

Monday, August 17

Dear Rob,

I was all set to begin this letter when it occurred to me that a letter to you should properly be written only with a pot of tea at hand. Therefore, I have just put the kettle over and shall postpone writing the rest until the tea is ready. Meanwhile, I'll look up recipes for apples, which I bought loads of them - Greenings and Miltons (which are supposed to be good for eating or cooking but aren't ripe enough to eat raw).

The tea has been made and some consumed for inspiration. Are you able to find any there any times?

I wish you could have heard part of the dubbed version of 2 - it really was quite bad and funny, with the CPDC members sounding like Jetty Brooklyn gangsters. I think Yves Montand did his own dubbing, though, and that was good. Despite the dubbing, however, I found it intriguing - and disturbing. The scene you have mentioned - the indictment of the officers (I liked the first - the one who threatened suicide - "Blood will pour over your desk") - was effective. The end event too fast, however - the summation or epilogue - and I found I could not sort out all the characters and what happened to them - (much of it was like ~~run-on~~ run-on sentences and ambiguous references; i.e. did the explanation belong to the name preceding or following) - Did you catch what happened to the young magistrate? I like the statement of intention at the beginning, too.

Last Sunday I went out on Lee's boat with Lee, John, and Tom Mangin. It was fun - I'm still a good sailor. Lee and John water-skied & they've been doing it only since last year, but John especially is

quite good. When Mom told Alice, our dear aunt
was half-humorously, half-seriously indignant -
how could I go out with three young men -
and not call up Tricia (yes, she means
call her up to drive down from Bear
Mountain). I didn't even have a chance to point
out that I don't feel free when I'm a guest
to ask others to come along. If we go on the
boat again or skiing this winter, I'm
supposed to be sure to ask Tricia. I told
Alice that Lee is obviously a confirmed
bachelor - with 35 dependent animals -
and I think Tom is girl-shy too, though not
similarly encumbered. She assured me
that all Tricia wants is companionship -
but you know Alice - the first two questions
she asks when she learns a male name are
"So he young?" and "Is he single?" Be sure
yourself when you see her again - I'm
sure she'll view your current
situation as merely a hunting trip to
find eligible suitors for Tricia. You might
come pre-armed with descriptions (use
your inventiveness) of young men you think
eligible (heh-heh) but guaranteed to
send Alice and Tricia running off
screaming.

The weekend was fun - though hot -
he drove around a bit and saw some
really lovely countryside. I'll have to
go up in Little Wood some time - I feel
more at ease dining on strange roads in
my little car, and I feel as if I can
ple more.

I've sent the book back to Oxford U.P. -
and I've written to J. Davy. Amn. I good?
But there are only three weeks until school
starts, and there are still many things I
want to do or ought to do. I suppose that's
better, though, than sitting around with
nothing to do.

The Woman's Day Encyclopedia of Cooking alone lists 173 recipes under Apples - including such symphonies as Apple with Beet Salad, Curried Apples, Glazed Apples and Carrots, Apple Gravy for Pork or Boiled Beef, Apple and Onion Soup, Scalloped Apples, Pork Chops, + Sweet Potatoes, Apple and Squash Jam, and Spicy Apple and Tomato Relish.

The Uncles are having a path made along the brook into the far field. They'll plant the bush honeysuckle, etc. That the state gave them along the edges to attract the birds and leave the rest of the woods as they are to keep the deer and other animals. Somebody - probably Alice or Fanny - came up with the jicky idea that they should grave all the paths with black-top so that when they are all old and creaky they can have wheel-chain races! And I can just picture them doing it, too.

The moon the three nights we were up there was gorgeous - full, last night then partially eclipsed - pinkish, like a Hunter's moon, though certainly too early for that. I love the sky when it is that intense blue with the moon and then just the silhouettes of trees.

When you are allowed to have things sent to you, do you think you would like a camera? Yes - would you like one of Dad's old ones (oldies but goodies? o.g.), one like Mom's, or one like Mom's but with adjustable exposure? Have you been slightly hooked by the whole thing as I have? I think we both have the advantage of a good sense of composition.



