

AR 25164

Max and Lola Gruenthal Collection

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Date: 7/31/2009

Sys #: 000200406

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Lola Gruenthal
25 West 81st Street
New York 24, N.Y.

21. April 1958

Sehr verehrter, lieber Herr Hesse:

Seit laengerer Zeit trage ich einen ungeschriebenen Brief an Sie in mir herum. Ich habe ihn bisher erfolgreich unterdrueckt, zum Teil aus Ruecksicht gegen Ihre uebermaessige Inanspruchnahme durch andere Korrespondenten und ihr verstaendliches Beduerfnis, in Ruhe gelassen zu werden, zum Teil auch aus Angst vor meiner eigenen Ueberschwaenglichkeit. Aber erschrecken Sie bitte nicht, wenn dieser Brief nun doch geschrieben vor Ihnen liegt. Ich bin kein potentieller Selbstmoerder, keine Dame in Liebesnoeten, kein Bittsteller und auch kein Schriftsteller, der sich an Sie um Rat und Hilfe wendet. Mein Beduerfnis, Ihnen zu schreiben, entstand zunaechst aus dem Wunsch, eine Art Liebeserklaerung auszurechnen, aber da Ihnen dies als respektlos und etwas anstoessig erscheinen mag, moechte ich es in eine Danksagung umwandeln. Natuerlich koennte ich das alles auch fuer mich behalten und mich damit begnuegen, mich naechtlicherweise mit Ihnen so ungestoert ueber die wesentlichsten Dinge zu verstaendigen, wie es in schriftlicher oder muendlicher Form nie moeglich sein kann. Aber da das Beduerfnis nach mittelbarem Ausdruck immer wieder verstaerkt in mir auftaucht, hoffe ich, Sie werden es nicht als eine uebermaessige Geduldspruefung ansehen, wenn ich nun doch, trotz Hemmungen und schlechtem Gewissen, in die muhsam gewahrte Stille Ihres wirklichen Lebens einzudringen wage.

Ich moechte Ihnen sagen, wie dankbar ich Ihnen dafuer bin, dass ich Sie seit meiner Maedchenzeit als einen unsichtbaren Begleiter, eine staendig bereite und nie enttaeuschende innere Gegenwart erleben durfte. Dieses Gefuehl der Naehel, der wachsenden Bezogenheit, habe ich sonst nur in meinem Erleben von Rilke gehabt, dessen Wesen und Werk sich in der Form der Mitteilung so sehr von dem Ihren unterscheidet. Und doch finde ich auch hier etwas Gemeinsames, etwas wie ein Wahr-Zeichen, das bei Ihnen wie bei Rilke ueberall auftaucht, auch wo es nicht ausgesprochen ist: das trotzdem Ruehmen. Dieses Bekenntnis zum Leben, das aus dem Erleben des Leidens erwachst und das gerade in Zeiten hoechster innerer und aeusserer Not als wesentlichste Aufgabe gefordert wird, ist fuer mich das Entscheidende und Beglueckende in Ihrem Werk. Ich wuenschte, ich koennte Ihnen einfacher und unmittelbarer dafuer Dank sagen als in diesen unstaendlichen Worten, die auf Kruecken humpeln.

Ihre Briefe, die ich erst jetzt in dem Letzten Band der Gesamtausgabe gelesen habe, sind ein besonders grosszuegiges Geschenk, nicht nur an die einzelnen Menschen, auf deren

Fragen Sie eingehen, sondern an alle Ihre Leser, die Sie daran teilnehmen lassen. Es ist schoen, dass es in unserer Zeit, in der das Wissen um unser persoendlichstes Eigentum immer fragwuerdiger wird, noch einen Menschen gibt, fuer den das Bemuehen um dieses Wissen eine taegliche Aufgabe ist und der sich nicht allein damit begnuegt, fuer sich eine Antwort zu finden sondern der auch bereit ist, dem Anderen Auskunft ueber den Weg zu seiner eigenen Antwort, den "Weg nach Innen", zu geben, ohne dabei eine verfuehrerische Fuehrerrolle zu uebernehmen.

Eines moechte ich noch hinzufuegen, was mir als erfreuliches Zeichen erscheint, obwohl Sie es wahrscheinlich mit einiger Skepsis aufnehmen werden. Es ist die Tatsache, die Ihnen ja nicht unbekannt ist, dass man in diesem Lande der gadgets und fashion fads und der ueberhandnehmenden Konformitaet auf den meisten Gebieten des Lebens angefangen hat, Hermann Hesse zu "entdecken". Sie schrieben an einer Stelle in Ihren Briefen (ich zitiere sie vage aus der Erinnerung) ueber den armen Steppenwolf in New York oder New Jersey, und Sie drueckten Ihre Befuerchtung aus, dass eine weitere Verbreitung des Steppenwolfes in unserer wohlorganisierten Demokratie zu einer bedenklichen Krise fuehren koennte. Ich kenne einige dieser amerikanischen Steppenwoelfe, und ich glaube, dass sie menschlich liebenswerter und wertvoller sind als die sogenannten unproblematischen Durchschnittsamerikaner mit ihrer beruehmten optimistischen Kaugummi-Fassade und ihrem "Take it easy", womit sie sich ueber ihre innere Armut und Lebensangst hinwegzutaechen versuchen. Aber abgesehen von den echten Steppenwoelfen, den Aussenseitern, die es natuerlich in jedem Lande geben muss, selbst in der biedereren Schweiz, weil sie doch nun einmal die Hefe des Lebens sind, gibt es auch Menschen hier, die zwar eine befriedigende extravertierte Form der Anpassung gefunden haben, sich aber nicht damit begnuegen, sondern gleichzeitig ein echtes Beduerfnis haben, sich der inneren Werte bewusst zu werden und diese als ein Gegengewicht gegen die zersetzenden Kraefte unserer Zeit in sich zu erhalten.

Ich habe einigen meiner amerikanischen Freunde meine Uebersetzungen Ihrer Dostojewskij-Aufsaezte gezeigt und mich darueber gefreut, mit welcher Bereitschaft sie Ihre Gedanken aufgenommen haben. Wenn mir gelegentlich jemand erzaehlt, er habe Hesse entdeckt und es sei ein grosses persoentliches Erlebnis fuer ihn gewesen, so bedauere ich nur, dass es hier so wenig Hesse zu entdecken gibt, weil viele Ihrer schoensten Werke bisher nicht ins Englische uebertragen sind. Ich koennte mir keine wuenschenswertere Aufgabe vorstellen, als eine Auswahl meiner liebsten Hesse-Prosa zu uebersetzen und damit den amerikanischen Lesern, wenigstens denen, die dafuer empfaenglich sind, einen tieferen Einblick in Ihr Werk zu vermitteln.

Mit grosser Freude habe ich gestern festgestellt, dass Ihr "Klein und Wagner", den ich seit Jahren vergeblich aufzutreiben versuchte, wieder neu verlegt wird. Diese Erzählung und "Klingsors letzter Sommer" gehören für mich zu den vollendetsten Ihrer Novellen, und ich würde sie an erster Stelle in meiner Auswahl aufnehmen. Dazu kämen eine Reihe Ihrer Aufsätze und Briefe aus dem letzten Band Ihrer Gesamtausgabe. Aber dies sind Dinge, mit denen ich mich an Ihren Verleger wenden sollte anstatt Sie damit zu belasten.

Diese Epistel ist ohnehin zu lang geworden, und ich fürchte, dass darin wenig zum Ausdruck gekommen ist, was mir so sehr am Herzen lag. Aber es ist ein weiter Weg vom Herzen zur Schreibmaschine. Ich werde daraus die Konsequenz ziehen und mich von nun an ausschliesslich meinen imaginären Zweigesprächen mit Ihnen überlassen, für die ich mich nicht einmal bei Ihnen zu entschuldigen brauche. Verzeihen Sie bitte meine Ein- und Aufdringlichkeit als ein einmaliges Vergehen.

Ich wünsche Ihnen einen reichen Sommer ohne unwillkommene Besucher in schriftlicher oder gar leiblicher Form, und ich hoffe, dass es allen Ihren Freunden noch lange vergönnt sein möge, an Ihrem Da-Sein, wenigstens aus der Ferne, teilnehmen zu dürfen.

4 Avril. Eze -

Si je vous avez écrit aussi souvent
que j'en ai pris la ferme résolution,
Chère Lola, la poste Française serait
beaucoup moins en déficit, je presume!
Comme je sais que vous êtes très indul-
gente, je n'ai pas trop honte. Serge
m'a fait de vous un portrait tel,
que j'attends avec impatience - de
vous connaître pour vous trouver - au
moins - un tout petit défaut!

Je suis sûre que nous nous entendrions
très bien, moi j'ai plutôt un sale
caractère et beaucoup d'énormes
défauts. J'ai trouvé que c'était
plus pratique de le dire moi-même;
ça me donne l'air d'être franche,
c'est le comble de l'astuce!

Je ne sais comment vous remercier

pour toutes vos gentillesse et vos
charmantes attentions pour Patrick, aussi
j'en ferai beaucoup, beaucoup que
vous viendrez et que je pourrai vous
dire combien j'en ai été touchée.

Si vous voyez comme ce pays est
beau vous regretterez de ne pas être
déjà là. Je ne sais que vous dire
pour vous tenter, sinon: venez voir,
venez vite.

Cela vous reposera et vous fera oublier
vos soucis et vos inquiétudes. Je
crois que vous aimerez cette maison, et
je vous promet - je jure - je crache -
de ne pas vous faire trop de
misères! Vous m'aidez à défendre
mes "principes d'éducation", bien
qu'ils soient parfois curieux (hah!...)
contre Serge qui est atrocement
classique.

Le pauvre Serge a des tas et des
montagnes d'ennuis varies. il vous
l'a un peu racontés hier, dans une
lettre - fleurie.

J'ai bien regretté de ne pas avoir fait
la connaissance de Max. J'espérais
beaucoup qu'il viendrait dans le
midi. Mais je pense qu'il reviendra
et restera plus longtemps.

Nous avons demain une "grande"
réunion "familiale" pour l'anniversaire
de Patty. il étrennera son joli
3-pièces d'Amérique, et certainement
que nous parlerons beaucoup de
vous trois.

Excusez moi de vous écrire en Français,
mais l'anglais tel que je le parle est
assez incompréhensible, alors quand
je l'écris...

J'attends avec beaucoup d'espoir
une lettre ou vous annoncez votre
arrivée, s'il vous plaît, ne me

de cevez pas.

Je vous envoie Chere Lola, ainsi
qu'a Max, mes meilleurs pensees, et
toute ma sympathie

lil

Patty envoie un grand sourire a Georgie.



Dear!

NAKLADATELSTVI ORBIS - PRAHA

Mrs. Lola Gruenthal
107 West 86 Street
New York 24 NY
USA

PRAHA
Vyhlídková terasa před jízdárnou Pražského hradu
Терраса у манежа Пражского Кремля
Aussichts-Terrasse vor der Reitschule der Prager Burg
The Terrace in front of the Riding School of the Prague Castle
La terrasse devant le manège du Château de Prague

and so my having to miss two trains, morning. Love, George

Dear! Here we are together! George looks well, I think he will need a "fattening diet." We will see Prague by the way it is a great city, my best friend here along. I have to be back in Stg, Ohm I'll write u soon to give next welcome. Let's. Thanks. Mrs. Gruenthal
Hi, I got along in Poland with German and Russian quite well, and went also to Krakow for two days, a very beautiful old city. I also got stuck in Katowice for a 1/2 day to have morning. Love, George

21. August 1978

Liebe Lola,

hier sitze ich nun in diesem wunderschönen Jerusalem
wühlend so viel, und merkwürdig nach so vielen Jahren
mit so vielen Erinnerungen an jeder Ecke - all die
so ganz nahen Menschen, die nicht mehr da sind,
das erste mal bin ich Tourist, einfach verriet,
ohne menschliche nahe und schwierige Beziehungen,
ohne Verpflichtungen, ohne für jemand nahen zu
sorgen - mit so ungewohnt.

Die Nahen um mich hier so viel jünger,
die kümmern sich nicht um diese alte, und das
macht verjünglich und einfacher. Es ist so schön,
ich laufe viel - es wird in Jerusalem kühl am
Abend, die Nächte sind schon kalt. Ein paar Be-
kannnte auszufragen habe ich mich entschlossen
die ich nun sehen werde. Ich habe eine Wohnung
mit 2 Zimmern, so kann ich Besuch haben.
Meine Schwester war hier für einige Tage aus
Haifa, eine Bekannte aus der Kindeszeit ger. 4m,
mein Neffe mit Familie zieht nach Jerusalem gerade,
und meine Nichte kommt aus Amerika zurück,
hat eine Wohnung hier. Tour - die ich in früheren
Jahren hier keine Kontakte für mich alleine hatte -
bin ich ziemlich alleine - das hängt auch mit
dem schlechten Hören zusammen, denn hier sind
die Menschen sehr bereit Bekanntschaft zu
machen, dich anzusprechen, einzuladen etc.
Natürlich voll mit Touristen!

Ich schreibe, wie ich sehen an Sie denke,
wie es Ihnen wohl geht, hoffentlich einiger-
maßen gut, können Sie ein bisschen was von
New York? Ist das Buch von richtig da?

21. August 1978

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hier sitze ich nun in diesem wunderschönen Jerusalem
wahrnehmend so vieles, und merkwürdig nach so vielen Jahren
mit so vielen Erinnerungen an jedes Ecke - alle die
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Die Nahen um mich hier so viel jünger,
die kümmern sich nicht um diese Alte, und das
macht vorzüglich sind einfacher. Es ist so schön,
ich laufe viel - es wird in Jerusalem kühl am
Abend, die Nächte sind schon kalt. Ein paar Be-
kannnte anzurufen habe ich mich entschlossen
die ich nun sehen werde. Ich habe eine Wohnung
mit 2 Zimmern, so kann ich Besuch haben.
Meine Schwester war hier für einige Tage aus
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Mein Nefte mit Familie zieht nach Jerusalem joräde,
und meine Nichte kommt aus Amerika zurück,
hat eine Wohnung hier. Tourt - die ich in früheren
Jahren hier keine Mente für mich alleine hatte,
bin ich ziemlich alleine - das hängt auch mit
dem schlechten Hören zusammen, denn hier sind
die Menschen sehr bereit Bekanntschaft zu
machen, dich anzusprechen, einzuladen etc.
Nicht zu viel Touristen!

Ich schreibe, wie ich sehe an Sie denken,
wie es Ihnen wohl geht, hoffentlich eini-
germaßen gut, können Sie ein bisschen was von
New York? Ist das Buch nun richtig da?

Ich fahre ja sonst auch weg von New York in meine
Haus, aber das ist so nah, so leicht zu erreichen,
scheint so nicht wirklich weg von New York, dies
ist nun wirklich weit weg - das vorige mal - hier
hatte ich's nicht geglaubt, aber ich konnte nicht weg
bis es mit meiner Schwester, möglich war, damals
versprach ich ihr: nächsten Herbst komme ich
wieder. Merkwürdig hier bin ich nun, aber sie ist
nicht mehr am Leben. Damals war ich eigentlich
nicht in Israel, ich war nur mit ihr in ihrer & einem
Wohnung.

Warum schreibe ich das alles? Ich mache
mit Gedanken, fast Sorgen, wie's Ihnen wohl ergeht
und so will ich Grüns schicken und alles
Gute wünschen und sagen, dass ich an Sie denke.

Ihre Hanna & Strauss.

July 8th 61

Liebe Kola,

heute kommen Sie wohl in Nice
an. Es hatte kaum einen Sinn, Ihnen ein Night
Letter zu senden, da klar darauf bestand, dieses
eigenhändig zu tun.

Es hat sich recht rasch erholt -
bis zum nächsten Anfall.

Hier nun ist die Diagnose: Es handelt
sich um eine "Severe Herzmuskelschwäche", bei
der eigentlich nichts zu machen ist. Der linke
ventrikel arbeitet ungenügend und das
sogenannte "bundle of His" versagt. Dr. Grass
war so deprimiert über diese Diagnose, dass es
gar nicht wieder kommen sollte u. erst nochmals
aufgefordert werden musste.

Therapie ist ziemlich spärlich; man soll ihn
machen lassen, was er will. Und das ist natür-
lich der Beweis dafür, dass eben nichts zu machen
ist.

Einige Anordnungen des Dr. Grass: Sehr viel
Digitalis, wie allein sein, viel Ruhe, Oxygen
immer bereit haben, auch können selbste
kost. Leugern mit der Praxis ansteigen. Es hat
jetzt 4 Patienten. -] Keinerlei Aufregungen.

Alle Anordnungen sind einfach, nur das
Nur-Allein-Lassen macht gewisse Schwierigkeiten
vorläufig geht es noch, denn ich habe noch 10
Tage Ferien. Hier wir's dann wieder machen mit
nicht allzu grossen Kostenbedarf der Überlegung,
auch Ruhe Masse kann vorläufig jede Nacht
hier schlafen. Sie wartet bis 10 Uhr am Morgen

FOLD SIDES OVER AND THEN FOLD BOTTOM UP
MOISTEN FLAP WELL AND APPLY PRESSURE TO SEAL

Kommt, um 2 1/2 P.M. geht Ivy und dann kommt einer von uns. Bisher kann außer dem Joyce Joeiner. Zwischen 6-7 P.M. kommt Ruth Masse

So geschieht alles. Max ist guter Schling, fühlt sich kräftiger, geht ein wenig spazieren bis auf die nächste Bank gegenüber. Er ist vorsichtiger geworden und legt sich immer zwischen jedem Patienten auf's Bett. Feuchtigkeit ist

SECOND FOLD



EVA Gruenthal
771 West End Ave
N.Y.C. 25-

Mrs. Lola Gruenthal
c/o Dr. Bronstein
21 Rue de FRANCE
NICE
FRANCE

AIR LETTER • AÉROGRAMME • PAR AVION

DO NOT USE TAPE OR STICKERS TO SEAL
NO ENCLOSURES PERMITTED

FIRST FOLD

schlecht für ihn. Bisher was das Wetter hier gut. Jetzt gehen wir wohl wieder in eine Kitzmelle hinein. Max weiss nicht, wie hoffnungslos sein Zustand ist. Bitte ihm nichts davon zu sagen. Die Kinder in Japan wissen es auch nicht. Man kann sich nur damit abfinden in dem selber ein frohes u. zuversichtliches Gemut zeigen. Trotzdem: Recht gute Wollung, und soviel Freude als möglich. Herzliche Grüsse
EVA.

10. sept. 68.

Liebe Lala,

Sehr herzlichen Dank für Deinen besonders lieben und guten Brief.

Erst gestern mittag hatten wir E's Brief - und einen Brief an dem Ma schon am Tag nach der Operation anschrieb. Kurz darauf telefonierten wir mit H.G. Lielmann, der uns versicherte, dass es Ma - den Verhältnissen entsprechend - gut ginge, dass sie eine fabelhafte und tapfere Patientin sei. Aber er sagte uns auch, dass am Donnerstag die andere Brust untersucht werden müsste.

Unser Schreck - unsere Besorgnis sind gross. H.G. L. hat versprochen am Donnerstag einen night-letter mit dem Resultat der Untersuchung zu schicken - Unsere ganze Sorge ging bisher nur E. Wir wissen, dass er in sehr schlechtem Zustand ist.

Er hat hier seine Thrombose schon sehr vernachlässigt - nicht getan was der Arzt ihm vorschrieb. Aber das hat er ja noch nie in seinem Leben getan. E selbst schrieb uns, dass die geschwellenen Beine auch durch eine Herzschwäche verursacht sein könnten. Er gebräuche das alte österreichische Krugsitzel; Der Zustand ist hoffnungslos aber nicht ernst.

Nun habe ich zwei grosse Bissen an Dich -

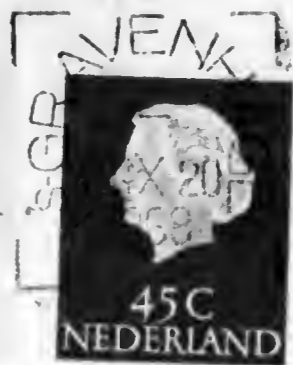
Könntest Du uns das authentische Resultat der Hospital-Untersuchung von E schreiben. -

Würdest Du uns Deinen Rat geben was wir am besten für Ma tun können?

Mein erster Impuls war natürlich sofort zu ihr zu kommen. Fand das aber nach Durchdenken nicht richtig - aus Angst ihr das Gefühl zu geben, dass ihr Zustand

AEROGRAMME
LUCHTPOSTBLAD

Een bericht
per luchtpost?
gebruik
een luchtpostblad!



Mrs.
G. L. Gornenthal

107 West 86th Street,
New York,
N.Y. 10024

66

PAR AVION / PER LUCHTPOST

EXPÉDITEUR / AFZENDER

Fisher
Kwekerijweg 5
Den Haag.

NIETS INSLUITEN!

GEEN ADRESSTROKEN, SLUITZEGELS, PLAKBAND, ENZ. GEBRUIKEN.

Liebe Lola, auch ich danke dir sehr.
Ema hat unsere Probleme auseinan-
dergesetzt. Mir scheint Ema's oder un-
ser Kommen, vor allem zeitlich dem
Befinden von Ma und auch Ewon E.
angepasst werden zu müssen.
Love Curt.

RUIJME VOOR SLUITKLEP

RUIJME VOOR SLUITKLEP

RUIJME VOOR SLUITKLEP

emmer is - als er im terugblik
mislukt is. Was wonderd dat ogen?
Curt wilde niet in mijn Fall
alleen gaan lopen. Wie bezorgen
van in goden Fall morgen maar
Vier - Sollen wir kommen
Johel oder spaker? H.G.L. meinte
er meinte Mia lieber in me
ochron - Fort meinde ich ochron
das Richtige in anforderen. Eben
bietet Punkte mir an side. mit mir
mit bankommen: mir beide werden
ma eine große Stelle sein! Glanz
du dass das sein fründe? kannst
wird du beideren was mir am
anderen kommen? Dank und
Love Ema.

Jan. 20. 65 N.Y.

Dear Lol, I hope that was really you to whom I talked on the phone this afternoon. You did not sound like your own self just a little when I heard you say: "Machen". Here are the facts. I did not see a mystery on the TV but the Inauguration, at around 3 p.m. when someone rang and said: "Mrs. Gruenthal". Ich sagte erst ja, dann nein, ich bin die Schwägerin; darauf sagt eine Männerstimme: hier ist sergant Michael Cellan from the police. Your sister in law was kidnapped at the air port in B.A." ich sagte wann u. wo ist sie u. bitte geben Sie mir Ihre Tlef. No. u. warum kommen sie nicht zu mir? Er gab mir eine Nummer u. sagte, Du seiest in Bellevue Hoöptl. in Emergency Admision. Ich sagte, dass ich den Jungen hier habe u. er sagte: ich weiss. Dann sagte er ich solle ihm eine ganz genaue Beschreibung von Dir geben, das sei eine Sache of life and death. So sagte ich, sowie ich seine Nummer gecheckt habe, worauf er plötzlich sagte, dass wenn ich die police anrufe, you would be knifed, denn Du bist in seinem apartment u, gassed already!!!! I called the police, they referred me to detectives. We just got our mail and there was nothing from you. The Detective said: give us facts, did she arrive in BA? So Peter said we should call you first. Leider war Deine Stimme fremd, aber wir hoffen bald mehr von Dir zu hören u. sei auf alle Fälle vorsichtig. Vermutest Du jemanden. Einen Patienten v. Max oder irgend jemand der gern schlechte Witze macht.? Jedenfalls bin ich ganz durchgedreht u. gehe jetzt um 8 p.m mit einer Dorideen zu Bett.

Entschuldige ds Durcheinander. E. geht gerade ins Theater, das Telefon klingelt immerzu, etc. Ich hoffe, es hat sich alles in Butter aufgelöst u. wir haben Dich nicht zu sehr erschrocken. Mein Telefon geht dauernd; jetzt ruft Elsa gerade an, der wir die Geschichte erzählen, da sie sie durch Mr. Wayne doch erfahren wuerde. Good Night, love to you

yours,

Ma

regards to your friend

Hi,

I'll leave the mystery news to Ma. I am now studying for my math Final which I had yesterday. We will probably have a march down to chinatown in the middle of my Finals since Joey will be here only from Friday to Tuesday and I have them until next Thursday. I'm taking the latin satires course next semester since they added a new, more convenient section though still with a Friday class. How is Buenos Aires? As hot as Merida? Are you getting a chance to learn Spanish and/or write poetry? Love,
George

MOISTEN FLAP WELL AND APPLY PRESSURE TO SEAL

OLD STICK AND THEN FOLD BOTTOM UP

August 1, 1963.

My dear ones everywhere,

While in Israel I wrote to you off and on, sketchy reports on the manifold impressions which I experienced in that miraculous country. Since my return I have talked to many people, some of whom intimately familiar with recent developments in Eretz Israel. Still, ~~some~~ persistent "rumbling" within me points to the need for some stock-taking with regard to this eventful Journey to the East, in which my first encounter with Rome played a very important part: illuminating and supplementing everything which the land of Israel had set into motion within me.

Therefore, please don't expect a travel diary or even a detailed objective account of the places and conditions I was able to observe during my visit. At this point I need to clarify for myself the total significance of this experience, as well as of its component parts, and this is what I want to share with you. Most of you have either traveled to Israel yourselves or read reports by other travelers. I would say that one of the most fortunate aspects of my trip was the fact that during those four weeks I really lived in the country, in diverse settings. Although I was able to visit most of the important sites, there was some sightseeing--usually considered a "must"--that I had to omit, either because of the summer heat or because of other adverse circumstances. The Negev south of Beer Sheba, Elath, and the Dead Sea belong to the first category, religious kibbutzim or settlements and some of the New-Testament places I would have liked to visit belong to the second.

Right here I would like to state that the "symphonic programming" of my trip worked out most satisfactorily. At the beginning, ~~the~~ ten days spent mostly by myself in Jerusalem were an excellent--though often confusing and strenuous--way of "getting the feel" of that city. For my physical and personal well-being the Kings Hotel was not the most favorable setting. But since I had chosen it mainly for its convenient location with regard to Beth Hillel and Rechavia, it worked out all right. The lack of interest in their guests' well-being on the part of the hotel staff was something I had to get used to, though not to approve of.

I might say that during my stay in Jerusalem the personal encounters and conversations will remain uppermost in my remembrance: comforting in situations of physical distress and emotional confusion and--disappointment. No use denying the latter. The predominant impression of Israeli Jerusalem, i.e. the New City and even some of the ancient sites in Israeli territory, is not that of The Holy City. Yet I saw pious Jews for whom David's Tomb and Mt. Zion altogether had truly religious significance. I visited Meah Shearim, and especially the shul of Rabbi Nachman of Bratzlav under most favorable circumstances, an experience unmarred either by the usual dirt or smells or signs of controversy even among the orthodox. My escorts were a young sympathetic Chabad couple, whose attitude to ^{the} religious places naturally was completely different from that of the usual tourist guides. I felt more "holiness" near Herzl's tomb and the adjacent military cemetery than in the sumptuous synagogue, Hechal Shlomo, but--on the other hand--a deeper emotion while lighting a memorial candle in the Chambers of Destruction on Mt. Zion than in the highly dramatized and artistically designed hall of Yad Vashem. The multiplicity of the population of Jerusalem is more striking than in any other city, and not only "downtown" in the older commercial section. I was amazed to see how much the traditional Jews--together with their families in equally traditional garb--form an integral part of the busy life of modern Jerusalem. During the week they are ubiquitous with their brief cases, even riding the--accursed--motorcycles and tandems. And on Shabbat their leisurely walks en famille give a festive air ~~even~~ to the streets of Rechavia.

For me the most thrilling aspect of Jerusalem was not the much-praised beauty of the Judean hills at dusk, not the painful view of the Old City (guarded by Jordanian soldiers too close for comfort), not even the interesting excavations of Ramat Rachel, but rather the undaunted rebuilding of the Hebrew University and the Hadassah Hospital, the new Library, government buildings, convention and concert hall--regardless of whether their individual architecture is "beautiful". I find Jerusalem as a modern capital most impressive, its builders planning for an unmarred future under the very eyes of their enemies and of the not-too-friendly UN authorities. The excellent work the government does throughout the country to integrate the new immigrants of diverse and underprivileged backgrounds. The housing provided for them now in place of the former immigrant camps is rather ugly and looks provisional. But it affords these people privacy and many commodities, such as beds, that they had never been acquainted with. At the same time, they are being taught how to live in and keep up their dwellings, a task sorely neglected in our country. I also have tremendous respect for the energy and understanding with which the Israeli authorities--as well as each individual teacher and educator--cope with the problems of providing an adequate, integrative school program for children of so many different backgrounds. Thanks to ~~my~~ becoming acquainted with several teachers at the elementary, high school, and university levels, I have obtained a pretty clear picture of the educational problems in Israel, as well as of the various ways of handling them. These matters I was able to discuss not only in Jerusalem but also in Beer Sheba, Kibbutz Yifat, Kiryat Tivon, i.e. in ^s vastly distinct settings, and I consider this one of the most worthwhile insights connected with my trip.

In conjunction with the educational endeavors of the young State I want to express my enthusiasm over its young generation of Sabras. They are so healthy looking, tall, and slender, with real faces and animation, instead of masks. Early teenagers look like children, even in the cities, and the younger ones can play, quietly, with concentration, without being bored after a few minutes and requiring constantly renewed thrills. There is hope and purpose in these young people's outlook on life because they are assured of suitable jobs after having acquired proper training and after having completed their military obligations. Imagine, for a sabra ~~it's~~ the worst that can happen to him or her is ~~xxx~~ to be rejected by the army for medical reasons. This is not due to their militaristic inclinations but rather because they know that all their classmates will have their military training at the same time, and to remain a civilian during that period would mean complete isolation from their contemporaries. In addition, of course, the constant incidents of snipings, kidnappings of chance strayers into enemy territory, etc. keep the necessity of military preparedness in every Israeli's awareness. Yet, there is no cloud of fear or crisis or even pessimism over the land.

Perhaps it is its unbelievable concentrated beauty which keeps its people's spirits aloft in hope while their feet and hands (and minds) are firmly applied to the soil. For the miraculous greenness of the reforested hillsides and cultivated valleys, the vineyards, orchards, olive groves, banana plantations, pine and eucalyptus woods, as well as irrigation canals and ponds--all this is not a mirage or ^{an} oasis in the wilderness but the result of constant toil and application of agricultural research. Now the houses in the kibbutzim are surrounded by gardens, there are many public parks and playgrounds, and especially the villages founded by immigrants from Germany abound in tree and shrub-studded streets and front gardens. Yes, there is plumbing in most places, although in Jerusalem the water pressure tends to be erratic. After all, the water has to be piped up all the way from the coast.

But I should not have permitted my thoughts to stray from the scenic beauty of Eretz Israel to as lowly an item as plumbing--except that the latter is important for one's physical well-being.

I don't know of any other country in the world in which such a variety of scenery is concentrated on such a small territory. "Wüste und gelobtes Land", indeed! There are the awe-inspiring hills of the Galil and around Lake Kinneret, the fertile valleys, the rolling, reforested hills of Judea (Many cheers for the Keren Kayemet's tree-planting project!!), the rocks and dunes along the Mediterranean set off by the impressive Carmel mountain range, and then the "multiformity" of the desert! Even the fairly flat, sandy part between Jerusalem and Beer Sheba impressed me deeply because in this setting the Beduins with their black tents, goat herds and camels convey a truly Biblical atmosphere. And I know the grandiose portions of the Negev, with its rock formations, canyons, the Dead Sea, the oasis of Ein Gedi with its tropical flora and then Elath itself only from pictures and slides. (Your wonderful description, dear Eva, is unforgettable!) As I was drinking in this scenic variety practically all in one day, watching the Beduin nomads in their ancient way of life, it suddenly occurred to me that only in this setting could monotheism arise. Only in this concentrated manifoldness of nature could man conceive of ONE Creator, Invisible, and all encompassing. It seems to me that, for instance, in our American desert in the west this religious experience would have been impossible because of the vastness of its expanse, the distances and tremendous contrasts between the various landscapes. Yosemite evokes an altogether different religious feeling from that inspired, for instance, by the grandiose barrenness of Southern California. And since all this is an expression of my own feelings, I also want to share with you my profound emotion at experiencing Rome, the truly Eternal City, especially after my sorrow over the torn, divided (in more than one way) city of Jerusalem.

In the Italian capital the ruins are ~~grandiose~~ ^{magnificent} monuments of victory and ancient but imperishable glory--despite the destruction wrought by Barbarian tribes and the decadence in which brought about the Empire's downfall--superseded by the splendor of the Catholic Church and the Renaissance. Even though so many centuries lapsed between the various historic stages, Rome has grown organically into a harmonious entity. Her ancient walls and monuments form an integral part of the modern cosmopolitan city. They are alive, not objects of archeological and historical studies. During my puny three days in that city I felt the fulfillment of a yearning of which I hadn't even been aware. And then the Renaissance splendor of the five hundred fountains in the gardens of the Villa d'Este in Tivoli! All this is such an important part of my intellectual heritage. And, of course, I did feel more at home in a country with whose language I was familiar, even though my Italian must have sounded rather hispanicized.

After having seen victorious Rome--and carefully avoided the Titus Arch--it was a most fitting "coincidence" that Tishah b'Av fell on the day after my return to New York. Never have the Lamentations had so much meaning and reality for me. For Zion is still in a state of destruction and mourning. Her ruins are attractions for tourists and archeologists, objects of sorrowful remembrance for the pious. Although Jerusalem is being built up with youthful vigor, the remains of Zion lie in shameful neglect in Jordanian territory. But even if the Old City had remained a part of Israel, its message would hold little significance for the Israelis? Am I romanticizing or defending the cause of the Neturai Carta? Does the same "separation" hold true for the modern Italian population? I don't think so. History can be alive or dead. I know,

of course, that Biblical history is very much alive for the Israelis. When we visited Gilboa, we read the passage about David's curse ("Neither rain nor dew shall fall in Gilboa") and were overcome by its reality. But I cannot but feel again and again that Zion is not identical with the present Jerusalem, not even with the Old City. It, too, has become "a sanctuary in time", not in space for the Jews in the diaspora--and perhaps even in Eretz Israel, perhaps even for Agnon.

(I must tell you on some other occasion how I came to defend the spiritual and existential values of galut vis-à-vis some Israeli religionists.)

Let me conclude with a few remarks on my visit to Meron and Tzefat (Saphed), the holy places of Jewish mysticism. As you know, neither is in ruins and both mean very much to pious Jews as places of pilgrimage. I felt the atmosphere of reverence with which these pilgrims renew the mana of both Meron and Tzfat to be more moving than their historic significance. (The same does apply to King David's tomb on Mt. Zion, regardless of whether this really is his tomb or not.) The winding streets and numerous steep steps in Tzfat were a little too much for me in the summer heat. I would have liked to spend many late afternoon hours walking by myself through the hilly lanes, peering into the many nooks and crannies and colorful patios. Here the ancient synagogues and studies of our medieval scholars have an authentic air, and if modern Israeli artists have found this town picturesque enough to make it their colony, that's all right too because it doesn't interfere with "the other part of the" town. Both in Tzfat and in Nazareth I was sad to concede defeat under the impact of the harsh climate.

But the absence of a spiritually uplifting finale for my experiential symphony in Eretz Israel was due to the exigencies of group travel. After spending two delightful weeks with different groups of our family in Yifat, Tivon and Yagur--enriched by numerous side trips and stimulating discussions, as well as relaxation--I would have liked to conclude my ~~stay~~ trip with a stay at Kfar Chabad or in a religious kibbutz. The latter, by the way, are held in great esteem and liking ~~by~~ even by non-religious kibbutzniks. For me this experience would have raised the final days to a level of reflection and, perhaps, identification. But there just weren't any additional days available, and such a visit would have required too many preparations. Kfar Chabad is in the vicinity of Tel Aviv, which I succeeded in avoiding as much as possible, only spending my first and last nights at the delightful, air-conditioned Hotel Samuel, overlooking the Mediterranean and Jaffa.

With so many rich personal, historical, aesthetic, and religious experiences having been compressed in a comparatively short time and enjoyed by me in reasonably good health, prayers of gratitude have been in my mind throughout these weeks--and deep appreciation of my brother's generosity.

A cordial Shalom to all of you!

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A cordial Shalom to all of you!

November 17, 1962.

By Adlai Stevenson

One week ago this afternoon, in the Rose Garden at Hyde Park, Eleanor Roosevelt came home for the last time. Her journeys are over. The remembrance now begins.

In gathering here to honor her, we engage in a self-serving act. It is we who are trying, by this ceremony of tribute, to deny the fact that we have lost her, and at least, to prolong the farewell, and - possibly - to say some of the things we dared not say in her presence, because she would have turned aside such testimonial with impatience and gently asked us to get on with some of the more serious business of the meeting.

A grief perhaps not equaled since the death of her husband 17 years ago is the world's best tribute to one of the great figures of our age - a woman whose lucid and luminous faith testified always for sanity in an insane time and for hope in a time of obscure hope - a woman who spoke for the good toward which man aspires in a world which has seen too much of the evil of which man is capable.

She lived 78 years, most of the time in tireless activity as if she knew that only a frail fragment of the things that cry out to be done could be done in the lifetime of even the most fortunate. One has the melancholy sense that ~~when~~ when she knew death was at hand, she was contemplating not what she achieved, but what she had not quite managed to do. And I know she wanted to go - when there was no more strength to do.

Yet how much she had done - how much still unchronicled! We dare not try to tabulate the lives she salvaged, the battles - known and unrecorded - she fought, the afflicted she comforted, the hovels she brightened, the faces and places, near and far, that were given some new radiance, some sound of music, by her endeavors. What other single human being has touched and transformed the existence of so many others? What better measure is there of the impact of anyone's life?

There was no sick soul too wounded to engage her mercy. There was no signal of human distress which she did not view as a personal summons. There was no affront to human dignity from which she fled because the timid cried "danger". And the number of occasions on which her intervention turned despair into victory we may never know.

Her life was crowded, restless, fearless. Perhaps she pitied most not those whom she aided in the struggle, but the more fortunate who were preoccupied with themselves and cursed with the self-deceptions of private success. She walked in the slums and ghettos of the world, not on a tour of inspection, nor as a condescending patron, but as one who could not feel complacent while others were hungry, and who could not find contentment while others were in distress. This was not sacrifice; this, for Mrs. Roosevelt, was the only meaningful way of life.

These were not conventional missions of mercy. What rendered this unforgettable woman so extraordinary was not merely her response to suffering: it was her comprehension of the complexity of the human condition.

Not long before she died, she wrote that "within all of us there are two sides. One reaches for the stars, the other descends to the level of beasts". It was, I think, this discernment that made her so unflinchingly tolerant of friends who faltered, and led her so often to remind the smug and the complacent that "There but for the grace of God ..."

But we dare not regard her as just a benign incarnation of good works. For she was not only a great woman and a great humanitarian, but a great democrat. I use the word with a small "d" - though it was, of course, equally true that she was a great Democrat with a capital "D". When I say that she was a great small-d democrat, I mean that she had a lively and astute understanding of the nature of the democratic process. She was a master political strategist with a fine sense of humor. And, as she said, she loved a good fight.

She was a realist. Her compassion did not become sentimentality. She understood that progress was a long labor of compromise. She mistrusted absolutism in all its forms - the absolutism of the word and even more the absolutism of the deed. She never supposed that all the problems of life could be cured in a day or a year or a lifetime. Her pungent and salty understanding of human behavior kept her always in intimate contact with reality. I think this was a primary source of her strength, because she never thought that the loss of a battle meant the loss of a war, nor did she suppose that a compromise which produced only part of the objective sought was an act of corruption or of treachery. She knew that no formula of words, no combination of deeds, could abolish the troubles of life overnight and usher in the millennium.

The miracle, I have tried to suggest, is how much tangible good she really did; how much realism and reason were mingled with her instinctive compassion; how her contempt for the perquisites of power ultimately won her the esteem of so many of the powerful; and how, at her death, there was a universality of grief that transcended all the harsh boundaries of political, racial and religious strife and, for a moment at least, united men in a vision of what their world might be.

We do not claim the right to enshrine another mortal, and this least of all would Mrs. Roosevelt have desired. She would have wanted it said, I believe, that she well knew the pressures of pride and vanity, the sting of bitterness and defeat, the gray days of national peril and personal anguish. But she clung to the confident expectation that men could fashion their own tomorrows if they could only learn that yesterday can be neither relived nor revised.

Many who have spoken of her in these last few days have used a word to which we all assent, because it speaks a part of what we feel. They have called her "a lady", a "great lady", "the first lady of the world". But the word "lady", though, it says much about Eleanor Roosevelt, does not say all. To be incapable of self-concern is not a negative virtue; it is the other side of a coin that has a positive face - the most positive, I think, of all the faces. And to enhance the humanity of others is not a kind of humility; it is a kind of pride - the noblest of all the forms of pride. No man or woman can respect other men and women who does not respect life. And to respect life is to love it. Eleanor Roosevelt loved life - and that, perhaps, is the most meaningful thing that can be said about her, for it says so much beside.

It takes courage to love life. Loving it demands imagination and perception and the kind of patience women are more apt to have than man - the bravest and most understanding women. And loving it takes something more beside - it takes a gift for life, a gift for love.

Eleanor Roosevelt's childhood was unhappy - miserably unhappy, she sometimes said. But it was Eleanor Roosevelt who also said that "one must never, for whatever reason, turn his back on life". She did not mean that duty should compel us. She meant that life should. ~~Life~~ "Life", she said, "was meant to be lived". A simple statement. An obvious statement. But a statement that by its obviousness and its simplicity challenges the most intricate of all the philosophies of despair.

Many of the admonitions she bequeathed us are neither new thoughts nor novel concepts. Her ideas were, in many respects, old-fashioned - as old as the Sermon on the Mount, as the reminder that it is more blessed to give than to receive, as the words of St. Francis that she loved so well: "For it is in the giving that we receive."

She imparted to the familiar language - nay, what too many have come to treat as the cliches - of Christianity a new poignancy and vibrance. She did so not by reciting them, but by proving that it is possible to live them. It is this above all that rendered her unique in her century. It was said of her contemptuously at times that she was a do-gooder, a charge leveled with similar derision against another public figure born 1,962 years ago.

We who are assembled here are of various religious and political faiths, and perhaps different conceptions of man's destiny in the universe. It is not an irreverence, I trust, to say that the immortality Mrs. Roosevelt would have valued most would be found in the deeds and visions her life inspired in others, and in the proof that they would be faithful to the spirit of any tribute conducted in her name.

And now one can almost hear Mrs. Roosevelt saying that the speaker has already talked too long. So we must say farewell. We are always saying farewell in this world - always standing at the edge of loss attempting to retrieve some memory, some human meaning, from the silence - something which was precious and is gone.

Often, although we know the absence well enough, we cannot name it or describe it even. What left the world when Lincoln died? Speaker after speaker in those aching days tried to tell his family or his neighbors or his congregation. But no one found the words, not even Whitman. "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed" can break the heart, but not with Lincoln's greatness, only with his loss. What the words could never capture was the man himself. His deeds were known; every school child knew them. But it was not his deeds the country mourned, it was the man - the mastery of life which made the greatness of the man.

It is always so. On that April day when Franklin Roosevelt died, it was not a President we wept for. It was a man. In Archibald MacLeish's words:

Fagged out, worn down, sick
With the weight of his own bones, the task finished,
The war won, the victory assured,
The glory left behind him for the others,
(And the wheels roll up through the night in the
sweet land

In the cool air in the spring between the lanterns).

It is so now. What we have lost in Eleanor Roosevelt is not her life. She lived that out to the full. What we have lost, what we wish to recall for ourselves, to remember, is what she was herself. And who can name it? But she left "a name to shine on the entablatures of truth, forever".

We pray that she has found peace, and a glimpse of sunset. But today we weep for ourselves. We are lonelier; someone has gone from one's own life - who was like the certainty of refuge; and someone has gone from the world - who was like a certainty of honor.

8-16-'61

Lieber Max Juchacz,

Ihre klare, gleichmässige Schrift und Ihre
Schreibung des Collapses sieht mir gar nicht
so aus, als ob es sich um eine primäre
Herzschwäche gehandelt hätte. Vielleicht war Ihr
Blutdruck sehr plötzlich gestiegen und überlastete
das Herz, aber ich will Sie nicht mit dummen
Fragen quälen, sondern annehmen, dass Sie in
den Händen eines intelligenten und gründlichen
Arztes sind, der Sie nicht als Arzt, sondern
rein als Patienten behandelt und alles tun
wird, einen so vitalen und unverletzten Knaben
wie Sie bis zur Atom-bombe aufzuheben.
Mit Ihnen bin ich bereit, jeden Zukunft aus hohler
Auge zu sehen, und ich bin sehr glücklich,

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dass Sie nicht arbeiten. Sie werden natürlich wieder
reisen. Es muss ja nicht Paris mit der Chirub-
rass sein, und Ihre Vorliebe für wenig Sauer-
stoff werden Sie allerdings aufgeben müssen.
Übrigens gibt es jetzt sehr handliche, kleine Sauerstoff
bombchen, die man sogar auf Reisen nehmen kann.
Aber ich hätte doch für die genaue Diagnose Ihres
Unfalls nur was alles an therapeutischen u. diätetischen
Vorschriften der Arzt Ihnen gegeben hat, und nicht
nur allgemein, sondern quantitativ.

Ich lese im Augenblick ein samoisches Buch,
die Bleichtrümmel, von Grass (es könnte auch die
Grass trümmel von Bleich sein), die Stillverny
der Welt, erlebt von einem offenbar schizophrenen
Kind. Manchmal wie Romes Mann, aber für unge-
bildete, arme Christen. (T. M. war ja für gebildete,
wohlhabende Juden).

Warten Sie gesund und guter Dinge -- was kann
uns schon passieren! Ihr Eitel Sack,

Sept. 5, 1964

Liebe Lola,

Sie haben mir eine besondere Freude gemacht,
mit dem ausserordentlichen Bändchen von Emily Dickinson,
mit der Sie eine nahe Seelenverwandtschaft haben,
und dem schönen, köstlichen Gedicht von Ihnen.

Sie haben nicht nur mich mit Ihrer Erscheinung,
sondern auch meine Frau tief beeindruckt. Ich
musste im Jahr 1938 zurücksehen, als ich
in New York landete und Sie zum ersten Mal
sah, in einem kleinen Hotel an einer gebogenen
Strasse. Sie sehen wieder jung aus, und gelöst, und
die Heftigkeit und Tiefe Ihrer Trauer wird Ihnen
Heftigkeit und Halt geben, die Ihnen das Leben
nicht geben konnte.

Einemal möchte ich die Zeit haben, nur mit

Ihnen hinzusetzen und jedes Gedicht von Emily
Dickinson mit Ihnen durchgehen.

So schön der Aufenthalt in New York und das
Niedersehen mit vielen alten Freunden war -- es ist
erschütternd, Menschen als Geister vorzufinden,
die man nicht verlieren möchte.

Kommen Sie mit nach Chicago?

Herzliche Grüße, auch an Ihren Sohn,

Ihr

Erich Sachs.

Wir wollen unsere Hände nicht ineinander falten.
Ganz leicht nur sollst Du meine Finger halten,
dass ihre Spitzen Deine kaum berühren.

Dann wird die Glut in ihnen nie erkalten -
die Glut, die wir in unseren Herzen schüren,
wir werden sie in unseren Händen spüren.

Nur lachend, ohne fordernde Gezeiten,
und doch verbunden, werden sie uns führen.

12. September 1950

An einen Mann in Transit:

Ich schreibe ins Leere, weil ich Dich nicht erreichen kann, aber das macht nichts. Ich habe das Beduerfnis, zu Dir zu sprechen, auch wenn Du mich nicht hoerst.

Gestern habe ich Dich mit Dir selbst betrogen, was Du mir hoffentlich nicht allzu sehr uebel nehmen wirst. Ich habe mir Deine alten Briefe vorgenommen, obwohl ich wusste, dass es weh tun wuerde, und es tat zum weinen weh. Dann habe ich einige meiner eigenen Briefe aus der gleichen Zeit gelesen und so dabei gelacht, dass mir wieder wohler wurde. Das ganze war nicht nur eine sentimentale Ausschweifung, denn es hat zu einigen wesentlichen Erkenntnissen gefuehrt. Es handelte sich bei mir um die Frage, wer von uns - oder was in uns Beiden - sich so veraendert habe, dass wir uns oft nur mit Muehe in persoenlichen Dingen verstaendigen koennen, waehrend wir doch frueher eine gemeinsame Sprache hatten. Du wuerdest Dich wahrscheinlich kaum wiedererkennen, wenn ich Dir jetzt Deine eigenen Worte aus dieser anderen Zeit vorlegen wuerde, aber ich will Dich nicht damit in Verlegenheit bringen. Es klingt fuer mich heute alles noch genau so echt wie es damals empfunden war, nichts ist banal oder pathetisch, manches ruehrend in der Ueberschwaenglichkeit des Ausdrucks, worueber ich mich selbst in dem Ueberschwang meines eigenen Gefuehls mit liebevoller Ironie lustig gemacht habe. Ich dachte eigentlich, ich haette Dich frueher viel mehr glorifiziert, aber zu meinem eigenen Erstaunen habe ich festgestellt, dass ich nie Uebermenschliches in Dir gesehen oder von Dir erwartet hatte. Danach habe ich auch nie gesucht, aber ich habe an ein Fuereinanderleben geglaubt, nachdem Du mich in diesem Glauben immer wieder von neuem bestaetigt hast, wenn ich meine eigene Schwaeche und Unfaehigkeit fuehlte. Du hast anscheinend viel mehr in mich hineingetragen - oder projiziert, wenn Du darauf bestandest, in mir eine Verkoerperung des reinen Genius in manisch-depressiver Gestalt zu sehen, von dem Du eine Wandlung Deines eigenen Lebens erhofftest. Natuerlich spielten dabei auch Deine Schoepferphantasien eine grosse Rolle, denn Du musstest mich erst befreien und befruchten, um dann oder gleichzeitig von mir befreit und befruchtet zu werden. Alle diese Vorstellungen haben mich immer etwas erschreckt, denn ich hatte, wie ich jetzt mit der Objektivitaet eines vierzehnjaehrigen Abstandes feststellen kann, in guten wie in schlechten Zeiten eine ziemlich nuechterne Selbstkritik und ich war nie so ueberzeugt von meiner "Genialitaet", um diese als ausreichende Lebensbasis zu betrachten. Auf irgendwelchen Gebieten der nuechternen Realitaet hatte ich mich noch nicht erprobt, und deshalb fehlte mir auch jedes Selbstvertrauen in Bezug auf praktische Leistungs- und Widerstandsfahigkeit.

Ich muss sagen, Du hast grossen Mut bewiesen, Dich trotz aller meiner Warnungen und unheilvoller Prophezeiungen mit mir zu behaften. Ich hatte ja nichts zu verlieren. Du hast

mich auch gut erzogen, und die Realitaet selbst war keine schlechte Schule. Ich weiss noch, wie stolz ich war auf die soziale Anpassung, die ich mir im Laufe der Jahre mit Deiner Hilfe angeeignet hatte. Aber dann stelltest Du ploetzlich oder allmaehlich fest, dass bei all der sozialen Anpassung der "goettliche Funke" verlorengegangen war und damit wurde fuer Dich aus unserem gemeinsamen Leben eine Wiederholung aller frueheren unertraeglichen Gemeinschaften, von denen man sich nur durch Flucht befreien kann. "Wie ich hier an Dich schreibe, ist charakteristisch fuer mein Leben. Um mich ein Wust von Papieren, in jedem Satze werde ich durch Fragen sinnlosester Art unterbrochen. Ich stehle mir die Zeit zu dem Wesentlichen mit einem schlechten Gewissen gegenueber dem Kleinkram." Kommt Dir das vage vertraut vor? "Ich lebe nur in den wenigen Stunden mit Dir, alles andere ist Konzession an das Sinnlose. Immer wenn ich von Dir fortgehe, gehe ich zu Dir hin..."

Ich glaube, dass Du jetzt viel ungluecklicher bist in all Deinen Gebundenheiten als Du es je warst, weil Dir die innere Bezogenheit fehlt und Du Dich in Deinem Glauben an mich getauscht fuehlst. Vor einer neuen Tauschung und Selbsttauschung hast Du Angst, und so besteht fuer mich vielleicht nicht die Gefahr, dass Du mich in einer konkreteren Weise betruengen koenntest, obwohl das keine wesentliche Veraenderung meiner inneren Situation bedeuten wuerde. Es tut mir leid, dass Du so ungluecklich bist und Dich so verlassen fuehlst und meinst, Du muesstest nun mit Gewalt alles nachholen, was Du bisher versaeumt hast. Ich glaube nicht, dass Du in aeusseren Anregungen das finden wirst, was Du suchst. Aber ich kann Dir dabei nicht helfen, solange Du Dich bemuehst, immer groessere innere und aeussere Entfernungen zwischen uns zu legen.

Ich lerne allein zu leben, und ich bin froh, dass ich dazu faehig bin, den zweifelhaften Wert des Alleinseins der Zerstreuung in unfruchtbaren Beziehungen vorzuziehen. Man kann mit sich selbst nie so verlassen und verzweifelt sein wie in der Abhaengigkeit von anderen Menschen, die einem nicht wirklich nahe stehen. Das ist das Glueck des "Innenseiters", dass er immer irgendwo einen Zugang zu sich findet, wenn alle Auswege versperrt sind, und dass er sich damit wieder in eine groessere geistige Gemeinschaft einreihen kann.

Glaubst Du wirklich, dass ich mich so sehr im Wesentlichen veraendert habe? Glaubst Du, dass meine Ansprueche an Dich gewachsen sind und dass ich nur mir selbst gegenueber tolerant bin? Mir erscheint es nicht so, aber mein Urteil leidet natuerlich an Subjektivitaet. Ich koennte ziemlich deutlich sagen, worauf sich meine Ansprueche beschraenken, aber ich will nichts von Dir fordern, was Du nicht mit Selbstverstaendlichkeit geben kannst. Vielleicht findest Du von Dir aus den Weg, wenn Du Dich von der Unzulaenglichkeit der Umwege ueberzeugt hast. Ich weiss, unsere Zivilisation und alle unsere Werte stehen auf dem Spiel und es geht um groessere Dinge als unser ganz

persoenliches Leben. Aber gerade deshalb muss man zu retten versuchen, was noch wert ist, gerettet zu werden. Und das liegt in uns und nicht ausserhalb.

Ich glaube, ich habe Dich noch sehr lieb, und ich weiss, dass ich wahrscheinlich Deine letzte wirkliche Bindung bin, obwohl Du mich da fuer hasst. Das hast Du mir in vergangenen Zeiten schon angedroht, und ich finde es auch sehr verstaendlich. Aber vielleicht sollte man es doch als Schicksal hinnehmen und versuchen, es zu erfuellen.

Deine L.

15. 9.
Ich danke Dir fuer Deinen Brief aus Zuerich, der etwas weniger gehetzt klingt als die vorangegangenen Ausaetze. Ich habe inzwischen Eva beruhigt, die ziemlich konsterniert war ueber das nicht eingetroffene Telegramm, das Du angekuendigt hastest. Sie ist von ihrer zweiten Reise heute zurueckgekehrt. Herbst kommt morgen wieder und wird wahrscheinlich an der Besprechung mit Shapiro teilnehmen. Das letztere laesst Dir bestellen, Du sollstest Dir keine weiteren grauen Haare wachsen lassen, es wuerde schon alles in Ordnung bringen, wenn moeglich ohne grossere Kosten. Vor allen Dingen zu Deiner Erleichterung: Du sollstest versuchen, die Statements von allen, die dazu bereit sind, zu beschaffen. die Aufgaben

Franken aber nicht notwendig zu werden. Weiteres in meinem naechsten Brief. Georgi wird Dir wohl persoenliche Mitteilungen. Vor allem die Besprechung der Aussagen: Gynna an Kolbat u. Beall. Deyne &

June 30, 1955

Dear Friend: —

Last Evening when I went home to Troy I received your most welcome letter. You are right, I can't expect you to offer any suggestions when you don't know how Bob & I feel about one another. When I married Bob I told him I was not in love with him but I liked him and felt I loved him and since he led me to believe he adored me, put me first so to speak, and loved me so very much I felt we could make a go of it and I would fall in love with him after marriage. Bob has not shown any evidence to me of being in love with me since marriage or perhaps I was never really around him long enough at a time to see what made him tick. I felt that Bob valued the intrinsic things in life loved people and was interested in people - this I do NOT believe is so - I honestly believe material things and his mother comprise his whole little world. I have been a mother substitute with what he calls sex thrown in and I honestly believe it may

father were poor Bob would never have married me. I honestly don't believe Bob ever has been in love with me or even loved me as far as that is concerned. I have spent many hours weighing the pros & cons and it is truly a poor marriage. Perhaps I should have known better but I honestly didn't - I thought he loved me so much.

You mentioned Byron - I would have gone to Byron perhaps but Byron has been very strange since he came back - he stays to himself and doesn't even carry on a conversation except with my father when he is alone with him such as lunch time etc. So Mrs. Copsy tells me.

I rented an apartment here in Dayton as of today and will go there after work tonight after I've seen the lawyer to see if I can get an annulment of the marriage - I don't feel there has been a real marriage in any sense

(2)

I feel rather we have been living
As son & mother substitute - we
Are sexually incompatible, no interests
in common, no social life - Bob spends
As much time or more with his
mother and family as with me -
leaves at 5³⁰ or 6 in morning and
returns whenever he feels like it - as late
As 11 P.M. - often stays at farm
and particularly when his mother was
there - would eat dinner with his
mother & wouldn't tell me & I would
worry why he wasn't eating - I then would
get angry about money I spent for food.
I've paid all the bills, such as
laundry, repair work, most of the food,
telephone, drug store, gas, oil - repair
to car. my own personal bills such as
hair, rent, & clothing - Bob's clothing
(Jacket, shirts, tie, hat etc.) bought his
Tux to be married in - paid honeymoon
and difference when he traded his car
for a pick up truck - in fact I had
to borrow money which I've

paying on. I didn't mind, ^{when it was} but I ^{between us} felt sick inside when he went to my father concerning money and told me practically that the reason he married me was to get into the Shepard farm + elevator money. I've been patient, very patient for hours with him sexually but I have lost what respect I had for him. I thought he was such a decent guy, + still think he is to some extent, but I can't bring myself to letting him hood me and going to the farm under these conditions. If Bob + I had stood on our own two feet, no matter how hard it would have been, I just know we could have made it - all these things that are taking such major roles would have been in background. I think I could have even managed that big house, but not under these conditions.

I wrote my father a letter stating in headline form

(3)

What I've told you and sent it out with Mrs. Copsy this morning. I told Dad I did my best but I guess that was not good enough for Bob.

Well May, I have now had job offers in both Syracuse + Buffalo as Rehabilitation Counselor which I answered in affirm. Two and a possible job offer in Oklahoma to be asst Dir. of Ind. Relations - Testing + selection. This last offer came early this mo. + I answered no, but I recently wrote to the firm in N. Y. I told them I was interested if job was still open. So we will see.

I feel I did my best May, whatever that is, and I am really not happy with Bob or with any of my family. Mrs. Copsy has been the only one I could talk to or enjoyed being around - she has been extremely sweet + nice. Therefore I do not feel it would be

Constructive to help or anyone
to go on with it, since I would
only be a martyr.

My new address is:

41 East Riverside
Apt. 8
Dayton, Ohio

All my best,
Jim



JOSEPH MASSAGLIA, JR., PRESIDENT

THE SINTON

CINCINNATI 1, OHIO

DUNBAR 7-5200

Nov. 27

Dearest Max -

Your letter arrived Sat. morning
and needless to say I was very
glad to hear from you as I always
am.

There is something I would like your
thinking on concerning the job at the
T.B. Hospital in Springfield. - I
would be interviewing and testing active
or potentially active patients -
even soon after the arrival of
some. Since I was supposed to
have had incipient TB of the left
lung & treated for same for 6 mos.
in 1940 and the fact my Mother
twice brother has TB and several
members of her immediate family
died from same, do you feel from

a medical point of view that
I would be placing myself in
a particularly dangerous position?

Do wish I would hear
something from or about Jo. I've
written but she does not answer.

Both Evelyn & Carolyn wrote
me nice letters recently. I
miss you, Jo, Evelyn & Carolyn very
much.

As far as my relationship
with my family is concerned
the relationship is ~~the~~ the same -
only slightly more distant &
strange.

I did not know Bob
contacted you until I
read your letter. Since



JOSEPH MASSAGLIA, JR., PRESIDENT

THE SINTON

CINCINNATI 1, OHIO

DUNBAR 7-5200

(2)

I got your letter myself from
the mailbox on way to Troy ^{Sat.} ~~Thu.~~
I didn't mention to him that I
had received your letter. our
relationship is indeed peculiar.
He still hasn't had an orgasm &
there is little sex. I feel he
masturbates frequently. He
constantly talks of being poor
& wanting to save money for his
old age & death. He seems
bitter & is constantly criticizing
me - & recently said if I
took job in Springfield I would
be so excited I would be
fit to live with & would probably

be a T. B. carrier if I didn't
get it myself & would bring
it home to him. Although I
haven't talked to Dad about the job,
from the past I feel he feels the
same way Bob does about anything
like that.

Dad told me that since I
took a Public vow to be married
to Bob that regardless of anything
I should stay married to him.
I feel I love Bob but I definitely
know I am not in love with him.
I don't feel he is in love with me
either. Whether or not it is
wise to stay married or not
is justifiable. I am still
attempting to adjust but
sometimes I wonder. Perhaps
it is best I stay though, I
don't know.



JOSEPH MASSAGLIA, JR., PRESIDENT

THE SINTON

CINCINNATI 1, OHIO

DUNBAR 7-5200

(3)

am here in Cincinnati because
my office sent me to take Test
Interpretation Training today &
tomorrow.

Imagine you are quite
busy. The more I become aware
of things I feel we need ^{use} your
services full time in our family!
But Dad feels you should only
be paid 50¢ a month so I don't
think that would be a very good
idea. He told me that when
he saw you you questioned him
about his business & farm etc.

only & he was as smart as you
& he knew you were only attempting
to learn what he had so you could
"milk" me here. He sure etc. I
told him you were my friend as
well as my Dr. when I was ill
& needed treatment & if it hadn't
been for you I wouldn't be here & I
was sorry he felt that way about
you because you were my real
friend.

Please let me know what you
feel on the health angle of the
T. B. job. I think I shall take
it, in spite of everything, unless
you feel from a health angle that
it would be dangerous.

All my Best to you.
George & Lola.

Love,
Jess



THE SINTON
A SHERATON HOTEL
CINCINNATI 1, OHIO

(4)

P.S. Have been so lonesome at times I
really don't know what I would have
done without my friends in Dayton.
There is a mutual warm sincere feeling
& we get along very well and enjoy
discussing many things & have
interests in common. There is
unhappiness in this marriage too
which probably accounts for the
Strong Bond.

Please write me soon
— your thinking about the job for.
As ever,
Love,
Sis.

I love you very much and constantly
strive to be worthy of your confidence.
You are as great a person as I have ever
known.

June 24, 1955
my mothers birthday.

my dear friend -

So many things have been going
on that I hardly know where to start.

I passed my Test here and come July
will be a Trainee Placement and Employee
Relations advisor. Right now they are giving
me a little of everything to do. The last
Two weeks they sent me to Youngstown and
Cleveland Ohio to recruit. I tested + graded
& hired on the spot (Typists + Stenographers.)
I have been giving orientation + Testing
Employees here at the field for promotions.
all sorts of occupational fields. as far
as my work is concerned I am getting
along fine.

The monetary problem has been
a big one. Bob makes only 1000 per year ^{and has no money saved.}
and his mother has been so domineering
and aggressive that Bob has had little

Chance to do any thinking - just from
12 to 14 hrs. of manual labor per day,
including Sunday, on the farm.
According to Bob's father's will the farm
& house cannot be sold as long as
Mrs. Velges is living, at which time
it will go to all four children, when
she is no longer here. It is worth about
35,000.

Bob's mother fooled around going
places & back to her home for a few
days now & then, until last week when
I was away she got a moving van and
moved to an apt. in Troy on the same
street where we live. Bob replaced the
stove & Refrigerator she took & told me
on my return he had paid Mrs.
Coppsey only a week's rent as he
expected us to move to the farm
now. I do not feel I am ready -
As it is now I drive to work a
great deal because I use my car
on certain days, but $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ the
time I ride with other people

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(2)
which helps because it is 50 miles
round Trip here - if we go to the farm
I would have to drive every day alone
& it is 62 miles round trip - in winter
the back roads there are very icy.

In the beginning I told Bob I
didn't want to work in Dayton, but
would rather get a job nearer where we
lived. The Dept of Schools hired me to
teach the 4th grade but Bob felt I wouldn't
be making enough money & wouldn't
be bringing any money in during
the summer so therefore I came here.
Then he changed his mind & wanted
me to quit my job here & take the
teaching job.

Also, I had to have a car that
ran good so I bought one, although
I didn't pay for it - It is not paid
& I must pay 1000 by July 15th.
I don't have any money & have been
paying many of our bills from
my check - so the other night

When I had dinner with Dad I just
said to him when I left "Dad will you
please remind Bruce to send me my
interest money as it is due & he usually
forgets to send it on time." Dad got mad
called me in the house & went over & said
the same thing I've heard a 1000 times.
About all he had done for me, all the money
I'd spent - why was I interested in his
money - what made the difference
when I received it - how Bruce &
Byron had money & I didn't, so I
proceeded to tell Dad that I needed it
& he said I was now a married
woman & shouldn't talk that way -
I told him how much Bob made - that
I was supporting myself & had to get
a car etc. & about Bob wanting to
move to the farm - Dad still
said the same thing over & over -
I told him I was weary & exhausted
& that I wanted to go home & go
to bed - he said if you don't want
to stay leave & he'll the door open

for me to get out. (3) Then he talked of
Bruce's sincerity etc. & I blew up &
told head that I didn't trust Bruce
& was tired always having to ask him
to send my interest as if he were my
Boss & they could have my interest if
they always put it on a personal basis
& argued that I felt it was business
- they had the shares. I told head the
boss didn't have the expenses I had
during the years he sent money &
my expenses were heavy having done
in N.Y. & doing the things I did.
Also told him I had been emotionally
sick a couple times & to stop
"brain washing me" & forget the interest.
Then I learned from Bob Bruce had
personally brought the check over last
night sealed in a tight envelope
with my maiden name on check &
envelope, which I am enclosing for you to see.
Oh yes, head said to me that
he would give Bob a job managing
his farm & working once in a

While with Bruce + Byron.
I told Bob last night that for him
to go back to farm where he belongs +
stay out of getting involved with my
family - and I would get an apt.
near the field here where I work.
I have been lonesome + have been
seeing my friend in Dayton who
has been very wonderful + kind to
me - Even got me to give up drinking
where after this I don't know. I'm
doing my best. I can stay here + work
or come back to N.Y. + be reinstated.
Please may let me hear from you soon
- send it as usual if you write regards
away to 1022 1/2 South Mulberry St.
Troy, Ohio. All my best + love,
Sis

I miss you very much.

P.S.

I contacted a lawyer in Dayton and was told that it would take a little over 6 weeks to obtain a divorce and all Bob would have to do would be to call for his papers at the Sheriff's office and I would appear ^{alone} in court with 1 character witness and 1 to corroborate my testimony of Incompatibility. Said it would cost me total 120.00

Before I go down to Dayton and file a petition I want to hear from you may.

The lawyer said during the 6 weeks we couldn't be living together. I told him half the time my

Husband stay at his Mother's farm
now although we have an apt. in
Troy, so the lawyer said that was OK.
As long as we were NOT together most
of the time.

Love
'Li

Sharon

June 28, 1955

Dear Mary:

Since I wrote you things seem to be going from bad to worse. Bob came in around 10³⁰ P.M. last night eating a raw potato - in fact his heavy chewing woke me up (I had gone to bed as soon as I came home because I have a very sore throat & sneezing). This morning at breakfast he told me he was with my father last night - I asked Bob why he went to my father & he said just to tell him that he was moving to the farm now because he had no money to pay Mrs. Copsey rent.

Bob knew about the argument Dad & I had over money and also Bob admitted to me right before last that there was a "great possibility" he married me to get into the "Shepard money" - said he knew in early years that was the reason for sure & said if it were really true how I could expect him to admit it to me. Last night I got a job offer from Syracuse to work for the State (over)

(2)

Getting involved with them. The
work Dad offered Bob is ridiculous because
he has several tenants on his farm
& when he is gone Bruce and/or Bryan
go out & check anyway.

I made an appointment to
see the lawyer Thurs. Evening to file
for a divorce. Mrs. Copsey said she
would be a witness concerning incompatibility
& my friend in Dayton whom I've known
for 20 yrs. will be a character witness.
It will take 6 weeks. The lawyer said
if the spouse got caught through it
was OK to take it just as long as I came
back for the hearing. Bob will not be
involved, other than being served the
papers, possibly this Friday.

Bob talks to everyone but me &
seeks advice over the place - it is
truly a bad marriage - he is not
willing to go along with me without
involving my family and therefore I
do not feel that it is wise to

Go on this way. I feel I might stay
in Hayton + work here but I don't
think that wise either - nor do I think
it wise to go back to NYC, so perhaps
the job in Syracuse will be offered
to me and a constructive move to make
soon.

This is all very difficult,
psychologically for me, but I don't
know what else to do - I must
go on and work hard.

Love,
Sis

Friday night
September 3, 1948

Dear Dad^{and} Byron —

Other than the car needing three quarts of oil, nothing unusual has happened. It is guaranteed for 4000 miles, so will be able to have an adjustment made if necessary. Am taking it in the morning to the Mercury place, which is just a block from here.

As you know, I called from Columbus to give my sincere apology for anything I said or did or didn't do, to hurt or embarrass or inconvenience you and said I would bring the car back — I was going to arrange to stay and drive Barbara back if that was still wanted, but when Byron finished with what he had to say and told me to go on, I felt there was nothing left for me to say or do.

