



Dear Gail.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1967-05-09

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May 9, 1967

Dear Gail:

A few things I forgot to mention when I saw you - tho Connie Lane's wedding, June 17, I may have told you about sometime ago - yes, to someone she met out there but she gives no details about him, wedding in Milwaukee, "white gown and all". Also about the Sunday Al's daughter and children were out - the little boy of almost two years went into the bathroom and a bit later Bonnie, the three-year old told Julie: Mamma, Steven ate the soap. On investigation Julie found a half a bar of thin soap with tooth marks. She looked for the rest of the bar but couldn't find it. Al: "Well, the worst that can happen probably is it will work on his bowels." This alerted the whole household, until about 5 o'clock Julie found the other part of the soap in a corner of the bathroom. June 17

I have a note here to ask you if your father's hospital bill was paid by Medicare - not every hospital is "on the program", it seems. And those that are, some of them, try to extract payment or part of it from the patient, saying Medicare is not yet paying and someone must pay. However, I believe it takes time for the government to get going on Medicare and in time they'll catch up.

Also a question about something else - the Journal spoke of a teacher in a college as a director of choral speaking. Choral speaking? - what would that be?

I'll phone you for answers. Unless you'd like to stop any weekend.

Do you have to get a permit for you might say repairing a garage which is inside your place? We are writing today to Gomoll for permit for garage. O yes, the die is cast - man by name of Arnold Schwemmer the carpenter, material from Hoffman's. Some fine day after a big flood when I'm cleaning the mud out of the garage I'll remember how to spell "die" - I just looked it up, I often think of it as "dye". Yes, well, this green spring that one swims in (and notice the red of new maple leaves) has addled me again and I declare for human warmth but beware (he should) for my icy fury if he should cause the weather to change.

Yes, "A Man for All Seasons" - when color came out of that sombre movie it was a striking brilliance, wasn't it? These movies today - the pavement is wet in the picture and you move your feet in the theatre for fear they'll get wet too. What a horrible time, that of King Henry VIII in which to have any kind of a conscience, but the birds and rushes along the river, bushes and ivy as lovely as now. I was alarmed as I walked in - I had to sit among a couple of hundred eighth grade or high school children, but when I saw two nuns with them my fears ceased and actually they were pretty quiet all the way thru. The manager spoke before the show commenced, said so far 7000 students have seen this movie in that theatre.

Been thinking a lot about reading poems (anybody's) aloud. I sent this to Cid Corman who favors it : "tendency to greater drama, I'd think, if spoken (aware of not simply audience but mixed and nerve-crossed audience and somewhat inattentive audience, I'm afraid) - a tendency to a greater number of words, to prose even, but of a heightened

*no one reads
anymore*

kind. All right, so compromise, but then you lose a tight, perfect kind of poetry. Also why compromise printed poetry with musical composition i.e. notations of pause, chant, loud etc....you'd want some scenery also and by that time you'd have stage drama or movie. Poems, to me, out of solitude, are ~~for~~ one person to another, spoken thus, or (perish the thought, I suppose?) read silently. How would the bug on the branch, your poems, walking to the end of that branch, on which, besides, perhaps, a raindrop hangs - this to a hall filled with people? If I close my eyes I look for the words on the page. If the silence could be governed among the people, if the voice came from somewhere not seen (radio?) or out of suffused light - perhaps OK.

"If your ear is acute you sound your poem in silence."

Quotes from the ~~Schlesinger~~ "Thousand Days" which I read last week:

Re LN : "When it is not necessary to change it is necessary not to change." (Falkland) and tho I've lost the exact quote: solitude, yes, but not confinement.

Re Gail: "in our era, the road to holiness necessarily passes through the world of action." (Dag Hammerskjold)

I liked Schlesinger's style - sense of drama at end of K's life - I feel it thru S's words almost as much as thru words of Henry and William James as put down in my play - Kennedy was dead, "It was all gone now - the ~~XXXXXX~~ life-affirming, life-enhancing zest, the brilliance, the wit, the cool commitment ..."

The Journal gave an account of Willa Cather, quoting some words I didn't remember from something of hers -

"The road ... would be ankle deep in dust, and seemed to drink up the moonlight ... It drank up sound, too; muffled the wagon wheels and hoof-beats; lay soft and meek like the last residuum of material things - the soft bottom resting place. Nothing in the world, not snow, mountains or blue seas, is so beautiful in moonlight as the soft, dry summer roads in a farming country, roads where the white dust falls back from the slow wagon wheel." (the dots for omissions are mine) Also: "Whenever I cross the Missouri river into Nebraska the very smell of the soil tears me to pieces."

She is with dust and we with water.

*Now I go to make a tubful of
vegetable soup —*

Lorraine