassionate understanding
with no taint of the bitterness
or resentment that most of us
would not be big enough to
avoid. And the proof of that
lies in the fact that as I
was going to bed that night
thinking over what you'd said,

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I was feeling terribly sorry for them, particularly for your mother — much more so than for you — and of course the reason I felt that way was because it was the emotion you had communicated to me as you talked. It seemed to me then — and seemed to me even more so when I read your letter, that there was something very impressive about the objectivity with which you regarded the whole story, with no trace of self pity, as if what they were and did existed independantly of any effect upon your own life.

it never would have entered my head to doubt that you felt everything that you should.

But if we're going in for confessions + penitence - I, too, remember a moment in that evening which keeps popping into my head when I least want it. When you were talking about the play you wanted to compare it with "What Every Woman Knows", at which point I remarked in my exasperating way that I thought "What - etc." was tripe. Really, if I'd been you, I'd have slapped me. But of course you're too polite, though I can't bear to imagine what you thought, let me now remark that I know that was both rude and stupid. Calling something tripe is hardly an

Yes, I know, you're quite right about the importance of understanding more than one way of life - but it seems as if so many years were a terribly high price to pay. Still, I suppose those are the ironic terms on which we have to accept life - to pay too high a price for all that we learn. Anyhow, I'm sure Mr. Santayana would approve of you - you obviously belong to his fraternity of those whose dignity lies in what they understand!

But as for you not acknowledging your debt to your rescuers - mon Dieu, c'est à dire! You silly goose, do you think you have to say everything? That was absolutely implicit in your character, &

example of the art of criticism,
is it? Sometime will you let me
tell you why I don't like that
play, so that I may redeem
my intelligence, though it's too
late to do anything about
the manners except apologize!

Oh, but you're MEAN to
get all beautifully started
on that matter of the
approach to poetry - or music
- and then let me down
with such a frightful wallop
by saying you can't write
it - beast! how dare I say,
devoting my best efforts
to teaching the young that
very thing - for I don't think
it makes much difference
that it's a hotbed out 'is

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

dealing with, - and it's fright-
fully important for me to
learn more + more + more
about it. Now supposing, you
instruct + Dr. Lloyd's is
better than mine - can you
bear to think of the way
you're letting me go right
along on the wrong path?
how for goodness' sake, re-
member every word you said,
+ every word he said, for
I shall remorselessly per-
sue you till I get it. And
that is just what you deserve
for saying "ask me when
we meet again."
Isn't this ink awful?

It makes my communications
even more illegible than they
normally are. So I expect
the thing to do is to stop
this one before I wear you
down completely.

Constance

"And the winner takes 7."

She said, in her usual,
persistent way.

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

(19 Feb 34)

Thanks for the swell letter.
I've been meaning to send
this bit about Russia to you
for ages — thought you'd find
it a rather pertinent footnote
to some of what Hindus says.
Would you mind just sticking
it in the book when you return
that?

Do send me "Marie An-
toinette" — you make it
sound very enticing!

C. R. E.

126 NINETY FIRST STREET
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

19 January, 1934.

Dear Van,

I've just sent off to you
"The Great Offensive" — at least I
hope I have! Off and on I have
my wits about me, but I am
now passing through an off
era, and really, it's only be-
cause I've been mostly un-
observed for the last two
days that I am still at large.
Well, I did up three books for
mailing at the same time —
pondering the while on some-
thing else — and found myself
with three anonymous parcels!

prised if you knew how much I'd been thinking about you since last week - or perhaps you wouldn't very likely there are dozens of women who devote all their spare time to thinking about you. Anyhow, you're a swell accompaniment to dish-washing or scrubbing the bathroom floor - much better than the Victrola, because you don't have to be wound up or turned over. All of which is because I think I've never heard a more amazing or a more intriguing tale than the one you told me after the theatre. Sometimes I think it's quite heartrending - when I think of those black and colorless years which should have been carefree and gay, and full of the excitement which comes from

Fortunately, one was quite a bit smaller, but the other two looked identical. I poked and poked, and tried their weight, and I think I guessed right on which was which. If it should turn out not to be Maurice Hindus, would you be so angelic as to send it on to E. G. Waver, Dept. of Psychology, Princeton? An hour ago that seemed like a much better arrangement than untying all those knots, but I must admit that now I'm beginning to feel a little sheepish about it.

