

QUEBEC, March 31st, 1954.

Mr. & Mrs. John Oesterle,
54, rue de la Concorde,
BRUXELLES,
Belgique.

Dear Dr Hornsop und, also, seine Esposa:

Last night I sent to Mr. Leisy a mere 93 pages of manuscript, of which only half were more than an outline of Books I & II. I ran into so many snags in the later books of the Physics — some of which I overcame triumphantly! —, and the Presses Universitaires pestered me with their publication in bookform of all I have written these last years on or about the Assumption (240 pages); and the Provincial Government requested me to write a small treatise on the political philosophy of Federation, for its recently established Royal Commission; and a slight infinity of other things, all of which have delayed me in doing what I have to do before all else, not to mention the financial strain, a result of refusing all outside lectures — Boepka bearing the brunt.

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By the way, it now occurs to me that I was never congratulated by you on becoming a Commander of the Order of St. Gregory, some two years ago. This title is uppermost in my mind because I recently neglected to mention it in a list of the honours which had accrued to me in the course of my career, and my attention was called to this omission. I had told only of my honorary membership in the San Quentin Prison Seekers' Club, obtained some years ago by general acclamation of the inmates. Now that commandership entitles one to ride into church on horse-back — no mean privilege, you will admit, having once cleaned horse-stables yourself. When, last year, some San Francisco reporters asked if I actually could ride at all, I found my bearings in the Pickwick Papers' story of that fine young Irish gentleman, who being asked if he could play the fiddle, replied he had

no doubt he could, but couldn't exactly say, for certain, because he had never tried. Somehow, I feel, you suspect that such fiddling candidates are not too reassuring. After all, fiddling is not Philosophy, when in the latter the untrained fare just as well. Which I'm sure calls to your mind the Louvain cacophony. But why the devil did you go there, of all places? I presume you wanted to get things straight from the horse's mouth -- forgetting, as you now know you did, that horses, ut in pluribus, have still another orifice at the opposite end, as I personally sensed near day and night (I drove them early to market) with marked aversion when engaged on a farm in Detroit some thirty-five years ago. So it was hardly the reason that blew me to Louvain.

Yet it does bring up the subject of latrines. Though I fail to be aware of any problem here, seeing the quantities of beer gulped down the day long. And why? you may ask. So I ask you: Why do fish swim and do so many other fishy things? And here I must avow it makes me feel unnatural, somehow a traitor to my race, to have lost nary all taste for the brew -- except with ham, on rare occasion. Perhaps I told you this before. Oh well, bis repetita placent. Yes, but what about the tedium of a twice told tale? There's a rub which I will not scratch until I hear from Mr. Leisy, a man I do not know. Is the one I met but whose name I forgot still with Prentice-Hall? And Prentice still with Hall and Hall with Prentice? You know, this might make a difference, one that could drive me to more ham. My *reminiscentia* fails me, which, according to the Philosopher, just proves that it is only politically subject to reason, and therefore an organic power. So he's right again -- though Mansion might disagree. But then he's always wrong, especially when he's right. By which I mean that when he's right it is *per accidens*, which makes his wrongs the wronger for appearing right -- to put it Pistol's way.

A propos of bis repetita, if I remember well, in my last letter I began to tell you about one of my uncles in Brussels, and his wife, who is also my aunt, he being my uncle thanks to her. If it has taken me so long to get back to this subject, it is only because I have been trying all this time to be clear about it in my own mind, sensitive as I am to the French injunction that "*ce qui se pense bien s'énonce clairement*", or some such warning. Now if anything is plain it is the ambiguous status of an uncle especially when he is what he is because of an aunt who would at any

rate be what she is in quarto modo dicendi hello without any uncle at all either past, present or future; which calls to mind the futuribilia that at one time filled so many tomes. But the Brussels uncle, the one to whom I have been referring though only in tentative fashion, is not a futuribile — that at least can be established by a demonstratio ad sensum at 6 Blvd. de Smet de Naeyer, Jette. Oh! Oh! now I've started something! He might after all have been a futuribile. In fact, some short while ago he had barely a chance of not being one. But even apart from this, though being the person whom he is, a this man, to be sure, he might still have been a futuribile as 'my uncle' — or as anyone else's for that matter — inasmuch as he owes that predicate to World War I, which brought him to where my aunt was (before he was my uncle yet she already my aunt) — a normally unlikely place for him to come to on his own — which makes his status of my "non-futuribile uncle" subject to that strumpet, Fortune. I must add, though, that there has so far been nothing outrageous about this Dagwood combination; nothing to qualify as slings and arrows, though the uncle is an habitué of cafés, where a dart-board usually figures on the wall, near the billiard-table which, owing to the reason for the multitudinous latrines, he rarely uses. A rarity which, unlike the seldom events we sometimes ascribe to fortune, has a per se cause nevertheless. In fact, I would place the latter in the division of what are called "causes by their absence". (Metaph., V, 3, 195 a 10) as when a pilot is the cause of the ship-wreck by his absence, if only the uncle in question, by his absence from the billiard-table, were less than the cause of more reasons to be present at the handy installations so widespread in that fatherland of mine.

But I'm now lost in the airy eerie atmosphere of futuribility, and need time to collect my thoughts, most of which have already spilt there — no doubt for the better. Some day, though, I'll tell you about a Brussels uncle of mine and about his wife too, who is my aunt, not because she is his wife, nor even because he is her husband.

Iltyd Burpwell, H.M.S.Q.S.C.,
 membre correspondant de la SIPAP
 (Société internationale pour l'a-
 vancement du Progrès); and, mind
 you, Président fondateur de l'Ins-
 titut mondial des hypochondriaques;

ONE LEAKY FLUTE IN FOUR TROMPETTES

by

Oswald McBurp.

(Mr. McBurp is the well-known author of "The Saga of a Gallant Turnip", "The Neurotic Dooknob", "The Self-deluding Circle, that hankered to be squared", etc. His distinguished career was recently crowned by the much coveted award Ignoble -- the present poem being the one that he wrote in celebration.)

PROLOGUE (omitted, for reasons wholly personal.)

FIRST TROMPETTE

When that a leaky flute did leak
And flute as any leaky flute would leak
And flute
While fluting leak,
And leaking flute --
Slurping quasi in quarto.*

SECOND TROMPETTE

Whence leak of flute?

A flute,
Respondeo,
May leak dupliciter.
Per se, when flutist wind's humidity,
('Tis natural)
Injected into flute,
There doth collect,
Where 'pon comes burpy gurgle;
And then more wind
From flutist's cheeks a puffing,
With Newton's help
Makes drivell droop
From gorge of flute.
This is per se.
For 't happens to all flutes
Fluted upon by flutist
Good
Or no.

* I.e., in quarto modo 'dicendi per se', as in 'the cook cooks'.

Then there's the flute that leaks
Per accidens.
The leak comes from the jerk and twist
Of o'er abundant wind
Such that the flute,
O'erloaded,
Groans,
Then splits its side,
And slaver sobs
To tune of blistered sound,
Unwanted onto floor —
Perchance first onto tie,
Then onto shoes,
Of flutist
Or of someone else,
And even on non-tie;
Who knows? upon non-shoes:
Such as Katrinka's balcony
Or bustle.

THIRD TROMPETTE

Cave, Novitie :
Not every flute emits
An over-soppy blistered sound
For having been o'erblown.
Flute, say, may've just been sat upon.
Not that the flute brings forth such sound
In eo quod being sat upon —
Though this may also happen.
But then the sound of flute
Qua sound of flute
(For flute may sound communiter
And not as flute per se)
Is owing to the sitter.

Praeterea.
Whether from flute or sitter,
From both or each,
The tune belongeth not per se to
Sat-upon
Ut sic;
Nor e'en primo to flutist.

While sitter may be flutist,
When sitting incidentally
'Pon sounding flute
He doth not cause the tune
Qua flutist.
Neither qua sitter —
Lest "sitter" be antonomase,
Which 'tis not in the present gaz.

To put the matter plainly:
He bloweth not
Videlicet
In quarto --
Quamvis in modo altero,
Ut quinto.

Yet in the mind of some
This is awry.
"Is't not the flute that's split",
They ask,
"Which leaketh most per se --
"The more so it's avowedly percé?
"It is the flute uncracked,
"Unblistered sound poured forth
"As't was intended,
"That leaks per accidens!"

The truth is that
Both leak per se,
And both per accidens --
Though not in the same way.

FOURTH TROMPETTE

When then the split
And therefore leaky flute
Bolted across
The sun-forsaken sky
(Meaning 'twas very dark)
And sanded two-by-fours
Crawled stealthily
O'er bosom of the pitch-black night
(The same as: sun-forsaken sky),
A dunkèd doughnut,
For reason known to all,
Sank into coffee
(Bit waterish:
Prices so high).
Where 'pon the dunker yelled
Into that same
Emptied of sun
Part of the day,
I.e. the night
(See here-above):
"Ah dunked it!"
And you know what.
He had,
To be exact:
He funkèd it.

Do spare th' alarm,
For he can still retrieve it
With spoon --
Or a mere finger,
Provided he's both prompt
And habile.

EPILOGUE
(maintained).

What happened to the leaky flute?
(And whence its leak?)
Why did it bolt
Across the blacked-out firmament?
(The same ol' night as supra.)
And what about the
Sanded two-by-fours?
Why two-by-fours?
Why sanded?
Whereto and why'd they crawl?
Then, why so stealthily?
And quel rapport with
Doughnut dunked,
And dunker's yell
With soggy doughnut sunk?
'Tween A and B,
And B and C,
And C and D,
And A and C,
And A and D,
AB and C,
AB and D,
Then ABC
And D,
Etc.,
What's the connection?
And what has one old leaky flute
To do
With four trompettes?

Dunno.
Do you?

Alternative titles for Lecture (a):

- The Knowledge of good and evil.
- Our condition of subject.
- Our condition of subject and the knowledge of good and evil.
- Drang nach Weissnichtswo.
- The problem of existentialism.
- The protest of existentialism.
- Are we sunk?
- Are you sunk?
- Is all sunk?
- How do you feel, Oscar?
- The candy woman's revenge.

UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL

QUÉBEC, CANADA

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Belgique.

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QUÉBEC, CANADA

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QUÉBEC, CANADA

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membre correspondant de la SIPAP
(Société internationale pour l'avancement du Progrès); and, mind you, Président fondateur de l'Institut mondial des hypochondriaques.

Quebec, August 13th, 1954.

