

My Dearest Suzanne,

Being in public most retiring and shy I do, my dear, take pen in hand to unburden to you my heavy mind for it is a burden that modesty can no longer bear in the sight of your beauty. You are, Suzanne, the very breath of life to vivify and illuminate with your radiant presence this my dull and scholarly life. I can, for no accountable reason control that reason which would compell me to ~~xxx~~ abandon these dusty volumes for the sake of one fleeting glimpse of you as you float with the grace of the finest gossamer from one class room to another, heedless of my imploring though modest gaze. It is not too much to say that I would give all to you, if my possessions were but the most humble and mean of offerings before the highest of all gifts — your love. It is ~~xxx~~ perhaps too much to ask of you, for even a momentary glance in my direction is more than I have a right to ask. It is a boon fit for a Zeus, a Jupiter or a hercules, a boon of beauty that ~~xxxxx~~ pales frail Venus beside you. And so your company with me this night, your presents at the ball will not only steal the eyes of those mortals far ^{more} worthy than I, but will encure the envy, nay the ~~very~~ wrath of the gods themselves. But it is a most propitious sacrifice. I remain madame you most kind, humble and obedi~~ant~~ servant.

V. Z. Smith
Howard Jennings
Gerry Bass

Thompson