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## Letter 2: Edna St. Vincent Millay to Gladys Niles, October, 1912

Edna St. Vincent Millay

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Camden, Oct., 1912.

Dear Gladys, —  
Your letter of  
the second, received on  
the third, I am answering  
on the fourth. There's prompt-  
ness for you! (Don't mind  
such trivial details as the  
month, etc.) To add to the  
good impression this early  
reply must give, I will  
proceed at once to answer  
your questions, (which you

Camden, Oct., 1912

Dear Gladys —

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good impression, this early  
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proceed at once to answer  
your questions, (which you

have probably forgotten you ever  
asked.) In the first question, as you  
will perhaps perceive, are two unpar-  
donable insults: — "Couldn't you  
write something decidedly immoral (!)  
and, provided the verse was lovely (!!)  
be just as fond of it as you are of  
this?" — that is of Renascence. "Couldn't  
I write something decidedly immoral?"  
Certainly not, you shameless wench!  
"Provided the verse was lovely" —

Gr-r-r-r!!! Yip!! "Wow!!!

Oh, Gladys Niles, you perfect  
dear! Yes, I could. Someday I  
probably will, and I shall be even  
fonder of it, I am sure. I love  
poetry in three different ways: —  
intellectually, (the skillful rhymes  
of Browning and the clever satires  
of Pope); spiritually, (the Ode on  
Immortality and the wonderful

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Certainly not, you shameless wench!  
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Gr-r-r-r!!! [Yip?] !! Wow!!!

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intellectually (the skillful rhymes  
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Immortality and the wonderful

psalms of the Old Test-  
ament) and sensuously  
(Swinburne, and Browning's  
love poems, and the sonnets  
of Shakespeare.) And this last  
love, a love of rhythm and  
color and music, is the most  
intense, which is the same as  
to say, -- I am one part  
brain, one part soul, and  
three parts flesh and blood.

That is the way with a  
great many people who  
wouldn't admit it even to themselves.

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That is the way with a  
great many people who  
wouldn't admit it even to  
themselves.

You ask me what I am ④  
reading. — The letters of  
my Editor! Which are  
not infrequent, and not  
wholly editorial, and not  
at all uninteresting. We  
are quite well acquainted  
by now. I know his name  
(which I am under oath not  
to reveal), and I have three  
snap shots (which are well  
worth a second glance), and  
I have been invited to visit  
him and his people at

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to reveal), and I have three  
snap shots (which are well  
worth a second glance) and  
I have been invited to visit  
him and his people at

their perfectly beautiful place just  
out of New York. (5)

There, there! my child, there, there!  
He is thirty-four and married and the  
snaps are of his wife and baby. Not  
that his advanced age would really  
matter, for he is in one of the pictures  
and is - er - not unattractive. But  
seriously, isn't it wonderful the  
way it has happened? I little  
thought when I sent my manu-  
script away last spring that to-  
day I should be on such ~~such~~  
intimate terms with the editor that  
I could quiz him about his spell-  
ing, and he me about my scrawl!  
Yet such is the case. Isn't it  
lovely to make new friends? I've  
made so many this year. - you  
and your grand-mother and Sophie,  
and Ella Somerville and her people.

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out of New York.

There, there! My child, there, there!  
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Yet such is the case. Isn't it  
lovely to make new friends? I've  
made so many this year: -- You  
and your grand-mother, and Sophie,  
and Ella Somerville and her people,

and my Editor and his wife ①  
and oh, some delightful  
people I met last month  
at a summer-hotel here!  
I'll tell you all about them  
sometime. Our family is in-  
terested in my songs and has  
taken three of them away, with  
purpose of publication. Of  
course, nothing may come of  
it. But then — something might!  
Our woman was a first cousin  
to Ethelbert Nevin, the composer.  
Our man was a friend of

and my Editor and his wife  
and — oh, some delightful  
people I met last month  
at a summer-hotel here!  
I'll tell you about them  
sometime. One family is in-  
terested in my songs and has  
taken three of them away, with  
proposing publication. Of  
course, nothing may come of  
it. But then — something might!  
Our woman was a first cousin  
to Ethelbert Nevin, the composer.  
Our man was a friend of

Henry Van Dyke. There ⑦  
was a Bangor woman too —  
Mrs. Ezra Lunt Sterns  
(perhaps you know who she  
is) who wants me to visit her.  
Oh, it was wonderful, that  
whole thing! Some day I'll  
go into details.

