



ABBEY OF GETHSEMANI  
TRAPPIST, KENTUCKY

Nov. 3, 1964

Dear Victor:

I was so pleased to hear from you and to know that you are at least fairly well, that though I am no Latin poet I immediately attempted a poem. Here it is. I do not know if it scans. All I can say is that I think it does. The lines are supposed to be hexameters. If you hear a strange noise it is the whole choir of Latin poets turning in their graves.

It is certainly good to know that your eyes are serving you well again and that you are working along as usual, or more or less so. I can well understand that things might be tiring to you and I hope you will not attempt a trip over here until you are sure that it will not be a burden. Meanwhile, perhaps something else might offer itself. We shall see. But we can be patient and look forward to our next meeting whenever and wherever God wills it to be.

My hands are still afflicted with skin trouble though I can use them all right. But it is a nuisance. I suppose I will finally have to take some tests and find out precisely what the trouble is and what is to be done. My assumption is still that poison ivy started it all, but I never heard of it going on as long as this.

If you should hear news of my exhibiting strange blobs of ink in Louisville, ignore the information: it is not worthy of your notice. As always, my feelings about it are very mixed, but it was something that presented itself in such a way that I thought I could do it without harm to anyone. I think I have made plain to all concerned that I do not regard it as ~~an~~ "art" and that they are not supposed to either. If that will help.

Today I did not vote for Goldwater, but I heard that he had come out in favor of Mammoth Cave. Or perhaps for enlarging it?

With very best wishes always to you and Carolyn,

Most cordially in Christ,

Tom.