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11-3-1895

## To Arthur R. Gledhill - November 3, 1895

Edwin Arlington Robinson

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TO ARTHUR R. GLEDHILL

My dear Gledhill,

When I tell you that I have just spent nearly a fortnight in Boston without letting you know that I was there, you will perhaps think a little strange of it and wonder what the deuce is the matter with me. About all I can tell you is that my trip took a different turn than I anticipated and all of my plans were so thoroughly stirred up that I had no courage to send for you; for I knew well enough that if you came, you could not possibly be satisfied with me, and I knew on the other hand that you would not feel in any way offended when you found it out from this letter. Before long I hope I may be in a condition—or rather position, to be a little more agreeable to my old friends, because friends are, as you know, more to me than most fellows. I may not be very explosive when I meet them, but I feel the worth of them all the same, and sometimes fall to wondering how long they will stand my apparent indifference. There is a day coming sometime, I trust, when all will be

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different, and when I shall find myself somewhere and feel that I am playing some part in the world As long as I am travelling in the dark I cannot feel as I should in the presence of the fellows who are done with all childish experiments and outlandish ideals. I know that such sentiment as this blows the bottom out of the whole scheme of friendship, but I cannot help that and I am in a way to give up trying.

Now, I think I see a possible chance to do something in a small way and I am making I fear, altogether too much of that chance. I try not to let my expectations get the upper hands {sic} of me, but we are all children in a way and

it does not take so very much to start  
 us one way or the other. But I feel  
 that I am nearing a time when I must  
 do something or go to the wall—as far  
 as all I care for is concerned, and for  
 that reason am not much company  
 for man or beast. If a volume of  
 my verse reaches you sometime during  
 the next twelve months you may know

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that I have put out a feeler for some prose;  
 but if [you] get nothing of the kind you may know  
 that I am still pegging away at one thing or  
 another and with the same blind hope that I  
 may do some day the thing that I am trying for.  
 God only knows what that is, but I have the same  
 old feeling that it is among the things to come, and  
 as long as I have such a feeling I am all right.  
 Anticipation is more than nine tenths of every thing, and  
 as long as a man is given the mind<sup>a</sup> to anticipate, he  
 is all right, according to my philosophy. There is no  
 need of getting down in the mouth, and no excuse  
 for getting discouraged, as long as one is reasonably well  
 in mind and body. So write me a letter when  
 you feel like it—and I will make some ac-  
 knowledgment more or less decent. Kindly do me the  
 favor to say nothing to anyone about the possibilities  
 I hav mentioned, and believe me

Always Sincerely,

Gardiner,

3 November, 1895.

E.A.R.

HCL

#### NOTES

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<sup>a</sup> WA reads "need".