

January 10, 1964

Oh, Scott, I'm so glad I got your letter today, not yesterday or tomorrow. Today has brought everything beautiful, and I like to get all my good things at the same time. For a week I had been slowly drowning in what looked like a forty-day deluge and resultant sinus trouble and beginning-a-new-term-in-the-same-old-place depression--then today the rain stopped, it's wonderfully cold, I'm full of penicillin shots and sulfa drugs but WELL and determined to do world-shaking things this term. The winter which seems so loathsome to you, brings out my best. I hate summer, I hate heat and humidity and even the sun unless it's cold and white like today. Of course I've never spent a winter farther north than Charlotte, but I still think I would like it. But do let's meet in the spring--everybody's happy then. I want very much to meet Stuart. Is he back at Tulane? Jimmy will never tell me anything until I pry it out of him.

Ah, but we are happy! We weathered another Crisis this fall and it's always so wonderful when we discover again that we cannot manage to stay apart. I go through irregular cycles of wanting my freedom to pursue a career and Jim through very periodic stages of believing that ~~that~~ I am the world's original wickedwoman and nothing is ever resolved, we just find out again that--well, we have so few friends! Jim's excursions into this blind damnation of my Past occur at the end of each quarter, and I think are becoming progressively worse. Last time he not only quit me completely, but threatened to tell the world of my sinfulness. He said he would write you that I was lewd, lascivious and possessed of an existential pre-totemic amorality, whatever that is. I begged and pleaded with him not to do it--he forced into my mind the image of ultra-sensitive Scott and All-American

Boy Stuart being shocked to the core at my lustfulness and disappearing forever from my life. Of course not a whit of it all is founded in any way on fact (I will always maintain that sin is in your soul, not your body--and my soul is pure) and anyway, your having written me indicates that even if Jim spoke ill of me, you are forgiving. Really, I am quite relieved. I have wanted to write you several times since September but hesitated because I wasn't sure where I stood. Jim does plague me so often, but he's worth it. I have just recently passed successfully through a "trial" period in which I had to wait on my master hand and foot, bow to his every whim, in general, conform to the rather outmoded notion of what a true Southern wife must be.

Yowee! There was just a wreck outside my window and I got to call the police. A dumptruck filled with sand ran into the back of a car and they couldn't get unhooked. I live in a second story corner room off campus now and love it. How is New Jersey? Not as bleak as Spruce Street anyway, I guess. Do write me about everything--I'm especially interested in your graphics work. Jim told me how wonderfully you've been doing. Oh, send me a print! I would dearly love it. I had figure drawing under the head graphics professor here, Deshaies, and I'd wanted to take a course in graphics this term but I couldn't work it in. He (Deshaies) claims to be descended from Corot, and is the only Frenchman in the department--they're all German, from Zerbe on down. My very favorite professor is a sculptor named Holschuh who was graduated from Pennsylvania Academy. I've decided that almost everybody I've met worth knowing is at least partly German. A music major here named Klein helped me to make the only major advance this fall in piano--she sat me down and said "Sight read." So I do, even though I'd rather be working on things which are usually too difficult right now. One of my happiest days last term was when I bought two music books, sort of old masters for beginners--and I have you to thank

for the suggestion. I've hardly begun in them because I had some other books to finish, but at least I know that the first few pages are perfectly delightful. One is Bach for Early Grades, from the notebook of Anna Magdalen Bach, the other "Mikrokosmos", Bartok. I progress very slowly in the Bach, it's beyond my proficiency and I shouldn't be fighting with it, but I like it more than anything. For months now I've been grinding out a chorale called Wie wohl ist mir, o Freund der Seelen or something. The tune and the words lodge themselves in my mind for days at a time, and I cannot master it and move on to something else. I promised myself that I would have to finish the Bach book before you sent me the fugue--it's the only thing I have where the left hand is as difficult as the right. No, there are some Bartok fugues too, but they are quite hard. I also was a self-taught Sunday musician all last term, but I needed an extra credit and decided that if I was going to practice I might as well get something for it so I'm taking class piano again now. The other students know more theory than I do but I've sight read everything they did last term so I think with a few hours with a book on keyboard harmony I will surpass them all. I certainly mean too--they're all music education majors and fluttery and rather dull and I don't like one of them.

I really think I could sit here babbling away all night. I wish for once, just once, I could write a letter and just say what I had to say quickly and be done with it. I shudder at the thought of your digging through all this superfluous stuff. And I've just noticed how worn my typewriter ribbon is--many apologies, I will try for something better soon.

I'm so glad you want us all to get together--I do too and of course I'm sure Jim does. I'm afraid my Easter will be planned, but I'm out of school in the middle of April if that should coincide with your vacation and Stuart's. But name any other time and I will do my best. If you don't write me soon, I will assume that you are working on

the fugue and I will write you anyway. Aren't I a charitable sort? Oh my yes. Heart of pure gold. You remember that when Jim starts slandering me again.

Now, Scott, don't let these dismal months get you down. Write me though when you need sympathy—I have a superabundance and I really need to share it with someone.

Happy Chinese New Year—

Sally