

Tuesday

Spring 1965

Dear Scotty,

Popolo's Class

I can't say too much today, 'cause I got to write an English theme for Poetry tonight. It is about two o'clock now and I have to have the paper in by seven. If you could only see the weather here. It is one of the most beautiful days that I have ever seen here. It is a blue bird day and the sun is out. It is one of those days where you are comfortably warm out in the sun and and and nice and cool in the shade. With the threats of all this work hanging over my head, I still took a walk out in the park. Days like this can not be wasted. I wish you could have been with me, sitting under the Oakes on the new blanket of winter grass. It's heaven, that's what it is. Since you couldn't be with me I decided to just go by myself. I don't like sacrilege by those who do not understand. I took my book of poetry with me, though I didn't read much. I just sat there and looked. I watched others like me who appreciate beauty and all of us sat quietly and ahed and oohed to ourselves. I then went to the fountain and tossed in a coin; then sat down on one of the benches. I looked up and saw a sight that I had for some stupid reason always overlooked. It was the Loyola church appearing above the ~~trees~~ trees. The composition struck me as being very pleasing, though I know nothing about that sort of stuff. Well, I just had to draw it, so that you could see it for yourself. I really do wish that I was an artist so that I could really give you a drawing of it. But then I don't know if any artist could really do the job up right. Here is the sketch that I did. I know you will like it. It brings back memories doesn't it. I only wish you could be here to draw it. This weather. It has got me today. It is the kind that brings peaceful introspection to you. You begin to see what reality is really like, that there are no real " eternal verities " that the only pleasure, is the pleasure of the moment, a bit of order pulled out of a world of chaos ( not bad chaos ) just things that don't always seem to make sense. Do you know why nothing seems to make sense? Because we try to fit nature into our own pattern. When in reality, we fit into nature's pattern. Real peace of mind can, I believe, only when this is realized. Thus, such things as death, though at the moment painful, can be born, for we must admit that we will eventually follow nature's pattern too. There should be nothing sad about this. . . .

Stu

I hope your pallid bones are gnawed in Hell  
and fire sucks the drippings from thy flesh