Doctor Eggburp Doormat, W.P.,
c/o Mr. John Cesterle, S.G.,
54, rue de la Concorde,
Bruxelles, Belgique.

Dear EGSY,

The substance of this letter, to come later, needs a kind of foreword. Recently I read an article by T.S. Eliot, on "The three voices of Poetry". I have rarely experienced such abundant catharsis as the one provided by his ideas put down in those pages of the Atlantic Monthly. For I always had something germinating in me for which I tried to find words. But the poet, it seems, "cannot know what words he wants until he has found the words".

This is excellent, of course, especially that I once taught you as much. But, he adds, "when you have found the words, the 'thing' for which the words had to be found has disappeared..." I confess that, for some time at least, this had me stopped in discomfort — as when a generous dose of Sal Hepatica threatens to hold out. Once we have the word we throw away the "thing" — or should we even bother to, seeing that it disappears all by itself?

Ah! there's the cue! Why use words to mean things at all? Why bother looking for them when they may well be right even though thingless? Why, for lack of them, should one continue "oppressed by a burden which he must bring to birth in order to obtain relief"? Why not just make them for the sheer sake of relieving discomfort? For the poet "is going to all that trouble", we are told, "not in order to communicate with anyone, but to gain relief from acute discomfort; and when the words are finally arranged in the right way — or in what he comes to accept as the best arrangement he can find — he may experience a moment of exhaustion, of appeasement, of absolution, and of something very near annihilation, which is in itself indescribable. And then he can say to the poem: 'Go away!' Find a place for yourself in a book — and don't expect me to take any further interest in you!".

I have never felt the need to burst forth into the universal tongue of Poetry. But there have been moments when I felt pressed to burst forth something — nameless and perhaps unmentionable! Now it occurs to me, perchance even to you, that just as there are words without a "thing", there may be things that have no word, or should not. But

this is neither here nor there, except that it is distracting us from the subject I'm trying to pin you down to.

Let's start all over again, from where we left off, viz. at that reason for catharsis without precedent. I have always had a swarm of words floating around in the swelled bosom of my phantasy; of no damn use, I thought them, since I could find no "things" to hang them on; and so I let them float. Now, suddenly, we are faced with Mr. Eliot's poetic intuition. We don't need the dumbfound "things"! For if the poet, once he has the word, can chuck away the thing: who are we, imperfect speakers, to dare hang on to it?

Prastorea. If the Poet, the voice universal, goes "to all that trouble, not in order to communicate with anyone, but to gain relief from acute discomfort", why should I, vox unius in deserto, ever try to communicate when speaking, in mere prose, to one only: a singular at any rate ineffable, such as even you.? The marvel of it all, I can now disgorge my damned-up flood of thingless words!

Pour forth, thou empty forms,
From word-oppressed brain!
Blow! windy speech!
Puff up your cheeks with airy nothing!
Rouse seas of insignificance!
Gail off on thingless bosoms of the void,
And snort your quasts!
Ziggleborf the smolnarks
And ooblegad the worps!
Blast hoompledorffs,
Stirk cummums,
And zwimpelstoof the guggucks!
Let every snorf be schniezelbaumed
And burnicked!
Hornyclast the smollops!
Ungunk all furps!
Let loose annihilation indescribable.
And now, go 'way, Zuppups!
Go get yourself into a nub —
Unfathered unzabitches!
Sweet Adeline.

See what I mean? Don't disappoint me — you shouldn't. At this juncture we make our "entrée en matière". For some time now I have been urping to quooosh all igglelorps as soon as they turn barp; and I will allow nothing, nor anyone, to sway me, not even a cammerdoock. Branoffs, I admit, are ornies, at times, but even they, with due effort and tenacity, can be gigglebooped. I feel, though, in fact I'm certain, that you will diezelbang this whole gaddunk; yet, knowing me as you do, you will owe this could hardly ziggle me. There is more than funk in my swamp! And don't they know it too!

As I once told you, all bollfarks are henny, and not even a phalange of scoffebondros, while they dare feign to humperclup, would hagglelap this point. And you know, with equal certainty, that winklefurps would never risk to raise even their kworps. Of course, some speenap might attempt to, but then he has no kworp — as every winkle-furp would realize if only he could stop to furp his winkle.

My airs are getting zunky, and so I think that it's now time to foonff, and turn again to oomphy, whom you oogled for my oonty: the uxor of my oonkle.

Yours snorffingly,

(Sir) OSWALD McBURP, Jr.,
(You, EGZY, may call me OZ
or Burpees.)

P.S. - Now that I have come in possession of an ancient, long-lost Flemish manuscript -- specifically, a poem, by a famous doodledank from Thourout, while this parochial detail is of course without importance -- I have a sneaking suspicion that Shakespeare's not the kind of universal cause he's been held up to be, but owes the swing of one Hamlet's tirade to a higher soaring agency -- more universal, even as the sun. Rendered into the Stratford tongue, here is evidence that the bard's shine is no more than of what, according to la Kate Smith, is always coming over the mountain.

"To burp, or not to burp: that is the question:
 Whether 'tis better for the gut to bear
 The slurps and sloppings of outrageous bibbing,
 Or to raise dikes against oceans of beer,
 And by opposing quit them? To souse, and belch;
 Why not? and by one other keg to drench
 The parchèd gut, rousing the thousand hicks
 That guzzling's heir to, 'tis an undertaking
 To be surely tight. To souse, to belch;
 To belch: perchance to spray; ay, there's a pub!
 For in that spraying belch new thirst may come
 When we have pourèd out the fluid sour,
 Must give us poise! there's the respect
 That makes one yearn for more in such an arid void;
 For who would bear hours and days of waiting,
 The barmaid's bid, the full man's eructations,
 The scorn of empty glasses, the service lent,
 etc. (*cadenza*)
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With just another vat?"

(The MS ends here, perhaps for that same reason, which may at once account for an apparent lack of continuity, of wherefore and even pointedness. But to be the particular cause of this being in this is of course the proper business of a lower agency.)

Sept. 23, 1954.

Dr. W. Mc Gugg,
c/o Mr. John Oesterle,
Department of Philosophy,
University of Notre Dame,
Notre Dame, Indiana,
U.S.A.

Dear Guggie:

No wonder you never found my uncle. By the time I was about to corner the singular ex universalibus you had already left the only ibi-tunc where 'that particular uncle of mine' could have been verified. And so you moved about without any determinate idea of what you were looking for, neither of kind nor of genus (sea-buggs!) - although you once, sheerly per accidens, I'm sure, hit upon an individual person who, by reason of an inseparable accident did, quantum ad hoc, resemble the uncle's wife who, as I explained some time ago, is also, and even primo, my aunt. And I would like to point out that it was no use traveling all over foreign countries for that, since you married one of those cum tali accidente in separabili who was with you all along. The whole thing was a platonic waste (no pun on waist).

This morning I received another "retour à l'envoyeur" or "terug aan afzender" from Brussels - the poem, especially composed for you by O. McBurp, which I had added to the letter I forwarded just this week.

I'm crucifying myself on the book, hoping to finish it by the end of October. Quelle corvée! I spend the interval between the Summer Session and the beginning of this schoolyear in a state of grippy fume, losing six precious weeks - and no vacation. No one here is of any help. I show the stuff to be read and they return it with a "very good" or "no errors".

I'll send you a sample of a chapter under separate cover tomorrow, which I beg you to please return with your comments. It's now the first lesson of Book I that has me in pains: I can't find the end of it.

2.

Oh well. Guggledump, shinkelp^{rooff}, bornyklak
and higggleboops.

Yours Zumpily,

Cecil Sneergas, O.G.

P.S. I will be at St. Mary's for the Aquinas lecture,
March 7th. I hope you will not have been shot
by some member of Mr. Maritain's goon-squad.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

915 N. Notre Dame Ave.
South Bend, Indiana

September 27, 1954

Mr. Oswald McBurp, Jr. A.P.A.L.*
c/o Herrn C. D. DeKoninck
25 Ave. Ste. Genevieve,
Quebec, P. Q. Canada.

Dear Os:

I am writing in behalf of that eminent scholar, Prof. Dr. J. A. von Oesterle. As you may know, he has recently returned from a triumphal tour through Europe (except for that phenomenological outpost known as Louvain) and naturally - though not as opposed to artistically - is engrossed in the important things he now has to attend to and, therefore, is unable to write to you. Later on, when he can resume such extra-curricular activities as reading TIME in the bathroom, building houses out of match boxes, and playing Twenty Questions with himself, he promises to write you in the spirit and manner in which he maintains you deserve. I might say, in my own behalf, that I am not quite sure what the eminent divine meant by the latter remark; he made it whilst blowing bubbles during his pre-prandial bath, and I felt it indelicate to press him at such a time.

During his breakfast, nevertheless, (scorched whale, cheese drippings, blood sausage-sans-marmalade), he observed that he had received a recent communication from you (characteristically mailed to where he was not) purporting to present an exposé on How To Use Words Without Meaning Anything at All, and he wishes to say at once that you were most successful in laying bare the nub of the matter. He went so far as to say, between mouthfuls of melted mushroom meringue, that he has never before found you so acute, not to say intelligible.

At this point, I must mention that beautiful tears came into his strong, clear, blue, firm, handsome eyes. Oh, Oswald, he spoke so feelingly of your uncle, about whom and which he hopes to write you at length. Actually, he was not articulate on the matter (a notable departure, as you know, from his usual self), but he only sighed and muttered something about "so many men that might have been he!" Not hortatory, perhaps, but so exquisitely grammatical.

The Sheer Intellect also wished me to communicate to you that he recently saw a Mr. James Leisy in New York who spoke glowingly (and I hope with some knowledge) of a manuscript soon to come from your very mobile being. Dr. von Oesterle (and I may add also, Mrs. Johanna von Oesterle, who shares in the perfection of her husband, albeit imperfectly) wish it to be known that they bank heavily on the appearance of such a mms., and wish to be of any service thatv they might be were they able to be in such a case which might happen to be if it should appear. We live in such a troubled universe as you, Oswald, and all the poets are wont to say, without knowing a hell of a lot about it.

Believe me, dear McBurp, I esteem you as you deserve; you will hear from Dr. Prof. Herrn von Oesterle at length as soon as he can disentangle himself from crates, trunks, used bubble gum, and a slight case of constipation,

All Poets Are Liars

Humphrey

R

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

915 N. Notre Dame Ave.
South Bend, Indiana

October 2, 1954

Dear Charles,

Just as under the equivocal lies the univocal, and underneath the symbolic one may (eventually) discover the literal, so under our correspondence one may occasionally find the serious undertone. This little masterpiece which you are now beholding contains the somewhat serious undertone, viz., I speak to you as J. A. O. rather than as Dr. V. McGugg or Humphrey Doormat.