I have tried in every way that I know how to be the kind of daughter and sister that you both would desire me to be, but it is quite evident that I have failed to reach such a goal and I assure you that I know of no other way to try — other than to be someone I am not and that is impossible. I am just me, with my own personality, my own wants, desires, ambitions, and my own, short-comings and faults, just as you. I have feelings and am sensitive and I love you all, as one should love their family, and want acceptance as an individual, but I have suffered greatly under the strain of family conflict every time I arrive home (and by thinking about it when I'm not there) — and such tension and dis-harmony seems to exist with my every entrance and exit that it seems evident that I do not help anyone, including myself, so perhaps it is best I am not there while Barbara is there because remember Byron, you said you did not want to see

one spark of tension while she was there.

I overheard several things that you said after I had gone upstairs - such as the statement that I was the reason and cause of what was wrong with Bernice. I don't have any idea what you think is wrong with me but I fail to understand such reasoning and hardly think it a fair statement, and I fail to understand how you could twist my statement around that I was my best friend. It is not common to include ones parent when stating that someone is their best friend. If you stop and consider for example say Byrons statement at different times in his life of fellows he considered his best friend perhaps you will see that my statement should not have been leaped on with such impact.

When you both asked me to sit down and give my personal opinion and viewpoint about conditions as they existed, it seemed that whenever I spoke I was abruptly stopped or interrupted, because I didn't say what you thought I should say. If I am asked a question all I can do is to answer to the best of my ability and if I am not allowed to speak unless I speak what you want me to speak, what can I do? I cannot help that I have a mind of my own and can only speak my own thoughts, not someone elses.

I wanted, more than you know, to be a real part of everything (this time and every time past) and to constructively give of myself but I wish to state my sincere apology for not being like you would wish, but the Good Lord made me as I am and I'm sure I can't help that.

I sincerely hope you both spend many pleasant hours together and that

- your vacation, Byron, after all is said and done, will be even better than your highest expectation.

I'm truly sorry and ask your forgiveness for whatever I said or did that was wrong.

My best, as always, to you both
Love,
Sis

P.S.

- A couple other things just came to my mind that I should like to make clear. You stated Dad, that the reason that you did not talk to me was because if you did that before 10 minutes I was always finding something wrong with what you would say. You have a right to your opinion and I accept it, but
- I think there is another way to look at it too — Did you ever think perhaps that you didn't like it because I didn't have the same viewpoint as you did and didn't agree with you always? Also you stated that the reason you treated me as you do was because of what Jo said to you concerning a letter you had written me and I merely said I didn't know anything about it, and was going to speak to her and you immediately said I had called you a liar. I don't understand why you twist my statements around to have a meaning entirely foreign to me. — If you want to know something I have always known that you didn't like Jo and were jealous of her (she has too) I have said more horrible things to her than to anyone and don't know how she could
 - take it, because I never had any foundation for what I'd say. She has not had an easy time of it living with me through all the turmoil she has been subjected to because of me and I sincerely think she is my best

friend [Outside my family!] and I should think you'd be glad I had such a good friend. Good friends are few and I certainly am glad when I know someone is a good friend of any of my family.

You is certainly not the answer but at the present time and near past she has been the only person I could turn to for understanding so isn't it only natural that I would with so many conflicts within myself that need someone to turn to for understanding and self-expression.

I am quite aware of the fact that you do not like receiving a letter such as this where someone expresses their innermost thoughts but since I cannot seem to tell you personally I felt you must know how I feel and writing is the next best way.

You don't like to talk of human emotions (when it involves your own family) and I expect you to brush it off as in the past, but human emotions play a dynamic part (in our family as in any other family throughout the whole world), and human emotions normally meant to be accepted and attempted understanding of different, distinct viewpoints. Thus binding of a family realistically closer together rather than brushing anything to the side that does not seem to be ideal — that is a Utopia which doesn't exist. If you brush human emotions away they have to go somewhere whether it's next door or deep within the individual and neither is good — it is far better to be your true self in your own home and be accepted as such — and far simpler and is the only way for true, real [harmony and fun that you speak of so often.]

I am sorry if this letter has in anyway been unpleasant for you to

read because you will probably say to yourself "Wach stuff" or something and you are entitled to think of it as you wish, but I felt that you were entitled to know, whether you accept them or not, my feelings and my philosophy, since I know yours.

I hope I have clearly expressed myself. I have tried to and whether you believe me or not - I love you very much and what you think of me means more to me than what everyone I know thinks of me all put together. I want your approval and have tried every way possible to get it and as you can clearly see from this letter I am trying again.

If you feel, after reading my letter here, that this is still all very trivial and petty (as Byron stated on the phone when I called from Columbus, - and I will know if you are silent and never mention it as in the past) - then I promise that I shall let well enough alone and shall respect your wishes completely.

Sincerely,
Sis

August 12th

Liebe Lola, vielen Dank für Ihr Telegramm.

Bitte brechen Sie Ihre Reise nicht vorzeitig

ab. Max geht es wieder recht gut. Nach Dr. Gross kann man nichts voraussagen - wie ich schon schrieb. Aber mir scheint, dass Dr. Gross den Patienten nicht sehr genau kennt. Die Diagnose ist richtig. Ohne Zweifel. Was der Arzt nicht weiss, ist, dass Max ein Tempo lebt, wie der Beste es nicht mit zunehmendem Alter his KIEREN kann.

Mum ist Max etwas Angst geworden und er ist falter wie ein Reh. Er probiert nicht gegen Verordnungen wie Pause zwischen einzelnen Patienten, er frisst die Diät unter Schlumpfen in sich hinein. Er steht spät auf und traut nicht mehr, sondern wäscht sich nur. Ruth Mosse bringt ihn zum Frühstück im Bett; zum Essen in Air conditioned Zimmer. Sie stellt das Telefon ab wenn es genug was des grausamen Spiels. Er sitzt spazieren auf einer Bank gegenüber, entweder am späteren Abend oder am frühen Morgen etc. Ruth Mosse ist nachts ständig da, und Max gibt nun zu, dass seine Nächte viel ruhiger geworden sind weil ein resoluter Gerächener im Hause ist.

Er ist relaxed und somit auch der Herzmuskel.

Seit gestern - Freitag mittag ist er in Forest Hills bei der Familie Greiner in Airconditioned Haus u. Garten. Er hat mich am 1 Std. angerufen. Es geht ihm so gut, dass es bis Montag früh bleiben wird.

Es ist interessant zu beobachten, wie Max z.B. seinen Gang verändert hat. Er traut nicht mehr - ich konnte nie mit ihm schreiben nun "schreibt" er bewusst.

Er gewöhnt sich daran, dass es kein

NO ENVELOPE BOUND
FOLD SIDES OVER AND THEN FOLD BOTTOM UP
MOISTEN FLAP WELL AND APPLY PRESSURE TO SEAL

gesunder Mensch mehr ist. Bisher war es nur für
 Andre da und hat nie auf sich Rücksicht genommen,
 jetzt hat das geendet, nun muss es sich gefallen
 lassen, bemuttert u. bevastet zu werden. Es tut ihm
 gut. Es ist im Moment wirklich so gut, wie es
 schon lange nicht war. Also bitte beruhigen Sie
 sich auch etwas und versuchen Sie, to enjoy your-
 self und dem Kind Freude zu machen.

FIRST FOLD

France

AÉROGRAMME • PAR AVION

NICE

21 Ave de France

Mrs. Herta Gruenthal
 c/o Dr. Bronstein

E Gruenthal
 771 West End Ave
 N.Y.C. 25



DO NOT USE TAPE OR STICKERS TO SEAL

ATTACHED

SECOND FOLD

Erick sagte, dass Georgie die "Amerikanische Krankheit"
 hat. Inzwischen wird er wohl dem Leben wieder gege-
 ben sein. Unser Peter hatte das einmal so schlimm,
 dass er in Paris ins Hospital gehen musste.

Ich schreibe wieder und telegraphiere, sollbe
 eine Veränderung einbreben. Inzwischen unarme

von Sie Beide
 EVA.

Salute

if you want me to help (with my
and to help, it is just for the
human beings. I have to
myself.

I just see many, and
if you see of the best of
a person's work that is to
be done, that's my best job.

Nothing is more of the
world in the. I have
to my friends. I have
myself, it is just for
to my friends to do.

to help me in the
best of me, it is just
in my own way.

I will do for
nothing in the best of me.

if will also mit der für die
Personen.

if bin nicht sprang in mich
mitpfehle. Willing will in
jeden f^r mit der mich referen
in der an²bringen, die if
beinge uian Manne, an dem
if mich selbe Person - für
me Karte - 2. all best the.

Handwritten notes, possibly a list or a series of small entries, written in cursive. The text is difficult to decipher due to the cursive style and some fading. It appears to be organized into two columns separated by a vertical line.

1. Mai 1950

Lieber Albert,

Ich bin dir dankbar dafür, dass Du den Versuch zu einer Verständigung nicht für unmöglich hältst und dass Du auf grundsätzliche Wesensunterschiede eingehst, die oft unvermeidlich zu einer beiderseitigen Projektion führen. Trotzdem glaube ich, dass zwischen ^{uns} viel wesentliches Gemeinsames besteht, und wenn man davon wirklich überzeugt ist, müsste man, auch auf beiden Seiten, alles daran tun, um dieses Fundament zu erhalten. Dazu ist es notwendig, dass jeder die Schwierigkeiten des anderen kennt, um ihm aus eigenen Kräften helfen zu können. Dabei könnte es sogar

besonders unzulässig sein, wenn die Schwierig-
keiten nicht die gleichen sind, weil man
doch das, was einem selber leicht fällt,
auch einem anderen, besonders wenn er
einem nahe steht, ~~noch~~ eher erschickern
kann.

Du gibst zu, dass ich bei grossen und
erwobenen Aufgaben selber versage. Ich gebe
zu, dass es die kleinen wiederholten
Ärgernisse des täglichen Lebens (nicht
die täglichen Aufgaben als solche) sind,
die mit der Lust und Energie zu an-
deren wesentlicheren Dingen nehmen.
Dich bringt es zur Verzweiflung, wenn
ich ein- oder zweimal in der Woche
meinen Willen dagegen ausdrücke,
tätlich und fast stündlich den

besonders unzulässig sein, wenn die Schwierig-
keiten nicht die gleichen sind, weil man
doch das, was einem selber leicht fällt,
auch einem anderen, besonders wenn er
einem nahe steht, ~~noch~~ eher ablickern
kann.

Du gibst zu, dass ich bei grossen und
erwachsenen Aufgaben selber versage. Ich gebe
zu, dass es die kleinen wiederholten
Ärgernisse des täglichen Lebens (nicht
die täglichen Aufgaben als solche) sind,
die mit der Lust und Energie zu an-
deren wesentlicheren Dingen nehmen.
Dich bringt es zur Verzweiflung, wenn
ich ein- oder zweimal in der Woche
meinen Willen dagegen ausdrücke,
tätlich und fast stündlich den

gleichen Ärgernissen ausgesetzt zu sein,
gegen die ich mich in keiner Weise wehren
darf. Ich spreche darüber nicht, nur
mich zu beklagen oder mich ins Recht
zu setzen, sondern nur weil ich immer
noch hoffe, trotz aller Ablehnung auf
deiner Seite, du könntest mit zu einer
innerlichen oder äusserlichen Lösung
verhelfen, gerade weil du angeblich
einen grösseren Abstand in diesen Si-
tuationen hast. Ich glaube, dass es
in den meisten persönlichen Situationen,
die dem dem Befangenen selbst als
ausweglos erscheinen, doch einen Aus-
weg gibt, und dass man, mehr oder
als unbefangener Ausserstehender

Herbst
unvollständig. keine - Julia
Herbst
George
Berndt
Oles
Herbst

weniger dazu verpflichtet ist, wenigstens
auf einen Ausweg hinzuweisen, wenn der
Andere diese Hilfe erwartet und man
dazu fähig ist. Ich glaube, dass gibt
nicht nur von therapeutischen Beziehun-
gen, denn ich habe selbst oft diese Rolle
übernommen, nicht aus Problembesserun-
gert und um Dir Kontur zu machen,
sondern einfach, weil sie mit durch
die Umstände rief.

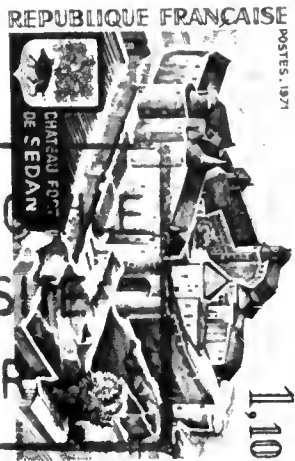
Ich möchte gerne mit Dir über die
Fragen sprechen, die Dir selber wichtig sind,
d. h. Dich darüber sprechen lassen, wenn
Du Dir und mit Gelegenheit dazu gibst.
Maybe we could make a date for a
quiet evening together, aber das ist auch
so eines meiner unerfüllbaren, vielleicht
nicht unerfüllbaren, Wünsche.

July 3, 1972

PARIS
184 - Depuis les tours de Notre-Dame
panorama
vers la Montagne Ste-Geneviève,
à l'arrière-plan,
St-Etienne du Mont et
le Dôme du Panthéon.



Editions GREFF, 74, rue des Archives, Paris



PAR AVION
AIR MAIL UN DEVOIR

Dear Lola, I hope that you
have the summer I haven't
seen yet -- We still have heat
in the hotel and I have the
worst cold of the year. Hope
all is well with you

All my best, love
Marthe (Eidettep)

M^{rs} Lola Gruenthal
107 West 86 St
New York C
U.S.A.



Collectionnez les Cartes Postales !

MEXICHROME

69

Maenner bekoestigt und ins Bett gebracht. Frueher Feierabend wegen allgemeiner Erschoepfung. Vorher mit Eva telefoniert wegen Beantwortung des Telegrammes, das mir bei Erhalt als voellig sinnlos erschien, da w.G. (werter Gatte) am 17. in Paris sein wollte und deshalb kaum noch vorher telegrafisch in Venedig erruecht werden koennte, es sei denn, dass er sein Programm geaendert hat. Nach reiflicher Ueberlegung und Annahme des letzteren wollte ich mich bei Eva erkundigen, ob sie noch irgendwelche Mitteilungen hinzuzufuegen haette. Grosse Entruestung auf der anderen Seite, wieso ich nicht schon frueher telegraphiert und den armen Mann in einer solchen Unruhe gelassen haette. Bessere Haelfte gegen schlechtere Haelfte. Schlechtere Haelfte hat nachgegeben und folgenden Wortlaut Western Union mitgeteilt: "Wives children relatives fine Shapiro hopeful letters waiting love". Evtl. etwa \$2.50 gewasted, spielt aber bei allgemeinem waste keine Rolle.

Kurzer Rueckblick ueber den gestrigen Tag: Vormittag im Zeichen des Zahnarztes, Georgie zwecks Reinigung, ich zwecks Fuellung. Georgie, nach anfaenglicher theoretischer Bereitschaft ablehened, schon zum zweitenmal, und zwar endgueltig und energisch: "I said No, and when I say No I mean No!" Weitere Versuche zur Anbahnung einer Vertrauensbeziehung mit Zahnarzt oder Dental Hygienist vorlaeufig aufgegeben. Bei Hamburger mit Frankie zusammengestossen, der sich anscheinend in ziemlichen Noeten befindet und dem man nun wirklich bald einmal auch psychologisch auf den Zahn fuehlen sollte. Einzelheiten darueber wahrscheinlich in dem Brief der besseren Haelfte.

Nachmittag im Zeichen der Steuer. Sitzung mit Shapiro um 3. Gleichzeitig Sitzung des Herrn Praesidenten und verschiedener Ministerialraete in den Frontraeumen unter Anwesenheit einer Sekraeterin, Miss Mannheim, zwecks Herstellung eines Berichts fuer Washington. Georgie und Ma entfernt. Verschiedene Anrufe der verschiedenen Ministerialraete wegen verspaeteten Eintreffens durch verschiedene Ungluecksfaelle. Miss Mannheim mit Kaffee und Gin versorgt, die Ministerialraete einzeln empfangen, Anruf des Herrn Praesidenten persoendlich entgegengenommen, dass er selbst verspaetet eintreffen wuerde, da er Schwierigkeiten mit der Steuer (!) habe. Hatte dann schliesslich die Ehre, Herrn Sh. mit dem H.P.W. bekanntzumachen, wobei sich eine grosse Diskussion ueber die Steuerschwierigkeiten des letzteren ergab, der naemlich als resident alien sein gesamtes in Deutschland verdientes Vermoegen hier versteuern soll. Herr Sh. versprach auch in dieser Angelegenheit behilflich zu sein, der Fall scheint aber inzwischen auf andere Weise erledigt zu werden.

Besprechung der eigenen finanziellen Zores mit Herrn Sh., der sehr bemueht ist, den Augiasstall auszumisten, sofern ihm dabei irgendwelche Hilfe in Form von tatsaechlichen Unterlagen zur Verfuegung gestellt wird. Vorlaeufig soll auf meinen Vorschlag hin (nach Beratung mit H.P.W.) der Versuch gemacht werden, die vagen und unnachweisbaren exchanges in den Hintergrund zu stellen und statt dessen Unterlagen fuer loans und losses aufzubringen, d.h. einerseits Verluste und andererseits ~~ausgezahlt~~ Zinsen fuer Dar-

eingezahlte

lehen, die das Bild unter einem anderen Gesichtspunkt etwas guenstiger gestalten wuerden. Habe inzwischen Angaben von Kayser ueber Zahlung von \$180.- Zinsen Dezember 47 erhalten und Shapiro auf die Spuren von Charmant Toys gehetzt, deren offizielle Records durch Uebereifer zerstoert worden sind. Eva beauftragt, nach ihrem Income Tax Return von 1947 zu fahnden, da der Agent wissen will, wieviel sie zur Unterstueztung von Werner beigetragen hat. Peter gebeten, sich mit Sh. in Verbindung zu setzen und ihn Einblick in das Safe nehmen zu lassen, um festzustellen ob dort noch irgendwelche bonds oder dergleichen vorhanden sind. Ferner muss Peter seine dependence in dem betr. Jahre nachweisen, da auch diese Tatsache von dem Agenten angezweifelt wurde. Aber alles, was sich wirklich nachweisen laesst, selbst wenn es mit Schwierigkeiten verbunden ist, wuerde ja weitgehend zu einer Erleichterung der Situation beitragen. Weitere Frage: Hat Samson 1947 Zinsen gezahlt oder Gelder zurueckerstattet und soll ich ihm direkt schreiben? ~~at~~ 10:30 p.m. Unterbrechung des Berichtes wegen telefonischer Unterbrechungen und ueberhandnehmender Muedigkeit.

Sonntag, den 17.

vor dem Nachmittagsapaziergang

Fortsetzung des Berichtes: Abschliessenderweise wurde verabredet, dass Herr Sh. dem Agenten bei der naechsten Besprechung am 25. das inzwischen neu aufgebrachte Material zum Frasse vorwerfen solle, und da dieser Herr angeblich ein langsamer Wiederkaeuer ist, wird er wahrscheinlich damit vorlaeufig beschaeftigt sein. Die folgende Sitzung soll moeglichst auf ein Datum nach Mitte Oktober festgesetzt werden, damit der w.G. genuegend Zeit hat, mit Herrn Sh. weiteres Futter fuer die Behoerde vorzubereiten, da dies ganz ohne ihn nun einmal nicht gut moeglich ist. Das waere ungefaehr alles, was sich sachlich ergeben hat.

Nur noch eine kurze Eigenlobrede: Herr Sh. war begeistert von meiner ordentlichen Buchfuehrung, die er als eine sehr nuetzliche Grundlage fuer Cash-Ausgaben bezeichnet hat. Er hat mich sehr gelobt und mir darin beigestimmt, dass ich mir einen Bonus verdient habe. Ich musste mir selbst freundlich auf die Schulter klopfen bei dem Gedanken, dass ich mit meiner privaten Buchfuehrung angefangen habe noch ehe von irgendeiner ~~Steu~~ Steueruntersuchung die Rede war und ohne dass mich irgendjemand dazu aufgefordert oder ermuntert haette. Genug des Eigenlobes.

Der Abend endete mit einem Besuch von Herta, die herkam um sich ueber die Missgeschicke ihrer Reise auszukotzen, wie sie es selber bezeichnete. Sie ist in einer ziemlich traurigen koerperlichen und seelischen Verfassung aber trotzdem immer noch interessiert an dem Wohl und Wehe anderer Menschen. Beabsichtige ihr heute abend neue Gedichte und Uebersetzungen vorzulegen.

Soeben ein Gespraech des answering service mit Herrn Riesman belauscht, wobei ihm mitgeteilt wurde, "The doctor isn't in, but will be back on Monday." Schnell eingegriffen und Tatsachenbestand geklaert - mit Herrn R., dann den ~~Service~~ Service zurueckgerufen und Krach geschlagen. Nachdem das Maedchen mich mit allen moeglichen

anderen Namen wie Loewenthal und Wiesenthal zu beschwichtigen versuchte, kam ihr schliesslich die Erleuchtung, dass ich die Gattin des Zahnarztes ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Gruenthal sein muesste, den der Service ebemfalls zu bedienen bestrebt ist. Der wird sich wundern ueber die vielen psychiatrischen Faelle, die sich bei ihm melden. Das Servicemaedchen versprach jedoch, ihr Bestes zu tun, um weitere Verwechslungen zu vermeiden. Sonst keine Anrufe von "Neuen". Meistens wird jetzt das Telefon sowieso zu Hause bedient, da der H.P.W. einen regen fernamtlichen Verkehr fuehrt.

Die vorderen Raeume gleichen dem Nachtsyl von Gorke. Die Schmutzwaesche tummelt sich in der Gegend und Brandspuren auf dem neubezogenen Schreibtisch zeugen von gluehender Geistestaetigkeit. Ich kummere mich aber um nichts und sage mir nur : "This too shall pass away..."

Weitere details ueber eigene Aktivitaet und neue Leistungen von G.F.G. evtl. im naechsten Bericht. Die Stunde schlaegt halb fuenf und Junior ruehrt sich nicht von seinem Lager. Ich muss mich jetzt seinem "getoutofhere" aussetzen.

Lebe wohl, geliebtes Tagebuch. Moege Dich ein freundlicher Wind geschwind ueber den Ozean tragen!

CHENONCEAU (37)

Le château

(Vue aérienne : Cliché Heurtier, Rennes)

Dear Lola,
Greetings from the Loire valley!
We are right now picnicing in these
woods by the Chateau. Staying in
Azay de Riveau - a gem! In a little hotel
with a meandering garden, filled with doves,
peacocks, turtles and a curious cat.
The trees, the river, the sweet limpid air,
the simple, open, utterly harmonious quality of
the French people and the farmlands they
work on and draw sustenance from is a tonic,
a tonic, a joy! I could simply stay here
forever! Think of you very often and do
wish you were here - maybe soon? Love, Esther

(G-H) © cap-théojac b.p. 15 87350 parazol

66-3
Lola Gruenthal
107 W. 86 Street
New York, New York
U.S.A.



Überschrift: Die Sommerreise

Wetter: prächtig,

Wellen: schwachlich.

Essen: trüchlich,

Touren: mächtig

Unterbringung: fein

Gegend: judenrein

Preise: nicht zu teuer

Pleite: ungeheuer

Erholung: wie noch nie

(Weg die Allergie)

Kembrandt: With your ^{meals} ~~banth~~

Antiques: jedem Stils

Reize: Halde handshaf

locket zur Bekanntheit

Auch das weibliche Ge-

wirkt, wie die Natur,

sehr echt.

Schmerz: wenig für heute

Gruß: an alle heute

Fern wie die Sahara; Sara B. und Clara

Nantucket - ca 1947

24. Juli ^{at 48}

Liebes Gutes,

Ich habe eben einen ^{zwei} 12 Seiten
langen Brief beendet, und jetzt
fühle ich mich, trotz grosser
Faullust, verpflichtet, dir einen
Bericht über unsere merkwürdigen
Abenteuer am ersten Tage zu
geben.

Die Information-Lady muss
einen besonderen grudge gegen
Mr. Joffe oder gegen Toque oder
gegen uns persönlich gehabt
haben, denn sie schickte uns
höflichst in eine sogenannte
"quiet residential neighborhood"
am entlegendsten Ende
des Ortes, wo wir zunächst wegen
geräuschvoller parties in den

umliegenden Häusern nicht
einschlafen konnten, gestern um
7 Uhr früh beschlossen wir uns
selbständig zu machen und
wanderten nach ausgehendem
Frühstück ins Beach zogen,
ungefähr 2 Meilen von unserer
früheren Unterkunft. Die
Beaches hier sind von paradie-
sische Schönheit, unvergleichlich
mit Falmouth, und kann von
der Riviera nur übertreffen. Selbst
das öffentliche Strand ist wie
over-peopled und die meisten
Menschen sind ein durchaus
erfreuliches Anblick. An den
Strassen, die zum Wasser führen,
sahen wir viele Privathäuser mit
lieblichen Gärten, in denen wilde

Hänschen sich jagen und versteck
spielen, aber nirgends ein Zeichen,
das uns eine Bleibe verhies.

Schlüsselloch klopfen wir umher
von einer der Einheimischen, an
einem Hänschen wenige Schritte
von Strande, und die Besitz-
erin erklärte uns nach einigen
Zögern, dass sie vielleicht zwei
Zimmer für uns haben würde,
obwohl sie eigentlich nur Gäste
auf Empfehlung aufnahm.

Ich machte ihr die aufdringlichsten
Liebeserklärungen, die anscheinend
ihre Wirkung nicht verfehlten,
denn nachdem wir uns selbst die
besten Empfehlungen gegeben hatten
und auch durch Namensnennung
kein Zweifel mehr über unser

"russische Kindererziehung" bestand,
stellte sie uns die Zimmer mit
Frühstück für 3 pro Person ab
heute zur Verfügung. Wir waren
glücklich wie die Schneekönige
und sind es auch jetzt noch,
nachdem wir angesogen sind.
Für körperliche Hygiene ist wenig
Gelegenheit: es existiert nur ein
kaltes Schauer in einem windigen
Raum, der anscheinend haupt-
sächlich von der Hauskatze als
Toilette benutzt wird, was Särchen
zunächst etwas beunruhigt.
Über wir haben beschlossen,
dass das Baden im Meer
(Sound-like, ohne Hallen)
alles andere anfertigt. In den
Badehäusern am Strand gibt es

Sandwich Lunches, und am Abend werden wir zu einer grösseren Mahlzeit in die Stadt wandern.

Die nächste Sensation des gestrigen Tages war eine kleine Zeichnung die ich in unserem Mittagslokal in der Stadt entdeckte und die technische und künstlerisch durchaus ein Kunstwerk sein könnte. Darunter stand: "Grau, Feuer, Freund", usw., dann drei Initialen, (nicht die Kunstwands), und das Datum 1901. Als die Besitzerin sah, dass ich mich dafür interessierte, sagte sie, sie hätte schon viele Angebote dafür bekommen. Ich fragte, ob sie wüsste, von wem die Zeichnung ist, und sie antwortete mir: Oh, it is very, very

old". Dafür wusste sie aber, dass die Verse aus Goethes Faust waren. Ich habe natürlich sofort überlegt, ob ich die Zeichnung einfach als Souvenir mitnehmen sollte, aber dann dachte ich, es wäre vielleicht doch besser, wenn Du sie erst an Ort und Stelle begutachten würdest.

Als nächstes bemühten wir uns, unsere Stadtwohnung wiederzufinden, um uns für den Strand anzusehen. Dabei stellten wir fest, dass die meisten Straßen keine Namen haben, oder doch nur, dass die Namen nur einigen Eingeborenen bekannt sind, die sie in legendärer Überlieferungsform mit einigen originellen

Ausschmückungen weisgegeben,
Meistens wird man uns auf einige
allgemeiner bekannte Landmarks
eingewiesen, wie z. B. die Grand
National Stores oder das Vreking
Museum. Eine ältere Einwohnerin
des Ortes, die wir nach der Gardner-
street fragten, äußerte sich fol-
gendermaßen: "The one around
the corner is actually Gardnerstreet,
but it isn't called Gardnerstreet,
it's called Liberty Street. Liberty
Street is really India Street, but
it's called Liberty Street." ~~Das~~
Wir fragten es noch einmal,
zu paar ansässige junge Leute
zu fragen, die uns mitteilen,
they just had discussed Gardner
Street und beiträgig einen Stadt-

plan hervorragen, auf dem
diese Strasse speziell markiert
war. Dabei stellte sich heraus,
dass die Pläne, die vom In-
formation Office verteilt werden,
verkehrt herum gedruckt sind,
so dass man sie in umgekehrter
Richtung lesen muss, was die
Orientierung nicht direkt erleichtert.
Bei unserer nächsten Erkun-
dung (die vorige hatte nicht
den Ziel geföhrt) trafen wir
eine Nurse, die am hiesigen
Hospital arbeitet. Wir erfuhren
von ihr, dass sie vorher aus
Deutschland zurückgekehrt war,
wo sie einen Herrn namens
Kammerdiener geheiratet hatte,
dass sie ein Haus in Veste

von £10.000 besitzt, dass sie
sich von Hospital als Ausseu-
seitende fühlt, weil sie erst seit
drei Jahren auf der Insel lebt
("They know I'm not one of them,
because I come from the main-
land"), und nachdem sie uns
als "german Jews" identifiziert
hatte und uns wünschte, es möge
uns vergönnt sein, recht lange
in diesem schönen Lande zu
verbleiben, zerbren wir, um viele
Einsichten reicher, aber ohne
genauere Ortskenntnis unsere
Suche fort. 471 gaben es vor-
läufig auf, uns an andere
Einheimische oder recent im-
migrants zu wenden und
versuchten es nun mit dem

Touristen. Bei Einbruch der Dunkelheit fanden wir ein freundliches Fremdenpaar, das mit Hilfe des Stadtplanes auf dem Wege in eine andere Richtung war und uns vorschlug, uns ihnen anzuschließen, da es wohl einfacher wäre, von ihrer Gegend die unsere zu erreichen. Nachdem wir es dankend abgelehnt hatten, mit der Kirche uns dort zu gehen, gelangten wir endlich, auch dank göttlicher Führung als menschlicher Führung zu unserem Bestimmungsorte.

Das Einzige, was an diesem Bericht gefälcht ist, sind die Zeiten, die ich der Einfachheit

und der Wirkung wegen zu einem
zusammengezogen habe, während
es sich chronologisch um zwei
verschiedene Expeditionen han-
delte, d. h. dass wir beide Male
nach ausgehigem Forscheu, das
weit zurückzuführen in den Mythen
der Insel, unser Ziel erreichen.

Eine weitere Auskunft über das
merkwürdige Gebaren der Insulaner
erhielten wir heute früh von einem
netten Taxidraffere, der uns mit-
zog.

July 25

Fortsetzung: Er behauptete, die
Namen der Strassen würden jedes
Jahr geändert, aber er selbst wusste
keine Erklärung für diesen eigen-
artigen Brauch. Valodde'ulik 72

das Unabhängigkeitsbedürfnis der
Leute hier so ausgesägt, dass
sie die Fremden mit allen Mitteln
daran verhindern wollen, sich jemals
wirklich bei ihnen zu Hause zu
fühlen.

Wir aber fühlen uns trotz aller
Gegenbestrebungen, die darauf
gerichtet sein könnten, paranoide
Vorstellungen zu erzeugen, dan-
wohl auf dieser seltsamen Insel.
Ich würde wohl die korinthischen
Geschichten erzählen von unserer
neuen Landlady, einer älteren
Schoolmarum aus Boston, deren
freundliche Schwester, eine Heilerin
aus N. Y., den verschiedenen
Kasen, die das Haus verunreinigen
und zu grossen psychologi-

when and emotional argu-
ments to make the sisters
feel, von dem Sonntagsfrüh-
stück mit Bibelvorlesung,
warmem cereal und doughnuts,
und von der reisenden jüngeren
Nichte, die als outdoorwaitress
an dem Strandrestaurant ar-
beitet. Für zwei-erhalb Stunden
Bedienung im Freien verdient
sie \$ 7 pro Tag, und sie über-
lege mit ernsthaft, ob sie
nicht nicht auch um diesen
erbringlichen job bemühen
sollte, um ein. einen. beurlaub
kostenlosen Aufenthalt zu ver-
schaffen. Wenn die Möglichkeit
besteht, würde sie es studien-
halber gerne ausprobieren, obwohl

ich befürchte, schon am ersten
Tage zu fliegen, weil ich sicher
die orders und die customers
verwechseln würde oder mit dem
Tablett ins Wasser segeln würde.

Weitere Forschungen haben er-
geben, dass es ein sehr schönes Hotel
hier in der Nähe des Strandes
ab 9. August ein Doppelzimmer
mit voll freihaben würde:
\$30.- pro Tag, American Plan
für uns beide und f. F. G.
So verlockend es wäre, erscheint
es mir doch als eine riesige
Ausgabe, und ich ~~weiss~~ ~~ni~~
glaube nicht, dass du sehr
viel Freude daran haben wür-
dest, zu allen Mahlzeiten ge-
bunden zu sein. Vielleicht wäre

es doch das Beste für Dich, zu
diesem Jahr, allein oder vielleicht
mit Scheerer zu verreisen, und
ich glaube, Du könntest Dir
nichts Schöneres wünschen als diesen
Ort. Für George wäre es einfach
idealerweise, mit Albert das zu tun,
wenn ich andere Kinder zu sei-
nem Alter sehe, aber es wird wohl
dieses Jahr verfrühter müssen, und
ich hoffe, dass es dafür für
nächstes Jahr umso ausgiebiger
genossen kann.

Mit der Hand vom
Schreiben weh, und ich werde
mich noch dem wohlverdienten
Richtstern hingeben. Wenn ich
mich ernsthaft bemühe, kann
ich vielleicht schon morgen anfangen

ger zu arbeiten.

Ich bin überzeugt, dass Du
alle meine Absenzien sehr ge-
nerst, und ich gönne es Euch.
Grüss mir mein Böbchen, die
gute Tante Joh, küsse mir
meinen kleinen Alben und
sei selber liebvollest unan-
von Deiner Alben.

So erueu laugen Brief kriegst
Du nicht so bald wieder.

Sankhen findet, ich sollte hier-
zufügen, dass wir eine private
Beach für uns entdeckt haben,
die wir "Jacola Beach" benannt.
Wir werden eine Schild mit Namen
anbringen und darunter schrei-
ben: No Trespassing.

30. August 1955

Lieber Guter,

Seit ich Dich nicht mehr im Zuegel halte, scheint Du es ja ziemlich wild zu treiben. Was ist das fuer eine Wahnidee, dass Du die Absicht hast, evtl. nach Spanien zu fliegen? Ich dachte, Du waerest selbst davon ueberzeugt, wie sinnlos das nicht nur fuer Dich sondern auch fuer die Rippers sein wuerde. Dass Du auf dieser Reise irgendwann zu Dir selbst kommen wuerdest, war ja auch ohne Abstecher nach Europa kaum zu erwarten. Dazu muess-test Du Dich dann wirklich an einen stillen Fleck setzen und auf alle aeusseren Abelenkungen und Anregungen verzichten, was Du wohl in diesem Leben nicht mehr tun wirst. Ich glaube, Deine fruehere Gattin hat in dieser Beziehung wenigstens viel mehr gemeinsam mit Dir als ich, denn sie erzaehlte mir, dass sie jetzt nur noch den Wunsch hat, den Rest der Welt zu sehen, ehe es zu spaet ist. Ich bewunderte ihre Energie und Abenteuerlust, aber ich koennte ohne Resignation auf den Rest der Welt verzichten. Von Doris und Frankie habe ich mich auch verabschiedet. Sie scheinen sich beide auf den Wechsel zu freuen. Unser kleiner Sohn hat sich bisher unberufen noch nicht zurueckverwandelt. Er ist liebevoll, ausgeglichen, ungeheuer kooperativ, ohne jegliche Uebertriebenheit, und es ist bis jetzt noch zu keiner emotionalen Szene gekommen. Morgens weckt er mich mit einem Reveille call, der durch einen von ihm erfundenen snuggle call eingeleitet wird, dann zieht er sich an, macht prompt sein Bett (mit hospital corners!) und wenn er damit fertig ist, trompetet er einen mess call fuer sich. Es geht doch nichts ueber eine militaerische Disziplin. Mahlzeiten verschlingt er mit grossem Appetit und in rasender Geschwindigkeit. Ich mache ihm dauernd Liebeserklae-rungen, die ihn etwas in Verlegenheit versetzt, und er spielt mir gegenueber meist eine freundlich ueberlegene maennliche Rolle. Bei Lotte benahm er sich auch aeusserst anstaendig, half in Haus und Garten und machte sich allgemein beliebt.

Unsere Situation ist nun die folgende: In Point Lookout habe ich nichts finden koennen, aber falls die Cohns, die augen-blicklich sehr unentschlossen sind, sich nicht selbstaendig machen und etwas anderes unternehmen, werde ich mich am Wochen-ende noch einmal nach einer Wohnung in Long Beach auf woechent-licher Basis umsehen. Wenn nichts daraus wird, ist es mir auch recht. Dann werde ich versuchen, mich hier wieder haueslich einzurichten und allmaehlich die Wohnung in Ordnung zu bringen, was ja auch einige Zeit in Anspruch nimmt. Ich kann dann immer noch zwischendurch zu Krewers herausfahren, und Georgie wird sich auch hier nicht langweilen. Morgen fahre ich noch einmal mit ihm zu Lotte, bei der wir bis Freitag bleiben koennen. Es ist sehr huebsch dort, und sie versorgt ihre Gaeste mit Beschaeft-igung, abgesehen davon, dass sie sich an den Unkosten fuer das Essen beteiligen duerfen, was ich ihr auch nicht weiter uebel-nehme.

Ich freue mich, dass Du eine Beziehung zwischen den Masters und Powers angebahnt hast, und ich bin ueberzeugt, dass Jim eine gute therapeutische Wirkung auf Christine haben wuerde, wenn sich die Gelegenheit ergibt, d.h. wenn sie selbst dazu bereit ist.

Wenn Du Lust hast, noch zwei Tage in Chicago zu verbringen, kann ich das sehr gut verstehen. Ich fuerchte nur, Du wirst nach der Konferenz ziemlich erschoept sein, und wahrscheinlich wirst Du es erst merken, wenn Du Dich wieder in Deine Arbeit stuerzt, dass Du keine richtige Erholung gehabt hast. Deshalb waere es vielleicht auch fuer Dich ganz gut, wenn Du zwischen- durch noch eine kleine Atempause hier in Long Beach haettest, soweit dass mit den lieben Cohns moeglich ist. Wenn ich mich mit Georgie selbstaendig machen wuerde, koennte man sich natuerlich auf zwei Zimmer beschraenken, und falls das nicht mit groes- seren Kosten verbunden ist, sollte ich mich vielleicht doch dafuer interessieren. Ich werde jedenfalls die verschiedenen Moeglichkeiten am Wochenende investigieren.

Bis dahin. Mach's gut und denke gelegentlich mal an Dich und Deine instinktiven Beduerfnisse. Herzliche Gruesse an Scheerers.

Liebe
Deine
Lola

P.S. Gus hat gestern noch einen Brief an die Adresse, die Du ihm in Hollywood gegeben hattest, abgeschickt. Ich weiss nicht genau, ob es Karen's war. Kannst Du ihn Dir nachschicken lassen? Ich habe ihm jetzt gesagt, dass ich die Post uebernehme, und da ich ihn schon vorher gesprochen hatte, hielt ich es fuer selbst- verstaendlich, dass er seine Dienste nach meiner Rueckkehr ein- stellen wuerde.

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Charlotte Fehlman

305 W. 86

Enz-2738

Sorry, this is not
gift wrapped. Things are
better, like usual.

Sure hope you had a great
time. Will to have you back.

27.9.40

Heute überaus seltsames! Heute kommt schon ein viel heitereres Brieflein, da ich eben mit der - vorläufig nur - 3 maligen Lecture Deines lieben, lieben Lauges Schreibens von 8. d. fertig bin. Dank dir von Herzen für die lieben, guten Nachrichten & dafür dass Du G. d. D. gesund bist! - Nur wünsche ich, liebster dass Du nicht so schrecklich ernst und grüblerisch wärest; obwohl sicher unsere Vergangenezeit das Schönste war, was wir hatten; selbst Du nicht so ausschließlich den Gedanken daran dich hingeben & dich ganz einsimmen in melancholische Rück-Erinnerungen. So wenig denken als möglich - ist jetzt das beste Heilmittel für alle Kunden, die nach die Zeit selbst schlägt. Und dann sieht man auch, zu oft mir, wie Du so richtig sagst, alle Fehler die man gemacht, wie falsch man vieles eingeschätzt, wie viel besser & schöner für sich & für die Umgebung man hätte das Leben einrichten können; & jetzt ist's zu spät, nichts kann mehr gutgemacht werden! - Ob ich noch alles weiss, fragst Du? - Das mit der Moldau, Beethoven - & überhaupt jedes Wort von Vaterchen; wie konnte ich's denn vergessen, Kind? - Ich kann keinen Ton gmb. Musik hören mehr, - nur Dein liebes Gedächtnis an die Moldau Episode hat mir die Trauer in die Augen getrieben! Dass Deine Finger die so geschicklich sind, wieder mich gar nicht - richtige Dinge de Te! - Nicht hoffen noch gmb. Klavierspielen auch noch kommen, bis wieder ruhigere Zeiten sind - & dann will ich wieder an Beethoven mich freuen, bis Du mir vorspielen kannst, Harz, ja! - Wird die kleine so hoch springen dann! - Ruhren Lieb, dass Du dich so im warmen Suchen für sie anmüsst. Besser aber nicht schreiben, ich glaube nicht, dass es aufhört, & das wäre furchtbar schade nur die Anlagen, die Du Armas dir machst! - Ein Vögel wird der alte Mantel noch gehen & vielleicht kann die kleine auch durch Bekannte Volkstänze kriegen. Mir 1000 Dank für Deine lieben guten Briefchen aber lieber nichts schreiben. Sie möchte keine Aufmerksamkeit erregen, darf sich ja auch gar nicht so elegant werden im Inhalt, wie Du es haben möchtest, weiss Du, & schließlich kein event. Streifen könnte sie ja auch nur wenig Gepäck mitnehmen & müsste noch alles deklarieren. So froh ist sie sich schon durch wie es geht - hat Arbeit bekommen aus W. & hofft bestimmt auf fortlaufende monatliche Sendungen davon aus der Heimat. - Hoffentlich habe ich schon wenig veranlasst durch Horwar, mein Liebster, & ist in Ordnung. Karl zweifelt wieder, an der Zahl der Mütter, die Heim. bekommen, da dieser von weniger schreibt. Es sollen doch 11/2 gewesen sein. nicht wahr? So wie sie bei Kelly gebräuchlich sind? - Grösseren Teil hat Kelly erhalten, aber noch nicht alle? - Mit Bridge fange ich mich nicht an, da gar kein Interesse dafür vorhanden, & ich auch kein korrektes Buch von der Methode eines unerschöpflichen Vorrat an Vergnügen habe & es immer wieder lese. Mir viel lieber als Bridge. Die Geselligkeit ist nicht sehr erheiternd, da ja immer dieselben Themen diskutiert werden, die nicht sehr erfreulich sind, natürlich! - Ich denke hauptsächlich an die Reiseroute, die endlich möglich werden wird, & mache mir aus, ob ich verüchtelt oder ohnmächtig werde - bis ich einmal aus Ziel wirklich komme! - Schöne Annahmen für Dich, ganz & aber ganz so schlimm wird's nicht werden, wir werden es schon ausarbeiten, meist wahr! - Und jetzt, gerühmter sein & mehr & besser mit einander & nur noch uns freuen & glücklich sein miteinander! - Ein Glück ist der Director, denn ich unbekannterweise von ganzem Herzen dankbar & zugehen bin für alles Liebe, das er Dir getan & tut. Und wie er auf dich schaut in jeder Beziehung! Ich könnte es nicht besser! - Dein Urlaub war nicht ganz wie ich es Dir gewünscht bewirkt! Aber die aufgeregeren Tage zum Schlusse haben zur Erholung hoffentlich mehr beigetragen als die vorher in Anwesenheit & Gesellschaft! Warst Du nicht mit der Tochter W. bei Boston auch? - Und die Wohnfrage, die Du so schwer mühsam, schon gelöst? In gut gelöst? Darfst nicht in H.'s Fehler verfallen, mein Kind, & alles so unvorstellbar & unüberwindlich schwer machen, - das ist eine furchtbare Krankheit, die Du gar nicht erst anweisen lassen darfst! Bist ein tapferer, starker, prächtiger Mensch & hast nicht den leisesten Grund auch nur zu einem Ausflug von Mitt. (wie wir es nannten 'gelt') od. Kinderwechsellagerung! - Das lässt nur schon sein & nimm Dir ein eher abschreckendes Beispiel an H., die damit miteinander glücklich hat & selbst nicht glücklich. Ich wurde dabei. Bonett hatte doch eher Berechtigung dazu, während Dugany zufrieden sein kann, dass dich der P. Herzog so erschaffen hat, wie Du bist! - Also Schluss damit, bitte ja? - Und Koffler hoch & weiter Carriage & Hoffnung, es wird doch noch mal schöner & besser werden, & dann machen wir alles gescheiter, gelt? - Mit Carl hast Du ganz recht gehabt & habe Yaka auch gebüßt. Na, Du kennst. Mmst Du jetzt für H. & m - das wird jeder begreifen! - Mit Jenny das ist furchtbar! - Hier bewundert jeder Kelly's gutes Aussehen & Gesundheit, also bitte mir keine Sorge, auch wenn sie mal etwas Traurigkeit schreibt. Es geht in ja gut hat ein sehr angenehmes Zimmer, liebe Hausfrau & ist sehr gut aufgehoben! - Das Schlimme wird sich schon auch noch best. lassen lassen, so dass sie nicht freieren wird. Ist ihr Halloff sehr brav nach dem lieben, tüchtigen Tom, der sie so genau wie derselben möchte! - Wie wichtig auch in der Küche: Bismarck, etc. - Muss Du mir dann auch beibringen! - Du warst schon & gut essen, Liebling, & kauf Dir 1 schönes Mantel, aber ein warmes, bitte! - Ich werde schon auch was haben, & nicht schütten, bitte, Name kann au! - Gottlob, dass Fasserln gut, wenn auch Schwestern nicht so grazios! Was ist mit Harper, Vogue, etc.? - La Dampf & Laedigan kommen dann drüber noch dazu! Freue mich schon so auf all' das Schöne & Liek - das mir mehr gestört werden soll! - Dankbar grüsse ich auch Schatt. für alles Liebe zu Dir - ich bin so & lieb von ihm! - Also lese ich weiter immer wieder Deine reizenden & lieben Briefe, dies mit der Mitchell aufnehmen können! - Das sagt viel - aber es ist so! - Nicht traurig & zu ernst sein, bitte & behalt' dich Gott immer lieber & unser Schatz. Bisher hat er ja recht gehabt! - Vertrauen dir ihm wieder! - Kelly hat gemipert? In die Zeit - also keine Sorgen! - Immense Passi in trauerlicher Seele & steilem Gedächtnis, Geliebter! - Alles Beste

JONAS F. MANN
604 RIVERSIDE DRIVE
NEW YORK CITY

Calligraphy was never a part
of my handwriting which is
now probably at its worst.

~~Jonas F. Mann~~

Commodore

4135

Thurs

480 Melbrough St

Dunedin

After 11:00 I'll be in the parlor — 'Lothar
drops in quite often and drows
around — After 2:00 he begins
to irritate you to perfection
and by 4:00 I'll be completely
confused!! Daddy has sold
his business and retired and heads
this way February — Acres and
Acres arrives Wednesday,
also unemployed and the little
to the soup kitchen for us on
the left!

Darling I do wish
you all of the very best —

(over)

For Christmas — for the ^{III}
New Year — for everything
And Always —
Love



P.S.

The present
without the card
is still here — I
was so busy
looking at gable
I forgot!!
xxx

New York is a beautiful city.
I love it because it ~~just~~ really
has everything: theaters, operas,
all kinds of restaurants, all kinds
of amusements, ~~all kind of~~ all
different races of human beings.
But also it has beautiful parks,
swimming pool and sport fields.

will turn on me and say:
'You are a spoiled - childish
woman and all you need is
a good spanking' - And I
shall not know how to
answer - for even though I
do not inwardly think this
is true - it certainly looks
that way -

Sincerely
Frances Braggiotti

1) Cl: Bsp. man. Wege (Mittelpunkt)
Kleinanalyse

2) Cl: kommen zueinander
mit anderen Alkoholen.
Als Folge von Polymeren mit
zell für Polymeren.

3) Cl: daß für alle, nur / auf / für
Kapsel, / gegen / all, / für / wie / gel.

Eg: Mosam Mint ist dann wie Methy
gel / gel? das sind es nicht.

4) Maydon für die Zahl gegeben
Jahr a) Cl für Mint nicht andere
Polymeren b) Mithallant Mint

man ist gefordert geben wissen

c) es sind mögliches auf sein

Si ch. stand, daß ein Plan
definitiv. Punkt, nicht für in
die Form gesetzt.

C: Man kann es nicht klar
sagen, weil man es der Stoff-
ung nicht nehmen sollte.

Es ist dem nachgeben, aber
es ist nicht der Zillepig Punkt
der "Geographie" nicht ein max/stand
in kleinen Punkten. Ziemlich klar
zu verstehen gegeben, daß es
kein Hindernis ist, daß C
den Fall fand sich können.

Nafas in minen Zusammenhang:

a) Bestimmung der minnen Zusammenhänge
auf die Personen -

b) der Zusammenhang weist zu
zusammen.

Ego: Summe minnen mit den Personen,
mit den bestimmten Personen, mit den Personen
mit den Personen a. des Cl. aus den
Personen mit den Personen, mit den Personen.

Cl. ist mit den Personen, mit den Personen
zu Personen, mit den Personen offiziell
zu Personen. Es ist mit den Personen.

Zusammenhang, mit den Personen aus
Personen mit den Personen.

Nam Ram is in loyalty
conflict a. Ich mich sehr im-
günstigst kommen, auf Augst.
daß die die dann gegen mich
minder mündelt, mit Cl. schon
im Anfang mit diese persönliche
Kampfung freigegeben ist.

Lada Mafok man mir recht.
Nimm die Tarejant um
mangorapam Plan Herstellung
Ich, noch so vorant.
will

Die geht, die soll früher
gefasst — dann geht die die
Kamp die auf erinnerung, nach
et was.

Kocher geht bei mir die Gruppe

mir. Sollst du mich? Ich
kann das mich glauben, weil man
dann die mit mir gesprochen geht.

Die kann man also früher
nicht mehr?

Hier sind die "Mafsch" zum
Prinzipiellen, zur Frage der
Ausführung im Leben.

N. "fünftens", man darf
möglichst ein Postill aus dem
Jahre, mit nur 8-10 Zeilen.

Immer in jedem neuen Postill-
Kas. formulierbar u. von
No. 1 bis 10 mit zu anderen
Zusammenfassungen, zum Aus-
ständigen der Teilp. mit ab-
sich. Materialität Sat. a.

Winn et al. July (in the
journal merit journal (in the
manuscript & more
written part manuscript
with a no Temporary
limits acceptance with

a no possibility manuscript
part manuscript manuscript
manuscript.

Open the file is the way
manuscript manuscript manuscript
manuscript manuscript manuscript
manuscript manuscript manuscript

Sie dankt es sich also auch
um die Makro, sondern
um die Frage der Organisation.

Wieder d. Makro.

Das ist alles mit der Auffassung
ob die Japan Konstitutionell die
Zugehörigkeit, jetzt nur
zu sein. Man kann es
eine Frage sein, in dem
man sagt, wir wollen das
nochmal offen lassen.

Man mollen in den folgenden
Eintropfen, man u. ma. Neben
den Koffein gefundene Pannur.

Und auf man man ist auf
Ihre lange die willkürliche sein an.
Ist die Pan, muß man sehr
eingesetzt, mal im gegenwärtigen

zu setzen mit der folgenden
Kupfer- oder Silber-
Pan (Testing of the limits).

Der Patient muß nicht unterliegen.
Nur eine Herstellung davon
haben, moralisch der Therapie

farant mill, abn dr. Gurojunt
mipz jantafollt ein temporary
framework satm.

Die Mafgabe des freien
Liefersells ist einziges Motiv
ein der jomontigen Digung

refferent wird jindult u. ein.

frangbar.

Nat ist unan jend.

folghens fir nam.

742

Monday

July Dear

Thanks for the
flowers - I missed
our Sunday debate
as to whether they
should be purchased
on Sunday or
later in the week.

When you have
made a decision
and feel you can
stick to it -
and move over
you feel I am
much trusting

2

You may call me
otherwise just
forget it —

Joy:

Tuesday

A 28

Dear H. —

Since I am a very pious Jew, I can't make it during Passover.

Saw your sister-in-law last night at the Warshaws' after-Seder-reunion, and I must say she is filling out in the right places

Capitol Records still owe us some merchandise from back-order. Will you please phone them at Longacre 3-~~6144~~⁶¹⁴⁴ and tell the manager that you are a representative of Lawrence Furniture Company of Lawrence, Mass. We are anxious to do business with Capitol. We sent our check promptly to them without taking any extra time, and we hoped that

2

they would give us better
delivery on their merchandise.
We would like to have the
following numbers, which are
now on back-order shipped as
quickly as possible.

50	-	#	107
5	-		113
6	-		126
6	-		127
10	-		116

Add to this the following
selections.

25	-	102
15	-	129
3	-	122

Also, would you look up
the address of the Liberty Music
Co. - or the main office of
the Liberty Music Shops, they
might have some items on
their own label that we could
sell. Send me the address, please.

You do a good job on this
assignment, and I'll make
you our buyer in residence.

Yours,
H.

Portsmouth

I comes to sister:

I enjoyed your long letter
very much. I admired it as well
as the quality of its English.
Although I agree that its too long
reveals many true and important
facts about a human being, I
believe it remains negative knowledge
unless one uses the knowledge to
compensate for such inherent deficiencies,
as it may reveal. In this respect I
want you very much to read a
book by F. D. M. called something
on "how to become a real person".

You may start by reading a good digest of it in the March issue of the "Reader's Digest". It may mention being a good help to people like us, the young men, who with all their outstanding qualifications, have their rather large share of deficiencies, which can be worked upon.

To come to such practical things as a job, I believe, it is very hard, especially right now, in the face of the great labor shortage, to take any job, that one could fill. Since I believe factories are a two hand for you in addition to a high ship difficulties you may have I believe you should fill some girls job, that has gone to a factory. For instance those Bakery 6 hours like Bushman etc, I am sure we have a shortage of

2

for us help. The work is clean and not
too hard. But this is only one suggestion
of many others. And your citizenship would
have no bearing on any of such jobs. —
Mother wrote how much she enjoyed
seeing you. I hope you will find or
close contact with her again. As I
wrote you after Father's death, she
needs you ever so much more, than
we need her, even if she may not
want to show it. Father's whole life
was lived around the close kinship
of our family, and I believe we all
want to live this memory best by
trying to continue his spirit. —
If Mrs. Carter sounds terrible miserable
it is not intended on such; take it!

work as my preoccupation with your
wellfare and happiness, which means
much to me. . .

I was so happy to hear, that you
and Virginia hit it so well. . .

There is little to report about me,
other than that I continue to enjoy
my present assignment. We have a
nice bunch of young kids mostly
between 18 and 21 who do their best
and are fun to work with. . .

With all my love and a kiss

W O - G

GFS-13-C

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

A picturesque panorama of Palm Springs looking east across the famous O'Donnell golf course. The Desert Inn shopping center is visible on the right.

Photo by Paul Pospesil



Dear Lola, I don't want to leave P.S.P. before writing to you. The climate here is beautiful at this time of the year. Nature more interesting than I expected and its very relaxing to sit near the pool and have a little down in between.

Western Resort Publications, 132 N. Broadway, Santa Ana, CA

ADDRESS
Mrs Lola Jensen Thal
107 West 86 St.
New York, N.Y.
10024

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See you soon love Elsa

KLUGE'S ON SUNSET HILL
Mascoma Lake
Enfield, New Hampshire

Liebe Lola,

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

Ich hab' was drum wenn
ich nur wüsst ob ich
Lola Mutter und - affektive
glaubere Sie mir, ich wärel
fröhlich, Sie wären hier. Schon
müde ist mein Pegasus. Schon

POST CARD

Address

5-3243-1

Kluge's on Sunsei Hill
Mascoma Lake
Enfield, New Hampshire



Mrs. Luba Grunthal
107 W 86th St
New York City

KLUGE'S ON SUNSET HILL
Mascoma Lake
Enfield, New Hampshire

2.

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

daher nur Gross und K.
vorn J-----

POST CARD

Address

Ich bin stets
unter control

5-2043-1

gib mir vor dem Schlafens vorrang.
Mr. Flint, (seinen Vornamen ~~er~~ habe
ich vergessen - er nennt mich dafür
Clara -) fährt zu einem Konzert
nach Havana. Auf diese Höhe könnte
ich noch zu einem Tagesabend
kommen, wenn ich bis Sonntag bleibe,
was er nach eigener Einkundungungs-
erfahrung für ziemlich sicher hält.
Aber don't worry, ich gebe keinen
temptations, nicht einmal Hegevers,
noch, wenn nicht der Versuch selbst
mich dort dringt.

Im weiteren Verlaufe ergab es sich,
dass Mr. H. Jones und Zerstörtes
Beirat der Salzberg Opera Guild
was, die er nicht nach U.S. bringen
will, dass er Jones mit Faber be-
freundet ist, außerdem eine ganze

Menge interessanter Leute zuernt
und ein sehr naives, d. h. unbefan-
genes ~~Handwerk~~ ^{Gefühl} für Schönheit in
jeder Form hat. Dass er auch nicht
in dies Gefühl einwillt, was wohl
zum Teil der Tatsache zuzuschreiben,
dass am Ende der Nacht alle anderen
Dinge von allen Seiten abgeführt
waren, sodass schließlich nur noch
ich übrig blieb. Mit hat es nur
Spas gemacht, was für einen Ein-
druck meine sanfte Depression in
ihm hervorrief. Er kam nämlich zu
dem Resultat, dass ich zwar geistig
überentwickelt sei (siehe oben!), dass
dafür aber sowohl meine Töne wie
meine emotions zurückgeblieben seien.
Daraus entstand eine kleine flirtation
ohne tiefere Bedeutung, die sich sehr

Gestern mittag.

Geliebteste!

Eben habe ich den teuersten Braten
meines Lebens gegessen: Conditorei,
Buchecke mit Eiern, Vanille und
Spargeln, Erdbeeren und viel Honig
für eine Torte mit Tiramisu
etc!

Heute früh.

Jetzt sind wir schon im sonnigen Süden.
Ich habe eben einen Spaziergang durch
La Jolla gemacht. Palmen, Papus-
bäume, Sonnenblumen und Gräser
wachsen resp. wächst neben den Ge-
leisen. Wir hatten eine Stunde Auf-
enthalt. Jetzt ist der Tag voller
Piepel, die nach Miami zu irgend-
einer Congregation fahren.

Die Nacht habe ich in allen mög-

lichen Verdrehungen und Verrenkungen
zugebraut. Es war nicht viel anders
als im Bus. Jemand hielt das Ding
unten auf der Straße und rang
verwirrt nach Atem.

Ich merke eben, dass ich rücherts
berichte anstatt kronologisch. Also
zurück zum Lunch. In meiner Wieder-
zählung des Menus wurde ich un-
terbrochen von einem gegenüberstehenden
Gentleman, der mich fragte, ob ich
Deutsche sei. Es entzettelte sich trotz
meiner anfänglichen Redekunst und
Unfähigkeit eine Unterhaltung, die
mit Roosevelt und America anfing
und um 1/2 2 Uhr nachts mit Martial
Claudius, meinen Gedichten und
Schubertliedern endete. Die Schubert-
lieder nehme ich sehr, weil es

Lieberlein

ghe jicht

de van den

veldt 26

Omringt met water

Konstantin 115

geliebter! Du warst
nicht da. Jetzt gehe
ich wieder. Du bist
(in Europa)
schon alles am Ende
zu sein. Hier muss es
weitergehen. Lass mich
überleben! Ich komme
bald oder rufe dich an,
Bleib du!

March 1 79

Dearest Lola, we have a great time here in Florida, and through the beautiful apartment we could rent, with a balcony hanging over the undisturbed and marvellous beach and glowing ocean we are isolated from humanity but not from seagulls and ever changing light. Brief, we enjoy every minute here. I had always a resistance to Florida which I considered as waiting room for the last departure but I was wrong, if one finds the right spot it's just beautiful.

My exhibit in Philadelphia takes more & more shape. Two very capable people have written very good essays one of my "religious sculpture" the other on "works on paper". This is really the first time that a serious publication although in modest form will be printed on my work. Well, a little late but yet it came to pass, and I appreciate it very much.

I am using the time here, barely 3 weeks to do some writings and drawings. Daniela tries desperately to translate her thesis into German, a new idea of her advisor. But it sounds much better in her native language. Perhaps it will come finally to a conclusion.

Julia is immersed into the swimming pool and ocean. The whole family is happy. We will leave March 10. and give you a sign of love from us 3 of

66

Lola -

We still need response from
6A, 6C, 6E, 6H

Talk to everyone and be sure
we can gain access for the
roaches.

Slip the response under my door

Ann

14-C

no access

New Algec
Oxford

10/5/59

Dear Lola,

I just wanted to
thank you very much indeed
for your birthday present to
me — it makes me
feel extremely platonic.
I'm not sure if this is a
good feeling, but I suppose
it won't last long anyway.

It took me such a
long time to get round to

he read "Le Traître" by André GORZ (Editions du Seuil)

1958

Love James

— a work of GREAT
importance.

writing this note partly
because I dreaded the
thought of my handwriting,
perhaps, being subjected
to your psychiatric scrutiny.
So in the meanwhile I was
learning to type. But in
the end I decided that maybe
the way I type is even more
revealing, & certainly more
characteristic, than the way I write,
which possibly proves no more
than that I have had the same
pen for decades, & its nib is
~~unstable~~ ^{unstable}.

Give my love to Mae — if
he is still doubtful about
existential psycho-analysis, suggest

liebe Eva! Mein so ohne Grund ging ich nicht her her
ich konnte es in meinem Zimmer nicht mehr
aushalten, es wurde wieder schlimmer bis mich
Walter abholte. Man geht es die Sachen an
packen. Wenn du das mitangesehen hättest!
Meine letzte Kraft ging dabei drauf. Abends
kam dann Pitz. Der Breme er war ganz verweijelt.
Schliesslich war doch ein Paar Sachen übrig die
mein Hauptschrecken waren. Wir beratschlagten
wie wir sie beseitigen könnten. Es wurde beschlos-
sen sie mit Alkohol zu übergossen und verbr.
in unserer Gegend zu verbrennen!!! Als wir
um 1/2 12 zu Hölter kamen, fragten wir den dortman
ob er uns im Herkessel etwas verbrennen
liesse. Und er fand das selbstverständlich, als
ob jeden Tag solch ein Ausruhen an ihn gestellt würde.
Am nächsten Tag fuhr mich Walter hier her. Ich bei
mich bekümmert über alle die schönen Sachen, die
in meinem Koffer eingepackt sind und die ich infolge
der elenden Schutz nicht zu tragen wage. Aber
bis zum Winter wird sich vielleicht ein Ausweg
finden. Ich habe nur ganz wenig Sachen mit. Nur
während der ^{reise} habe ich schon stark unwohl
aber dann hier ging's erst los. Man kann sich
nie vorstellen, wie das möglich ist. Nach dem ich

nicht 2 ganze Hosten gegnät hätte und wenn
Beutendist hätte glich ich letzten Sonntag in
Pancuvert Landstadt in Penschig. Er gab mir
noch 1/2 Tage Galgenrost und ferner ein Mittel. Dann
is kalte Spülungen und Brustbeige. Perwante lauter
Grünkraut Milch sehr viel Salzigs essen. Au liebsten
Leberspritzen. Na also is hätte Glück und das Mittel
half. Offenbar hatten die Kerne auch etwas na stark
gebirt und die Schwärzente kog sich wilt rauszumen.
Wenn wir doch die Menschen nur glauben würden
wenn is Keaga ist's schon höchste Zeit. Anstatt mir glass
das starke Gynergien zu verschreiben, haben sie erst
alle möglichen anderen Mittel versucht.

Ich lebe hier bei Russen Patienten von Walker bei
Khepaar hat eres sehr primitive Haus. Sie nehmen
nur 5-6 Gäste auf, machen alles selbst. Köche sehr reiche
Leute vor der Revolution, keine Fecken Russen.
Alles sehr gebildete reiche Leute! Kriständigung
nur durch Englisch! Alles spricht nur Russisch. Die
meisten können gar kein Englisch. Mann und
Frau von Beruf Operensänger. Schwester der Frau
bekannte Operensängerin 15 Jahre Metropolitan,
ein charmanter Person von über 50. Bildhübsch und
charmanig. Sie kommt immer in ihrem eignen
Wagen. Hier haben uns in einander verliebt.

Nov. 1916

Lesung im Vorlesesaal
Goltz, München

George Kennan: Siberia
& the Exile System (1891)

Dostoevski & Cécile

Aufzeichnungen a.e. Tolstoj

Tolstoj: Aufstellung

Bürokratieroman

1. Nov. 1914 Strafkolonie
beendet

25. 8. 1955
nach 9 p.m.

Lieber Guter,

Um Dir zu beweisen, was fuer ein edler Mensch ich bin, schreibe ich Dir unverabredeterweise noch heute, um Dein Gemuet zu erleichtern. Um Dir ferner zu beweisen, dass alles Schicksal ist und dass es keinen Sinn hat, sich einen besonderen Platz zu erkaempfen, kann ich Dir nur mitteilen, dass ich einen Aussensitz hatte, wie Du ihn mir nicht besser haetest waehlen koennen, dass aber besagtes Schicksal mir eine Beisitzerin ausgesucht hatte, die an Darmkraempfen litt und aus diesem Grunde mehrmals von ihrem Sitz getrieben wurde, wo durch ich natuerlich auch in Mitleidenschaft gezogen war. Dazu kam noch das besondere Pech oder Schicksal, dass sie anscheinend auf der Damentoilette ihre Uhr verlor, und obwohl sie selbst der Meinung war, es muesse beim Abwischen passiert sein, fuehlte sie sich aus diesem wie aus dem vorher erwahnten Grunde noch haeufiger an denselben Ort zurueckgezogen. Aber das nur nebenbei. Um sparsam zu sein, nahm ich den Bus von LaGuardia, der erst eine halbe Stunde spaeter abging und dafuer aber gleich wieder anhielt, weil ein junges Maedchen unterwegs aussteigen musste, um sich auszukotzen. Das Flugzeug hatte auch schon Verspaetung, und so kam ich erst gegen zwei hier an. Zu meiner grossen Ueberraschung, fand ich Ma hier, die schon seit Stunden auf mich wartete und ruehrenderweise den Eisschrank mit Proviant angefuellt hatte. Sie tischte mir auch gleich alle Neuigkeiten auf, die aber fuer Dich im Moment nicht weiter interessant sind. Nachdem sie mich verlassen hatte, widmete ich mich zunaechst der Post, die erfreulicherweise hauptsaechlich aus Checks in verschiedenster Hoehe besteht. Solange das Geld von selbst ins Haus kommt, koenntest Du Dir ja eigentlich noch einen Abstecher nach der Tuerkei und Spanien leisten. Ich wuenschte aber in Deinem Interesse, dass Dich die Ameisen doch noch einmal irgendwo zur Ruhe kommen lassen. Jetzt bin ich doch zu muede, weiter zu schreiben und werde deshalb die Fortsetzung morgen folgen lassen.

Gruesse die lieben Scheerers, Powers und Masters herzlichst. Suche Dir irgendwo einen ruhenden Punkt im Strom der Geschehnisse, ohne Dir dabei einen Sonnenstich zu holen.

Es kuesst Dich

Deine labile Alte

2/n 59

liebster Hase,

Ich habe mich sehr über Deinen Brief gefreut und danke Dir herzlichst für Deinen Geburtstagsgruß und das Geschenk, das mich natürlich entzückte. Ich spiele oft damit u. werde das Kästchen erst in N.Y. öffnen, damit ich nicht hier verliere. - Es war schön, Post von Dir zu bekommen.

Es ist einfach himmlisch hier. Ich bin glücklich und dankbar, u. ich kann Dir nicht sagen, wie sehr ich diese Insel liebe. Wie gern hätte ich Dich hier gehabt. Du würdest Dich hier bestimmt tummeln u. es lieben.

Es ist besonders schön hier, seit Eva angekommen ist. Wir laufen zusammen u. lachen viel. Unsere Unterkunft ist sehr idyllisch u. romantisch. Es kommt uns vor, als gehörte das Collage, das einzig ist, uns allein. Es ist immer herrlich kühl, u. was überbringen unsere Lieben auf der Porch

oder auf der Wiese in Front of our "Haus-
chen". Wir haben wieder den alten Gang
hinter sich, u. verbringen mit ihnen
"Nightlife". Gestern haben wir sie in
unserem kleinen living room mit Mad
hibs und von N.Y. gebrachten Candles
entertained. Es war sehr lustig.

Ich kann Dir gar nicht über all das Schön-
heit erzählen, ich muß es in N.Y. tun. Viel
leicht kann ich Dich doch noch überzeugen,
dass man ~~man~~ sich hier glücklich u. völlig
befreit fühlt.

"Heute in 8 Tagen bin ich noch hier."
Solange ich dies sagen kann, fühle ich
mich reich. Eva beansprucht jetzt Platz,
obwohl er ihr gar nicht gibt.

Ich küsse Dich und Georgie,
Deine glückliche
Silly Seri.

Liebe lovely Lola.

Das schreckliche fette Säcken hat mir so wenig
Platz gelassen, dass ich selbst mit meinem kleinsten
Gokritzel nur sehr wenig Weisheit dazu bringen kann.
Ja, Montag ist wieder ein Paradies (was für
ein Gegensatz zu der letzten schrecklichen N.Y.
woche, und man fühlt sich sofort wieder sorgenfrei

und wie in einem Schönen Traum - der nicht
zu analysiert werden braucht.

