

My dear Latham,

I have a notion that you did not answer my last letter but had made no defence. I am in the mood somehow for writing now and so you have got to take it. The room is too cold for me to do much of the manuscript parting (Briggs set on me once for using the "l" instead of spelling) of mine but I think I can shake off a few pages to a friend. — As you seem to be somewhat concerned as to my Antigone affair, I will say to begin with that I do not expect to touch it again until next summer. Then if all goes well I shall finish it and begin to think seriously about putting it in type. I feel rather sorry about it, because the job is one as far beyond my caliber perhaps as it was beyond Plumptre's; and if that is the case, the sooner I enclose the eleven hundred lines I have written the better. I have made a sketch to go with it and shall include it in the volume of P—s I have intended to publish this spring. I have some doubts as to being able to make a go of the thing, but I am fond of trying, if only for the fun of it.

There is one question that has been troubling me a great deal of late, and that is: Am I a damned fool, or am I not? If you can tell me I shall be infinitely obliged. Ford was good (?) enough to say that he did not think that I was quite like or like he had never come all the way from Exeter to see me. But Ford is young and he may be wrong. - It was quite an event in my life to have him spend a Sunday with me and I enjoyed his company enormously. He seemed to have a fairly good time, but I fear he found me even more of a despot than he anticipated. I suspect I am getting pretty readily bored and by myself as I do, but then I was always a fool to a degree and do not dream of being anything else. Then in so many things in what we call society - as I have found it - but I particularly cannot tolerate that I am understoodly something of an ass in the matter. And then there is that sort of noise which makes it almost impossible for me to hear anything in a room when there is anything going. And as for "dress" suits - they make me feel like a fool. Dancing - that is formal dancing - is to my mind a deliberate sacrifice of a woman's native dignity. Stubbed dancing in the parlour after a long day's work is quite another thing. -

Ford has confirmed himself. He has neither a smart - to use Comstock's word in Paris, and shows the signs of him to. What you know, mostly on his mother and you - and you can see where you are. You must not see a penny like he would say. - And that makes me start of that article you were talking about. I mean the one in the old English words. And I was not so angry, or not? If it did, I should be my great & heart a copy for I know that must be some good things in it - especially if you had a ground at the point.

I understand that Gats's paper is the Standard paper. I mean the most great in importance. I have read the paper before but I have not seen the Standard yet. I was very sorry to hear from you that Gats is now down with rheumatic fever. I hope the report is exaggerated but sometimes I can speak of a man. The man is always a handsome man. I have seen him and what a little more has been compared to all that a man's quality of the time is given to the making of them and the work. That is what we mean - as for I suppose the Gats might be the something else. We might be the paper of the great - Comstock's paper - what is not.

frustrating of find again, did you ever stop to realize what a  
good she is - in a quiet way? He has had Shakespeare's good  
luck, to be sure, but that's not all. There's something in the man  
which no one else has. Of course he's human like the rest -  
of us, but there's no sound substance particularly about him that  
I cannot but feel beyond of myself in his presence and that  
is partly for the reason that I should not have been in my heart -  
'island'. No, I am not making a fuss of what I've meant to  
you, for I was only very glad the human state in your  
nature - to me the /son is to that time - is something that -  
I have not yet found elsewhere. I may never see you again -  
so I am not afraid to think out to I do. It makes me shud-  
der sometimes to think a bit to think of what I might be say-  
ing /me that I was from to Vermont and not the pleasure  
I did. And one of the most pleasant memories of all is that  
I was one of the best and true to you and beyond out of  
a temporary want by the loss of a few dollars. The only thing  
against being about it is that the change - that you too may  
feel well a slight sympathy to me - about mixed spirit the  
whole business. I must show the fact that in my own mind  
the matter of a certain XX, but it did not - and so the only  
way for me to show my confidence in the rest is to shake the  
same substance into I am my hand up for a little help to  
Baba. But no, I shall not do that either - for reasons.

I think I had nearly written myself out yesterday when I was called away, but will keep on for a little while longer if only to break the surface of the paper.

This morning I raked for a couple of hours among up a sound paraphrase of Horace's ode to Lescamis (I-xi). I found a kiddish version of it in the Boston Journal as a serial 2 or 3 ago and have always had a notion that it was worth tinkering into some sort of shape. I find it pretty hard work to get it into the form I am after, but perhaps I can do it in time. I am of the opinion still, however, that the Bostonian will be the only thing that I shall write that will be likely to make much of an impression on solid people. No man beats "light writing" more than I, but sometimes I doubt if my stuff is anything else - and perhaps not even that.

Sometimes I feel to wondering how I shall feel and what I shall be, if I see you across you again. I can't help looking to folks like you and find out a kind of hopeless childfulness that you know we will never be able to write letters to me. If you were 26 years old and had seen several years salt, you might understand what I mean. As it is I am pretty sure that you cannot. It is when I get thinking too

head of this sort of thing but I find the  
course of my mind go down then I gain  
them back in a way that would scare a clown-  
elopard away from his hole in the school-  
books and try to delude myself into the  
idea that I am only an atom and that  
time will make it all right &c. But you  
&c. I take no stock at all in the business  
about things. We are all gods in spite of  
our actions and a human life is not a  
thing to play home with. It is bound  
to ride.

No I am not in a grand hurry, but  
I fear I shall be too nervous unless I find  
the mood I am after for one of my poems.  
(It is always "poems" not me now). The  
letter pleased me in the holiday season again  
but I shall not repeat the offense of send-  
ing copies to my friends that was a little  
too thick and I have always been sorry for  
it. - The other day I received a beautiful  
copy of the Philistines (Charles Keeler)  
which contains a reprint of Kipling's "Dipsey  
Chinty" which you may know for the  
very good thing it is.

Write me a letter from time to time,  
if only out of charity. If there is no more

a man who would show I am that man. If I had  
known to feel most of myself at all - and finally all  
so fortunate for me. My commercial poems are truly limited.  
I really said that me a mass of good, cheap, and I must that  
I might see in spite of your poem. You have my invitation -  
of a year or two ago, but of course I understand it must be in -  
I should like you to accept it - at least for the present. - Per-  
haps we can arrange a meeting in London sometime.

Yours sincerely  
E. V. Rieu.

London, March  
14th 1894.

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