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

Refers to what you did in Grad school - factual
WJS

#24

Friday

Dear Mum,

How goes it? I shall be interested to hear what you learn from the state board of education re your teaching status. Hope all goes well.

A beautiful day here - high sixties and a clear sky. Birds singing by the Charles. John and I left the dog to be greased in Cambridge and walked home via the Mass. Ave. Bridge. Invigorated in a sea-breeze (perhaps) sweeping the river.

Conferred yesterday with Victorian professor about prospective term paper. He remembered a great deal of our conversation last semester and devoted almost forty-five minutes to concerned questions and almost fatherly advice. He has apparently scrutinized me fairly carefully in class (which I've been there - some rather astute observations. I was, of course, flattered. For once I am to be allowed some entertaining reading - Oscar Wilde's plays + Picture of Dorian

Gray, Walter Pater's Marius Epicurean,
and the several versions of the Tristan
and Iseult motif. Speaking of which,
would you send me your copy of Robinson
version - called Tristram, I think.
Oscar Wilde was, as you know probably,
a wild, wild queer - with the kind of
brilliance of wit and language that is
typical of the best of the species. He
should be most amusing.

Tartuffe in hand, I am wading
through les oeuvres de Ronsard. The
first trip is purely topographical - about
as poetic as scanning a laundry list.
If I am up to par, I should loathe him
by the end of the second trip. Flowery
catalogues and pretty euphemisms for
good old fashioned lust are not
precisely my cup of tea. Another "dainty
pap" and I'll jump out the window.
I'd rather talk about the weather. Meta-
phor is supposed to be a way of seeing a
thing more clearly? Ha! The obfuscation
of "paraphrasis" reminds me (again) of
Lucky Jim's definition of scholarship as
"shedding false light on non-problems."
Hooray for our team.

Time to pick up car + laundry, buy trout, write Em and Eve (separately!) and return to Tallahassee.

Attended to legal business as directed. The whole thing makes me pretty sick, but am trying not to think about it.

An interminable amount to do. Prospects don't look very good, but shall try to capitalize on spring. I am tentatively optimistic about warm sun and gentle winds and green grass beneath my feet. You too, Linda? If you shake your glances secretive enough, the world can be beautiful. Doesn't solve anything, but at least the elements are not conspiring openly!

My best to Mary and Betty. Hope they are on the mend.

Best, best love,

Jon

Shall be using pits a certain driveway north of here some day with a bit of gold upon it. Can't wait!

Thanks again for all your help.