Und heute nur um sprechen mit wiewe dann
wie herzlich Sie (Du) bis wissen werden ist
Wirklich, Lola, Sie (Du?) fehlen uns
sehr. Wir könnten so herzlich hier

allem - aber das tun wir ja auch in
Pind lookal, nur hier ist die Atmosphäre
noch schön und wohlklausur. Ich hoffe

aber sehr, dass wir uns bald nach mit
Rückkehr (vorläufig könnte ich je glücklich sein
und will daran denken) sehen. Herzliche
Grüsse an gegenseitig Georgie, Cruel Kreis
und Engel helles Elschen.

The sehr

Editha KVA

[Faint, mostly illegible handwritten text, possibly bleed-through or a second page of a letter.]

in meinem
Koffert
an den
Herrn
Kaufmann

The Patrician

ON THE OCEAN AT 36TH STREET
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

11/19.

Mein liebster Häse:

Tinte gibt es hier vorläufig nicht,
so mußt Du mit Bleistift frölich nehmen.

Ich habe viel, viel zu erzählen u.
weiß nicht, wo ich beginnen soll, am
besten also chronologisch.

Der Flug war zauberhaft schön,
"a gift of God". Das Riesensflugzeug
"Silverfleet" allein bedeutete für mich
eine Sensation. Ich eroberte mir einen
Fensterplatz u. war von der Bequemlich-
keit der Sitze entzückt. Das Aufsteigen
war toll; was ich jedoch am seltsam-
sten fand, war, daß man so schnell
oben war, u. so plötzlich alles weit, weit
unten lag. Nur das Brummen der Mo-
toren erinnerte einen, daß man sich
wahrheitlich vorwärts-
bewegte, sonst merkte
man es nicht. War
es bei Dir auch so?
Es fehlt wie bei
anderen Verkehrs-
mitteln die



"frame of reference". Die Fahrt war sehr smooth, ein non-stop-flight, der programmäßig verlief. Ihn war der Sternhimmel über Miami in die bunten Lichter der Stadt!

Ich wurde von Reinhold in seinem Ältesten abgeholt. Es war eine laue Sommernacht, ich kletterte mich aus. Die Autofahrt geschah im Dunkeln, ich konnte da noch nicht viel sehen; ich kam nicht darüber hinweg, die beiden in weißen Anzügen zu sehen. Der plötzliche Übergang vom Winter zum Sommer machte alles so unwirklich. Ich konnte nicht begreifen - Du kennst mich doch als Casparian "Korinthenk..." wie es möglich ist, dass alles grün war.

W's leben in einem reizenden Haus spanischer Stils in Coral Gables, einer Villenstadt. Die Zimmer sind in Kufeisenform, um eine Patio gelagert, auf der es herrlich auch an Tage ist. Ich mußte alles bewundern, Reinhold schleppte mich um das Haus, obwohl ich nichts sah in. nannte mir die Namen seiner sämtlichen Gewächse (er fand mich sehr dumm, als ich sie am nächsten Morgen nicht kannte). Ich verbrachte die erste Nacht wachend in. schlief erst gegen Morgen ein, nur kurz, denn um 6 Uhr wachte ich auf in. sprang vor Schreck aus dem Bett: Die Sonne ging auf in. ihrchein beleuchtete rote Blühpflanzen vor dem Haus die wie Feuer glühten. Ich hielt es nicht

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ON THE OCEAN AT 36TH STREET

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

mehr im Bett aus, ⁻²⁻ zog mir was über
i. lief heraus. Die Farben, Blüten u.
die bizarrsten Bäume machen einen buch-
stäblich verrückt. Die Farben sind laut,
abweisend, i. man weiß nicht recht, ob man
sich die Ohren oder die Augen zuhalten soll.
Die Farben tun einem jedenfalls weh. Ich
hatte also einen "Colorshock". i. weiferte
mich entschieden, noch mehr aufzunehmen,
als R. mich vor dem Frühstück abzuherum-
fahren wollte. Was dann folgte, ^{ist} ein
wahres Kaleidoskop: Rein ins Auto, Uni-
versität besichtigen, rein ins Auto, Verkehrs-
zentrum, rein ins Auto, Campus besichtigen,
rein ins Auto, nach Miami durch die ^{besten}
Straßen mit Royal Palms bestanden, ich
flehte R an, mich ins Hotel i. Ruhe haben,
es half nicht. Ich habe in Miami alles u.
nichts gesehen. Ich war an einem Punkt, wo
ich nichts ^{mehr} aufnehmen konnte.

Es war mir alles zu laut
i. betäubend. Ganz
ins Hotel, wo mir
erlaubt wurde, mich
für die Beach un-
zugreifen. Rein ins
Auto an eine Beach



weit von jeder Zivilisation, Rein ins Meer,
raus aus dem Meer, rein ins Auto, zurück
durch Miami Beach, ins mein Hotel - u. dann
my first argument mit R: Ich sollte zurück
nach Coral Gables, u. ich sollte.

Coral Gables hat sich <sup>(außer Miami Beach,
u. das ich noch nicht gesehen habe)</sup> als das Schönste bisher heraus-
gestellt. Es ist wirklich ein Paradies, u. ich
würde, Du sähest es auch einmal. 11/20

R. hat mir ein Hotel ausgesucht, das
wirklich besonders hübsch ist. Ich genieße ein
prachtvolles Zimmer mit privatem Bad, u. ich
glaube, ich werde weder mein New Yorker Bett
noch mein N.Y. Rad wiederhaben wollen. So
viel Luxus habe ich auf Reisen wirklich nicht
erlebt. Das Publikum, hauptsächlich aus
Boston, ist gut, nett u. langweilig. Ich bin
hier populär. Ich habe immer noch Eindruck
auf alte Damen u. alte Herren gemacht (nur
da). Das Hotel liegt uptown in einer Gegend,
wo Palast neben Palast steht (genau so, wie
sich der Kl. Moritz househotels vorstellt). Mir
macht dies alles großen Spaß, u. ich komme
aus dem Stammen nicht heraus. Alles ist so
unwirklich wie in einem Hexenbesel, als
wenn noch schnell vor dem Weltuntergang
das Leben in größter Fülle genossen werden
müßte, aber nur in einer Richtung: saufen,
Geld ausgeben, Frauen, etc.

Ein Extra-Elevator fährt mich zur Beach,

The Patrician

ON THE OCEAN AT 36TH STREET

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

- 3 -

sodas man im Bade anzug an die beach
Kann, dies ist eine große Annehmlichkeit.
"See Larry for Service, please". I see him
always, and then I get chair, mattress,
umbrella, and Oil for my back, and
some nice words. Die beach ist klein, doch
private. Ich habe viele Bekannte, die mich
vor den reisenden Fluten beschützen. Die
reisenden Fluten existieren nicht. Das Meer
ist sanft mit liebevollen Wellen, wie für
mich geschaffen. Man sieht klar auf den
Meeresgrund, u. ich weiß immer, ob ich Grund
unter den Füßen habe. Das Baden ist einfach
ideal. Das Frühstück habe ich ebenfalls an
der beach, auf einer kleinen Terrasse, zum
Hotel gehörig. Wie wunderbar dies ist! Ich
bin wirklich sehr, sehr dankbar, namentlich
dass ich so genießen kann.

An meinem ersten Abend in

Miami Beach beschloß ich mich
zu orientieren, um eine eusa-
mere Stelle der beach zu
finden, wo es nach
Tarf riecht (bei uns
riecht es mehr nach
channel). Ich fand
einen neuen Platz



unter einer Coconutpalme u. schaute etwas
ängstlich auf die schon reifen Coconuts.
Ich stellte daraufhin Überlegungen an, ob
die Worte "Nicht ungestraft sollst Du unter
Palmen wandeln" vielleicht daher stammten,
dass eine Nuss plötzlich einem auf den Kopf
fällt, oder hat man für die "Sündige
Schönheit" der Palme irgendwie zu zahlen?
Ein älterer Mann gesellte sich zu mir.
Nach einer konventionellen Unterhaltung
liefs er sich von mir erzählen, wer ich bin
(Status) u. suchte immerzu näher. Dann
schenkte er mir einen bunch of bananas
u. wollte gerne "love make". Ich rüchte mit
den Hawaiian aus, die wunderbar schmeckten,
da der stürmische alte Mann mich da am
nächsten Tag wiederssehen wollte, beschloss
ich mir eine andere einsame Stelle zu su-
chen. Am nächsten Nachmittag ging ich nach
Norden anstatt Süden, u. meine Einsamkeit
dauerte genau 5 Min., da erschien ein mit-
telalterlicher Mann, der mit mir durchein-
ander zum Tanz gehen wollte. Resultat: eine Box
Candies, kein Tanz, Verlust einer einsamen
Stelle, u. gestern verlief ich die eine Hälfte,
um auf die andere Hälfte von Miami Beach
die mir ländlicher erschien. ^{zu sehen} Ich kriegte schon
auf dem Weg Gesellschaft mit Grapefruits.
Verzweifelt sagte ich, ich hätte Mann u.
& Kinder in N.Y., aber he just cared for

The Patrician

ON THE OCEAN AT 36TH STREET

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

motherly women. Es war nicht schwer diesmal, ihn los zu werden. Wenn es so weiter geht, bekomme ich sicherlich noch einen Turkey zum "Thanksgiving". Eigentlich eine angenehme Art, sich anschalten zu lassen, ohne etwas dafür zu bieten.

Heute regnet es, daher meine Schreibseligkeit. Am Nachmittag "muf" ich nach Coral Gables, um R.'s ältestem Sohn zum Geburtstag zu gratulieren. Er ruft mich während der Woche jeden Abend an, weiß, wenn ich schlaf, um wohl hauptsächlich zu hören, daß ich einsam bin. Er fühlt sich für meine Seele sehr verantwortlich, i. der Hauptgrund, warum er mir dies Hotel ausgesucht hat, sind die soliden Bostoner.

11/21.

Mein Ausflug nach Coral Gables - Ich tat es auf Umwegen der Sichtseeing wegen - war sehr schön. Nach 2 regnerischen Stunden kam ich

noch zum Baden, das wieder herrlich war. Die Fahrt nach Coral Gables (by bus) ist wirklich bezaubernd.

Bei Reinhold war alles friedlich. Seine Kinder sind recht nett, namentlich der



jüngste (4 Jahre alt) ist sehr süß. Wir hatten wieder eine Autofahrt (ohne zu tanzen), u. diesmal genoss ich es unbegreiflich. Ich hätte gern voll werden. Die Welt ist schon sehr schön, namentlich hier. Ich kam spät aber glücklich nach Hause u. schlief fest. - Heute - wieder keine Tinte, - ist große Hitze, u. ich war 3 x im Meer, das sehr saftig u. warm ist. Meine Beachmädchen lieben mich, u. ich habe es wirklich sehr gut.

Am Nachmittag machte ich einen ~~Beachbummel~~ Stadtbummel, ab in einem schicken Restaurant u. bummelte in der Lincoln Road, eine wirklich elegante Geschäftsstrasse. Ich habe mich da orientiert, was ich Dir schreiben könnte, aber eine Idee für einen Sketch ist mir nicht gekommen. Du bist schon mein Sorgenkind.

So, mein Hässchen. Ich gratuliere Dir herzlichst zu Deinem Geburtstag u. wünsche Dir von Herzen Gesundheit u. viel Freude am Leben u. an Deinem rabbit. Ich werde sehr an Dich denken. Schade, daß ich Dich nicht sehen kann! Aber alles kann der Mensch nicht haben.

Ich verdränge W. so weit es geht. Manchmal (abends) kommt schmerzliche Sehnsucht, aber die bekämpfe ich mit Macht. Ich flüchte zu einem Buch oder zu Menschen. Aber es kommt nicht oft vor, daß ich so etwas muß.

Ich liebe dich
mein Hässchen
Ich liebe dich
30. Okt.
Dein
V.

Mai 21 55

Hierher Herr Dr. Preinthal,

Ich schulde Ihnen eine
Erklärung wegen der Erfüllung Ihres Bescheidens
Zunächst so lange Zeit nach.

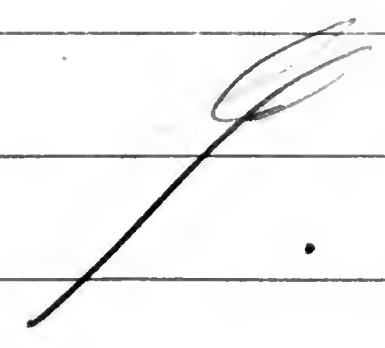
Ich wollte es besonders gut machen und
fahndete nach einem Exemplar des Rob. Schwarz
= der vornehmeren Ausgabe - vergessens - es ist
eben eine sehr beschränkte Auflage, und so
habe ich ein paar Original Abschr. zu diesem
Band aufgegeben, die noch in den Druckerei waren.
Es sind wohl die letzten.

Allerdings - um aufrichtig zu sein, muss ich
bekennen, dass ich die Rechnung auch an die
Bücher vergass.

Es wäre erfreulich, wenn diese Freunde
ein Auftakt zum Zusammenkommen würde -
nicht allein haben wir manche gemeinsame
Freunde, auch persönliche würden wir uns
gerne gut verstehen. In der Tat weiß ich
nicht, wieso wir nie zusammen kamen.

Ich grüße Sie herzlich und
= der Hoffnung von Ihnen zu hören
ein in dem Raketenband

Zeit - witzig mit der Zusammenkunft (mit
15 je 1/2m wenig Zeit bei mir /
das sein ein verlaufend
Komposition



6 nicht bewusst sein. Es liegt
nahe, dass das Mädchen seine
Tugend höher bewertet als der
Psychologe, der die spezielle
Bedingtheit ihrer Tugend erkennt.
Wenn ein sehr hübsches Mädchen
Tugendhaft ist so liegen die
Ps: Zusammenhänge
wahrscheinlich anders, es
wäre aber falsch die
Tugend des ~~hübschen~~ hübschen
Mädchens ohne weiteres
höher zu bewerten als die
des hässlichen. Bei der
Ps: Frage nach der Ursache
des Verhaltens, ~~setzt~~ ^{ist} sofort die
Notwendigkeit vorhanden
andere Zusammenhänge im
Betracht zu ziehen. Z.B.
Erziehung und Triebhaftigkeit.
D. h. dem Ps. Betrachter stehen
bei jedem Verhalten eine gewisse
Anzahl, ziemlich klar auf-
zuzeigender Zusammenhänge

7

zur Verfügung. Die Selbstbetrachtung
 werden in den meisten Fällen,
 diese Ps: zusammenhänge
 entzogen sein, aber selbst
 wenn sie vorhanden sind,
 so stehen sie notwendiger-
 weise unter dem Druck des
 Selbstwertgefühls. Um ~~das~~
 irgend einen Eigenwert zu
 retten muss die betreffende
 Persönlichkeit notwendiger-
 weise ein Faktor ^{weise}
 anders bewerten als der
 Außenstehende betrachtet, sodass
 die Ps. selbstbetrachtung immer
 von dem Eigenwert-Erlebnis ~~z~~
 beeinträchtigt wird. Kleines
 was aber ist die Ps: ^{erkenntnis}
 des Betrachters, deshalb "richtiger"
 denn auch seine Betrachtungs-
 weise muss in Folge seines
 persönlichen Selbstwertgefühls

Selbstgefühl

8/ (und der damit verknüpfte
Weltanschauung) an irgend
einer Stelle eine Einbrosse
alleiden.

Die Aufgabe der Psychologie ist es nun,
die verschiedenen Lebensvorgänge einl. des reinen
Handlungsbildes einen Zusammenhang, ist die psychi-
sche Dynamik abklären zu unterliegen mit dem
Begriff der Funktionstheorie dieser Aufgabe.

— Die Punkte sind geschäftig, Grifmworte ist sonst.
Man darf ein wenig, das ist die eine Illusionen
in sich ein gleiche Darstellung fassen. Man darf
aber auch ein wenig, das ist die zweite Illusion
nach einer 'Mittelpunkt ohne Balken' ist, das die
Darstellung psychische Zusammenhänge in einer eigenen
bezugnehmenden Form nicht nur möglich, sondern
notwendig sein muss.

Man muss sich auf einen ^{festen} Punkt
von dem psychische Vorgänge ausgehen können,
so weißt man sich klar sein, das man es mit
einer psychischen Zusammenfassung zu tun haben.

Man wird unterstellen, daß die Märkte und
die Geldkraft ist, weil es sich bei ist, und für den
nicht so sehr zu beachten sein. Die Lösung-
Gleichung ist in der Gleichung die ist. Geldkraft

bestimmt. Die Lösung-Gleichung ist ~~die~~ eigentlich und
bestimmt, man kann auf das Problem hinweisen
werden.

Es gibt eine primäre gesellschaftliche Form
des Marktes, die den "Marktschritt" aufzeigt. Die
Markting ist nicht negativ, weil alles Form, Menge,
mögliche Größe abgeleitet wird, dass es ist und
eine gewisse Gleichung mit ^{Marktschritt} ~~ist~~ in der
marktschrittlichen Form einzuhalten.

Bei der ersten Markting ist die Lösung
Formel abgeleitet für die Form: (1) Marktschritt
Marktschritt, ist es nicht die Gleichung Problem werden
mit Gleichung abgeleitet)

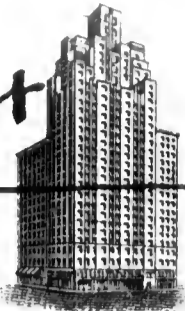
Es gibt eine primäre - primäre Form
die Lösung-Gleichung man kann abgeleitet werden.

deren Bedingtheit
dem Lustigsten mit dem ^{etwa} überflutet fortzupfen
zu werden ^{man} für die ^{missverständliche} Befahrung, die ^{Missverständnisse} Aufmerksamkeiten
möglich ^{unmittelbar} zu entwickeln.

Jahr 1840 in der Stadt Wien.

Jan: 30th 1937.

Aus der Not eine Tugend machen.



HOTEL WELLINGTON

UNDER KNOTT MANAGEMENT

SEVENTH AVENUE

FIFTY-FIFTH AND FIFTY-SIXTH STREETS

NEW YORK

Man kennt das Sprichwort "Aus der Not eine Tugend machen". Zu einer Zeit kennen in der man die Meinung ist das es sich dabei um ein ungewöhnliches, und sogar, etwas anstößiges Verhalten verhandelt. Es ~~bleibt~~ ^{tahcht} daher kein gefühlsmässig, in uns ein bei der Bemerkung "jemand habe aus der Not eine Tugend gemacht", eine unangenehme Vorstellung auf. Es gehört eine gewisse Selbstüberwindung dazu, sich klar zu machen, dass uns

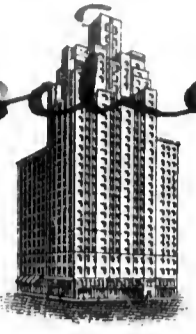
der Not eine Tugend zu
 machen, eine
 unumgängliche Notwendigkeit
 ist. Dass es ^{unmöglich} wäre
 irgend eine Not zu tragen,
 wenn man nicht irgend
 eine Tugend daraus machen
 würde.

(Beispiel)

wegen dieser gefühlsmässigen Widerstände, ist es aber noch viel schwieriger
 aufzutreten an die Frage heran zu gehen, wie weit jede Tugend aus einer Not entsteht. ^{überhaupt}
 Gegen das Psychologische verstehen diese Zusammenhänge ^{bedürfnis}
 wendet sich das Wertungsbedürfnis, das eine Tugend ^{wertungsbedürfnis}
 fleckenlos ~~ist~~ also nicht mit ^{bedürfnis}
 eine Not verknüpft zu

3

sehen möchte. Allen
 Psychologischen Bekenntnissen
 stehen ^{gegenüber} Werturteile
 ein ^{groß} ^{Merkmal} zu
 glauben dass ^{in der} ~~die~~ ^{Psychologie}
 die Tendenz ~~zu~~ liegt,
 Wert = Schätzungen auf-
 zuheben.



HOTEL WELLINGTON
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Es gibt eine Art
 psychologische Spielerei
 die darin besteht, dass
 jeweils ein Psychologe
 dem anderen nach zu
 weisen sucht, aus welcher
 Mangel seine Erkenntnis
 d. h. aus welcher ^{her}
 seine Tugenden erwachsen
 sind. Man ist in der

P.S.: ^{Betrachtung} ~~Erkenntnis~~ macht

4

sehr weit vorgeschritten, wenn
man glaubt, dass es irgend
welche Erkenntnisse
oder Werturteile
gibt, die nicht
auch durch die Person
des Erkennenden
mitbedingt sind.



HOTEL WELLINGTON
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FIFTY-FIFTH AND FIFTY-SIXTH STREETS
NEW YORK

Die Erkenntnisse des
Geringen zu bewerten ist
so unangebracht wie eben
Tugend deshalb, geringe
Eigenschaften weil sie
aus einer Not entstanden
ist.

Es ist niemals festlos
möglich verstehen und
bewerten von einem auf den
anderen. Wenn sich die
beiden Betrachtungsweisen

5/

and beständig überschneiden,
so helfen sie doch jede in
einem anderen



Begriff HOTEL WELLINGTON System.

HOTEL WELLINGTON

UNDER KNOTT MANAGEMENT

SEVENTH AVENUE

FIFTY-FIFTH AND FIFTY-SIXTH STREETS

NEW YORK

Es kommt noch hinzu dass sowohl
die Wertzusammenhänge
wie auch die Ps. Zusammenhänge
jeweils andere sind, wenn
es sich um eine
Selbstbetrachtung und wenn
wenn es sich um eine
Betrachtung von aussen
handelt. Nehmen wir,
das Beispiel des Mädchens
das in Folge seiner Hestigkeit
Tugendhaft ist. Von
ausen gesehen ist ein
klare ps. Zusammenhang
gegeben. Dem Mädchen selbst
wird dieser ps. Zusammenhang

ZUR DIFFERENTIAL-DIAGNOSE DER SOGENANTEN NEUROSEN

Wenn wir das Wort "Neurose" benutzen, muessen wir uns darueber klar sein, dass wir ueber eine grosse Anzahl von verschiedenen Symptomen sprechen, die sich durchaus nicht auf einen gemeinsamen Nenner bringen lassen. Wir koennen "Neurosen" nur so definieren, dass wir sie nach zwei Seiten abgrenzen: Einerseits meinen wir, dass keine organische Erkrankung oder Psychose vorliegt, und andererseits, dass es sich um Erscheinungen handelt, die von dem normalen Verhalten des gesunden Menschen quantitativ oder, bis zu einem gewissen Grade, auch qualitativ abweichen.

Es ist offenbar, dass wir sofort auf Definitions-Probleme stossen, die zu endlosen Discussionen ueber die Begriffe "Norm", "Krankheit" usw. fuehren koennten.

Es ist nicht meine Absicht, mich in solche Spekulationen einzulassen; es scheint mir nur sehr wichtig, darauf hinzuweisen, dass der Begriff oder die Diagnose "Neurose" in der Literatur oft so behandelt wird, als ob es sich um eine einigermaßen einheitliche Diagnose handelt. In Wirklichkeit haben wir aber mit einer so unendlichen Anzahl von Symptomen, Beschwerden, Charakter-Veränderungen, Verhaltensweisen zu tun, die sich keineswegs auf einen gemeinsamen Nenner bringen lassen.

Es duerfte wohl heute allgemein anerkannt werden, dass sociale Konflikte aller Art sogenannte neurotische Symptome hervorrufen koennen. Bei der kritischen Auseinandersetzung der verschiedenen therapeutischen Methoden untereinander wird oft darauf hingewiesen, dass es sehr unklar ist, ob eine bestimmte Methode der Behandlung, die Persoenlichkeit des Therapeuten oder Faktoren in der gesamten Lebens-Situation die wesentlichere Rolle in der Behandlung eines Patienten spielen.

Melitta Schmideberg, deren Arbeit "Values and Goals in Psychotherapy" eine ausgezeichnete kritische Bewertung der Psycho-Therapie und speziell der Psycho-Analyse von Neurosen darstellt, und mit der ich sehr weitgehend uebereinstimme, sagt, dass es so wenige Beobachtungen und Nachuntersuchungen von psychiatrisch unbehandelten Neurotikern gibt. Sie weist mit Recht darauf hin, dass die Erfolge von intelligenten praktischen Aerzten nicht gesammelt worden seien, und dass es sogar zweifelhaft sei, ob nicht der Einfluss eines Freundes ebenso entscheidend zu einer Besserung von neurotischen Symptomen beitragen kann wie die intensivste Form von Psycho-Therapie. Ich stimme mit Melitta Schmideberg in Bezug auf ihre Kritik an der endlosen passiven psycho-analytischen Methode vollkommen ueberein. Wogegen ich mich hier wende, ist nur, dass sie auch den Begriff "Neurose" anwendet, als ob es sich um eine einigermaßen einheitliche Erkrankung handelt.

Da wir, wie gesagt, mit einer solchen Unzahl von verschiedenen Faktoren zu tun haben, ist jede statistische Auswertung sowohl von therapeutischen Erfolgen als auch spontanen Heilungen unmöglich. Es ist ueberhaupt zweifelhaft, ob die Begriffe "Heilung" oder sogar "Besserung" auf "neurotische" Symptome anwendbar sind, solange wir nicht eine viel genauere Unterteilung der verschiedenen "neurotischen" Symptomen-Gruppen vornehmen.

Ich glaube, es wird niemand bezweifeln, dass ein sehr wesentlicher Unterschied in der Prognose von Phobien im Vergleich mit Zwangs-Neurosen besteht. Es scheint mir ziemlich einwandfrei, dass wir es hier mit zwei ganz verschiedenen Erkrankungen zu tun haben. Diese beiden Gruppen lassen sich relativ einfach aus der Fuelle der sogenannten "neurotischen" Erscheinungen herausloesen. Es sind eigentlich die beiden einzigen relativ klar umschriebenen Symptomen-Gruppen, die man als Krankheits-Einseiten ansehen kann.

Eine andere Gruppe, die schon weniger deutlich abgrenzbar ist, scheint mir die psychogenen Depressionen zu sein. Ich glaube mir darueber klar zu sein, dass, obwohl ich hier von relativ abgrenzbaren Krankheits-Syndromen spreche, besonders die psychoanalytisch eingestellten Psychiater mit dieser klinischen Einstellung nicht uebereinstimmen und zu anderen, mehr "psycho-dynamischen" Aufteilungen neigen. Ich habe mich durchaus nicht davon ueberzeugen koennen, dass die sogenannte "psycho-dynamische" Betrachtung oder Erklaerung hilfreicher ist als die klinische Beschreibung.

Die analytisch eingestellten Psychiater werfen den klinisch eingestellten Psychiatern vor, dass die Abgrenzung der klinischen Symptome nur eine Beschreibung der Symptom-Zusammenhaenge (vergl. Redlich) darstellt. Ich kann durchaus nicht ersehen, wieso die sogenannten psycho-dynamischen Interpretationen weniger eine Beschreibung darstellen; nur scheint es haeufig geradezu so, als ob viele Autoren sich damit begnuegen, einen Vergleich zwischen den Symptomen und den angeblich groesstenteils aus dem Sexuellen stammenden Konflikten zu ziehen. Diese Interpretation wird dann willkuerlich als eine psycho-dynamische Erklaerung angesehen.

Wenn viele Analytiker, auch Vertreter der existentialen Analyse, auf eine Diagnose ueberhaupt verzichten, so scheint mir darin eine gewisse Konsequenz zu liegen, in dem Sinne, dass die vielfach verschlungenen Faktoren einer psycho-neurotischen Erkrankung sich niemals ganz in den Rahmen einer exakt umschriebenen Diagnose einreihen lassen. Ich kann aber durchaus nicht finden, dass der Verzicht auf eine Diagnose in irgendeiner Weise fuer die Therapie hilfreicher ist; es scheint mir im Gegenteil von aeusserster Wichtigkeit, so weitgehend wie moeglich eine Differential-Diagnose der verschiedenen neurotischen Erscheinungen vorzunehmen.

Innerhalb dieser Betrachtungsweise scheint es mir von allergrösster Bedeutung, sich ueber die constitutionellen Faktoren sowie die aeusseren Ereignisse, die in jedem einzelnen Falle eine wesentliche Rolle spielen, so schnell wie moeglich klar zu werden.

Um auf Melitta Schmeideberg's Arbeit zurueckzukommen, moechte ich nochmals betonen, dass ich ihre Kritik an der analytischen Methode voellig teile, dass ich aber nicht mit ihr uebereinstimme in Bezug auf die statistischen Vergleichs-Moeglichkeiten von erfolgreicher oder nicht erfolgreicher Behandlung von "Neurosen", solange nicht eine viel klarere Differential-Diagnose und damit verbundene Vergleichbarkeit von Faellen vorgenommen werden kann.

Eine Differential-Diagnose auf multi-dimensionaler Grundlage besteht in dem Versuch, das Wesentliche von Symptomen, Beschwerden und Verhaltens-Weisen zu beschreiben und diese auf einige entscheidende Faktoren-Gruppen zurueckzufuehren. Dazu gehoeren die hereditaer-constitutionellen, die social-kulturellen und die psychisch-ausloesenden Faktoren, deren Zusammen-Wirken die Symptome, Beschwerden und Verhaltens-Weisen sinnvoll erkluert. Das waere eine wahre psychodynamische Darstellung, waehrend Ausdruecke wie "unbewusste infantile Sexual-Conflikte", "Mutter-Fixierung", "latente Homosexualitaet" etc. nur etwas andeuten, aber keinen Erklaerungs-Wert besitzen. Z.B. wird der Begriff "latente Homosexualitaet" fuer ausserordentlich viele, sehr verschiedene sexuellen Probleme angewandt, ohne dass sie im einzelnen differenziert werden. Es ist gerade die Aufgabe des Psycho-Diagnostikers, eine eingehende Beschreibung der in jedem Einzelfall vorliegenden sexuellen Probleme zu geben.

Die Erklaerung, dass Homosexualitaet durch eine starke Mutter-Fixierung hervorgerufen wird, hat sehr wenig Bedeutung. Manche

Maenner koennen durch die Haltung ihrer dominierenden Mutter in ihrer Einstellung zum anderen Geschlecht sehr unsicher werden. Muetter koennen zu ihren Soehnen sagen: "Ich weiss, wie Frauen sind; sie sind nur hinter Deinem Gelde her. Du wirst immer fuer sie arbeiten muessen." Oder: "Keine Frau kann einen Mann so gut verstehen wie seine Mutter," und aehnliches. Es haengt dann sehr von der sensitiven Constitution eines Menschen ab, inwieweit solche Aussprueche der Muetter einen Einfluss auf ihn haben und fuer welche Dauer.

Man muss sich ein gruendliches Bild von der Constitution des Patienten machen, indem man auf sein Verhalten zu seinen Altersgenossen, anderen Erwachsenen, Lehrern etc. eingeht.

ZUR FRAGE DER SCHULD BEIM GESUNDEN UND KRANKEN MENSCHEN

"Ihr fahrt ins Leben uns hinein,
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig werden,
Dann ueberlasst Ihr ihn der Pein:
Denn alle Schuld raecht sich auf Erden."

Goethe akzeptiert die Schuld, die eigentlich die Goetter auf sich geladen haben. Die Goetter haben den Armen schuldig werden lassen. Da sich aber alle Schuld auf Erden raecht, ist das Da-sein an sich bereits schuldhaft ("denn alles was entsteht, ist wert, dass es zugrundegeht").

Das Dasein ist das gleichzeitige Gegebensein des Ich und des anderen. Was dem anderen geschieht, kann einem selbst geschehen. Diese Schlussfolgerung ist wahrscheinlich eine phylogenetisch relativ spaete Erkenntnis.

Der Instinkt oder wenigstens der primare Impuls besteht darin, den Feind zu toeten, der Haus, Weib, die Herde etc.etc. bedroht. Mit der wachsenden Erkenntnis (Gewissheit), dass es keine Sicherheit gegen das Selbst-getoetet-werden gibt, erwacht die Notwendigkeit der Co-Existenz. ("Was Du nicht willst, das man Dir tu, das tue auch keinem andern zu")

Das ist eine der Wurzeln der Entstehung der Moral und des Gewissens. Die Impulse werden natuerlich nie voellig ausgerottet, und auch ihre Rudimente koennen Schuldgefuehle herbeifuehren - mit Angst vor Bestrafung - (dass einem selbst etwas getan werden koennte).

Martin Buber behauptet in "Schuld und Schuld-Gefuehle", dass die Psycho-Therapie (er zitiert Freud und Jung) sich nur mit den Schuld-Gefuehlen, nicht mit den Schuld-Gesuehnissen, befasst. Buber sagt einerseits, dass der Therapeut zur Heilung, aber nicht zum Heil fahren koennte. Andererseits betont er: "Aber ein Seelen-

Arzt, der es wirklich ist, d.h. der das Werk der Heilung nicht betreibt, sondern jeweils als Partner darin eintritt, ist eben ein Wogender.

Natuerlich kann niemand einem anderen eine Schuld abnehmen, und Buber sagt am Schluss: "Im Bereiche der Existential-Schuld kann man freilich im strengen Sinne nichts wieder-gutmachen." Aber der Therapeut kann und soll den Patienten dazu fuehren, Schuld-Gefuehle und echte (ontische) Schuld voneinander abzugrenzen. Er sollte ein Wogender sein, indem er zum mindesten andeutet, wie er als Mit-Mensch nicht nur Mit-Gefuehl mit dem anderen, sondern auch Mit-Schuld hat. Durch die Mit-Schuld erleichtert er den Patienten nicht nur die Schuld-Gefuehle, sondern auch die Schuld selbst, als etwas allen Menschen Angehoeriges.

Solche Erwaerterungen werden jedoch selten im Mittelpunkt einer Therapie stehen; sie sollten aber immer mitschwingen in Diskussionen ueber das Da-Sein und den Tod. Buber geht ueber die Probleme und Aufgaben der Psycho-Therapie weit hinaus, wenn er von dem "Selbst-Erhellen" spricht, das sich in der "Urtiefe des Sich-Mit-Mir" abspielt. Die beiden Beispiele, die er gibt, Dostojewski's Stawrogen und Kafka's K., werden zum Nichts, zum Tode gefuehrt, aber nicht als Strafe, sondern im Sinne der existentiellen Vernichtung. Buber nennt das Bekenntnis des Stawrogen sowie das Leugnen einer Schuld des K. ihr falsches Verhaeltnis zum Schuldig-Sein. Suehne kann nur "aus dem Kern eines gewandelten Verhaeltnisses zur Welt, eines neuen Dienstes an der Welt, mit den erneuten Kraefte des erneuten Menschen geschehen." So suehnt ja auch Faust; jedenfalls erlebt er so den hoechsten Augenblick, als er mit freiem Volk auf freiem Boden zu stehen sich bestrebt.

Hawthorne's Puritanismus verweist auf eine Spezial-Form der existentiellen Schuld, die sich jeweils mit den Sitten und Gebräuchen der Umwelt eines jeden Individuums amalgamiert. Das Erkennen der Mitschuld des Einzelnen ebenso wie der Gemeinschaft an jeder Schuld führt zu einem Dienst an der Welt, zur Demokratie im Sinne der Anerkennung des Rechtes des Anderen, ebenso wie der eigenen Schuld, zur Co-Existenz.

All das hat weit von der eigentlichen Psycho-Therapie abgeföhrt, obwohl, wie gesagt, etwas davon in jede Therapie, wie in jede zwischen-menschliche Beziehung hineinspielt. (A: die Einstellung zu Schuld und Tod im allgemeinen, B: das Handeln, Arbeiten fuer sich und andere als permanente Aufgabe).

Bevor ich auf das Psycho-pathologische (speziell auf das "Neurotische") eingee, moechte ich noch kurz den Zusammenhang von Schuld und Tabu streifen. Das Tabu fasse ich hier auf als das Gemeinsame aller magischer Ver- und Gebote, die sich ueberwiegend auf den Sexus und den Tod beziehen. Das Entstehen und das Vergehen des Lebens ist bei allen Menschen mit Riten verbunden, die einen magischen, das Vitale verstaerkenden oder einen das Vitale beschuetzenden Charakter haben oder beides zugleich. Die Pubertaet wird rituell, als Beginn der Fortpflanzungsfahigkeit, gefeiert, und gleichzeitig wird sexuelle Aktivitaet durch verschiedene Tabus eingeschraenkt. Diese Riten sind so vielfaeltig und so widerspruchsvoll, dass sie auf die verschiedenste Weise ausgelegt werden koennen und ausgelegt worden sind. Man kann wahrscheinlich immer irgendwelche Riten bei Primitiven finden, die einer jeweils geformten Theorie das "Beweis-Material" liefern. (Gleichartige "Beweise" kann man aus dem Verhalten verschiedener Tier-Gattungen und aus geschichtlichen Ablaeufen herausholen). Wahrscheinlich sind die

Riten und Ceremonien der sogenannten Primitiven schon aus so vielen Complexen und Vorgaengen zusammengesetzt, dass sie oft an Handlungen von Zwangs-Kranken erinnern.

Die Krankheit und der Tod werden immer durch magische Formeln abzuwehren gesucht (auch heute noch werden Krankheit und Tod in Christian Science geradezu geleugnet).

Mit der Entwicklung von den Dämonen und den vielen Göttern zu einem einzigen Gott haben sich die Formeln geändert. Die vielfaeltigen Pubertaets-Riten sind zur Einsegnung geworden, Geburten sind von Glueckwuenschen und der Tod von Gebeten begleitet. So auch jeder Lebens-Abschnitt: Geburtstage, Jahreswenden etc.. Bei einigen Voelkern, Gemeinschaften und Religionen haben sich complizierte Riten erhalten. In der modernen Welt existieren fast nur noch die traditionellen Greeting-Cards, die fuer alle Gelegenheiten "vorgeschrieben" sind und doch auch noch ein magisches Element enthalten. Unterlassung wird als - wenn auch noch so leise - schuldhaft empfunden. Also: Die Verletzung des Tabu wird als Schuld erlebt.

Wenn man jedes Schuld-Gefuehl und jede magische Haltung und Handlung als neurotisch bezeichnet, dann gibt es keine un-neurotischen Menschen, und in der Tat ist es ja ueblich geworden, geradezu jeden "anderen" Menschen als neurotisch zu bezeichnen, weil er entweder zu allein oder nicht allein genug ist, weil er zu viel oder zu wenig spricht, isst, schlafert, etc.etc. Der Begriff "neurotisch" ist so verwaessert worden, dass er fuer eine wissenschaftliche Diagnose wertlos geworden ist.

Aus dem Psycho-Pathologischen moechte ich 3 Kategorien herausgreifen: die Phobie, den Zwang und das Paranoide. Dabei moechte ich nicht auf die vielfachen Untergruppen, Varianten oder Misch-Zustaeude eingehen, sondern will versuchen, das Wesentliche dieser Erkrankungen zu bestimmen.

In allen Faellen spielt Angst eine wichtige, quantitativ gegenueber der Norm gesteigerte oder qualitativ veraenderte Rolle. Jeder Gesunde hat Angst vor Krankheit, vor dem Tode; aber er kann die Angst bewaeltigen und sie einordnen, bis er mit dem realen Ereignis konfrontiert wird und die Angst berechtigt, adaequat, wird. Auch dann gibt es noch verschiedene "normale" Formen der Einordnung, z.B. Kampf gegen Krankheit oder Resignation, die jeweils aus der Biographie des Individuums als adaequat angesehen werden kann. (Ich moechte hier nicht die Fehler-Quellen der Interpretationen betonen; ich habe das an anderer Stelle angedeutet).

Bei dem Phobischen handelt es sich hauptsaechlich um eine in die Zukunft verlegte Angst, verknuepft mit Schuld. Der Betreffende hat Angst, dass ihm etwas geschehen koemte. Haeufig ist die Angst ganz vague oder sie ist mit allen moeglichen Mis-Empfindungen verknuepft. Manche Kranke "spezialisieren" sich auf bestimmte Symptome, die mit irgendwelchen Beschwerden aus der Vergangenheit "begrueudet" sind: z.B. Herzklopfen, Schwindel, Unfaehigkeit den Stuhl oder Urin zu halten etc.. Es handelt sich immer um eine Angst vor dem Versagen, der haeufig mit der Angst vor Ohnmacht (Impotenz im allgemeinen Sinne) verknuepft. Das bedeutet immer eine Einbusse des Selbst-Gefuehls. Der Patient schaemt sich seiner Schwache, will sich dem Versagen nicht aussetzen und auch nicht andere Menschen - ausser wenn sie ihm sehr vertraut sind - mit-einbeziehen. Er hat das Gefuehl, es waere irgendwie seine Schuld, sich in eine Situation zu geben, in der er versagt. Viele dieser Kranken erklaeern: "Ich waere beinahe in der Untergrundbahn ohnmuechtig geworden" oder "ich waere beinahe ertrunken oder ueberfahren worden". Es ist beinahe immer so, dass zur "beinahe" etwas passiert waere. So sagt der Phobiker fast immer: "Noch eine Minute oder Sekunde laenger, und ich waere umgefallen,

haette einen Herzschlag bekommen, etc.. Diese 1 Minute kommt aber praktisch nie vor, ausser wenn bereits eine organische Veraenderung vorliegt und die Angst einen Schock hervorruft, der funktionell die organische Stoerung wesentlich verschlimmert. Der Phobiker mag das selbst "einsehen", wird dann oft fuerchten, dass er organisch krank sein koennte, obwohl niemals ein Befund erhoben wurde.

Es ist also fast immer eine laivierte Todes-Angst in der Phobie vorhanden, obwohl sie oft von den Kranken, schon aus magischen Gruenden, geleugnet wird, z.B. schon weil er das Wort "Tod" nicht gebrauchen kann. Baeufig kann er auch nicht zu Begrabnissen gehen, weil ihm dort schlecht wird.

Viele "Normale" weichen Begrabnissen aus, gehen an Leichenwagen nur rechts oder links vorbei, lesen keine Todesanzeigen oder sehen nach, wie alt die Verstorbenen geworden sind und rechnen sich mit allen moeglichen Tricks aus, dass sie noch nicht betroffen sein werden.

Von den funktionellen Stoerungen steht Angst gegenueber Impotenz, Frigiditaet, Erroeten und Schwindel-Gefuehl im Vordergrund. Hier wird zum Teil auch auf ein wirkliches Versagen, das irgendwann einmal in der Vergangenheit eingetreten ist, und das zu einer entsprechenden Verletzung des Selbst-Gefuehls gefuehrt hat, hingewiesen. Es ist eine der wichtigsten und dankbarsten Aufgaben der Psycho-Therapeuten, dem Patienten aufzuzeigen, wie Konflikte mit den Tabus seiner Erziehung eine Rolle spielen, und wie die Angst sich darauf geuendet, z.B. dass Masturbationen die Potanz oder den Orgasmus geschaedigt haben koennten. Hierfuer gibt es unendlich viele Beispiele von erfolgreicher und einige von nicht erfolgreicher Behandlung.

Aehnlich ist die Angst vor dem Versagen bei oeffentlichem Auftreten, beim Examen, etc., daher das "Aus-dem-Felde-Gehen", das Vermeiden einer solchen Situation, die zum Versagen und damit zur

Beeinträchtigung des Selbst-Gefuehls fuehren koennen. Der Schutz im "Gewohnten", im "Zuhause-Bleiben", zu verschieben, keine Entscheidung zu treffen, bairane nicht zu handeln, ist ein Schutz, der sich als Pseudo-Schutz erweist, weil so die Einengung des Lebens zu einer anderen Form des mangelnden Selbst-Gefuehls, des "Tausend Tode statt eines sterben", fuert, etc.. Manche Menschen koennen aber in einer eingeeengten Weise sehr gluecklich leben. Es gibt viele solche "potentiellen Neurotiker", die sich ihrer Eingeeengtheit nie bewusst werden.

Die Unfaehigkeit, die richtige Entscheidung zu treffen oder die Gewissheit der richtigen Entscheidung zu haben, faehrt auch zur Handlungs-Unfaehigkeit, die manchmal als Feigheit erlebt wird. Hamlet: "So macht Gewissen feige aus uns allen" - "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all" (Vergl. Bewusstsein, Gewissheit, Gewissen).

Die Unfaehigkeit, die "richtige" Entscheidung zu treffen, fuehrt zur Entscheidungs-Unfaehigkeit, und temporaere Entscheidungs-Unfaehigkeit findet sich bei fast allen Menschen innerhalb eines gewissen Rahmens, in dem sie ein Versagen und damit eine Einbusse des Selbst-Gefuehls fuerchten. Das ist sehr haeufig bei jungen, sensitiven Menschen der Fall (ich komme darauf noch bei der Beschreibung der Constitution zurueck), die sich z.B. in der Schule nicht melden, weil sie nicht 100%ig sicher sind, dass sie die richtige Antwort wissen oder/und erroeten koennen.

Es ist "normal", dass in einer Vortrags-Saal die vordersten Reihen zunaechst vernieden werden, dass in einem Restaurant die Tische an den Waenden und in den Ecken zunaechst besetzt werden etc., d.h. dass das "Im Limelight sein" vernieden wird. So haben auch viele routinierte Schauspieler oder Musiker anfangs Hemmungen, auf die Buene zu gehen (das kann sich bei jedem Auftreten wiederholen).

Solange diese Menschen in der Lage sind, diese Angst-Hemmungen zu bewältigen und einzuordnen, hat es wenig Sinn, sie als neurotisch zu bezeichnen. Es gibt wahrscheinlich viele talentierte Menschen, die aus Scheu nie aufzutreten wagen, dann ihr Talent nie weiter-entwickeln und in diesem Sinne "aus dem Felde gehen", in einen anderen Beruf, in dem sie ohne Angst (un-neurotisch) funktionieren können.

Solche "normalen Hemmungen" finden sich überall. Da ist z.B. die Scheu vor Begegnung mit neuen Menschen, wobei die einen sich sicherer fühlen im Gespräch mit einem Menschen; die anderen fühlen sich ungehemmter in einer Gruppe. Normal ist die Anfangs-Scheu vor dem anderen Geschlecht, die Angst vor dem Versagen nicht nur in Bezug auf den Geschlechts-Akt, sondern auf jedes Umgehen mit dem anderen, der kritisch oder abweisend sein könnte.

Alle diese selbstverständlichen Ängste und die vielen Abwehr-Massnahmen, die alle Menschen in irgendeiner, ihnen jeweils zweckmässig erscheinenden Form besitzen, die verschiedenen Masken, die sie tragen, müssen von dem Therapeuten berücksichtigt werden, so dass er den neurotischen "Faktor" nicht über-bewertet. Heutzutage werden diese normalen "Symptome" von den Laien "analysiert", und sie fürchten oft, auf Grund von psychologischen Artikeln und Büchern, dass sie nicht normal sind oder werden könnten. Es ist die Aufgabe des Therapeuten, durch eine genaue Bestands-Aufnahme der Vorgeschichte des Einzelnen, incl. der Familien-Geschichte und des sozialen Hintergrundes, zu bestimmen, wieviel "Common-sense - Therapie" oder eingehendere aufdeckende oder sogar zudeckende Therapie angebracht ist.

Von Phobie in engerem Sinne sollte man nur sprechen, wenn ein Mensch in seinen Funktionen wesentlich gehindert ist und darunter leidet. Die Ängste des Phobischen sind quantitativ gesteigerte

Phaenomene, die sich in milder Form bei jedem Gesunden finden lassen. Auch jeder Gesunde hat Hoehen-Angst oder Untergrundbahn-Angst etc., wenn er nicht von Kindheit an daran gewoehnt ist. Es ist die ungewoehnlich sensitive Constitution (vaso-vegetative Ueber-Empfindlichkeit) oder/und die ungewoehnlichen aeusseren Umstaende, die eine eigentliche Phobie herbeifuehren koennen.

Man kann also sagen, dass jeder Mensch potentiell neurotisch ist. (Jeder Mensch hat Angst vor dem Versagen, der Beeintraechtigung des Selbst-Gefuehls, ist nicht sicher, dass er eine bevorstehende Aufgabe bewaeltigen kann.) Er benutzt haeufig die Formel: "Es wird schon schief gehen", die das Selbst-Gefuehl rettet. Entweder geht es gut, dann ist das Selbst-Gefuehl positiv; oder es gelingt nicht, dann kann das Selbst-Gefuehl sich stuetzen auf das: "Ich habe es ja gleich gesagt."

Solche oder aehnliche Formeln fuehren ueber in das Magische, das ebenfalls bei jedem Gesunden vorhanden ist, wenn auch haeufig als solches kaum erkennbar, "eingeordnet" in religioese Verrichtungen, die zur Beschwichtigung der Goetter, des Schicksals und Unergruendlichen dienen. Sehr haeufig, wahrscheinlich fast immer, hat jeder Mensch neben dem Religioesen (und manchmal anstatt des Religioesen) magische Taetigkeiten: Mit dem richtigen Fuss aus dem Bett steigen, den richtigen Schlips ummachen, etwas Glueckbringendes tragen, touch wood, und tausenderlei Aehnliches. (Die Handlung wird zu einer Abwehr-Massnahme oder einer Pseudo Bewaeltigung von Unerreichbarem, gibt aber die Befriedigung, dass man etwas getan hat.)

Ich betone absichtlich die Taetigkeit in einer noch so rudimentaeren Form, die sich freilich haeufig beim Gesunden mit dem passiven Vermeiden als Schutz-Massnahme verbindet. In pathologisch gesteigerter Form fuehrt diese magische Taetigkeit zur Zwangs-Handlung (auch das Zwangs-Denken ist in Aktion), so dass in

schwersten Faellen das Zwangs-Tun geradezu das ganze Leben aus-
fuellt. Obsessive sind noch mehr gewissenhaft als Phobische, haben
aber keine Gewissheit. Beim Phobiker liegt die Ungewissheit mehr
in der Zukunft, beim Obsessiven mehr in der unmittelbaren Gegen-
wart. Der eigentlich Zwangs-Kranke wird zum Opfer seiner Schutz-
Handlungen; er will die Gewissheit haben, dass ihm nichts passieren
kann, weil er sich nicht schuldig gemacht hat oder machen will.
Es ist unmoeglich und auch hier nicht beabsichtigt, auf die gerade-
zu unendlichen Variationen der Zwangs-Symptome einzugehen. Es er-
scheint mir nur wesentlich, dass beim Zwang die Schuld eine unmit-
telbarere Rolle spielt als bei der Phobie, und dass das Handeln beim
Zwang das Charakteristische ist, bei der Phobie jedoch das Vermeiden.

Das Handeln und das Vermeiden sind immer zugleich vorhanden.
Man kann nur einen Schritt in einer Richtung tun, indem man gleich-
zeitig alle anderen Richtungen vermeidet. Man ist staendig vor Ent-
scheidungen gestellt. Der Normale kann sich mit einer
ungefaehren Gewissheit abfinden, genau so wie mit der Wahrschein-
lichkeit. Der Kranke fuerchtet immer alle Moeglichkeiten.

Ich habe ausfuehrlicher beschrieben, wie in Gemeinschaften
(bei manchen primitiven, manchen religiösen Sekten usw.), in denen
individuelle Entscheidungen kaum existieren, weil beinahe alle
Handlungen durch traditionelle Forderungen vorgeschrieben sind,
der Zwang nicht zur individuellen Qual wird, weil es keine Wahl
gibt (wer die Wahl hat, hat die Qual): Dementsprechend verschwinden
auch die Zwangs-Symptome bei den meisten, selbst schweren, Zwangs-
Kranken, wenn ihnen z.B. beim Militaer, im Gefaengnis, im K.Z.,
die Entscheidung und damit die Verantwortung und die Schuld abge-
nommen wird.

Bei manchen Menschen fuehrt die innere Anlage und/oder die aeusseren Ereignisse zu voruebergehender oder dauernder Zwangs-Erkrankung. Es scheint mir (nach meiner Erfahrung in hunderten von Faellen), dass beim Zwang die Anlage eine erheblich groessere Rolle spielt als bei der Phobie, und dass sie anderer Art ist (mehr cerebral bedingt). Daher wird auch das aeussere Ereignis mehr zum ausloesenden Moment als zur gleichbedingenden Ursache. (Ueber die vielfaeltigen Verknuepfungen von Ursache, Anlage, Bedingtheit, ausloesendem Moment etc. muesste man eine besondere Abhandlung schreiben, die sich leicht in semantische Probleme verwickeln kann). Weil der Anlage-Faktor eine so viel groessere Rolle spielt und weniger modifizierbar ist als bei der Phobie, sind auch die psycho-therapeutischen Erfolge beim Zwang wesentlich geringer. ((Die Modifizierbarkeit der Phobie haengt mit der groesseren Ansprechbarkeit der emotionellen Reaktion, des autonomen Nerven-Systems, im positiven wie im negativen Sinne, zusammen, waehrend der Zwang dem cerebralen Funktionieren, das starr ist, mehr entspricht und mehr der Schizophrenie verwandt ist. Ich habe freilich persoendlich nie einen Fall gesehen, der sich in eine Schizophrenie entwickelt hat; aber in der Familie der Zwangs-Kranken finden sich haeufig Manifest-Schizophrenie.))

Im Vordergrund des Zwangs-Erlebens steht die Angst vor der Schuld, die durch eine Handlung oder durch die Unterlassung einer Handlung entstehen koennte. Der Wasch-Zwang ist sehr charakteristisch. Primaer-ofiziell richtet sich die Angst auf die moegliche Verbreitung von Krankheiten, wobei der Patient oft behauptet, selbst keine Angst vor der Krankheit zu haben, aber davor, dass er andere anstecken und damit Schuld auf sich laden koennte. Er waescht sich die Haende in Unschuld; aber es gelingt ihm nie ganz. Er hat nie die Gewissheit, z.B. dass er das Gas abgestellt, das Streichholz ausgeloescht hat etc..

Mit Ausnahme der ganz schweren Faelle, die nie zur Ruhe kommen, finden die meisten Zwangs-Kranken eine voruebergelende Loesung, einen Compromiss. Z.B. der Arzt, der keine Gewissheit hat, dass er nicht eine Krankheit uebertraegt, zieht sich Gummi-Handschuhe bei jeder Untersuchung an und laesst sich von seiner Assistentin versichern (die Gewissheit geben), dass die Handschuhe kein Loch haben. Es ist sehr verfuehrerisch, solche Patienten immer weiter zu analysieren, weil oft interessantes "Material" zutagegefoerdert werden kann, und weil man aus einem primitiven Causal-Beduerfnis hofft, irgendwie in der Vergangenheit die Ursache zu finden. In fast allen diesen Faellen laesst sich der Beginn der manifesten Erkrankung auf einen sexuellen Conflict mit einer ganz bewussten Angst vor Geschlechts-Krankheit und deren Folgen zurueckfuehren (Trudi).

Eine Aufklaerung dieser Zusammenhaenge oder auch eine tiefgehende Analyse der "primaeren Todeswuensche gegen einen Eltern-Teil" - die man ja bei jedem Menschen finden kann - aendern an sich nie etwas. Man muss zufrieden sein, wenn es gelingt, mit dem Patienten eine Compromiss-Loesung zu finden, die sein Leben ertraeglich macht. Manchmal ergibt es sich, dass die urspruenglichen sexuellen Konflikte so "geloest" werden, dass der Patient sich sexuell ohne Schuld betaetigen kann, waehrend die symbolischen Symptome weiter-bestehen, oder es findet eine Zwischen-Loesung statt (Hill).

Der Zwangs-Kranke hat ein ueberempfindliches Gewissen. Er moechte die Gewissheit haben, nicht schuldig zu sein. Das Accep-tieren einer Mit-Schuld gelingt oder genuegt ihm nicht. Hier handelt es sich wirklich um eine Erkrankung der Schuld-Gefuehle oder besser des Schuld-Erlebnisses, das selbst durch die Anerkennung

einer echten (ontischen) Schuld nicht geändert werden kann. Darum ist auch keine "Erhellung" möglich und keine Wandlung zur produktiven Betätigung in der Mitwelt im Sinne von Buber oder Hawthorne. Der Zwangs-Kranke ist viel mehr ein Abwegiger als der Phobiker; er ist aber nicht so verschoben, "verrueckt", wie der Schizophrene (Beispiel des katholischen Jungen mit den Scrupeln).

Ich moechte jetzt nur noch auf eine zu den Psychosen gehoe-
rende Erkrankung eingehen, naemlich die Paranoia, aber ohne die kli-
nischen Varianten zu beruecksichtigen. Worauf es mir ankommt, ist
die Frage des Gewissheit-Erlebnisses. Es scheint geradezu so, als
ob der Paranoide aus der Ungewissheit und dem Mangel an Selbst-
Gefuehl (und vielleicht auch aus der Schuld-Angst) sich mit einem
Sprung herueber-gerettet hat in ein Gewissheits-Erlebnis, verbunden
mit einem starken Selbst-Gefuehl. Natuerlich ist das "Sich-Herrue-
ber-Retten" kein gewollter Vorgang. Es geschieht z.B. bei der Para-
noiden-Schizophrenie. Fuer unsere Begriffe handelt es sich um eine
objektiv schwerere Erkrankung, waehrend subjektiv der Patient wohl
weniger (oder jedenfalls anders) leidet. Der Paranoiker erlebt, dass
er "von aussen" bedroht und verfolgt wird; auch wenn er abnorme
Sensationen in seinem Koerper erlebt, werden sie "von aussen" ge-
macht. (Die paranoide Form der Hypochondrie ist eine der Zwangs-
Krankheit aehnliche, abortive, schizoide Erkrankung, die meist sta-
tionaer bleibt.)

Der Paranoide ist ganz gewiss, dass er von ernstern Maechten
bedroht wird, und er muss ja selbst als wichtig oder bedeutend an-
gesehen werden, da er zum Opfer erkoren ist. Dieses Erlebnis der Ge-
wissheit und der Bedeutung hat der Phobische oder der Obsessive nie.

Alle 3 Patienten-Gruppen sind mehr als durchschnittlich ego-
centrisch. Beim Phobiker und beim Zwangs-Kranken ist das Ich

(Selbst-Wert-Gefuehl) staendig bedroht; beim Paranoiker ist das Selbst-Gefuehl eher gehoben, auch wenn er die Feinde fuerchtet. Er ist bereit zu handeln, sich gegen sie zur Wehr zu setzen. Der Paranoische hat kein Schuld-Gefuehl. Beim Manisch-Depressiven ist das Selbst-Gefuehl, je nach der Phase, gehoben oder gedrueckt. Dementsprechend ist ein Schuld-Gefuehl nicht vorhanden oder sehr ausgepraegt. Ein positives Selbst-Gefuehl ist mit Schuld-Gefuehl nicht vereinbar. In der manischen Phase besteht bei dem Patienten keine Einsicht in eine Schuld, in der depressiven Phase keine Einsicht in seine Unschuld. Dem Zwangs-Kranken nuetzt die Einsicht in seine moegliche Unschuld nichts, weil er nicht die Gewissheit der Unschuld hat. Der Phobische hat einen starken Mangel an Selbst-Gefuehl innerhalb eines gewissen Rahmens, auch wenn er manchmal diesen Mangel in einem anderen Rahmen kompensieren oder auch ueberkompensieren kann.

(Beim Perversen und bei Psychopaten gibt es alle moeglichen Mischungen von Selbst-Wert - und Unwert- Erlebnissen und ebenso von Schuld- und Unschuld-Gefuehlen.)

Um noch einmal zusammenzufassen, worauf es mir hier ankommt: Der Phobiker ist der eigentliche Angst-Kranke. Er versucht, Konflikte oder Situationen zu vermeiden, in denen er aus Angst gelahmt, ohnmächtig sein und sein Selbst-Gefuehl verlieren koennte. Er versucht, dieser Angst passiv zu entgehen, indem er bestimmte Situationen vermeidet. Die Schuld steht nicht im Vordergrund; sie kann aber immer im Hintergrund auf etwas Vergangenes bezogen und auf etwas in der Zukunft wieder Moegliches projiziert sein, etwa nach dem Schema: Ich war unfaeig, trotz aller Vorsaeetze, die Masturbation zu unterdruecken. Es ist also wahrscheinlich, dass ich in einer bestimmten Situation unfaeig sein wuerde, solche oder andere Impulse in der Oeffentlichkeit zu unterdruecken. (Beispiel: Bohner und Jirsa)

Der Zwangs-Kranke ist der eigentlich Schuld-Kranke. Viele seiner Handlungen oder Unterlassungen koennten schwere Folgen haben, die dann seine Schuld sein wuerden. Er versucht, sie aktiv durch Handlungen, die auch Denken und Beten begleiten, abzuwehren. Er hat nie das Erlebnis der Gewissheit.- Der Normale hat auch keine hundertprozentige Gewissheit; es ist aber charakteristisch fuer den Normalen, sich mit der Waarscheinlichkeit abfinden zu koennen. Beim Zwangs-Kranken wird der Mangel an Gewissheit zur hoellischen Qual. Er moechte ein hundertprozentig reines Gewissen haben.

Der Paranoiker ist nicht von Angst oder Schuld motiviert. Er ist jenseits von Angst und Schuld. Er hat ein positives Selbst-Gefuehl, begruendet auf ein unerschuetterliches Gewissheits-Erlebnis. Klinisch gesehen, ist der Paranoiker der am meisten Kranke. Sein subjektives Leidens-Erlebnis kann fehlen oder sehr gering sein, soweit ein solches Urteil ueberhaupt moeglich ist, da der Einfuehlung Grenzen gesetzt sind. In jedem Fall ist sein Verhalten und sein Denken verschoben. Er lebt in einer anderen Welt. Dieses "anders in der Welt-Sein" hat aber nur einen Beschreibungs-, keinen Erklaerungs-Wert. Wir koennen die Angst um den Zwang nachfuehlen, weil diese Empfindungen mit jedem "in der Welt sein", mit der Wahrnehmung des Anderen, mit der mangelnden Gewissheit - ausser der des Endes - gegeben sind. Der Paranoiker mag durchaus von Angst (oder vielleicht Furcht) geplagt sein. Er kann sogar irgendwie das Bewusstsein haben, krank zu sein; aber er kann die Intensitaet seines Gewissheits-Erlebens nicht ausschalten. Er mag wissen, dass er verfolgt wird, und auch gleichzeitig wissen, dass er sehr krank ist. Das ist eben das Schizopphrene, das Gespalten-sein.

Man koennte vielleicht eine Parallele ziehen zu der Euphorie des Todes-Kandidaten, der sein Wissen um sein Sterben mit der Gewiss-

heit des Gesundseins kompensiert (ähnlich dem Begnadigungs-Wahn des zum Tode Verurteilten). Man könnte in diesem Phänomen die Verwandlung von etwas Unerträglichem und Unerklärlichem in ein Erklärliches sehen. In der panischen Erkrankung ebenso wie beim Todes-Kandidaten kann eine Wandlung eintreten. Der eine fühlt sich plötzlich von Gott erkoren, der andere fühlt sich Gott nahe, bekennt seine Sünden und fühlt sich befreit, religiös geläutert. Das hat mit Buber's "Erhellung" nichts zu tun. Es handelt sich nicht um eine bewusste Wandlung, mit einer Ziel-Setzung innerhalb des Reiches des "Ich-Du", oder, wie Buber sagt, "Aufbruch zur grossen Handlung".

Es ist nicht völlig klar, was Buber meint, und es kann auch nicht klar sein, weil Buber sich hier an der Grenze des Mystischen befindet, obwohl er ganz bewusst und planmässig auf das Reale hinielt. Buber hat recht, wenn er am Anfang (S.8-11) sagt, dass der Psycho-Therapeut sich nicht nur mit Schuld-Gefühlen, sondern auch mit Schuld-Erlebnissen befassen müsste. Ich bin allerdings auf die Unmöglichkeit einer solchen Abgrenzung bereits vorher eingegangen.

((Recht unklar ist jedoch, was Buber von S.16 bis S.20 ausdrücken will, besonders auf S.18 von "dem Psychologen, der sieht" bis "dass der Mensch schuldig werden kann und es weiss."))

Das Tabu ist gerade deshalb existentiell, weil es sich notwendigerweise mit dem Bewusstsein verbindet, dass der Andere existiert, dass der Andere das gleiche Recht auf Existenz hat wie man selbst. (Es ist nichts gegen die Freud'sche Theorie einzuwenden, dass der Trieb-Verzicht durch äussere Mächte erzwungen ist und erst die Sittlichkeit schafft, die sich im Gewissen ausdrückt.) Es ist anzunehmen, dass mit der Entwicklung des Urmenschen zum homo sapiens eine allmähliche Entwicklung des Bewusstseins zusammenhängt. Erinnerung, also eine Form des Gedächtnisses, gibt es ja bei vielen

niederen Tierarten. Wahrscheinlich ist aber das Erinnernte noch nicht gedacht, sondern nur associativ mit Eindruecken verbunden. Natuerlich koennen auch Eindruecke schon beim Tier, verbunden mit Erinnerung und Instinkt, zur "Vor-Sicht" fuehren, aber nicht im eigentlichen Sinne zur "Voraus-Sicht", in einer mehr abstrakten Form, dass etwas so kommen muss. Mit dem zunehmenden Bewusstsein haengt dann die Erkenntnis der Unabwendbarkeit des Todes zusammen. Beim Instinkt gibt es wohl Rang-Ordnungen, aber keine bewusste Wahl. Die Faehigkeit und die Notwendigkeit der Wahl, die zur Qual werden kann, gibt es nur beim Menschen. (Ich habe an anderer Stelle geschrieben, dass der Tod unvorstellbar ist, im Sinne des Totseins, ebenso wie das Nichts unvorstellbar ist. Das Vergehen, das Sterben ist unverkennbar. Der vitale Mensch weiss natuerlich um das Sterben; es gelingt ihm aber, es abzuschieben, als ob es ihm nicht passieren koennte, oder er stellt sich vor, dass doch noch ein Kraut gegen den Tod gefunden werden wuerde. Der sehr kranke, leidende Mensch denkt an den Tod oft als Erloesung.- An derselben Stelle habe ich ausgefuehrt, wie der Mensch das Nichts wie eine Wunde zudeckt. Rilke sagt ueber Gott: "Ihm war das Nichts wie eine Wunde; so heilte er sie mit der Welt".)

Der Mensch laesst die Seele in irgendeiner Form weiterleben. Um sie zu schuetzen, erfindet er alle moeglichen Riten. Er sucht sich zu vergewissern, dass er alle boesen Geister abwehren kann; aber die Ungewissheit bleibt als eine Grenze, die dem Menschen gesetzt ist. Die letztliche Ungewissheit und Ungeschuetztheit sind miteinander verbunden. (Je mehr der Mangel an Gewissheit erlebt wird, umso ausgepraegter kann die Gewissenhaftigkeit werden.)

Man muss nicht die Freud'sche Libido-Theorie anerkennen, und man kann die Sexualisierung aller menschlichen Erlebnisse ablehnen, weil diese Benennungen zum Wortspiel geworden sind und keinen Erklarungswert besitzen. Das Tabu ist also - nach Buber - aus der Urtatsache

des Menschen als Menschen erwachsen", d.h. der Mensch setzt erst dort ein, wo das Bewusstsein des Menschen und des Mit-Menschen gegeben ist. So entwickelt sich das Gewissen, und die Riten und Gesetze amalgamieren sich, wie ich sagte, mit allen moeglichen social-zeremoniellen Vorschriften aller Zeiten und Kulturen, so dass sie die vielfaeltigsten Erscheinungen annehmen. Im Einzel-Falle koennen wir es dann sowohl mit der Schuld als auch mit den Schuld-Gefuehlen des Menschen zu tun haben.

Wenn wir uns in der Psycho-Therapie fast ausschliesslich auf Schuld-Gefuehle beschraenken, so geschieht das aus zwei Gruenden:

1. koennen wir als Therapeuten keine Schuld loesen, weil wir damit nur einem Dogma dienen koennten (wir koennen das "Mit-Schuld-Sein", wie ich anfangs sagte, nur mit-schwingen lassen),

2. weil wir es mit Menschen zu tun haben, bei denen es zu einer Stoerung des Equilibriums von Schuld-Erlebnissen und Schuld-Gefuehlen gekommen ist. Unsere Aufgabe ist es, das Equilibrium so weit wie moeglich wieder herzustellen. Wie weit das bei dem einzelnen Kranken moeglich ist, laesst sich nur durch eine ausfuehrliche Darstellung der Kranken-Geschichte, die die Diagnose enthaelt, und der Therapie, die die "Auseinandersetzung" mit dem Patienten umfasst, erkennen.

Wie sich die verschiedenen Krankheits-Gruppen prognostisch unterscheiden, habe ich auszufuehren versucht.

Das Wesentliche in der Oedipus-Legende ist die Auffassung der Griechen vom Schicksal und den Goettern, die das Leben der Menschen bestimmen. Jeder Versuch, der gemacht wird, um der goettlichen Bestimmung zu entgehen, fuehrt genau zu dem, was vorausbestimmt wurde. Die Interpretation, dass jeder Sohn seinen Vater umbringen und seine Mutter heiraten moechte und sich dadurch in Schuld verstrickt, hat mit der Oedipus-Legende nicht das Geringste zu tun. Es ist gerade das voellig Ungewoehnliche der Oedipus-Situation, das zu der tragischen Verwicklung fuehrt; aber entsprechend der griechischen Auffassung der Tragik, handelt es sich nicht um eine innere Schuld, sondern um ein durch die Goetter von aussen auferlegtes Schicksal.

Man kann natuerlich nicht verhindern, die Oedipus-Legende so umzuwandeln, dass sie mit den heutigen Begriffen der individuellen Schuld in Einklang gebracht werden kann. Die ganze Frage, was eigentlich infantile, unbewusste Motive oder Reaktionen sind, ist in keiner Weise geklaert. Dass in jeder Kindheit sowie auch in jeder spaeteren Lebens-Situation staendig sich ueberschneidende Konflikte vorhanden sind, kann nicht bezweifelt werden. Es ist ebenso unbezweifelbar, dass Verdraengungen sowohl in der Kindheit als auch in jeder spaeteren Lebens-Situation staendig eine Rolle spielen; denn es ist niemals moeglich, alle Wuensche und Triebe gleichzeitig voellig zu entfalten. Jeder Mensch entwickelt eine Methode oder ein Vorgehen, das ihm, je nach der Situation, zweckmaessig erscheint. Solche Verhaltens-Weisen (patterns) entwickeln sich sicher schon in der Kindheit, wenn z.B. ein Kind die Erfahrung gemacht hat, dass es entweder durch Schreien oder durch Freundlichkeit erreichen kann, was es moechte. Dieselbe Methode hilft sicherlich nicht zu allen Zeiten bei allen Menschen in der gleichen Weise. Es gibt Kinder, die sich mit der Welt der Erwachsenen besser abzufinden scheinen, wenn sie diese Erwachsenen als unverstaendliche und unberechenbare Giganten ansiehen. Andere Kinder koennen nur dann eine Beziehung zu Erwachsenen herstellen, wenn sie sich geborgen und acceptiert fuehlen.

