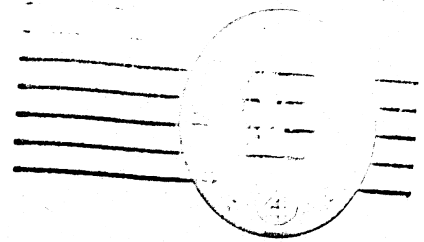


Boston, Mass.

Feb 22 - 62



Mrs. Philip B. Daniels
67 Summer Street
Keene, New Hampshire

✓ MS
0120
Photo. of Daniel in 1962

day (Th)

c/o WACO, Inc.

delicious and energy-giving (for errant
Chaucerians returning to the fold). I mean
find you a nasty card, but got bogged down
filing study card, paying term bill, etc.
had a nubbit of lace.

Courses are set: Comp. Lit. (Continuation
influence of The English Renaissance), Ch.
Whitman, Victorian. In Comp. Lit. (the
one I give a damn about) the topic for
seminar-type discussion and papers is the
love lyric - with which we will become
intimately acquainted by extensive reading
Petrarch and Ronsard. Specifically, three
hundred and fifty-two sonnets of Petrarch
("Canzoniere"), his Secretum, and a bit of
thing whose long name I have forgotten, and
three volumes of Ronsard. The latter will
have to be done in French, but most of Petrarch
can be done in English or French translation.
For the rest, "you won't find Italian turn

#18

Wednesday (Feb 12)

Secret Valentine,

Sweets from the sweet have arrived -
The package that I mentioned Sunday! Thank
thanks from both of us. The turtles have been
delicious and energy-giving (for errant
Chaucerians returning to the fold). I meant
find you a nasty card, but got bogged down
filing study card, paying term bill, etc. So
here's my bit of lace.

Courses are set: Comp. Lit. (Continental
influences on the English Renaissance), Chaucer
Milton, Victorian. In Comp. Lit. (the one
one I give a damn about) the topic for
seminar-type discussion and papers is the
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intimately acquainted by extensive reading
Petrarch and Ronsard. Specifically, Petrarch's
hundred and fifty-two sonnets of Petrarch
("Canzoniere"), his Secretum, and a bit of
thing whose long name I have forgotten, and
three volumes of Ronsard. The latter will
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can be done in English or French translation.
For the rest, "you won't find Italian terms

wonder he was called dear Lady by his classmates at Oxford. He has been called considerably worse at Col Bay State Rd.

We have gotten off to a slow and rather depressing start - course changes, car problems, people and all. But I've started on my Swift paper (still the scatological poems, though a decidedly limited topic for several reasons) and I've picked a topic for my 17th century prose paper - a comparison of Lyly's Eudamion, The Man in the Moon and Congreve's The Way of the World. Both are prose plays and, appearing at opposite ends of the century, will afford me plenty of material for "intellectual history" through close analysis of language which I'm getting more and more conscious of. Mr. Buckley, as it told me was unpleasant (perhaps unconsciously and rather justly on some points), gave me a B+ in Victorian. If I don't get about 4 A's this semester, I am going to have a pronounced case of Red Goose. The C- in Chaucer will be removed from the records if I do better in the final exam.

Am having Carol problems, which I
have decided to solve one way or another
tomorrow afternoon. A more detached (not to
say (much!) altogether dispassionate) relation-
ship I really can't imagine. I feel
badly about this because I had thought
once, very long ago, that there were possibilities
for something very beautiful there. The
fact that the whole thing has been only
disheartening is, of course, largely my
fault. But if the whole thing is no longer
amenable to salvage - as it were - I
had best withdraw, however reluctantly.
It is scarcely an ego triumph or whatever for
a supposedly blind - man to be dodging, hat in
hand (heart on seat of pants) the silences and
inflectional hesitations of a sophomore. A scrap
of wisdom I think I have acquired - it is better
(with people essentially unlike me) to play a
very deliberately artificial role of mastery
than to ~~beat~~^{expose} one's wounds - unless they are
pretty scars rather than wounds that still
ache. Should have known this before but for
a couple of constitutional blind spots. It goes
without saying, of course, that if this
is the way a given game must be played
one may permit himself a reservation or

least one respect. Apparently I spent all my force in the pages of this letter. The Carol people remains unchanged, in typical Danish fashion. A fairly decent poem came out of it (rather gratuitously) - will show it to you sometime soon. Human relations are apparently not my forte.

Am bored silly, with very little to show for hours more or less doggedly committed to "uncompromising tedium." My disposition improves not as mild exasperation and the familiar malaise settle in - apparently for the winter. Some withdrawal is probably a good thing for me. It checks the flow of the tongue.

I don't know when I'll be home. It will be several weeks, at least, before I shall be able to detect any progress. Until several days ago I was making as little progress as I did last semester, but the wheels are beginning to churn. Here's hoping!

When you write to the grandmas, tell them I am thinking of them and that I love them - but that correspondence is a luxury I cannot afford, although I am grateful for their letters & cards. As soon as I get caught up, I must do something about that.

Time to check the potatoes, then back to work. Am reading, (for inimitable fun) a

or two about the merits of playing the game
at all. But if she's pretty good indeed
Ja la. The perennial problem of man. In me
oh my, we never learn, poets and preachers
and historians and the lot notwithstanding
it can write poetry, too. Perhaps those who
live it don't bother to write it - or read it.
Cute thought # 99,999,999. That's the ugliest
series of numbers I've ever seen, by the
way. Wonder what old Freud's got to
say about that? Who cares.

Having rambled you off to sleep, will
try it myself. Must get something done
tomorrow. Other than another round of
fairy pas at Skelley. See you some more -
and soon I hope! I love you.

Lots!

Sam

Written a week ago today! Distance from the
post office, a bad storm all but prohibiting
communication with the outer world, and too
many minutiae have all contributed to make
this a little old hat. Amusing though, in at