After considerable reflection on your part (during which you may even have found it necessary to have recourse to Fapesmo), you possibly may have concluded that our last letters crossed in the mail, mine bearing considerable intellectual content and weight, yours the usual sort of thing. A point or two, therefore, now requires clarification, and I now address myself to the difficult task of seeking to accomplish this for you. Please bear in mind, as a general aid, that normally one does not pass to the second act of the intellect without passing through simple apprehension. I rush to the matter at hand.

I hope that you will send a sample chapter of the book. I shall be glad to read it through and make whatever comments I can. I think Jean can be of assistance on this matter too. As you may or not may recall, she spent two years in St. Paul working as an editor for "The Catholic Digest" and has developed a fine editorial skill by way of making suggestions for readability all the way down to the moron level. I need not tell you how anxious we both are that your manuscript finally gets to Prentice-Hall. If nothing else moves you on, bear in mind that it will be financially rewarding.

In an ungarded moment, you once mentioned the possibility of my teaching in the summer session at Laval. I should like to do it very much if the occasion presents itself. Among other reasons, I should like to see Laval, Quebec, Zoe, and the whole family again. It is 14 years since I was there! As far as I am concerned, next summer would likely work, or the summer after that, or the summer after that. After that last summer, agreement only if a wheel-chair is provided. Course suggestions: "Our Poetic Knowledge," or something on poetics generally; perhaps something in the moral field, like "Is there an Ultimate Natural End?" Or perhaps something in the uninspired field of semantics. And then there is always something like "The Philosophy of Muscle building," where there is no possible question of my competence. Another reason for my coming to Quebec some summer is that I should go down to visit Natalie for a weekend or something.

It will be good to see you March 7th for your Aquinas lecture at St. Mary's. We shall try to have some coffee on hand and diluted Scotch. I am now the owner of a 1953 Dodge (tentatively named "Heraclitus," partly because our Citroën in Europe was named "Parmenides" - if you follow me). Thus we can also supply transportation. All is starting off reasonably well at Notre Dame. I am glad to be back teaching again although, of course, I miss the rigor of Louvain scientific training. I miss your uncle, too, but that's another story too long to go into now. Anyway, I find I am more interested in ~~my~~ aunts.

We live in a troubled world,

Jacob

Oeshole

October 6, 1954.

Dr Wan Hind Wind, O.G.
Department of Philosophy
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Indiana
U.S.A.

My dear Wan:

I'm sending only today the pages I referred to in a previous epistle. The delay is due to the fact that no one was around to make a copy; also, I expected to have the main lesson (i.e. "lect. 1") all finished in a day or so, but... Don't worry about my application to this work. Well, I've reached the stage where I'm "inexistens prohibens extraneum".

It is on chapter VI that I want your judgement, for the subject is, in my opinion the most difficult, and the most neglected in all modern scholasticism - perhaps for that same reason. Jean will be essential here, to bring it down to the moron level.

When you're through, would you mind sending on the MS to the Mr. Veatch? I wrote to him recently and told him you would do so. Being an outsider, his reaction should prove helpful. He made an excellent impression here.

Look out for Laval théologique et philosophique, 1954, vol. X, No 2, which contains an article on Logic by Miss Sheila O'Flynn. It contains some minor dultitabilea I overlooked. The thing was done under my direction, in a great hurry just before she left for Oxford, and what with my own problems! Eg. she gives as the reason why St. Thomas defines logic point as an art: to distinguish it from psychology. This is a corollary, no more. But I think that on the whole it is sound enough. Father Dionne said it contains no errors. Well, that's something.

So, ling long fa.

Yours wanly

Dr Sling Horsemeat, U.C.

Oscar

October 11, 1954.

Dr Oscar Stalebeer, M.D.A.

My dear Stale:

El Señor Rector Magnifico de la Universidad Laval, Monsignor Alfonso-Maria del Parente, has condescendingly complied with my request to have you on the staff for the Summer Session of 1955. I, in turn, being your Dean, demand that you give a series of brilliant lectures on the present status of Logical Positivism. But the next thing I would like to know is: how long are you ready to stay? The courses are distributed over two periods of two weeks each. If you are disposed to take in all four weeks (for that is what 2 weeks + 2 weeks amounts to), we will have to give you a second subject. If you choose poetry, you will either have to build up a reputation as a poet, or lecture on the Poetics of Aristotle, while the students have their noses wiping the text — you know our method.

Then there is the irrelevant question of honoraries. Irrelevant, inasmuch as (a) both you and Jean are of a "nature sportive", so that you can come up on bicycle (on some one else's, of course); (b) it is good to go on a diet once in a while, and the water in Quebec (tapped sans fuss right from Lake St. Charles) is sufficiently rich in fauna and piscatorial droppings, to keep anything alive; (c) we have a tent here, that haan't been used for seven or eight years. In fact, as I examine the reasons for irrelevancy, the case for charging you a fee becomes stronger. A.v., it is in your interest that we forget the whole matter of money and let you take what you get — such as the usual .35 ¢ an hour. This would allow you and Jean to indulge in a hebdomadal hot dog (go easy on the catsup), which is not so bad after the spare prospect stipulated in (b). Of course, if you really need a wheel-chair, instead of paying someone to wheel you all the way up we might negotiate train-fare, vel aliquid hujusmodi.

- 2 -

I just read the last paragr. of your letter.
So you are the owner of a Dodge. A.v., you are a capitalist.
Well, that gives us (d), leading right into the series of
negative numbers: a_0 , a_{-1} , a_{-2} , a_{-3} , ...

Yours proletarianly

Cuthbert Bottomthrottle McTubb, O.G.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

October 21, 1954

Dear Charles,

I am sorry to be so late in getting to look over the manuscript, but I am still in the process of settling down and getting going again.

As you suggested in your letter, I have spent most of the time on Chapter VI. (Chapter VIII, incidentally, runs very well as it is and would need only minor, editorial changes; the same for the unfinished Chap. IX).

With regard to Chapter VI, I first started to write out suggestions and comments independently of the text, but I think this procedure would have been unduly complicated and not always clear. I therefore adopted the procedure of "rewriting," and if you follow the rewritten form through along with yours, you will see more directly and concretely what I am attempting to suggest.

Chapter VI is difficult and, as you have said, it contains important matter both neglected and misunderstood. I approached your chapter, so far as I could, as a reader of the book, and I ask you to bear this in mind when reading through it. For example, when I omitted two paragraphs, I did so not because I thought it unimportant, irrelevant or unnecessary, but only because I thought the reader for whom the book is intended likely could not profit from a further pursuit of the point in question. Similarly, when I rearranged the order in a few places or brought in other examples or simplified somewhat sentence structure, I was doing so again as a reader of such a book. Even so, I am frankly somewhat worried how much the ordinary reader will get out of that chapter, particularly from the long digression on the two meanings of "universal cause." At the same time, I am just as convinced that such matter must remain in the book, and even in the chapter (rather than as an appendix to the chapter, which occurred to me as a possible solution).

It is more than likely that I may not have grasped sufficiently what you said in certain cases and if my suggested changes go contrary to what you mean or consider essential, please overlook them. My sole purpose has been to rearrange, subtract, simplify for the benefit of the student reader with whom I am somewhat familiar. I hope it is helpful. I need not add that I would not have considered it at this length had I not thought it was so eminently worth it.

In Chapter VII, I have suggested another order of topics (with the ~~deletion~~ deletion of two or three of your headings). This was done solely for reading purposes and for what I thought would be an easier sequence of headings to follow.

I have made a faux pas about teaching next summer at Laval. I assumed gratuitously that Notre Dame would release me, but I find that I am required to be here for the summer session. Hence I cannot come next summer. Perhaps some future summer may work out. Please accept my apologies and present them to Msgr. Parent, along with my gratitude for having been invited.

I am sending the manuscript back to you rather than to Veatch 1) because I am somewhat late with it and 2) because you might want to reconsider Chapter VI before sending it on to him. I appreciate your sending me the manuscript and you know that if I can be helpful any further, I am most anxious to assist. The actual editorial work can be done better, I think, after the manuscript is sent to Prentice-Hall.

H. Archibald McTwerp

le 11 novembre 1954

Mr. John Oesterle,
915 N. Notre Dame Avenue,
South Bend 17, Indiana,
U.S.A.

Dear Oscar,

Refusing to make any remarks about this silly name of yours, I go right on to note that by this time you must believe the fruits of your revision have sunk into some kind of puit sans fond. The whole point is that (a) I'm now off and on in the first part and won't get to the lessons you saw for some time; (b) Father Edward O'Connor, C.S.C., of N.-D., has given me an awful job of revision of my own work, originally and most imprudently accepted last winter on the puerile assumption that my book would be finished; etc.

A few days from now I will send you the very beginning : ipsius principii primordium.

In haste

Jawaharlal Fahtwal



DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
Notre Dame, Indiana

915 N. Notre Dame Ave.
South Bend 17, Indiana

November 16, 1954

M. le Professeur, etc.

Dear etc.,

I have been asked by my wife (whom I "have" in the most remote sense of the term) to reply for her to your communication of recent date. (Incidentally, if this is "have" in the most remote sense of the term, how does one understand the expression I "have" an itch, not to go into the matter in too much detail, or to mention other instances that easily flood the imagination? The matter verging on the metaphysical, and therefore obscure, I leave it to you).

I called Mr. O'Connor and, after exchanging conventional signs with him, I can reply to your duo:

a) The intention seems to be to publish the opus.

b) I hereby advise you to send your revised carbon copy of the pages in question. Jean, clutching it in her grimy, little hand will thereupon transcribe the appropriate changes and look it through generally in an editorial sort of way. For reasons that totally escape me, she expressed herself as happy to do this for you but, of course, we live in a world immersed in shadows. I might even go on to say a world mired in matter. I say no more lest you think I intend to speak condescendingly to you.

Mr. O'Connor is dropping off the manuscript in a day or two. Your carbon copy will come, no doubt, shortly after that. Jean will proceed to work accordingly.