Auch diese Gegensaeetze bestehen natuerlich nicht staendig in einer gleichmaessigen Form: Ein Kind experimentiert mit allen ihm zu Gebote stehenden Faehigkeiten sich durchzusetzen und irgendein Ziel zu erreichen. Es ist unvermeidlich, dass das Kind in vielen Faellen versagt, in anderen erfolgreich ist und dann versucht, diese Erfahrungen wieder anzuwenden. Dabei kann es leicht geschehen, dass

selbst das, was sich bei denselben Menschen in einer aehnlichen Situation als zweckmaessig erwies, in einer anderen Situation keineswegs den erwarteten Erfolg hat.

All das gehoert zum Process des incidentellen Lernens, das nichts mit einem bewusst planmaessigen Lernen zu tun hat, sondern jedem bewussten Lernen weit vorausgeht und es auch spaeterhin staendig begleitet. Es erscheint mir als aeusserst willkuerlich, was man von diesen tentativen Versuchen, mit dem Leben fertig zu werden, von diesen sich zum Teil sehr widersprechenden Motiven und Verhaltens-Weisen als unbewusst bezeichnen will.

Ebenso willkuerlich erscheint es mir, was man in der psychotherapeutischen Situation als wesentlich unbewussten Konflikte zwischen Patient und Therapeut ansehen will. Es ist ohne Frage richtig, dass in jeder zwischen-menschlichen Beziehung "Uebertragungen" von Beziehungen zu anderen Menschen in der Vergangenheit eine Rolle spielen. Die "Uebertragung" in der Psycho-Therapie erhaelt ihr besonderes "timbre" durch die Tatsache, dass die Beziehung zwischen Therapeut und Patient sich von jeder sonstigen Beziehung in einer einzigartigen Weise unterscheidet. Jeder Mensch projiziert (uebertraegt) auf jeden anderen Menschen irgendetwas, was seinem eigenen inneren Beduerfnis entspricht; aber in jeder "realen" Situation wird er durch die Beduerfnisse des anderen Menschen zu einer neuen Stellungnahme gezwungen. In der psycho-therapeutischen Situation ist eine besondere Form von Intimitaet vorhanden, in der der Patient voellig im Mittelpunkt steht und sich ueber alles ausdruecken kann und soll, so wie es ihm zumute ist. Selbstverstaendlich wird der Patient durch die Persoenlichkeit des Therapeuten (sein Alter, sein Geschlecht, sein allgemeines Verhalten) beeinflusst.

Es ist auch sicher, dass der Patient auf den Therapeuten

einen Eindruck machen will, und das Beduerfnis, einen verstaendnisvollen Menschen (einen acceptierenden oder sogar liegenden Menschen) zu finden, wird umso staerker vorhanden sein, wenn der Patient das Gefuehl hat, dass ihm Liebe und Anerkennung frueher versagt oder in nicht genuegendem Masse gegeben wurden.

Es ist die Aufgabe des Therapeuten, sich staendig bewusst zu sein, dass der Patient sozusagen mit allen Mitteln versucht, die Sympathie des Arztes zu gewinnen. Eine freundlich acceptierende Form des Verhaltens muss mit einer weitgehenden Neutralitaet verbunden werden. Man muss sich ebenfalls darueber im klaren sein, dass es eine solche vollstaendige Neutralitaet nicht gibt, d.h. dass eine positive oder negative "Gegen-Uebertragung" unvermeidlich ist.

Dass sexuelle Faktoren, je nach dem Geschlecht und Alter des Patienten und Therapeuten, immer eine Rolle spielen, ist ebenfalls unvermeidlich. Eine eingehende Besprechung von Uebertragung und Gegen-Uebertragung ist jedoch unnoetig und haeufig bedenklich. Je "neutraler" der Therapeut sich verhaelt, umsomehr wird er von Anfang an dem Patienten klarmachen, dass es sich um eine umschrænkte Beziehung handelt, die wesentlich aerztlich ist, d.h. die dazu fuehren soll, den Patienten so schnell wie moeglich vom Therapeuten unabhaengig zu machen und sich auf eigene Fuesse zu stellen.

Es ist interessant, dass selbst die "reformierten" Analytiker (Martin Grotjahn - Analytic Family Therapy: A Survey of Trends in Research and Practice) das Beduerfnis haben, den Begriff des "Unbewussten" so zu verwenden, als ob er etwas concret Greifbares bedeutet. So sagt M.Grotjahn auf S.93 ueber Bela Mittelmann, der gleichzeitige Analysen von Eheleuten durchfuehrte und dadurch a more complete picture of the reality, with better insight into the complimentary reactions of the two individuals, erhielt: "The authors may talk of such insight into reality. What they actually mean and do,

concerns insight into the interaction between the unconscious of two people."

Es ergibt sich daraus, dass selbst die mehr aktiven Analytiker die Vorstellung haben, dass das Unbewusste eines Patienten etwas Concreteres ist als die Realitaet. Er sagt: "Formerly, the psycho-therapist could not afford to consider the family; now he cannot afford to neglect the family." Ich habe nie verstanden, wie man sinnvolle Psycho-Therapie treiben konnte, ohne die Familien-Constellation zu beruecksichtigen. Ebensowenig habe ich je verstanden, wie eine Psycho-Therapie ohne Beruecksichtigung des "ego", nur mit einer Orientierung in Bezug auf das "id", irgendeinen Sinn haben kann. Dementsprechend war ich auch immer der Meinung, dass eine Psycho-Therapie eine aktive sein muss, weil die Aktivitaet des Therapeuten sich den Faehigkeiten, Anlagen und der gegebenen aeusseren Situation des Patienten anpassen muss.

Es ist auch amuesant zu lesen, dass "giving of an advice" ebenso wie "manipulation" als eine Form von Interpretation angesehen werden kann. Man kann daraus ersehen, wie an so einem Begriff wie "Interpretation" festgehalten wird, obwohl noch vor kurzen nach der analytischen Theorie das Ratgeben, eine Richtung gebende Therapie und die Manipulation einer aktuellen Situation mit der analytischen Methode der Interpretation unvereinbar schien.

WALTER A. BLOCH

AVENIDA BRASIL 3398

MAGDALENA NUEVA

LIMA, PERU

Lima, den 17. November 1963.

Liebe Lola,

Sie sehen, ich habe mein Versprechen nicht vergessen und sende Ihnen die von Max zu Papier gebrachten "Gedanken" ein. Da das nur Copien sind, die ich mir zurueckbehalten hatte, ist es moeglich, dass Sie diese Schriften schon kennen; wenn nicht, freue ich mich umsomehr, dass Sie sie nun in Ihrem Besitz haben.

Es war nett, Sie mal persoendlich gesehen und gesprochen zu haben, und ich bitte Sie, meinen "favorite friend" sehr zu gruessen. Meine Einladung nach Peru halte ich jederzeit aufrecht.

Ich hoffe, es geht Ihnen gut und wuensche Ihnen, dass Sie bald einen fuer Sie geeigneten job finden, der Sie innerlich und auch pekuniaer zufriedenstellt.

Mit sehr herzlichen Gruessen, auch von Walter, bin
ich

Ihre

Grete & W.



AR 25164

Max and Lola Gruenthal Collection

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Early ~~AM~~ Friday AM

(kind of hectic
last two days)

Dear Virginia,

Read the folio on the Polio situation with great interest. It answers, among other things, my question as to the relation of Salk to the epidemic i.e. too soon to know. You are well familiar, then, with how things work at first in an emergency.

Our offices and warehouse is at 1501-15th Ave So. (The old Cosh. Hodges Milling Co. building). You probably know 15th Ave So as "Avenue A". We leased it from Jack and Doc Willis - Mr. Ormond's nephews. Their company is "Doc's Transfer and Warehouse". Doc has his offices in the large freight terminal across the rail tracks while Jack and about seven of his people have about 1/4 of our joint office. This is not confusing, as they are in mostly closed offices to one side with their own offices and we have, thank goodness, the main closed office for John and Bill to work in AND the shipping office. The warehouse has ample loading facilities, storage space, and room to work out of - all we need ask.

P.C. David

(2)

The premium department and sign shop, as well as warehouse room to repair damaged machinery is at 716 No. 19th Street, across from the City Hall. Although I have not had a chance to see this place, it is centrally located - which is important - and there is plenty of room. It will be open Monday, maybe even Saturday.

We got Instant and loose tea Wednesday. Enough green coffee by now to make the ~~Hill~~ Royal Blend and Red Diamond blends. The paper bags for both these came in Thursday afternoon. We are roasting coffee nights and weekends at Batherton and, since Uncle Bill's been back, he's arranging for roasting at Fleetwood in Chattanooga also. Doc is ~~now~~ going to handle the trucking for that second. The first roasting & packing took place last night and, when I get to work this morning, I'll see how much Royal Blend and Red Diamond we have. (There will be no interruption in Hill's brands.)

I must close now, as it is breakfast time. Just wanted you to know what progress we have made.

Regards to Mike & Alfred.

Yours
David

Jan. 19, 1972

Liebe Lola,

ich vermisse übermal Ihre Weihnachts-
grüße, vielleicht haben meine Sie nicht
erreicht. Auch schade sich über Sie,
von dem ich sonst eigentlich immer wenig-
stens etwas über Ihr Tugenden erfahre.

Vor ein paar Tagen blätterte ich wieder
einmal durch Emily Dickinson's Gedichte
mit Ihre hervorragenden Übertragungen.

Nur mich einen kommt ich mich nicht abfin-
den, der meinen Lieblingsgedichte: "The soul
selects her own society." In der ersten Stro-
phe sangt sie das "Übergeklärte", das etwas
"Überflüssiges" bedeutet. In der letzten Stro-
phe kommt ich mich nicht abfinden mit dem
Klang "Ein Sein", auch nicht für Monday.

der Empfänglichkeit Ventile, da Ventile etwas
zu Mechaniker sind, (während Valven mich an
Musikeln erinnern). So habe ich mir erlaubt,
Ihnen meine Aendrung vorzulegen.

Die Seele sucht sich ihre Freunde aus -
Dann - schließt das Thor -
Zu ihrem Stromstrom im Haus -
Dringt Keiner vor -

Stopt 2 bleibt.

Ich sah sie - aus der Volk's Gebrauge
Wäkten ein einziges Sein -
Dann - schlossen ihre Augen vor der Menge -
Die Stein -

Herzliche Grusse,

Ihr

Luit Sachs



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My dear Lola,

My lifelong habit of stealing stationery from fashionable hotels prompts me to send you heartfelt thanks for "Mein Stundenbuch." I know who Frans Masereel is, but who is this fellow "Thomas Mann" who wrote the Einleitung? (I once took a graduate course on the works of Thomas Mann. Could it be that this is THE Thomas Mann?...)

As you probably heard from little Hanna, we had quite a celebration here. The immediate family came from far (Seattle) and wide (New Jersey) with five small children who got along famously. I was showered with salutations. And it was comforting to see that there were no fistfights. We hope they'll all come back next year when we'll observe my 39th birthday.

The "headline" of this story about a three-day celebratory feast is: I survived. And so did poor Archie who, at age 91, bravely greeted each celebrant and then, wagging a weary tail, went into the bedroom to take a long nap.

Be well. And, again, thank you!

Joe Dembo
3/19/02





Dublin Road
Falls Village CT 06031
July 17, 1984

Dear Lola:

Please forgive me for not writing you earlier, and also for treating you so impatiently while you were doing the exhausting labor of love on my journal piece. I received your translation the day I left and sort of forgot about it in the flurry. (I wish I could make my comings and goings more efficient, so preparing for them wouldn't squeeze out the more important things in life.) But the translation is fine, the title too, and I know it was a great favor you did me to keep nudging me into paying

attention to it. I guess my problem was that (besides being in a hurry to pack + leave) the whole reason I write journal instead of more publishable things is because I hate fussing over them after I've gotten the ideas - the first + only draft - off my chest. I never did think that particular piece was worth the attention. (Which challenges me to produce something better, I guess.) And I felt badly that you had to put so much more time into it than I had done myself! Anyway, thank you, thank you.

I hope you are healthy. It's not easy in the heat + humidity of NYC - even here it's been too hot some days for me to feel like doing anything. But I do have Ety Hillesum here as assigned reading which I



must get done, + I am also reading books about Russia, since I heard of a phenomenally cheap trip there I want to go on in January.

The GDR symposium also made me realize how strong my ties to Berlin are, and I hope to forge ahead with some version of the Berliner Ensemble book. Only, when can I go there, with my boyfriend already saying I don't spend enough time with him?

I was in NYC for a few hours to take my daughter China to La Guardia; she is now on her way back east by car with my sister. While there I picked up a copy of Joel Agee's

childhood memoirs on sale at
Bookforum (and then forgot
to bring it up here) - I will
read it, someday. It reminds
me what fascinating lives
lie behind the present
personalities in our group.

(I also have the photocopy of
the Zilard book here. You have
had a lot of interesting
connections in your life, eh?
I would like to see you write
something about whether
that all seems like the past,
or whether the present is just
as exciting ---)

STAY HEALTHY!

love,

Patty

Freitag, 28. Mai 1999

Liebe Lola -

entschuldige meine -
Unhöflichkeit. Ja, ich
bin in den Stressen
Press aufgewachsen,
während meine Mutter
in Zwangsarbeit war.
meine Stressen-Jugend

gibt mir die Kraft,
die ich zum Leben
brauche.

Wie man \$530
ÜPPIG nennen kann -
I don't get it.

Lebst du von \$530
im Monat?

Könntest du von
\$530 im Monat leben?

Und- nichts macht
mich wütender- als-
wenn HOME MAKING
nicht zu ARBEIT
zählt.

Wa Waffen her-
stellt - dem gebührt
ein respektives alth.

Aber nicht den
vielen Frauen, die ihr
Leben ~~und~~ als Mütter
u. Frauen VERGEBEN
haben.

Sorry.

Melina

By the way:
since when am
I part of the Bank
street office "Development"
"???"

5555 Thessalon Ave
Phila, 19144

(but will be
1021 West Cliveden St.
Phila 19119
by November)

Dear Lola,

I've thought of you, since we've
seen back from Israel, even from the
midst of a pretty foggy state of mind,
so I'll take your letter as the
immediate stimulus, and respond.

First, just let me respond to
your question. Not guilty. I'm
afraid I've never even heard of
Bernard Landis' "Study of Ego-
Boundaries", though it sounds
intriguing; and I checked with Tilo
just in case, but I'm afraid
we're the wrong suspects! Sorry -
though in view of the complicated
status of our possessions you should
be glad!

As to us - well, things are going
reasonably well, for a transition period.
Tilo is very busy, of course and
sometimes looks a little preoccupied,

of course, again, but I think is doing very
very well. Administrative tasks take up too
much of his time, as to be expected, but I
think he has hopes that he will make a good
& exciting place of the place, and I'm sure
of it, though it may take time.

The kids are doing fine. Danny especially
seems to have taken to this school with
great enthusiasm - the more surprising
since he loved New Lincoln and approached
this place with reservations and some
sadness. Time will tell what kind of
educational experience it turns out to
be, but I must say my first concern
was for his reaction to it, and he seems
pleased and positive. Doesn't have to
work too hard, as yet, which may be
good for the beginning. Jamie's struggling
a bit more. She seems to feel new and
strange, wants close friends much
faster than can usually happen, and
I watch with much empathy. I hope
the school's a good choice. Anyway, she
begins "creative dance" lessons at the
local art center this afternoon - as
you know, an exciting step for Jamie.

And me? Well - if you were here
you would say, "spitzy, how well
you do in new situations" ... and
that's partly right. But, as I keep

2.

telling you, we're all much more alike than you sometimes suppose. I have the most open situation of any in the family. In some ways it's very pleasant - but deep down there's a restless, lost feeling that appeared only when reality really set in, and that will take time and some new roots to dispense. I'm working, but it goes slower than I would like, in this setting.

We're living, as you know, in a furnished apartment, waiting for our house to be ready. I don't remember when I saw you or whether you know about our house etc - but anyway, when we're settled in to it I would love to have you come down.

Soon we will have, and maybe even beds to put into the rooms.

Meantime, I come into New York about once a week. It's been regular, what with

holidays etc, but the regular
day will be Wednesday. Please
Phone me there. I'd love to
know how you are & what
you're doing.

Best from all of us to
you & Georgie. Pat.

Happy
New
years



JEANIE
MINUCHIN



JEANIE
MINUCHIN

Thursday - 10/9

Dear Lola...

I was so delighted to hear from you that I expected to put down immediately. I didn't.. but anyway, here I am — with a big hello, full of questions, and hoping we can get together soon.

What's going on? You said you were working, & it sounded interesting, so that's good. What else? Are you writing? painting? dancing in the streets on behalf of peace and mental health?

And what of George? He had risen to challenge the establishment, when last we

are in relatively good shape.
Dan has long hair, is very
involved in his group of
friends - a great development,
of course - and rather concerned
& disdainful about the world.
Jane is finding her way
in this new & larger school,
is long legged, and has
started guitar lessons.

Tilo & I look pretty
much the same. He has a
million things going at his
clinic: most of them are
experimental kinds of things
& none of them are basically
very psychoanalytic - though
he is now a fascinating &
very effective compendium (if
that's the word) of all his varied

saw you, and certainly the world around us and him has not calmed since then.. so we are interested in what has happened since.. where he is, what he's doing, and how you feel about it.

In brief, we're pretty much as you last saw us — except that that is never true in any depth & isn't for us either. The kids obviously grow & change by the week — physically & otherwise. They're both at the local Quaker school, Dan in his Jr year & James in Jr-High. With allowances for periods of confusion, rapid mood changes etc, they both

training + experience. I'm full
time faculty at Temple U. I
teach, attend meetings (!), and
do some research. I keep in
touch with Bank St since I
still love the people, but the
line of work is pretty well
shifted by now.

All of which is just
surface. I would love to
have you come down here.
The next weekends look
crowded but how about
very early November? Let's
talk by telephone + set it
up - yes? I'll call you - or,
if the whim takes you, call
us. (We're area code 215. then V. 3-7429)

P.S. Did you see that the
Book is out? Bank St
will contact you about a
discount rate. The stingy publishers
allowed each author one free copy.

Much love
Cat.

522 West End Ave
New York City
19 July 1961

Dear LOTA,

Thanks so much for your
nice letter.

Amelia continues to
be sensationally beautiful,
healthy as hell, and
generally unbelievable in
all kinds of ways. I'm
worried sick when she
cries but that's because
she ~~doesn't~~ cry much.
Perhaps she'll have a

July 23, 1986

Dear Lola,

I know it has been ages, but I have a valid excuse this time. I hope this finds you well. My mother died two months ago following extensive surgery. She hadn't been feeling well off and on, and it was finally determined that she had a common duct stone, plus what the radiologist felt was tumor on her liver. As it turns out, there was no tumor, just stones. But the surgery was too much for her this time, she suffered shock, and literally bled to death. It was horrifying to say the least. There was so much left to say, and no time to say it. I miss her so much, sometimes it hurts. I have a feeling it's going to take a long time to get over the loss. My father is miserable and feeling sorry for himself most of the time. To top it off, just recently the company my father worked for cut his hospitalization and stated they were no longer responsible for any outstanding bills which left us with a hospital bill of over \$21,000 for two days hospitalization. I was devastated! But I work for wonderful people. My case was brought before the Board and they set a resolution for everyone in our situation that the families of patients would not be held responsible for bills incurred while

hospitalization was still in effect. The stress has been tremendous. I've been to therapy sessions, but if it weren't for some of the people I work for and with, I would never be able to make it. I feel like a burden most of the time, but someone is always there. My boss has been extraordinary! He appears cold and impersonal but he really came through for me, and still does. I don't ever think I'll complain of anything again.

Besides all this I've been suffering another problem which has become worse. I get panic attacks, especially in restaurants. It will be a real effort to travel again, notably flying. I am working on the problem, but it stinks! I don't know how I got this way and I hate it, but it won't go away. I get the physical effects of panic; nausea, loss of appetite, ... I'm a mess!!

So tell me some good news. Did you celebrate the 4th with the other million people in New York? I'm anxious to hear from you, so write soon.

Darlene

April 23, 1984

Dear Lola,

How are you? I hope you are feeling better. I won't ask you how your Easter was, because as you have said, you are as enthusiastic about the holidays as I am. Mine was quite dismal.

I shouldn't be writing this letter right now. I'm feeling really quite unhappy lately. And, I don't have any answers. The weather doesn't help. Rainy, damp, and cold. Just how I feel.

I got bored with my aerobics, so I stopped going. Nothing else happening. Work is busy as usual; so much so that I've been bringing work home. Home is boring, too. My father drives me crazy with his talking. From the moment he gets up, he never stops. I can't stand it.

I meant to send an Easter card, but my heart just wasn't in it. I ended up just sending cards to people I felt I had to.

Well, seeing as how this is so depressing, I'll end here. Just drop me a line to let me know how you are. I've been thinking about you.

worse than ever,
Darlene

June 17, 1984

Dear Zola,

So how are you my friend? I haven't heard from you in a while and am a little concerned. Are you not feeling well again, or just plain lazy? I hope just plain lazy...like me, too. We've had such a heat wave that it just knocks me out. I come home with a headache every day. Air conditioning all day and then 90°+ heat hits me in the face when I leave. I almost crawl in the house from the hot drive home. Hot is okay as long as you don't have to work, just lie around, soak up the sun, and swim! So who has time for that?! And it always rains on the weekend.

I'm not really complaining, just being a little sarcastic. If I weren't laughing or sarcastic, I'd be crying. And who wants to hear a big girl like me cry? (Even if I did, probably no one would listen anyway. I'd be wasting my tears.)

-next-

I've been very busy at work as usual and there's always the house. But I've been doing a lot of gardening, too, which relieves some frustrations. Just being outside means freedom to me. Birds singing, children laughing, ... space...

I'd been feeling real tired lately, so I had some lab work done.. all negative.. which must mean it's all just in my head. Granted, I'm not a happy person, but the constant fatigue is killing me. I've started on some vitamins again and iron. We'll see. My boss says I need more exercise. How can you exercise when you feel so exhausted?! So he said I needed a trip to the Riviera then. Very funny. (Give me a good raise in salary, and I'll go!) He'll miss me when I go on my cruise on July 14.

Well, I'll end for now. Please write and let me know how you are, or call me during the week. We have an 800 number: 1-800-321-7492, and ask for me.

As always,
Darlene

When I think of all that has happened to me this past year or so, I wonder if I am really sane, or insane. To live with two people and care for them so long and come so close to losing both in a year, it seems incredible. This all began right at the anniversary of my mother's death. And, just prior to this (boy, I really haven't written to you for a while, have I?) I came close to being sexually assaulted by an uncle. Fortunately, something snapped and he let me go. It seemed like forever, but it all happened in a matter of minutes. So much for "affectionate" uncles!! In less than a year, I've gone through about a thousand dollars of therapy.

Thank heavens for counseling!

I find it so difficult now to even talk to my aunt, and she didn't do

any thing. In fact,

it's their daughter I'd

been traveling with to Boston.

Obviously, you can tell that I never spoke of this to anyone in my family. I can't. My father would shoot him. The consequences of telling would be horrendous! So now, I kindly keep my distance and avoid as much contact with them as possible. The sight of him makes me want to throw up!

So, here I sit trying to find something to laugh about, even smile about. Some where I know there is someone with problems worse than mine, but is this bordering on ridiculous, or what?!

On top of it all, (yes) I am still working; no leave of absence. But maybe that is what makes me "sane" in a weird sort of way.

It's the only place I meet people crazier than me!

Darlene

December 2, 1984

Dear Lola,
You're probably thinking of me
as inconsiderate of your hospitality,
but actually, I wanted to come up with
something original to thank you with.
The idea is someone else's but the art
work is mine. It's not very good but
I'm working on it.

Really, I thank you very much for
the weekend. I enjoyed it. My sister
liked the earrings and my niece the belt.
By now you should have recuperated
from my visit. I hope you are
feeling better.

It was a long trip home. First
of all, I should have left sooner.
Everyone and their uncle were
going home on Sunday.

At one point the
taxi driver asked
if I wanted to
get out and



(over)

walk the rest of the way
to the bus terminal. But seeing
as I already had \$5 on the meter
and was still 5 blocks away, I stayed
in the cab, much to the driver's dismay!
Then he left me off at the wrong building
so that by the time I got to where I
should be, I missed the bus I wanted.
And the traffic was horrendous! However,
after finally arriving at the airport, I
found that my flight had been delayed
half an hour anyway. I finally got
home at about 11:30 that night.

So much for holiday weekend
traveling!

I just bought a new roll of
film, so I'll be sending a
picture next letter.

Thanks again.

Darlene



Aug. 10, 1984

Dear Lola,

Obviously 1984 is not going to go down in the books as one of your best years. First, I had the flu for which I missed three days of work, then I gave it to my mother who had it so bad, she landed in the hospital. Next I had the worse sinus infection a person could ever had, saw two doctors for it, and swallowed enough pills for a whole army (two weeks before the "big cruise"). One week before the "big cruise" I contracted food poisoning which almost ended my entire "trip".

Now as I prepare for my next vacation in Wildwood, my mother has developed an infection.

I'm leaving in two days so I hope she's better by then.

And, you've

told me your story, so



- 1 -

do you agree that the
end of 1984 can't come too soon?!

The cruise was wonderful, however,
with the exception of a few minor
incidences. The parts of call were all
beautiful, but nothing beats Bermuda.
We "climbed" a waterfall in Jamaica and
I thought we were going to die there!
You literally are in the falls, climbing
the rocks, 600 ft. But we probably
will never go there again, so it was
worth the experience. I'll have to show
you the pictures. We went snorkeling
in Cozumel and that was
wonderful. Right among the
fish and coral beds, beautiful.
Cruising is the ultimate in
traveling. (If there were
only more single young
men!)

- next -

I'm coming to New York
at Thanksgiving. I never supposed
to go last year with two other girls
but one of them wrecked up the whole
trip. So, this time I just went to the
travel agent and got myself a ticket. I'm
determined to see the Christmas show
at Radio City Music Hall this time. I
heard it was fabulous. Would you care
to join me? My treat.

Work is the same, remission. No better,
really no worse. My only consolation
is the ever ready medical care.
Not so much for me, but these
doctors really take good care of
my family. I could never
repay them. I guess I should
stop complaining so much,
right? I'm getting
better, but it's not
so easy to do
(over)



Enclosed is a picture of
my room. I guess the wallpaper
is a little hard to capture on film.
Well, it's little blue cornflowers with a
dab of pink and yellow. The other is a
picture of my "ponytail"! And the last
shows a longstitch that I did. (Plus I
wanted you to see my sweatshirt.)

Well, I'm off to Wildwood this
Sunday (hopefully). Look out ocean,
here I come!

See ya!

As always,

Darlene

March 25, 1984

Dear Lola,

Well, I'd been thinking a lot about you lately, almost as if I knew something was wrong. Of course, you have told me that you weren't feeling well, but I didn't realize how poorly you were feeling. I'm very sorry to hear that. I've been wanting to come and see you, but maybe that wouldn't be such a good idea after all, if you're not feeling well.

Work has been horrendous! Part of which is why I feel like I should just get away for a few days. When you get into two separate arguments, within one week, you know it's time to get out! Well, that's me. And, my cruise is so far off, even that isn't comforting at this point.

It is spring, but you'd hardly know it around here. One day it is

(next)

2

sunny and warm, and overnight it becomes quite cold and dismal. Many days we've awakened to find a couple inches of snow outside. How depressing can it get?! But we human beings are never satisfied, because when it's 90° in the shade, we'll be complaining too!

I'm in my second course of aerobics but I find I'm getting bored. A friend of mine told me that our neighborhood spa is offering aquatic exercise, however, and that sounds interesting. So, I may look into that. I just want to get out a couple nights a week.

Well, I hope they figure out what's ailing you, so you'll be treated and start feeling better. I'll be thinking about you.

As always,
Darlene

9-23-84

Dear Lola,

How are you? I haven't heard from you in a while, so I thought I'd drop you a few lines.

me? I've been going nuts! 12-hour days at the office; 8-hour days at home. Everybody wants, but nobody ever gives. It all started when I put money in a vending machine and got nothing in return; or was it when the power went and I lost a whole day's work on my computer? I'm not sure, but things only got worse. Yesterday, at home, I spend all day washing all seventeen windows: inside, outside, and in-between; only today to have the neighbor cut down a tree and have the dust and wood chips fly over all them. Do I have luck, or what? I suppose it's better to laugh at such misfortune, trivial as it may be, because if I didn't laugh, I'd cry, and who wants to see a grown woman cry?! Otherwise, things haven't been too bad. How's your life been lately? Please write.

Worn out and weary.

Darlene

P.S. Do you know a good "shrink"?

ghastly adolescence, but
at the moment she is
a pretty model baby.

I hope you too have
a good summer - and
a good rest after all
this hard work.

with best wishes,

Joris

June 9, 1962
Hollywood

Dear Lola -

We are delayed in writing you because of some unusual activity around here. Ironically I was in New York the day after Max's death - on my way to Germany. I had intended to call him on my return to New York, but word reached me while I was in Germany that he had died. Just by way of brief explanation, I had been invited to Germany by the government as part of a program it has to acquaint journalists with what it hopes is a new, democratic, hopeful Germany.

But I did not write you to tell you of my activities. I wanted to write you to say some things about Max. We could hardly have been called close friends, since our actual physical contact was limited to that brief visit six or seven years ago. It sounds almost precious or pretentious to say that, despite this, I felt he was a close friend. Yet I did. I know that you and Max saw Karen in some desperate situations, and that in some of them - where he could help - Max was her only anchor or rock of refuge. After your visit, because, I think, she felt safe for the first time in many years - perhaps in her life - her control diminished, and mentally she entered on the most desperate period of her life. You know the manifestations of these things, despair and the mechanics of despair, self-destruction, and all that. We were lucky enough to find a fine psychiatrist who has guided Karen to a life of sanity and happiness such as, I believe, she never truly knew before.

Without trying to evaluate in a realm where I have no business being, I do believe that a man's life can be measured to some extent by what remains. Undoubtedly my perspective is narrow, but I think there can be no doubt that Karen's health and sanity today is due in large part to Max. Although it was not he, physically and actually, who was here to guide her to health at the moment she most needed guidance, it was he who preserved her and gave her hope at some of the earlier, bleak periods when she had no one else of strength and authority. I often hoped that Max might see Karen as she is today because I felt he deserved to see that because it was a result, in one sense, of his work with and for her many years ago. It was not to be. Nonetheless, if this is not a presumptuous concept, in her today lives some of the life that Max put there. If I could, that is the kind of epitaph I would like to have for myself. That I had life and handed it on.

These are things I wanted to say to Max when I was in New York last month, but then could not. It may be pointless to say them today but I think they should be said.

Karen has been suffering some acute bursitis in her right arm which makes it impossible for her to do any writing of any kind. Otherwise she is well.

Laura Jean Powers

Haar, was Du dir grundsätzlich erhebt. Du brauchst es
nicht, es ist vernünftig, es mache Dir einen
Glaube, was Du dir grundsätzlich erhebt. Du brauchst es

SARA BARIN
506 FT. WASHINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10033

Apr. 22

Mein liebster Hänschen,

Verzeih', dass Du nicht sofort eine Nach-
richt von mir bekommst, wie ich es eigentlich plante;
aber heute ist der erste Tag, dass L. wieder arbeitet
und ich allein hier in zum Schreiben komme.

Ist Du wohl noch in N.Y. steckt? Ich
hoffe, dass mein Brief Dich noch erreicht.

Ich danke Dir von Herzen, dass Du mir
so sehr geholfen hast; es war gut, Dich zu ha-
ben. Du hast es mir so leicht gemacht.

Hergleichen Dank auch für die ein-
nehmige Karte, die ich an meinem Geburts-
tag, zur passenden Zeit also, fand Ich freute
mich sehr über sie. Über die "variety of
other means more readily available to the un-
initiated" würde ich gern hören, wenn ich
Dich wieder sehe. Wie gesagt, "intensive train-
ing in breathing" ist for the time being aus-
geschlossen.

Ich war in Ernst's Office, der mich
freundlichst bis zu den Füßen herab unter-

besten waren vor in Cambridge, bei Schindler's, konnte aber zu meinen
Vollendung der Einzelheiten "Die Erinnerungen" nicht bekommen.
Aber einen Metallpunkt erstand ich, den ich mir schon lange wünscht.
Ne für \$1. (!). Du wolltest den Garten hier sehen. So schön
sah ich ihn wohl wie viel wieder, in dem künstlichen Blumen.

weil ich überfordert mit 2 p. Schülern, Schreivorgänge, Lektoren, was ich ich mir
hier ein paar Stunden in Schreivorgänge, Kaufmannsarbeit.

15. Okt. wurde am 31.8. oder 1.9. zurück
suchte: Puls u. Bloodpressure sind normal. Er war
mit meinem Zustand sehr zufrieden. Ich hatte zugewom-
men, u. er stoppte das Prednisone. Meine Allergie
würde wieder kommen, meinte er. Meine allergischen
Anfälle mit Atemnot wären nächstlichen in der kritischen
Zeit gewesen als das Prednisone, das sie mir in der all-
nächststen Dosisierung 'zugeführt' wurde.

Ich wünschte, Du wüdest einmal so verwöhnt
u. gepflegt werden wie ich hier. Ich habe sehr zuge-
nommen u. fühle mich fett.

Au meinem Geburtstag wurde ich besonders ver-
wöhnt, u. L. hatte Theaterplätze zu Shows "Heartbreak
House" für uns 3 genommen. Nach langem Streit
würde ich der Liege dadurch, daß ich die Billets be-
zahlte u. sie beide einlud. Dadurch hatte ich eine
zusätzliche Freude. Es war gut empfunden, u. er schien
allein zu verstehen, u. ich werde es in N.Y. lesen. Dies
geschah am Sonnabend, u. am Sonntag bekamen wir
wir zu Besuch zu Towe Person, eine Monhegan-
Bekanntschaft, die ich 10 oder 12 Jahre nicht sah.
Sie war als Besuch auf einem kleinen Erbe, etwa
1/2 Std. von Boston entfernt, u. wir hatten eine
herliche Zeit. Das Wetter ist in den letzten Tagen
herlich, warme, trockene Luft, die Nächte sehr kühl
u. ich habe mir natürlich die falschen Sachen mit-
genommen. Ausserdem vergaß ich - ich hoffe, zu Hause;

OLGA STEINER, PH. D.
55 EAST 86TH STREET
NEW YORK 28, N. Y.

19.6.64.

Liebe Lola (17. Juni),

ich wollte Ihnen nur sagen, wie
sehr ich mich über unser Zusammen-
kommen gefreut habe. - Ich habe in-
zwischen auch das kleine Dickinson-
Buch angefangen und bin in-
ner wieder tiefst beeindruckt von ih-
rer Begabung der Mitfühlers und
Mitschwingers. Das kann halt eben
nur ein Dichter. -

Der Mann, den Sie u. Dr. Gruenthal
vor Jahren in einem von Deutschen geführ-
ten Pension in Conn. getroffen haben -
Dr. Neuberger(?), hat sgt, so richtig über

Sie gesagt: "Sie hat Poesie im
Körper." -

Ach hoffe, Sie entschließen
sich zu einer richtigen und
erfreulichen Sommer-Erholung!

Herzlichst

Ihre

Olga Fein

Meine liebe Lola,

Als sprach ich mit Margot,
und hörte die traurige Nach-
richt über Deine Mutter.

Ich möchte Dir und
Deiner Familie unser tief-
schmerzhaftes Mitgefühl ausdrücken.

Das Ende muß doch
unerwartet gekommen sein.
Vielleicht ist Deiner Mutter
viel Leid und Unglück
erspart geblieben. Manch-

mal kann es saftiges
Hinterhergleiten eine Erlösung
sein.

Ich nehme an, Deine
Aufgabe ist es jetzt, eine
Stütze für Deinen Vater zu
sein, und mitzuhelfen
eine Lösung für ihn zu
finden.

Sei stark!

Much love

Alan

Taddo, Montag d. 21. 11. 94

Liebe Lola,

Es tut mir "echt" leid, wie man
jetzt in Deutschland so locker zu sagen
pflegt, daß ich so lange brauchte, um
auf Deinen Brief und die "Labors of Psyche"
zu antworten. Ich hatte gute Vorsätze,
was das Briefe-Schreiben anbetrifft,
trabe sie aber nur minimal eingehalten.
Der Grund hier - d. h. der unmittelbare
bewusste Beweg- oder Nichtbeweg-Grund -
ist nicht die übliche Beklemmung vor
einer Ausernung, die nach dem Versiegeln
nicht mehr widerprüflich ist, sondern
ein Feiern mit der beschränkten Zeit, das
Verlangen, sie ganz dem Buch zu widmen
und mich erst dann an einen Brief
zu setzen, wenn das andere Schreiben mich
losläßt. Es läßt mich aber nur auf
zwei Weisen los: entweder ich bin müde
und kann nicht mehr denken, oder es
graut mir vor dem Computer-Schirm und
der leeren Seite, seltsames Wetter lockt
zu einem Spaziergang, oder ein Ping-Pong-
Spiel - kurz, ich bin zu überhaupt keinem
Schreiben gewillt oder fähig. Heute ist es
aber anders: graues, kaltes Wetter draußen,
auf dem Computer erwartet mich haupt-
sächlich Korrekturarbeit, die Schuld drückt,
auch Bedauern - ich hatte mich eigentlich
auf eine Korrespondenz mit Dir gefreut,
bin aber nur noch vier Tage hier -, und
zählt, da ich nun schon mittendrin bin,
macht es schon Spaß und wird vielleicht
schon "selbstläufig" - auch so ein Neuwort.
Ich weiß nicht, ob es Dich reizen würde, in
so eine Kolonie auf ein paar Wochen zu
kommen. Deine Dickinson-Übersetzungen

sollten Dich qualifizieren. Es ist ein
relativer Luxus (auch eine große calme und
eine gewisse volupté), so ganz weltabgeschieden
mitten in einem großen Park, umgeben von
Seen, Wald, Rehen, Eichhörnchen, Enten,
und Künstlern, sich den eigenen Bedürfnissen
zu widmen oder nicht zu widmen, das
Wesentliche, das man vorhat, zu tun oder
zu lassen, zu arbeiten oder zu träumen, wie
es einem die Muse ~~oder~~ oder der Dämon oder
die Deadline gebieten. Die Gruppe von
Menschen, mit denen man frühstücht
und Abendbrot isst, ist natürlich nur im
oberflächlichen, statistischen Sinne zufällig
zusammengerückt, sie spiegeln einander
ihre verschiedenen Sekundärprozesse zu,
es ist ein Schmaus für einen Prozesspsycholo-
gen, bei dem es aber selbstverständlich
selbst mitgelesen wird, das geht leider
nicht anders. Dann gehen mindestens zwei,
drei Stunden pro Tag an die psychische Ver-
dauungsarbeit ab - bei mir jedenfalls.
Warum ist diese Person so überaus vorsichtig
mit ihrer Antwort auf freundliche Bemerkungen
meinerseits, was liegt da für ein Missverständnis
vor; wie benehme ich mich mit diesem über-
treiblichen schwarzen Dichter, der alles besser
wissen muss und so empfindlich nach
vermeintlichem Rassismus schnüffelt; usw.
usw. Dabei haben mir meine Studien bei
den "neuro-linguistic programming" - Leuten
geholfen, d. h. ich "arbeite" an der Spannung
in der Beziehung alleine, hier in meinem
großen Zimmer, und merke, auf welche Art
magische ^{Weise} sich die nächste Begegnung
verändert gestaltet. Man sieht förmlich,
wie man den Anderen mitbefreit, ohne dass
es bewirkt daran teilnimmt. Und dann
hat man den langen Tag tatsächlich für

sich selbst. Nachts spukt es zuweilen,
leider nicht bei mir, obwohl ich in
einem der "haunted rooms" wohne.
Eine von tragischen Todefällen heimgesuchte
Familie gründete diese Institution, ihre
Bücher, Möbel, Bilder, sogar ihre Familien-
photos liegen und stehen und hängen hier
herum, ihre Gräber sind auf dem Gelände,
und es ist kein Wunder, daß sie den
Gästen gelegentlich erscheinen, und zwar
in den verschiedenen "channels"; so z. B.
bei einer ziemlich hartgesottenen jungen Frau,
gleich nach ihrer Ankunft, als ein
lustiges Lachen und Pufen von spielenden
Kindern, das sehr oder fünfzehn Minuten
lang anhält (sie lag im Halbtraum auf
ihrem Bett), oder bei einem Dichter (nicht
dem Schwarzen), der in einem Telefongespräch
die Verse der ehemaligen Besitzerin als
"romantic doggerel" bezeichnet, die visuelle
Erscheinung ebendieser Frau in einem
Traum, so wie sie auf ihrem Porträt erscheint,
eine wiirdige, schöne Gestalt, mit dem
klipp- und -klaren Urteil, es stehe ihm nicht
an, eine solche Bemerkung als fast in
ihrem Hause zu machen - was ihm einen
großen Schreck einjagte, und woraufhin
er die Tannennadeln von ihrem Grab
entfernte und sich entschuldigte, er
habe es so abfällig nicht gemeint. Leider,
wie gesagt, interessiert sich die Dame, die
ihre letzten Jahre in diesem Zimmer verbrachte,
nicht in meine Person, aber vielleicht ist
es gut so, ich bringe ihr ja nichts als
schlechte Neuigkeiten entgegen. Es sind viele
religiöse Bücher und Kunstgegenstände in
diesem Zimmer, und so bin ich auf einen

"ambivalent" und "bourgeois", ~~das~~ sowie Wendungen wie "bedroom diarist" und "so to extremes" Eine Scheidewand zwischen den zwei Ebenen bilden, aber eben durchlässig. Er gab noch vieles zu sagen, aber wir sprechen uns bald. Bis dahin allen Gute, Dein Tom

- 4 -

Band zertossen, in dem einem der folgende Rat gegeben wird: ~~was~~ anstatt Gott zu bitten, dass er einem bei der Verrichtung schwieriger Aufgaben helfe, also Rückhalt oder Beistand gebe, soll man ihn bitten, liebes die ganze Sache selber zu übernehmen, da er, der die Welt geschaffen hat und aufrecht erhält, diese Kleinigkeit gemüht und mit Leichtigkeit mitbewältigen ~~will~~ möchte und kann und wird, wenn man ihn nur läßt. Das habe ich denn auch gestern mit meinem Schreiben versucht, und es sind mir vier autändige Seiten gelungen, nachdem ich am Tag zuvor glatt gar nichts geleistet hatte. Und bei diesem Marathonbrief schreibt er sicher auch mit, sonst wäre mir längst die Puste ausgegangen, und auch der Fluss der deutschen Sprache. Aber jetzt will ich doch einen Schlupf rustieren. Ich will Dir das Kapitel mit der Geschichte von "Daphne" schicken - ob es sich zu einer separaten Erzählung eignet, bezweifle ich mittlerweile - und einiges, das ich hier geschaffen habe. Und am nächsten Montag rufe ich Dich an. Vielleicht sollten wir uns mal für einen Nachmittags-Treffen, wir haben uns ja lange nicht gesehen. Aber jetzt, bevor ich good-bye sage, noch ein Wort zu Deinem "Psyche"- Gedicht - es ist schön, es singt, es hat gerade genug ironische Gegenströmung, um es vor einem romantischen Zerfließen zu schützen (oder vor Jungianischem Schöpfen und Bohren), und nicht so viel, als das der elegische Schmerz um Psyche verschüttet oder intellektualisiert wäre. Ich finde es auch schön, wie das Persönliche und das Allgemein-mythische so ineinanderspielen, dass sie kaum zu unterscheiden sind, und wie bestimmte Worte moderner Prägung - wie

9. 9. 84

Liebe Lota!

Es ist wieder einmal soweit -
was lange währt, wird endlich
gut - ich sehe mich hin und
schreibe ein paar Grüße an Sie!
So oft schon hatte ich mir das
vorgewonnen - aber wie das halt
so ist!.....

Hier fällt gerade auf, daß ich schon
wieder mit kältestreifen Fingern an
Sie schreibe. Für die ersten September-
tage ist es unwahrscheinlich
kalt (nachts $\approx 7^{\circ}$!!) Unser Sommer
war ~~ein~~ nichts als ein ungeschickter
Witz - er kam ohne Entleitung!

blieb ohne Höhepunkt und brach
im ungeeignetsten Moment ab.
Für mich gab es 3 heiße Wochen -
allerdings nicht hier sondern in der
Türkei. Dort habe ich Freunde, die
ich jedes Jahr besuche. Diese Reise
dauerte leider nur 3 Wochen, das
war für mich zu kurz. Als ich dann
wieder in Berlin war, bot man mir
gleich eine Arbeit an - das hieß:
ankommen 10 St. schlafen, aufstehen
u. arbeiten. 'Nun ja was tut man
nicht alles für's Geld! Übergangslos
bin ich am Ende dieses Job's in
den nächsten gerutscht. & dauert
4 Wochen die Hälfte habe ich
noch vor mir - und dann will
ich endlich mal wieder nach

"Westdeutschland" fahren, wie das hier so schön heißt. Meine Eltern wohnen ja in Süddeutschland am Rhein, und da ist es immer besonders schön. Vor allem eben ländlich, ruhig, nicht so verschmutzt, wie diese Stadt hier! Vor einigen Tagen hatten wir wieder Smog - "man" sagt, das käme aus der DDR herüber - davon was in West-Berlin alles in die Luft gejagt wird, spricht "man" nicht gerne! An solch "dunklen" Tagen sehne ich mich regelrecht nach meiner Heimat - aber immer wieder geht's vorbei und ich erfreue mich dann wieder an allem was Berlin sonst noch zu bieten hat - und das ist ja

schließlich eine ganze Menge.
Letzte Woche war ich jeden Abend
"unterwegs". Kleine Theater, Konzerte,
Filme u. dergl. interessieren mich
u. locken mich immer wieder aus
meinen 4 Wänden - u. das ist
auch gut so, denn schließlich bin
ich ja wegen der vielfältigen
Angebote in dieser Stadt!

Nun will ich aber nicht versäumen
mich ganz herzlich für das Buch
zu bedanken, das Sie mir zu-
kommen ließen - ich hatte mir
kurz zuvor eins gekauft, u. habe es
nun meiner Mutter geschenkt, die
es mit Freude u. Interesse gelesen hat!
Für Ihre Gesundheit wünsche ich Ihnen
das Allerbeste u. ende mit
"liebe Grüße Ihre Johanna"

January 28, 1985

Dr. Henry Erle
45 East End Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10028

Dear Dr. Erle:

Please forgive me if I sounded unpleasant on the telephone. I was not aware of it and it was not my intention. I just felt very shaky and jittery, both physically and mentally, which is not my usual way of being (whether in a depressive state or not).

Patients can be a nuisance, and probably doctors' wives and widows are often an even greater pain. On the other hand, doctors in general are not given particularly high ratings by their patients either. Whenever this subject comes up in discussion, I have been telling people how lucky I consider myself to have found one of the rare exceptions to the rule (and I am not talking about 50 years ago!). I hope you will believe me that, even though I was upset, my basic attitude of trust and appreciation towards you has not changed.

Thank you very much for the Dalmane. While I did not really panic between the hours of 12 and 4 a.m., it will be a great relief not to be conscious of them.

With kind regards,

108 West 86th Street
New York, N.Y. 10024

January 30, 1985

Mr. Norman Goodman
County Clerk, New York County
County Court House
60 Centre Street, Room 450
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

In response to the enclosed Summons I wish to inform you that I am over 70 years old and no longer feel able to cope with the morning subway rush hour, not to speak of the strain involved in the actual jury selection process, which I remember from about three years ago. For this reason, I would appreciate your removing my name from the list of prospective jurors. If necessary, I probably could obtain a doctor's statement, although my request for exemption is not based strictly on physical disability.

Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall consider myself exempt from future jury duty.

Thank you for your consideration.

Respectfully,

Clara Gruenthal

PAR AVION
BY AIR MAIL



Wolfgang Jochen Rade
107 West 86th Street
New York, N.Y. 10024
U. S. A

Liebe Lola,

9.6.88

Ich war am Montag bei Deinem reizenden
Verleger. Er hat sich sehr angestrengt, mir
alles zu erklären. Also, die Besprechungen
von der E.D. hatte er schon gesammelt zum
Verschicken. Außerdem bekommst Du von
1987 ungefähr 1009,- Mark, Prima, nicht
wahr! Er hat mir auch versprochen, so
schnell wie möglich, Post und Geld zu er-
ledigen.

So, mir geht es immer noch gut (mindestens
körperlich). Das Wetter ist leider jetzt so

wahrscheinlich schlecht, daß man kann
raus kann. Ich lese viel und besuche
meine Freunde. Trotzdem fehlt mir
N.Y. und nicht nur mein Mann!
Ich hoffe ich kann dann bald mit mei-
nem Späteren Kind rumprobieren.

Letzte Woche, gleich nach dem Kantzenhaus,
war ich in der Ausstellung von Lucien Freud
in der National Gallery. Wunderbar!
In England hängt es in der Tate Gallery, dort
ist es sehr bekannt. Leider hat man in
Deutschland noch nicht soviel vorher von

ihm gehört. Seine Bilder haben in Berlin
wie eine Bombe eingeschlagen. Alle
Leute sind aufgewöhnt von seiner fast
brutalen Art zu malen. Mir haben
die Bilder sehr gut gefallen. Übrigens
ist er der Sohn von J. Treude junger
Sohn.

Das wär' d' bestmal
für'se Lte



c/o Mueschenheim
Microhane, Gantry
Co. Cork, Ireland

Ms. Dola Grünthal 7112
107 West 86 Street
New York, NY 10024

USA

REAL IRELAND DESIGN LIMITED



dicke dola, keine pagt ich soll schreiben !!
 was ich gemacht habe, also: Mail 2x stol
 hier angekommen. Hans gefünde für seine i. wird
 dir immer wir, weil die Arbeit machtela i. d.
 hotel in einem belanmen. Auf in ein furchtend
 mit feint gemer (die wolle mit wir, die Arbeit
 unter). Schmecken gemer + partikid gemer.
 Ich soll aufhöre. Auch gemer bei hotel Dorte
 beide & der, es ist wunder'sön dies - meilenweit
 von allem entfernt, ruhig & stille Luft.
 Dorte hat schon eine neue Dorte: Ziegen
 melken, Käse machen, Hunde, Katzen Essen und
 Spinnen dürfen bei eines Halbes im Frühg.
 Jede von wir in Luis dieses Luft
 2 Dörfern - ich was pure, da Unas glos.
 aber geht. Die Zeit wird viel in 2mal wagen.
 beide Dörfer! Eine. Liebe Lela - 1000 Dank für
 das Dörfer Bild. Brief folgt als Liebe Gnu!

Photo-File Ireland
 Plane für September Besuch in Ländern !!

היברו יוניון קולג' - מכון למדעי היהדות, ירושלים

HEBREW UNION COLLEGE-JEWISH INSTITUTE OF RELIGION

רחוב המלך דוד 13, ירושלים 94101, 13 King David Street, Jerusalem

Hannah Strauss

11 Lincoln Street

Jerusalem 94101

ISRAEL

67

Ms. Lola Gruenthal

107 W 86 St.

New York, N.Y. 10024

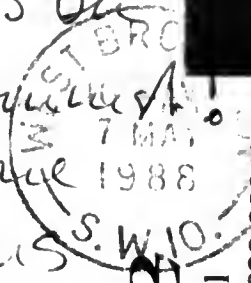
U. S. A.



BY AIR MAIL

Liebe Lola! Ich bin ja
 ganz begeistert, daß Du
 mit nach Irland kommst.
 Wir werden uns schöne
 Tage machen. Und uns
 viel unterhalten, auch
 über ein "Experiment in
 Leisure" was ich sehr au-
 tegend finde und wofür
 ich dir sehr dankbar bin.
 Sei mir nicht böse, daß
 ich mich erst jetzt dafür be-
 dreue, ich hatte irre viel zu
 tun, ~~60~~ sei dem, aber jetzt hat es
 nachgelassen.
 Bis hold Ami Gami

No. 22. Minding Sheep, Ireland.
 © Photo By Kevin O'Farrell



IRISH LIFE

Published by Jack O'Connell
 Schull Books, Schull, Co. Cork. Tel: 028-28349

By air mail
 Par avion



DO NOT USE
 POST CODE

Ms. *LG*

Lola Gruenthal

107 W. 86th St. # 6 G

New York, NY 10024

USA

PRINTED IN WEST CORK

March 7

Dear Lola

Here's the ticket. I do hope you enjoy it. And I'm enclosing the brochure, so you can see what illustrious company I'm keeping! I really do love doing this.

Jeanne has some pieces in the show opening at the Ward-Nasse gallery on Prince Street Saturday, March 7. It's from 2-5:30 — I told you we will be out of town, but she would be delighted if you go. It's a very nice feeling

To be in contact again. Let's
get together soon.

Best to George.

Pat



July 15, 1987

Dear Tola,

How have you survived the awful weather? It wasn't much better here - except you don't have to do anything. I made a chaise cover to-day. At least that's something.

I've been carrying this Rilke poem to N.Y. and back again. Decided to send it to you just to keep in touch.

I think it's awful, what do you think? I don't know when I'll be home, anyway - love -

Harold

Aber um zu Ihnen liebe Lola,
Ihre Zeilen klangen ja nicht
gerade zufrieden u. optimistisch.
Ich weiß nicht, was Sie bedrückt
sich wünsche Ihnen aber alles
Gute, für "Außen u. Innen".
Ihr großes Werk finde ich einfach
toll! Einige Beiträge haben mich
persönlich sehr angesprochen -
besonders beflusst hat mich der
Beitrag von Margarete Berhardt
genauer gesagt hat mich der "Welter-
bericht aus N.Y." fasziniert u. ein
einziges Wort beflusst: "Zänder
u. Schlüpf". - das ist ein typisch
Süddeutsches Wort andernorts
nicht (kaum) gebräuchlich. Nur
"Umsiedler" benutzen es in anderen

Réigionen - so auch ich! Und es
ist eines der wenigen Worte die mir
noch heute beim "Übersetzen" aus
meiner Muttersprache ins Hochdeutsche
Schwierigkeiten machen!

Ihre Beiträge hatten Sie uns schon in
N.Y. vorgelesen - ich finde sie einfach
toll! Sie haben eine für mich faszinierende
Art sich auszudrücken etwas
in Worte zu fassen. Ihr Sprachstil
gefällt mir sehr gut!! Ich hoffe von
Ihnen noch viele schöne Beiträge
lesen zu können! Von ganzem Herzen
wünsche ich Ihnen Lebensmut u.
Freude, damit das Leben weitergehen
u. gelebt werden kann! Hoffentlich
sind Sie, was Ihre Gesundheit angeht
auf dem Wege der Besserung! Ich
wünsche es Ihnen!! Vielleicht sehen
wir uns in diesem Jahr wieder -
Liebe Grüße Johannes

Berlin, 3.1.85

Liebe Lola!

Es ist mir sehr unangenehm daß ich Ihnen heute erst schreibe! Ich habe oft an Sie gedacht, mir überlegt, wann, wo u. was ich Ihnen schreiben - u. bei all den vielen Überlegungen ist dann doch nichts "Praktisches" herausgekommen.

Heute sehe ich mich einfach hin u. zwar nicht mit dem Vorsatz sehr viel und sehr intensiv zu schreiben. (Ich hoffe, daß es trotzdem was wird!)

Zunächst mal vielen Dank für Ihren Gruß zum Jahreswechsel. Auch ich wünsche Ihnen alles erdenklich Gute! Jeder Jahres-

anfang bedeutet doch Hoffnung.
Hoffnung auf Veränderung und
Erfüllung von Wünschen und
Sehnsüchten. So wünsche ich mir
für die kommende Zeit mehr
Leute, um mich herum und in
mir selbst. Zu viele Dinge interessieren
mich, sehr viele Sachen beschäftigen
mich, viele Menschen gibt's die
mich "faszinieren" mit denen
ich etwas (oder 'ne' Menge!) zusammen
machen möchte. In zu vielen Fällen
versuche ich es allen recht zu
machen wie niemandem verletzen
oder gar verlieren. Das erzeugt
dann oftmals einen übergrößen
Druck in mir - u. führt zu Nervo-
sität, Stress, Überreifer - oder
zum Gegenteil, zur Handlungs-

unfähigkeit. - Momentan befreie
ich mich mal wieder von solch
einem belastenden Druck! Ich
muß mich auseinandersehen
mit dem was ich mache und
was ich will, in besonderen was
meine große Liebe angeht. Will
ich mich und meine Lebens-
weise gemeinsam mit ihm ver-
ändern - od. so bleiben, und mich
von ihm trennen - auf diese
Entscheidung "arbeite" ich hin! Ich
empfinde es wirklich als Arbeit!
Es geht um grundsätzliche Sachen
vor allem um eine Übereinstimmung
zwischen Gefühl (Spontaneität)
u. Verstand (Überlegung). Das alle
nimmt mich sehr in Anspruch,

für andere Dinge bleibt nicht viel
Raum - u. doch sind diese "anderen
Dinge" da! Fremde Schule,
meine ehrenamtlichen Tätigkeiten...
all dies geht unvermindert weiter!
Kurzum, ich wünsche mir Ruhe!!
Stattdessen steht meine Diplomarbeit
vor der Tür!! Am 18. 1. fliege ich
mit einer Freundin nach Istanbul,
wir bereiten unsere Dipl. arb. vor. Vielleicht
habe ich Ihnen schon mitgeteilt daß
wir über die Probleme ^(türkisches) junger Mädchen u.
Frauen schreiben die nach langem Auf-
enthalt in der BRD ^{in die Türkei} zurückgekehrt sind.
Das ist sehr interessant, aber auch
ziemlich arbeitsintensiv! So ist das
meistens bei mir: je interessanter
spannender eine Sache ist, um so
mehr reizt sie mich - u. um so
mehr Energie verlangt sie mir ab!!

25. 1. 85

Liebe Lola,
das Buch war sehr interessant.
Das Gedicht an Colibla hast du mir
mal schon gesandt. Du schreibst das
"sie starb kruscheinend müheles"

("? causes of the spine? ---- yet it
rounded nice")

Über dein Familienleben was du
schreibst, hat mich sehr bewegt.
Wer hätte je gedacht, dass du
das reiche Kind, mit Kindes-
"fräulein, Status, Ferien in alle-
rnia, Obersapoda (du reist ~~bei~~
welchen Einfluß es auf viel
macht?), solche Probleme hät-
test? Alle diese Dinge die ich
nicht hatte. Nicht einmal

wasste ich, Freunde zu mir einzuladen,
da unsere Wohnung nicht ganz so ele-
gant war wie die der anderen (a
sleeping couch in ^{living} living room). Dafür
durfte ich aber auf der Straße mit
den Kindern spielen und ~~Rad~~ Rad
fahren. Probleme gab es auch „ plenty“
aber du u. Edith hatten solche
„negative“ Einstellungen, die ich
„wohl nicht verstehen konnte“ hatte
dennoch Talentier-, sehr in-
telligent war ich nach wie vor.
Bin „ges-Kid“, immer ein-
stärker, fast „dabei zu sein“
whatever. Na, ich könnte viele
erzählen - allesband -; vielleicht
einmal doch.

Kurzlich Grüsse von

Sauer

EXTRABLATT

Der Besuch bei Ghilia in Portland :

Viele von Euch wissen sicher, dass "Thanksgiving" in Amerika der wichtigste Feiertag ist. Ursprünglich ist es ein indianisches Erntedankfest, welches von den Amerikanern übernommen wurde. So weit als möglich versuchen die Familien zusammen zu kommen. Leute ohne Familie werden gerne dazu eingeladen. Man serviert eine riesige Pute, dazu süsse, gelbe Kartoffeln und zum Nachtmisch Kürbistorte oder "Pumkin Pay."

Da Ghilia nicht herkommen konnte, haben Peter und ich sie besucht. Es dauert fast so lange wie nach Europe (5 1/2 Flugstunden, mit Zwischenlandung und Umsteigen 7 1/2 Std.). Für mich, die ich den Westen nicht kannte, war der Flug ein grosses Erlebnis, besonders als es stundenlang über geometrisch geordnete Felder, später durch Wüsten und Felsengelände ging. Da wurde mir erst die Grösse dieses Landes (und der Welt überhaupt) klar. Portland selbst ist eine reizende Stadt, umgeben von Bergen und ca 2 Stunden vom pacifischen Ozean entfernt. Leider ist jetzt die Regenzeit, doch an den Vormittagen scheint immer etwas die Sonne.

Ghilia holte uns mit ihrem Honda ab und nachdem wir in einem netten Hotel Einzug gehalten hatten, ging es in ihre Studentenbehausung. Dieses Semester zog sie, zusammen mit drei anderen Reed-Studenten, in ein Haus, was die vier teilen. Ghilia und Ellen, ihre beste Freundin, die uns auch im letzten Sommer besucht hat, wohnen in den Mansardenräumen, wobei Ghilia Behausung einem offenen Boden gleicht, also keine Türen hat und ziemlich kalt ist. Uns zu ehren, hatten die Mädchen alles sehr ordentlich hergerichtet. Jeder hat dort eine grosse chinesisch-japanische Matratze. Im übrigen liegen Kleidung und Bücher in bequemer Reichweite auf dem Boden zerstreut herum. Bei Ghilia herrschte allerdings unwirkliche Ordnung. Die Bücher waren in einem Gestell geordnet und die Kleider hingen darunter schön säuberlich und farbenprächtig. Ausser der Schlafstätte, mit einem tollen Kelim bedeckt, gibt es noch einen weissen Plastikstuhl ohne Füsse und ein Metalltischchen, auf dem Schmuck und Zeichenutensilien künstlerisch arrangiert waren. Das Tischchen stand zudem malerisch diagonal auf einem hübschen Teppich, sodass das Ganze, mit einer alten Atelierlampe von Peter vom Fussboden her dramatisch beleuchtet, ganz theatralisch aussah und von mir natürlich photographiert wurde.

Ungefähr 10 Studenten beiderlei Geschlechts kochten am ersten Abend für uns und am Thanksgiving-Tag gaben wir dann für die gleiche Anzahl das traditionelle Esses. Es war sehr lustig und Peter war glücklich, so viel Jugend um sich zu haben, zumal ihn alle sehr ehrfürchtig behandelten. Einen Tag verbrachten wir im Museum, wo wir die tolle Indianische Kunstsammlung bewunderten, die z.T. aus der Gegend stammte. Am Sonnabend fuhr Ghilia uns noch zum Ozean, wobei das Wetter ausnahmsweise schön war. Es ging erst in die Berge mit Schnee hinauf, dann zur Küste hinunter. Die Verbindung des Meeres mit Bergen, riesigen Felsen, einige Meter weit im Meer wie erstarrte Riesenwellen herausragend, dazu der feste Sandstrand, auf dem die Spaziergänger plötzlich von heranschliessendem Wasser überrascht wurden, waren ziemlich überwältigend. - Ghilia selbst ist glücklich dort und ist von wirklich netten Freunden umgeben. Wir besuchten ihre Malklasse und staunten über die künstlerische Reife ihrer Bilder. Ansonsten nimmt sie allgemeine, deutsche, englische und französische Literatur und arbeitet sehr. Besonders schön war ein Abend mit Ghilia alleine im Hotel, wo sie uns stundenlang über ihre Freuden und Leiden berichtete, dann totmüde auf dem Fussboden, in unserer Bettdecke eingewickelt einschlieft. Sie ist in vieler Hinsicht sehr reizend, wenn auch noch ein wenig geistlos. Hoffentlich haben wir es geschafft, Ghilia war glücklich, dass wir kommen.

Liebe Lola,

Leider konnte ich nicht, wie
geplant, zum Adventskränzchen
kommen. Sicher war es sehr nett.

Der Sammelbrief mag dich interessieren.

Wir haben unsere Wohnung momen-
tan vermietet, daher keine Xmas party
in NY.

Wir wünschen dir aller Liebe
für das Fest und vor allem
ein gesundes neues Jahr

Love

Barbara, Peter und Ghilia

Fünfzehnjährige ein halbes Jahr bei uns in Sag Habor zu Schule ging, und jetzt Schauspielschülerin in Berlin ist, machten unseren Aufenthalt dort besonders schön. Da wir nicht im Hotel wohnten, konnten wir auch gemütlicher zusammen kommen. Zu dem kleinen Kreise kam dann auch noch Ullrike Seibert, die Schwester von Freunden, die für fünf Jahre in Amerika sind. Ullrike arbeitet bei dem Auktionshaus Bassenge, was wir sehr interessant fanden. Leider konnten wir mit Dorothea nur einen Abend verbringen, obwohl wir uns 5 Jahre nicht gesehen hatten. Doch ist es ja mit guten Freunden auch nach Jahren, als hätte man sich erst eben gesehen. In Frankfurt unserem Ausgangs- und Abreiseort, trafen wir am Anfang Klaus Grebe (dem Neffen der Nenn tante, sozusagen mein "Nenncousin seit meiner Kindheit), der mit seiner Frau Elke in Remagen bei Bonn lebt. Trotz dem wir gerade todmüde mit dem gemieteten uns ungewohnten Kupplungswagen vom Flugplatz nach langem Flug angekommen waren, zogen wir nach einer Stunde Ausruhen von Frankfurt los, um nach zwei Stunden Fahrt rechtzeitig zum 4-Uhr Kaffee in Remagen einzutreffen. Wir verbrachten sehr nette Stunden, inklusive Abendbrot und Besichtigung eines im Umbau befindlichen Hauses für ihre Tochter Karin, in Remagen, um dann nach wiederum zwei Stunden Fahrt im Regen todmüde im Frankfurter Hotel ins Bett fielen. Ich bin sehr stolz auf Peter, der mit seinen 83 Jahren alles wie ein Jüngling mitmacht und darauf bestand, das Chauffieren streng mit mir zu teilen. In der Schweiz hat er es sich nehmen lassen, über den Simplon zu fahren.

Als wir am Ende wieder in Frankfurt waren, hatten wir eine nette Zusammenkunft mit Edita Koch, Herausgeberin der Zeitschrift EXIL und bei Suhrkamp tätig, und durch ihre Hilfe mit einem der Redakteure, der sehr begeistert von den Brochillustrationen war und sich auch für Peters in Arbeit befindliche Trakl Illustrationen interessiert. Das Frankfurter Goethehaus wurde natürlich auch besucht und Peters 90 Kupferstiche zu Goethes Faust I und II angeboten. Die Stiche befinden sich in München bei einer guten Freundin, bei der wir einige verwöhnte Tage verbrachten. Allerdings kamen wir spät abends an und konnten ihre am Stadtrand befindliche Behausung einfach nicht finden. Wir hatten uns schon darauf eingestellt im Auto zu schlafen und in den Büschen gewisse Geschäfte zu erledigen, als plötzlich ein Taxi erschien und uns nach 1 1/2 Stunden Irrfahrt sicher zu ihr geleitete. Marianne Boehm hatte schon die Polizei benachrichtigen wollen. Am letzten Abend kamen ihre grossen Kinder Patricia und Christian zu einem schönen Abendessen. In der Reihe der vielen "älteren" Leute war Mariannes Mutter (ende 80) die Jugendlichste, die sogar in der Fabrik ihrer Kinder noch öfter einspingt.

Doch nun muss ich noch von Italien berichten, wo wir in Citta Di Castello (45 km von Perugia) meine Cousine, Ursula Donadoni, geborene Osmund (Tochter des Bruders meiner Grossmutter väterlicherseits) und mit einem reizenden Italiener verheiratet, besuchten. Wir hatten uns 26 Jahre nicht gesehen. Wir wurden sehr verwöhnt und fühlten uns sehr wohl dort. Silvio ist der Direktor einer grossen Tabacksfabrik und arbeitet zu viel. Wir besichtigten alles, auch die grossen Felder mit Taback und Sonnenblumen, sowie die Obstplantagen, wo wir Trauben und Feigen pflückten und wo ihre Pferde und Hühner, von Bauern betreut, ein paradiesisches Leben führen. Auch hier gibt es eine bemerkenswerte "ältere" Dame, nämlich Tante Johanna, die 93-jährige Mutter von Ursula, die noch immer fabelhaft aussieht und rüstig an allem teilnimmt. Ursula und ich kannten uns als Kinder, sahen uns dann kurz in Schweden, wohin unsere Väter emigriert waren. Wir hatten viel Spass damit ein Kinderbild zu wiederholen, indem ich mich, wie einst als Zweijährige auf den Schoss der sechs Jahre älteren, nun auf die zierliche Ursula zu setzen, die Schleife mit einer grossen Serviette im Haar ersetzte. Wir wollen das urkomische Bild in unser Album neben das Kinderbild tun. Wir hatten auch noch die Freude, den in Rom wohnhaften Sohn, Eugenio, den ich zuletzt in der Wiege gesehen hatte, kennenzulernen. Leider will er mit Taback nichts zu tun haben, dafür lieber Filme schreiben. Jetzt geht aber der Platz aus. Wir wünschen Euch recht frohe Weihnachten und ein gesundes 1989. Viele liebe Grösse Eure drei Amerikaner:

x Peter wird demnächst in einem der Traktatungen vertrieben sein. Edita führt das Kopieren weiter, seitdem sie Karin, die Tochter, besichtigt hat. Gestern ist, hat sie, auch ein Foto von Ursula gemacht. D-6437, Remagen.

Dear Lola,

Bless you, bless you, bless you! No — no torpid life for you! No laid back, genteel ghettos of frenetic sociability and treadmill life styles i.e. — running after balls be it tennis balls or golf balls or packaged Trip Taking or the endless rounds of bridge or mah jong or canasta or other such trivia. None of the pristine, super organized apartments where a dust mote would have a tough time feeling comfortable!

