

4519 West Fifteenth Ave.,
Vancouver, 8 B.C.

The first day of Spring

Dear Mr. Leeman :

"Three chapters are being typed". Evidently, momentum is being well maintained! Needless to say, it would be a privilege as well as a pleasure to read anything you would like to send me. The MS of Chapter Three is being returned herewith. I hope it will reach you safely and in good condition.

My first encounter with the master work was complicated by the fact that I could not lay hands on the first volume and therefore had to plunge more or less at random into the second and third without benefit of "Democritus to the Reader" or other biographical data. This roundabout approach was a bit difficult and I was particularly grateful to you for providing me with the complete edition, pirated though it may have been.

There, for the first time, I discovered certain threads that I thought (if they could be untangled) might lead the general reader a little closer to the centre of the labyrinth. While they certainly wouldn't serve as "general directives", they might lead to further examination of avenues you have already explored. In any case, they would give you an idea of one "general reader's" response and give you an opportunity to straighten out her thinking.

Any comments made by EJ would be restricted to the text of Democritus to the Reader. Quite a task in itself, says you, with a quiet smile at her temerity. Yes, and she will need sufficient time even to make a stab at it. By an odd coincidence, when I was in England with the Rockefeller Foundation, I was sent to Oxford to take a look at a nearby hospital which offered opportunities for field work for foreign students. I managed to wangle a week-end, all myself, and spent it walking from college to college, from garden to garden, from church to church. One lovely afternoon, I went into Christ Church and must have made my way past the north aisle in which Democritus lies buried. Peace be to his ashes.