

by journey from one to another
4. This has for me — which will
not let me alone. I read until the
we small hours and forget
that I am not sleeping. What is
sleep? Why should I sleep? Why
should I feel I must sleep?

What is man? A myth? Or no, perhaps
a god — or perhaps a universe, with
his sun and moon and all the planets
revolving within him. When it gets down
to molecules (which you understand) there
for some reason I get not only lost but
confused and be-pilled in a way that
all the billions of atoms in the universe
do not make me feel.

But this is Wednesday night —
no this is one am. Thursday morning.
Sunday at four I shall take the train
for home — how slow — what a snail's
pace after thinking in terms of the speed
of light. But how good to know that in
another moment I shall be in your arms
and that for some mysterious reason our

John dearest —

I am ashamed to say
that this letter came back to me today,
post-marked "1240 Park Ave, Watahachic".
I wonder how many more were not returned
to me — yet have not reached you.

yet I do not feel that way.
Somehow in spite of being immersed very
completely in the tasks and joy of each day,
there is time every night for a letter to
you — to touch again the life which will
soon engulf me again in its waters.
How infinite is man.

I have enjoyed long talks with
Mayo at night after the rest are asleep —
about the world in general — but most
thrilling have been real lessons in astronomy
which I have almost every night. He is
a great student and lover of it and
expects to take his doctor's degree
in Nuclear Physics & Astronomy — he

greater than we are known — it is like the great feet of the
time and space
the same star path in
lives follow the same

3.

which I will talk to you about, when we have a long night to ourselves. It is something where you could help me - at least in the preliminary study - and I know you will enjoy it as much as I. So our trip to Europe looks like a wonderful long study of the stars, going and coming - all of this suddenly coming out in a letter must sound a bit confusing - but if I can figure out your mind's leaps and spirals in your letters, this should be simple for you.

After a day of complete domesticity it is exhilarating to let one's mind leap off into space. I know so little of the so-called Sciences - They have always frightened me a little - so that I am surprised at the attraction which this

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has an extensive library of the most fascinating books - with pictures which make my mind quiver in excitement and in wonder. Infinity - the millions of suns - making the earth seem a speck of dust - yet the mind of man able to conceive - and calculate - to night's lesson was with a full view of Mars in the heavens, closer than he will be in several years. The stars here seem very real - the horizon so great - and outside of one's own daily life - the facts of life here are simple and clear. Who ever looks up to the stars from Park Ave? Or what could he see if he did? You would love these talks, dearest, they are freed from earth pressure.

It has given me the inspiration for a new movie