I suppose, those people whose relationships have endured and are in a retirement mode of support for each other and of guarding dwindling physical resources, personally, find the ease and the proper support, very sheltering and the community becomes their world with its sustainable structure and built in protection against loneliness.

But it ain't for us! Except as an oasis. Such as: rolling out of bed onto sun spilled patio for breakfast & papers; As rolling out of bed through the front door under blue blue sun-shot skies and plunging into a crystal pool a few minutes from the door. As walking under a palm & star anise sky overhead at night when all the tropical fragrance strikes the senses and always with a great boat for lounging.

So back into the cold for the start of another busy season. Eli just won a \$3000 prize to finish his book.

He submitted the first 40 pages and they were impressed enough
to give him this award - It's supposed to be prestigious. It's a
good motivation for him and encouragement and we're proud
and happy that he's got it

Josh's trip great - now we're recuperating - We
leave Monday morning ~~Jan~~ Dec 7th and should arrive ~~at~~
on the 10th - a Wednesday - hopefully - if the weather
holds.

It's late and I'm ~~lucky~~ pushed as you can
see by my errors.

Love you - miss you - take care - see you
soon - Thank God for Lola -

Esther

11-28-92 - I found a rose today - three of them actually; white and heavy with the weight of their full-blown state, lush and fragrant - and a bud, raised high, waiting for the work of time. A stunning sight after Thanksgiving, amid the ^{bare} thorns dryness where even the morning glory has hardened its pods around black half-moon seeds, holding, its brown leaves vining through the chain-link fence. I went around and picked a rose, carried it in cold hands down Fifth Street, a procession of one, blessed.



Advent - The snaky twisted dark seed cases of the honey locust tree rattle down as the fierce wind of an unexpected storm gusts through the city, blowing the last leaves to the ground, and around. I want to gather them; in fact do collect a few and shake them, hear the shiny hard seeds pound loose in their rooms. I want to chant myself to a quiet place where the earth is not sealed, and put them there to mingle with other brown smells. I take them home, place them in a basket, their random spirals all in a clutter. I shake them now & again, remember.

New York continues to proffer its best and its worst. But this is magic season here. Trees festooned with myriad tiny pinpoints, following the shapes

be stopped neither by Concrete or Culture

Send me good wishes, that I may get through these next doors of Change gracefully and without mishap. And I send to friends & family near & far all greetings of the season

Love, Mariah
12-31-92 - 7th Day of Christmas



1-6-93

Dear Lola

To freedom from "have-to's" and
necessity

Love
MK

(2)

of branches up to the sky or out to the buildings,
their bareness sparkling white. Everywhere,
brightness in windows, quelling the dark. And none
too soon!

The Fifth Day of Christmas 12-29 - I put some wind-torn
branches from the park into an earth-filled pot, and
garlanded them with ribbons saved from gifts I've
received. Finally! I thought "I might pass this
time unmoved, immovable"; not even a gesture
has been possible.... and for one who usually
ushers the solstice with such ceremony on the
21st! Soon after the last ribbon went on,
I received a gift from my godchild and
his mother. Later I found 3 large evergreen
wreaths and a holly cluster still fragrant
and running sticky with pitch!

The last nine months since my return to New
York have been hard, have incubated me in
ways I can't speak of fully yet, have grown
me calluses, and new appendages, and have
softened me and broken me; and helped
me see wholeness as an on-going phrase
weaving through, like the morning glory,
so enduring in its push, so unrelenting
in its hold.

I have much to celebrate. Aunt Jo is home after 8½ months in the hospital, having undergone one crisis after another. She saw fit to survive; to see what would happen; what it means. Her sister Mary my loving and devoted namesake died in July after life-long illness. The state of emergency my family and I experienced during that time of trial by tears, and by heart-breaking and soul-making work has chastened us. There is a readiness for what emerges. A thankfulness for friendships which endured being put on hold, a deepening of relationships strained, and a resuming of the tried and true.

The Southwest calls. Big sky and quietness pull me to them again; and reacquainting with newly made friends; and the land and its rivers and its deserts. Climbing up to places above the sea where the air is blue and dry and sharp.

I need to travel by March 9th, so it seems I will have spring there this year. It's my favorite time here in New York, when the new green unseen haze hales all growing things and where on some streets one walks thru halls of of the poppest sweetest white fallen blossoms underfoot; when the blooming can

17 Personen schon was auch das
Abend bei Huisli Bruder Pierre, seine
Frau Solis + den Töchtern Caroline (Jurastudentin)
u. Nicole (Heilgymnastin)
Der Sohn Michael war gerade in USA und
wir hatten noch ein Handy ihn einige Tage bei uns
in Si. Barber zu haben als wir zurück wollten

November/Dezember

1988



Meine lieben Freunde und Verwandte:

In Herbst besuchten wir das Schillermuseum, wo sich Peter Totenmacher sehr interessiert
brück + eine Brücke von Emil Kaufmann befindet. Sie wollen auch die Brückensammlung und
einige hervorragende Fotos mit Zeichnung + Karab. u. a. haben. Es war ein toller Erlebnis im
mich die Stammbaum kühlen, Schiller, Rembrandt + viele andere zu besichtigen. Ein neues Panorama

Wir hoffen, Ihr hattet ein gesundes und gutes Jahr und wünschen Euch das Gleiche oder ein besseres 1989. Da unsere kontroversen Wahlen nun endlich zuende sind, wird sich hoffentlich alles beruhigen und der Dollar nicht noch weiter sinken. Keiner der beiden Kandidaten fand grosses Gefallen, doch offensichtlich wollten die Amerikaner keine Veränderung. Mag die Zukunft nicht so schlimm werden wie wir fürchten, hauptsächlich was die Ökonomie und die Rüstung betrifft. Doch nun von etwas Heiterem.

Wir verbrachten dieses Jahr 6 Wochen in Europa. Mieteten ein Auto in Frankfurt und so ging es durch Deutschland, Österreich, Italien, Schweiz, Frankreich und schliesslich nach Berlin, wo Peter in einer grossen Ausstellung des Museums, "Berlinische Galerie," mit zwei frühen Werken, in den zwanziger Jahren in Berlin entstanden, vertreten war. Vorher machten wir aber unsere grosse Autotour und genossen es sehr. In Salzburg genossen wir schöne Konzerte, in Wien die Oper "Pelleas et Mélisande" und die schönen Museen und Schlösser. In der "Albertina," einem der bedeutendsten graphischen Sammlungen Europas, verkaufte Peter ganz unerwartet seine Kupferstiche "Illustrationen zu Hermann Brochs 'Tod des Virgil'," die wir gerade bei uns hatten, da der Suhrkamp sie zwecks einer möglicherweise illustrierten Neuausgabe des Romans sehen wollte. Ein schöner Erfolg! Wir besuchten und trafen auch einige von Peters Freunden, die er z.T. 45 und 55 Jahre nicht gesehen hatte, z.B. eine Wienerin, die er in den schweizer Jahren in Basel traf und einen Bildhauer, Theo Bechterle in München, mit dem Peter erst in der Oberammergauer Holzschnitzlehre, dann in der Berliner Akademie zusammen gewesen war. Es war ein rührendes Wiedersehen und nach ganz kurzer Zeit schienen die Beteiligten die lange Zwischenzeit vergessen zu haben und fanden in den gealterten Gesichtern doch noch die Züge der Jugend wieder. Wir besuchten auch eine alte 98-jährige Freundin in Ascona, die sich in einem sehr schönen hotelartigen Altersheim befindet. Sie war munter und alert und wir hatten viel Spass mit ihr. Unter anderem erzählte uns Elisabeth Kean in ihrem bayerischen Dialekt, dass man sie anfangs zur allgemeinen Gymnastik aufgefordert hätte "Doch denen hab i 's g'zeigt," erzählte sie "Ich bin auf eine Turnleiter geklettert und von einer gewissen Höhe hinuntergesprungen. Danach haben's mich in Ruh g'lassen." Auch Peters schweizer Schwägerin, Alice Barthe, besuchten wir in Basel. Auch sie befindet sich in einem Pflegeheim, da sie gesundheitlich behindert ist. Doch holt ihre Tochter sie oft nach Hause und dort verlebt wir nette Stunden mit ihr, und Peter und sie frischten alte Erinnerungen auf. Ohne die Schwägerin wäre Peter nicht in die Schweiz gekommen. Sie verschaffte Peter und seiner Braut, Claire, die nötigen Papiere zum Heiraten und so konnten sie mit dem Baby, Michèle noch in die Schweiz bevor Frankreich gänzlich besetzt war. Wir trafen auch wieder mit Peters Bruder und Schwägerin in Cordon zusammen, wo uns der Neffe, Bobby, und liebe Freunde aus Genf besuchten. Einige Tage verbrachten wir natürlich in Lausanne bei Peters schweizer Tochter, ihrem Mann Tonino und den Kindern Marco (13) und Sabine (10). Da sich die eine auszustellende Skulptur im Besitz von Michele befindet, wurde sie an das Museum ausgeliehen und wir hatten die Freude, dass Michèle und Tonino auch zur Eröffnung nach Berlin kamen. Ghilia konnte leider ihre Studien in Portland nicht unterbrechen, um auch dabei zu sein. In Berlin wohnten wir bei einem guten Freund, Henri Hempel, der schon seit einigen Jahren Gespräche mit Peter auf Tonband aufnimmt, wovon einiges im RIAS Berlin und in dem bei Ellstein erschienen Buch H. Hempels Wenn ich schon ein Fremder sein muss vertreten war. Meine Cousine, Barbel Neumann, die in Berlin lebt und eine Nenn tante (Jugendfreundin meiner Mutter) Käte Kluge, sowie die Tochter meiner Schulfreundin Dorothea Bejelfvenstam, Charlotta, die als

Dec. 1989

Dear Lola,

So good to see you last week - I so wish we lived close by to each other and could see each other more. It's so good to have the kind of relationship where pretense is dropped and one can talk straight from the heart and mind without all the little stratagems and artificial role playing and titling that so often goes into the "getting along" process of survival. Take care of yourself dear. I'll call you when I get in this weekend. We leave a week from Wednesday, the 18th and return the 1st of December.

Hope George is O.K. Talk soon

Hugs, Esther

f-s. Particularly interested in the essay review and your opinion of it.



ESSEN, 16.5.87

Liebe Lola!

Herlichen Dank für die
Post, die ^{ich} gestern, Null Uhr,
bei Rückkehr aus der Türkei
empfand. Hier ist es
eisheilig kalt. Mein
letzter Tag in Marmaris
ist noch besonders fege-
wäßig: Frühstück im
Sonnenchein im Hotelgarten-

ein Delphin in der selbigen schönen Bucht mit mal-
nischen Bergen dahinter - Wunsch eines Klima.
Es war auch dort, später als sonst, warm. Später
ist die Hitze, nebst Staub, unerträglich, bis 50 Grad.
Wir blickten über römische Säulen in heißen Himmeln
in der Ruinenstadt Permakale, das unheimlich beein-
druckende große Kohlhänge hat, aussehend wie
verhaschte Schnee-Ski-Hänge, aber mit warmer
Wasser. Meine Schwester ^{erregte} mit ihrem fließ-
den türkisch Aufschein. Wo, wo den Touristen kann es
sein? Wir hatten dadurch besonders nette Begegnungen.

und sie eine Bestätigung für die in der
Wärme geleistete Arbeit seit 1953 - Außerdem bekommen
sie viele neue Anregungen für den Ruhestand.
Heute nachmittags singen wir auf einer Groppe-
ausstellung der Rheuma-Liga in Düsseldorf-
mit der S-Bahn sind wir schnell dort.
Eine Liebeslied: „mit der Sonne nehme ich meine
Lauf - Wind nehme ich Sorgen und Beschwerden -
große Wärme mit ich nicht auf Erde als ich
weiter unterwegs zu sein.“
zu einem Malheur war ich noch einmal in
Frankfurt - mein Zufallsbild unvollständig, mit
Interviews aller Teilnehmer, wird im August in
der Rheuma-Liga - Zeitschrift Mobil erscheinen,
„je öfter je öfter! Das Leben hat allelei
„Überraschungen“ für einen bereit - noch
als morgen, kommenden Jahren, sind
jetzt die besten an der Reihe!“

II
fehlt erwoerbe ich den Besuch zu zwei
Freundinnen aus Nebraska und Österreich -
Wir waren zusammen in Pommer tätig,
haben nette Erinnerungen. Wir fahren 3 Tage
zu einem Treffen ehemaliger in's nahe
Sowland in die Nähe von Altena - dort
ist die 1. Jugendoberstufe der Welt auf einer
Burg. Besuchen Japaner besichtigen
sie oft. Wir werden aber bequem wohnen.

Ich denke auch noch gerne an unseren
Stadtbummel - ob Leon immer noch, mit
ob Quik auf dem Tisch, auf sich aufmerksam
macht?!

Woran mag Inatulo Lorez jeshwelen sein?
meine Schwester las es in der Zeit - Schule.
Ist Margarethe wieder mal zum "Munking"
nach Alaska gefahren? Ich denke so gerne
an all' die netten Begegnungen dort!! Grüße
an alle!

So, dieses ist mein Morgenstund. Jetzt geht's
an die Vorbereitungen des vielseitigen Tages-
wenigstens regnet es nicht mehr -
Alle guten Wünsche senden

Anbei einige Kleins-Exemplare.
Das Tischbuch - Druck - Büchlein von Frau ... gut für mich

Korinna

x. David Remuzzi
310 W 86 St.
New York NY 10024



> Lola Groenthal

107 W 86 St.

GG

1 New York NY 10024

11/5/98

Dear Lola,
I thank you for the
book. I like it. I also
like the bag with the
halloween designs. I like
it very much.

Love,
Dervid

November 2000

Liebe Lola,
mit herzlichen Geburtstagsgrüßen
anbei neues Naso-Desestoff und
zwei (wieder-) Belebungs- oder guten isischen
Tee, den Du mit Milch genießen solltest.

Alles kommt etwas spät - ich
kann nur sagen: die Zeit vergeht so
schnell, außerdem habe ich zu wenig (Das
Montag-Arbeiten gefällt mir so nicht, geht
aber zum Glück bis Januar).
Alles selbst Entschuldigen - vor dem
Liebe Hilfe Hilfe von

P.S. Vorname Klein-Orda auf Entschuldigung

Dezember 2002

Liebe Lola,

Spät kommt die Tüte zu
Dir, aber inmedian, noch so
eben, im Essstimmungsjahr.

Ich wünsche Dir schöne
Weihnachten und ein ganz
gutes Neues Jahr!

Ich werde über das Fest ein
paar Tage in meinem Bruder
und seiner Familie auf Land
fahren. Robert spielt im
Krippenspiel einen der drei
Könige.

Liebe Grüße,
Deine Grise

12.12.2000

Liebe Lola,

mein Weihnachtspäckchen wird
vielleicht ein klein bißchen verspätet
ankommen - ich habe es per
Seepost geschickt.

Dabei meine Weihnachtsgeschichte,
die ich gestern an den Ueberreuter
Verlag nach Wien schickte. Sie planen
für nächstes Jahr eine Weihnachts-
anthologie mit 24 Geschichten. Es
sollten nicht mehr als 5 Seiten
sein, so daß ich (wieder mal) viel
weglesen mußte. Wie gefällt sie
Dir?

Meine Probedapitel für den Kinderzweig
werden noch im Verlag besprochen. Ist
das ein gutes Zeichen oder keine?
Meiner Agentin gefallen. Sie so gut wie
vor einem Jahr die Lucy-Geschichte.

Die Feiertage über bleibe ich zu
Hause. Bis Ende des Jahres (Hilfe!!)
soll ich ja die 'Tüte grüne Wind'
um 40 Seiten kürzen....

Noch ist es recht warm und un-
weihnachtlich hier. 15° Celsius,
allerdings recht windig, mit den
Stürmen, die über Island und
England hinwegfegen. Funke was am
Wochenende in Island und meinte,
in unserem Garten sei wieder ein
Baum umgefallen. Müde waren auch
wieder die. Dann pflückte sie
die letzte blühende Rose.

Dein Päckchen kam schon an! Ich
wede es aber erst Weihnachten öffnen.

übrigens war ich so entsetzt, daß
bei amazon.com durch die Porto-
kosten der Buchpreis fast verdoppelt,
daß ich meine großzügige Zusage,
Dir "Holes" von Louis Sachar vor
schicken zu lassen, widerrufen

Nach Original von
D'après un original de
IBS design

Nun mußt Du selbst zu Buch-
handlung gehen. Anbei die Dollars,
auch noch für Porto & Preis vom
Kinder-Publisher, Weekly im Sommer.
Das Preisverste ist ja, daß ich weder
für deutsche noch für amerikanische!
Bücher Porto bezahlen muß, wenn
ich sie hier über amazon beziehe.
Für englische Titel schon, wodurch
sich die Bestellung kaum lohnt.
Alles sehr merkwürdig!
Jedenfalls hoffe ich, daß Du das
Buch gefällt und vielleicht Mattheus
auch.

Viele liebe Grüße
von Deiner
Lena

ABC

Printed in Switzerland
23065

P.S. und natürlich
frohe Weihnachten und ein
gutes Neues Jahr!

Frohe
Weihnachten
und ein gutes
Neues Jahr

13. 8. 1945

Liebe Lola,

Ich lasse "die Frau" einfach weg und hoffe, daß es auch Ihnen nicht schwer fällt, mich und Sie zu kennen! Herzliche Dank für die Karte aus Brüssel und Ihren lieben Brief aus New York. Ich habe mich sehr gefreut von Ihnen zu hören. Haben Sie sich inzwischen ein bißchen "knappt" von all den vielen Eindrücken, Erfahrungen, Begegnungen? Daß die Heimkehr nach Berlin, dieser im Krieg so gesunden und jetzt geteilten Stadt, eine unüßliche Mühsal freudiges Erlebnis gewesen ist, kann ich gut verstehen. Ich kannte Berlin nicht vor dem Krieg, denn ich habe die erste Besuche dort ebenso wie die Reise durch die DDR abgewartet. Es hat lange gedauert, bis ich mich von dem Stadt erhalten habe. Ich hoffe, daß ich nicht schnell mal wieder kommen kann. Zu gerne würde ich mich erfahren von Ihren Erlebnissen.

Inzwischen ist der Herbst ins Land gezogen. Bis vor 2 Tagen hatten wir noch sonnige Wärme. Nach einem trübem Tag strahlt die Sonne wieder über die Temperatur ist wieder gesunken. Die Blumen auf meinem Balkon sind noch wunderbar und die kalten jetzt die Baumblätter sehen mit dem fastenwärtigen Herbst kleben, eine Pracht! In den letzten Jahren habe ich die Wechsel der Jahreszeiten immer wahrgenommen. Umso intensiver erlebe ich sie jetzt. Nach dem kalten Sommer und Frühherbst, freue ich mich nun auf die

besinnliche Monate mit langen Abenden.
Anfang ~~September~~ etwa als ich eine türkische
Freundin. Sie möchte mal die Advent- und
Weihnachtszeit in Deutschland erleben.
Wie schnell das eine fast klappt. - Ich denke
so gerne an unsere letzten Besuche und freue
mich, dass sie mich fest hier wahrgenommen
haben. Es wäre schön, wenn sie mich bei einem
wiederholenden Deutschlandbesuch wieder einplanen
würde. Bitten Sie dann als Bitte um
Zeit mit.

Und was gibt es Neues in New York?
Haben Sie den Einstieg in die Emily
Didion - Arbeit gefunden? Ich bewundere
Sie, wieder, ich stelle es mir unheimlich
schwer vor, die Gedichte zu übersetzen.
Viel Erfolg und Freude wünsche ich
Ihnen.

Mir geht es gut. Ich genieße meine Freiheit
und freue mich an den vielen schönen kleinen
Dingen des Privatlebens, für die ich sonst
wenig oder keine Zeit hatte, z.B. Kontakt
mit Andrea. Ich hätte keine Ahnung, wie
viele Leute hierher in unmittelbarer Nähe
von mir waren. Undschade dessen, hat
die Fatale nichts an Faszination verloren.
Im Moment plane ich eine Reise nach
Neuseeland, die Bosphorus, Singapur
Sumatra, Australien. Wenn alles
klappt, werde ich mich mit einem Freund
auf dem Weg machen. In Neuseeland habe
ich eine Freundin. Sie ist Studentin und
hat Lehrauftrag an der College in Auckland,
wo ich gearbeitet habe.

Für heute herzliche Grüße und aufw.

Love Rose

Esther Gofflieb

Dear Lola,

Woman of sweet qualities, deep loyalties,
gifts and grace and, above all, feeling. And
loyalty - ah loyalty - the jewel in the crown of
friendships and in this you are rich -

With great affection,

Esther

November 24, 1985

Dear Lola,

Yes, I am alive and well, somewhat. I didn't write mainly because I wasn't sure when you were going to be away. Secondly, I took my mother to Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis the first part of September for her lithotripsy. She had four kidney stones in her only kidney, the one being removed for cancer. All the physicians involved felt it was wisest to avoid cutting her, and preferred she make the trip for this procedure. What it is, if you haven't already heard about it, is laser pulverization of the stones through water. The patient is lowered into a tub of water and with a machine, ultrasonic beams

are aimed at the kidney stones through X-ray technique, and shock waves are administered through the water which causes the stones to pulverize and fragment enough so that they pass easily in the urine without

Rough day at work?

any surgery. It was not a totally uneventful trip. In fact, if anything could go wrong, it did. However, the procedure sure beats open surgery and weeks of recovery. She had the lithotripsy one day, was observed the next day, and discharged the third day in perfect health, no pain, and no complications. She had the full dose of 2,000 shock waves, but recheck X-rays have shown a couple of residual fragments which are not likely to pass.

Chances are that she will probably have to have another treatment but hopefully not until we have that procedure done locally, so we don't have to make another long trip.

Another reason for my tardiness in writing is my acute case of self pity. I went to a couple of counseling sessions but didn't really learn anything I didn't already know.

This card, which I hope you find amusing, depicts that rut I am in. But, this is another long story that I don't wish to dump on you. (Besides, it would take pages to explain the mess I'm in.)

So, other than worrying about my mother, being in a rut at work, and feeling sorry for myself, everything is just hunkey-dory!

A lady I work with was in New York around Halloween and got herself in quite a mess in Greenwich V.

She went to the Village on Halloween night in her diamonds and fur and almost didn't get out. The crazies were out in all their glory, and she was among them all, and couldn't find a cab out of there. She thought it would be "fun"! (She's a nut in real life anyway!)

And, my niece is just dying to go to New York. My sister said she would take her at Easter time when she is on break from school, but I convinced her to postpone such a trip. They want me to come along thinking I know a little about the city, but they are sadly mistaken. My niece is determined to go. She said she just has to go and see "Cats", for which my friend tells me she paid \$50 a ticket. My niece, New York and Hollywood! But then, she's a teenager so I guess that's more appealing now than Disneyworld!

Well, now that you know what
has been happening here, I'll leave
you to get yourself back in shape.

As always,
Darlene

Liebe Lola - Läuft
hätte ich dieses
abschicken sollen -
öffentlich kommt
es doch zur rechten
Zeit an.

Ich freue mich
auf Deinen Besuch.
Mir ist in letzter
Zeit gutes passiert -
mehr Einsicht,
Klarheit, Zuversicht,
Energie. Ich
erzähle Dir davon.
Und von Deiner Hexen-
austreibung (aber das
klingt so brutal,
und außerdem

lassen sich wirklich
Hexen so gar nicht
antreiben) - also
von deinem Interview
mit der Mutterhexe
möchte ich mehr
wissen. Bis dann
wünsche ich dir
alles Gute.

Dein

Joel

4. Dezember 1985

liebe Lola,

ich bin also immer noch hier in Israel.
Vielleicht wissen Sie so wie so von Ruth oder Carol.
Sehr schwer, fast unmöglich hier wegzukommen.
Meine Schwester so krank, dass man sie kaum alleine
lassen kann. So bin ich eigentlich nicht in Israel
oder Tivon, sondern fast nur im Haus.

Irjendwann muss ich zurück kommen. Sie
hoffe ich spätestens im Januar. Dann hoffe ich
Sie wieder zu sehen. Hoffentlich geht es Ihnen
einigenmaßen gut oder erträglich und Sie sind
positiv und schöpferisch in Ton.

Ich hab noch sehr im Kopf, wie wenig
gut es klang am Telefon, aber das war das
Zurück kommen von Deutschland. Ja, dieses
Kaugerissenein, und dann wieder den Zusammen-
hang finden ist immer schwer. Ich fühle
ich bin von auch sehr raus aus meinem
mir doch sehr gemäßen und alleinem
Alltag.

Dies war schnell ein Gross
und aller Gute, ein Zeichen, dass ich an
Sie denke, Ihre Hannah Strauss.

Liebe Lola!

Berlin, 3. 3. 85

Ihr letzter Brief kam genau im richtigen Moment bei mir an, und zwar als ich aus der Türkei zurückkam. Schon Tage zuvor hatte ich mich auf die Rückreise, genauer gesagt auf meine gewohnte Umgebung u. die Menschen, gegen die wir lieb sind. Und zu diesen Wünschen u. Sehnsüchten gehört auch die Post. Ich freue mich immer wenn ein Brief von Ihnen kommt! Wie gerne würde ich im Frühjahr wieder nach New York reisen - aber der Höhenflug des Dollars macht es mir unmöglich! Im letzten Jahr habe ich 2,600 Mk für den Dollar bezahlt, momentan sind es ja 3,400 und mehr - unmöglich für mich die ich sowieso (rein finanziell, technisch, buchhalterisch) kein Geld zum Reisen übrig habe. Die Zeiten werden kommen, wo ich mir eine New York-Reise leisten kann, da habe ich keine Befürchtungen! Ich bin ja sehr gespannt, was sich von Ihren Reiseplänen verwirklichen wird - natürlich hoffe ich daß sie "den Spring ~~ins~~ ins Wasser" (über den großen Teich) machen werden und drücke Ihnen die

Danmen zum Gelingen!

Sie schreiben in Ihrem Brief daß sich einiges (berügl. meines großen Liebes) vielleicht von selbst entscheiden wird - als Ihr Brief bei mir ankam, was schon entschieden! Er hat entschieden sich von mir getrennt. Tut Pauken und Trompete ist dies Schiff untergegangen, und das auch noch kurz vor meiner Abreise in die Türkei! Das bedeute eine schwere Hypothek für mich - es reiste natürlich, im Innern, mit. Ebenso all die Gedanken, die ich oder wir beide uns in letzter Zeit gemacht hatten. Sändig dachte ich was wäre wenn ich wirklich mit Ihnen in dieser Stadt leben würde für immer als Fremde?! (Habe ich Ihnen geschrieben daß es Türkei ist?) - Diese 3 Wochen waren für mich sehr anstrengend, ins besondere für mein Seelenleben! In Istanbul habe ich mit meiner Freundin bei einer türk. Familie gewohnt, die 16 Jahre in Berlin gelebt hat u. letzten Sommer zurückgekehrt ist. - von einer Fremde in die andere!! Dorothea ist mit der Tochter der Familie befreundet, das bedeutete, daß wir alle Aktivitäten zu dort unternehmen wollten und da Hilgün ein türk. Mädchen ist (19 Jahre!), wir beiden

Deutschern uns, wenn wir zusammen waren,
ebenfals wie Türkinnen verhalten mußten.
Ich weiß nicht, in wie weit sie über die türk.
(islamische) Kultur bescheid wissen - ich war
in erster Linie meiner Freiheit Selbständigkeit
u. Eigenverantwortlichkeit beraubt! Als Haus-
weib! Geschlechts sollte man nicht ohne Mann,
aber niemals alleine außer Haus gehen und
bei Dunkelheit schon gar nicht! Eine Über-
schrückung dieses ungeschriebenen Gesetzes
bedeutet den Stempel der Umwelt "schlechtes
Mädchen" - und welcher Vater will das schon
für seine Tochter! Die Familie war sehr be-
strebt, es uns beiden so gut als möglich
angenehm und recht zu machen - aber die
Tochter, genauer gesagt, das Urteil der
Nachbarn stand natürlich im Vordergrund.
Ich habe dieses Schauspiel akzeptiert meine
Rolle gespielt - und mich darauf gefreut,
in Berlin wieder so leben zu können wie
es für mich gewohnt und angenehm ist
wie ich es verantworten kann!

Ja nun stecke ich hier mit sehr vielen
Informationen im Kopf und auf dem
Notizblock, - aber für meine Diplomarbeit

habe ich noch keinen Anfang gefunden!
In den ersten Tagen mußte ich meine Ein-
drücke verdauen und wieder einleben.
Seit einigen Tagen geht es mir wieder besser
ich fühle mich innerlich nicht mehr so blockiert
und aufgewühlt - aber der zeitl. Druck ist
ausserordentlich noch nicht stark genug, ich
schiebe den Anfang immer wieder weg!
Trotz diesen Schwierigkeiten wird mein Motor
schon noch anspringen - und dann auch
laufen! Das weiß ich, das kenne ich,
das ist meistens so!
Und was macht Ihre Arbeit? Ich wünsche
Ihnen Schwung und Elan bei Ihrer
schriftstellerischen Arbeit - und natürlich
auch im ganz persönlichen Bereich!!

Mit ganz lieben Grüßen ver-
abschiede ich mich für heute
hoffe, daß Sie gesund und
munter sind

bis bald

Johanna

387

This was taken last October
(1981)
around Halloween, in our kitchen /
dining area. The mask is mine,
but I borrowed the hat from
my "boss". (and he's a doctor!)
a real turkey!!!

Wildwood, N.J.

on our balcony. Yeesh! don't
I look terrible?

At my sister's house in
the country. Now this is what
I call living in the "sticks".
(mine is the brown car.)

D. Fairb
572 Brandon
Strutten Ohio
44441



Lola Gruenthal
107 W. 86th St.
New York, N.Y. 10024

6-G

From: Masako Takeda
c/o Mr. & Mrs. Gillen
136 Sunset Av.
Amherst, MA 01002



011 SPFLD MA 20:01

11/26/93 #3

Lola Gruenthal
107 West 86 St.
New York, NY
10024

66

Nov. 26, 1993

Dear Lola,

It was so nice meeting you in New York. And thank you for your booklet. I enjoyed your Dickinson poem very much.

Enclosed you'll find papers of the book about which I mentioned and a flyer of our reading.

With Best Wishes,

Cordially,
Masako

10-7-97

LOLA,

Hello - I just wanted to send you this "poem" that I recently wrote. I've been thinking about you. It's possible that I may be coming to New York to do a reading at the gallery sometime before or around Thanksgiving. I would love to spend some time with you.

I hope you are doing well. I have been working at a reasonably acceptable pace and am really beginning to enjoy living alone.

I met an Icelandic artist this ~~Summer~~^{Spring} and, to use a worn-out generalization, fell in love. You'll get a glimpse of him in the "poem." He lives in Berlin.

It's a little scary showing someone as knowledgeable as yourself my writing - but aside from its flagrant naivete'

Re: METER, I think you will enjoy it... on some level.

Sorry this is a short letter but you are in my thoughts and I wanted to let you know as I rush out the door to the post office.

Take care and I look forward to seeing you in N.Y.

SINCERELY,

Francis



AR 25164

Max and Lola Gruenthal Collection

LEO BAECK INSTITUTE
Center for Jewish History
15 West 16th Street
New York, NY 10011

Phone: (212) 744-6400
Fax: (212) 988-1305
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31833 Coast Blvd.
South Laguna, California

November 17, 1955

Dearest Lola,

You must accept the following comments, for whatever they may be worth to you, as coming from us jointly. We both read both the German and English, but naturally I could not do so much justice to the German, so Martin rendered a literal translation for me.

To start with Sonnets to Orpheus II. 26.

Neither of us like the word respond in the first line. It falls a little flat, sounds just a bit psychological-jargonish. The literal translation would be (the master informs me) moves, touches, even captures. I do not like bird's clear cry at all -- it is something trite, not really badly so, but not up to the standard of the rendition of most of the poem. Suppose (and mind you I'm just supposing) that first line would read, "How we are captured and touched by the bird's cry ..." Or something like that. You take liberties as you should. So you could also take them in the direction of lengthening or doubling up on the verb in order to cut out clear (or any other adjective) there.

Second line, fine.

Third line, fine.

Fourth line. Here Martin felt a wonderful literal and also poetic translation would be "are crying past the real cry". How does this sound to you? As "English poetry" the line stands well -- Martin only felt that an exciting nuance might be gotten in by the "crying past" concept or idea.

Fifth line. We have lots of cold water to throw on coincidence. A heavy, ugly, commonplace word. What about chance? Yes, yes -- I know -- the meter. So be liberal again, be free. The "they" is not there, is understood, of course. But you could think, perhaps, of putting it back in. "They are crying chance." ~~That's a very difficult poem, by the way. So much so that after going through it the English twice, the literal translation of Martin once, and the German once, I said, "oh, Rilke's telling the kids in the neighborhood to shut up, huh?" Don't take offense at this -- I was only making a joke. It is a difficult poem. In the main we feel you've rendered it superbly. Part of its hardness makes for difficulty in translation. You can feel justly proud.~~ What do you think of it? And I would much more like "out to the edges"!

Sixth line. Birdcries. No. Not good enough for the rest of the poem. Too mid-nineteenth century. Birdcry would be better. Birdcry enters, and adds to center.

The rest seems to us to be quite excellent in every respect. You seem to capture the essential mood. I think your worse flaws are respond and coincidence. Perhaps I'm wrong. It's a very difficult poem, by the way. So much so that after going through it the English twice, the literal translation of Martin once, and the German once, I said, "oh, Rilke's telling the kids in the neighborhood to shut up, huh?" Don't take offense at this -- I was only making a joke. It is a difficult poem. In the main we feel you've rendered it superbly. Part of its hardness makes for difficulty in translation. You can feel justly proud.

Now you of course have to comment on our comments.

Now: the Annunciation. We like this poem much less on the whole, as a poem. This has nothing to do with you, but with Rilke. The basic meter is singsongy and was, perhaps, what led Mr. Leishman to concoct his crappy translation. It lacks the kind of superbly modern feel or flair of some other Rilke poems. Perhaps we are

P.S. -- Martin will write fully about the Buber in next letter.

P.S. - 2 -- Lola, you ~~may~~ do have a rhyming dictionary, don't you? If not, let me know. If yes, which one???

31833 Coast Blvd.
South Laguna, California

January 15, 1956

Dear Lola and Gruenthal:

It was so good to hear from you. We are quite distressed of course that your plans seem to be taking you further away from California with each letter. However, knowing so well the ~~XXXXX~~ Winetou itching foot we should not have been surprised. If we must resign ourselves, have you thought about the Virgin Islands? Our friends the Somachs in New York went there several months ago and never cease to write about how fantastic it is there. Ditto friends in L.A. -- the sister and brother-in-law of one of our best friends in Lawrence, were there on their honeymoon. They showed us colored slides of their trip there and we must concede the place is utter paradise. Both couples rave in particular about a spot called Magen's Bay, (many slides of which we saw) which seems to be just about the last perfect and totally unspoiled spot on earth. And the Somachs wrote us "it is alone worth a trip to the Virgin Islands". It is on the island of St. Thomas, and, I think, not far from the town of that name. I think there are no hotels directly on the Bay. Well, you will probably end up at the Hong-Kong Hilton or something, and we still hope that you might come to California, in spite of the odds against us.

Don't worry about our having fancied any resemblance between the Lola brush and Lola herself -- it was just a joke we could not resist -- and a darned practical brush, too. It was very sweet of you to return the two dollars for the Buber -- we did not wish to insult you or anything, that you know -- we did not. Having "ordered" it, so to speak, Martin did not want to force a gift out of you, or such. He is terribly pleased to have it, and it was very sweet of you, Lola.

Martin says he feels a trifle guilty about his reaction to the pullover. His tender heart responds to your tender heart for the thoughtfulness of the idea; but alas, he feels that he will not be able to make use of it -- indoors it would be too warm, and outdoors, if chillish, he wears a long sleeved wool sport shirt or ~~XXXXX~~ sweater under his jacket -- or in Lawrence a whole overcoat with muffler. So we will mail it back to you -- thereby classifying ~~XXXXXX~~ ourselves with such ingrates and un-understanding souls as Senia and your brother-in-law. However we count on your heart being understanding as well as tender. Wear it yourself in good health. Martin adds don't think of sending him any ~~XXXXXX~~ further gift -- the Buber is ideal, and he loves you, with or without presents.

Re: Poetry. We hugely enjoyed your limericks, especially the last two. I'm truly afraid you could never send them anyplace, but what grand reading they make for more private (though less lucrative) circles. What a lovely Freudian and Lola-ian flight of fancy!

Rilke (1) "If only once all were completely still" etc. The German version to the contrary, I feel a semi-colon belongs after the word "gaiety" -- see what I mean? How about "Then, with a thousandfold intensity", instead of in? No, here I do not mind the rhyme of length and thanks. Actually, I'm not such a tyrant on this subject by far. It's just that there is a time and place, very hard to define -- a certain feeling-tone question enters -- you recognize it as correct (or incorrect) in a given case. Here it is fine. Re: first line of poem -- how about "If only once it were completely still". This is just a

suggestion, of course. The "it" is there in the German, of course -- but my suggestion goes further -- I somehow like the sound of it better than "all." These are only minor things -- I think your rendition is actually very lovely and faithful to the spirit, so ~~toxxx~~ speak, in all respects.

Rilke (2). You have done a particularly nice job in keeping in the spirit as well as the letter of the original word-play, or playing with words. I do not like "are tempting" you in the first line. Could you say something like "Those who attempt to find you tempt you" -- or wouldn't this go? I don't quite like "conceit sublime" -- mind, you say it is not bad, nor is it in error in any way, but I have a personal tendency to avoid sticking the adjective after the noun with few exceptions -- it tends to sound a little "alt-modish" -- smacking of an older day when it was common, though corny, to write of "meadows green" or "fingers rosy" etc. I'm not for a moment suggesting that this conveys this atmosphere here -- it does not -- but could you work it differently? I know why you did it, of course -- you have been extremely skillful in capturing and reproducing the uneven and unusual rhyme-scheme. So maybe my comment is very far from pertinent. Except I must add that I don't like the word "sublime" -- could you work out another (also rhyming) word?

Rilke (3). "Where is for this within a without?" instead of ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~so~~? Maybe? This is a very beautiful poem (both Rilke and Lola). Would you be able to find a rhyming but better word for "bestowing" -- it is the only word in the whole poem that I feel smacks of triteness. Actually, the schliessen should be rendered as "closing" -- so then you have the problem of the rhyme with "fliessen" as translated into "flowing". Even ~~gxxx~~ "growing" or "going" or God forbid "ingrowing" would be better than bestowing. Maybe you want to render "fliessen" differently so that the translation of "schliessen" could also be rendered differently and yet both would rhyme? Anyway -- firm injunction: get that bestowing out of there! Somehow. Otherwise it is extremely lovely and well done.

Rilke (4). Perhaps this poem doesn't appeal to me so much as a poem. I don't know. I like it the least, somehow. "Doomed to darkness" is bad: "a boarded room" is good. "so forlorn a place" -- not too hot. "wholly unrestrained", poor. "Apart" would be better than "aloof". "Infolded", archaic; why not just say "folded". In such cases it is better to take all kinds of liberties, in translation, ~~xxxxxxx~~ provided of course the essential feeling tone is kept. Of course you do this as any good translator must. This is the only one of the four poems I would feel needs some more extensive reworking.

Please bear in mind that I am your best friend therefore severest critic. And I may not always be right. I only must say what I think, and you can then tell me -- mentally or otherwise -- to go to hell if you wish. I may add that I have greatly increased my appreciation not only of Rilke but also of Lola lately. And I am convinced that in principle you are doing a beautiful job. Martin always "gets in on the act" of course and is in general agreement with me.

Have you by now heard from the Kenyon Review?????

Regarding my "encouraging" rejections -- three times I got standard printed form slips back from the New Yorker, but with a pencilled message -- "Sorry, try us again please" on each. Re; Harpers -- they wrote an actual note with said that several of my poems had found favor with the editors but unfortunately they were up against a large backlog of verse at the moment -- wouldn't you know?

Continue to advise us of your plans, ~~xxxxxxx~~ experiences, and your Rilke ~~xxxxxxx~~ crusade, in which we wish you every good fortune (and are sure you'll have it eventually).

Best love,

J(mss)
A don't like
the first 2 lines
too much
e.g. how about
beginning:
Anxiety
he knew --
(contains reference)
... the same on (or
upon him)
etc. really don't
want to be
bothered

Madonna and Child, ca. 1499
Tilman Riemenschneider (died 1531)

Lindenwood Germany

Gift in memory of Professor Harry C. Thurnau
Museum of Art, The University of Kansas

Tetrisolor
Card



POST CARD

Mrs. Lola Gruenthal
107 west 86th Street
New York City
New York

66

Published by: James Tetrick 619 W 33rd K.C. 11 No

45144

OCT 15
PM
KANSAS

your letter was
marvellous. I will
answer it soon.
I am up to my
ears in his
English grading!
What a rat
I see! Much love
as ever, Constance

Photo by: Ken Raveill

October 26, 1961

Dearest Constance,

Since I heard about the dreadful news I have been wishing for some means of communication which would not involve words. Words, especially written ones, are so hopelessly inadequate at a time like this when the feeling of loss is so overwhelming that one cannot grasp it in its totality. G. told me that you appeared to be very composed when he spoke to you, and although I was glad to hear this I hope that you do not exercise too much self-control out of consideration for others. Fortunately, you have friends who are close enough to give you active support and who do not expect you to be brave and strong at all times.

I am sure you have heard and even told yourself all the comforting things that might be said to reduce the shock of Martin's death: that it came at a time when he was as fully involved with life as ever, that he was spared any suffering, and also that he had lived more richly and intensely than most people, since he possessed the rare gift of filling every moment with a special meaning. All this is true, but it cannot remove the great emptiness that has replaced his presence, and no matter how convincing your reasoning may be, your feeling will not be convinced by any rational argument.

I have re-read some of your old letters in which one of you spoke for the other and in which two individual entities appeared to be merged into a single unit, without either abandoning his individual characteristics. I feel privileged to have had you both as friends, and as I think of you now I see you not only as a unique human being but at the same time as Martin's closest representative, since no one had a more intimate share in his life for the past 15 years. I have often missed you both, especially during the last years when our communications had become sparse, partly because of my own inhibitions.

Please do not feel under any obligation to write to me, but do it only if and when you find it possible without any sense of burden. Just accept my love, all of it that was once meant for both you and Martin, and put it away from some possible future use if it is meaningless to you now.

1908 Alabama Street
Lawrence, Kansas

July 2, 1961

Lola Dear,

It seems an endlessly long time since we've heard from you. We get news of you from Winnetou, but that's not the same as direct word in your own inimitable style.

Of course you know about Martin's dreadful illness of this winter past. Poor guy. But he has bounced back in the most amazing fashion. Unfortunately, just in the past week or so he has felt distinctly under the weather. Nothing really alarming, yet heart symptoms and an elevated blood pressure are not ideal at any time. For the next several days he'll continue to rest at home. Luckily for him he has no definitive commitments this summer and can do this without worrying about what he should be doing.

On the cheerier side -- I sold a poem to McCall's! Since it is about Halloween I dare say it will appear in their October issue. It is not, to put it mildly, one of my better efforts - ~~shdn~~ but they bought it anyway. Maybe I can now gather myself together and start sending out again in earnest. Are you doing anything literary these days?

Beatrice and Erik Wright are having the most fabulous year abroad. As you may know, they left Lawrence almost a year ago, and travelled out to Australia in leisurely fashion via Hawaii, Manila, Hong Kong, Singapore, ~~etc~~ Japan, etc. They spend the academic year in Australia and now are travelling even more slowly back home with long visits in Indonesia, India, Greece and a complete tour of Europe. When they reach Lawrence they will have, quite literally, seen the whole ~~xx~~ world. I envy them. I really do. I just wish we were blessed with the health and money to spend a good piece of time travelling and seeing the world. I don't know why -- I have a terrific yen for travel in the past year or so. I am especially eager to go to the West Indies for some reason. I was most intrigued that Gruenthal went down there this past winter. Did he tell you how I have become such an authority (?) on that part of the world that I had the nerve to write him a huge long epistle filled with advice -- and that he actually took much of my advice? I was so proud.

Please drop us a line. How is Georgie? We think of you very often and fondly. Do write.

Much love, as ever,

C and M

1908 Alabama Street
Lawrence, Kansas

Jan. 21, 1962

Lola Dear,

I was extremely much touched and moved by your letter, partly by all that you had to communicate, and partly by the fact that you wanted to communicate it to me.

Actually, I do not know anything much at all about your parting from Gruenthal. But I can at least appreciate one thing: what you wrote about "losing a human being as a whole and not piece by piece." I can indeed comprehend ~~that~~, though it might not seem so at the time, that this could be infinitely worse. Or, as a friend in ~~NY~~ New York, whose husband died about three years ago wrote me, after the first terrible spell of grieving, you will find that you have only happy memories. If this is not so for you in your life, then this, too, is a kind of dreadful tragedy -- and yes, maybe even worse than a loss by death. I can't say for ~~a~~ sure -- I am still much too close to all this, of course. I have only one big, huge regret left over from my life with Martin, and that is simply that the presence of his father caused us so much anguish, irritation, loss of time, etc. But even this was an opinion we both shared. Poor Martin just simply did not know what to do and he had a strong sense of honor and duty. But this is nothing integral, if you see what I mean.

I have been ~~w~~ reading a great deal of poetry lately and also writing a lot as well I am happy to say. I have not as yet read (or rather re-read) Edna St. Vincent Millay but can of course do so. I am sure that if the ~~K&S~~ Lawrence Public Library does not have her letters (tho' I'm rather sure they will have) that the K.U. Library certainly will. Your comparison is flattering. But I still do not think I ~~have~~ have all that "courage" which some nice friends tell me I have. Oh, I guess I must have some, all right or I wouldn't have gotten as far in life as I have, perhaps. But, really, brave I am not, believe me. Perhaps, in modern terminology, one might state that I have a certain amount of ego-strength or something ~~of~~ of that nature, I don't know.

You must forgive my stupidity -- or possibly mental confusion. But I cannot seem to recall what it is you are doing this winter -- ~~are~~ are you still teaching, or what? What I am really getting at is: I trust you are ~~occupied~~ occupied. I still think this vital.

(over)

To turn for a moment to more mundane subjects, I have just done something which most people will doubtless consider rather crazy: I have bought a house. And I have not, as yet, sold this one. Well, I'd seen a house I liked, that was low in price, yet in a good location, with monthly payments no more than I'd have to pay for rent. I made an offer on it, and it was accepted. Now I really have to hope I sell this house quickly. Well, I don't have to take possession of the new house before March 1st, and then I want to have a few things done to it, so I ~~wouldn't~~ wouldn't plan to move before March 15th anyway. And I have had one firm offer in writing on this house, tho' much, much too low. But -- if I get desperate enough, at least something is better than nothing. I must confess the idea of "fixing up" the new house is ~~xxxx~~ pleasing to contemplate, actually.

Again let me say I am terribly glad that you wrote so freely and frankly to me, and glad that you felt close enough to me to make me the recipient of your thoughts. I still say, the thing from which I suffer most in the loss of Martin is just that -- the person to whom you tell everything, to whom you pour out everything, with whom you share everything.

I plan to actually start sending out ~~my~~ poems this coming week. Now all I have to do is start to sell some as well.

What of your own poetry? Do you write any more?

How is George?

I hope that when you receive this letter you will be no longer depressed. I wish I might see you and talk with you endlessly, but with the current situation reⁿ housing~~it~~ it will not be possible for me to leave Lawrence for some time to come. I'll want to supervise what the workmen are to do in the new house, I must get this one sold, then will come moving and settling, etc.

My very real love to you. Do write whenever and whatever you will.

Fondly,

Courtnice

508 Louisiana
Lawrence, Kansas

November 19

Dear Gruenthals,

We thoroughly enjoyed Lola's letter and poems. At the present writing, Martin is down in bed -- not another coronary, but an "episode of coronary insufficiency" He awoke in the night two nights ago with chest pains, rather sharp, took a roniacol, fell asleep again, slept till noon, awoke with no appetite for breakfast and an almost but not quite nausea, and we were both scared blue. The doctor came promptly and examined him carefully, made a cardiogram, found no changes, and assured us that Martin ~~x~~ "had not had his second coronary" but that this was an important warning that he was overdoing somewhere along the ~~time~~ line and also getting himself too tense. (The thing with Wellesley is coming to a head and requiring a decision rather soon, we have ~~xxx~~ more than our usual share of economic worries for one reason and another, and, in addition, "life with father" has been somewhat taxing in recent weeks. He is opening a few days in bed, and is weak, with some chest pains, but by no means feeling really badly. It is all terribly distressing and depressing of course. Life hangs by such a frail thread and something like this, though not really a threat, leaves its usual trail of worry, speculation and the like.

Poor Lola -- its a good thing we didn't stay longer, or I might have taught Georgie several other non-Episcopalian phrases, at which I am quite adept.

Aside from our current strain over Martin's being ill, life in the backwoods is really very nice indeed.

November 26

Suddenly a few days rushed past. Martin is quite a bit better and gets up and dresses for part of each day. We celebrated Thanksgiving with Bea and Erik. It was the first time Martin had been out of the house since he was sick and we had a fine time.

I wish now, Lola, that you had included the original version of the first verse of "My Head is a Circus" so that I could the more adequately compare them. I do believe that this new version is better. As I said before, I think this is quite a terrific poem and that you should send it out to some magazines. The Rilke translations strike me as being quite beautiful and completely well rendered in every way. Of course, who am I to pronounce, knowing really very little about German, but that is how I feel, and I know enough about a) poetry and b) German to "catch on", somehow, especially to over-all mood and feeling-tone, which you have caught superbly. "Penelope" is quite nice except for a few clichés -- "equal to my fate" -- "labor without fruit" -- "age-worn pattern". Mind you, I shouldn't dare suggest what you might say instead. I think it would be a lovely poem indeed if you would iron out such clichés, by which means you could also give an added color, perhaps, to what is a should be a "simple" poem which yet might profit from the right kind of "richness". I only wish I had written some poems which I could now send to you. Well, that will come soon, I trust.

I'll sign off and get this into the mail. Give our love to Georgie-- we hope he got our letter.

Much love, and more soon, and Lola, send more poems!

Constance
over

Friday Nov 26th

Dear Folks.

Speaking of myself first - for which, I hope, you have understanding - I am somewhat at a loss to understand my organism. I had come along better and better, even beyond the New York level of efficiency during our wonderful visit. Suddenly like out of the blue sky this set back of 11 days duration with a very slowly creeping improvement. Does anybody know what heart disease has to do with depression or vice versa?

I am definitely going to read Juergen Ruesch's Article over weekend.

In the mean time please note these References on

Hypnosis A.M. Weitzenhoffer

Hypnotism; an objective study
in suggestibility. New York, John Wiley
1953

L.M. Le Cron

Experimental Hypnosis

Both are the best surveys

McMillan New York 1952

of up to date experiments and some very good ones indeed.

More soon In the mean time all my love
to all Gmenthals especially Oi-fenalt-Georgie.
Martin

were coming back the other way, I would not go on and on with my passion.....

Love, more soon, be well, and (yes) write?As ever, ME

1637 Illinois St.
Lawrence, Kansas

November 4, 1965

Lola dear,

Do not think me crazy, that is to ~~say~~ say, crazier than I actually am!

Enclosed find well, the pictures speak for themselves. The rest?.....Read, then destroy, yes?

I have a compulsion to fill you in on matters, also, if you have something to say, I would welcome it, Oh, yes, I would!

Chapter One -- Volume Six, oi weh!

The other night I saw "The Pawnbroker". I do not know when a movie has gripped and upset me ~~so~~ so much.

How are things with you?

How are things with George?

By the way, for your edification, in the picture at my show, I am wearing my wig, or , should I say, one of ~~my~~ my wigs, the one that was made to match my own ~~a~~ hair exactly in color.

Wigs are an art. I am a "maeven" from wigs!

My next appointment with the doctor -- well -- the enclosed text tells you. God, is this to be the final, conclusive, last-chance visit?

I hope not.

I mean, I cannot, I ~~am~~ just simply cannot, pin everything , all hopes, all dreams, of years and years, on one anything!

Besides, he is not that fickle, you know.....I mean, if something should not quite go right, well, there will be another chance..... and another.....and another.....

I simply cannot find words to express how much I love him.....

Well.....

Please be well.....~~not~~ not depressed or anything.....

If you can find it in your heart and/or intellect to comment, do so....

I know you think me "nuts"but by now I guess you will have realized that, as I first told Anna, one and a half years ago, when I broached the whole topic, I am crazy but not that crazy: if nothing

Sunday evening

Lola dear,

You really were such a dear to phone me today and it did much, much for my morale, let me tell you.

I imparted the essence of your remarks to Anna upon her arrival an hour or so after your phone call, and she remarked dryly "Lola and I are the only sensible people ~~ab~~ around!"

I enclose, as promised, the poem I plan to "hand in" from one to four days prior to my visit of the 16th.

Now you may not be enough in context here to know that this is already pretty "daring". My notes, cartoons, poems have ~~ab~~ grown more personal, more intime, steadily, over the last three years (which is when I began them). I do not recall whether I sent you a sample or two -- I ~~may~~ possibly have done so once or twice. But ~~no~~ matter. The note I handed in just before his vacation was to start last July (he had requested a report on my symptoms) was my most daring to date because, after several very witty and clever yet closely reasoned and accurate paragraphs (prose) on my actual condition, I closed with a paragraph which said, in essence, ~~that~~ "I may be able to survive until September -- from the medical standpoint, that is. ~~Respectfully~~ Respectfully (but not very) Yours (Nevertheless)." This might not sound like much, but it was the most I had dared. That it must have met with success is well attested to, I think, by that WOW visit of September 13th, an account of which in full I know I sent you some time back in Xeroxed form. In fact, Anna thinks that the WOW-ness of that visit may have been in part because of the tone and the implications of that note.

Well, here we go again. I have long made a ~~no~~ joke (which I truly think very funny) with Carolyn and Anna: "There is nothing wrong with me the doctor can't cure!!!!"

Here you see, obviously, this idea translated into this poem. It is really pretty obvious, yet, in a court of law, you could make nothing out of it. All the meaning is there, though, if he cares to read it out. And it links up, too, with all the "Its always a delight to see your charming face" kind of thing as well. I may hand it in, if all approve, already on Friday next, so if you care to pass a few comments by return mail, I will be much obliged. Anna, who just read it, thinks it is "darling", by no means too daring, and should serve the purpose, if needed, of "loosening him up" in the day or days preceding that next visit. Carolyn will see it tomorrow, I guess, and may proclaim it too daring, but I am not sure about this. She tends to hold me back, and a time or two her advice has indeed worked rather well I would say.

This "Je Reviens" is picking up his own theme -- if you recall the

Chez Le Médecin, or, Vive La 3-F Syndrome

(I hope you still recall some French somethings get lost in translation)

1) Fatal Fallout.

Once more my hair is falling out
With swiftness and dispatch
And dainty locks cascade about,
Emperilling my thatch.

2) Fat Face.

And then there is a rise in weight
Among the basic issues:
I think I may accumulate
Some fluid in my tissues?

3) Frequent Faintness.

Though syncope does not occur,
It threatens rather often:
I must lie down, since I prefer
Impending falls to soften.

Preferred Prescription.

Now, I could treat such symptoms (ugh!)
With philosophic Gallic shrug --
A "C'est la vie!", a "What the hell!"
(The French express such things so well).
Or I can think up other ills

That even call for taking pills
And "Kindly tâtez-moi le pouls",
"J'ai la douleur -- la vertige, too!",
And tests and X-rays (Français fails me):
In short, its not so much what ails me,
Nor even what prognostication
Just so it calls for consultation!
Rien is really wrong with me
That can't be cured by going to see
Mon Médecin, I toujours say
(I trust you parlez well Français).
So, Zut alors, and Eh bien,
You may be sure

JE REVIENS !!!!

November 12, 1965

Lola dear,

You are an ~~absol~~ absolute dear to answer to promptly, so sweetly, and so sensibly.

Oi, weh. Tuesday is the day -- and, who knows? It also may be that nothing terribly definitive happens, too, you realize. You see, the doctor~~x~~ is not a coward, he really is not, but his situation is a terrible one, and besides, Lawrence is a small town, and so on.

I also think that Anna may really have been right for a ~~x~~ long time. What has held him back, ~~xxxx~~ she feels, is as much fear of involving me in a messy and difficult ~~d~~ situation, plus perhaps not knowing I would be willing to settle for very, very ~~xxxx~~ little (a "what can I offer her?" kind of attitude), plus, she feels, he is a man who has a need far ~~o~~ above the average of being very sure of his reception.

One of the things I have ~~gonx~~ going for me, by the way, is one simple sheer fact: his very ~~perseverativeness~~ perseverativeness all the past three or four years.

And maybe Anna has been right all along when she says "A man would starve on the crumbs you have given him", and ~~ponk~~ points out that it can be no coincidence that as I respond more, do more "daring" things (like stroking his hair) etc., he, in turn, does more, reveals more, indicates more.

Well, we shall see.

I read Anna ~~n~~ the appropriate parts of your letter and she thought them fine. I think all of us feel ~~xxxxxxx~~ (I mean Anna, Carolyn and me) that the poem is a bit more daring ~~xxxx~~ than you can think of it as being. But that is all right. The time has ~~o~~ come to be more daring, as Anna says. And through the lightness and whimsy there is a message there that I have not really spelled out: he has spelled out this message -- Come back any time, and, its always a delight to see your charming face, and, I can hardly wait, and, You know I ~~xxxxx~~ love to see you, and all of that. I have never said a word on that subject.

Sometimes I think its been me who has been the slow one, in some ways.

A mixture of common sense, of piecing together the history, etc. tells me that this gesture he has made now, with the billing situation, really, truly ----well ----how CAN it mean ~~anyxxx~~ ~~anythngxx~~ anything else?

I may be in, of course, for an ugly surprise on Tuesday. But much, much lies with me, to set the tone, ~~xxxx~~ help the mood, help him etc.

I was greatly relieve to learn that you ~~xxxx~~ survived the blackout. It must have been completely ghastly for many. Imagined horror: being stuck in an elevator with 20 people and a violent diarrhea. (Only I could think of this).

Things sound tangled with George. I hope all ~~wxxxx~~ will work out. Has the F B I been back?

More soon, and I hope a positive more soon, as ever, love , ME

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas

July 12, 1966

Lola dear,

Enclosed another ~~me~~ megilleh. This is, indeed, likely to be the last. There is nothing more, really, to be written. Unless of course something would again take place. We will see. I have by no means given up. A year could go by and I would not give up. There is no doubt whatsoever in my mind that this man's feelings for me are exactly as represented. Or that he needs me very much, whether he fully knows how much is another story. None of this says he is going to come back. I do not think he himself knows. But I think Anna is very right: he needs time, and lots of it, to try and regain his own equilibrium. This will not be easy for him. Also, time is something he just may not have! My state of mind is not good. But I guess I can say I am bearing up. Every few days I have one where I feel quite myself again, even to regaining my sense of humor about the whole thing.

I know this is a ~~xx~~ very ~~xxxxxxxx~~ extraordinary and involved relationship. I know nearly everyone thinks I am crazy. Well, I don't ~~xxx~~ know what it is, either -- all I know is I have loved this ~~x~~ man for a long, long time.....I need him....I feel he needs me.....I want him just terribly.....and I am not about to give up. Hell, I almost made it on this round..... So we will see.....and I do not think anyone can predict the future, either. Including, of course, myself.

So much for that!

Where is a ~~xxxxx~~ painting of Lola? I still wait, and eagerly, too. Yes, ~~x~~ painting is marvellous therapy, and, you are quite right, much more so in a way than writing. Poetry, I mean. Still, to a serious professional artist (I don't mean to imply that you, or I, ~~am~~ for that matter, are not serious, but you know what I mean) painting is a tough job and a lot of tzoers, same as poetry, say, can be for us! I guess its all in the point of view.

Hot, hot summer here, though the temperature ~~k~~ has not yet reached 100 officially. Dry. I am spending a fortune on lawn watering.

Do write before ~~x~~ long. News of yourself, also I.G., always welcome. Oh, by the way, I did a bit of editing on the enclosed. Really felt I could omit about 75 earlier pages that were not of major import as my perceptions etc. changed.

Much love, as ever, ME

Dear Lola,



Love,

ME

DEAR LOLA

OUTFIT



EYELASHES



AFTERMATH



EXHAUSTION



wow!

March 20, 1966

Dearest Constance,

You must forgive me for being so unresponsive to to your continued supply of material, to your personal notes and your two extravagant telephone calls during which I only dampened your own high spirits by my lack of enthusiasm for your latest product. The reason for all this is that I have been and still am sticking it out in ~~xxx~~ Dumpsville, as you would say, which is an unfit place for any human being, particularly so because it interferes with all forms of communication. Please do not worry about me, because this would only make me feel more guilty. I am going to see my drug doctor next week, and I hope he will come up with a new and more potent anti-depressant that will not produce too serious side-effects.

I was glad to hear that your poem went over so well, and that it apparently impressed the medical staff at the hospital (I don't see anything wrong with showing this around) and that He ~~New England Journal of Medicine~~ intends to send it to the New England Journal of Medicine, although I am afraid that He may be overestimating the editor's sense of humor.

Yesterday I finally had a chance to show His handwritings to one of my navens whose comments I took down in shorthand. Since I don't feel up to the job of reorganizing ~~them~~ and editing them, as I would for a regular report, I'll just translate them from the German and leave them in the free-associative form in which I got them.

"A very depressive person, quite irritable, afraid of people, afraid of responsibility, has a tendency to withdraw from contact. Does not want to get involved.

"An introvert who lives an extroverted life. Assumes responsibility as a routine, actually feels that it is burdensome, tries to avoid personal decisions. He is something of a coward. On the other hand, when he is not too much aware of what may be involved, he can be quite reckless. When he does not ~~think~~ foresee the consequences of his actions, he is often reckless. Somehow I do not trust him.

"He is very intelligent, but relies too much on ^a purely intellectual approach. His inner problems are unsolved, repressed. He does not expect much of life, is quite resigned, disillusioned by life. He must have a profession in which he deals with people. Could be a doctor. A person who runs away from himself.

"He can be quite aggressive, but perhaps the aggression is turned more often against himself. This is part of his depressive nature.

"His illness did him a lot of good. During that period his attitude was more positive, he was more aware of his own feelings. In this sample he shows a greater concern for people, he is much more mellow, less irritable.

(I asked about close personal relations and sex) "He has no intimate relationships. His sexual drives are quite unrelated to emotions. He wants to be unattached. A lot of his libido goes into his work. He may have had many relationships without personal attachment. Hard to imagine that he is married. He looks like a typical bachelor, quite pedantic.

"He has a good sense of humor. He ~~xxxxxxx~~ likes to talk but does not always communicate. He has a good intuition which may make him a good diagnostician.

"Both samples could be those of an older man because of the weariness, resignation, lack of élan vital; at the same time, he is underdeveloped emotionally, somehow got stuck in adolescence."

So here you are. I hope you won't be too shocked by these revelations. Of course, there is always a certain danger in committing such off-the-cuff impressions to paper, because the material is not really coordinated and therefore some aspects may be over-emphasized or just not properly related to the personality as a whole. It is too bad that you cannot extract another more recent sample from J. himself or some fortunate recipient. It would be very interesting to compare. What I find reassuring is the fact that his handwriting is so much more relaxed and generally more positive in the convalescence sample, which shows that he ~~xxxxxxx~~ has a much better ~~xxxxxxx~~ capacity for accepting himself and entering into meaningful relations with others when he is not under stress. But as things are, unless there has been a terrific change in his entire attitude toward life, I'm afraid you have a tough job ahead of you. Well, perhaps his tendency to do reckless things when he is not aware of the consequences may come to your aid. I wonder what is going to happen, and I must admit that I am quite concerned about you, but I don't think anybody can help you in this situation. You can only trust your instinct to do what seems natural to you, and this is what you have been doing so far.

In the meantime I read the "Severed Head," and I must say that I was not terribly impressed by it. Iris Murdoch seems to be a very capable writer, but why does she have to hit the reader over the head with such an arsenal of utterly incredible surprise weapons? I am glad you liked Hannah Green's book. As you said, she makes you "feel into the situation," no matter how weird it is, as though you had lived through it yourself.

I hope I'll soon have some more cheerful news regarding my own mental condition. I am looking forward to the continuation of Chapter Eleven. Couldn't you work this out as a T.V. or Radio serial? "Don't miss the next session of Constance's masochistic mole removal!" "When will the doctor find out what makes her heart flutter?" It is too bad that you do not fully utilize your potentials. But who does?

With much love,

Lola

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With much love,

Lola

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas

March 22, 1966

Lola dear,

It was doubly good of you to write me in such detail, since you have been feeling so down and all. I only hope that by now something or someone has been able to help you, but really help you.

Do not worry that I am shocked by the ~~x~~ revelations from the handwriting maven.

In the first place, I am sure it is possible for even the biggest maven to wrongly interpret certain things, and miss others.

In the second place, the performance is actually an amazing one, in terms of what it turns up that (a) I already knew or (b) sensed.

In the third place, two or three things seem outstandingly wrong, or missing, so much so that I wonder.

Basically, there is so much of the man in ~~ix~~ this analysis that it is nothing short of remarkable. On the other hand, something of the most basic HE is missing.

Missing completely, for instance, are the kindness, the sweetness, the tenderness that characterize the man, and did ~~x~~ so all the years, in sickness or in health.

Really wrong is the statement that he is pedantic. He is not. One can only wonder what cue, here, could have been wrongly interpreted, say.

Also the idea that he seems like a typical bachelor. Regardless of his relationship with his wife, still an unknown quantity to me, he is one of the most loving, proud and ~~x~~ devoted fathers I have ever encountered, bar none. The Life of the Family, also, is of the utmost importance to him. Despite his harassing job, he is truly a family man.

As for the other side of the ledger, I have no doubt at all about depressive qualities. However, from my knowledge of the man personally, I still feel that he himself is not a basic depressive type: it is life and the things which happen in it which depress him. In sum, what ~~psychologists~~ psychologists call "reactive depression" or tendencies to it.

"Irritable" -- yes, yes, this fits entirely with the descriptions of his famed "low boiling ~~h~~ point" et al.

"An introvert who lives an extroverted life." Yes, yes, this is so terribly true.

"...is somewhat of a coward." Have I not also said this? I mean, in a conventional sense, the man has not a cowardly bone in his body, of course. But the whole thing with me -- too "weak" (if you want to put it that way), or, "too cowardly" either to fully develop the relationship with me -- and yet, and yet" too weak" or "too cowardly" to back away, retreat, let the thing fall into limbo.

The whole paragraph starting "He is very intelligent ...his inner problems are ~~x~~ unsolved....quite ~~xxx~~ resigned...disillusioned in life...runs away from himself" is startlingly good and true.

I personally do not think he has NO intimate relationships. I DO think he has few, very, very few.

I am also mortally certain that his sexual drives are not divorced from his emotions.

That the resignation, weariness etc, show up is no surprise. Sure, and they are there, all right! And so is the recklessness! It is that capacity in him which I call being "carried away". As for "underdeveloped emotionally" I think that there is something to that: though I could not agree that he was "stuck in adolescence". Those streaks of untrammelled boyishness and "cuteness" are a species of immaturity, I guess: but it is not the sort that has ever bothered me at all, and in point of fact it can be very charming.

Now, before you leap upon me (or Carolyn for that matter) saying: "WELL -- isn't THAT a tidy thing -- you pick out to agree with those things that you ~~xxx~~ see yourself, or, perhaps, that please you: you ~~xx~~ shut your eyes to these other aspects, even though a big maven has pinpointed them for you. This is scientific? This is just?"

Well, before I can accuse myself of this, let us bear in mind that I am sure all can agree that handwriting analysis is NOT completely perfect and accurate, or that, even if it should be or could be, handwriting is not the only thing which reveals the person -- it is, perhaps, an adjunctive means of interpreting or ~~xxx~~ "reading out" qualities. Then, too, if I would be alone in the aspects where I disagree, well and good (or maybe NOT so well and good): but we have here Anna who knows the doctor as long as I and, up until recent years, saw a great deal more of him than I did, and who feels in rather strong agreement with such things as I feel to have been inaccurately perceived -- i.e. pedantry, the basic quality of being a true depressive, etc.

Now let me also make clear, Lola, why I am not depressed or shocked by any revelations incorporated in your letter.

It exactly underlines, stresses and pinpoints that very point I have made all the time, certainly during ~~the~~ the past year ~~x~~ or so: that just precisely because you have here a ~~xxxxxx~~ strange man indeed, one NOT given to giving himself or his heart away, one who "has suffered a tremendous defeat in life and let it beat him down" (that's little old Anna Block insisting for years, yet!), one who is withdrawn, has a hard time managing his emotions and so ~~x~~ on and so forth and so on and so forth -- that when such a one gives as much of ~~xxxx~~ himself to a woman -- ME -- it has to mean a great, great ~~x~~ deal; he must really care, he must want to ~~xxxxxx~~ keep up and expand the relationship really very, very much to put that much of himself into so doing.

No, this analysis, done by a total stranger, and outsider, contains so much which I know to be right and true, or points up a few things I have suspected, that it has almost the opposite effect on me!

Yes, he is a tough nut to crack, and yes, he may never be crackable!

I have said it before: I will say it again. Even as is, this is a completely sustaining relationship to me. If it never ~~x~~ gets much beyond this point, it will continue to be so. After many weeks and months of depressions (reactive type) and angsts and worries and struggles and anglings and connivings and subtle (?) pursuits and chasings and followings-up on my part I have come to a state of mind, starting about one year and three months ago, and increasing of late, of a real contentment, an inner ~~xxxxxxx~~ acceptance of the thing.

And of course I am always ~~xxxxxxx~~ buoyed up by the upwards course of intimacy and intensity and sharings and all manner of other good and positive signs.

Yes, Lola, I too have said that (a) nothing may ever happen -- I mean of course now our sleeping together but (b) if it ever does, it will precisely be in that sense of his getting "carried away" some time (and this is what the handwriting experts see as recklessness, and I think it obvious that we are talking about the same thing.)