As a matter of fact, though, I don't think you ought to complain, for it was thinking about you that took my mind off what I was doing! You'd really be sur-

seeing the life of the intellect & the emotions expand before you. But on the other hand, there's something quite enviable about it, for you've had an experience none of the rest of us have, and which must be really rather transcendent - moving yourself out of one world and into another. You say you don't feel completely at home, and doubt if you ever will (or is it shall?) but I don't feel so doubtful - anyone who can achieve the original step can in time achieve anything. Anyhow, you don't at all give the impression of being out of place in the world where you live, and that's something. Of course you don't seem like the man of the mill - you're not as predictable as the other man I know. That's why I called you a

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

free spirit - you always make me feel
that you will neither believe nor talk
according to the book of rules unless
it seems to you reasonable. Not
that I've ever seen you break
over, but simply that in small
matters you produce the impression
that you are much less timid than
most of us of conventional opinion.
I suppose that's why - or at least
part of why - Dad says you have
distinction - and in case you're in-
terested in what women think of
you, Marie said you had *glamour*!
You should certainly have a
boundless confidence in yourself +
in your ability in the main to get
what you want out of life. I don't
mean I think your life will be se-
rene + uncomplicated - you're too

world into a spacious one might so easily be emotionally frightening, even while it was intellectually exciting.

I really have something ^{more} of an idea of what the world of your boyhood was like than you might expect from my own background, for I married into a family like yours, in somewhat modified form. I'm sure your mother would approve of them — they're Presbyterian missionaries from Persia & theologically very sound! And I can tell you I've learned a lot in the last years — you can probably imagine better than anyone else I know! In my innocence I thought that if I made the superficial concessions — put away the cigarettes & hip-ticks, went to church, etc. — they'd be willing to leave me my soul — but of course that wasn't the way

complex a person for that to be possible, but that anyone who has already done what you have must have resources of strength & courage & intelligence which are more or less limitless, — and such people simply don't get defeated.

But tell me, whatever made you break away from that background? I still can't see why you did it at all, having got beyond the rebellious years of adolescence. And did it make you feel unhappy and lost — having to give up the old certainties, and the moral & intellectual simplicity of the world you were abandoning? Or did it give you a sense of freedom & relief from the beginning? It seems as if it must have been exciting to a person with a naturally eager & curious mind, but moving from a cramped

it worked out - souls were just in
their line - I've even been prayed
over - horrible! Of course I do see
that what seemed to me an intoler-
erable intrusion on my privacy was
to them only a decent concern for
the welfare of an immortal soul.
But seeing the point doesn't make
the process any pleasanter. And
they never abandon hope - I
suppose you family don't either.
You should see the books I found
waiting for me when I got home
which we are reading aloud -
they don't trust me to read it to
myself! Of course it's all in a
somewhat diluted form in the
children - it's the parents who
are so extreme - and when they're
not right here busily devoting
themselves to making me miserable,
I can't help seeing that they're
really very pathetic. They're so
dreadfully out of tune with the

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times, and therefore so unhappy. They really believe that the depression was God's punishment of us for deserting Him! And then they have to live, poor things, in the midst of this unregenerate world - watching the swine (I never can remember the name of those swine!) rush into the sea. No wonder they snatch at any souls within their reach. I think Howard knows it's no use trying to get mine, and feels only sorry for me, but his father will never be convinced, and is really rather resentful of my resistance.

Whatever got me off on that track - I had no intention of talking about myself - but I had to tell you I knew people like

why - don't - you - write - to - me kind
of person + should rather never
get another letter than feel it was
written because it ought to be!
You are definitely never under an obli-
gation to write to me, extends to?

Constance

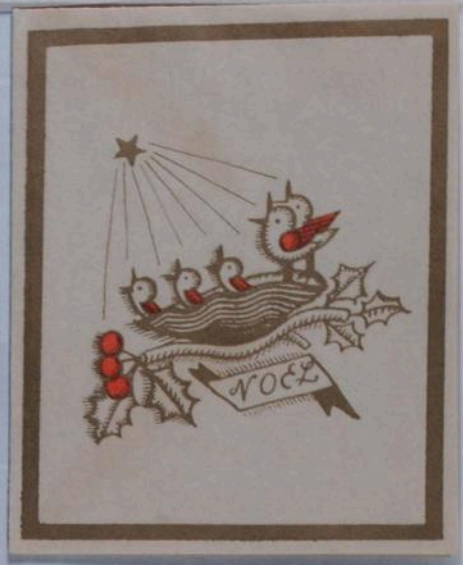
P.S. Don't forget, in spite of the
above, I leave to know about the
minor thesis. Remembering that is
getting to be a point of pride
with me. I really should put in
a self-addressed post-card - like
the ones you put in exam books!

