

Oh, around Tuesday
Some'ers.

Dear Scythe Scott,

I read in the Society column today that
Chairman - of the Board - Wanamaker's daughter
married up. She married the family's horse trainer.
I think it's vaguely roque-ish to marry below
one's status now days — all the better to learn
the pleasures with, grandma. It's like the myth
about the nigger as a lover. Yesterday in a book
store, I saw this bust of Beethoven. His head bent
downward and ~~the~~ sort of leaning on his hands:  hand
I was astonished that anyone would present him
that way because he ~~he~~ never leaned on his hands like
that. It looked like he had just emerged from the throes
of a frightening dream and was wondering why.

I was surprised over your astonishment at psychology.
English is out because intolerance is in — forever!
If I ever create anything, it'll be no more than some
nice thoughts which will never be expressed. Internal
creativity. Well, I'm ready to quit school again.
Of course, it's a mere desire, no more. The last two days,
though, have been nice — these most subtle and tranquil
waves of happiness have been floating over me.
Probably because of these two books I read: A Separate Peace
& Death in the Family. Death is simple beauty. It is a
Bible because if one reads it, he's subjected to all the
simplicities of life. It tells you how to live really; I mean
if you really empathically understand it.

You see this world is so diastereled, that nobody knows how to be nice anymore. And there's no morality, and even God is afraid I think. You should read it (by James Agee); it's just a little story. On page 66 is what I feel to be a literal Wyeth-type "Green Room". The first paragraph. If you get to see Wyeth, write me about him. In one of the Christina World where the woman is lying forlorn in a field, there are buildings in the background. I noticed that his home and adjacent cottage are exactly like the weathered, decrepit ones in the painting, only new.

Since you rebuke, if not exorcise, me for my future as a cloistered psychologist in a clammy school house, I have and offer something of a equally noisome libation to you: if you have decided against Europe, you've lost your imagination, not to mention your romantic souls. We really must go.

Anyway, I don't like the idea of being anchored in a college as a teacher any more than you think I should. It's just that I don't know what to do, and psychology will at least keep curds and whey on my table. Oh well, I'm doomed but what's the use. Although I'm certain you won't be astounded, I guess I'll mention that there's been another of those innumerable catechisms on the home front. I speak of Miss Jenkins (God rest her malignant soul) and your ol' buddy Jim. She's decided to go to interracial meetings, so - obdurate as ever - I said (I said it very bluntly): "Make your choice, it's me or the niggers." She can do nothing in moderation, and will probably end-up screwed or something ignoble. So I disintegrated myself. Well, wisdom must say good-bye for now. / Half-assedly, Jim.