Let me also remark that just that what-the-hell, life-is-lousy attitude which he has, oh, yes, indeed he does, actually favours me: I mean, some time he may think Oh Christ why not? and go ahead with it! Who knows? I, for one, do not.

Barring these comments about his being "pedantic" or not being able to combine sex and emotion, the analysis of the doctor which the maven has most closely fed into is that of Anna! For Anna has also been saying for years (well, thinking for years and saying to me of more recent date) that this is a man who just does not know what he has, or what to do with it. All

that self-irony, and self-abnegation have their roots in a bitterness and inner cynicism which absolutely characterize the man.

What is Anna always ~~w~~ saying? This is a man where you would practically have to hit him over the head to make him believe someone cares for him deeply for himself alone!

Another thing this handwriting analysis does: it underlines and pinpoints all the non-obvious reasons for that old burning question: "Why do things progress so slowly, why doesn't he act?"

Sure he has a wife and children and that is hardly a reason to be overlooked.

But his nature as stressed and sharply defined in the ~~analysis~~ analysis has just as much to say about all of that.

So, Lola, in sum, I am not shocked. I find the whole performance endlessly fascinating and am more grateful to you than I can say for having communicated it to ~~me~~ me so ~~promptly~~ promptly and in such detail. You have done Yeoman service, believe me!

And stop worrying about me! The more I find a place in his life, the happier I become. So I am not leaping into bed and fucking! That is not the be-all and end-all of life, ~~especially~~ especially to one who had all of that in rich measure for many years, 20 to be exact.

Sorry you did not like A Severed Head. I must say I did ~~enjoy~~ enjoy it muchly. I must confess, though, that I am coming to the conclusion that a little Iris Murdoch goes a long way. Too much the same plot each book, I discover: A is married to B who is having an affair with C while loving D but really being in love with E. Pfui!

She does write rather brilliantly, though.

But, no, I think Evelyn Waugh, pre-conversion to Catholicism, is much better and more profound.

Please do not fail to keep me informed of your current progress and what drugs, new or repeated, are doing for you.

Hope the little black "shell" arrived intact ~~and~~ and that you can find it enjoyable

We will be in touch, something tells me. And the moment this stream of "literature" (I use the term loosely) gets too much for you, let me know. I don't have to flood you with it all, you know. It's just ("just" is not the word, of course) that I feel as great a need to share all this with you as with Anna and Carolyn.

Much love, M E

From
Vol. II,
pg 111

Chapter Twenty-Seven

June 3, 1965

Well, just look what I turned up this morning in an old file!

MEDICAL ARTS CENTER

FOURTH AND MAINE STREETS

PHONE VI 3-4160

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

Mary S. Boyden, M. D.
Vernon L. Branson, M. D.
James W. Campbell, M. D.
Richard L. Dunlap, M.D.
Helen M. Giles, M. D.

Richard L. Hermes, M. D.
H. Penfield Jones, M. D.
G. E. Manahan, M. D.
Alexander C. Mitchell, M. D.
Raymond A. Schwegler, M. D.
Roy R. Shoaf, M. D.

18 Feb 56

Dear Martin - I realize it is too late to be of help to you but I was out of town when your letter arrived (away at a medical meeting) - and just now am hastening to answer you. I will drop this off at the station in a few minutes.

I am also surprised to learn that you have obstruction & retention of that extent - although frequently the gland does grow rapidly without apparent reason or even any unusual symptomatology. By all means go thru with the examination, and, if deemed necessary then, the resection which would be indicated. As for the nodules, that could be removed simultaneously & settle beyond doubt any question as to its nature. I feel sure that it is benign.



Mrs. Martin Scheer
1637 Illinois
Lawrence,
Kansas

Jan. 5th -

Dear Constance,

Thank you so much for
your generous and thoughtful
gift. The steaks were delicious
and very special - as always!

Best wishes from all
The Campbells.
Lovingly,
Jane

Well, here it is -- and the word for this year is "lovingly".
Honestly, what does it mean? I mean, really!

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas

February 9, 1966

Lola dear,

Boy, that letter came through fast! I do not know just when you tucked it into what mailbox in N.Y.C. but I have the impression that maybe you rushed out to LaGuardia or Kennedy Airport and handed it to the pilot!! At any rate, it arrived at 9:30 last night, and brightened the drab tag-ends of my evening immensely. Needless to state, it is going into Volume 8 at once. God, if these things ever fall into the wrong hands we are all cooked anyway, but nothing can ever touch you.

You certainly have learned how to speak English as she is spoke by us cultured Kansans. My, my, how well you get on, with things like _____sville and all the rest of it.

I thought about enclosing the originals of the "long" letter to Martin in California and the note to us both thanking us for some gift or other. However, the first was written almost literally ten years ago, the second, seven or eight years ago. I realize that basic things do not change, but still and all, more recent specimens are doubtless likely better to render the flavor etc. Hence I enclose several of the little manilla envelopes in which he gives patients free samples of drugs if he has them on hand and they suit the occasion. All samples are his writing, even though one envelope, for some reason, bears the name of Dr. Johnson in printing. Will these be adequate to analyse? As far as his sex life goes, my own personal diagnosis still stands: the guy is a real ~~passi~~ passionate customer, a veritable bomb. However, I start to suspect that, unless he has had one or more affairs in the last 20 or so years, and I do not think he has, that he may be one of those men who doesn't know what good sex really is. What was it I once wrote in one chapter, some volumes back? Something to the general effect that I can't see Jane indulging in much, shall we say, variation? Like, doing it on the chandelier or in the shower she is not. Etc. etc.

Your letter, in general, was just darling. Your impressions of the handwriting seem just terrific, almost too good to be true, if you know what I mean. It is odd, or, at any rate, interesting, that you should fetch up the idea that Jane ~~shox~~ might possibly be a kind of depressive, regardless of how such might manifest itself. Quite some time ago, Anna made the suggestion, in view of so much that seems odd in her behavior (Jane's, not Anna's) that, "have you ever thought of the possibility that Jane might be in therapy or in need of psychiatric treatment or have some profound psychological problem that doesn't require anything terribly drastic but that would account for a number of oddities with her?" Well, no, I hadn't. But it could be. And it still could be she is actually, consciously or no, a snob, a plain snob, who only buddies up to upper echelon, posh members of Lawrence's professional and business (and occasionally University) community.

By the way, you may return the little envelopes eventually. No rush.

Re: the fish poem. Your point, which is unique with you, is an extremely subtle one. I think it would obtain very fully if I had a collection of men, or if anything whatsoever in the relationship would bear the faintest hint that I just want to possess him, or "add him" or what not. I will continue to think about this. But, anyway, at the moment, it is too much an undisguised love poem to even think of handing in.

As I am sure you have guessed, both Carolyn and Anna give me the ~~old~~ old ~~xxx~~ Bronx cheer frequently over ~~xxx~~ my futile and agonized speculations: "Doeshetakethemhome, doesn'thetakethemhome" etc. Anna ~~xxx~~ has been known to utter what amounts to a piercing scream when I make mention verbally of such things any more, or when new speculations appear in the text. And Anna is a very patient girl, let me tell you. She would have to be....

Carolyn and/or I will pursue this graphology bit. The University library must have something, even if the Public Library does not.

Wh e n I read your letter last night and saw your opening reference to Chapter 8, I thought to myself, "Poor girl, she doesn't know yet, tomorrow morning she will find Chapter 9 in her mailbox."

You put so much time, thought and energy into me and my problems that you said not one ~~xxx~~ word about yourself or George. Please take care of that, soon.

I am glad you laughed over my ~~xxxx~~ imaginary projections into the bucollic life as lived at Belly-Acres. (I wonder if I will ever get there, and when, and under what circumstances, and how it will really be, of course). The way I look at my on-going writings, I might as well laugh as cry, and there is always room for much humor.

Did I (I can't recall) include in my Xeroxed material a chapter or part thereof that had a long disquisition on a movie ("Home Before Dark") I had just seen on TV? That one had Carolyn and Anna in hysterics, and I modestly felt it was one of my better pieces of writing.

Needless to ~~xxx~~ state, if, at some future time, you can conveniently make contact with any other "mavens from handwriting", do so. Keep the little envelopes until then. It will be interesting to compare what they say and what you say.

I dare say that more material will flow ~~n~~ on. The U.S. mails seem to be both speedy and reliable.

More anon, and let me hear of you, yourself, please. Is Geoge still living in the loft with the meshuggeneh? How is your ~~xxxx~~ morale -- it must be fairly O.K. for you to write such a superb and witty letter, a gem in itself.

Much love, as ever, ME

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas

February 23, 1966

Mr. John Ciardi
The Saturday Review
380 Madison Avenue
New York City, N. Y.
10017

Dear Mr. Ciardi,

It was with considerable empathy as well as interest that I read your column in the February 19th issue. What a plight!

However, I have been wondering whether you could not perhaps be persuaded to take a bit of literary license and cast that last couplet into a different form. Say:

Now writes Ciardi, whom few words could move:
"What moves the sun and other stars is Love."

No?

I thought not.

Well, of course passing out cigars, especially after a difficult birth or coming to fatherhood through adversity, is, indeed, quite appropriate.

However, the very daring of your concept leads the mind to speculate on other possibilities:

Brand X smokes good and filters out the tars
Like Love, which moves the sun and the other stars.

This one would inevitably win the added sponsorship of some tobacco company. You can see the slogans now: "Smoke Dantes, and you'll move from Hell to Heaven." That sort of thing.

Or you might consider:

Thus ends Ciardi, singing to guitars,
"The Love which moves the sun and the other stars."

This would win over the young folk-singer element in the population.

There is just one danger to all this sort of thing. Some Dantephile may get wind of some such proposed ending and lie in wait for you in the shadows of Madison Avenue on a dark evening.

In that case, the editors can write the ending for you:

Muttered Ciardi's slayer, behind bars:
"The Love that moves the sun and the other stars!"

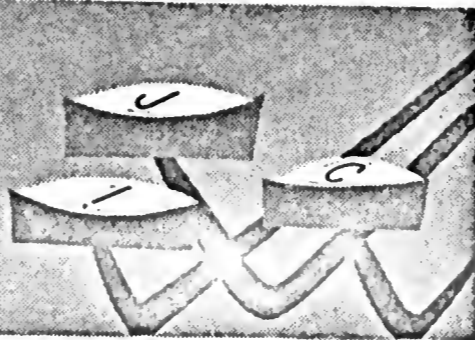
But I feel confident that you will solve this enormous dilemma!

I can hardly wait to see how you are going to do it!

Sincerely yours,

Constance Scheerer

Manner of Speaking



The World Well Lost, but Happy New Year Anyhow: It is getting on to the end of January as I write, and I still am not quite sure what I did with Christmas. I think I actually managed to mislay it this time around. I do have an uncertain memory of having bought my way out of it by tossing a number of large checks into the air and letting them fall into the family clutches. I even went so far as to have Christmas cards printed, though (aside from a first batch my secretary addressed for me) I never got around to mailing any of them. I do know there is a large cardboard coffin in the attic outside my study door and that it is full of received Christmas cards that are still lying in state. Or (hopefully) those cards mark the funeral of my social standing, for the bulk of them is from people to whom I did not send a card. It may even (more hopefully) be worse than that, for the last time I stuck my hand into the box at random I came up with several letters in unopened envelopes postmarked back in November. It has, as anyone may see, been going on for some time.

My desk is out of sight under a mound of letters that (possibly) should be answered, expense account receipts that I shall have to sort out for the Internal Revenue, bank statements that I could not hope to have balanced even had I tried, unpaid bills, and, for all I know or even care, undeposited checks.

Well, yes, I do care. I care at least enough to beg the indulgence of my neglected friends, my unpaid creditors, my ignored editors, and my frustrated fellow workers (or if "fellow workers" is too Bolshy a term these days, read instead "co-social securitees"). I care enough, that is, to ask forgiveness for my sins, if only as subject matter for a column I am, in any case, committed to write. (Material is where you find it.) But I do not care enough to mend my ways. I have already mended them: this enthusiastic neglect of all mail is my true and mended virtue. I have been working at better things.

For almost twenty years now, I have been working at my "Englishment" (I resist the word "translation" as misleading, at least as far as poetry is concerned) of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, and with the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* already published, there remains only the *Paradiso*. Getting that final canticle into English has been, as one may see, a long dream. For a while I dreamed of finishing it in

time to publish a complete *Divine Comedy* in 1965, the 700th anniversary of Dante's birth. One more translation could hardly have added anything to the mountain of Dante's merit and to the memorial of his anniversary year. But it would have pleased me to have been able to lay my sheaf on the centennial mountain. And I could have done it, had I had the character to do sooner what I have learned to do later.

Day after day I would walk into my study and think to open to Dante. First, however, I would find myself leafing through the day's accumulation. Good Old Joe had written, and Jolly Old Bess, and that Nice Miss Sweetser, and my wife's cousin Millie. Two former students needed letters of recommendation. My agent wanted me to check my lecture schedule. My publishers needed to raise a question, or were raising it anyhow. The Mandelbaum Corners Poetry Group had a contest it wanted judged. The Society for Repairing Prehistoric Tibia Damaged in Excavation wanted a donation. And so in a wavering line from friendship, through business, to incivility, to charity, days went and Dante waited, the real work untouched. Before I was entirely aware of it, eighteen months had gone by with hardly a lick of work on the *Paradiso*.

Then, in a surge of character, I printed large on a piece of cardboard a single word—NOW!—and propped the cardboard against my lamp. That NOW! meant simply: "Today . . . before anything else . . . Dante first!"

My Dante papers and commentaries, let me explain, are spilled over a bookcase, the floor, and a bridge table to one side of my desk. NOW! meant, specifically, that I was to sit not at the desk but at the bridge table, and that I was not to touch the mess on my desk until I had turned out my daily stint of lines.

The decision was as simple as that, and all else followed. *Incipit vita nova*. Nor, since that day in late November, have I strayed from the high road to Heaven. If anything, I went at it too enthusiastically, and have had to stop sprinting and adjust my stride for the long pull. Yet that first spree of fourteen-hour days was a self-delighting abandonment. It was somewhere in that first spree that I mislaid Christmas without really noticing that it was there to be mislaid. Since New Year's I have learned to make myself go for a walk now and then and even to take a day

off at intervals, just to keep things in balance. And I did, though unintentionally, make myself a Christmas present of a vacation from New York: I simply forgot to go into the office for most of a month. Let Norman Cousins find out how entirely dispensable I am: to be fired is to be free. I mean to live in balance.

But in or out of balance, the result is going to be the same as far as the mail is concerned. The daily quota of Dante comes first (as for this column, its readers have long known it gets written on the backs of envelopes and bar receipts and is then pulled together by my secretary, Jo Anne White). If there is any time left over after my daily stint of Dante—and any energy—I may or may not putter at the pile of unanswered mail. But from here to the top of Heaven, the Dante comes first, this column second, and the mail whenever it comes, if at all.

Let me say, without repentance, that I do expect my friends to forgive me in Heaven's name. And since anyone who will not forgive me in that name is no friend of mine, he may go to, uh—the more dramatic first book of the poem.

Hell hath no fury like a letter writer scorned, but for myself I have only one fear to confess in all this. Dante, as you will of course recall from school, ends each of his three books of the *Divine Comedy* with the word "stars." The last line of the *Paradiso* is:

L'amor che muove il sole e
l'altre stelle.

There is no question of how that line must be translated. It must read:

The Love that moves the sun
and the other stars.

But having reached that top of Heaven, I must find a rhyme for "stars." And what is there? I have even thought of a bravura flourish:

And now writes Ciardi, passing out cigars:
"The Love that moves the sun
and the other stars."

Frankly, I am not at all sure it will work. But what will work? Heaven knows. Having, by then, achieved Heaven's last revelation, I tell myself, I shall find *something*. But what if there is nothing to be found? What if I work at it for twenty years only to be stuck on the last rhyme?

And with that thought to scare me from inside myself, how shall I fear the wrath of unanswered letter writers? There is nothing to fear. I have immovable character. Nothing can overthrow a moral position founded on pure terror.

—JOHN CIARDI.

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

February 12, 1967

Lola dear,

Tomorrow I go downtown to my place and Xerox your letter of approximately a year ago. You are right -- originally ~~xxx~~ I took some exception to some aspects of the original analysis, but what my ~~xxx~~ exceptions boiled down to finally -- and I may not have made this clear to you personally -- was this: I never understood the word* "pedantic" used in connection with him, and I ~~missed~~ missed, but totally, the fire, the passion, the zest for life that are a part of this man, even when latent or ~~down~~ downtrodden at the moment. Otherwise and in the main -- Uncannyville! As we say around here.

I am deeply appreciative that you spent much time and a young fortune in phoning me today. The main point of the analysis was not, of course, cheering. On the other hand I do feel my own (and Anna's) knowledge of the man must count for ~~xxx~~ something. Whether he will ever act to ~~xxx~~ bring me back into his life in some we-can-see-each-other-once-in-a-while fashion, or to take the final step and initiate an affair, I still do not know. Neither Anna nor I feel that one can say for sure. Of course he will never ~~we~~ ~~xxx~~ seek a divorce or separation from her. I know this, and always have. It's just not in him, if for no other reason ~~than~~ than the existence of his young son ~~xxx~~ whom he adores and whom he would never abandon, psychologically etc.

But a man who has given up the struggle, from whom I can never expect anything? Perhaps I am wrong to believe my knowledge of him over and above the word of a maeven, but I cannot see it this way.

Forgive me if I repeat myself. Even the dreadful passage of June 21st was neither the ~~xxx~~ verbiage nor the attitude of a man who has given up -- or who wants to give up.

It has been characteristic of the entire history of the past five years that, up to a certain point, at least, I never expected anything. Yet each few weeks or months I was rewarded by some event, small or large but always meaningful and always pointing in the same direction, that was almost literally beyond my wildest dreams and expectations. Särchen was very penetrating a year ago when she termed him "unpredictable." He is. I think he always will

be, too. That ~~ka~~ deeply-embedded trait is ~~g~~ not going to drop out with age or weariness!

It is one way to look at it to say, "Oh, well, the reception came along and he took advantage of the situation." Yes, but please recall none of us have any doubts any more that the entire debacle of the spring came about because she opened up her mouth and laid it on the line and (demanded) (pleaded) (other?) that he give up all relationship with me, even the most "innocent", even the Student Hospital (I was always right about his having acted the part of a naughty boy departing from the script when he suddenly got that in on June 21st: "Of course you could always enroll and come up to Watkins!").

So I say his putting me on that list must have been done in profound defiance of her. I also say it was a way of telling me the following: "I am still here. I have not changed. I still care." And of course it helped acknowledge my own declaration!

Christmas was still more dramatic, though it had a species of "demand character" that the reception did not: i.e. he didn't have to put me on the list, I'd not have missed it, etc.

With Christmas his "message" became still clearer. He not only told me with his actions but with his eyes ~~ax~~ that he still loved me. He also defied her again (bear in mind that he could have contravened her "chilly", cutting-off card ~~bx~~ and ~~g~~ arranged a gift and still not have entered the ~~xxxxx~~ picture personally!). And it finally came to me (I think I mentioned this on the phone to you just now) that he acted (a) so fast and (b) so personally because ~~xxx~~ (1) he did not want to be identified with her act, and ~~xxx~~ (2) most of all, he did not want me to think for five unnecessary minutes that he had asked her to do that.

"Oh," I can hear you or someone saying, "that was all very thrilling, no doubt. But so he could take this kind of step. It's the big step he can't take and never will."

Maybe. I am simply not all that sure.

I cannot construe either of his post-June actions as a man just giving up, darkly resigned, or unable to struggle. There's the analysis. But there's reality, too.

I spoke a little bit with Anna after talking to you (I'll be eating supper with her this evening and we will doubtless talk more, as always).

She said: "Both his actions since June are those ~~x~~ of a man keeping the door open. If this is ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ ultimately being cruel to you by keeping you ~~xxx~~ dangling, at least you can rest assured he does not so intend it. Until he closes the door in some way, I can't see that you need despair or give up. I cannot see him now, nor yet in the past, as giving up without a struggle. I'd say he's entangled himself in a couple of pretty struggley-type struggles, and just since June -- more so, even, than ever before in the history.

"Actually, " Anna went on, "what Lola conveyed this afternoon is not so new. Maybe it isn't new at all. For one thing, it's what the handwriting (the first time) analyst said way back. And for another thing, it's what you and I have noted over and over and over. He almost makes it, then stops short. He acts, but doesn't ~~g~~ go the whole way. He acts more, but it still doesn't take him over the top.

"You've always known how hard action and commital are for this man! That he did anything at all was remarkable. That he made the committing gestures he finally began to do -- from ~~phx~~ physical caresses to terms of endearment and more -- were, as you correctly surmised, about the ~~q~~ equivalent, coming from him, that a few ~~pagx~~ pages of declaration or a mad love scene would be ~~x~~ from some differently-constituted person.

"Kindly recall. Before I ever heard of you, I interpreted him as a starved, lonely man, 'going it alone' despite a marriage of which I then knew nothing. Yet I read it, out of his face.

"I see him as a man who finds it hard to struggle, who has less and less physical and spiritual stamina for it with declining health and increasing age. But I also see him as a man who has these great and undiminished needs, mostly centering around you. He is not going to change in his feelings. And as long as he does not, no one need drum him out of the corp or read him out of the act!

"I really mean this. And I do not say this to try and cheer you.

"I would surely like to know more details from this analysis and of course ~~x~~ I wait also very eagerly for the second run-down from the first analyst, who, I gather from you, is a personal friend of Lola's."

By the way, Lola, I'd be terribly interested to know if what I have long dubbed his being "carried away" comes out in the handwriting anywhere. To ~~fxk~~ refresh: most (though not all) of his physical caresses, ~~mpassionate~~ glances, and often remarks as well just emerged, burst forth. He was "carried away". ~~lx~~ Literally. Like, he couldn't help himself (and made no effort to hold back).

I always said: "You know how I bet I have to land him finally? If I could just precipitate a scene where ~~x~~ he and I would be cast together away from all eyes and for a period of time that will obviously be an hour or longer -- and then I behave in this way or that -- he could very easily be carried away."

Such a situation never did ~~devel~~ develop, and it might ~~never~~ never, of ~~any~~ course. But there was a ~~profound~~ profound truth to this.

Does the handwriting show up this aspect of him? It is a vital one.

I would like to know more about the maeven saying he is not seducible. This honestly baffles me. The flying physical

electricity between him and me at times has ~~h~~ had the force of depth charges going off or rockets launching from Cape Kennedy. I assure and promise you, I neither invent nor exaggerate. That air of his hardly being able to keep his hands off me, present from time to time, during moments when his guard was obviously less up, his control was operating ~~more tightly~~ less tightly. What of it?

How, ~~please~~ please, does one equate those things? Please explain.

I suppose it would be clutching at straws even to ask: could his inner resignation, his giving up the struggle, apply to his relationship with Jane? What makes the analyst apply it to me rather than to his marital situation in which, I've little doubt, from various ~~pieces~~ pieces of evidence, he long ago gave up?

But of course I don't want anyone to phoney anything up or give me false hopes.

Another struggle he gave up, with foot-dragging, desperate reluctance, but by now may be dully resigned to, is the loss of his precious private practice. Does the analysis tease this out and separate it from other resignments (to coin a word)?

I just re-read for the nth time your letter of last March with your comments from Särchen.

My God~~s~~, is that uncanny!

I fell to thinking: I was not what you might called heartened by it, either. Still a number of marvellous, exciting, and totally ~~an~~ unexpected manifestations came from him from then through June.

I want to make only one point about the analysis of Särchen which was, of course, based on those older samples, older going back to a time when I hardly think he was in love with me, though we ~~h~~ always had a rather special relationship. It is this: "His ~~sexual~~ sexual drives are quite unrelated to ~~his~~ emotions." I am~~s~~ sure this was true for ~~him~~ him then. I am~~s~~ sure it still ~~is~~ is for him and Jane today. But I know that his sexual attraction towards me is not divorced from ~~his~~ emotion. Carolyn~~s~~ once said, and I think her right, that I may be one of the few important relationships of his entire life, one of the only persons who ever~~r~~ made him want to be intimate -- in every sense of the word. Does the present analysis take into account what I have just written?

Enough, for Christ's sake, of me.

You hinted, darkly, at being surrounded with personal problems of your own and others. I feel sad to think of you being in a troubled and troubling phase of life. But in middle years that is apt to be the way things go, it would seem. That ~~George~~ George is doing well at Columbia again is fine.

I guess this answers several questions, like, who put me on that list for the reception? Also, boy, was I right about the "cold" card.....boy, was I right! And with this one the domestic conversation is clear. It does not have to be imagined.

"....and I am not going to ~~xxx~~ write that woman a thank-you note, either!"

"Very well. Then I am. Tonight."

Anna, you must admit I couldn't go wrong on that one!

Carolyn pointed out to me that the note is dated, in other words was written, Monday some time...before they got my note (this note of his is postmarked Tuesday, and P.M. at that, but it may have been in some box or other where pick-ups are not terribly frequently, or may have been written, but not mailed, etc.).

I won't pretend ^{not} to be crushed.

The reason is simple: I ~~was~~ was not counting on any big or soon developments, no I was not. But I thought, I really thought that this, atop the gesture of putting me on the reception honor list, was ~~xxxxxxx~~ step number two in "coming back", or ~~xxxx~~ re-establishing the ~~xxx~~ relationship.

Doesn't he know, doesn't he know how happy his visit made me.....and how hopeful?

Be calm, Constance, be calm..... no need to go off the deep end. And I still do not think his gesture of coming here that Tuesday was merely righting a wrong done me by Jane. Yes, her "wrong" made his action possible and g in fact must have rather galvanized him. But that there was more to it than that I have little doubt.

And nothing will make me take back my certain knowledge that he cares ~~xxxxxxx~~ ever, nothing has changed.

All right, consider this note.

There is nothing whatsoever to be read into or out of it, no between-the-lines deliciously implied meaning. It is simply a nice, conventional thank-you note. I'd not be surprised if he either had to , or did, show it to her.

"With very best wishes etc. for a Happy New Year" is not what you write if you either plan or hope to see the person before long.

I suppose this casts "We'll be ~~xxxx~~ seeing you" into complete ~~xx~~ limbo?

12/26/66

Dear Constance -

How happy I was to
have a brief visit with you and to
see you looking so well - You
are doing what you wish with you,
apparently - Pray continue!

The golden nest
held many succulent treasures -
whose unwrapping was long delayed
because we disliked to disturb
the dove. We all admire
your gift as exemplified

December 28, 1966

Well, crushing disappointmentsville, again, or yet.
This came in the mail today. I spotted his handwriting
at once.

In your gift. -

With very best wishes to you
for a Happy New Year.

We are
Sincerely yours -
The Campbells.

Please remember us to
Father John -

John

So life goes on. Any relationship is a two-way street. Bear in mind, please, only this: without ~~x~~ my manifestations and supportiveness in many ways, subtle and not so subtle, he and I wouldn't have gotten as far as we did. One reason the final verdict is not in is that I am still in there ~~ix~~ pitching.

(This makes his 'coming back' twice ~~xxxx~~ after June 21st the more remarkable, the more non-giving-up, since he heard nothing actually from me).

I shall continue to promote ~~whatev~~ whatever and whenever I can, in ways that feel right to me. Rest ~~xxxxxxx~~ assured.

I find myself shy a sendable copy of my article on ~~x~~ "The Doctors" just now but will get one up as soon as I can. I hope you will enjoy it and find it funny. I had a lot of fun writing it.

Hoping to hear from you soon.

As ever,

ME

P.S. -- what is some work you mentioned that you are now doing? I did not get that completely clear.

P.S. 2 -- Excuse me ... once more...about him not being seducible: our relationship was always a two-way street. This hardly needs to be said ~~xxxx~~ again. Do you think he would have done or said any~~x~~ of the things he did or said ~~x~~ without my having, step by step, bit by bit, ~~xxxxxxx~~ responded to his response thus permitting him to respond to my response to his response kind of thing? In short, each enforced and reenforced the other, weekly, ~~xxxx~~ monthly, yearly.

Do ~~xy~~ you think for ~~xxxx~~ five minutes that things would have marched if (a) I had done nothing and (b) he had not liked or not responded to the things I did? You know the answer.

So I say that seduction is not a ~~xxxx~~ bodily thing alone ~~xx~~ and in the profound sense I already have seduced him! And very willing he was, too, in his own special slow-to-accept-it fashion!

I've never seen a man so "hungry" for something (not alone bodily contact), so happy to have it close at hand, so damned slow and uncertain as to what to do ~~x~~ about it!

P.S. 3

I don't quite get the point of ~~xxxxxxx~~ brushing off Jane as some ~~a~~ kind of y-u-u-k-k-k sort of person. I'd like to hear more. What's about this 'utterly sick' bit? Did I ever write you about ~~xxxxx~~ Anna's impression of her in the receiving line at the famous reception? "A strange kitten-woman"...."no warmth"...."her face....it frightened the hell out of me" etc.

P.S. 4.

Excuse me.

Does a ~~x~~ handwriting analysis reveal every single facet of a person, if gone into ~~xxxx~~ thoroughly? If so, why no mention of his being

tender
sweet
gentle
sadistic
passionate
having a violent, incredible temper?

Did these things show up the second time?

Take my word, they are as much ~~xx~~ a part of him as the remarkable perceptions teased out by Särchen a year ago -- he is poor at communication, he dislikes and feels trapped by responsibility, and more.

P.S. 159

Anna just reminded me of something: "How come, since he reached a kind of you should pardon the expression paralyzed bottom, has he acted more than in the whole entire preceding five years, more commitally, more ~~xxxxxx~~ importantly?"

"This is not in the realm of speculation. It is so."

"Suddenly, twice, he's on his feet and running -- as never in the past. Gone the two steps up, 3 steps back, bit."

"I mean -- what a change! And he whomped it all up in his own baby mind, by God, without any coaxing from you!"

"I am sorry. But to me the reality contradicts the impression conveyed by the handwriting. Is there perhaps ~~xx~~ a way to explain this?"

I said I would ask ~~k~~ Lola.

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas

March 30, 1967

Lola dear,

It was awfully good to hear from you. I had started to wonder and worry. Evidently some of my worries have been justified from an oblique remark or two that you ~~xx~~ make. Perhaps you can clear this up when you ~~w~~ phone with me this ~~oming~~ ~~Sunday~~ Sunday.

Essentially Saerchen's second analysis is very similar to her first of a little over one year ago. I cannot argue with any of it, in a way. Nearly everything about it rings true, of that there is no doubt. And just about everything she says not only tallies with her first ~~xx~~ analysis but also with ~~x~~ what I myself know of the man.

I did indeed ~~misunderstand~~ misunderstand you, seemingly, on his being non-seducible. Well, my original statements on some of these things still stand: i.e., he already has been seduced.....and has, in turn, seduced on his own part, if you see what I mean and understand the sense I intend to convey. Likewise he became involved -- want to or not -- and I am sure he never did want to.

I am glad that his high élan shows up in this one. It should, in a way, if you stop and think for a moment. I mean, not only do I know him to be capable of terrific "up" stages and moods of exhilaration (many of which, frankly, I myself have produced in him, I really have) but I think he must have been in some such a mood as he penned those lines at Christmas time -- i.e. he had made contact with me again, he was writing to me, and so on. (Also, I may mention, that very note, small though it was and is, was nevertheless an ~~xxxx~~ "action" on his part etc.)

Yes, I think it all very true indeed. There are still probably certain aspects missing or wrongly emphasized. ~~xxxx~~ Yes, I ~~was~~ understand that handwriting analysis is not necessarily a be-all and end-all.

By the way, Saerchen says (this time) something I have always felt very strongly indeed but much more so in recent months: the man ~~needs~~ needs support, encouragement, action ~~of~~ on my part. It is already remarkable that he "acted", that he "came back", at all, on any ~~xxxx~~ level -- with me silent and wondering in the background. Again, it simply goes to prove the depth of his feelings.

I said to Anna the other ~~xxx~~ day, or rather Anna read in

"the text" my statement : " that he gives of ~~x~~ himself at all is already remarkable."

Anna wholeheartedly concurred in this.

That he still does not put up the appearance of a genuine family man is terribly interesting. I know he loves his children and knocks himself out for them in many ways. I think he may often feel baffled by them -- you know how it is with young adults -- they love their parents, all right, or generally so, but, in a way, they also "couldn't care less" and take "old" Pop or Mom for granted etc. But I'd have said he relates to them as well as the average father, certainly -- and worries about them terribly -- is proud of them -- and bound by ties of enormous sense of duty etc. By the way, that family is not "enough" for him I have no doubts about. Re: Jane. I wonder. I cannot escape the strength of Anna's perception in the receiving line back in October, which, actually, tied in with what I'd always suspected or wondered about etc., though I'd never dared, then, come right out and say it. And, by God, I say the woman has no sense of humor practically at all! That she is less complex than he is of no doubt whatsoever. That she has strong family ties, I am sure. Easy-going? I think ~~not~~ not. She is unquestionably a tense, nervous type, whatever else she may be or not. Oh, well.

By the way, one thing that emerges in this is something I have said over and over for years. (Carolyn, Anna, and the text are my witnesses). The man is definitely very responsive to charming and ~~intriguing~~ intriguing and attractive women. Good for him. Martin was that way too. If what I suspect about Jane is true (namely, a sexy type she is not, to put it mildly) he may be rather frustrated all along the line, not only literally but for a woman to admire him as a man, too. I am almost 100 per cent certain that no ~~matter~~ matter which particular woman he sprang for in what way and when over the years, starting, perhaps, when the bloom first wore off the marriage, I was the only one where he "did something" about it. Or I so flatter myself.

Besides, his unwillingness to take risks et al is so true! One can even have sympathy with this point of view: he is, after all, a physician, a family man, all the rest of it.

By the way, I find in your jottings ample support for my equally-long contention (Anna's as well) that the man is not so long on noble or puritannical principles, that he has a nice, ~~tricky~~ tricky, "evil" etc. side to his nature. It needs working on, boosting, etc.

Lola, thank you many times over. And will you please convey similar words to Saerchen? It was good of her the first time: a second time is away above and beyond the call of ~~duty~~ duty. With you too!

I could hardly have picked a more "trying" type to be in love with! Well, when it ~~comes~~ comes to men and love I have never, never been able to do it the easy way. What all this says about me is partly obvious, partly not so clear, but very complex.

I do not think I have let you know that since Christmas I have ~~embarked~~ embarked on my "old" strategy, ~~and~~ only this time the things I write and get to him are "mail-ins" rather than "bring-ins" or "hand-ins". Two since his Christmas note -- the article on "The ~~Doctors~~ Doctors" -- I am delighted that you liked it and found it funny: I know he will have had a ~~similar~~ similar reaction -- and a poem, copy of which I enclose. I know he'll love it, too.

No response to date. But this came as no surprise. It is Him, being He. (Or do I mean, it is He, being Him?)

More "mail-ins" will follow. Sent up to Watkins, of course. As ~~inspiration~~ inspiration hits me, and it has a way of hitting me! (hah!).

By the way, I have not yet heard in nearly eight weeks from the Saturday Review! Of ~~course~~ course I am used to dealing with poetry editors and getting things back, but, fast! I am not familiar with the methods of Mr. Martin Levin of The ~~Phoenix~~ Phoenix Nest column. Being me, I fear the thing got lost rather than that it is being considered. How long would you wait, were you me, to write and query? Of course it may be that Mr. L. is a ~~slob~~ slob about correspondence, too!

You didn't mention ~~George~~ George - - I couldn't help wondering if your ~~current~~ current problems and troubles have to ~~do~~ do with him.

By the way, I am rushing this letter to you airmail special so that, should you not feel too flush (your last phone call must have cost you a small ~~fortune~~ fortune) you will at least have had news of me and, should you want to wait re: a phone call, feel free. I may, in point of fact, beat you to it. The ~~next~~ next call should be "on me" anyway! I do want to know about your problems -- provided you feel like talking about them. If you do not, and would rather set them down on paper, I will understand and will reply at once. I was awfully glad that you did write this time: as you know, I have always valued and treasured your letters.

More soon, and perhaps ~~we~~ we will indeed talk on Sunday. I am almost always at home until about 2 in the afternoon. Anyway, by the time I do next speak with you, I will be 47 -- oh, God. Anna says remarks of mine like this make her sick and tired! She has, by the way, no immediate plans for a trip east. Have you seen Michael and Irena any further? Until we talk -- again many thanks -- love, ME

September 4, 1968

Dear Lola,

How marvellous to get your good long ~~lx~~ Lola=like letter, just like old times! See, you can do it, and as well or better than ever! No, I did not mean to frighten you away from phone calls, but unless they are done by pre-arrangement somehow one is all too apt to encounter a situation, like, someone here, or me about to simply have to leave the house for some appointment or something; then all is tense and uneasy and ~~xxx~~ the conversation apt to be too condensed or censored or what-not. I'll be happy to call you (why collect?), say, some Sunday morning.

I don't blame you for being ~~xxxxxx~~ what must at times vary from despairing to troubled to almost-resigned about George. I don't know the solution, I must say. Young people, or some of them, today seem bent on destroying themselves as well as their world. Has life been so unkind to them? Is even our society so terrible a place in which to dwell, and so hopeless? Or am I just getting old and feeble in my thinking? I am sure most youngsters today would think so. The generation gap has never seemed greater than today and so utterly unbridgeable .

Don't the George~~x~~s of this world see, though, that they may, and often are, cutting off their noses to spite their faces, so to ~~xx~~ speak? I could almost wish that George could get to Cuba and return safely and see, while there, a ~~system~~ and a world that was not to his liking. But I imagine that this is all too much to hope for. Either he won't get there and consequently will always believe that he has missed a cherished glimpse of a perfect society or he'll get there and become involved in endless or ~~xxxxxx~~ heartbreaking ~~xxxxxx~~ troubles, or.....I give up!

If I were young, would I work for REVOLUTION NOW? I honestly can't say. There are conservative young as well as conservative older people. When young I was in the throes of various kinds of rebellions but how far would they have gone, ~~xx~~ had I been young in today's world?

One source of ~~xxxxxx~~ my concern with certain aspects of today's youth, call them Hippies if you must, though many vaguely allied groups must be subsumed under this category, is their own total lack of freedom in ways which they do not see. Need I expatiate on this point? I think not.

What follows is in part Xeroxed from a letter I am writing to Beatrice and I did not want to type it all twice. Forgive me.

- 2 -

I must say, I am both distressed and depressed by the current scene in nearly all its aspects.

On the one ~~hand~~ hand, I am shocked and horrified by the SS tactics of a Mayor Daly or (implied for the future) of a Richard ~~Dixon~~ Nixon.

On the other hand, I don't really think the young militants (I do not now mean black militants or others involved in problems that are more or less purely racial in their core) know what they are doing. I am not at all in sympathy with senseless ~~xxx~~ violence and such avowed purposes as "we are going to destroy ~~x~~ Columbia University" etc. Though not wholly to blame, of course, I think that such groups have helped, at least, to ~~xxx~~ destroy the Democrats chances this election, thereby making or helping to make a ~~xxxx~~ Richard ~~xx~~ Nixon more or less a certainty. I seriously question to what extent some of these young, "violent" groups have given any thought to just what it is they are about. It may indeed be that our society is so rotten that it actually merits destruction right down to the ground. But what then? I also, quite honestly, fear that many too many of ~~xxx~~ the ~~youngest~~ militant youngsters are along for kicks, are simply swept along by the thrill of it all, with little or no regard for consequences to themselves or to the nation.

I don't think it is just old fuddy-duddy-ism on my part to ask: all right, so you "destroy Columbia University" or you ruin the Democratic party etc. What then? What have you got? What have you really accomplished? Am I now a member of some "new reaction" because I ask these questions? When Communists fought at the barricades of European cities many years ago, they were out not alone to destroy (also defend themselves against) what they seriously considered evils, but also to substitute positive aspects and goals for that which they fought.

It is, of course, no ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ coincidence that "Hippies" and "yippies" et al did not similarly "attack" the ~~Republican~~ Republican convention, though the Republican party much more stands for things that they (and we) can and do ~~x~~ deplore. The Democrats, though pitifully inadequate and often wrong (certainly from my point of view as ~~xx~~ well) at least offer a core of hope that we won't be plunged into a fresh McCarthy-goan-squad era.

So when you help to bring them down, what have you got, what have you substituted? You have, in fact, brought about the triumph of the very social order you most loathe. Then what? Do you sit there saying, "See? Didn't we ~~xx~~ tell you?" Do you leave for Sidney or Katmandu saying "America is a rotten place"?

I have been instructed that the Hippies and allied groups comprise a ~~xxxx~~ cross section and that many, if not most, are really good, sincere, dedicated etc. people, with a regrettable element of kick-seekers, sick minds, drug abusers, and those along for the ride. This may be so. I honestly can't say.

But it strikes me that someone ought to instruct them that not everyone over thirty or every non-Hipster is rotten, evil, vicious or "square."

I know...I know...movements great and little succeed or proceed often by exaggeration, conscious or unconscious.

~~But~~ I am fairly convinced that even if Mayor Daly ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ hadn't

peopled Chicago with armed gorillas that the Hippy groups would have found a way, would have forced a way, to get themselves arrested and maltreated just so ~~that~~ they could say, "See?" and words of that effect. Like, they wanted it and were out to "buy" it. It is horrible, of course, that Daly played into their hands as if by prearranged ~~pp~~ plot, almost.

As for Eugene McCarthy, well, as you may recall, I wasn't nuts about his face or his personality on TV that time, and he has completely lost me now with his inane statement about Czechoslovakia and his proud-petty attitude in his personal defeat. He, too, has just ~~re~~ helped to elect Nixon I feel certain. He is honestly clinging to sincere principles, some will counter. Maybe. But whatever chance Humphrey stood is now gone because McCarthy, with (to me) a show of childish pride, threw it away by refusing to acquiesce to Humphrey's plea to "close ranks" and heal party wounds. I hardly need point out that I am ~~not~~ nuts at all about Humphrey. But think of four years -- or more -- with Nixon! I simply shudder!

(Incidentally, I greatly ~~fa~~ fear that our society has come to such a pass that the ultimate "sincerity" of nearly anyone who goes in for politics can in whole or part be questioned. How can you, in this nation today, sort out and dispose of elements such as member-of-a-moneyed-group..... personal ambition.....vanity....etc. etc.? I have no clear answer.)

God only knows where I might have stood with all this if I were now 18 or 22 etc. Even in my advancing (gulp!) years I am generally in favor of the new, the bohemian etc. etc. But somewhere along the line a lot of what young people today seem, at least, either to be standing for or not standing for puzzles, eludes or upsets me.

Total destruction of the Nazis seemed then, as it does now, the only appropriate step, and "mere" removal of their cancerous way of life transcended even the asking of the question: what now? But I do not happen to think things are that bad in this country nowadays, if, indeed, they ever have been.

Oh, well, I could ramble on and on, I suppose.

But I do want to get this off.

As for personal considerations, well, so much has happened that it would require a week of ~~w~~ reading on your part just to catch up. I would say that, ~~w~~ though all marches slowly, as ever, it marches surely ~~w~~ and in one direction. If we could only get out of that office! I see him often and out of each half-hour or so of visit about 20 minutes is now ~~xx~~ spent in increasing love-making, and I mean really love-making. This, too, has developed slowly and I have had to lead him so very many times. But boy is he willing to be lead!

My state of health remains objectively ~~xxx~~ charged with enough symptoms to justify ~~x~~ frequent visits (though I am sure many an eyebrow is now raised up there) in case of need. ~~xx~~ As for his, I do not know for sure, but he seems ~~at~~ least to hold his own. As we all know someone with high blood pressure may die (or worse) at any moment. I can but hope.

So, now, you will keep me informed, yes? I loved your letter and it was so good to hear from you.

Much love as ever, ME

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

December 26, 1969

Lola dear,

It was wonderful to hear from you, but distressing too because I feel so up in the air as to what really is going on with you -- also with George. With George, alas, I find it all somehow easier to envision or imagine, lacking though I am in details. But you! Being asked to move etc.! This I simply cannot imagine!

Well, unless or until you can bring yourself once again to write one of your excellent letters, I guess I shall continue not to know. But it may also be that you'd rather not go into details, a point of view I can certainly respect. I guess what I am trying to say is: I am concerned about you.

I felt like filling in some further aspects of "Life With Father." Much of it goes along hand in hand with ~~the~~ the all-too-inevitable process of aging. I have often ~~noted~~ noted the fact that, as we grow old, and I mean now really old, it is our less-pleasant traits of character and personality that come to the fore. Why this should be, I can't say, except that, consciously or unconsciously, it must be sad and threatening and frustrating to feel one's faculties failing, to experience a general ~~slowing-down~~ slowing-down, to sense (even if it is kept well repressed) the approach of death.

Be this as it may, starting about 9 or 10 months ago, a new pattern ~~developed~~ developed with him: not content (apparently) with coming by for an hour or two each week-day afternoon, and using ~~the~~ the phone between times only rarely and if something of some import arose (and never, never phoning me on the week-ends), he now phones me between two and six times daily, weekends included. I never know when the phone is going to ring, and it is never anything of any import at all: whatever the ~~contents~~ contents of the calls, it's always something that could have waited (or not been said at all) and, inevitably, it's always just at that moment when I am engaged in something engrossing, like going along full-steam on a term-paper or the like. Plainly this is a kind of reaching-out to me. Also plainly it is a kind of possessive, enveloping sort of activity. Equally plainly it implies a reduction of socially-perceptive awareness, of the sort of thoughtfulness he used to evince, of an increasing lack of social distance such as ought to exist even betwixt family members. In addition he has grown both more stingy and more impatient and subject to being cross or moody in the past months.

Let me make one thing clear: none of this has anything really to do with the fact that he supports me (and/or the ~~related~~ related fact that I let him.) All this would have ~~developed~~ developed, I am convinced, even if I were independently wealthy or earned my own living. It is just...well... part of aging, or, part of aging with this ~~particular~~ particular individual.

Also let me make clear that matters have not (yet) grown insupportable

In fact, I continue to consider myself lucky --so far. It is just that the continuing accumulation of moody and unreasonable conduct plus the more understandable old-age phenomenon of ~~reapexx~~ repeating himself, non-sequiturs, forgettings and the like do at times make for days, even weeks, that put me on edge. I am in complete control vis a vis him as I feel no purpose would be ~~served~~ served by "sounding off" or even calling his attention ~~to~~ to this or that aspect.

There are other facets to his character and personality that bother me more, in a ay way, and that have much less to do with him as an ~~aging~~ aging character than as a character. One such aspect is that he dislikes any and all of my friends -- I am sure he is jealous, in his way -- though he'd not admit it or be able to admit it. I think he knows (even if it is deeply buried in his consciousness) that, whereas he only has me, I have other people who are important to me, who sustain me, who relate profoundly to me. In a way, his state of affairs is his problem -- he is a strange man in many ways, with a certain ~~remoteness~~ remoteness and inability to relate ~~deeply~~ deeply. But he has ~~managed~~ managed to make it my problem.

Regarding ~~this~~ this aspect I ~~feel~~ feel I must explain something: I would indeed be happy if you could come to Lawrence for a few days, at nearly any time. But I could not put you up. You would have to stay in a motel or hotel. My father would, quite literally, pop his cork at the idea of my giving ~~hospitality~~ hospitality, sharing the food he pays for, etc. with a "mere" friend! I know this sounds sick, and it is, but that's the way it is. When, a year ago, a very close friend ~~from Pennsylvania~~ whom I first knew here in Lawrence (and who resided with her family in this ~~vicinity~~ vicinity off and on over the years) wanted to come here and receive a bit of comfort and support after her divorce I put her ~~up~~ up at a hotel and smuggled her in and out of my home for occasional meals! Let me quote a typical interchange between my father and me: he'll bring me, say, some of a ~~suprabundance~~ suprabundance of cookies he's been brought by some of the church ladies for the holidays, or half the grapefruit someone ~~sent~~ sent him from Florida. The dialogue ~~inevitably~~ inevitably goes this way: "Now these are for you, you hear? Don't you go giving these to someone else!" I always murmur sweetly "Of course! Papa!" like a dutiful daughter -- and ~~promptly~~ promptly turn around and share the wealth with a friend who will be understanding and keep my secret. I hate all this lying, but feel it better than a "confrontation" with bad feelings. And, let me again say, this is not because I accept his checks, either: I know I'd be as I am to him even if I never took a cent -- I'd ~~feel~~ feel I had to!

Well, this is a brief extension of our phone call.

By the way, I also, I am sorry to say, got no clear idea of what (if anything) you thought of that last batch of poems sent off some months ~~back~~ back. But perhaps we can get to this some time later.

I can only, rather helplessly, wish you luck in ~~what~~ whatever is going on in your present life. We will keep ~~in touch~~ in touch, though!

Love as ever, ME

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

January 18, 1970

Lola dear,

I was relieved to get your carbon letter and to get at least a sense of ~~h~~ what the hell is going on with you. (Our communications crossed, of course). What is currently going on? Do, damn it, keep me posted, even if by a two-line note from time to time. I really do want to know. Your landlord sounds incredible -- tho' I ~~da~~ dare say, typical. Oh, and by the way, I read someplace (possibly that ~~x~~ rather irritating yet at times intriguing "new" magazine, "New York") that, in general, New York landlords tend to discriminate against the single woman of nearly any age below 70, entertaining, seemingly, the notion that a woman who ~~s~~ dwells by herself can't be up to any good! Pfui!

Nothing new since I wrote. We have had a perfectly foul winter hereabouts -- either drab and gray day after day (unusual for Kansas) or bitter, bitter cold, or both, and every few days some freezing rain or drizzle or snow is predicted, or falls -- or both! Again, pfui!

So -- next move is up to you. I cheer you on in your fight against the landlord. Being a worrier, I worry about this: supposing you do win, and your rent is not raised. Cannot he, in vengeance, simply make life miserable for you, refusing repairs, services, even heat (always of course with some innocent excuse etc.)???? I devoutly trust not!

I do indeed realize that any even remotely decent apartment in New York ~~x~~ today costs the earth in rent, and I am sure you don't want to move out to Elmhurst or some God-far-off spot. Is it still possible to "buy into" some kind of cooperative arrangement. I do not, of course, mean the classy, ~~xxx~~ high-cost Park Avenue kind, but something more average. My oldest friend, Betty Neal (literally from Tenafly and childhood days) did that (oh, years ago) down in the Village and lives quite reasonably as a result. But I gather, back then, she didn't have to ~~xxx~~ plop down immense sums of cash, either.

Write. Also about George. Truth to tell, I miss your letters -- they were always so well-written and filled with charm and humor. It was fun to get even the carboned one intended for mass consumption -- it still retains the full Lola personal touch!

Love as ever, ME

M O L E S

(A demi-lyric, I think)

It says you're a surgeon, in print, there, right up on your license,
And besides that, you happen to qualify fully in my sense.
Now I realize, of course, that you do not exactly just operate,
But its pleasant to know that in surgical realms you cooperate!
Though you might shy away from essaying a gastric resection,
When it comes to removal of moles, your technique is perfection!
It's not that I say this to flatter, enliven or wheedle:
I want you to know that you brandish a very mean needle!

So my problem just now is concerned with a matter of surgery,
The kind called "elective" -- it's nothing that's terribly urgery.
You have charred an impressive assemblage, but still not the most of them,
And I would be happy and joyous to stop playing host to them.
I know little or nothing of Herr Doktor von Recklinghausen,
But I'll bet you he never had moles by the hundred or thousand.
An appointment a week for two years ought to take care of half of them --
I just hope I live long enough to enjoy the last laugh of them!

I feel sure you would hate to deprive me of values so vital
As entering contests and striving for some catchy title
Like "Miss Antique Kansas" or "Miss Middle-Aged Oklahoma":
Right now all I'd get would be "Mrs. Old Neural Fibroma"!

And then there are aspects more worthwhile than simple enjoyment --
A question of urgenter matters, like gainful employment.

What stag party function would hire a girl unenticing?

When I leapt from the cake, I would have to wrap up in the icing!

One could think of some other positions that I might compete for:

What chance with a derma no one would cross over the street for?

They are building New Robinson pool, although building it slowly:

When I swim there I want to look "gorgeous" and not merely moley.

(Although in a tank-suit I fear I'll look lank as a ruler,

With a skinnier skin at least I'll look "hipper" and "cooler").

There's my sparsely-thatched head and my wrinkles and all of the rest of it

With a few fewer "nevi" at least I can make a clean breast of it!

* * *

Ballade of the Sad Shampoo

or

How Not To Become Discouraged When the Sink Clogs Up

Lady Godiva went riding nude about,
Setting Coventry all aflutter.
She did not care if Tom was rude about
Peeping out from unlawful shutter.
Worthy mission went smooth as butter
Since she was lovely and quite patrician,
Wrapped in ringlets from brow to gutter.
Lady, you had not my physician!

Fair Rapunzel, on highest tower,
Let to the earth her endless tresses.
Prince climbed up them to reach her bower.
Girl like that one deserves caresses,
Enduring all of those hirsute stresses
Quite secure from all competition.
Though she had no ~~com~~ complaint, one guesses,
Lady, you had not my physician!

Medusa was thickly-maned, though snaky.
Berenice's hair was her glorification --
Not a wiglet and nothing faky,
She put it up for a constellation,
Pride of the whole Egyptian nation.

The Lorelei were an apparition,
Combing their locks for an avocation.
Ladies, you had not my physician!

Lady Godiva I'll never make it as:

Her noble mission will fail if I'm on it.
With hair like mine, Rapunzel may take it as
Gospel truth that no prince will climb on it,
Even if I spend a lot of time on it.

To Berenice, I'm no opposition.
Still -- not just written to make a rhyme on it --
Ladies, you had not my physician!

Cheerily hoard I wigs to wear with
Slacks and gowns in concatenation.
Brave and noble, I gladly bear with
Bangs that go by attenuation.
I do not hanker for ~~h~~ emulation,
Grudge you not your hirsute tradition.
I have more than a compensation:
Ladies, you had not my physician!

Envoi:

Who knows? I may decide to love it --
The status quo of my hair's condition.
Take your crowning glory and shove it!
Ladies, you had not my physician!

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

Dec. 17, 1973

Lola dear,

Good heavens -- a fruitcake! And obviously baked by you yourself. It looks marvellous -- I only await the more festive moments of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day to open and slice it. I may even invite a few people in for it and eggnog.

I have before me your letter of Oct. 14 (can it be that long ago?), so here goes:

First, my father's condition isn't, ~~actually~~, all that pathetic. He has some "runs" of ~~fiery~~ ^{fiery} senile days or moments which are in turn succeeded by his being at least a reasonable facsimile of his old self. Often it is more that, as with all old people, his compulsive and in general not-so-nice traits become exaggerated, so that, esp. since he gave up driving, I suffer from such aspects, now more full-blown, as his compulsion to live life as if in ~~a~~ a military academy etc. But, on the whole, things have been pretty good the past several months. And there is no doubt that he is, taken all in all, remarkable for his 87 years. I only wish he had someone, or several someones, besides me. But, inevitably, no one, but ~~none~~ no one, really means a tinker's damn to him any more -- except me. This places, not so much a physical, as an emotional and psychological burden on me. And still I don't deeply complain, only bitch a bit to a select few understanding ~~fixx~~ friends.

You may be intrigued to learn that I have had a fireplace put into my largish back room (see pix enc.) This was done in large part, I admit, because of the possible threat of what may happen because of the energy crisis, fuel crunch, or what-have-you. But I must also admit that I have rarely gotten so much sheer enjoyment (and of more than a crudely pleasurable kind) from something. It is, as you can see, one of those free-standing black porcelain ones, came from Sears, burns ~~be~~autifullly, and heats the room (and adjacent kitchen) to 80 degrees on a 20 degree day (with, of course, no other heat on at all in the house -- I've tested it fully). Isn't it the principle of the stove-in-every-room in Germany...Austria...etc. etc. and weren't they, too, of porcelain?

When I wrote of needing "a new FDR" I did not mean this in the sense of any wistful nostalgia. Of course I meant an updated version. Or, more carefully ~~sa~~id, someone with the brains, ability to act intelligently and forcefully, the sheer authority of personality etc. of an FDR. There is of course no question that our civilisation is undergoing an enormous crisis. Read, or re-read, Yeats' "The Second Coming." That was indeed prophetic. "Things fall apart, the centre cannot hold" etc. etc. Well, we have today in this nation no longer any moral centre whatsoever, that is sure! And of course such a gap or lack was, historically, preceded, I am convinced, by the loss of the ~~the~~ theological centre. I do not suppose you'll agree with me, but I write it nevertheless.

Do write about your job -- yes it does sound mysterious and interesting.

I can already hear you snort but I am going to go ahead and say it anyway. If you wish to be addressed as "Ms." I will be happy to oblige. I don't, myself, like to be so addressed. This, too, is one of the ~~aspects~~ aspects of life we could talk over in person, were we ever to get together for a good visit.

Oh, yes, the revamping of the back room means that the red room, as you recall it, is also all changed. It is now the Red Study -- and I hope to be in the position to send you a couple of color pix before too long. Actually, it had become a kind of dump-cum-dressing room and a thorough eyesore over the years. Now that it is mystudy, I not only have all my "tool" books -- Victorian lit., theology, dictionaries, Encyclopedias, and so on in one place at easy reach, but I also made the pleasant discovery that it is by a long way the warmest room in the house. I not only can but ~~must~~ turn the thermostat way down --and even then it's a cosy 75 or so in here. Great!

You did not mention George in your Oct letter but I am interested and ~~do~~ want to know how matters are with him.

I spent the entire semester (still on the Return theme in literature) on T.S. Eliot and go on next semester to Yeats and D.H. Lawrence. It is all immensely productive, I feel, and has throughout helped me to clarify my own, dare I say, cosmic thinking.

So do tuck away a bit of time over the holidays to write -- as I've often ~~remarked~~ remarked, when you do settle down to it, you write one of the best letters of anyone I have ever known (and you a blood furriner, yet!!!!!!)

Love as ever, and warm best to Infant G. too as always, ME

P.S. -- All goes on as ever between me and him -- slowly slowly slowly slowly but steadily, and ever at a three-steps-forward, two-steps-backwards pace, yet never sinking back as far at each new set-back, and always going on to bigger and better things at each new forward motion. Ah, me... "if we had world enough and time, this coyness, doctor, etc."

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

January 11, 1974

Lola dear,

I enjoyed your letter so much that I hasten to reply to it with unaccustomed promptness.

Before I go any further -- the enclosed may convey information that is in no way new to you. However, bearing in mind some of your frustrating not to say degrading experiences with your landlord, Rita, etc., plus the fact that you live in New York City with its always-potential practically built-in frustrating and degrading also costly experiences ever in wait, I thought you might find the contents of the enclosed useful at some time or other. Besides, it is rather fun to read!

Also enclosed -- a batch of color photos both of the fireplace room and of the famed Red Room as it is today. I can't recall whether I went into a lot of dull detail, but I sold that great bed that was in the Red Room (which you will fondly recall I feel certain -- having had yourself photographed in it that time now so far in the past when you and George were my guests for a few days). I also sold the huge desk that occupied or seemed to occupy so much space in that back room....went in for a general clean-up and re-arrangement, and presto -- Red Study! When you have perused the enclosed packet of pix, would you be so kind as to mail them back to me? (Then I can eventually send them on to another far-away friend who might find them of interest). Thank you.

Re: my father, and to answer your query. No one "takes care of" my father when I am not around. It would have been fairly easy during the past, say, two years or so, to have done more pushing, guiding, caring-for etc., and/or to have filled the air with "Oh, Pop, you're doing it all wrong"'s or "No, no!"'s or "Well, that was a dumb question"'s and so on. But I have resisted the temptation even to appear to convey a rebuke or imply that he is losing his mental grip. I hope I have been successful while also hoping that I have not fallen into the (also easy) "role" of using that bright, cheerful, "special" manner of speaking (as some adults do with children). But, anyway, had I made him feel inadequate or urged care and special attention upon him, I feel certain he would be much farther along the road to senility by now. Instead I act -- or try to act -- or generally act -- quite as if he were the same "Pop" and also "as if" he were the same fully-independent capable man of yore (which, in an odd, restricted way, and in certain respects, he still is). My father, by the way, mostly (with some exceptional "cross" moods) appears to be in a happy frame of mind. As I believe I have written, much of this revolves around his having maintained a number of interests outside of Self. If he is filled with private hours of darkness and despair, I have no knowledge of it. Either he does not have such (I fondly trust) or he conceals them, and it is a further sign of relative non-deterioration that he does, in fact, conceal much -- i.e. refuses to gripe or complain

about ~~xxxx~~ subjective aspects such as aches or pains, his eyesight which I know must be a source of concern to him (he has a controlled glaucoma plus cataracts and every few months he tries, rather pathetically, to find a better, brighter, more illuminating sort of reading lamp) etc.

If the Joan Didion book is the one I know (slightly, ~~as~~ yet) it is called ~~Slouching~~ Slouching Towards Bethlehem (the title of one essay in it, which is the only part of the book I've read as yet and which I found only moderately impressive, to put it mildly). Yes, I meant God by a theological centre. Perhaps I'll send you (heh, heh) a couple of my further papers on the whole Return-theme bit -- I don't think I sent you mine on Teilhard de Chardin, for instance, or on James Joyce, etc.

??????????????

One thing you did not write about is George -- how he is, where he is, what ~~x~~ he is doing. I really do want to hear.

We have been virtually inundated with snow and uncommon and bitter cold for these parts since the first of the year. Ugh. Luckily we really do not (yet!) have any shortages of electricity or natural gas in Lawrence. But enough is enough. (Cf. Christina Rossetti "In the bleak midwinter....Snow had fallen, snow on snow... etc.")

I understand that flu (Hong Kong this time) is making its way about the country. I hope to hell I can escape it this winter -- last winter was really a lousy experience, mostly because the after-effects (weakness, sweats, etc.) are so damned prolonged. Hope you were sensible and got flu shots. I tried, and had the first two of a series, but had a rather excessive skin reaction on the second round and hence must not take more (and guess what? the third was to cover Hong Kong flu!!!!). Oh, well.

More anon....you write too.....love ~~as~~ ever, ME

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

July 26, 1975

Lola dear,

Carolyn just left, after we'd had a good visit, our first since she returned to Lawrence (she got back, of course, last Sunday night, but then at once plunged into the maelstrom of commuting to Kansas City, family, and so on, so this morning was our first opportunity really to get together, although we'd ~~xxx~~ talked by phone).

She was laden -- with gifts for me, gifts for me from you, details of your visits with her, accounts of the whole New York venture (which, except for the interminable rain, was a great success) and so on. It was dear of you ~~xp~~ to pluck me out the fetching little garments -- I especially like the "little nothing" black top, so cool, so deceptively demure, so nicely button-down-the-front et al.

What pleased me most was Carolyn's telling me -- apart from what was obviously many nice things you did for her -- about how you two gals ~~xxxx~~ "clicked" -- I couldn't be happier. One of these days, some time in the future, Carolyn will make it to "the big city" again, and now, in addition to her childhood friend of the East River apartment, she has another friend -- you.

She says, too, that you promise to write me a big long letter: so get busy already! (She said you liked my poems, on the whole: this is great, but I'd like to learn more, of course; something, one never knows what, has got me back into writing them again -- may it continue! -- although it never does, for more than, say, a few months -- but, we shall see, we shall see.)

So...no more for now, as I have to get cracking on the ~~xxxx~~ final, final, final touches of my big (and maybe someone will print it, I am about to start trying) D.H. Lawrence paper. If I send you a copy will you read it? (It really isn't all that long... about 25 pages with immense margins).

I know your ~~meeting~~ meeting with Anna many years ago was of the briefest, and that you really sort of got to know Carolyn. But it pleases me to think, that in some sense of the term, you now "know" my two very dear, close and special Lawrence friends.

Do, do write (you know you can do it: you also know that there is no one like you when it comes to turning out the good, long, solid, yet imaginative, and always charming, not to mention literary, letter!)

Much, much love as ever, ME

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

August 26, 1975

Lola dear,

The book is simply beautiful! As Anna says, when the Germans bring out a little book of poetry, they do a fantastic, beautiful job on it -- unthinkable in this country, somehow. We shall both treasure and share it. Knowing you have few copies, we shall doubly value it as we do your gift of it,

More, later, about the Heine translations.

This is no real letter, only a note to let you know the book arrived, safe and sound, lovely to feel, handle, and read. (Yes, and I love the way it smells, too: my mother's first act, upon receiving a new book, or even bringing one home from the library, ~~x~~ was to lift it to her face and smell the print, the pages -- the differences and nuances are remarkable, an aspect of reading which my mother discovered early, found pleasurable -- or perhaps not -- and passed on to me as a kind of ~~xxxxxx~~ cultural inheritance.)

At last our heat and drought both broke -- I am wearing a light sweater this morning, we had light rain all day yesterday (Kansas City got a deluge of 5 inches, and at precisely the moment Carolyn must have been out at the airport meeting her sister Julia from Teheran who's come for two weeks, then Carolyn goes back with her for two months, seeing London and Paris en route -- but I am sure she told you of this).

"More anon." And no poems today! The term has started, so my other work must now take precedence.

Very much love and gratitude, as ever, ME

*As Constance says
It is lovely of you to include
me in the gift, and I look forward
to taking my share soon. Thank you, Lola.
Anna*

1637 Illinois Street, etc.

August 24, 1975

Lola dear,

Carolyn said I should include the enclosed, which she'd forgot to leave with ~~you~~, when next I wrote.

I've nothing really to write, just now: but I did want to enclose the little ~~xxx~~ "Flower Put" ~~xxx~~ instruction, also the poem I wrote yesterday.

When you do next write, perhaps there will be something new to say about "Infant George."

Also I was quite serious when I inquired: what is your present ~~moder~~ of dressing, that you surrender such luscious garments?? ? ?

Still no rain here, no break in the heat (I guess you had a bad and long hot spell in New York, too: but I judge that it has gone past).

More anon -- and do write, yes?

Much love as ~~ever~~, ME

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

August 16, 1975

Lola dear,

I see now that, had I begun writing and sending poems again some while back, I could have got our correspondence going easily! I am overwhelmed by the promptitude and quality of your response, but, seriously, I do not always expect either Instant Reaction nor even favorable one. Obviously I enjoy your responses and (to be expected) perceptive reactions.

I am ~~xxxxxxx~~, I own, intrigued with your comment that my poems, or certain of them, are, as you put it, "such genuine expressions of the Real You." In point of fact, this is the last thing I am interested in doing -- e.g., expressing "the Real Me" kind of thing. I know that most poets (most young poets) are after just that, these days. To me, the thing is to express (or try to) the Universal Order (as Dorothy L. Sayers puts it), for I firmly believe there is a universal order, "discoverable" (the adjective is also Dorothy Sayers'). Right now, and for the past few months, I am engaged in a lengthy and frequent correspondence with a dear friend who, after having lived some years in Lawrence, moved with her family to Toronto about three years ago. She is young (31 about) (and boy is that young!) and gifted and enough "into" Womens' Lib to put up the youthful, petulant, I-must-find-and-express-the-real-Me cry (even though, unlike all too many young women today, she really does love her husband and children, yes, and taking care of the children, working in the gardening, cooking and so on, and does not find any of it "demeaning"). At the moment I am not sure of her talent or the direction it is taking and I think the reason in part lies in her persistent and insistent not to mention perpetual self-analysis that is actually starting to weigh down her poetry, all of the am-I-expressing-the-real-me sort.

As Anna has put it: (she is wise enough not to get into the role of critic, esp. of the young, sensitive and eager): "The less you introspect about yourself, the better your chances of writing good poetry!" The words are not exact, but that is the idea. Actually, Anna is a marvellous critic: she reads (poor girl, she can't get out of it, you know) each poem I write, and her reactions, prompt and instant, vary from "Pfffffft" or a dry, wry "This is not one of your more profound statements" to a (heartfelt) "I like this very much," "This is a fine poem!" and such-like, to -- once in a great while -- the supreme accolade, she bursts into tears! (Then I know I've hit it!). Her basic attitude is to hell with the nitpicking little fussy details-type criticism (an attitude I can share) but she's by no means above commenting that the poem is fine "except for the last line, which doesn't quite tie in", or, "this or that word is wrong," and so on.

I trust you recognize "Eyes" as being about MY FRIEND. So (and don't take it as a mere tour de force) is the enclosed "Love Song."

~~xxx~~

Your relating TREESCAPE to something oriental (e.g., Japanese scroll painting kind of thing) is, I suppose, inevitable. Actually, the imagery is, or is supposed to be, and I mean this literally, Christian (of course there is certain overlap from one religion to another, even though the Oriental, basically, and the Judaeo-Christian are diametrically opposed). I don't want to insult your cultural level but, re: the I AM at the conclusion, cf. Exodus 3, 14. (Or maybe you are quite cognizant that this is what I mean).

Anna doesn't at all object to the "disheveled state" of Emily. May I take it that (she) (I) (we) can keep this copy?

To return to above-mentioned topics: D.H. Lawrence, for instance, although his poems are terribly personal in many ways, is nonetheless writing about "the universal order" -- or at least what he thinks to be the universal order (and he certainly did "discover" and develop certain aspects of it, in the main the dark, the daemonic ones, of course). Sylvia Plath, now: she writes of the order of her own internal universe.

She (and several like her) "end" what the Lawrences and their kin began -- e.g., she falls into the abyss that Lawrence and others avoided still in what is cynically referred to as the Post-Christian era. When the old faith breaks up, or threatens to, where to you turn? Well, as you will see my theory saying, Lawrence more or less invented a religion to take the place of the Christianity he could not accept: it didn't work -- yet he did not succumb to the Plathian-type of despair.

Some critic (have lost the reference) has written that poets like Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton are saying, down at the heart of their writings, that Life Simply Is Not Worth Living. I think this is truer for Sylvia P. than for Anne Sexton -- having just read, and for the first time, her final volume, The Awful Rowing Toward God. Despite her own lifelong preoccupation with death and suicide (at least she waited until her children were grown), I think perhaps she did try and "row to God." Did she, had she, made it? I am not sure. Some of her earlier, calculated-to-shock, self-consciously rebellious poetry comes pretty close to, perhaps really is, sheer blasphemy. And even her reaching God at long last in The Awful Rowing contains a tongue-in-cheek irony, but. . . . Well, I don't know. . . but it is all very interesting, and herewith enclosed, for better or for worse, my Lawrence paper.