The Lyric Year is to  
come out the first of next  
month. Judge if I count  
the days! I imagine it will  
be a very artistic book. It's that  
kind of a publishing house.

Henry Van Dyke. There  
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Mrs. Ezra Lunt Sterns  
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What an egoist I am! I have spread my incoherent self over more than two sheets of note-paper. But I know you are interested in what I am doing and am trying to do and am going to do. And it's really all I can think of or talk of now, -- the things that have happened to me. It's like a fairy-tale!

And, truly, I have been very, very busy, -- typewriting, and writing out music (the most exasperating task) and -- ahem -- keeping my numerous appointments with the upper-crusts.

Someday I will astonish you by answering a letter promptly, and by filling it with experiences, aspirations, and anticipations other than those of your friend,

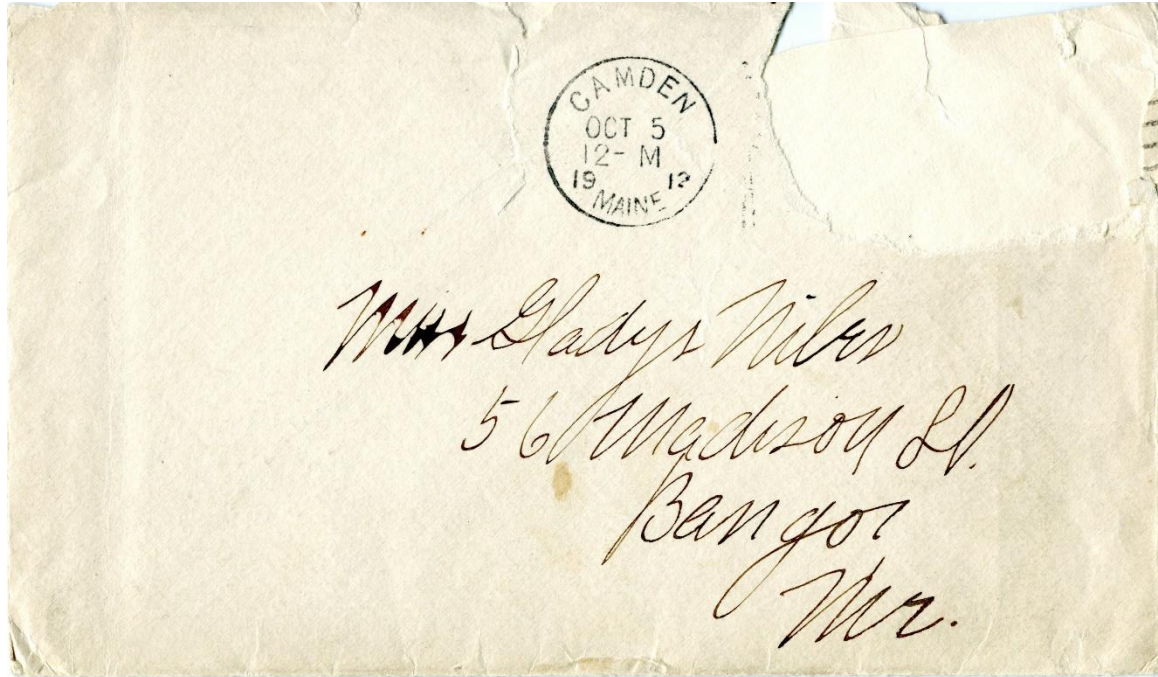
Vincent Millay.

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Your friend,

Vincent Millay.



Postmark: Camden Oct 5, 12- M,  
1912, Maine

Miss Gladys Niles  
56 Madison St.,  
Bangor, Me.