P.S. No. 2 Do you really miss
in concerts?

that, too!

I'm sure this letter is disappointed +
incoherent - I started it on Fri.
+ am finishing it on Tues. The
telephone interrupted me in the
middle - turned out to be one of
my best friends unexpectedly in
N.Y. on business, and bang, went
the week-end, followed by a hec-
tic day trying to do all the
things I'd meant to do on
Sat. - such as making out a
mid-year exam + reading papers.
So - I send this along - with
apologies for its faults.

Don't hurry with Maurice
- but I'd love to know what
you think of it when you do
finish it. Anyhow, do write, when,
as + if you feel inclined, but only
when, as + if - etc. I adore
getting letters, but I hate the



Dear Van - [22 Dec 33]
Shall you be back
in Boston by Jan. 10th? And
could you - or would you -
have dinner with me that
evening - or on one of the
three or four days preceding?
I expect you're the busiest
of all the people I want to
see - so pick your own
date. I don't want to im-
pose upon you but I
should enjoy seeing you,
and I suppose even you
have to take time off to
eat!

Too bad to make you
think of the end of the holi-
days already, but if I
don't begin collecting data
early, I'll never get
anything in.

I'm vague about when
I'm going where in the
immediate future, but I
guess you'd better address
me here.

In the meantime -
Merry Christmas!

Constance

126-91st Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.,
22 November, 1933.

Dear Van,

This is not an
answer to your very interest-
ing letter, though it will
eventually get one. But I keep
thinking about that cold, and
I have to add my voice to
what I suppose is a chorus
of your female friends and
relations!

You sounded simply
pathetic - and it's much
too early in the winter to let
a cold get a grip, or you
like that - and I'm certain

you'll just take time out now, you'll have so much more energy and work so much more efficiently that you'll easily make up for any time you've lost.

So you just stop being stoical and go straight over to Stillman where you can go to bed + be looked after - and undisturbed. Then when you're feeling really well again, take a few seconds to write me 5 or 6 words (literally - don't bother even to be polite) + tell me so - just to relieve my mind.

Yes, I know just what

you're not taking care of yourself at all or I wouldn't keep coming back at you. Do you take your temperature - and cod liver oil?! I'll bet you don't. Besides, the only way to really kill it is to go to bed and stay till it's really gone. How don't you dare say you haven't got time - neither have you got time to be seriously ill, which is what you're certainly inviting. Every time that cold hits you again your vitality + resistance are diminished - + the worst of the winter is still ahead. Anyway, if

you're thinking — that it's none of my affair, you can't abide being ordered about, & this is another letter that ought to be retracted — all perfectly true, but so is everything I've said — & you may call me anything you like, so long as you do what I say!

Constance

P.S. Have you tried incantations? They work miraculously for some people.

P.S. No. 2 No, you can't go to the Yale game & get chills at the same time, no matter how attractive the girl is you've invited — besides, you can't go & dance all night afterwards!

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13 October, 1933.

Dear Van,

Were you amazed to
have your books reappear? I do
apologize for keeping it so long
but I've been in a complete
turmoil of this & that, and so
have only just finished it. On
sides, I've been reading
"The Philosophy of Solitude"
along with it in a sort of
sandwich, which made me
slower, though it made both
books more interesting. Any-
how - I do thank you, for

and it will take me sheets
& sheets & sheets! However, if
that grim prospect is more
than you can bear, you can
just say 'I am I', drop the
letter unread in your neat little
coal grate, and sink yourself
in the contemplation of the
Inanimate.

Well - I have decided that
it's not, for most human be-
ings, an adequate answer to
the problems of existence, simply
because it is too subjective.
It turns us in upon ourselves
when what we terribly need
is escape from ourselves.
And when Mr. Downys talks
about the embrace of the

it has made this whole business
of mysticism a lot clearer to
me. Besides, I enjoyed the rest
of it - as far as I read, for I
got stuck in the midst of
"Mathematics + Metaphysics"
& knew there was no earthly
use my going any further! But
the thing in the book is "A
Free Man's Worship" - I read
it three times, and as a phil-
osophy of living it seemed to
me both more practicable and
more beautiful than that of the
mystics.