If you have a mad desire to keep it, keep it (which I doubt). If not, send it back eventually (no hurry). I of course would be interested in any comments you might care to offer, but this, too, is not a requirement.

Oh -- by the way -- what do you mean, these certain alluring little garments, do not go with what you call "the new me?" What new me do you refer to? What is your mode of dressing? Seriously; I am interested.

So, to the Post Office. Very much love, as always ME

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

July 27, 1975

Lola dear,

Your poem was so absolutely excellent (your letter was, too, but I'll get back to that in a moment) that I could cheerfully wring your neck for entertaining even the slightest fear that what you write might turn into "shit" or "chixché!" I shared it with Anna (and will soon with Carolyn) and Anna agreed with me fully: it is a poem which "has a lot" (the phrase happens to be Anna's), and more than is sometimes meant by this phrase is meant here. It is well-nigh flawless (me, I can't find a thing to criticize!) ~~xxx~~ right up to and including the placement of lines or phrases on the page (not unimportant, I might add). It is ~~gu~~ filled with the old (pardon me, I do not mean this in the pejorative sense) good Lola irony, perceptiveness, humanity, humor, aptness and deftness of touch, and more.

I return, as requested, the copy -- to which I have added a second copy (I am known around town as "the Mad Xeroxer"). I made a copy to keep myself: I trust this meets with your approval.

These ~~x~~ things are meant to be shared, you know. Have you more? It has been so very long since I have received the special treat of Lola-poems!

As to your letter, your hand hasn't lost its touch there, either. (Not that I ever thought it had). To comment on your comments: first, let me say that I appreciate comments, including adverse ones (when made intelligently, of course, as yours always are). I marvel (though I shouldn't have) at your perspicacity ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ (spelling?) (I am not sure I know English as well as you do), the way you discerned with absolute exactness that certain poems were written earlier, certain later. As I guess I have indicated someplace along the line, I write poetry (and always did) in ~~xxx~~ great bursts at intervals of between four and six years. What sets off a ~~xxxxx~~ "burst" is not always clear -- or not to me, at any rate. Sometimes it is something like Martin's dying, other times something much more positive, to be celebrated. At yet other times, who knows? I do not.

No, I have not been sending things to magazines. Every now and then I, too, feel I ought to "get with it" and do so: why don't I? Well, for one thing, my sheer energy is limited and my days are so filled with my father, my course work, day-to-day-ities such as getting some sort of regular exercise (at which I am a good deal better in summer and other good weather than in winter), paying bills, errands, details -- you know. And I even have a weekly, not a monthly, cleaning woman. She is white, meshugge, valiant, also excessively social, has fought a hard life against odds, does dressmaking and alterations, and made (you dear, dumb ~~a~~ idiot, of course it wasn't me!) the gorgeous quilt of which you spoke. (Remember me? I did from time to time sew a button on a shirt for Martin, but he finally got so desperate that ~~you~~ he

used to purchase dozens of pairs of very cheap socks and just throw them away when they'd get holes in the heels or whatever: no ~~was~~ needle woman, I!)

Re: those photos. The bedroom is actually more vivid and colorful than it appears in the pictures which are rather underexposed. The Red Study (formerly the Red Room of your recollection) isn't, somehow, all that maddeningly stimulating. It is a uniform, ~~&~~ rich, fire-engine-cum-Victorian-red-toned color, small, yet not a womb, either; rather efficiently arranged; contains in a reasonable order all of my reference books, my now rapidly enlarging "library" of religious books, all my Victorian literature, and so on. I often sigh for George -- how at age 16 he could with an apparent effortless make order out of a chaotic library (and mine was pure chaos, back then: these days there are organized portions of it, at least).

Re: "my great romantic love." Yes, it is hard for people (those cherished few who "know") to grasp the message. In point of fact, it took a number of years before Carolyn "got with it," wie sagt mann. "Obviously he is ~~aa~~ a real nut -- but, as the saying goes, "it takes two to tango," so my nuttiness compounds his. We love one another: yet he is the sort of man who, for a whole series of complex reasons within reasons, having to do with his view of marriage as something you just don't cancel out by divorce and/or betray (he in point of fact does so, although not in the final sense of the term) and also with his view of himself as an upright, civic-minded, "good" person, and also with his view of Woman as being either Good or Bad (plainly I fall, mysteriously, for him, into a category in between) and so on and so forth.....The thread of that sentence having become lost, I'll make a fresh start. Well, anyway, here we are: we do what he, not we, can: I am willing and able to accept all on his terms because I do love him. Actually, I never thought we'd go as far as we have: we always stop just short of the ultimate and possibly, quite possibly, we always will. At the same time, and even though ~~we~~ he never can come out honestly and simply and put it into clear, expressive language (at least verbal language), there is absolutely no question that within his own marriage of 30 or so years duration he was, and is, an emotionally starved or starving (the terms are Anna's) man, one who even perhaps, as I am told the phrase runs today, emotionally divorced, but who, out of a keen sense of duty, plus a common history that binds, plus a sense of needing to protect and shelter the dear, sweet, helpless little woman kind of thing, plus, as far as I know, some good ~~p~~ or ~~p~~ositive aspects, fondnesses, and what not, remains in his marriage: no other course is possible to a man like this. One of the best "proofs" that he loves and needs me in his life (as I do him in mine) is that he is precisely the sort of man who never, on this earth, thought ~~s~~omething like this would or could happen to him, and has probably secretly or openly despised in his heart men who walked out on their wives, and so on. Still, despite visits spaced at intervals of two or often three weeks, inadequate love-making, and conversation, even, that falls short of completion in the sense that he rarely shares his inmost soul with me and never, by any direct reference, what his family life is like, I cling on -- not out of desperation, either, but because I want to be there, on those terms if I must. I don't know if this makes matters any clearer. Love doesn't justify anything and everything, God knows: it probably doesn't

explain everything, either. So there you are: make of it what you will.

Oh, yes: what d'you mean, you don't understand the phrase "five-triple-A-shoes?" What shoe size do you wear, pray? Me, in college, I wore 6½-double-A (today it's more like 7½-B), and Anna of the narrow foot once wore triple-A's -- I ~~xxx~~ forget the size, it may have been 6, and even, once, she thinks, quadruple-A.

I intend to go carefully over the Sylvia Plath poem in the light of your critique, which, I have a hunch, I will find turning out to "work."

So -- enough for now. But I shall not let you off the hook so easily another time. It's not that I don't enjoy and cherish your phone calls to me (this I think I've said before): but there is something, just something, about the letter one can take out and re-read, have at hand when one replies to it, and the ~~xxx~~ like.

If I should be back at the work of writing poems, you should too! Also letters -- your hand has not ~~x~~ lost its touch!

Oh, yes: do you perhance have around, where you could put a hand on them, some of the Emily Dickenson poems you translated into German long ago? I would so love to have Anna see a few (she knows German very, very well; I don't think she necessarily speaks it with any much fluency, but she reads it extremely well). I really mean this.

As to some "unposed" pix of me, will see what I can do (you might return the complement!). Anna quips that there'd be no way of getting me to "unpose" -- even if the camera were hidden in the light fixture or under the dining room table. I'd "know," somehow, and start posing it up! I guess she's right. Well, at least a part of this (says she, self-defensively) is the need to re-drap by falling cheeks and yukky unter-chin line)(ugh!).

More anon, damn it. The silences of former times shall not, I say, prevail!

Again, much love, and much gratitude for your kindnesses to Carolyn -- and mine for your wonderful letter, and for sharing the fine poem with me!

As always, ME

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

July 1, 1975

Lola dear,

Whenever we talk, it is always "taking it up where we left off," sort of thing. I still do wish I'd have to hand some of the marvellous letters you were once wont to write, but..... 'Nuff said.

Herewith enclosed poems: I don't think I've ever sent on any of these ~~tx~~ to you, although a few were written several years ago. The older group, except for "Getting Ready" and "Cinderella," can be identified by my name in the upper left hand corner.

You may possibly have already heard from Carolyn by the time you get this -- or may soon. Poor, trusting girl! She phoned the Albert Ellis Foundation only to learn that this particular training session or whatever you term it had been fully subscribed for some time and that there was a waiting~~ing~~ list of -- what did she tell me? Fifty or so people? However, at their suggestion, she has rushed her credentials to them, as, in the event of a cancellation, those on the waiting list will be considered, or not, it would appear, more on the basis of their credentials than on the order of their appearance on the list. She may, however, make the New York trip, no matter what. Not only did this East River penthouse descend on her like the finger of beckoning destiny, but she has never seen New York, always wanted to, and really does want to take some time off and get acquainted there if she can possibly arrange it. (She will probably be taking about two months off in the fall, to see London and Paris, then go with her sister to Iran -- Teheran -- for several weeks: I guess I never mentioned that her sister is married to an Iranian in the banking field and lives in Teheran). Anyway, whenever she comes to New York, she really does want to make your acquaintance: I cannot imagine two more different sorts of people, in many ways. But you are ~~xxx~~ both creative and colorful souls, who have done things that are interesting and should have much to talk about and exchange. I fell to wondering whether, if the Albert Ellis deal really does fall through, whether you might not perhaps know of something else going on -- some workshop ~~or~~ or other -- at the New School, etc. etc., most anyplace in Manhattan. But we will see.

So -- more anon, as the saying goes. I enclose a snapshot of two of the Red Room as it is today: namely, my study in which I spend a great deal of time. Note the window which was added (it looks like a postage stamp in the pictures, but is actually about 24 by 30). I used floodlights, but carelessly, so the reds appear to be of different ~~xxxx~~ hues: in reality, it is all the same rich "Victorian" red.

Also enclosed a ravishing (?) snapshot or two of me (the dress is not one that can be worn everywhere: you may guess just where I plan to wear it!).

Much love, dear Lola, as~~xxx~~ always, ME

P.S. -- the other pictures, a bit underexposed, are of my bedroom.

P.S. -- Oops!

Forgot to enclose these ~~xxx~~ glamour-poses (?).

Also, a picture or two of the (to me) beautiful "alley" bordering along the campus and the residential section in which I live, through which I walk, invariably, when I take my faithful (?) two walks per day, late March or so through October etc.

The work is from a cheapie processing lab, so I'm not all that pleased with the color, but.....

Decided, while I was at it, to toss in a couple of my living room, taken about a year ago (I've lots more plants, now): a couple of me, taken last fall (in a fetching little outfit to wear to the hospital -- the black leather cap a gift from Carolyn): and a couple of Carolyn, not terribly good (and taken a few years back) but what I could put my hands on, quickly.

Incidentally, the picture barely seen behind me in the black and whites of me is a fabulous Albert Bloch called "The Baptism in Jordan."

Yes, yes, I know -- Albert Bloch was, technically, Jewish. But as Anna has often put it, he was somehow essentially terribly Christian, and very frequently dealt with Christian themes in his paintings.

By the way -- you do know that Carolyn, as Anna, is completely "in" on my love life. Not that you and she, when you actually meet, will want to discuss it (and Carolyn gets quite enough of it here in Lawrence, I am certain), but all I mean to say is -- the subject is of course not taboo, to put it mildly.

July 4, 1975

Lola dear,

All the times we don't write, now, suddenly, constant (or should I say Constance?) correspondence.

Carolyn's ~~xxxx~~ fortunes have once again taken a turn up: she got a call from New York that she would be enrolled in this Albert Ellis Foundation training session! As she sagely puts it, it wasn't really, or at least ~~w~~ entirely, on the basis of her snazzy credentials: obviously the demand was great, so someone got the bright idea to add up 2 and 2 and realized that if they opened up an additional section of 20 people or whatever, at 250.00 per person, they'd take in _____ Well, you figure it out. Anyway, "in" she is, and plans to fly out of Kansas City next Friday, a week from today, that is to say, July 11. She will, accordingly, take up residence in her old school friend's East River Penthouse: I hope it lives up to her expectations. She describes it as having a fantastic view, which I can well believe, and, although the rooms number only three, I believe, they are very large. (Being New York, there is probably a "foyer," too -- which, as I well recall, constitutes a virtual additional room in many N. Y. apartments.

So: sometime after she checks in (and I don't of course mean the ~~xxx~~ same day) she will call you. When I stressed that a part of her need for and interest in this trip is a need for a kind of ~~xxx~~ privacy, a chance to be by herself and on her own in a basic sort of way, I did not (and I think I indicated ~~this~~ before) mean to imply she wishes to be a hermit, except for the sessions she'll be attending. She really does look forward to meeting you personally, getting acquainted with you, and talking over various facets of life which you will indubitably have in common. How, also when, you both get together will be strictly up to the two of you to work out.

Carolyn is (understandably) a bit confused by the layout of New York City: e.g., she thought she'd have to be crossing Central Park to get from the A.E. Foundation to her East River address. I explained to her that both were on the East side, so no crossing of Central Park. You, I added, live on the West Side, which will involve crossing Central Park. But I also told her that, wild (and not so wild) tales to the contrary, there probably are ways of getting a taxi after dark and that it is far less likely that she will be raped and mugged by the driver than that the driver will be attacked some day by someone else. I also stressed to her that you know New York like we know Lawrence, and will be able to furnish her with solid information and aid in getting about with a maximum of safety and a minimum of inconvenience.

I know, too, that you can provide her with other sorts of information, not only about transportation, but about places she might love to see (possibly the two of you could visit together: the thing I'd want to see most, if it were me, would be, for instance, The Cloisters: when was the last time, you

were there? ~~And~~ Of course she may be seeing similar things in Europe this fall, so.....). Would, say, lunch in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art be a possibility? And so on.

Well, be happy, girls, romp, play. I just hope you aren't having the same ghastly "inversion of layers" or whatever they call it that's been giving us uninterrupted hot, hazy, humid, unbearable weather, day after day.

We were, by the way, both greatly cheered that the garbage may be off the streets in time to welcome her. Now that must be a nightmare, and I think the City of New York must have been out of its mind, letting all those people goxxx !

Oh, yes, one more word re: Carolyn. She is one of those completely honest and open persons, and hopes and expects others to be the same. E.G., if she'd rather not do this, or visit that, and so on, she'll say so -- and would expect you to exercise the same freedom.

Since she'll have several days before her meetings start, she might be appreciative of being pointed in the right direction, so to speak, so that she could go brousing by herself among paintings and antiques (two of her interests), and slip in for a quiet lunch in some little French bistro kind of place where ~~the food is good but the place not a clip joint.~~ the food is good but the place not a clip joint.

Oh: one final thought. I know you well enough, and I know Carolyn well enough to get this said (my own idea): yes, of course, I expect my old and dear New York friend to do something for my old and dear Lawrence friend (just in what way, or how often, will depend on various factors such as mood, time, and so on). But neither Carolyn nor I would expect you to drop everything or ~~to~~ alter established plans or spend energy or a fortune in the ~~process.~~ process. X 'Nuff said.

To the kitchen now to start noon dinner for Pop. His ~~philosophy~~ philosophy re: ~~holidays~~ holidays is, you spend them just with family and no one else. This gets a little sad especially as family is just him and me, who see one another just about daily. I would welcome the chance to include in an occasional other person or persons, including some of the folks he knows through the Church etc., but there you are. So all right. So it's just him and me again, only eating fried ~~chicken~~ chicken here at the house instead of going about doing errands (well, that is a pleasing change).

"More anon," as I always wind up my letters.

ME

July
~~JUNE~~ 21, 1975

Dear Constance,

I loved everything you sent me, including Carolyn, but I don't suppose you expect me to do a rank-ordering of subjects. Still, I don't know where to begin, as I'm suffering from this really painful chronic writing constipation which is surely going to produce hemorrhoids in the brain. Unfortunately, there aren't any specialists in that field.

By now you will have heard that Carolyn and I hit it off very well after having walked around each other in circles for half an hour at the Met. I think it would be difficult not to like her, since she is such a beautiful warm and open person, with whom one doesn't have to play Hide-and-Seek or Don't Touch or any other childish-grownup games. Apparently she didn't find my presence offensive, otherwise she wouldn't have spent about seven hours with me at our first meeting. ~~xx~~ We naturally talked about you too, but not exclusively. I am so happy for you that you have Carolyn and Anna as friends. To me, such friendships, in which one's most intimate feelings as well as one's most frivolous ideas can be shared, are among the rarest blessings imaginable. I have not experienced anything like this, at least not for any length of time, since the end of my relationship with Max. / All my so-called friendships now ~~are~~ are of an entirely different nature which I would rather not discuss at the moment. *Almost*

We talked a little about your great romantic love, and in regard to this C. apparently has much more empathy than I do, because this is a situation that I find very difficult to "feel into" ("einfuehlen" is the untranslatable German word for it). But as Carolyn also emphasized, I can see that it must be very meaningful to you since it has opened up so many creative outlets for you. I am very happy too about the new poems which I enjoyed at the first reading, but now I have to read everything an over again in order to get deeper into it.

Just did re-read "the Garden" and was struck by its awesome, dream-like quality. It's an uncannily beautiful poem which should be shared with others. (I haven't shown any of your work to my two literary friends yet because they are too busy with their own productions.) Are you still sending things to magazines or other publishers?

GETTING READY is like a modern Emily Dickinson in tone and mood, very lovely, with a sweet, sad, nostalgic humor. There are wonderful images in this, as in many of the other poems, evocations of colors and textures which have a very painterly quality. I admire you for being able to make the transition from painting with oils to painting with words and vice versa. I have not written a "pome" in years and I have a sort of perverted Midas complex (there must be a name for it in Psychologese?) fearing that everything I touch upon with words will turn into shit or, to express it less drastically, at least into cliché, which is

just as bad. (Sorry that I can't show you the golden silence I practice in Yoga, but also not sufficiently, otherwise this by itself would create its own meaningful language.) But back to your poems: NOVEMBER really follows GETTING READY in a logical sequence, both are similar in mood and imagery, and I think I like both equally well.

GLIMPSE seems to be from a different, earlier period? It's also quite vivid, but not as powerful as the others, I think. IN THE MIDDLEST is ~~again~~ like a black-and-white photograph, or a monochrome painting, or even a scene in a film, very sad and moving in its artful simplicity. Is PIER THOUGHTS also from an earlier period? It's very clever, with a typical Constance tongue-in-cheek expression. CINDERELLA is utterly charming (it sounds vaguely familiar, and if I search among my older collection of Constancetos (poor, labored pun) I might find another copy. It would seem that any woman's magazine, from HAPPY HOUSEKEEPER to MS should find something to chuckle about in this particular piece. One question only: What is "a pair of ~~triple~~ five-triple-A shoes"? This doesn't make sense to me.

The POEM FOR SYLVIA PLATH I do not find completely successful but I can't really say why. Perhaps here your personal feeling is not sufficiently transposed or sublimated or whatever you want to call it. The first stanza is a wonderful opening statement, but the rest somehow seems to move into too many different directions. I liked and still like SOME THOUGHTS AT THE EXHIBITION.... but I don't feel like analysing it. THE CASE AGAINST SIN is an amusing little pun. MAINE COAST, again filled with beautiful images, has the effect of the "Eternal moment" which the painter tries to capture, and this apparently was also your main motif as well as motive.

I see that I have written oodles of stupid comments on your beautiful poems. I started writing this in shorthand, which I find helps to overcome my writing inhibitions, but as you can see this device leads to a form of logorrhea which is just as bad as its opposite and only proves that les extrêmes se touchent au derriere. Disgusting, isn't it? I don't know where all this anal business comes from because I've always been an oral type, and anyway I'm no longer interested in this type of typology. I'll continue tomorrow. *ca*

Wednesday (day after tomorrow)

Spent yesterday picking up before, with and after my monthly cleaning lady, a lovely Mrs. Strachan type woman who, however, likes to combine her services with quite a bit of social intercourse (if you'll forgive the expression). Am now viewing and being viewed by my neighbor across the yard who is a professional exhibitionist, i.e. this seems to be his only occupation besides voyeurism. I'll enclose a funny poem I wrote about him quite some time ago, actually the last one I ~~ever~~ did write, just to give you an idea.

This letter is beginning to remind me of Anais Nin's compulsive writing, which, of course, does not imply a comparison of literary qualities. I have recently developed a great admiration for her but will not go into this now.

I just want to say a few words about the photographs. The interiors are fascinating. They tell a great deal about the personality of the owner and a skillful writer could use them as very significant elements in a story about a person who need not even appear on the scene. From a pictorial point of view I like best the bedroom picture with your reflection in the mirror. Where did you get that fantastic quilt? Did you by any chance make it yourself? The other bedroom picture also has something of a Dutch painting. I suppose it is the contrast of light and dark areas and the general feeling of serenity. The red study, on the other hand, is terribly exciting and it probably stimulates you into producing at a red heat while I would be totally overwhelmed by it. I love the pictures of the lavender-green alley which looks like an ideal meditation path to me. Interestingly, just after you had sent the photos, I discovered a Pissaro in the new Lehman Collection of the Met which is very similar in color and atmosphere.

Now about your own pictures. I hope you don't mind if I say I find them frustrating because they are all so obviously posed that one cannot get at the real you which, I am sure, is much more interesting than any of the poses. The large (bust) portrait (you know what I mean?) appeals to me most, but I would love to see a simple, unglamorized (my unconscious speaking) little snapshot.

This is definitely all I have to communicate today, and you will agree that it is a massive piece of communication. Sometime in the not too distant future I may try to give you some idea of My Lives which are often running off in different directions and are very much in need of integration. But I'm working at it.

With much love, as ever, and very best regards
to Carolyn and Anna,

your old

August 12, 1975

Dear Constance,

You are overwhelming me with gifts of yourself, letters and poems, which are far more precious than anything I might have to offer you. But it would be stupid and self-punishing if I were to deprive myself of your offerings just because I know that I am more limited. So I'll just say, Thank You and please keep the goods coming. I really love your letters and poems, all of which are such genuine expressions of the Real You. Please do send a copy of the D.H. Lawrence paper. Of course, I will read it, and I'm sure it will have a very different perspective from the many essays written on that subject. (This sounds quite arrogant, since I am not at all knowledgeable in the field of Lawrence literature).

Thanks a lot for xeroxing my exhibitionist poem. I was surprised that you seemed to like it so much because this was something I just wrote down without any effort a couple of years ago, and it helped me to overcome my sense of annoyance and frustration, but I never took it seriously as a poem. Since then I have not done any writing. Period.

I love the new poems you sent me. They are extremely meaningful to me and I wish I had someone here with whom I could share them. The TREESCAPE is like a Chinese painting (obviously it is meant to evoke this association), and also it expresses a pure yogic experience through to the very end where the "important statement" is made in the "I AM." KILLER BEES is very frightening in its deadly irony, - also something one wants to read out loud, - and EYES has the most fantastic images. Quite some time ago you wrote in one of your letters that religious feeling had become an important part of your life, and I think this is what makes your new poems so intensely alive. I am very happy for you that you can be so deeply in touch with this great creative source which is there for all of us but which we often ignore or evade.

I wanted to write more today but am very blocked again for various reasons, so you'll have to forgive me if I make this short, hoping to get back to myself in the not too distant future, so that I may then get back to you.

With much love plus warm greetings to Anna and Carolyn

P.S. I can imagine that you look very alluring in my "little nothings." Even if I could still wear them, they do not go with the new me. Please tell Anna that I'm sorry about sending the Emily Dickinson in such a disheveled state. I found that I have only very few bound copies left, but if she really cares about the translations I'll send her the book which is very attractive and also contains an afterword.

August 8, a few hours later

Lola dear,

I was in such a "Judische Hast" (spelling?) to thank you for the gorgeous body shell that I didn't even find the Emily Dickenson until I'd sealed (and mailed) my letter of a few hours ago.

Rest assured I shall read, or try to read, the translations -- but it is Anna who can, and will, do a far better job at this.

Of this more anon -- meanwhile I content myself only with thanking you for sending same, and so very promptly.

Love (again)

ME

Dear Lola,
So far I have read only
one of your Emily Dickenson poems.
I like yours better . . . and look
forward to more,
Anna

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

August 8, 1975

Lola dear,

Good grief! Noch ein anderer fetching little garment! And I seem to be able to ~~re~~spond only with some more poems! Thank you, dear Lola, thank you. It will be cool and nice now, attractive later worn over a ~~white~~ white blouse kind of thing. I shall soon be elected Best Dressed Kansan of the year.

And by the way -- and I am not being fulsome -- the little green, navy etc. patterned top I've practically been living in since it was conveyed to me by Carolyn. I am sure it is meant to button up the ~~back~~ back, but I wear it 'tother way around -- very fetching with my tan these days.

Nothing new really since I last wrote and -- you won't believe this -- ~~I~~ I had been about to send off to you the ~~enclosed~~ enclosed fresh-off-the-presses batch of poems. So they are less a response to your latest lovely gift than something I was about to send, but I now combine ~~with~~ them with saying

thank you, dear Lola, and love as ever,

ME

1637 Illinois Street

Sept. 20, 1975

Lola dear,

I am in a state of complete confusion as to which poems I have sent and which not: if there are any duplicates here, kindly return same.

Kindly return also (when next you write, hint, hint) the little color prints: they are of the Swifts' farm, of which Carolyn is very proud, and of the "tree house" (actually on pillars or stilts on a hillside) which Bill constructed entirely with his own hands (I guess he got an official plumber in to "connect up")
~~xxxx~~ I am only sorry I don't have one snapshot I took of the tiny but complete bathroom, with its rich brown sink set off ~~by~~ by gold -- yes, ~~xxxx~~ gold -- faucets. The whole building ~~xxx~~ is actually not very large: much of the center of its one room is taken up by an immense fireplace -- a fire-pit, really, sunken, over which a great copper hood will soon be descending. Some day, in a vague future, the Swifts would like to build a teal house out there (then the "tree house" would become a guest house~~x~~ and/or party-giving sort of place.)

Meantime, Carolyn's trip to London, Paris, and Iran is, alas, off. Mary (that's the middle child, to become 16 in early January) became ill with what has been diagnosed as infectious mono, a tricky ailment that can flare up, cause threatening complications, and what-not. So, hopefully, the great trip is re-planned for next spring. Actually, in some ways, Carolyn isn't all that crushed: she was, and is, so utterly tired from the exhausting life she leads that I can't see how she could have been prepared for a trip and the enjoyment of it.

Anna says to tell you she thinks your Heine translations quite excellent, remarkable, even (wish I could really read German!) Her only criticism: why did you put it "They did find her heart wide ~~px~~ open" rather than a simple "They found her heart wide open," considering one translates for today's audience. The slight archaism, Anna comments, is rather "fallen over" by the reader. Otherwise she enjoyed immensely the experience of reading them. As she has often remarked, it takes a poet to translate a poet!

I do seem to be working on Sylvia Plath this semester -- difficult and fascinating. After reading and re-reading her poetry all summer, I am, I think, beginning to "get with it."

Simple and easy she ain't. But this I will say, firmly: whatever else was "wrong" with her personally (and shows up in her poems), she was also simply packed with hatred and hostility. It shows, too, if you look first at the photographs of her as a college girl, then at the picture that serves as frontispiece or jacket decoration on some of her ~~posthumously~~ posthumously-published books such as, say, Winter Trees.

Which reminds me: have you read A Closer Look at ~~Ariel~~ Ariel? It is by the girl she roomed with for a year or so following her suicide attempt while at college. The introduction (by George Stade of Columbia University) is better than the actual text, longer, too, almost: but the actual text is rather revealing. I also happen to think one of the best articles I've read on Sylvia is the Harriet Rosenstein one from MS., Sept. 1972, in which it is pointed out (in MS., yet!) that it is utterly wrong to explain Sylvia in terms of having been a victim of male chauvinism etc. etc.

If you've not read this book (paperback, of course) I will get a copy and send it to you. JUST LET ME KNOW, YES?

Our hot dry summer came to a crashing end about a week or so ago with unnaturally chill weather and a good bit of rain. Oh, well, that's the way it goes around here: 90 degrees and more heat will be back, of course, one of these days. Then BOOM -- full winter.

How are you? Do write! Let us not let our newly-started communicating die on the vine, damn it!

Much love as ever, ME

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

October 14, 1975

Lola dear,

I must say, your catalogue of human woes goes on and on like Homer's catalogue of ~~ships~~! Your rib (Eve's rib?) is, by simple comparison, lower on the list -- but this by no means renders it a small ~~xxx~~ trifle. Such things can be painful and unpleasant, not to say time-and-money-consuming. I trust you are quite recovered by now. Well do I recall how Martin walked into a lamp-post ~~x~~ (quite sober, I assure you) the day FDR died (but not in response to this shocker: it was some hours earlier) and had to be taped up, treated, and attended to -- I believe he had two, if not three, ~~cracked~~ ribs). Shall I assume the blame, or pass it on to the New York subway system? Or can we put it all on the moon, who perhaps did a tidal rip at that precise instance?

Herta S. sounds pitiful indeed. Since I recall (although I am vague as to details now) that a kind of break had taken place ~~between~~ between you and her years ago, I find it touching and admirable that you turned to and helped her in various ways. But I know the feeling, too: one can do nothing else. One responds to a personal, perhaps a cosmic, demand.

I don't think I'd realized Saerchen was in so pitiable a state. One always thinks: it would be better if that heart attack would have simply and cleanly carried her off. But who is to say? One thing medicine does not have as yet is a way of ~~reversing~~ reversing the ravages of cerebral arteriosclerosis.

I shudder to envision the Krewers' troubles. Perhaps another time you'll fill me in?

Carolyn, with whom I shared your letter, sends her love. Mary (this is the daughter who will be 16 in another two months or so) is better, but has never yet been able to start school (temp. still right ~~xxx~~ around 99+ each day, feels draggy, looks peaked) -- and this was to have been her first semester of High School! She is working at home, and receiving visits from a teacher, I believe, so she may not completely fall behind.

Yes, of course you may keep the DHL paper a while longer. I still haven't heard from the journal to which I sent it off, a couple of months ago. Journals, like book publishers, are notoriously slow in replying. I can't think they'll take it (even though the journal in question -- Journal of the American Academy of Religion at Missoula, Montana -- is one of the few to ~~combine~~ publish articles combining theology and literature. But we shall see. If they send it back, I shall retype and send

them my article on ~~Teil~~ Teilhard de Chardin which (says she modestly) is one of my best (written some three or four years ago).

I think it truly thrilling that you are not only painting but painting up a storm and seem to have gotten "with it" in ways you have never previously done. All I know~~of~~ of your work is the painting you are holding in your hand in the color snapshot of you taken and sent to me, oh, years ago (I love the picture of you, and from what I could make of it in miniscule scale, the picture you are holding as well). Now that you have "framed and hanged" your mother and are now "finishing" your father (sounds like your own approach to the death/rebirth theme) you are plainly starting on the most important work of all. How I'd love to see your portrait of Max! That will be therapy indeed -- and perhaps a way of recapturing the wonderful part of your past life with him.

You are one of those multi-talented people (I'm one myself) and I for one see nothing wrong in going through a writing phase, than turning to, say, painting (later back to writing again). Neither of our talents run to music (in the ~~xxxxxx~~ sense of composition, I mean, of course). But many writers have been, or wished to be, painters (D.H. Lawrence a case in point). And Albert~~xxx~~ Bloch wrote poetry -- by no means great x, but it has something.

You are only just now "expanding below the waist?" Me, I've tended to a thickness down there for years. In fact, when I was 20 or 21 and thin as a rail I had a little~~xx~~ pot belly. For years I've hated my sticking-out stomach and, since I refuse to suffer a girdle, I wear loose, overblousey-type tops with my pants (or skirts.) Or else I ~~wxxx~~ wear a tucked-in top with a full skirt (so artfully concealing~~x~~) I wear blue jeans a lot -- and they act as a kind of girdle, so I don't always have to wear the over-blouse type top with them. It's all right -- even at my advanced age blue jeans are all right on me. They are, on some, even to the age of 80 or more.

By the way, I am glad you had a positive experience at the Emergency Room of Presbyterian Hospital (that is good old Columbia-Presbyterian, I presume?): one hears so much these days about the dreadful experiences people have in hospitals throughout the nation, especially in big cities -- bleeding-to-death accident victims left lying out in~~xx~~ the corridor on a "gurney" - - that sort of thing,

I fondly trust that x your life has settled down, that your ~~xxxx~~ assorted patients are either improved or cared~~x~~ for by other hands, and that you (rib soundly mended) are at the easel.

Oh -- one more thing: I know I sound very funny on the subject of phone calls from afar (I mean, of course, funny=peculiar). Well, I don't know how or why it comes about, but inevitably, whenever I've got a call from an out-of-town friend, it has

arrived when I was having company (worst always being my father, who sits by with an immense, finger-drumming, heavy patience, whistling tonelessly and rendering concentration or enjoyment utterly impossible), or on the ~~to~~ toilet, or rushing to go to class or some similar situation, etc. etc. etc. A local call you can handle -- "I'll call you back" etc. etc. But you just can't do that when a dear friend has dialed your number from afar and is running up a giant bill (even at the "cheap rates" times). Then, too, although I am the world's greatest phoner on the local level -- I see Anna most every day but we also talk on the ~~xxx xxx~~ phone, sometimes at great length, once if not twice, and I phone fairly often with Carolyn despite her much out-of-town-ness and vast business, and I enjoy it, when the dear friend from elsewhere with whom one is no longer ~~so~~ so accustomed to talk calls and it comes as a surprise, there is a tendency for the conversation to go along these lines: "Well....how are you?" "...er....fine....er....how are you?" etc. etc. etc. Scheerer's Law: the more you talk to a person, the more you have to say, etc. etc.

Well, enuf, enuf.

I've no further poems to ~~send~~, but was moved and impressed by your comments.

More anon -- be well -- and PAINT (and eventually surely you know someone who can point a camera and take a few pictures in color neg. film so's I can get to share in this aspect of you at least via color prints some time).

Very much and find love love as ever, ME

1637 Illinois St.
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

Dec. 11, 1975

Lola dear,

Just a "quickie" to let you know: I finally got back my color prints from Eastman and send off today a letter full of details (and a couple of photographs) to Paul Miller of PAST TENSE (as I said, a very cute and good name for an antique shop).

The letter had, alas, nothing at all to do with the Bellamy eagle. My poor dear father, when I made mention of selling it, suddenly remarked: "You know, of course, that ~~xxxxxx~~ it is a modern reproduction?" Well, no, I hadn't known, hadn't known at all, in fact I was rather stunned.

However, I had taken some color snapshots of one or two other pieces whose age and authenticity are beyond question (chiefly a "Pike's Peak Flask" and a Sheraton mirror, both of which have literally come down in the family), so I enclosed both, together with a write-up on all ~~xxxxxx~~ pertinent details. So: I shall sit back and wait to see what Mr. Paul Miller says, and whether he or the lady antique dealer of whom you spoke might have any interest in these items.

I am, needless to ~~x~~ state, deeply grateful to you -- wie immer -- for what turned out to be considerable effort on your part on my behalf. But, eagle-schmeagle, maybe something will come of the mirror or the flask, who knows? So that your kind deed will not have been to no purpose.

I have finished up my term paper on Sylvia ^Plath and will, if you are interested, send you a copy eventually. O.K.? (Just how much Plath have you read, may I ask? I had never consciously read but one or two in long-ago New Yorkers ~~xxxxxx~~ when I undertook my study, starting last June).

Hope you are well and will be able to have something enjoyable out of the approaching holiday. I used to love holidays and look forward to them, but in recent years it simply means more strain and tension and doing things with and for my poor dear father, and, ~~xxxxxx~~ supreme nightmare, the entire Erik Wright clan, all three children, their "spice" and Colleen's two children, and this never-ending pretense on Beatrice's part that her children are wild about me and I am wild about her children, and so on. Oh, yes, and her poor dear blind Mother, too, of course, will be on hand. It is all so artificial and folksy-wolksy and unbearable I just can't tell you! If you don't quite "get with" what I am writing, I'll be happy to expatiate on the point, but -- and this I believe I've written before -- there is that about Beatrice which leads her to be the sort of person between whom and reality interposes the idea (sounds sort of Faustian?)

(or Goethean?) (oh, well). For instance, Beatrice doesn't really "care deeply" for me: she cares ~~xxx~~ deeply for the idea that she cares deeply for me. If you see what I mean, as I am sure you do. Then, too, as the years pass, I grow farther and farther from their (I mean ~~her~~ and ~~her~~ whole family) way of viewing the universe. I no longer think of everything in ~~xxxxxxxx~~ exclusively socio-economico-political ways. I no longer believe that for every problem there is a neat, tidy solution, someplace in the realm of the sociological or political etc. And so on. But then, I guess, I never did, and Martin, although far more politically-oriented and interested than I ever was or could be, also found the Wright tribe a bit much to take and felt very strongly that, whether God exists or not (and he was, I'd say, something of an agnostic rather than an atheist), there is something to the existence of "spirit" or of purpose and destiny in the cosmos and certainly he held a strong belief in the mystery of things and the inability of the social sciences to deal with all aspects of life!

Enuf maundering!

More anon. You should only be well. More soon, as ever, ME



—Star photo by Reg Innell

IN SYMBOLIC scene representing three aspects from the life of poet Sylvia Plath, Marie-Helene Fontaine (left) is the black figure, Rachel Jolin (right) the gray, and Nicky Guadagni the white. Play is a Redlight Theatre production.

Poet's life crisply directed at Redlight

By DAVID MCCAUGHNA

The intensely felt, highly productive and tragically brief life of American poet Sylvia Plath last night was evoked with considerable skill and effectiveness in a Redlight Theatre production running through Saturday at 95 Danforth Ave.

Sylvia Plath — a Dramatic Portrait, consists largely of material taken from her searing, vivid poetry and more humorous prose. It was compiled by Barry Kyle (who originally did the show with England's Royal Shakespeare Company) and provides a well-balanced view of Plath's life and work.

Biographical line

The production follows a biographical line which gives it a worthy structure and at the same time allows the poet's life and works to unfold. A narrator tells of the major events in Plath's life while three actresses recite excerpts from her work.

Beginning with early childhood memories, the arrival of a brother and a poem sent to a Boston paper at age 8½, the tranquility is ended with the death, when she was 10, of Plath's German father. Otto Plath had a long range affect upon his daughter, who years later wrote some of her most raging, bitter poetry about this man she barely knew.

On into the student years, breakdowns, suicide attempts, a very successful academic career which included a scholarship to Cambridge where Plath met British poet Ted Hughes whom she married.

The show details her writing and her growth as a poet while still often overwhelmed with doubts and depression. With a crescendo of music, Plath's death is detailed. The two small children tucked into bed, the dreary London winter, the broken marriage, and her head finally inside the oven.

Crisply performed

Sylvia Plath—A Dramatic Portrait has been given a varied, crisply performed, and almost consistently interesting production and director Jeanine Laskar keeps it from becoming heavy-handed. It would be wise, though, to bring the show to a halt with Plath's death rather than carrying on for a further unnecessary half-hour of recitations that are pretentiously staged.

Marie-Helene Fontaine, Nicky Guadagni, and Rachel Jolin render Plath's work with sensitive understanding, and their solid performing is the production's major asset.

Poet Sylvia Plath subject of drama

By PETER GODDARD
Star staff writer

Sylvia Plath tried hard to be good. A sunny childhood was followed by all the right schools, Smith College then Cambridge, where she met and married poet Ted Hughes.

She had two children and wrote a novel, several books of poetry, diaries and letters. Then, when she was 30, she put her head in a gas oven and killed herself.

That was in 1963, yet the fascination with her bleak images has continued.

Only several months ago a collection of her letters was published. Starting tonight and running through Sunday, the Redlight Theatre is presenting a

"dramatic portrait" of Sylvia Plath at the Theatre Du P'tit Bonheur, 95 Danforth Ave.

Directed by Jeanine Laskar, *A Dramatic Portrait* will feature three actresses — Marie Helene Fontaine, Nicky Guadagni, and Rachel Jolin — each of whom will play a different aspect of Plath's character.

"She was quite amazing," said Laskar yesterday. "I mean, she seemed to be a very average woman, if you were to meet her, on the street, say. Yet her writing was so powerful.

"Some of the piece will be based on her poems, some of it on her short stories," Laskar said. "The point is to show her fully. It won't just be gloomy, either."

1637 Illinois St.

May 12, 1976

Lola dear,

Who owes who a letter now? (I have a sneaking suspicion you owe me, -- so who counts?)

Today a brief note only -- my article on Maria Cosway is "out" in The Feminist Art Journal and my God it looks good! I still can't get a reply out of any of my New York friends, basically, four in number, as to whether or not this journal can be purchased on at least some newsstands or in a certain kind of book shop.

If it turns out you can't obtain a copy, I will send a Xeroxed copy of my article. But I must honestly say, it looks so much richer, better, more, dare I say, impressive, on the heavy, glossy paper and within the total framework of the journal.

Do let me know (I suppose you could phone their offices, in Brooklyn 41 Montgomery Street, and inquire where, if anywhere, it is sold "over the counter.")

And now I want to "hit you up" for something. As soon as you have read the piece, whether you get your hands on a copy of the mag. or get a Xeroxed copy from me, would you (provided, of course, you can't in good conscience) write a "letter to the editor" not, of course, betraying your friendship with me, but writing as one who found the article especially interesting or well-written or -- well, you know the ~~xxx~~ sort of thing I mean! Although this journal doesn't pay, or doesn't pay more than a teensy token, it still has a certain kind and amount of "level" and "eclat" and if a word or two of praise seeps in, they might be the more disposed to consider something of mine at some future date. Anything of "caliber" which can add to my list of publications is fine with me!

Hope all is well with you. ~~Things~~ Things here go on about as usual -- nothing really new to report on any front. These days, that is saying a good deal, somehow.

Well, this should galvanize you into a touch of action!

Very much love as always, ME

1637 Illinois St.etc.

May 12, 1976 6 p.m.

Lola!

Here I come again (little did I think this morning that I would be) and this time I really have one to lay on you! (wie sagt mann heute etc.)

Another New York friend (Mitzi Somach -- do you remember, or remember us talking of the Somachs, years ago -- the late Irving Somach was a physician and a sort of distant cousin of ~~Mark~~ Martin's etc. etc.) sent me, knowing of my interest, an item she'd stumbled over in the May 7th N.Y. Times -- an advertisement for "A Theatre Production With Dance, Based On The Final Poems Of ~~Sylvia~~ SYLVIA PLATH" -- created and directed by Margaret Beals & Lee Nagrin. There were some photographs in the ad, and down near the bottom, "STINGS" -- May 23, 25, 26, 27 -- Performed by Margaret Beals, Brooke Myers & Lee Nagrin etc. etc. The 92nd Street YM-YWHA, Kaufman Hall, 1395 Lexington Avenue. For information call 427-6000 (ticket information, obviously). In tiny print at the very bottom it says, Photography -- Suzanne Opton (I can hardly make out this latter).

No, dear, I do not expect you to buy a ticket and go (it all sounds rather ghastly: what else can it be, given our day and age, and also given Sylvia's last poems, other than sick, sick, sick). But here is what I would like to find out -- providing this request hits you at at least a reasonably convenient time (when is it ever?)

HOW CAN I OBTAIN SOME PHOTOGRAPHS -- 8 X 10 black and white glossies-- OF THIS SHOW? TO WHOM DO I WRITE ABOUT IT ALL? HOW DO I OBTAIN PERMISSION FOR REPRODUCTION WITH --AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I KNOW HOW TO PUT IT -- AN AS-YET UNSOLD ARTICLE INTENDED FOR A LITERARY OR FEMINIST JOURNAL?

I have a naive, trusting hope that something from two to four phone ~~xxx~~ calls will supply all relevant information. Please, if this is not the case, don't go putting hours and effort into the whole thing. O.K.?

But I would account the obtaining of this information an immense favor!

In haste (to get to the P.O. etc.) -- more anon. Much love and advance~~xxx~~ gratitude, ME

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21 May 1976

Mrs. Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas 66044

Dear Mrs. Scheerer:

Two of us have read your essay on Adams. One reader remarked that it is a "lovely and graceful piece of prose." However, in spite of the generally favorable reaction to your essay, I think it should not be published in the Review.

The fundamental reason for this decision is that all of our space for publication has been committed through 1976. Your essay is topical to the extent that it refers to the Bicentennial and to a current television series. Hence, to publish your essay sometime in 1977 would give it a decidedly "dated" flavor.

I would suggest that you submit your essay to The Christian Century. In my judgment, it is suitable for the Century, and would reach a much larger audience. In addition, they even pay!

Thank you for submitting your essay to the Review and I hope you will keep us in mind when making future publication plans.

Sincerely,



W. Taylor Stevenson

WTS/sg

THE FEMINIST ART JOURNAL

May 25, 1976

Mrs. Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas 66044

Dear Constance Scheerer,

We are happy to send you the two extra copies of
The Feminist Art Journal.

As to your query about the Sylvia Plath article, we
must say that we feel that Plath has already had so
much exposure that we would prefer to cover other
lesser known or less exposed figures. Thank you
for presenting your idea to us.

Sincerely,



Cindy Nemser
Editor

1637 Illinois St. etc.

June 3, 1976

Lola dear,

It was great fun talking to you last night.

The enclosed (Xeroxed copies, just throw them away) speak for themselves. I am getting off by same mail the package of prints to Suzanne Opton. I wrote her a nice (well, I do think a nice) letter, explaining that I'd had two or three "turn-downs" on Plath articles from the sort of magazines that do use illustrative material, but that I was keeping the code numbers of two or three of her pictures against some future time -- just in case.

Needless to state, I sent the Henry Adams paper off to The Christian Century. Here's hoping. They are a weekly -- always a ~~xxx~~ better market to "hit up."

By the way, in the current issue of the Anglican Theological Review is a poem by Denise Leveftov, of all people! So you see I will be in distinguished company when my group of three appears in, hopefully, the October issue. (I was rather surprised at two things: that D.L. would send her poetry to the ATR at all, and that she would send anywhere where payment is not made: after all, she can pretty well command her own market -- and fee!) It was a very fine poem, too.

Are you familiar with the poetry (not to mention the novels) of Alice Walker? She spoke here (and gave a poetry reading) a couple of months ago. Just in case you are not familiar with her, she is a black woman, on the staff of MS. (as a contributing editor, whatever that means) , and, I think, a good poet (she is, I gather, better known for her novels.) In her interview with our local ~~newspaper~~ newspaper she "came across" as the (excuse me, but this is the way I feel) standard radical-feminist ~~xxx~~ crap-dispenser, but none of this showed in her poetry ~~xxx~~ reading. She is young, beautiful, with great charm and humor, and even her most "militant" poems are charged with a positive quality (and often self-irony and humor, not to mention love and warmth) that Sylvia Plath did not even know existed! Honestly!

"More anon." And again -- I can't thank you enough for your prompt response to my appeal for help. I am glad to have seen the Opton pictures and it may be that some day I can find a use for certain among them. Personally, secretly, it is my ~~xxx~~ opinion that for all the immediacy and shock-effect of her influence, 100 years from now people will be asking "Sylvia Who?" and at best two or three of her poems will be repetitively anthologized, period. But we will see. Well, no, we won't see, but wouldn't it be interesting?

I am so sorry for the Krewers and their plight! They really have had a bad time! Much love as ever, ME

1637 Illinois, etc.

July 15, 1976

Lola dear,

Here I go -- with that distracting, and (I am told) at-times irritating "habit" of responding to a letter immediately. Yours was certainly an amazing and fascinating one, informative, or rather, revelatory, and helped to put me more into "your picture" than even your letters generally do.

I am sure I did mention that the "summer" Antioch Review is supposed to appear ~~x~~ in August (which doesn't mean that it will -- the "little magazines" don't click off on schedule like the ~~parfax~~ professional "biggies") but in reality maybe not till September some time. So of course I've not been up to my usual "mad Xeroxing" etc. I did write them over two weeks ago to inquire ~~x~~ about the possibility (and the cost) of reprints, but so far have received no reply. However, I tell you as I did tell my other New York friends -- if you can obtain a copy at some more sophisticated bookstore or newsstand, do: but if not, I will of course, obtain something (reprint, Xeroxed, or whatever).

I've not as yet had a reply from Suzanne Opton (who is summering in Chelsea, Vt.) -- but I did explain carefully -- or rather re-explain -- just how I'd insured the packet, just what she should do, etc. If she doesn't follow through, that is too bad. That is, of course, one good thing about photographs -- they are, ~~afkax~~ after all, "only" prints: she can (and probably has drawers of them) make more. Had I "bought" the "use rights" I'd have had to pay her 35 dollars or so per print: but to her as a loss, even if she's thrown away the wrappings and all the other dumb things one should never do until insurance claims are settled, it is actually very little. Which is not to say I don't feel for and with her.

My own life -- for better or for worse -- will always, whether it ends tomorrow or goes on _____ years, be ~~x~~ founded on a small number of intense attachments (I "opted out" of the animal variety when Gorky was "put to sleep," something Anna, most understandably, is not about to do, in fact, as I think I must have indicated in my last letter, she will definitely get another puppy, probably another Weimaraner, sometime within the next two to ten or so months). This means, of course, being constantly and crucially vulnerable in one way or another, but there you are. Would I alter this, if I would have it in my power to do so? I doubt ~~x~~ it. The anguish often entailed is still cancelled out, for me, by the rewards on the other side. For instance, just right now I am in, to put it mildly, an "anguish" phase. HE has ~~ixhx~~ either had a slight stroke, or something so close to a slight stroke that, as of the last bit of information cunningly gleaned by Chief-of-Detectives Anna Bloch through certain subtle channels, it is seemingly being treated "as if." He's a patient at Lawrence Memorial Hospital, and of course, what with him being ill and he being him and me being me and on and on, I can't just phone his room, etc. etc. No way (wie sagt mann heute) would I send a card even, and definitely not even consider going to visit (I doubt if he ought to have visitors anyway, except the absolute minimum -- his family members (in limited doses) and the various doctors who, we are told, have flocked from all over town and in from the Medical Center in Kansas City etc. etc. to help, lend their (doubtless conflict) opinions etc.) And (again, he being him etc.) he would not of course -- when he felt up to

it -- either pick up his bedside phone and give me a call (we were to have seen one other just two days after he was "taken down") or pen me even the briefest of notes, to let me know just a little something and possibly, if possible, a word of ~~xxxx~~ reassurance. No, that's not HIM. So there you are. He has had, probably more often than he's ever let on to me, these sudden "high blood pressure episodes" (truth to tell, I've never been too clear as to just what symptoms they produce), but this one must have been a dilly, and he was rushed to the hospital where he has been kept very heavily sedated (and similar crash attempts to bring his BP down and keep it under control) etc.

Well, this is the thing I've feared, dreaded, expected, even waited for, for lo these many years (most of the time I push it to one side, once in a while a ~~phase~~ phase of acute anxiety will tear into my ~~xxxxxxx~~ consciousness) yet when I made my routine, day-before-our-appointment phone call to the Student Hospital to check and be sure he'd be there, and was ~~xx~~ told, "No . . . Dr. C _____ is ~~ill~~ ill, we don't even know when he'll be back etc. etc." and later, by a sort of nurse-in-charge whom I know slightly and with whom I've built ~~up~~ up a mildly friendly, chatty relationship over the years, "We heard he is seriously ill, but we don't know a single detail," the shock was about as great as if ~~un~~ prepared for: that's the way it goes.

I didn't mean to rattle on so. Of course I don't know and may never find out exactly what it is that he has (I assume he'll bounce back from this one, but what then? "How ~~xx~~ long, O Lord, how long?" -- and no one can answer) but the past days emphasize and re-emphasize the tortures of total emotional involvement. I find myself mildly wondering, would Yoga change this in me? And would I want it to? (If I thought Yoga could "do wonders" for my gut troubles, I'd be all for it! I was completely shocked to learn of the incredible parade of symptoms to which you've been prey, and of which I knew nothing: yet Yoga seems to have dealt with them more competently than a host of doctors, hospitals, medical check-ups, medications, and the like: also your story about the young black man in your class is indeed remarkable. As for the other black man, your "sorry exhibitionist" neighbor, yik!)

Lola, you are never a poor correspondent, just an infrequent one, pardon the mention. Your letters, when you do write, have all the sparkle, charm, interesting content, and miraculous command of a language not native to you which they've always had.

I am heartily glad for your sake that Herta is leaving for a few weeks of peace. My memories of her are not terribly vivid -- she was not one of the people we saw ~~xxxx~~ often or felt especially close to, Martin and I, in the two years we spent in New York after we were married -- but even back then there was in her the potential to be emotionally and psychologically and physically demanding in ~~xxxxxxx~~ a special neurotic way which, with the coming of age, can only have grown much worse, as one's less-likeable personality traits so often do.

Your concept of "Recyclage" sounds highly interesting and obviously contains much that is your own contribution. You must help me on one point, however: is part of their conception a "containment" or "containedness" factor? Is it part of them to be enclosed, put away, accessible only if a box, an envelope, or the like, is opened? Is the contents to be viewed solely by the recipient? I in general can't quite see you getting up an exhibit, yet "unenclosed", or at least put temporarily on view, the "recyclages" sound like items which could and should be shown -- the sort of thing ~~xxxx~~ womens' art journals and the like are looking for, to photograph and write up etc.

Like, e.g., The Feminist Art Journal, which I really think quite a fine journal even though it is feminist.

This brings me to a delicate and doubtless crazy (to you) topic: unless I read your handwriting a-wrong, you addressed me on the envelope as "Ms. Constance Scheerer." I am always intrigued by the fact that, although I carefully type in the upper left-hand corner of each and every letter I mail "Mrs. Martin Scheerer" etc. etc. friends who are themselves radical or semi-radical ~~xxxxxx~~ feminists simply ignore it, as if it weren't there. As I have tried to explain, although I am, or have been, in total sympathy with the numerous wrongs of which many women have quite justly complained, and which they seek, also quite justly, to set right (i.e., being able to take out ~~xxx~~ a mortgage on a house, if qualified, even though they may be single, divorced, etc., or getting equal pay for the same job as a man, etc. etc.), I find "the movement" increasingly distasteful. There is the strident part, the just-plain-stupid and ~~xxxx~~ uninformed part, etc. etc. I read feminist literature as often as I can bring myself to do so because, as I say to Anna, one has to know "what the enemy is doing." But a letter to the ~~xxxx~~ editor in a recent issue of MS. with its whiny, self-pitying "As I write this, guess what? My little girl is crawling over my lap demanding that I pay attention to her? Now what kind of life is that for a great creative talent? Well, I've about decided to just grit my teeth and be patient till she's old enough to slap into pre-school all day and then maybe I can stand her and get back to finding the real me in my great creative talent etc. etc." (I ~~paraphrase~~ paraphrase, a trifle savagely, but in essence this was precisely what the ~~c#cc@cc##&&~~ lady in question wrote.) makes me ill, really ill. And is very typical. One of ~~xxx~~ the pieces I've got out at a not-liberal journal is called "What Womens' Lib Is Doing To Our Language" -- which is plenty, most of it in the direction of the ~~xxxxxx~~ artificial, the negative etc. And behind it all is a hatred of men and a wish to reduce and "castrate" them that I find truly horrible. I also was highly disturbed not long ago to talk to a bright boy of 14 who was complaining that, in the schools here, little is taught in the way of subject matter -- much is taught to indoctrinate the kids ~~x~~ in Womens' Lib, being non-~~ex~~ ~~sexist~~ sexist, etc.-- and all the while, of course, these women are being incredibly sexist! My article on Maria Cosway could and would have been written in the same vein had I been defending a man artist to whom history'd given an unfair shake, to my view. I also own to finding it rather pitiful, the way women are beating the bushes looking for other women -- any women -- who've set brush to paper, or run something through a ~~x~~ typewriter, just so's they can produce an impressive list of Great Creative Women (who are being "put down" by this male culture etc. etc.) In truth, not very ~~many~~ many of the women they turn up, and not very many of the women they go back into ~~xxx~~ history to seek and resurrect, are, or were, really all that great -- and I see very little evidence that this was because they were "kept down" etc. etc. There have been periods in which women were venerated, or dominant, etc. etc. and -- well, I could go on for pages and pages and I don't suppose we'd come to see eye-to-~~eye~~ eye. Me, I see the hundreds and upon hundreds of miserable men, reduced, "castrated," fooled, and "put down" by women, and I see no more solid future in today's ~~x~~ "liberated marriages" (legal or more informally-constituted) than ~~for~~ yesterday's more formalized and "till death ~~o~~ us part" ~~x~~ unions. And the plain truth is that men and women really are different. This difference is precious. It is responsible for all that is bad in the world, and all that is good, and, most especially, all that is creative. In the grayed-out, "equal" world some women wish to see be born, there will be no highs or lows, little true joy, and no real artistic or literary creativity. But go fight City Hall! Forgive me. I can run on and on in this vein. But a "Ms." slapped in front of one's name,

whether one happens to want it or not, is part and parcel of the fanatical use of force that grows apace in Womens' Lib. Please -- all this for one Lola, to make her feel like a criminal? No, no, God forbid! I am just (and got carried away) explaining to you why I want to be addressed as I do -- first choice, Mrs. Martin Scheerer: second choice (if this is against your principles), Mrs. Constance Scheerer: third, reluctant choice (if any "Mrs." is deeply against your principles) just plain "Constance Scheerer." I note from the envelope in which your last letter came, ^{new printed label}, "Lola ~~x~~ Gruenthal." If this is your preference now, fine. But there is, to me (call me crazy, call me prejudiced, it's all O.K. by me), something so distasteful about "Ms." that I will not be addressed by it, nor will I address anyone else in such vein. Anna, may I add -- I don't think she'd mind -- exactly shares my sentiments in this as in so many aspects of life.

Now I feel guilty, to carry on so with gentle, unprepared Lola. In truth I'd begun to just pass it all off as a single sentence, perhaps two, of request. But in the intervening hours I chanced to read a "radical feminist" article or two which made me boil all over again. (Among other things, most radical feminists, certainly those who write for SIGNS, to which I subscribed, and those I know here personally, such as, ugh, Beatrice Wright, are complete relativists -- cultural, aesthetic, etc. etc. Although I have not as yet succeeded in fighting my way back to the Church, and may never make it, I can't as yet say, I have been all my life a devoted absolutist -- hence my total admiration for women, and talents, such as Dorothy L. Sayers -- did you ever read her The Mind of the Maker? I can't think that you could agree with its basic tenets: yet I also can't think that you could fail to admire a first-rate mind, regardless of sex.

I can't see any reason for you to feel guilty or unproductive because you've become a "poor~~x~~" (actually simply a less-frequent) correspondent. People change, as they grow older, and priorities change as well. I ~~xxx~~ now ~~xxxxxxx~~ write more letters, and more promptly. Anna, owing to the pace and demand-qualities of her own personal life, writes less. Neither of us is especially interested in exploring the why's of this -- we know, or rather, sense them, and expect true friends to take us as we are -- mine ~~xxx~~ often deluged with letters, Anna's "underdeluged." Part of this all is a practical matter: Anna cannot "plan~~x~~" or "schedule" her life. I can. Ergo, my mornings are passed in my study, at my typewriter -- mostly in working for ~~x~~ the course of the moment, writing a poem, perhaps, or, having got up an inspiration, getting off an article which (hopefully) may "sell." So there you are. It's as simple as that.

Anna and I, each in our special way, "stews" (to use your term) in her own "brew of misery." Yet we do not feel miserable, not in a basic, overall way. The glories and joys keeps us in our respective brew-pots, and the prices we each have to pay, we pay, even gladly. Oh, we have our bad moments, don't doubt this for an instant (I'm having several, these past days). But I ~~x~~ suspect that, although naturally we'd change some aspects if we could, there is a fundamental way in which we are content.

Hah! My father just called up with the "news": "Did you know your old friend Dr. Campbell is in the hospital?" Me (all dewy-eyed innocence): "Oh, really? etc, etc," Pop: "Yes, Jane Stevens (that's a lady in her early seventies, Pop's landlady and next-door neighbor, wife of one of the town's prominent attorney's etc. etc.) just told me. You know -- she pushes the bookmobile around over at the hospital etc. etc." (So she does: I'd quite forgot about her). Me: "Er, does he seem to be very serbusly ill." Pop: (all bright if uninformed): "Oh, no. He seemed fine. She was chatting with him. I guess he's just there for some tests etc." Mmmmmmm.....well, I

can't rise to great heights of joy, because I know full well there's the ~~ominous~~ omnipresent threat of death, or worse, in a man of his age (now 59) with this terribly high blood pressure year after year after year. Still, the scene as painted this a.m. doesn't sound too bad, better, perhaps than I'd hoped (by the way, each "bulletin" when one phones the hospital has been run off almost like a record: "He had a good night . . . his condition is fairly good" One "bulletin" even gave out his room number, which is idiotic. People are so thoughtless. Some imbeciles who actually scarcely know him may turn up all cheery to visit him. I hope not. And I hope the hospital will prevent it, but you never know. In fact, there's a veritable "breed" of people -- one never sees them. But let you go into hospital, and POW: there they are, come to visit. I hate that. That's one of Grace Heider's better sayings, cherished by me from the past: "If a person doesn't care enough for me to make and keep contact with me when I am well, I certainly don't want them traipsing into my hospital room when I'm not!" Incidentally, Fritz (who still looks as old and frail as he did at 35) will be 80 soon, does have rather serious heart trouble, yet keeps going, on and on and on. They even plan a ~~trip~~ trip a little later this summer to Graz, from which he came originally. What is his secret? Who can tell? For one thing, he's lived all his life in an "ivory tower" withdrawn and cool, utterly detached. And Grace has been his willing slave, interposing between him and the world, all their long married life. (Ah, you will say, a non-liberated woman, ~~slave~~ slave to a man! But you'd be wrong. Grace has loved this role. What's she's missed, all these ~~years~~ years -- something Martin and I used often to talk about -- was a man who would from time to time come down out of his ivory tower and "give ~~her~~ one across the lip." "She badly needs a beating!" Martin would state. He was right. One reason Grace was so insanely jealous of Martin (always fearful that his reputation might somehow outshine Fritz's) and also of Martin and me as a couple was that she saw, in Martin and me as a couple, two people who cared enough to fight, quarrel, etc. -- and a man who would and could give his ~~woman~~ woman "one across the lip" when she deserved it (as I did, I did, believe me!) I still recall the day she was present when Martin, looking with unfavorable ~~eye~~ eye at a dress or something I'd just got, said "Take it off! It stinks!" Later Grace "confessed" she'd give anything on earth for a man who'd say that to her: it would have meant, of course, that he cared, cared terribly. "Fritz," she confided in me (this, naturally, was years and years ago) "never ever told me that he liked what I was wearing -- or that he didn't like it." I recall thinking at the time, how pitiful.

I am just re-reading your "symptom paragraph" -- needless to state, I did not know of the existence of any of these symptoms. But I must say, one can only wonder -- and marvel -- at what you, and Yoga, had done for them, and ask: what would have happened if you'd gone, even to a very fine and interest-taking physician, and placed yourself in his hands for tests, treatment, medication, etc. I am fairly certain that my unruly gut derives from ~~stress~~ tension (a certain portion of which is engendered by my poor, dear, innocent father, although some parts are direct responses as they've been all through the years to specific foods): but, by God, if Yoga as an approach would give me release from pains, irregularities, periods of constipation followed by periods of explosions etc., and the omni-present fear of being more than a minute away from a toilet, I'd sure like to latch on to some such approach!

Did you follow the Democratic convention? I did not, but I still marvel about this horrid Carter*! Where did he come from (I know, I know, a peanut farm, but that's not what I meant), also how? Rumor has it that Kennedy money and backing enabled him to sweep all before him: could be. As for Ford or Reagan, ick. I had rather like Udall, but he didn't stand a chance.

If you haven't (a) fallen asleep and (b) are still speaking to me after wading through this tome, I really will believe that Yoga is a miracle!

Later, when I untense myself (hopefully)(and HE is in the land of the living), I'll send you copies of some recent-ish poems. Do you still write poems? I did so much like the last you sent.

Heat miserable here -- and I've martyrishly been not turning on the air-conditioning because the money is running awfully thin these days. I could get as much as 100 dollars from Antioch, but not until publication (I do like magazines that "pay on acceptance," but only the "biggies" do this). But I fear it is mostly spent in advance. Inflation has hit hard at Pop and me, living on an income of 9,000 which sounds a fair amount, and is, but taxes, insurances, and the like eat away at it. Then, too, I have spent more than I ought nearly every month, and on things I really didn't have to have. If I should outlive Pop, that would have to stop. I guess I go on the childish plan ~~that~~ 'might as well spend it while I've got it,' 'cause if I do outlive Pop there won't be a penny to spend except on the basics of life -- utilities, food, etc. A cool front due through tonight. I do hope so. 4 p.m. - pouring rain & down below 70!!!

October 3 is Pop's 90th (can you imagine?) birthday. I learned recently that the parish here is aware of this, and that a special Eucharist and other things are in the works, all of which seems only fitting. I believe I'll drop a line or so to Father Powers at the ~~xxx~~ Church of the Atonement in Tenafly and engage him in a small conspiracy so that those who still recall Pop -- and there are some, perhaps more than one things -- send him cards or notes (not gifts: he 'd be embarrassed to death, plus which he's arrived at that stage in life where he tends to get rid of, not add to, possessions.)

Despite its vast, inchoate mass and general ramblingness, ~~and~~ not to mention anti-Womens'-Lib declaration, this is, Lola, a loving letter. You do know you are one of the friends who, though far away, remains, cherished by me (one reason I ~~it~~ am so appreciative when you do write).

So. Much love as ever, and much gratitude for a most remarkable letter,
ME

P.S. -- Not only did it set ~~me~~ in to rain, and cool off divinely, but I just this moment phoned the hospital for the after-five (p.m.) bulletin, and the voice of an older woman, speaking with evident and naive surprise, informed me, "Why, what about that! He's gone home!"

Well, well, that does look a bit better. One can, of course, but hope.

Now, his vacation was to have started as of this weekend, so I can't quite feature that he'll do other than stay quiet at home for a time, then gradually work back to such pastimes as going out to his beloved farm 11 miles from town and the like. I mean, I cannot imagine that he'll check in at the student hospital tomorrow. But with HIM, you never know. By dab I believe I'll phone over there tomorrow morning: it can't hurt, at any rate.

1637 Illinois St.
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

June 6, 1976

Lola dear,

The enclosed Xeroxed copy is provided from clippings from the Toronto Star, sent to me by my No. 1 emissary, spy, etc. up in Canada -- a very lovely and interesting young woman (well, 33~~3~~, and that, sister, is young!), married to a chemist, two little girls, and considerable talent as a poet plus a good deal of interest in Sylvia Plath. Anna first became acquainted with Audrey and R Bruce, then gradually I got to know them, and it was a great blow when they all moved to Ontario. Audrey's life has, in certain key ways, paralleled that of Sylvia Plath. For instance, while in college Audrey made a fairly serious, almost-successful attempt at suicide, for reasons never actually very clear to me. She, like Sylvia, has a kind of love/hate, need/rejection relationships with a sort of yukky mother. And there is more. However in her wisdom Audrey sees the dangers of seeing herself in Sylvia too much-- and perceives the differences too, a generally wholesome attitude.

A. did not actually get to attend this performance, but plainly it was light-years ahead of the New York fiasco.

Just wanted to get this off to you.

Love as ever, ME

1637 Illinois St.
Lawrence, Ks., 66044

June 27, 1976

answered July 11 1976

Lola dear,

Big news! Antioch Review is bringing out my Sylvia Plath article in their summer and/or August issue which also happens to be their Bicentennial issue! Just why they are ~~x~~ publishing it so promptly (having first indicated that it would be a long time) I can't guess: did someone "fink out" so that they needed to fill the space? This hardly seems the reason, as they must have a vast backlog of stuff. Well, "honest and true," their people really did like my article! I must own to be terribly pleased (they pay, too, an aspect which doesn't go amiss! Eight dollars per printed page is peanuts compared to the "biggies" and their pay scale, but I can't see ~~x~~ how my article can run less than 10-12 pages -- I hope.)

Is Antioch Review something you can buy in a nearby book and magazine store of "better" level? It's dreadful to sound so damned cheap about these things, but the money really is running low, so that I am feeling free to say to persons who can buy a copy, ~~xxx~~ buy it! (Perhaps they give ~~xxx~~ reprints? I am going to write and ~~ask~~. I doubt it, nowadays: nothing is "given" anymore -- they can't afford it, either.)

I got the sweetest, dearest, yet most distressing letter from photographer Suzanne Opton, now summering in Chelsea, Vermont. It appears that when I returned the prints to her they arrived mangled! Some of this may be my fault: on the other hand, the post office is strictly in the mangling business these days -- you wouldn't believe the condition in which I've received manuscripts returned to me. I sat down and promptly wrote her a long letter -- some people would have torn me limb from limb, but her "plaint" was so gentle and courteous. Also she made a serious error: she asked me a question, ~~namely~~, what is it like in Kansas? (To quote Anna, "Never ask Constance a question unless you've got lots of time and patience.") So I told her. In detail. I also found out from the P.O. here what she ~~x~~ should do at her end to recoup as much as possible of the loss, since I had sent the prints fully insured.

Anna and I are feeling very sad ~~thxxx~~ these days -- her beloved dog and constant companion of the past 13 years died, a week after surgery ("the operation was a success but the patient died.") I know, or gather, that you are no great animal and/or pet lover, and I hope you understand that neither Anna nor I belong to that disgusting breed who ~~values~~ pets above friends, animals over humans. But we did both really love "Trude" (a beautiful Weimaraner), and like all "house dogs" and cherished "pets" she had much personality. More, Anna has a real need for a presence in her home, a someone or ~~x~~ something that makes loving "dmands," a responsibility that calls certain things forth from her, that keeps her on her toes -- and that ~~xxxxxxx~~ "gives" as well in return. She is ~~xx~~ missing Trude dreadfully: I am too. Of course she will "get over it" -- and she will get another dog, after a time. So life goes -- and death.

More soon. Just wanted to get off these few lines to you. Much love
as always, ME

1637 Illinois St., etc.

August 2, 1976

Lola dear,

Forgive my belated response to the veritable spate of interesting literature in re: various new (some not so new) "little magazines." Several of them do look promising, and I believe, for instance, that I'll subscribe to the Remington Review (for two bucks, why not?) Others are, I suspect, not my cup of tea -- but it is always of interest to me to learn something new in the way of what is being done, going on, etc.