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PRK:11 fat girl wishing to emerge as Cinderella by shedding 100 lbs (48 lbs so far lost) wishes to share experience with others; available for film documentary or once a week TV show (5 minute weigh-in spot), etc. Unique aspect: has twin sister at original high weight for comparison before and after. Please write fully. Hurry before all the weight is gone and I'm just another pretty girl. Z2059 Times.

Tuesday morning
On the back cover of your birthday book
is a blurb about another in your field
published by U. of Illinois Press:

Agrippa and the Crisis of
Renaissance Thought

by Charles S. Nauert, Jr. 1965 374 pages

"In this highly authoritative treatment of the
life and thought of the German occultist and
skeptic, Agrippa von Nettesheim (1486-1535), Nauert
admirably relates Renaissance to Reformation,
skepticism to fideism, and magic to science....

The tangled threads of Agrippa's complex thought
are skillfully separated and related to the
intellectual tradition and to Reformation
events and ideas.... It should be a standard item
in all good Renaissance collections, for it is one of the
few works which truly interrelates the diverse currents
of the early 16th century." - Choice

"... this work is
not only timely but of great value." - The English
Historical Review

"... will unquestionably
remain the standard work on its subject for a long
time to come." - The Western Humanities Review

Does it sound like something you would like?

If so, let me know soon, since it is likely, though
a paperback, to be like the birthday book -
one that has to be ordered and takes time to
arrive.

Your letter just arrived and was carefully read
by each of us. Just as a matter of instruction -
eligible has one L - later has one T.
(What on earth did they teach you kids in
your honors English courses - creative
spelling?)

Paul Gray's letter arrived today with
yours - I'm enclosing it. I'm also
sending you the card for Zach - hence
the big envelope, since neither will
fit into a regular envelope.

You sounded wonderful Sunday night - and

greatly reassured Mom and Dad (I don't think I needed reassurance - but I do like hearing you anyway. If I don't talk as long to you as Mom and Dad, it isn't because I don't want to talk but because I know it is more important to them.)

The day you left I played tennis (ha! ha!) with John in the afternoon - somewhat better than the only other time, but still erratic, awkward, and so forth. I think he's determined to prove to me that I am not uncoordinated - but one of us may die in the process. Oh well, I guess we're good for each other. Now if I can convince him (just as I wish I could convince you about yours) that he does have a pleasant voice and should learn at least to sing hymns like a Protestant and sing along at other times when others do....

That evening he was to see Cathal, Mrs. O'D's son - and he wasn't quite sure what to do with him. Cathal was supposed to come out the Saturday before and go to the beach with the Corneys, but it rained - so without really thinking or planning, John rearranged the date for that Wednesday evening and said he would drive in to Astoria for him - at 7.00 - not very good timing for driving back to Oceanide for dinner, etc. When he drove me home after tennis, he suddenly asked if I would go along - so I did. We just had dinner in Polyn (it took forever - they forgot our order in the kitchen!) and talked. Cathal was planning to go to the rock festival in Toronto that weekend - if his mother only knew!! He's a pleasant kid with a typically Irish attitude toward time - he has trouble waking to an alarm

clock and is late one or two mornings a week - but never more than an hour (He must be working for an Irish man - no one else would stand for it.)

In your honor I am still letting my hair grow - kind of feel today as if I were wearing a fur kerchief - it's very thick and quite curly (for me). It's still isn't the right length - or the right weather - for the way you like it (Que-Raphaelite drop), though. Maybe by the time you have leave my hair will be long enough and the weather cool and dry enough. I'll try.

I think I'll finish off this impressive and totally inconsequential missive and send it.

Be good - be happy - stay well - eat well - smile pretty - laugh when you can - wipe that look off your face - write when you can - call when you can (I wish you could have seen and heard Tunny each evening waiting for your call.)

Love,
Lais