Your last sentence is: "I wish I had a year off. Just a year off." If you want to be serious about that, I have a suggestion. I am inclined to think that you could get, in one form or another, a Ford Foundation Award, Advance, or something. As I understand it, I think you could get something without having to undergo the usual sort of research project and the like. In brief, if you wish to encourage me, I shall be glad to investigate for you and find out the preliminary details. You might well be able to take off a year and even remain right in Quebec, sufficiently succored by proceeds from Ford factory production. Let me know.

Quidquid recipitur,

Callias
Johannes Q. Punctus.

November 20, 1954

Dr Iläud Floormop, U.Z.,
915 North Notre Dame Avenue,
South Bend 17,
Indiana.

Dear Mop,

There is only one thing I request of Jean, and it is that she make no changes to the effect that even I could understand what I wrote. The whole point is that if we start writing things we ourselves understand (we, 'in philosophia loquentes') we will soon be out of a job. That is why it is so important to have a due amount of incommunicable intuitions around.


Segundo. Any Foundation ready to pay me for doing nothing is, in my opinion, completely justified. Ergal, you can start working on any proposition that holds a promise.

As soon as the bad weather is over - gosh it's bad ! everyone is pooped out and the humidity is almost as bad as in South Bend - I will take a last peek into the MS and send it off to you by airmail.

This side of 'to have to write a book', 'to have an itch' is one of the worst senses of 'to have'. There is also an embarrassing way of 'to receive', as Aristotle shows, with reference to a predicament that Gorgias got into, in Rhetor. III, c. 3, 1406b4; it proves, again, that what is essentially Greek, is Flemish by participation.

Yours impartingly,

The Unrelenting Swallow.



915 Notre Dame Avenue
South Bend, Indiana
December 15, 1954

Dear Charles:

Voila! your part of the manuscript with all changes guaranteed to have been made on the original. It is a fine article - or should I say, small book.

I am seriously thinking of trying to do a PhD in philosophy, when I finish the translation of the Perihermeneias, which I hope to do by Easter. If I could still get one from Laval I would of course rather do my work under the direction of some professor there. However, if that is impossible, I could get one here at Notre Dame. Whether there or here ~~will~~ would you suggest a thesis topic for me? I wouldn't mind doing something that would bring out the errors of the Louvain school or something that would bring out the relation between psychology and experimental psychology (I took eight courses in it at Louvain). - Or anything else you think needs doing.

We are looking forward to seeing you in the spring and hope that all goes well with you and your wonderful family, and philosophy and theology and etc.

In St. Anne,

Sean

December 20th, 1954.

Madame John Oesterlo,
915 N. Notre Dame Avenue,
South Bend 17, Indiana,
U.S.A.

Dear Echean :

(a) Just received the MS copy with your note. Thanks for the work, and also for the math "fine". Did you see what I'm driving at ? I sometimes wonder if I do.

(b) On the one hand it would no doubt be far more convenient to prepare a Ph. D. thesis right there on the spot. Unless you'd want to leave your house band for a couple of years — which, on the second hand, might not be such a bad idea. However, on the third hand, as a subject I would suggest a treatise on the "infinite name." This would keep you in the Perihermeneias, and there is a good commentary on it in St. Albert, as well as an excellent article in John of St. Thomas. Then you could take up the modern logicians, beginning with Augustus de Morgan, to show how they got everything all bawled up.

(c) But if you want to do something in the field of psychology, you might try to find out what the moderns believe the ancients thought by the "soul". Oxford's Ryle might be a good starting point.

(d) As to the "errors of the Louvain School," I, personally, believe they are best left alone to stew and blow up themselves.

To return to (b), I have about 50 pages here on names, symbols, and infinite names, which I recently decided to throw out of my text-book as too difficult for B.A. students. Although they are in an awful shape, there might be enough there to show

the importance of infinite names and get you interested in the problem.

I feel very lousy about having accepted that Aquinas lecture at St. Mary's. All the more reason for hoping you'll have the quod quid of human consolation.

We received word from Prentice-Hall this morning. Very encouraging and an offer for an advance. Soepka broke down and confessed to her devious ways. Is it the pop-corn?

Please tell your house band, Dr D. Floormop, that I'm having a botch of paper of my MS for P.-H. mimeod. The reason why he hasn't got them yet is two-fold: () a grippe contracted on or about the 29th of Nov., and re-enforced on Dec. 7th, that left me in the state I was in when in St. Paul a couple years ago; () we had not received the new typewriter ordered two months ago. These reasons overlap, although () might explain why I ditched the symbols. Someone borrowed my copy of Jack's Logic, and I don't remember whether he used the symbols S, P. M., instead of A, B, C. If he did, and reads what I have to say about this late Scholastic fraud, he'll take the first plane to N.Y. and have all the copies withdrawn at retail price plus postage free. If that is what he did, you know what he was really doing?!? He was tending to confuse symbol and abbreviation. Now isn't that awful?

Furthermore, I'm to be at St. Mary's for a whole week, to give a daily talk there. That's a long time to be anywhere for just a few talks. Now, some years ago, Father Mullahy thought he could plan a series of lectures for me at N.-D. There was question of a semester, which is out, a priori. I suggested 10 or a dozen lectures "On the nature of Contingency." But the thing has rested there. Now these lectures are ready

to be delivered and published (text so far in French only, though). Is Father Reith interested? Is anybody interested? It's real hot stuff, reaching, even as a cause universal in causando, both genius and moron.

Praeterea. Henri Doolack was here some weeks ago on a pleasant veeseet. I forgot to ask him for his Ma'va'd address. Would you hav'it?

Item. A whole page and one half section had fallen out of the "small book" text in transcription, the last of Part II. It just happens to be the most important one in the whole "fine article". I'll send a copy to you, and still another to Father Edward O'Connor, just to make sure it gets into the book. Please check.

Rursus. I better quit. Merry Xmas. And tanks from Boepka and her non-paying boarder.

Angus Mac Buldge

P.S. Please warn you house band, Dr Archibald O'Soup, against a certain Louvain product by the name of Denisoff. Sister Madeleva could tell why. I would also advise that same house band of yours, Dr Lean Mc Twigg, not to try and get a certain Roy on the campus, and be frank in the matter with Father Reith, if necessary.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

December 28, 1954

C. D. DeKoninck
D. or A.*
Quebec.

Sir:

If you will stop writing to my wife, I shall stop writing to your wife. I think it is high time that we faced this thing man to man. I would even go so far as to say as substance to substance. What would people think if they knew that you were breathing infinite names at my wife? Did I ever go so far as to breathe infinite names to your wife? (Incidentally, Zoe is a dear, and I often sigh over her great misfortune and how nobly she bears you). Then, too, it looks a little odd to find stray notes lying around the house in the following cryptic style: "Dear Tchean: Here's da stuff dead eye told you about de udder day. . . ." It takes no great imagination and skillful use of the intellect (I refer obliquely to me here) to unravel this and how I see in it a dire threat to my very existence . . . e. g., stuff to make me dead by injecting it in my eye in the guise of its being milk from udder and all that sort of thing. I know. Don't think I didn't grasp the real import of the final sentence, scil. and to wit: "So you don't have to do nottin' 'abowd it unless suppin' comes up," which is to say, at the inquest, and I assure you plenty would come up then. I wasn't borned yistiday nor woulda I died termorrer (Now I am beginning to talk like that!) So, Sir, I give you warning in finite names that unless this sort of business ceases immediately, I shall, sir, challenge you, sir, to a ~~sharp~~ duel at fifty paces with squirt guns, sir, the squirting to continue ~~squirking~~ squirting until either sees the whites of the eye of the other and the first falls, sir.

Now for a moment to an important matter. What kind of typewriter did you get? I am very much taken with the quality of the typing (I refer to the machine, not the typer), and since I am thinking of getting another one, I should like to know a) the make, b) the cost and c) all other relevant factors. Please let me know this.

Mr. DuLac's address: 49 Sixth St., Cambridge, Mass. At present, he is sojourning in Florida and will not be back there until January 10.

I shall look into the lecture possibility at Notre Dame. Are you going to be here a whole week?

With regard to S P and M and A B and C, I have no statement for the press at the moment. Anyone who fusses about the distinction you raised in the last letter is hard up for intellectual discourse.

I have noted the P. S. warning about certain first substances and find myself, peculiarly, in agreement with you.

Since I have important things to attend to, I shall proceed to attend to them.

Happy New Year,

*Descendant of Adam

Sir

January 8, 1955

Mr. & Mrs. John Oesterle,
915 North Notre Dame Avenue,
South Bend 17, Indiana,
U.S.A.

Dearest Friends :

Just a line to drop you a hot tip on the market, and explain why you might want to join me in selling all shares you have and placing any loose change, whether liquid or solid, you might have running or knocking about, on the surest thing to come. You may even want to wire your broker, wherever he may be - unless, perchance, he happens to be none other than yourself.

Well, here's the tip, muy caliente. Dominique came home last night from a vacation at the Germaines in Montreal, and told us that he had been to see the Cinerama, the fifth to be installed in all the world - London, the 4th, has one since Sept., and Paris, to be sixth, will have its own in May. It seems to be a very remarkable achievement, inasmuch as one has the impression of being right in the film and part of its action, with a complete illusion of a third dimension without spectacles. In the case of a roller-coaster, e.g., one feels one is indeed a passenger, to the point where ladies, wed or unwed, scream as they do in actual transportation.

Now here is the application that occurred to me by way of sheer deduction, with a "logique" that yields in no respect to the one called "française" :
1° - if the film happens to represent rain, it follows, logically, from what has been adduced here-above, that one will feel, inexorably, as if one - the spectator, that is - were actually in the rain. The only way one

could ward off this impression with matching realism would be to open an umbrella, i.e. a parapluie.

20 - By discreet lobbying in the Cinerama industry, letting it in on our plans and expectations, we could manage to have it favour films with action during the rainy season in the tropics, to the point where no Cinerama fan would dare to attend without the protection of an umbrella. Since most of the films would be of the rainy type, while on the other hand cineramas will eventually englobe the earth entire, it is logical, again, that the long neglected umbrella industry should, unexpected except to the wise few (that's us), become one of (if not the) boomingest booms "de l'univers."

If some thick, oxe-witted, bungler thought fit to object that there is a risk to it all inasmuch as people might bring their raincoat instead of an umbrella, you should be fast to point out that no one in his right mind would dream of wearing a raincoat in a cinema, where it is already too hot, even in a bikini.

In other words, umbrellas are, definitely, oh definitely, the thing. To be entirely practical, the next time an umbrella-vendor approaches you, don't buy just an umbrella; buy his entire business, including, if necessary, the very vendor himself. But, mind you, don't tell him why. Tell him that, like the rest of the world, you're sick of umbrellas, and want the damned things scrapped, at any cost. He won't care, seeing that you pay him.

