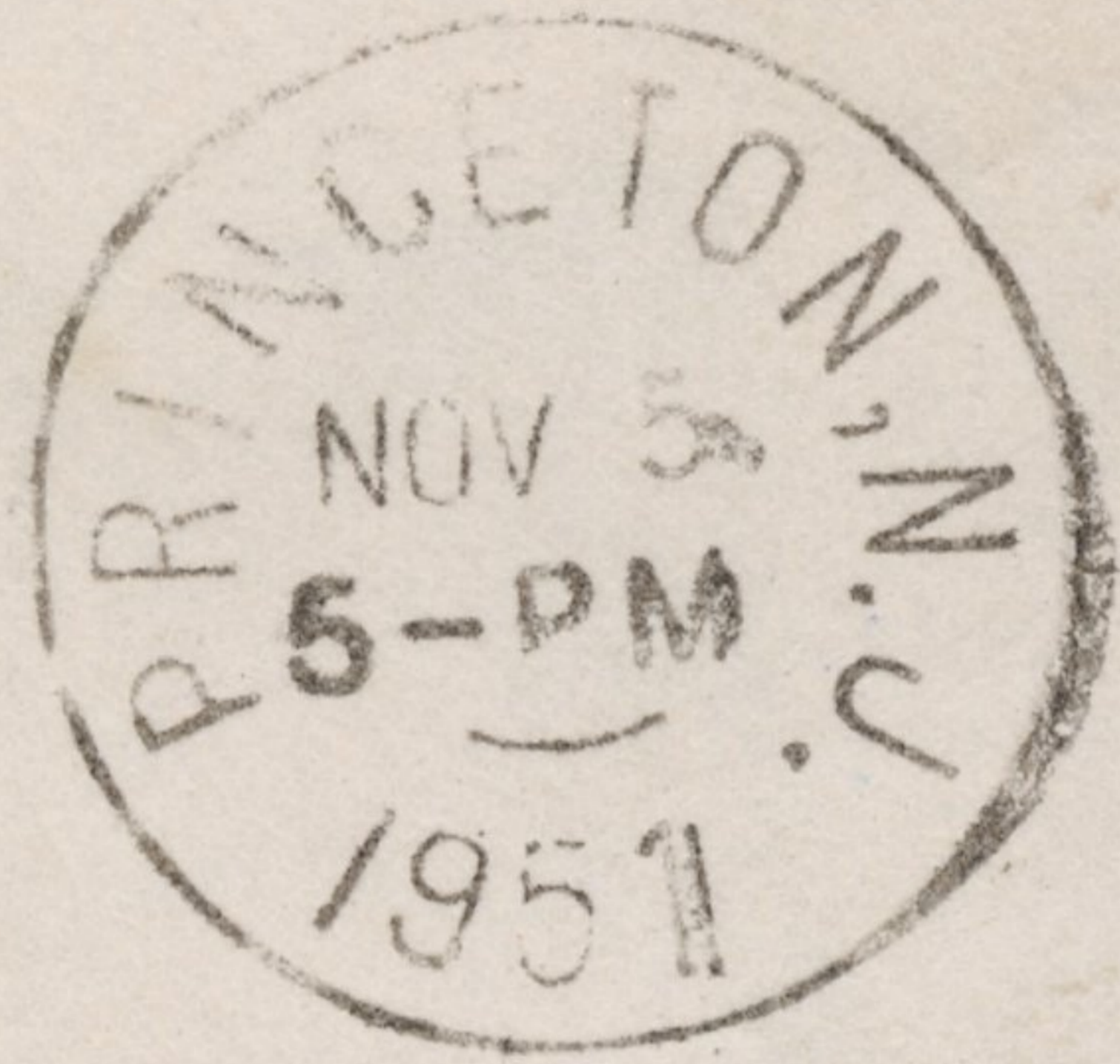


~~Mr. [unclear]~~
Autumn leaves
2 Dec



Air Mail

Miss Mary von Schrader
148 Emerald Bay
Laguna Beach, California

I can die so like, so like.



Sunday morning, 9

Beloved: A cold rain is falling, the wind is howling, and New York City lies grey and nasty beneath me. Ah, Laguna Beach! How I wish I were in Laguna! How I wish I were in — one of the interesting local features of Laguna: the sea, some grove of eucalyptus trees or avacados. Darling, I miss you. I hate being without you.

got here in the middle of the morning yesterday. Hannah was just leaving, covered with regrets — there was some unexpected urgent stuff to be done at her office; her husband and I talked and talked, he read my article (I had the proof because you'd so cleverly sent it right back), we had a nice long lunch consisting mostly of Spanish bread, different kinds of German sausages and potatoes and smoked meats, and Darjiling tea, all very good. Hannah got back late in the afternoon when we were taking a nap, and read the article while we talked — she would hush us up when she got to some crucial part. They both said it was just right (and that lots of people had

mentioned my Whitman article to them); Hannah said
that she thought it ^{Age of Criticism} would get me a lot of concerted
antagonism from critics, that I'd attacked a
great Vested Interest but that fortunately they
wouldn't be able to do much to me.

After dinner we read poems, and talked,
and generally had a Constance - and - the - Rosen -
baum evening.

Now I've eaten breakfast and it's 10:30
or so. Heinrich is still fast asleep; Hannah
and I talked about translation, and I
said that you and I meant to learn German
together, and she said that that was good,
that I was a wonderful translator and if I
translated a lot of German poetry probably
would in the long run have my own poetry
broadened or given odd ~~to~~ un-English virtues
by it. If you and I do learn German well
enough to talk to each other in it and read
things I will give you some tremendous reward
like an epic called The Mariad, or 16

This Nash-Healy makes me eager to see
the straight Nashes Farina has designed for them.
Do you suppose they really had sense enough to
leave his design alone? I hard to believe.

Lashley's lecture was good again today.
Damn it, I'm going to have to miss the last one
tomorrow because it comes at the same hour
my class comes. There were thirty or forty girls
in the audience: how come, where from, I wondered.

Am wearing my Valentine tie. Yum yum.

I wish I were wearing my Valentine instead
with her thumbs locked. Remember our saying
that during the mixed doubles tournaments? And
telephone calls from Cape Cod? Doesn't it
seem ages and ages ago? Oh, dearest, you've changed
my life ~~so~~ so completely, and I'm so glad. I
couldn't love you more.

Did some work on my Auden lectures; I
do it with reluctance. Oh, Criticism! It's
what the Divorce Laws are.

Tuned in on the middle of Mahler's Sentry's
Song, our beloved one. It made me feel lucky.

Ordinarily you make me feel lucky, as you know.

Saturday and Sunday I'm going to spend at Hannah-Arendt - and - her - husband's. Just think, I haven't seen them ^{since} before my Journey to California - I ~~would~~ wonder whether they'll be able to recognize me.

I can't believe it - I've just turned to another Mahler song, the one that keeps saying Adah, adeh or however you spell it; I played it to you once here on short-playing records. And now they're playing one I've never HEARD before! Sounds like Poell.

Easily recognizable as Mahler, all right... Now another of the ones I played you here, but with orchestral accompaniment, not piano. Oh the wonders of this earth! They just identified them - songs to Rückert lyrics: now three more are coming, the third one At midnight that I've always wanted to hear, Lotte Lehmann specialized in it. Boy, it was over-whelming - and then they played three more! Oh dearest, how I wish you'd been here too.

Well, I will go to bed and dream of thee. I ch
dich so lieb, so lieb. Dearest, dearest, beloved, I am
thine, all mine, forever and ever and ever. I love thee so.
Randall