And now how would you
like to hear what I think
about mysticism? Not at all?
Too bad, for you've got to -

Self + The Not-Self (in the form of
the Quaminate) he proceeds to
give the Not-Self certain qualities
& characteristics which seem to
me not to be in its own nature
but to be really projections of
his own personality, so that
the whole business becomes
a sort of abracadabra by
which he divides himself in
two parts, and then one part
takes refuge in the other. All
very compact & self-contained
— all you have to leave is a
soul, and you can bring the
rabbit out of the hat yourself.
But seriously, isn't that the
trick all the mystics have
— Mr. Powys calls it the Quam-
inate, Emily Dickinson calls it

God, but what they all do is to create - out of their own emotions, out of their own wishful desires, out of their unhappy need for a refuge - something which they hypnotize themselves into believing is external to themselves, and therefore in which they can lose themselves. No wonder mysticism requires a technique!

Of course all that Mrs. Burrows says about the inescapable solitude of the individual soul is profoundly true, but to make that solitude the basis of an attitude toward life - or a way of life - seems to me to be living in an egocentric world, and that's terribly dangerous, for such a

and in that contemplation to
lose both the awareness of our
solitude, and the sense of our
individual importance. We
all share a common fate
— the odds are against us,
the end always tragic, but
in the meantime, the show is
good. It is amazing to dis-
cover how often, in spite of
its stupidity, its vulgarity,
its cruelty, humanity has
achieved beauty and grand-
eur, and loftiness of soul.
Think of the towers of Chartres,
lifting like flames against
the pale French sky, today
as they did five hundred

years ago. The world is not buttressed from
without, and when it collapses,
it collapses utterly. Besides, I
think that just as fundamental
in us as that essential solitude
is the instinct to find some sort
of harmonious relation between
that solitary self and the outer
world. And I feel reasonably
certain that the best way to
do that is to become as com-
pletely ^{as possible} aware of the stream of
human life external to our-
selves and yet abis to our-
selves — to contemplate, in
other words, not the Quamitate,
nor the Absolute, but the
absorbing, exciting, infinite-
ly various spectacle of
the spirit of humanity,

years ago, or will five hun-
dred years hence, a beauty
created by man, expressing, as
do all his greatest works, the
endless struggle of his spirit with
its inhuman destiny. It's part of
our heritage, part of ourselves,
& yet has an existence outside
ourselves & independent of us -
an immortality that we have
not, and in contemplation of its
celestial beauty, we can forget
our individual tragedies, or -
more likely - our petty difficulties
& ignoble self-pity, because we
have forgotten our foolish selves.
I think I'm saying this very
badly - I thought it was
quite clear in my head, but
it seems to come out all
muddled. Can you make any
sense out of it? Anyhow, you

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must have had the same sort of
experience yourself - it is, I should
guess, more or less universal - being
completely lifted out of yourself
by something which exists in-
dependant of you, and yet which
shares in your humanity. And
I truly think that it would be
much easier for the average indi-
vidual to train himself to have
that sort of experience at will
than to leave her. Poy's "pre-
meditated ecstasy" - and
more profoundly satisfying, since
it is founded on a harmony
between yourself + the world in
which you must live, while
mysticism is quite the contrary.
- it makes us strangers. What
pops into my head at this
point is the satisfaction I've

soul.

My God, what a letter! Do I sound like one of those sunny & appalling persons who know all the answers? I'm really not - I expect, in fact, that you've got everything I've said shot full of holes by now. The trouble is, I know so few people who are really interested in ideas that when I find one it goes to my head like champagne! Isn't it a disgusting spectacle?

But I promise I'll never do it again - it really is partly your fault, for your looks & your conversation really started the whole thing!

How do I be an angel & let me know what happened to your minor thesis. You'd let say you'd know in October,

derived from thinking of you lying on a hilltop in the sun and calling the birds. When I think of that, peace flows into my soul in the most delicious fashion - but it wouldn't be at all the same thing if I had been there - it's because it exists completely unaffected in any way by my own personality that it's so satisfying. It has a beauty of its own & exists in space. And that sort of thing I could take with me into Mr. Porroy's prison or madhouse and find it every bit as satisfying as contemplating the window-sill - Besides, if I ever got out, I'm sure I'd do much better at dealing with the normal world again because I had kept my mind fixed on life, & not on the convolutions of my own

didn't you? And now that you're
back in the academic atmos-
phere, do your mathematics still
leave you cold? I should like to
think not, but you seemed very
definite last summer.

How is Koussevitzky this season?
My allegiance is weakening — in
past, I think Bruno Walter is now
my hero! This is the result of a
concert that was just too utterly
utter! Beethoven's Pastoral Sym-
phony and your Brahms' Sym-
phony — all in one evening — pretty
ready wine when they are divinely
played.

How would you
rather listen to
have a mystical ecstasy?

How do the Verners look in
your lovely spacious room — and
who do you hang from the hooks
in the beams — irritating people
who write gargantuan letters?

Constance