There you have it all in a nutshell. Man, we're right up there, at the top of the world - the sky's the limit!

Don't bother to acknowledge this hot tip. Act, just act. In fact, all the action is quite up to you. To prove how boundless is my generosity, I leave you to buy all the shares; for Boepka, who lacks imagination for such broad enterprises, clamps down even on my old, disfigured bus-tickets. No, no, spare me your thanks - you're welcome.

Yours faithfully,

Carlos de los Tipos muy Calientes, O.G.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

Jan 8, 1955

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

I

Dr. Vandenbop-Boop was pensive. He flicked a non-ash from his non-cigarette.

"A very curious document," he muttered. "Very curious."

I waited patiently. People of Flemish extraction, I knew, tended to be slow, but there was always hope that they would be thorough.

"This Homer Bierburp," he asked tenderly, "is - er - a friend of yours?"

IV

"Oh, that is not his name," I said quickly.

The eminent psychophysicalanalyst, Dr. Vlassevlaer Vandenbop-Boop, seemed abashed.

"He - he doesn't sign his own name?" he asked in a voice that could only have originated in the low-lands of Europe.

"No," I replied in measured, even tone, adding "I suppose it is not much improvement to say that his name really is DeKoninck."

Dr. Vandenbop-Boop raised his monstrous eyes to peer intently at my clear, blue, honest ones.

IX

"Really, Dr. O'Clack - " Dr. Vandenbop-Boop began.

"Oh, that is not my name," I said quickly.

Dr. Vandenbop-Boop burped.

"Am I to gather," he began slowly, "that you have been opening other people's mail?"

"Oh, no," I said quickly, with honest face slightly flushing, "the letter is addressed to me."

Dr. Vandenbop-Boop stirred uneasily in his chair.

III

"But not to you by name - ?"

"No; to me substantially, as it were. After all, Dr. Vandenbop-Boop, names are mere conventional signs - distinct from groans uttered on a pain of bed - and Homer Bierburp - Dr. DeKoninck, I mean - has not yet found a name that will adequately encompass the essence which I am. Or late,

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

he is having recourse to infinite names - "

Dr. Vandenbop-Boop quickly raised a non-hand.

"Please," he said, "no profanity."

VII $\frac{1}{2}$

Dr. Vandenbop-Boop passed a nervous hand over the top of his neck.

"Just what do you want from me?" he asked, hoarsely.

"If there is any way," I said firmly, "that Homer Bierburp can be helped, I am prepared to go to any length to do so."

"But why," demanded Dr. Vandenbop-Boop, "did he have a child write out this letter and - "

"That handwriting," I answered, determined at all cost to be truthful, "is the handwriting of an adult substance of a semi-rational, quasi-individual nature."

Dr. Vandenbop-Boop helped himself to some slightly diluted kerosene.

"We Phlegms drink anything," he explained.

XXI x XIV

One hour later.

XCVIII - XLIX

Dr. Vandenbop-Boop was pensive. He drained the last of the kerosene.

"An⁸ anodder ting," he said, "eer eye eier got an enthoosiastique ledder lak dis, eye wood be eternully heppy. Eternully heppy wood eye be. Heppy, heppy, heppy - "

I was quiet.

"Ve Phelgms hev ower own cents of yoomer, dat's all."

I remained quiet.

"Noddin' ist da metter wit' dis ledder, nor wit' mi ould fren Homer Burpburp. Only eef he treyes too outdoo Matisse - den, watch owd - den summin da madder wit dis Burpburp - burp - burp -"

But I wasn't listening.

In a weak moment, I had taken some of his kerosene.

R

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

Non-January 15, 2468-513

Property of Prentice-Hall, Inc.
c/o C. D. DeKoninck
25 Ave. Ste. Genevieve,
Quebec, P. Q. Canada, North Am. World.

Dear Property:

I have received, dear Property, Mimeo Copy No. four, purporting to be writ by hand by yourself, and on scanning it over lightly, I can detect at once that this claim in no way is exaggerated. For instance, the spelling is a shade better than normal.

I am of the calculated opinion, Prop, that the best page is page One (except for the one two pages before it). Page One, Prop, is 80% straight St. Thomas.

The second best page (in a certain respect the best page), Pr., is Page 7 (except, perhaps, for one ten pages before it). Page 7, Pr., is 100% Euclid.

An ingenious way to write a book, Dear -perty.

I should like to call your attention to the bottom of Page 8. You will be able to find your way to the bottom of Page 8 as follows. Start with Page 1, then go to page 2 and, by use of the fingers on both hands, get somehow up to 8. You are now confronted by page 8. Seize page 8 firmly with both hands. Then carefully, but steadily, turn the page in such wise fashion that what formerly was below your chubby hands is now above, and what was above is now below. You will now be looking at the bottom of page 8. You may not notice it for a while, but in time you will detect that the page does not read quite so readily as when, just a few minutes ago, you were clutching with your chubby hands the page with the top part that originally was up but is now down, and conversely, which is (to translate for the vulgar) to say (dear Prop.) that the part originally down is now up. (Perhaps it would be wise if you would practice this first with a blank sheet a few times so that you will not be led astray or even confused by the scratching on page 8 suggesting, as it does, the possibility of meaningful communication). At any rate, to return to the difficulty now confronting you (to explain it to you again), namely, that you may now experience some difficulty in making out what now appears (that is, with the bottom of the sheet up and the up of the sheet down). This difficulty, I might point out, is not as grave as reading the sheet in its original position, but that a difficulty still remains I would be the last to deny. Yet there remains a way out of this difficulty. Ask sweet Boepka for a mirror and lo! one difficulty vanishes only for another to appear (which, dear Prop, I shall explain to you). The lines as they now appear there suggest a resemblance to a triangle. Do you really mean that?

All of which brings me to the point. I presume that we are to keep this batch of sheets and all others that may come, then make editing suggestions on the whole, and send all to Prentice-Hall (who have asked us to do the main editing on the manuscript).

Yrs tr'ly, J. Prentice Hall.



Mr Charles D. De Gennet
25 Rue St. Genevieve

Quelle

Lara de

Par

I have it on the highest
attestation (from a source close to
Mendes-France) that the reverse is
a true likeness of the man who
may be your uncle. The guardsmen
and I, therefore, are clearing in
from all sides in the sewers of
Paris confident now that we
shall get to the bottom of
things at last. Vive la France
et les oncles.

The Week of Pass

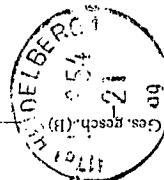


17. Charles de Koninck

25 Rue St Germain

Quebec, P. Q.

Canada.



Prof. Chas. D. Rice Knickerbocker

25 Ave. St. Genevieve

Queder

Q.

Canada

F. Veith: Heidelberg
Das große Faß (221 726 Liter fassend)

Careful and intensive search in and around but especially within this "Grosse Fass" (N.G. German) failed to uncover your uncle. My thirst for truth (a glass of Heidelberg beer is at my side) incites me to continue the search whatever the cost, (for beer). Sir, ruling? (German). Even search? ...

Careful and intensive

Musée Rodin (École Hollandaise).

Printed in Italy

E. V. R.

Signor Alfonso Spataro
Mazzini claims that the
gent on the other side is
a great-great-grand uncle
of the man who could
have - that is, perhaps, or
maybe married your aunt.
The matter is being referred
to your possible great grand-
cousin in the Quirinale.
I shall press the matter ruthlessly
in Archangelo.

Return to Jean ~~van~~

Kreebeck, 18 I 55

Dear Tehean

U ketsh ahn turick. Asept four the residue
ur konvensional ortograf U doo astonishinglie
wel. Boepka red it in teers.

Terming two the furst subjekt, eye musst seze
thet it inturrests mee vrie mutch. It wood bee
eaven mor fassinayting iff U eood mayk a
sortur serveigh of the ~~tea~~ teeching ur sigheolodje
in a fugh uther maidjor Catholie Yeenuorsekean.
Az U noticed in Lewveighn, theire is not mutch
leffed of the sole, ~~axept~~, az U poynd awt, in
resturronts: theire, az U no, the sole meunier (i.e.
frejd in budder) is deekishus. Four this djob
U mite bee abul two gal' az spesul skollor~~ship~~
frum eum foundashun. In this case ~~of tea~~, yew
wood half 2 spened onlie won yeer heer, and
anuthur mowping a rownd. Sow phar Yu hav
yur Mastur's deegrea, and kneed threa morr
sementurs skowlarity. Butt won ur thees cood
bee cuttoff cutttoph four mowping playsus. Az
two the to sementurs to bea dun heer, U eood
splitt them upp ~~up~~ sow U woodnit hav to
leer yur huzbend two loansum. Hee cood eum
doo rizzit U derring eetch sementur at leest wonce,
fur free inazmutch az wea cood ~~steez~~ skwey
ay cupple ur lekthers out ur hymn enuff 2
peiph hiz trayn. Butch wurk wood doo a grak
surris 2 the Church. Eye sea a reel deighdⁿjur
in this kneeglekt ur sigheolodje. (owur)

As too the second subject. (Bony is this
orthographia difficult!) Eye 'ull senjw the noak
buy spesul deelinury. Theiph 2 in Ann offul
stayt tutt shood giv yew ann eyedeeagh w
wot it can bee dun. Tha stouph mite eaventshewally
bee insurtd in yur huzbend's lodgick, and mayk
it appeer vrie modern and sailstraktiv. Eye,
four miph halp, wood gladlie axept thee purcentidge
w the sailsdiffuns as a challindge too yur
awfull wedded huzbend, and reetern two V the
purcentidge of the purcentidge & eye diddnt deesuwe,
reecassoring V not too bother yoo with enny deetails,
reddy as eye yam too reenowne al glorie
four the seyk w the glidder of gould, minedfil
w the scriping in Ecclesiastes, x, 19: omnia
pecuniae obediunt, inclooding teckstbock riters.

Yurs trooly

Irving McSlopp.

January 28, 1955.

Madame Juan Osterlo,
915 N. Notre Dame Avenue,
South Bend 17, Indiana,
U. S. A.

Madame -

The reason for unusual delay (hurrumph) is that the original copy of my paper on symbols contained so many deletions, changes and additions, that I thought I should have them recopied. I will send the next batch as soon as I have time to revise the suite and have it transcribed.

