

761 Scotland Road  
Orange, New Jersey  
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Dear love,

To-day makes just a year that I haven't been able to see you. Is it short, or is it long? Am I looking through the right or the wrong end of the telescope? It seems a short time since last November 1st., but a long, interminable time since I saw you, almost as long as since the November 1st. before last, which occurred untold centuries ago. In front of me is the picture in the lovely Woolworth frame which your sister gave me, and beside me is the one you sent in one of your recent letters, accompanied by the magnifying glass which in my opinion it hardly needs, since in my opinion you are magnified all by yourself. But my opinion doesn't agree with mother's, so she looks at the picture through the glass. I am thinking how immeasurably glad I was to get the large picture of you from your sister, and what a silly fool I made of myself about it. Still, your sister was evidently in love herself, so perhaps my dereliction went uncensured, if not unnoticed. A year has sobered me, thank goodness, but I tremble to think what may happen when I see you again.

All this by way of commemoration. What happened to the typewriter? Everyday it develops a new and terrifying symptom of some ghastly disease. Whatever you paid for this poor old thing, it was too much.

To continue: All this by way of commemoration. A year since that Export Line boat, whatever its name was, pulled away from the dock at Lisbon, a year since I kissed you. Thirteen months ago I didn't know you loved me, a year since I have been turning away the "wolves" from the door because I was obscurely discontent with every single person I met, a year since nobody in the circle of my acquaintance has managed to turn my thought from W.L.Krieg. People are silly, because fundamentally what difference does it make whom one marries and loves, just so that person be suited temperamentally, temporally, educationally, physically, je-ne-sais-quoi-ly? There are a good five hundred thousand fine youngmen between twenty-five and thirty, with a certain education, healthy, happy, and with a sense of humor, but as far as I'm concerned they can all go fishing in five hundred thousand other pastures, because fourteen months ago I fell in love with you, and You're the only person that interests me. Which brings us back to the original statement, that people are silly. So what? We enjoy it.

Our delightful little friends in the Portuguese Consulate have not as yet come through with a visa. Consider all sorts of nasty remarks as having been said. I haven't had time to give a thought to the problem of the revalidation of my passport. (As you know almost better than I do, they must be revali dated within thirty days of departure.) We will delicately cross that bridge when we come to it. One problem at a time for Philinda, whose mind isn't tuned to more than one wave length.

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This week, as the last, has been passed very actively doing absolutely nothing. Miraculously, there was a Huxley novel in the Library that I had never read, and which (naturally, for I do love Huxley) turned out to be three or four long short stories that were a delight, each and every one. It was Brief Candles. The one about the aesthetic family who slowly drove its children to being droops and murderers was particularly satirical and fun. But of course, nothing will ever touch the bear skin rug incident in Brave New World, for pure fun. What started me on Huxley? Oh yes, the week's events. Nil. Oh yes, a visit to my brother's house, where my remarkable niece betrayed even more tendencies in the direction of pure genius, and even more platinum waves in her hair. A trip to the movies on Saturday night, where an absorbing double feature had the effrontery to make me miss the last bus out of Newark, New Jersey, to Orange. But they were good: Algiers and Four Feathers- old and time-tested, but still remarkably good. I wept at the first and clutched the arms of my chair at the second. A bull session with my dearest Rufus Lindsley, with whom I went to school and who is now a senior assistant Librarian (although the ages of those to whom she is senior rather puzzle me) in a Suburban Library. A USO Dance, where the sad but funny thing was that the Young Ladies were so fascinated by some New Zealand RAF boys that they paid little attention to the disgruntled local talent, in the form of simple American soldiers, sailors, and marines. Farther fields are always greener, apparently. Other than those rather minor events, I repeat, nil. As for general impressions, mine is that this war ought to end very soon, if only because the world's populace is getting tired of it- very tired. How tired does the world's populace have to be before it ends? September, 1939 seems incredibly long ago. Perhaps we must wait till every country in the world has been lit, and burned out, before it will end. There is still Sweden, Switzerland, Portugal, Turkey, and Oman (did I omit Bahrein) to go. So whee, it might be a short war yet! Modern war seems to be the exact equivalent of the Medieval Plague- sooner or later it touches every port in the world, and with every port, every hinterland. In a way, it's too bad Mr. Roosevelt used the name Shangri La to describe the base of bombers, because it's still sweet to think of a spot on this imperfect world where men are hanged for murder, and where books aren't burned. Ah well.

My father's address is: Mr. John W. Campbell, 195 Broadway, (Room 1722) New York City. He is a very tolerant man, and with the years he has become sensitive to feelings, so don't be at all worried about anything...

All of a sudden I remembered those Italian-American singers you said good-bye to on one of those Export Line Friday afternoons. I wish I could be seated at one of the leather-upholstered seats in the corner of those rooms, talking to someone else and watching you out of the corner of my eye, saying goodbye to them all over again. Might as well wish that the earth revolved around the moon. Until the Portuguese Consulate comes through.

Lovingly,

Philinda