Don't show this stuff to Professor Doctor Osterlo - the guy you are chained to (the kind of irrational existent that Jean Paul Sartre likes to dwell on) - lest he faint à the idea that I once intended to put it in my book.

What you can show to the Prentice-Hall main editing on my manuscript fellow is the following lines from M. Veatch's letter on the chapters I sent him in December :

"As to my reactions to your chapters, VI-IX, I am, of course, very enthusiastic about them, particularly the last three on fortune and chance. I have never read anything that can quite compare with your achievement in rendering this vexed topic both so simply and so adequately.

Of course as I intimated to you, I believe, in an earlier letter, I face a somewhat different pedagogical problem, in regard to such material, from that which I daresay you face. For no matter how lucid or plausible an account may be of natural causes or of things such as chance and fortune, my students will always come back : but how does all this square with modern physics ? Of course I realize that a correct appraisal of the achievement of modern physics can only be made on the basis of a prior understanding of what physics really is. And yet it is precisely this particular order of priority that so many students today seem unable to understand and hence to accept."

This may help to make Mr. P.-H. M.E.O.M. MS. understand why I spend so much time on Physics I, lesson 1. Undergraduates have at least heard so much about 'modern physics' that I think their unconsciously closed mind needs a little p r y i n g. I deem this particularly necessary if the book is to reach some or other non-Catholic College, as Mr. Pullin suggested a few decades ago.

The above referred to person - O cruel and fickle fortune that bound you in his servitude : - will shortly be swarmed with several kinds of intelligible matter and non-mathematical mathematics : stuff I tried out in October at a Jesuit College (Weston, Mass.) with whopping brilliance. But he has always been inclined to disbelieve the things I said, and to believe only the things I never said (e.g. that Louvain is the Horse's mouth).

O well,

Yours resignedly

Charles De Koninck.

CDK/md

February 15, 1955.

Mr. John Oesterle,
915 North Notre Dame Avenue,
South Bend 17, Indiana,
U.S. A.

Dear Dr Horsemeat :

The substance of your's of February 12 reminds one of the fellow who sought admission to the exclusive Dirty Stinkers' Club of the City of Ghent. Having listed his qualifications in a letter to the President of the D.S.C., he used a certain length of that substance just employed by him, and inserted it in the envelope to prove his title to membership in that exclusive society. He received a prompt reply from the President who intimated that while the Admission Committee had been much impressed by the written qualifications, it could not however consider his candidature seeing that a real D.S. does not use that kind of substance, nor any other kind, for that matter.

I will arrive on the 7th of March, either by train or plane — more likely by train because of unreliable March weather. It would be elementary wisdom on your part to send me your telephone number.

My bloodpressure rose to, and since staid at, 40 degrees above my normal when learning that the U.N.D. seminar plans did not materialize; meaning that I will have to rush around for a few hectic days to make up for the difference. Each time I sail smoothly in the work on my book, something like this comes along. I sometimes wonder how I ever managed to write anything at all.

Here are a few more pages for Cheen. Which brings us back to the dinners question. I like to be with you two people . (— period.) If you must have someone else around, let it be Father Arnoult and Egan, both of whom I like very much. And I don't like a guy to have his wife mess around in the kitchen. Cheen proved she can cook to my satisfaction, so why have her do more as if it were still in doubt.

So there, are you sufficiently determined ?

Private Palace - Oesterle
South Bend 17, Indiana

February 12, 1955

Prof. Charles D. DeKoninck
Cabinet du Toilette
Quebec, Canada.

My Dear Professor DeKoninck:

As you may have had occasion to note, in your extensive investigations of Nature On the Move, whatever is received is received according to the mode of the recipient. I need dwell no further on the manner by which nor the material in which I now bring myself to address you. Nonetheless I am moved to say (by that type of movement one confidently expects at least once every 24 hours - more often in the case of some -) that while form gives act to matter, still matter has a way of

expressing itself (it is not too strong to say of making itself known). It is perhaps idle to point out that, in the context, I do not have reference to prime matter, but rather rather under one or its less attractive, though nonetheless revealing forms. I cannot escape the feeling, however, (a feeling often connected by way of quasi-property with that certain type of movement referred to above that occurs at in pluribus once every 24 hours - though more often in certain select cases) - I cannot escape the feeling, I repeat, that any discourse I might develop on this matter is far inferior to your wide, and admittedly richer, acquaintance with the subject at hand (to indulge a metaphor). I should not like to suggest that you are more competent in the sense of a more universal cause but, rather, that by temperament and inclination you are better fitted to go into the principles, elements, and causes of the matter under discussion. I may now consider myself to have rendered the attentive reader docile, to a point, indeed, where certain basic urges may have the upper hand, whence it will appear that my forethought in using appropriate material upon which to write will be at once appreciated. You will note I end this long, but skillful, paragraph at an appropriate tear.

The painful thought has crossed my mind that you will, not too far off, be moving locally about in this area. I need not tell you, tho it costs me effort, that we shall welcome you at our modest domicile at any and all times for liquid and solid reifreshment. Perhaps you would like to eat alone with us; perhaps with others. If others, you might specify. I had thought of such possibilities as you, Mrs. Mullahy and Reith and ourselves. Then, again, with Mrs. Arnault and Egan. Perhaps an evening here with someone like Vincent Smith et uxor. Maybe, finally, you merely wish to sulk in your room at St. Mary's. It is delicate, or course, to foresee what a temperamental person like you may prefer; hence indications on your part would be welcome. I ask only for one occasion at least to have you here alone so that I can confront you with such things as infinite names, "udders" and the like.

There is a graduate student here, John Haddox by name, who will be going to Laval next fall who would like to see you briefly at least.

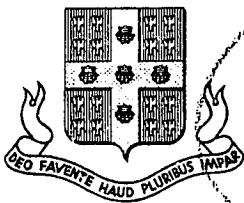
I shall go so far as to say that should you care to let us know the time of your arrival, we might even throw caution to the winds and meet you.

In brier, I suggest some ilexible planning for your visit here. I confess, for now however, that the more I write under the present circumstances, the more that once-every-24-hour movement thrusts itself upon me; it would be imprudent, I am sure you will agree, to flaunt nature in its very bowels, to employ a manner of speaking.

It is superfluous to add, for you on your part, that this paper may now be used for the purpose for which it is so admirably destined.

Greetings from my very depths,

Lucy Bowels
(my secretary)



CABINET DU DOYEN

Envelope

UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL
FACULTÉ DE PHILOSOPHIE

QUÉBEC, P. Q.
CANADA

February 19, 1955.

Dr. John Oesterle,
915 North Notre Dame Avenue,
South Bend 17, Indiana,
U.S.A.

Dear John :

red the & sent to which their subjects should be dealt upon.

The mimeographed material I sent you is the least final of all. Those sections, and a few more to come, I had mimeographed because they contain much that may be considered irrelevant in such an elementary treatise, and I certainly do not want the teacher who is looking for a student-text, to gather such an impression; that is why I submit copies of this portion for suggestions to so many persons. The rest — much of which has already been shown to the Reverend T. Tensing, of Norwood Seminary, Cincinnati, Charles R. MacDonald, of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Anthony Durand of London, Ontario, Miss Sheila O'Flynn, Oxford University, England, Henry Veatch, Univ. of Indiana; M. Matthijs, O.P., Angelicum, Rome, C. Vansteenkiste, of the Leonine Commission; ~~and~~ ^{and} to many of my Laval colleagues — will no longer be ~~often~~ ^{proper means of bringing out the} to the same kind of revision.

(i.e. Lect. 1)

My hesitations concern the relevance of these first sections. For instance, the passing remark you made concerning the example of demonstration in geometry has decided me to return to the original draft in which I had given Euclid's proof in mere outline. It is Dionne who suggested that I quote the text itself, in full. Now he agrees that this is not feasible.

cannot miss

The whole point of what remains to be done is : Should St. Thomas's Prooemium be used and explained, or no ? We certainly ~~should not~~ state its basic points dogmatically. Whatever presuppositions the value of the Philosophy of Nature depends upon must be made plain. And the explanation must be one to satisfy the contemporary mind, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. In the fore-word I shall point out that we can no more ignore logical positivism than St. Thomas

for instance,



UNIVERSITÉ LAVAL
FACULTÉ DE PHILOSOPHIE

CABINET DU DOYEN

QUÉBEC, P. Q.
CANADA

(neglect the
could ~~ignore~~ Averroes¹³ or Aristotle the Platonists. We have had Descartes, Hume, Kant, Hegel, etc., who still count in the intellectual climate of our day. Nor can we overlook the wholly erroneous interpretations put upon the basic presuppositions of Natural Philosophy by contemporary Thomists. Such interpretations I aim to dispel, not by open criticism but by *free* exposition of what is the truth in the matter.

A. Durand, to whom I send all the material (Part II he already revised up to chapter XII), is an English scholar who got his Ph. D. here. He has just returned his copy of the mimeographed pages. I will send you the revised text this coming Tuesday. ~~I expect another batch from him in~~ *is expected* about a week. Whatever he has seen ~~when I send it to you~~ is final, so far as I'm concerned.

The only remaining problem is these first 75 pages of MS, and a bit of trouble with my health in the form of hypertension — due I am told, to my anxiety to get this work finished.

Yours faithfully

Charles De Koninck

CDK/md

R

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

February 23, 1955

Dear Charles:

Just a note to let you know that I received the material you recently sent me. (Jean has been on the verge of writing you regarding the symbols business, but has become enmeshed in unorthodox spelling to a point where she is unable to communicate for now). We can talk over the material when you come much better than write about it. If there is any problem, it is largely a matter of adaptation.

The telephone number here is CEntral 2-8725. We shall expect you to call upon your arrival. I hope you will be disposed to having dinner with Frs. Mullahy and Reith, Jean and me here on Tuesday, March 8 (unless you happen to arrive in time Sunday, March 6). Fr. Mullahy asked for such a dinner and get-together. The one with Frs. Arnault & Egan will come later in the week. I promise no other get-togethers (except ourselves informally) unless you wish any.

It was interesting getting a formal, intelligible letter from you via Don Hammonds. Still, in some respects, I prefer the letter beginning "Dear Dr. Horsemeat."

It will be good to see you -

J. Arthur



UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

March 27, 1955

Prof. Chas. D. DeKoninck
Quebec, Canada.

Dear Destroyer of Family Life:

My first "reason" (if I may speak freely) in writing to you is to request the remission of notes or material on Abbe Dionne's treatment of analogy, which you magnanimously promised when you inflicted yourself upon the local community recently. Common courtesy requires me to say that I shall appreciate receiving this material.

My second "reason" concerns Jean and her proposed doctoral work. I gather that both you and she talked the matter out sufficiently on your recent tête-à-tête at St. Mary's. As I understand the matter, she is to come to Laval this summer for courses, next summer also, at the end of which she hopes to submit a doctoral thesis on Symbols. I need not say how much she (and even I) appreciate this matter taking place in the manner described. It occurs to me, however, that you might look at the matter once more, examine her credits and course work, and judge to the best of your ability whether this will work out as now foreseen. I would not want you to commit yourself unduly nor do I think it wise for her to get into something that might prove longer and more involved than foreseen. Perhaps, however, I raise an unnecessary matter and that all is as clear and determinate as the two of you decided. On the other hand, I wanted you to be sure that you knew what work she had finished (in relation to her M. A. degree) as well as what work she would yet have to finish to secure a doctoral degree, and that the whole affair will be quite satisfactory on all scores, academic, psychological, moral, sociological, and therapeutic.

If all is to proceed as now forecast, I think she will plan to come to Laval this summer (O! Destroyer of Family Life) and that she would probably undertake the thesis on Symbols. She will, however, write you definitely in this regard at a later time, probably on receipt of some communication from you indicating that you are in complete approval with the aforementioned plan, adding, unnecessarily, a subordinate clause on the advisability - and even desirability - of leaving one's husband for the finer things in life (O! Destroyer of Family Life).

There is little more that I can say under these dubious circumstances. I can only say that we found your presence here not wholly devoid of the sort of pleasantness we should like to associate with personages deserving of our friendship and social intercourse.

I remain, Sir,
Yrs most resp^lfully,

J. Arthritis Twingewell.

April 19, 1955.

Mr. & Mrs. Oesterle,
915 North Notre Dame Avenue,
South Bend 17, Indiana,
U.S.A.

Herr Dr. Wurstensneider und Weib in sein Gefaugenschaft :

I had to wait until this afternoon for definitive information on Jean's scholastic status here. Since the new rules are not retroactive, her case falls under the ancient ones, though not absolutely. Unde (i) she still has 35 semester hours to do; (ii) this can be achieved in one Summer Session (viz. 10 hrs) plus one semester (viz. 25 hrs) of the Academic year. Since the new regulations, imposed by the Graduate School, are retroactive in the matter of doctorates, Jean would at any rate, have to be here for a regular semester, even though she had less classes to follow in that time. The Summer S. can count only for the licence, and on this score she can obtain this degree under the old Faculty rules, while several hours of the Academic semester year will be automatically added on to the hours of the Summer S. At this point I cease to be clear in my own mind, so what can you expect ?

This is actually more advantageous than what I had in mind when in South Bend, thinking, as I did — (I said 'thinking', Sir). that Jean would have to take two S. Sessions plus one semester of the Academic year. What I had hoped was that she would have to be liberated from your clutches for an entire year; but the Graduate School has no ruling permitting substantiation of this hope, so I now give up.

Now, as to the thesis. You must admit that the subject is interesting. If Jean has any apprehensions about it, she ought to be able to make up your mind (note the 'your') during or after the coming Summer Session.

Gesundheit,

Wissenschaftliche familienlebenverwürster
mit sauerkraut und rosenblum.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

PHILOSOPHY

May 24, 1955

Dear Charles:

The long delay in answering your letter has had reason behind it. The main one is that we have been going thru the long process of moving from the old residence to the new. We are now in the new place: 1127 N. Eddy St., South Bend, 17. Your letter came as events were mounting to a climax, a climax that continues e'en 'till now (poetic mode, in case the gross of mind do not catch it). But more to the point: we became so involved in alterations of this place and with the mounting of unforeseen expenses connected therewith (to get to the heart of the matter) that I became more of a financial farce than ever, to a point where even "esse" itself is an open question. All of this put a damper on various ventures, including the Quebec one of Jean.

However, the long storm now seems to be passing over (I trust you grasp the figure - I mean, the figure of speech, not some human figure, although I think there is a good deal to be said for the latter, depending, of course, upon the figure in question; not yours, for example; but, I fear, I wander). We appreciate your investigating Jean's scholastic standing and your ascertaining what she would need to get a doctorate. I have to admit that I am not too happy that she would have to spend a regular semester away from here; on the other hand, to be able to complete her doctorate work in that time plus the summer session is, on all scores, very nice.

To speak briefly, as is my wont, we are going to try to plan on her coming for this summer's session. I would appreciate then, your dropping a lucid note containing the following information: 1) The date of the beginning of the summer session, which is to say, when Jean should arrive, and 2) any suggestion as to where and how she should apply for lodgings for the summer session. I imagine the latter point should be looked in to fairly soon because of the crowded situation in Quebec in summertime. I had thought of writing to Msgr. Parent, but I do not think I should trouble him about such a matter, but we do not know to whom else to write.

I spent last weekend with Henry Veatch in Bloomington; we thus finally met and had a thoroughly enjoyable time discussing a variety of things. He will be seeing you in Quebec in the middle of June on his way to England. As you know, Fr. DuLac and I (and possibly Fr. Belleperche) will be coming to Natalie's place shortly after the middle of August to take part in a weekend discussion. I hope to visit Quebec again (after 15 years) and if you are around, I may condescend to see you as well. However (do not read this sentence, but simply tell it to Zoe), I am looking forward particularly to seeing Zoe again. And the whole family (although I know only a fraction of the family).

Let us hope that the summer thus works out somewhat along these lines. With the best of (second) intentions, J

July 14th, 1955.

Mr John Oesterle
1127 N. Eddy St.
South Bend 17, Minn.

Dear John:

Just the other day I had a respectful monologue with St. Joseph. There had been no bargain, but it seemed that, having served as a willing instrument of so much publicity for him these lost years, he had given no tangible signs of approval, and frankly let me down — no doubt mea culpa. It now appears that he has considered my argument and promptly done something about it.

At any rate, it is all rather marvelous. On this day of relief we can only say that we hope our prayers in behalf of our unknown benefactors will be promptly heard. St. Theresa of Avila said that her prayers to St. Joseph had never remained unanswered, and she asserted this to be true for each and every one.

Please transmit to our benefactors, in your own way, our deep gratitude, and assure them of our promise to offer the daily Communions in the family as well as the Rosary for their intentions.

Yours faithfully

P.S. As for the P.-H. arrangement for a postponement, please make it. The work will be so much the better. In a few months I could recover the energy I had when writing the Cosmos near twenty years ago — at a time when I still took a vacation.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

November 14, 1955

Dear Charles:

I do not know whether this letter will reach you, and hence I will not write at great length. Your card from Brussels came, with the scene of the never-to-be-forgotten Grand Place of Brussels. I miss Brussels a great deal, and so much of Europe. I must figure out a way to get back to Europe sometime.

Jean and I were both greatly distressed and grieved to learn of the misfortune that befell Joseph Marie and how this case of mala fortuna prevented Zoe's coming to join you in Europe. We have been saying prayers for the complete recovery of Joseph Marie, and Masses have been said for that intention by the Dominicans, Fr. DuLac, and so on. Natalie Lincoln was here for three or four days recently, and she told us that the trip to Boston to the eye specialist seemed to indicate that perhaps even the injured eye can be saved and restored. Let us fervently hope and pray so! This news came as welcome to us, for the first reports (also from Natalie) indicated the probable loss of the ~~XXXXXX~~ one eye. Not knowing whether Zoe was able to go or not, I wrote to Thomas expressing our sympathy, distress, and prayers.

If the news continues favorably, perhaps it will not be impossible for Zoe still to join you in Europe. I would be so happy if Zoe could spend time with you in Europe, and I know for you, infinitely more so. We both hope very much that this will still happen.

The temptation may strike you to go to Louvain and give addresses on "The Future of Thomism," but I trust that you will sternly resist the temptation and simply relax in the wonderful spots of Europe. I wish we could drive around with you in Brussels and elsewhere.

Ralph McInerny is getting on well here, I think, I like him very much and find him very capable. The same applies with equal force to Sheila O'Flynn whom we have had over several times, and whose petite femininity stands in interesting and enjoyable contrast with the article "On the First Rational Process."

Let us know your plans as they develop. You know you are welcome here at any time if that venture should seem fruitful and advisable for you. I hope the news continues favorably about Joseph Marie and that perhaps Zoe is coming after all.

Our love and prayers,

Jack

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

January 26, 1956

Dear Charles,

I will not write at length because I am not sure this letter will reach you at the present address, although a recent letter from Zoe gives this address. She writes that all is going reasonably well and - Deo gratias - that the eye of Joseph-Marie is slowly improving. I certainly hope that she will still be able to get to Europe while you are there.

My immediate reason for writing you is to let you know that Fr. Reith has the permission of Fr. Hesburgh, the President, to invite you to Notre Dame for either the coming fall semester or the spring semester a year from now. You will undoubtedly get word a little later from Fr. Reith (I gave him your Rome address), but I thought I would write you a while so that you will have more time to consider the proposal. (You can abstract from my writing to you).

I hope that you will be able to take advantage of the offer. I am sure that the teaching assignment would not at all be a heavy one. When Fr. Reith first talked about getting you here I wondered whether the time would be appropriate, namely, directly after a leave of absence from Laval. Perhaps so, perhaps not; you are probably the best judge of that. Fr. Reith was inclined to think that it might be psychologically good, that is, you could resume teaching on a light scale before going back into a fuller schedule. That would be the argument for coming the fall semester. An argument for the spring semester might be that you usually try to get away a considerable portion of that time for lecturing, and hence might be more manageable then. I only hope that you can do one of the two semesters and that Laval will see, among other things, that it is to its advantage as well as Notre Dame's to have you here for a semester.

Meanwhile, carry on in the noblest of manners. Actually, that is impossible unless one is an Oesterle, but perhaps you can participate in it, however feebly.

At the moment, there is no more that I can say without becoming profound, but at troubled times like this I do not want to disturb you unduly -

hence, yours truly.

J. A. non-Dooley

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

October 27, 1956

Dear Charles:

Sheila O'Flynn told us the other evening that your father had died, and Jean and I wish to let you know that we shall remember him in our prayers and at Mass. I imagine that you are particularly glad you were able to be over in Europe last year and to have seen your father as much as you did. Nevertheless, I can appreciate your sorrow at the present time, and I wish to give you our sympathy and understanding.

I am aware of the substance of the recent correspondence between you and Fr. Reith, which has a long-range aim as well as a short-range aim. Taking up the latter point only for now, I hope, if developments continue to proceed favorably, that you will come as a visiting professor perhaps for the fall semester of 1957-58. I can well appreciate there may be difficulties of one kind or another standing in your way, but I should like to urge you to come if it is at all feasible. Apart from the good Notre Dame would gain by your being here a semester, I think there is an important good for you as well, namely, the opportunity to teach in an American University and so to become even better known in this country. Relatively few persons, after all, have ever had a course from you in English, and a semester here would certainly provide a fine occasion for that opportunity to develop. It would seem to me also that your general position would be enhanced by having such an offer from a large, American university and by accepting it. I suppose, of course, these and many other considerations have gone through your own mind, and so it is probably not necessary for me to dwell on any of them. I only wish you to know that, so far as I understand the venture in general, I hope it will work out so that you will come.

We had a nice letter from Thomas shortly before he left to see you in Belgium and then go on to England and Oxford. I hope all is going well with him and that he is finding his stay at Oxford profitable, enjoyable and interesting. I presume your year in Europe worked out well on the whole.

This letter is beginning to sound as stuffy as hell, and perhaps I had better cut it short for this time. I want to add, though, that if I can be of any assistance, informative or otherwise, in regard to your coming here, let me know and I shall respond with the sort of graciousness that has characterized the name of Oesterle throughout the centuries, back even to the times when the von Oesterles and a few other non-Flemish personages bravely kept burning the torch of civilization and culture.

We hope all goes well with you and you will extend, I trust, the sort of warm greeting that has always characterized the Oesterles throughout the centuries to Zoe, whose charm and loveliness has always led me to believe that somewhere back there is a link between her ancestry and that which I have no hesitation in saying is mine.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

February 23, 1957

Dear Charles:

Needless to say, both Jean and I are delighted to learn that you will be a visiting professor at Notre Dame next fall. Fr. Reith spoke of having talked with you recently by long distance telephone when, apparently, the matter was finally concluded. I think it is a good step for you, for the University, and for everyone. Of course, this observation depends on what one means by "step," and which steps are good and which are not, and if one reflects, further, that the way you step is decidedly a different sort of step from any other step known to man, though perhaps not so different from the Steppes of Russia, the pungency of the foregoing remark may, in some justice, be open to question. Let us, however, simply sidestep all these difficulties and simply assert, putting our best foot forward, that a step, after all, is a step and, further, that it is good, at least in the transcendental sense of the term. I conclude, therefore, that despite your manner of gait, you have made a good step, and this assuredly is an accomplishment in this troubled world of ours in which existential agony runs amuck.

It occurs to Jean and me that, among the many steps you will be taking whilst here, many of them will constantly lead you to a place where you may repose during times of thunder, lightning, hail and snow. You may, of course, have ideas of your own where and how you wish to live while here since it has to be conceded that you give signs of being a rational supposit, able to perform at least freedom of exercise. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that at certain lucid intervals you are able to rise to freedom of specification, let me hasten on to say (for I am enamored of brevity) that we shall be happy to have you stay with us during your forthcoming sojourn here. As I recall the place in which we now live and in which I am at the moment, it seems to me (if I were to look around) that there is an extra room in addition to the bathroom; in any case, there is a bathroom. You might even have a desk and book shelves and books and shoe-laces at your disposal. Also a floor. And although I don't walk it, we are only ten minutes' walking distance (perhaps fifteen for you) from the University, altho you probably won't walk it either. No steps in the house, however, down or up, which will put a crimp in the many good steps you might otherwise take. Anyway - and to put the matter briefly, as is my wont, you are most welcome to stay with us next fall if you would like it; and if, for any reason, you prefer not, well, there is always freedom of exercise.

Tender greetings to Zoe. Would she be visiting you here while you are here? If so, of course she would be welcome here too. Emphatically so, I might add.

Etc. J

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

May 24, 1957

Dear Mr. McDump, O.G:

Your letter aged me in the process of reading it. When I reflected on the full implications of "tempus est magis causa corruptionis," I felt very low. There was a time when I could retire into the philosophical order and escape the vicissitudes of time and place, but now that even philosophy has become existential and there is only the "to be," I no longer have that out.

I note with pleasure, tempered with caution, that you are now in Connecticut finishing off the book in a torrential outpouring of verbiage. To drive the knife in a bit deeper, I call your attention to the fact that at the end of the next month a book on ethics by a supposit known to you is scheduled to roll off the presses of Prentice-Hall.

Incidentally, that book of yours is sorely needed here at Notre Dame for the course in philosophy of nature which, as always, causes a rumpus, principally because there is no text that can be used for students. Of course, some object to philosophy of nature ut sic, but a manageable text for the students would help a great deal to eliminate many of the difficulties. I hear that Vincent Smith is at work on such a text also. With all this brought to your attention, you should be fired to dash off the remaining paragraphs if not with enthusiasm, possibly with determination.

I know that you will do all that you can this fall to bring out the interest and importance of philosophy of nature in the course that you will be giving. As you might suspect, there is a good deal of opposition among some here to a philosophy of nature as traditionally conceived - particularly, as usual, from science quarters. Fr. McMullen, whom you have met, propagates more or less the Louvain line in the science college and, since he talks well though not necessarily accurately or profoundly, he influences those already disposed to believe along those lines. Incidentally, except for a brief period in September, he will not be here next year, having a philosophy of science award to do work at Princeton. I should mention also that the mathematics department is having some outstanding mathematicians here, principally in connection with symbolic logic, and they will not be disposed - perhaps not even interested - in having a philosopher do anything in mathematics; all the more reason for your making that course you are giving in philosophy of mathematics a corker in case anybody along those lines shows up. Somehow, I gather, the mathematical mind seems to think it can be philosophical about mathematics without being philosophical and that

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. . . 2

a philosophical mind cannot be philosophical about mathematics, if you follow me. But although there are such difficulties and even opposition, you will also find many interested and disposed. It should be a great and interesting semester, one that you should find challenging as well as rewarding.

And of course you are welcome to stay with us. However, I do not believe that I mentioned some of the house rules in force here. Shower time, for example, is only between 2 and 4 in the morning, owing to problems of pressure in the South Bend Water Department. After you have taken a few showers at that time, you will come to enjoy it immensely and wonder why you ever thought of taking them at any other time. Of course, you may think it an inconvenience to get up to take a shower at that time, but when you learn that we get up at 1:30 every night anyway for a concentrated half hour of Yogi exercises, you will find that taking a shower is a natural complement to that activity. Then after you have taken a shower - incidentally there is no hot water - you will not be inclined to retire again right at once. This too we foresee by having a brief rock n' roll session which, for reasons which escape me, is objected to by the neighbors. Apparently they stay in bed all night, indolent as they are. Oddly, I don't like rock n' roll except between 4 and 4:30 in the morning; it is a time in which I see everything in a different light or, to be more exact, in no light at all. Of course, after a rock n' roll session, one is a bit too aroused to retire immediately, so we have laid aside the period of 4:30 to 5 for silent reading of Oriental mysticism, a field of concentration undeservedly ignored by the western mind. You see, 4:30 to 5 in the morning our time, puts us in tune with the Orientals twelve hours later and we do like to make this as much a One World as possible. Now it is kind of silly to try to go to bed at 5 in the morning with dawn shortly off, so we have breakfast, but since Jean usually is wrapped up in Oriental mysticism for three or four hours afterwards, I have come to partake of a little shredded wheat by way of breaking the fast, slightly soaked with warm goat's milk. I might mention that the goat in question is quartered just outside the window of the bedroom you will have, obviating the need of an alarm clock and tempering the desire to open the window for air at night. The latter is not necessary anyway unless I decide to put in a furnace next year, but why put in a furnace when we can get along without a stove or a refrigerator? Incidentally, if you like a bed, bring it; we prefer loose straw. I'm sure you will enjoy it here. I told you, didn't I, that the house burned down in April? We find the tent far more satisfactory; no floors to keep clean, for example. The tent leaks a bit, but it facilitates taking showers especially between 2 and 4 in the morning, but I told you all that. Looking forward to seeing you,

J. von O

Tulsa, Oklahoma.

February 31, 1876.

Sir:

It has been reliably reported to me thru Reuters that the mysterious sheaf of paper addressed to me last week has been identified as coming from you. Factual evidence: "Cabinet du Doyen", reminding me that once on a time I had borrowed a couple of such pages for scholarly use. Lousy paper, too.

I wish I could say, Clarence, that I was so glad to hear from you. But as long as I wish I could say it, why not say it and have it done? As the poet says:

There was a young fellow named De
Koninck who had a wife Z;
Though two they are each,
Then how does one reach
The equation: $(a \times b) - c$ equals p?
(When p is the pod in the Quad, by God) -

Although 'tis true that John of St. Thomas seems to say that *gemitus est gemitus* is not a functional proposition. I don't know where the hell I am anymore in logic, but I feel strangely and warmly at home when I read other logicians. Item, Korzybski: (Aristotle) "took the structure of primitive-made language for granted, and went ahead formulating a philosophical grammar of this primitive language, which grammar - to our great semantic detriment - (he) called 'logic', defining it as the 'laws of thought'. Because of this ~~form~~ formulation in a general theory, we are accustomed even today to inflict this 'philosophical grammar' of primitive language upon our children, and so from childhood up imprison them unconsciously by the structure of the language and the so-called 'logic', in an anthropomorphic, structurally primitive universe." Etc. Etc.

I am really thankful that you ordered the books for me. While I am above the petty favour-favour symmetrical relation, nevertheless I shall, Gott mit mir and conscious that right must prevail, cleanly and clearly unearth your lost papers in Detroit (which, considering your ~~and~~ cloudy and cloddy description and explanation) is certainly a heroic task. Gives me the feeling St. Thomas must have had when he muttered: "Smackers, I wish I could get hold of that lost mss. of Chrysotom." Except that the mss. isn't Chrysotom's.

Yesterday (the 3rd) was certainly a tragic day. Via the radio, I visited all Europe and ended up on the middle of the Atlantic. In all this hellish mess, my immediate real concern is for poor De Monleon. I suppose it is needless to add that we shall be without him this year. Which, bad enough, isn't half as bad as he must be facing - right now. Why say more, at the moment?

I may be a little late in returning to Quebec, i. e. arrive there about the 20th, which I judge will be all right. Until then, greetings to Mumffkoff Babooshka, to all the kiddies, and if any is left over, most warmly to you, my dear Joseph.

[Handwritten signature]