I eagerly await the hoped-for arrival in August of the Summer edition of Antioch Review. Of course, as I believe I did write you, it may not make it out before September -- what one may term the "non-professional" magazines don't run on an assembly line of precise timing like the "professional" ones.

July was a nightmare ~~month~~ month here -- I refer to the intense heat. I know, I know, everything is airconditioned -- without which one would just fold up, at least I would -- but still, and in spite of airconditioning, one somehow ~~just~~ just can't get away from it.

Nothing new here since I last wrote: with you, what? I often think of all your tzures with various sick or demanding friends and trust a respite from poor Herta will do you a world of good -- you can use it.

I find myself ~~am~~ apprehensive, almost depressed, as my father's 90th birthday approaches (Oct. 3). Life becomes so daily, at times, that one forgets that what ~~is~~ is, and has been, ongoing and routine year after year after year simply will not always be that way. Few make it to 90 -- or even terribly close. What next? And how? Will I survive him? Etc. etc. etc. It's awful to be a True Worrier and Anticipator (of the worst) -- but there you are. I fear it's too late for me to change greatly ~~on~~ on that score. The dear man really does amazingly, all things considered, and when, as I do, I sometimes find myself experiencing irritation etc., I plainly choke it off and try never to let it show. In this ~~xxx~~ I am not, I realize, 100 per cent successful, but I do honestly try to make our phone calls, shopping forays, visits etc. as pleasant as possible, myself responsibxve, enthusiastic, etc. etc.

Do ~~xxx~~ write -- when you've something to write. Meanwhile, thanks again for the varied and interesting material.

Love as ever, ME

September 30, 1976

Constance dear,

You really deserve more reliable friends than me, and I'm glad that you have two so close to you. Just re-read your letter of July 15, which contains so much of you, and feel deeply ashamed and sad about my "delayed reaction." To be quite frank, I was somewhat overwhelmed by the content which required a thoughtful and meaningful response, something I just wasn't able to offer for many reasons. Of course, I thought of calling you at least once every weekend but then dismissed the thought because I know x how you feel about the superficial and always kind of minute-counting communication over the telephone which doesn't really permit any serious discussion.

Shortly after I got your letter I went to Long Island to stay for a week with the one friend with whom I have a really mutually satisfying relationship. After that I became involved in a strange experience which I have tried to describe in the attached notes. I don't know whether they have any meaning for someone who has not seen the finished product, but I'm sending them along anyway, partly as an explanation for my inavailability and partly just trying to share with you as much x of the experience as can be expressed verbally. (One of these days I may turn into a voluntary autist or mutist, since I have an ever-increasing resistance against using language as a means of communication. Still, I will try.)

I hope that your very understandable "anguish phase" has subsided and that your friend has returned to his "normal" way of ~~living~~ living. (See what a stupid sentence this is? And yet I can't find anything else to say, although I really empathize with you.) I remember that you were concerned about his health from the very beginning (about 14 years ago?), so apparently, with all the restrictions (self-imposed and others) he seems to have kept his "delicate balance" pretty well so far. You yourself have a basically very positive attitude about the whole situation, accepting whatever it has to offer without asking what may come of it or how long it may last. Although you quote, I don't know from where: "How long, o Lord, how long?" you say yourself that you would not want to change any of it.

As to Yoga and what it could do for you, this is something you would have to try for yourself. When I started I had no other motive than keeping physically fit, and all the unexpected benefits, such as relief of symptoms, insights, external and internal changes came about without any conscious effort on my part. (This is similar to what I found when I worked on the picture, as you will see in the enclosed.) If you can find a Hatha Yoga group in Lawrence, you might give it a try by taking classes regularly for a month or two and see what effect this has.

To answer your question about my "Recyclages" briefly: ~~(SIXXXXXXXXXX)~~ (My description must have been utterly confusing, since you could not make head or tail of it, but I doubt that I can improve on it now.) The fact that the collages are "enclosed" in boxes or folders does not keep them from being accessible to anybody who cares to look at them. I have shown them to a number of people who did not

know anything about the subjects, and people will be attracted or negatively affected by different aspects, according to their own disposition. At present I am not interested in any kind of public display, but I would like to do more experimenting along this line because there seem to be almost unlimited possibilities and it is also a lot of fun, quite different from the work described in the notes. The format was something that suggested itself naturally, partly because the material was easily available and also because the box, as in the portrait of Saerchen, had a symbolic significance related to the very narrow, limited frame of her life.

I was interested in your comments about the feminist movement, and I fully agree with what you say about the excesses, extremes and distortions which this has brought forth. I would very much like to read your piece about its effect on the English language; if you can send me a copy of it, I will return it, if necessary. I'm just somewhat mystified about my part in all this because I can't remember having addressed my letter to Ms. Constance Scheerer. (The Ms. is a form of address I use only very rarely in formal letters when I don't know the marital status of the addressee.) So perhaps you misread (sic) my handwriting.

Now I realize that your father's birthday is almost upon you, and I can imagine what a mixed blessing that must be. You are really "coping" remarkably well with all the different and separate aspects of your life, and I have great admiration for you for being able not only to cope but also to transform the ordinary, the painful and the pathetic into poetry. Please let me see some of it if and when you get a chance. I hope you'll become famous soon, so you won't have to worry about financial problems. Of course, I know that this is wishful thinking because, even if you do become famous in your lifetime, this will hardly be sufficient to keep the pot boiling. But then you have so many ~~other~~ gifts besides poetry that you will certainly be able to make use of one or the other when the need arises. It really doesn't make sense to think too far ahead. As an old German tongue-in-cheek piece of wisdom says: "Erstens kommt es immer anders, zweitens als man denkt," translated as ungrammatically as the original: "Firstly, things will turn out differently, secondly, than one thinks."

I've been asking my special sources regularly about the Antioch Review, but apparently the fall issue is not out yet. It's about time, one would think, and I'm really eager to see it.

This is all I can get out in writing today, but please believe me that I am very grateful for your continued friendship inspite of my many lapses. I have been in a strange kind of depression for some time, which makes writing particularly difficult, but otherwise I don't feel as desperate about it as I used to because I can see this too as a sometimes inevitable part of living.

Sept. 30, 1976

Lola dear,

Just a line to say (well, first how are you? etc.) , then, Antioch Review is out, also on newsstands or in bookstores.

Please, I am not trying to be cheap about this, but, can you obtain a copy there in New York? If not, I will of course, but of course, send you one. But -- well, I guess it really does look like being cheap. Oh, well, no further apologies.

I have seen MY DOCTOR several times since our initial reunion after his slight stroke of mid-July. I don't know, not really, how he is, or what the prognosis is -- and for all I know, he may not, either, nor may his doctor. I ~~z~~ keep remembering how Martin died of a massive stroke just eight months after his first, "light" one -- but it is futile to generalize from ~~Case~~ A to Case B.

Y'know, I never did hear any further from Suzanne Opton after~~n~~ having written her to her Vermont address several months ago. (And after having told her precisely, in detail, how to proceed in order to get the insured value etc. etc.) Well, she certainly doesn't owe me a letter, I don't mean that. I just hope she isn't so "unworldly" she can't set about recovering at least something of her financial loss. But, at this point there is nothing more I can do: it is, wie sagt mann heute, her/problem.

Sunday is my father's 90th birthday -- and I just hope I survive. It is actually coming as rather a shock to him. No, he isn't that senile. I can see what he means. There's ~~2x~~ 89, and God knows that is an awful lot, but then -- 90! It's a kind of jump, in ~~any~~ way.

I should like to ~~get~~ get a letter from you one of these days, yes? Currently (did I tell you this?) I am engaged in some research on the novels of Clemence Housman (sister of Alfred and Laurence). Her first two are fairly trashy "gothic" tales -- but her third, The Life of Sir Aglovale de Galis, based on or ~~inspired~~ inspired by, Malory's Morte D'Arthur, is quite magnificent, with many of the best characteristics of the true ~~epic~~ epic and much that is innovative as well. Clemence was quite a gal -- a skilled engraver, a poet, a fighter for Womens' Suffrage, a great beauty, and more. She could be good for a couple of articles -- one, say, maybe, for The Feminist Art Journal, and one for a scholarly "little" magazine. We shall see how it all works out.

So write already, do. Love as always, ME

1637 Illinois St.

Oct. 5, 1976

Lola dear,

Our letters crossed! Mine was, of course, a "little nothing" note only.

Your description of the process of creating the "recyclage" with your childhood picture, St. Anne, and so on ~~xxx~~ came across as a sort of remarkable prose poem-cum-supernatural delving-cum expression of a many-faceted persona-cum-I don't know what-all. Absolutely uncanny, and very moving and beautiful. I'll doubtless have more to say later -- I only take the time this morning to make some sort of reply to it and to your good letter, even very briefly.

Yes, and thank you for the clipping of the gift to Betty Ford. As it so happens, this same AP dispatch appeared in our Lawrence M Journal-World (although it well might not have, or I might have missed it.) Of course the whole Bicentennial "schtik" has brought Maria to the surface on the coat-tails of Thomas Jefferson, I guess! "A British acquaintance" is a highly (to me) amusing designation for the lady!

Sunday was my dad's 90th birthday, and I managed to survive it. I don't know why I take (I always did, but it grows worse as I grow older) important occasions very hard, with much reference to the somatic, chiefly the gut, part of my organism. The people here at Trinity Church, deeply devoted to my father, made a breakfast after early Mass in the Parish house and included me, which was more than a little Christian of them since many, I am sure, must think what a stinker that dear Father Rosebaugh has for a daughter etc. etc. It really was a lovely occasion. Poor Pop! As the day approached, and on the day, he informed me privately: "There's 89, and then there's 90, and, you know? There really is a tremendous difference!" Very astute of him. He has a number of senile features, God knows. But in other ways he still has much of his mind intact in a good way. He was at first flustered at receiving a great many cards and notes from his old parishoners in Tenafly, almost seemed upset by it all. Then ~~xxx~~ gradually he got into the spirit of the thing. "You know," he informed me, "it has been wonderful to get all these notes. They've filled me in on years and years in the lives of people I once knew so well." Needless to state not all that "filling-in" was pleasant. Like, this one has died, that one is in a nursing home, So-and-so lost a child or a spouse, etc. But that, of course, is life (pardon the sententious expression).

O.K. Antioch Review is definitely "out" on newsstands (or in a certain sort of higher-level book store.) If you can't find it by now, please do say so and I will send you a copy (hopefully a copy of the magazine itself: it does look and read better in its original format!)

I will stop writing for the nonce as I have a report to get out (did I tell you I am working this semester on Clemence Housman, sister of A.E. and Laurence? I can't seem to recall whether I mentioned this or not).

Oh, yes: each "visit" with my doctor has a good deal of extra-emotional impact these days. I've no idea how well, or ill, he really is and am not sure whether or not he has been told anything definite.

I do know that he knew , after Martin's first ~~xxxxxx~~ stroke, that he (Martin) could just pop off at any time (in point of fact, it was eight months). Does this obtain with the doctor? And does he know it? I can't say, of course, and it may be best if I don't know this so precisely: this was the case for Martin and me. What would it have profited us to have "known"? Nothing, but only caused us ceaseless anguish (and neither of us was unable to face the truth, kind of thing, either, may I add). Also, it is foolish to generalize from Case A to Case B, as well. The doctor's situation cannot be identical, possibly not even parallel, to Martin's. It may be ~~xxxx~~ better, it may be worse. And of course the doctor has never had a heart attack (whether his ~~hart~~ got involved in his mid-July CVA I don't know. I think I will up and ask. He'd tell me.)

Rain, beautiful rain, a real drought-breaker, is falling, at long, long last. This has been one of the driest summers on record in these parts. One saves money on lawn-mowing (but not on water, unless one wants to lose many cherished shrubs etc. etc.)

There are, by the way, definitely Yoga groups in Lawrence. Do I want to make contact with them? I don't know. At this ~~xxx~~ present stage in my life it doesn't seem especially ~~xxxxxxx~~ feasible, somehow (although I suppose given motivation enough, most things are possible, or at least a great, great many).

~~Qxx~~ Also by the way: "my" Antioch ~~Review~~ Review is not the fall but the summer issue, and is called "Ohio Bicentennial Issue" (which enforces my belief that my article, originally not slated to appear for a year or more, was rushed into print because Joe Blow didn't make his deadline with an Ohio-oriented article, or something similar, and they cast about, saying, "What else have we got that's about _____ ~~pg~~ pages long, and pretty good?" and picked up mine in desperation. But, who knows? Certainly Sylvia ~~d~~ never set foot in Ohio! (Of course not all the issue is all that Ohio-y!)

Very much love, and I just can't tell you how good it was to get one of your wonderful, as always, letters!

ME

Oct. 7, 1976

Lola dear,

A small, hasty postscript:

"How long, O Lord, how long?" is a direct quotation from the very end of Shaw's St. Joan.

Consult, however, Revelation 6:10 for its background.

There are other comparable Biblical sources which I don't have the patience to look up at the moment.

So now you know!

Love, ME

October 19, 1976

Dear Constance,

Isn't it remarkable that we both thought of each other - and expressed this in writing - exactly on the same day, September 30th? A few days later I found the new Antioch Review in my local Westside intelligentsia bookstore and immediately plunged into the "Deathly Paradise." What a beautiful job of scholarly detective work you have done there! In order to write such an interpretation one has to understand the poet from within, that is, to relive her most intimate experiences and then again look at the work from the outside. In the case of Sylvia Plath that must often have been a soul-sickening job, but the result is truly illuminating. My deep respects and congratulations!

I am so glad that both you and your father survived his 90th birthday, apparently without any major damage. The irritable guts, of course, must be very annoying, but on the whole it seems to have been a memorable occasion. It certainly does take guts to face such an event, and I admire your papa for taking it so well.

About your beloved doctor: I was pleased to hear that he is up and about again. I wish you could stop worrying about the "how long" because there is really no answer to that and it doesn't matter anyway. The only thing that counts is to be there completely in the present, and ~~then~~ then there is nothing but the present. If we are constantly concerned about the future we lose the continuity of the present, the capacity of being part of all-there-~~is~~as. I know what this means because my depression is also a sort of desperate need to cling to something outside of myself. As soon as one can let go completely of all expectations, demands, desires as well as the fears that go with them, then one feels liberated and at the same time truly related to everyone and everything. Sorry, if this doesn't make sense to you, but as I tried to tell you before, I have lost my old language and haven't found a new one yet.

Thank you for introducing me to Clemence Housman. You seem to have many projects cooking, and I'm sure it will be easier now to get things placed. What about your recent poems? May I have a few samples?

Not long ago I discovered Flannery O'Connor, whom you probably know and who cast such a spell on me that I read all her stories (collected in one volume with the novel "The Violent Bear It Away") almost without taking a break. In all her work you can almost literally see her struggling with her demons and/or angels. Only her last book of stories, "Everything That Rises Must Converge", I found too tortured and torturing, full of a violence that is not mastered or transformed.. This was written during the terribly painful years when she knew she was dying slowly from a crippling disease.

Another discovery, rather strange but fascinating to me, are the "Seth" books, mainly "Seth Speaks", but I don't know whether this would appeal to you. I was not so much interested in the supernatural phenomenon of a non-physical being dictating a book as in the implications of a tremendous creative potential that might be available to everybody right here and now if we could learn to develop our inner senses.

Lastly, I have re-discovered Joanne Greenberg whom I had always liked very much. You probably read "I never promised you a Rose Garden," published under the name Hannah Green, but do you know "In This Sign"? a most unusual novel about the isolated world of deaf-mutes specifically but more generally about communication or the lack of it between individuals. The writing itself is beautiful, simple and yet poetic with a very subtle symbolism. I am now reading a collection of her short stories, some of which are a pure delight, full of sadness and humor, despair and faith, covering a wide range of emotions and somehow, despite the recurring theme of isolation, making one believe in human brotherhood.

Please tell me if you are interested in any of my discoveries (I have many other loves I did not mention) and if you have time enough for extra-curricular reading. I would like to send you something occasionally but I don't want to duplicate what you may already have or burden you with anything that does not fit in with your needs.

I am typing this with a bandaged hand because otherwise my bad thumb is literally sticking out and becoming immobilized. I may have to get a cortisone injection to recondition it. My exhibitionist is getting so inspired by my presence vis-a-vis his window that he may yet achieve an erection. You can draw the parallel between this and my bad thumb, and you will understand if I now remove myself from the window, the typewriter and from you - temporarily. Still I am with you
with much love

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

October 26, 1976

Lola dear,

I hardly need tell you, I hope, that I was really thrilled by your response to my Antioch Review article. Actually I don't think I did, while I was writing the piece, or ever have, "relived her most intimate experiences" or understood Sylvia Plath "from within." I can't. She is so alien to me as to appear scarcely human in her cosmic and/or petty rages, her boiling hatreds, and worse. (I think Butscher called the turn precisely when he dubbed her "the bitch goddess" in his biography of her, highly unpopular with feminists who like to think of her as "martyred sister!" and the like). Yet on some level I did get a sense of what she was doing, what she was about, and how and why what she was doing, what she was about, sprang from an internal sickness that transcended some "mere" ~~psychiatrically~~ psychiatrically-treatable or diagnosable sickness: call it a spiritual sickness, a cosmic one, whatever. Barbara Hardy, in one of her critical articles, heaps scorn on those who are critical of Sylvia Plath because she refused to join the conventional mainstream of English ~~literary~~ literary tradition with its "life-affirming quality" etc. Well, I happen not to agree with Barbara Hardy. I think those who fail to see life as an affirmation are, somehow, out of touch with the universal order. And, yes, I do think there is a universal order. That I am imperfectly in touch with it, to say the least, I freely admit. I hope to live long enough to improve upon this situation. You often commend to me writers -- women writers -- who have moved or impressed you. I commend to you Dorothy Sayers's The Mind of the Maker, to me one of the greatest, if not the greatest, books by a woman thinker and writer in this century.

No, I have not read Flannery O'Connor (Everything That Rises Must Converge is obviously taken from Teilhard de Chardin). Yes, I did read, in fact own in paperback, I Never Promised You A Rose Garden. It's funny -- and quite possibly owing to my advancing senility -- but I do recall having found it moving and engrossing, several years ago, yet today I can't recall one single thing about it. I ~~will~~ will, however, make a point of re-reading it, during Christmas vacation, say.

I fear my tastes, which run in divers channels, often run in channels that you may find shocking. I am hugely enjoying, in odd moments, Brendan Gill's Here At The New Yorker (I've in general a taste for biography, autobiography, and reminiscences), and just finished reading Reginald Reynolds's My Life and Crimes (RR was the husband of Ethel Mannin, who is literary executrix of Clemence Housman, and with whom, in consequence, I have been in some small correspondence, much of it both interesting, moving and humanly revelatory: Ethel Mannin, now in her late seventies, and probably fairly well known in England, at least a generation or two ago, also wrote a number of books, and is probably unknown in this country. I don't expect to get to read hers, or find it doubtful, but I was glad to "meet" her and her late husband in his book, which not coincidentally contained many references to Laurence Housman and at least a few to Clemence H.) I also just ~~just~~ finished reading Martin Green's Children of the Sun, a detailed account and rather profound analysis of England's period of post-World War I decadence (its counterpart in Berlin was well known to Martin, I don't mean Green, of course).

Although Green "builds" his account from the lives of Harold Acton and Brian Howard, names little known in the U.S.A. and probably not too well recalled in England, he includes as a part of their circle of influence (all of them together being influenced, even formed, by wider events and influences, of course) such as Evelyn Waugh, Auden, Christopher Isherwood, Spender, Cecil Beaton, Randolph Churchill, and many, many more, including the defectors or spies, Guy Burgess and Donald McLean. Regarding the "rogue-rebel" and the "dandy" as two sides of the same coin, Green paints an utterly fascinating portrait of an era and makes clear (or did to me) much that now takes place in our day, in the arts, in the development of personality, and in belief or failure of belief. He concludes with a discussion of the (inevitable) reaction against ~~the~~ the decadent cultism of the era (all of it, as is often the case, in "high" places and circles, and amongst people of talent, even genius), seeing, for instance, in the works of Kingsley Amis and others "Decadent figures of privilege and perversity, or self-indulgence" as the villains of modern life, and ~~giving~~ sympathetic portrayal of "the old pieties, maturity, responsibility, work, and marriage, rejecting the dandy" etc. Right now we are, at least to my thinking, in the throes of a new decadence, but that is another story, and one too long for me to start maundering on!

This (somehow) leads into what you say about "the future doesn't matter ~~anyway~~ anyway" and "The only thing that counts is to be ~~completely~~ there completely in the present." Here I must, I own, disagree profoundly. To speak personally, I am quite aware that my more-than-~~strong~~-strong tendency to worry ahead, allow for innumerable possibilities which may or may not ever happen, and so on, is bad, even morbid. Yet to reject or forget about the past, or not to realize that past and future are in the present, that I cannot grasp. As it so happens, I do not dwell in the past consciously or ~~more~~ morbidly, or very rarely (i.e., from time to time I may bring up and discuss with Anna or Carolyn, or have brought up such topics as Grace Heide~~er~~ and her often destructive and unpleasant phases scattered through a positive, or a professedly-positive, friendship, etc. etc. Sometimes I go back in memory to Martin's death, say, or my cancer surgery -- that sort of thing. But I got a real case of the horrors when I put the house -- 1908 Alabama Street -- on the market a few weeks after Martin's death. Brisk with plans despite intense grief, I was asked by a woman real estate agent, "How can you do this, with your husband so ~~recently~~ dead etc. etc.?" I asked, naively, realizing she, too, was a widow, and after she had ~~aid~~ such activity would be impossible to her, "Oh, er, and when did your husband die?" only to be told, "Seventeen years ~~ago~~." I thought then, I think now, that was sick, sick, sick. But I digress).

It matters keenly to me how long the doctor lives -- also how long I live, if I may say so. I, personally, would love to be able to count on having another 20 or 25 years of at least reasonable good physical health and, certainly, good mental health and a time of creative potential lying ahead. Of course on one level I know this is ridiculous. Certainly no one knows the future (and a good thing, too, if you ask me!). But not to matter? That I cannot go along with. The past, and I mean now in a good sense, matters too. Remember Tennyson's "Ulysses"? "I am a part of all that I have met"? Whether one thinks back to pleasant or sad specific events, or how often, is one thing: but one is one's past -- important to, indeed, indistinguishable from the present, are, in my own case, say, my parents, my whole childhood, the sea, Martin, cancer, what I have read, etc. etc. etc. I think the most telling thing Sylvia Plath ever wrote was her comment on how, as a child of 2½ or so, she experienced what she was to call in adult years "the awful birthday of

otherness." To me, not to experience otherness -- God as "Other," loved people in one's life as close and part of one, yet "other," etc. would be disturbing, to say the least. A sense of being part of some vaguely-defined ongoing stream of existence may simply be something I ~~am~~ am not "ready" for, or, perhaps, that I am incapable of making part of my experience. I don't know. But to me (and you do realize, I am only speaking personally and voicing an opinion or attempt to describe my own "cosmic" reactions) life without tensions -- between male and female, happy and not-happy times, even good and bad actions on the part of self or loved ones, ~~is~~ not life (for further particulars read D.H. Lawrence -- he had, to my taste, ~~the~~ that part of life "down pat.")

"Liberated?" Personally, I don't think I know what the term means, and I doubt if I shall ever learn. Since my earliest consciousness, I have been un-liberatedly attached, first to parents, later to friends, and, for the whole of my adult life, to men -- just two men, but liberated? Never that I know of.

I wish you would (I know you could) find what you call "your new language" and talk, poetically, perhaps, about your experiences. I should like to understand, at the least. "Demands, desires, expectations" control my life. Perhaps it shouldn't be that way, but that's the way it is. This sort of thing is part and parcel of Western culture, philosophy, religion (even Oriental, I venture to state: after all, even the Buddhist hopes after cycling through the ages to break free of "the wheel" once and for all time and become Nothing, which is what "Nirvana" means, and not, as some have thought, "Bliss.") Why do we read novels, go to movies or plays, even sit and listen to concertos or symphonies? Because we always wait, with fresh anticipation if the work is new, or with happy familiar anticipation if the work is old, for what happens next. For a future, in other words. For a fulfillment of desires and expectations.

Should I have the (to me) good fortune to live a term of years longer, and be compos mentis etc., I know that some lovely state of peaceful fulfillment is highly unlikely ever to take place within me (except, perhaps, at the very last ~~ix~~ of life -- that is a different story). I know perfectly well that every time I complete a poem or other piece of writing, every time I fulfill myself in this way or that, as soon as the moment is past, I ~~shut~~ "tool up" for the next tension seeking to work itself out. And, although I may not actually write the next poem, or think the next thought, or have the next visit with HIM, etc., I'll have, going hand in hand with sorrow, anxiety, and so on, all that incredible thrill of anticipation of "what happens next"? Even T.S. Eliot didn't believe that "the still point in the turning world" was all there was, or the only thing worth having. Ramble, ramble. I apologize. No, I don't, either. (Anna oft comments wryly, "How your friends must hate you! They write you a wonderful long letter, and think, 'There! That takes care of her for another six months,' then, BAM! Back comes Instant Reply!" She has a point.)

By the way, Clemence Housman's first two novels are more or less unreadable. But her The Life of Sir Aglovale de Galis is a really different "do" of "the Arthurian matter" -- dark, stark, uncompromising, and, as far as I can see, un- or anti-Christian interpretation, but fascinating, poetic, and of epic power, too.

I do hope something improves your thumb: what an inconvenient "member" to have ailing (almost as inconvenient as your neighbor's ailing ~~x~~ "member" -- I guess him you will have with you always, what a nuisance!

I would like to know the name of the collection of short stories by Joanne Greenberg/Hannah Green (possibly I can find out through my friendly not-exactly-neighborhood book store). I gather it is out in paperback?

As always, your hand (thumbless or not) has lost none of its touch when it comes to writing a letter. I still never cease to marvel at your command of a language which is not your native tongue: few people if any make a "second tongue" so completely theirs (Joseph Conrad, maybe?)

Next time you write (get that -- hint, hint), say something about the poor Krewers, Herta S., Saerchen, and, of course, George . Also, of course-of course, you, yourself.

With very much love as always, ME

1637 Illinois, etc.

Nov. 2, 1976

~~xxx~~ Lola dear,

My senility, advancing rapidly, forbids the recovery from the dimming recesses of my mind of a fact: did I, didn't I, send you copies of my "latest"? I guess I didn't -- so, here

Also a book review bound to interest you.

This is one election eve I shall sit up till all hours, somehow, awaiting the final outcome. It will, I may mention, be the first time in my life when I will have voted Republican. I don't care at all for Ford, really: but Carter? I shudder.

More anon, as the saying goes. Love, ever, ME

1637 Illinois etc.

Dec. 21, 1976

Lola dear,

I am inclined to doubt that you will get this before Christmas, the mails being the way they are.

Oh, well. . . .

Call it a "cheap" (i.e., inexpensive) token of the season.

I find myself in my usual pre-Christmas blues -- will I "get through" --I mean, of course, spending Christmas Eve afternoon and part of the evening with Pop, then having him for noon dinner etc. I shouldn't react this way, of course, but

Just now I ~~xxx~~ really am apprehensive lest I "come down" with something. Anna and I think we will win our battle to get taken into the State of Kansas Blue Cross-Blue Shield Group Health Plan, but in the meantime, the organization through which we've held membership for several years, par force, has dumped all its members into a different category -- only 18.23 per month payments instead of 52.00, but very, very poor coverage (in effect, if one of us gets sick, she has to pay the first 5 or 6 hundred dollars and, speaking for myself, I don't have it or anything ~~approaching~~ approaching it.)

On this cheery note . . .

I hope this finds you well, and looking forward to something pleasant over the holidays which does not involve infirm or difficult etc. etc. friends!

Much love as ever, ME

Much love,
ME

December 25, 1976

have Carolyn do the same. But her pace grows "apace," alas: I don't know when she ever ~~relaxes~~ relaxes except, at times, par force, when she is actually ailing -- and she does have cycles of symptoms with ~~increasing~~ increasing frequency these last several years. Of late, her right leg (and sometimes her left) feels "heavy," weak, even, and gives her pain. The doctors she's been too don't seem too interested, and ~~reads they are right and maybe they are not, and maybe, too, when they catch on to the frenetic life~~ she leads they throw up their hands.

Lola dear,

You were absolutely correct -- In This Sign was a simply unbelievable experience, of the sort one is drawn as fully into as it is possible to be with the interposed medium of the printed page and just short of living it oneself.

I wish with my whole heart I could make Beatrice Wright read it. But it would do absolutely no good. In her childish/childlike not-really-all-that-innocent fashion she would continue quite as before with her (to Martin all through the years, to me increasingly as I am forced to have a certain amount and kind of relatingness to and with her) basic stance: the handicapped are just like everyone else. They can do anything anyone else can do etc. Apart from the sheer factual aspects -- i.e., a blind person really cannot drive a car although a paraplegic can play basketball and it is ~~good~~ good ~~exercise~~ exercise even -- this posture, this ~~attitude~~ attitude, is so complete false I can't tell you. And a part of the web in which she has entangled her own self is her tunnel-vision. Example: many years ago I told her about Dalton Trumbo's Johnny Got His Gun (the multiply-handicapped is, or so she pretends, central to her interest). She professed much interest, and I obtained her a paperback copy (it was then again in print) and gave it to her. She never even opened it. Why? Because she couldn't. She can't even read, with an accompanying attitude of basic disagreement, a work which runs counter to the neat, tidy, the world-as-ordered-according-to-Mrs.-God, i.e.-Beatrice-Wright.

Also, as I learn increasingly, she is rather a snob. Handicapped individuals with whom she has had some form or degree of personal relationship here and there through the years (all rather "at one remove," I may add) are, without exception, "upper-class" people, people who have managed to get considerable education, who have done things, entered the professions, managed to make careers. The others, the simple, average toilers, or those who have permitted others to care for them, don't, almost, exist for her.

I could go on and on. Well, anyway, the power of this book, the picture of two separate, diametrically-opposed, inextricably-involved yet at-loggerheads worlds was immense, compelling.

I was so sorry to read in your accompanying note that things continue to be "just messy all around you." Yes, indeed, the holidays do complicate still more the "that which is messy" etc. Once I loved Christmas . . . New Year's . . . a birthday . . . that sort of thing, and, of recent years, mostly, I'd say, since Martin died, I simply endure. For a long time I simply wished that Pop would change his mind and let something more than just "him and me" be made of a given holiday. Now I don't have the "strength" or motivation to care that much. I get all tensed up (will I make it, and not let Pop down by, say, coming down with something? etc. etc. etc.) -- ~~ridiculous~~ ridiculous, but there you are.

I hope you do write one of your wonderful letters. And I can't tell you what an experience the book was. Anna, now -- I'll see to it that she reads it before too long. And of course I'd like so much to

1637 Illinois Street
etc.

Jan. 16, 1977, still bitterly
cold boy is this being a lousy
winter, including, now, snow on
snow (or ice on ice)

Lola dear,

I have just done something which is, I suppose, not done, quite possibly, in fact, unforgiveable. Don't know what prompted me (except that I've been writing poetry like mad again these past several weeks), but anyway. .

You remember your poem which I liked so much (and still do) -- "Inevitable Confrontation"? Well, the other day I was prompted or inspired to "do my own version" of it, which of course ~~xxx~~ turns out to be an entirely different version, even though I lift whole lines from your own fine poem.

Anna (who also liked immensely your poem and also still does) had this to say: "Lola's poem is entirely different, of course. It is, for one thing, a narrative poem -- hence its greater length is not only appropriate but necessary. It is also a cleaner poem, and a more innocent one."

I know, of course, that I can never actually make any use of "my" poem, but I ~~though~~ thought you might find the reading of it -- what? Interesting? ~~Shocking~~ Shocking? Or what?

I also enclose one other poem I wrote just yesterday. (Yes, I am sending out once more: who knows? Maybe I will "make contact.")

Oh, and by the way, my subscription to The Remington Review has started to arrive. I found, I own, the first issue disappointing, the level of its poems rather poor. But for 2 bucks per ~~annum~~ annum? And besides: it is always of interest to me to see what "sells," (or, in many cases, "gets placed" etc.) -- and always to "keep up" with what is ~~g~~ being thought, said, written.

If we get any more snow and/or ice, I shall scream. And this terrible cold! My poor father was housebound two and one half weeks. At long last came a day of "only" thirty, with streets dry and bare enough to get through to him, and I took him out and about for a haircut, errands, etc. (Obviously I have kept him supplied with food and other necessities, via the good offices of a dear old man with a truck and chains and infinite good will who mows my ~~a~~ lawn summers, does odd jobs for many people, and is one of that dying breed, the utterly faithful, ~~totally~~ responsible, obliging human beings.)

Do write, yes? Love as always, dear Lola, "ME"

Being in the Presence of God Must Be a Single Blessedness

By Theodore M. O'Leary

Joanne Greenberg is not the sort of novelist to duck a challenge. She tackles tough subjects. In "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" she probed the interior of a young psychotic and in "The Sign" she wrote about the world of the deaf. Both books were highly acclaimed. Now she has taken on another subject that transcends the ordinary—the struggle to survive on the land and the origins of a religious cult and its development outside "the great central streams of the major faiths." In this case, at least in the second part of her novel, she appears to have overmatched herself.

Edgar Bisset grows up on a rather bleak farm in Eastern Colorado. His mother is a woman of "flintlike piety," given to interminable prayers and possessed of a strong sense of sin. She and her husband refuse to go to church in town because they don't believe in total immersion and all the churches there do. Edgar, a lonely, solitary and quiet boy, feels no affection for his mother. He goes off to France to fight in World War I, returns to find his mother and his beloved sister dead from influenza. He becomes more

FOUNDER'S PRAISE, by Joanne Greenberg (328 pages; Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$8.95).

withdrawn than ever until, in the 1930s, he undergoes a life-changing religious experience. It is the time of the terrible dust storms that afflicted particularly Kansas, Oklahoma and Colorado. The farmlands of Eastern Colorado are turned into a virtual desert upon which nothing will grow, including feed for cattle and other farm animals. Many of their neighbors depart but Edgar and his father remain. Living with them is the hired man, Charlie, whose clouded past includes time spent in prison, from which he still bears scars.

One day almost without warning Edgar finds himself in the presence of God, with whom he enters upon a one-to-one relationship. God reveals his glory and the holiness of life to Edgar. He becomes a man of joyousness and gaiety, his introversion replaced by a smiling gregariousness. Shortly after his encounter with God the rains come and the land is saved.

The people of the region associate Edgar's experience with their salvation. They begin to gather in groups to conduct what they come to call "praises"—meetings at which they dance in a circle, praise God and make requests and ask questions of Him. They consider Edgar their prophet and after he is killed by a motor car, his stature as a revered symbolic religious figure grows even though while he lived he opposed the idea of a new organized sect.

To Edgar his experience with God remained an individual matter. But his wishes are ignored as the Apostles of the Spirit of the Lord become increasingly formalized and organized. Thousands join, the Apostles begin to publish their own glossy newspaper, even found their own college. The movement flourishes but as the skeptical hired man, Charlie, who stands outside the sect, perceives, the great flaw in the Apostles' concept is that it provides no moral laws. It is too much a religion of comfort and of asking for favors from God, imposing no obligations upon its members except outward forms. Mrs. Greenberg brings



JOANNE GREENBERG

... eloquent and elemental

this out in terms of the relationships of succeeding generations of Bissets to the sect.

"Founder's Praise" begins as an eloquent and elemental story of how it is to survive and maintain hope in the face of the hardships, sorrows and tests imposed by God (as well as by Nature). So far so good. Then comes God's revelations to Edgar Bisset, which while open to question by rationalists, seem all of a piece with a novel in which elemental forces contend. Ample possibilities for instructive irony exist in the distortion of Edgar's one-to-one relationship with God into a highly organized, rather smug religious sect. But gradually "Founder's Praise" deteriorates into a somewhat commonplace, talky and sometimes confusing account of high school friendships and how three boys, one a descendant of Edgar, conspire to make sure that they all win college scholarships.

So departs the promise of what gave early evidence of being a kind of stern but ennobling allegory depicting the struggle of succeeding generations to survive on the land and in the heart, and God's role in their struggle. For many pages it appeared that Mrs. Greenberg could bring it off. So, when she doesn't, the disappointment is greater because the expectations raised in her earlier pages were so high.

January 27, 1977

Dearest Constance,

This is becoming embarrassing! I wrote the enclosed non-poem in answer to your real one at least three days ago and then couldn't get myself to copy it. It is not a joke or a parody, but a sort of heart-burp, and it came quite easily, though not painlessly, as these things do. Honely, I love your poems, and I felt very pleased that you had chosen one of mine with some of its words and images intact to do your own variation and to bring it to quite a different conclusion. The last stanza is completely original and very meaningful to me, also evolving quite naturally from the context of the whole, a perfect climax which must have been inherent even in my poem, although I was not aware of it when I wrote it. Thank you so much for letting me see this.

The BIKERS somehow shocked me with its cruel final statement, and although it seems to be made by one of the male participants, at any rate a very ordinary, vulgar person who is relating the event, I don't like this kind of crudeness coming from you. Please forgive me. I say this only because so many of your poems that I have seen are near perfection.

I'm just re-reading the ones you sent me a while ago. THE PIANO IN THE WOODS is lovely, eery, surreal and very much alive with sounds, colors and textures. This is something one can read again and again to oneself and to others, which I have done. IN THE MUSEUM is also beautifully evocative and done with such exquisite simplicity. GRANNIS'S POND: This is a most unusual gift to bring the past back to life with all the sensations it held for a child, I mean, including all the senses, like touch, taste and smell, that are so much more powerful and more highly developed in children than in adults, don't you think? A DOG TAKEN FOR A WALK is a loving memory of Gorki, of course. I found it very moving, the ending again perfectly beautiful. In BURNINGTREE ROAD you have again a shock effect at the end, ~~similar~~ somewhat similar to BIKERS, but here it is much more subdued, just a matter-of-fact statement which is therefor much more effective. ~~AKS~~ Also in GONE TO THE FEED THE BEARS, the horror of the content becomes more chilling it is presented in such a quiet tone. There is a lot of death in your poems, and I admire the way, or the many ways, in which you deal with it. I also feel that death is one of the most important things to deal with in life and in art, and you probably cannot be a real artist, or a real human being, unless you have faced this ultimate reality.

After the above forced-associations there still remains much to be said in regard to your previous unanswered letters, dating from the end of October up. I also just rediscovered three poems you sent me earlier (Impression, Glimpse, Paperweight) all of which I liked not just because they are good poems but because they all have your special touch, a combination of tenderness and detachment which is hard to define and even harder to achieve. I'm really very, gery grateful for all these treasures. Does it sound greedy if I ask you for more? By

all means, keep on sending them around. It would be so wonderful finally to have at least a selection published in book form, and now that you are ~~amk~~ making a name for yourself with publications in magazines, perhaps someone will dare to make the investment still within our lifetime, I hope.

I can understand your concern about financial matters, since this is something of a problem for me too. However, I have the advantage (?) of being more aged than you are (I turned 62 in November) and am therefore entitled to Social Security benefits (\$138.90 a month). In addition, I am allowed to earn \$3,000 a year, which might be possible through Yoga teaching and other part-time work. During the last three months I've been paying off some rather horrendous medical and dental bills - medical mainly for tests which didn't reveal anything, and I'm afraid this isn't the end yet. Please not to ~~wrrr~~ worry! I'll tell you more when I know more. Since for the longest time I was practically the only person I knew without serious medical problems, I cannot expect to enjoy this privileged condition forever. Still, I believe more and more that physical illness or health is very closely related to mental, emotional and psychological factors and that there is a constant interaction between body and mind. When you are relaxed, productive, doing something that is meaningful to you in a non-competitive way (the latter is important!) your body also usually maintains a healthy balance. I can already hear you protesting, so I won't pursue this any further. The situation with all my sick friends is also getting worser and worser, but this is another subject that I will spare you and myself. Perhaps I will call you sometime after having made this superhuman effort at communication.

I hope you have dug your poor father out of the snow. I suppose Lawrence, Ks., is much worse than New York, N.Y. Here three of my old friends also have been house-bound for several weeks while I felt very adventurous making home visits during the various snow storms. It must be very hard to depend on the good will of friends and family when you are chronically handicapped in any way. This is something that will not happen to me because I have neither friends nor family who would be able to come running. So one has to find alternate solutions when the time comes. I must say that George can be helpful in emergencies (provided they do not last too long.) He came here without asking questions when I thought I had an attack of intestinal flu which the doctor diagnosed as a gall bladder condition. I think he was wrong but will find out shortly after G.B. test tomorrow.

In the meantime, with much love and good wishes for continued mental and physical health, both for you and HIM,

February 1, 1977

Lola dear,

Your "non-poem" is by no means a non-poem -- it is very much a poem and one I found very personally meaningful (if you can stand that over-worked word) and moving. I love it.

Your total response knocked me over, I must confess. High praise from you is high praise indeed.

Two by-the-ways: no, the subject of the doggie-poem was not Gorky, but Trude I (who died following a second operation -- G. never had any surgery at all). (Trude II meantime is to have a not-serious operation day after tomorrow, namely, she is to be spayed. Anna says she cannot, but cannot, go through those twice-a-year heats, and another litter? God forbid! -- to which I echo, AMEN!)

I am sorry the Bikers poem shocked you. Of course I was indeed after a shock-effect, yes. I was also after a capturing (which can be done in many ways, and need not have been done in that particular one) of the intimate link between sex and death (it is, obviously, no coincidence that the orgasm has been called "the little death," and the story of the divorced couple who meet again at their child's funeral after they've not seen one another in years and can hardly wait to get off and go to bed together is not an invented story. There really is something incredibly sex-inducing -- what a poor, mean term -- about death! I ~~wxx~~ still recall -- and I don't tell this to everyone, believe me -- how terribly I was overcome with grief when Martin died -- and how I drove around and around past You Know Who's house overcome by the yearning to go to bed with him, right then, that moment, so intensely I could hardly stand it! And so on.) Have you, by the way, read Death and Sensuality by Georges Bataille? Mr. B. is a questionable figure at best (I believe he is, among other things, or has been, or was, a pornographer -- high class, naturally ~~xx~~) but his book is "a serious study of eroticism and the ~~taboo~~ taboo" and contains much that is of interest, some that is credible and scholarly. Whether one "buys" his main thesis or not is another story.

Yes, I will send you more poems -- and am thrilled to be asked, of course.

I am not happy about your still rather vague medical report (I don't mean to intrude or insist that I be supplied with details etc. ~~xxx~~ except only in proportion as you care to give them). You have been a tower of strength to so many that ~~ixx~~ it would be small wonder if at long last you develop symptoms and need care and diagnosis. I am glad George can turn to and "do for" you at real need. ~~q~~

By the way Anna had an apparent attack of intestinal flu -- terrific diarrhea (spelling?) all night one night, then several vomitings the next morning bringing up unaltered the food eaten the night before. She is fairly sure she had some temperature along the way, at least the first day or two (but couldn't find her thermometer). Does this sound anything like what you were having? It took Anna days to come back to normal in all ~~senses~~ senses ranging from intestinal to general pep etc. At one point she (she did not see a doctor) muttered something about wondering if it could be gall bladder. And, inevitably, "there's a ~~q~~ lot of this going around."

It is ironic that , with all you've done for so many friends, you've no one except George in case you are ill. Frankly, I don't know what I'd do without Anna. In dire need, I could and might have to call upon Carolyn but on weekends only and I'd hate to do even that because she is so utterly snowed by her frantic schedule, and so exhausted on Saturdays and Sundays (when, indeed, she's in Lawrence at all -- she takes off to counselling ~~xxxx~~ sessions, training sessions, this, that, speaking engagements, you name it, many times each year now, so is often not even here on a weekend.) I do have our sainted Mr. Lippe, an elderly man who mows lawns and does odd jobs, including light hauling, who has a pick-up truck, and who did, two or three times this winter, get through to my father with groceries etc. Of course I ~~pay~~ pay him for this, even though in many ways he doesn't qualify for the appellation ~~xxxx~~"hired help."

I still keep waiting for some dread flu to break out and who's to say it won't? Ugh.

Our winter has been bad -- more, and longer, piercing cold than is customary in these parts by a long way. Also repeated snows -- although never ~~just~~ just lots and lots. But it is, so far, so much better than in Western Pennsylvania, New York State, Ohio, etc. etc. that we have little to complain of. Also we are so much closer to the sources of natural gas, in fact, Kansas has its own natural gas fields (out west, around Hugoton) -- but I never seem to read about just how well they supply us or how long they can be hoped to continue "pumping." I'd say the east has out-wintered us, three to one this year. They say we are in for a "mini ice age" -- although like nearly every other pronouncement (spelling?) there are opponents of this ~~xxxxxxx~~ view point too.

Good God, are you 62? Is it possible? Well, I knew you were a few years older than I am. Well, heigh-ho, at least the Social Security is not to be snizzled at. Should I ~~live~~ live to this ripe old age (!) I too will receive something (although some prophets of doom claim we are managing social sec. so poorly that in seven years or so its exchequer will be empty, a nice prospect).

"More anon," of course.

Very much love (also gratitude), ME

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas, 66044

March 26, 1977

Lola dear,

It was really dear of you to phone. I am sorry about the slightly hectic quality of the call -- first, getting "caught" in my rather chilly basement, second, having Carolyn arrive for a visit (she often does come on a Saturday morning, it being her only time, as a rule: generally, she calls in advance, and almost never does she come so early. Well)

I am touched ~~that you~~ and pleased at the entire concept of even attempting a "poetry reading," via tape. I have, as I believe I told you, always resisted like mad the idea of reading any of my poems aloud. To a tape recorder I think I could manage. It costs little to try. And if I have any "success" at all, I shall ~~send~~ send you a cassette!

I enclose the two poems on which I did some (to me) important re-writing. I wonder which versions you'll prefer?

I didn't get to find very much out about you this morning, but I don't supposed much has changed in the demands that these several ill, unhappy, lonely, and unfortunate friends of yours surround you with.

And we haven't mentioned George in our last couple of talks -- I almost hesitate to ask, but -- how is he? Does he still have the job he did have?

I really do think you yourself should continue to write poetry. I know, of course, one must draw the line somewhere. If I had the strength of ten, if there were 70 hours in a day -- but neither condition obtains, so I do what I can. I am always and forever writing something, either for myself, with a notion that I've something sell-able (a little article, say), for my instructor (the one I am doing the Arbus/Plath paper on), or whatever. Then there's Pop. And a certain amount (kept to a rushy minimum) of chores, shoppings, similar details. So, as I said this a.m., evenings I have had it. Anna and I eat together several times a week, and both of us are so busy all of the time that we "fix" rather than "cook," as we once did: with the passage of years we seem to either take on more or have more thrust upon us, I don't know which it is. And then -- well, as I know I told you this a.m., I "collapse" -- get into bed (my TV is in my bedroom), and watch something, always Upstairs/Downstairs, The Pallisers, that sort of thing whenever available (and Anna joins me, since where she lives, with no antenna, she can't get PBS, besides she has black and white, not color, and since Carolyn gave me a superb color set two or three years ago, I am "hooked" -- having learned, of course, that one must "tune in" the color properly, as I always do, otherwise it comes out horrid etc.) and just watch TV till the news come on at 10, at which time, bath drawn, I soak in my tub, listening rather than watching (unless something terribly engrossing is to be shown), then, at 10:30, presto, lights out! I rise at seven, or almost always. So my days are full, in their own strange way. All of our days are well filled, of course. And we wouldn't have it otherwise, in one sense. Although at times what fills the days could undergo a bit of change! (I am sure this is something you must feel keenly at times, of late!)
More soon, just wanted to get this off, vety much love as ever, ME

1637 Illinois, etc.

March 19, 1977

Lola dear,

Enclosed, a batch of poems -- I know there ~~are~~ more but I seem a bit unorganized at the moment, so ~~w~~ these will have to do. It's a rather gigantic offering, anyway, I must ~~x~~ say.

I really feel dreadful on your behalf, thinking of the life you are currently leading, the number of persons evidently helplessly dependent on you. It is more than a question of the fact that it keeps you hopping and, I am sure, exhausted very often. There's the emotional drainage. Obviously, your Yoga is the ~~f~~actor that sustains you. Surely, though, some of these people -- Saerchen, Herta S., etc. -- have some other people to "do" for them, visit them, and whatever??????

Well, at least when I come bothering you it's in a slightly different category. At least I won't be after you to fetch me a cane or whatever. Now that I may not need one any hour now, mind: it's just that I really wouldn't expect you to bring one out from New York!!!!!!!

You do get at least a chance to do things -- your own writing, perhaps, visiting with non~~d~~-ailing, non-dying people, and the like? I am still uncertain as to your basic physical well-being. If no tests show up anything that is organic, that ~~x~~ is fine: even with your Yoga, you've every "right" to produce a ~~few~~ psycho-somatic symptoms (I fondly hope that that is what they are!)

It's almost spring -- apricot trees in bloom, ~~xxxx~~ forsythia ditto, magnolias very nearly -- which means a killing frost, maybe a blizzard any hour now. Ugh.

More anon. It was good talking to you -- even though the call stemmed from a purely mercenary basis as of that moment.

Much love, as always, ME

April 5, 1977

Lola dear,

Gawd! (Pardon me, but even down to the spelling, I can think of no more suitable comment.) Arbus is at it again! What a face! What a horror!

I am most grateful for your having sent it -- every addition fleshes out the collection, so to speak.

Your friend's note is indeed pitiful (thanks a lot, a "pen-pal" I don't need!). Did you want it ~~back~~ back? I shall assume so and return it anon.

I am truly happy that you liked the newer versions better. I really am slowly, slowly learning to cut and prune, make cleaner, simpler, clearer, less explicit yet, I trust, ~~at~~ at one and the same time, somehow, better. Learning not to be so damned mouthy, or words to that effect, is how Anna puts it. She sure has a point!

Don't, I beg you, send me a gift or anything (yes, my birthday -- ugh -- was indeed on the 1st!) You are gift enough, for yourself, and in your own way, not to mention the many important favors you've done for me over the years. You see, you are in the (unenviable) position of being the only one in New York who I know well enough to ask something of (such as the Arbus bit) who can do it (as I believe I already detailed: Mitzi Somach is a dear, but ~~not~~ getting up in years: Betty -- Betty Neal -- my longest, and oldest, childhood-days friend, works a five and a half day week at Ronald Press and her weekends are either spent visiting her mother in New Jersey, catching up on needful things in her apartment (in the West Village), or perhaps just plain collapsing. And our dear Irene (Lazarus) is not only 80, now, but had, as I think I did write, a heart attack some months ago, and now a breast removed (what else can happen to the poor dear woman? Her spirit remains unquenchable, bless her.) So you see you are young, able, and unless you are being terribly, terribly polite, willing (I fondly ~~trust~~ trust that when ~~you~~ and if the day comes that you can't "turn out" and do something I ask, you will be honest and say so, simply.)

So present-schmesant -- you are present enough!

I have purchased tapes already, and made one trial one (from which I learned an enormous amount, I can't tell you: also how indebted to you I am! What a wonderful idea!). So you see, within a reasonable length of time you will receive a cassette from me! Among other benefits of listening to oneself reading one's own poems came one unexpected one: heard, I suddenly saw ~~how~~ how this poem, or that one, could be improved, how it would "sound" -- and one supposes, "read" also -- so much ~~that~~ better if this or that were done to it etc.

No more for now. Time to pick up Poppa etc. etc. But I did just want to say, the Helios Gallery brochure arrived, and your lovely letter, and there will be the inevitable "more anon" (some poems will have reached your hands before you get this, of course.) Love, ME

May 10, 1977

Lola dear,

The mail just arrived, bringing the copy of the May ~~xxx~~ Sarton novel from you. What a lovely thought! I look forward to reading it.

I have read her poetry from time to time (probably mainly in The New Yorker) but never any of her fiction. Realistically, I'll probably not read this for a week or two, the way things are going, but I do recall having read reviews of it two or three years ago. I gather that, although she's never made "the big splash" a la Sylvia Plath etc., May Sarton is quite probably destined to occupy a firm place in our literature.

Needless to state, when I have read the book, I'll have something to say about it (whenever did Constance not have lots to say on a given subject?)

But I am sure we will be in touch before then. The thought that you've a letter in the works sounds nice. Evidently, you are well, or at least making it, else you'd not have made it into the book store and sent me the book!

My general yard man of 20 years has suddenly retired and my property now looks like a jungle. I am hoping to find someone, just so's it's not a ~~kid~~ "kid" (excuse me, but the youngsters today, at ~~last~~ around here, are generally sullen, unwilling to work, unreliable, and so on) to take over -- God forbid that I should weed, ~~xxx~~ cultivate, etc. etc. Well, let's face it, ~~xxx~~ some things I do and some I don't, and yard work isn't one of the things I do.

You really are a dear to send the book!

More, quite soon, even sooner than "anon," I trust. Much love as always, ME

answered 5/30
encl. Fat Friend,
Parents,
neighbor

May 28, 1977

Lola dear,

I am long overdue with this response to ~~the~~ your latest gift, the ~~May~~
~~May Sarton~~ May Sarton novel.

It is, unquestionably, a remarkable, evocative, poetic and moving work. I found myself less drawn into it, less utterly moved by it, than by your earlier gift, In This Sign. This is especially interesting because there is no way I can really participate in the world of the deaf-mute (although I felt that I was while I read the book), and I am both a woman and a poet etc. Still, there is that, either about May Sarton or Hilary Stevens, which simply doesn't "engage" me -- or engage ~~with~~ with me.

I think May Sarton has expressed a number of significant aspects of being a writer, a poet -- male or female, by the way. And definitely this is a rather amazing book in its quality of being able to "not put it down" kind of thing. I don't even think it is, or is necessarily, the homosexual aspects (for ~~men~~ men or for women) that I can't "get with" (although I can't).

I think, rather, it's the idea that everything is the self, comes from the self, is explored through the self, etc. etc. Self, self, self. We suffer, today, all of us, from a surfeit of self. It never occurs to anybody, any more (well, hardly anybody) that there is a universal order to be explored and understood. Oh, of course, it is a given self which explores that order and seeks to make sense out of it and to interpret it according to individual personality etc.

I think one of the very qualities that makes for a shimmering, if evanescent poetry about the book also makes for what I feel to be a lack: ~~no~~ moral ~~stance~~ stance (abundantly present in In This Sign, e.g. 2)

I may add that I didn't ~~not~~ like at all Carolyn Heilbrun's patronizing "Introduction" -- the way she keeps almost apologizing for May Sarton ~~because~~ because she ~~wasn't~~ wasn't "liberated" enough, but we must understand that this was because of such-and-such reasons etc. R Pfui! Yes, of course, I know there's more than that in Carolyn Heilbrun's introduction: still . . . I mean, if we have reached the point where a writer, especially a woman writer, is accepted or rejected on the basis of how "lib" or how not-"lib" she was, or is, we have reached a pretty pass! (I just read in my morning paper the Lib -- and glib -- account of Margaret Trudeau. To me, she ~~is~~ is almost a parody-version of The Woman's Movement or whatever you care to call it. Plus which she has ~~already~~ become, or sounds like, an already outmoded, trite, dumb stance on all these issues. For one thing, she is, or fancies herself to be, one of "the beautiful people" (and they always set my teeth on edge) and she now comes on as so self-righteous, so party-line-ish! ~~x~~ ("I want to be more than a rose in my husband's lapel" and "I'm not going to be locked away again as I have been in the past and told I'm not allowed to do anything because I have no rights." Etc. Rights? The woman doesn't grasp the first thing about rights (except that she plainly feels she has the "right" to be "fashionable" and leave her three children as well as her husband.) Needless to state I, as you, know little or nothing about the inner

realities of her, her husband, their marriage, etc. But one thing the Trudeau woman has made abundantly clear is that her idea of the good life (a career, of course, what else: it never occurs to any of these people that not everyone in the world can or should have a ~~career~~ "career" -- most men and women may or may not lead lives of quiet desperation but they lead them in jobs, rather than careers.) is get-setting it up, screwing around, ~~being~~ maintain^{ing} a very high profile, and being something thereby she defines vaguely as "free." I give her that for her career! She puts me in mind of Marie ~~Antoinette~~ Antoinette with her bijou little farm at Versailles, and her silver milking pail yet!

Grr....excuse me. But I get this Liberated Woman bit from all sides (except Anna, of course) and it grates so terribly. I see people I cherish who proclaim how wildly happy they are, how successful, how they are now fulfilling their great dreams, etc. -- yet who are looking anything but happy, strained, taut, etc. I see woman after woman leaving her husband, and her children, ~~many~~ many times ~~for~~ for what? Certainly not for happiness, which in any case would have been a mistaken ~~notion~~ notion. We do not, or should not, marry etc. to be happy but ~~because~~ because we love the guy that much.

But then I shouldn't hold forth in this way, either. Mrs. Stevens and I most emphatically do not hear the same ~~song~~ singing, although I am willing to grant that "The Muse" is female (my, how very many people have been influenced by Robert Graves's * The White Goddess! Telly me, Lola, have you read it? I really want to know.) (Parts, his theory about the mystic alphabet etc., are rather heavy and trying, I must say: but he has some fascinating portions as well.)

I made an almost-sale of my "popular" and/or "general" piece on Clemence ~~Housman~~ Housman to The Feminist Art Journal (I came so close that an editorial pencil had already begun to make certain changes, such as the removal of or perhaps addition of commas here or there, the alteration of an adjective or two to something else, and the ~~like~~ like. Evidently at the last minute it was felt, perhaps rightly, that Clemence Housman didn't quite have enough, somehow -- with which I cannot entirely disagree. The focus of her life was her brother Laurence, not any one of her diversified talents.)

Meanwhile I am working with Tom O'Donnell, the professor of English with whom I've worked at my independent research the past several semesters, on our Sylvia Plath/Diane ~~Arbus~~ ~~Arbus~~ project. I can't ~~imagine~~ imagine we'll have too much ~~trouble~~ trouble placing it: perhaps The Paris Review -- Tom has done several interviews, including one with Howard Nemerov, for them. (I can't ~~say~~ say I think very highly of The Paris Review -- it is so self-consciously trendy, "with it," etc. The one issue I've studied closely has what I can only consider a real put-on (although the Review takes it seriously -- the two Britishers with their "living sculpture" thing -- what a complete put-on! Yet clearly many take it as serious art -- as they do so much trash these days!)

Now, then: what of you, dear Lola? Are you still engaged in keeping up the morale of (not to mention more pragmatic aspects) ailing friends? I hope not. But how can it be otherwise? People like Herta or Saerchen cannot, I think, ever be better -- they can only worsen, gradually or otherwise -- and die.

~~My~~ My father is really getting pretty senile. He really has "jumped down" a whole plateau, or to another, lower, or worsen, plateau during the past six or eight months. Yet he is still capable of maintaining himself in his apartment. Indeed, he is so used to it, so contented (if that is the proper word -- at last it expresses a part of what he appears to feel) in his own world of his ~~apartment~~ apartment, his daily routines, etc. that anything else is unthinkable, certainly at present. There seems little point in worry-ahead or trying to figure out what will happen, or when, ~~but~~ but I find myself getting tenser and tenser and, of course, haunted by feelings of guilt (one always is, I think, when one didn't fully or completely love the one who is on the way out of this life etc.) (Of course, maybe I am on the way, too, and just don't know it: I am selfish enough to want to outlive my father, by many years, but guilty enough to keep predicting gloomily that I will die first, etc. etc.)

Irene Lazarus is here for a week. Within the past eight months she had a heart attack and a breast removed. At 81, this is a lot to lay on ~~another~~ a person's body, never mind, for the moment, the soul. But she seems as game as ever, and remarkably strong. In a sense she has never gotten over the loss of Michael, in a sense she has had the strength to find much in life -- her music, a few friends, etc. She suffers very keenly -- as I gather you and others do not -- from the crime-potential in New York. She doesn't, she says, dare have a grocery store in her neighborhood deliver: the delivery boy would soon realize that an old woman lived alone in that apartment, and she would soon become a candidate for burglary if nothing else -- and far worse. She may well be correct, but she is rather tied down. Friends don't like to come to visit her and go home to their ~~own~~ own parts of town after dark (I gather that getting a taxi, after 9 or 10 at night, is virtually an impossibility anywhere, or in many areas.)

Oh, back to Mrs. Stevens Hears The Mermaids etc. -- one of the refreshing aspects of the book was its total lack of the socio-political-economic terms to which so many people today reduce everything. I thought this "cosmic" sense in the novel marvellous. That it remains free-floating, un-anchored in a moral reality is what, I believe, I find missing: perhaps I am in error here. What was your reaction?

I think possibly, though, the greatest "weakness" is the failure to convince (well, to convince me) that Hilary Stevens has grown steadily richer in her power to care, to be deeply involved. Again, what do you think? (She says of herself that this "power" keeps a part of her ever-young, like a young girl -- but can, or does, a young girl really care? I think with the young it is all attraction, and the caring comes with maturing into older, perhaps considerably older, years.)

Well, you do provide nourishment for the soul, as always. So do your letters (or would, if ahem! subtle hint!) Forgive this dreadful typing -- I go ~~so~~ much too fast, I know -- my thoughts fly so!

Next weekend two of my oldest and dearest ~~and~~ friends, from college, will be coming to Lawrence (they'll stay at a motel: I feel a little guilty about this ~~one~~, but not completely so -- I just don't have guest facilities any more, plus which only ~~the~~ the one bathroom makes for real complications!) I am sure we will all say "How young you've kept!" while thinking the opposite etc.! It has been a long, long time . . . More soon, and, I hope, from you, love, ME

1637 Illinois St.

May 31, 1977

Lola dear,

The enclosed was so fascinating to me -- just especially after having read May Sarton (and Robert Graves's The White Goddess a year or ago) that I just had to Xerox a copy for you.

Here you have a switch -- the muse as victim of the poet. In this case the muse is (once again) female. The poet (of course, or obviously) is male. The usual muse-poet roles are reversed (although not, many would argue, the "usual" male-female roles).

At any rate, I found the piece to have a haunting quality. Tell me how you react.

Love, in haste, ME

June 3, 1977

Lola dear,

Our letters crossed -- this tends to happen. Ah, well.

You -- fat? Come, now! I can't imagine it. Size 12, mmmmm.... Doesn't seem possible. My concern at what you write is mainly that you shouldn't eat too compulsively, too long. The aesthetics of the thing are one aspect: possible health involvements are another matter. But I don't have to tell you this. I know that eating and eating is a fairly typical way of coping with terrific tensions. Certainly it is better than drinking and drinking. Yes, of course, it is "symptomatic and/or symbolic of many different needs and ~~xxxxxxxx~~ unresolved problems" (I suppose my hyperactive gut expresses the same thing, in large part.) But I am positive I don't need to remind you that, as one grows older (past 40, in fact) it is harder and harder to take weight off. Enough.

I am thrilled, however, that you are writing poetry. Not ~~ok~~ only writing it, but pouring it forth, "a poem a day." Wonderful. So far I like what you are writing, tremendously. You have lost none of the old Lola-touch. "My Parents" must be extremely personal indeed. It hurts, rather -- as such a poem must. But it is very telling. "My Fat Friend" (which would not altogether make sense had you not told me about your recent compulsive eating and gain in weight is really very powerful: the concluding lines are especially strong. As for "My Neighbor" (both in the poem and in real life) -- such people do exist, they often make unbelievable demands on a person or persons willing or able to become a true "neighbor," and I am sure that it is the only "power" they feel themselves possessing. Both poetically and in life your reactions ~~xxxx~~, your giving of your own self, are remarkable. You have (in both cases) responded to a crying human need: would anyone not have done likewise? (Yes, anyone could: most would not have done what you did and continue to do). But it is so wonderful that you can express these things in poetry.

I am glad you have achieved a state of liberation from certain friends -- or may I say "~~R~~friends"? One comes to the end with some people. Oh, I suppose when this happens one can always find ways in which one is at fault. But, as in the case of Grace Heider and me (and o how I wish I could part from Beatrice, "drop her," in your parlance), it ceases to matter eventually who is at fault -- one must escape! And I know that in a basic way there ~~xxx~~ was (and I imagine still is) something dreadfully wrong with Grace: I had to get out. I feel no doubts that this is true in some of your ~~xxxxxx~~ situations.

I have a young (well, lots younger than me) friend whom I knew well for several ~~xxxx~~ years in Lawrence (she and her husband and children moved to Canada several years ago: we still write often and still have a special attachment for one another). She wrote to May Sarton some years ago -- May Sarton's poems ~~xxx~~ have inspired Audrey's utmost admiration and influenced her own poetry (she's been having a fair amount of success since she moved, as a "young

Canadian poet" yet!) What she got back was a torrent, a veritable torrent, of the most (to Audrey) embarrassing letters, effusions of passion, outspoken invitations, all sorts of responses that were not called for and that Audrey ~~xxxx~~"fled" from (she simply found herself unable to keep on with the correspondence in short order.) I only learned that after I had read Mrs. Stevens Hears The Mermaids Singing. But I did get a sense of this sort of thing from the book. Along with the undeniable beauty and, yes, compassion was this other something, a frenetic quality, a kind of diffusion of passion ready to be set in motion at almost any time, that I found somewhat disquieting. But, again: don't get me wrong. I think the book is a treasure in many ways, its haunting qualities and sensitive perceptions pluck at some ~~xxxx~~ deep strings we all have, I suppose. Yes, I'd agree that she is able to view herself and her life with detachment, in a sense. She is also unable to extricate herself from the passionate quality of her responses to people and situations. When this goes overboard (as in the case of my friend's innocent "fan" letter and the responses it brought), ~~something~~ is not in order.

I like the Gail Godwin article very much. The passage from Schiller which is its point of departure was ~~xx~~ unknown to me till now: I am most impressed with its thinking.

Lola, you have indeed found "a new and very simple language." It is not all that far from the "old" Lola, of course: but it moves beautifully, with a sort of precision, is ~~extremely~~ expressive and individual, and what you have to say is moving and perceptive. I gather that it is "therapeutic" as well -- but this is not the deepest, most inward reason ~~why~~ the poems pour forth.

Enclosed three recent poems (just carbons, I don't have the something-or-other on a hot Kansas day and ~~me~~ too stubborn to turn on the airconditioning -- yet -- and spend money).

I also will want to know what you thought of the shortish piece ~~xxx~~ from the recent New Yorker. This subject of one's muse (or "Watcher") is endlessly fascinating.

More soon (you too, I hope).

Dear Liberated Lola, ~~xxxx~~ much love, as ever, ME

P.S. -- I think Herta S. has a nerve, "complaining" ~~etc.~~ -- and you have done so much for her, too! Can't she see that? Perhaps she has several other friends to dance attendance on her, but I am inclined to doubt it. The worst thing one can be (most especially a woman of a man, at times a man of a woman) is too demanding. Especially when the ~~xxx~~ demands made cannot realistically be met, for whatever reasons. I would have lost the ~~doctor's~~ years ago if I'd been so foolish as to demand more of him at this or that stage than he was, at this or that stage, able to ~~perform~~ or give me. I am sure some would say, well, then, it would have been good riddance: I do not, of course, view matters in that light. He is the sustaining relationship of my life, the fabric on which all ~~xxx~~ else is based and founded.

June 7, 1977

Dear, dear Constance,

I am still gasping from the load of wonderful things with which you showered me. First the lovely etc. letter which crossed with mine (which I will presently try to answer in detail - hope you have a copy of yours!), then the "haunting" story from the New Yorker, then your reply to my letter and poems with the precious enclosures. It is all too much, as they used to say, or "heavy, man, heavy," in more contemporary terms.

To starty with an example of "Synchronicity" (Jung's term): Yesterday I was just going over the enclosed poem which I had written that morning when your last letter and poems arrived. It must be a sign of very close affinity that we were both simultaneously deeply involved with the same subject. Yours first: I think all three are beautiful, striking, unusual, poignant, and whatever other adjectives of praise you want to add. Of course, I was particularly taken with GETTING READY (why in the Morning? Why even To Leave? But that's up to you. Only before you send it out, please take the b out of the plumb tree!) The old crone at the end really gives you the creeps, which, I suppose, she is supposed to do. Helga, one of my two literary friends (both are writing and both gifted and sensitive to other writers), also loved this as well as the other two. Perhaps Journey is even more beautiful (an adjective which doesn't even fit the other) in the very calm and eery modd it creates. Here every word is absolutely right, perfect like a brushstroke, related to each surrounding element. Somehow it reminds me of Zen and Eastern art. Old Motel is very good in an entirely different way, also very sparing in its use of words, perhaps not so different, except in subject matter. Pray, tell me, where the inspiration for this came from. Did you ever actually experience such a scene in the past? Anyway, I am proud and happy to be the recipient of such bounty, and I honestly treasure all your writing, prose and poetry which I keep in a special place in many special folders.

Thank you so much for your encouraging appraisal of my now poems. (This sounds almost like a "fan-letter" to an established poet.) Your judgment or opinion really means a lot to me, and I know you would never say something pleasant just to please me. Now I'm curious about ~~you~~ what you will say to my latest brain child. This was more painful to face (almost) than the others, but it really pushed its way out, and once I had accepted the necessity of facing it, it was not too hard to finish. That's how it goes. I'm grateful, certainly, that something inside me has opened up again so that I'm able to do this, and, of course, it is also very therapeutic.

Now, I'm slightly embarrassed about the May Sarton book. I appreciate the time and effort you must have put into writing such a well-balanced evaluation of the novel, and it all (or almost all) sounds perfectly convincing. Unfortunately, I am not in a position either to agree or disagree with you on most points because it is too long ago since I read the book and my memory does not serve me that well. But I'll try to go over

each of these.

(This stationery comes to you by courtesy of our former mutual friend Rita Rudel, Ph.D., since I ran out of ordinary type-writer paper.)

I agree on your comparison of Mrs. Stevens.. and In This Sign. I do not quite agree with your statement about the self, i.e. what you call "a surfeit of self." But I think I know what you mean. You seem to use this concept in the sense of ego involvement, or ego trip, and in this sense, what you say, would certainly be true. Through Yoga, based on Hindu philosophy, and also through Jung, I have learned to differentiate between ego and self, and according to this differentiation the self would actually represent the universal aspect or the cosmic oneness. But it is not very useful to elaborate on this here. Again, as I said, I agree with you on your terms.

At this point I wasn't sure about what you meant by "lack of moral stance", but I think you come back to this later.

Re Carol Heilbrun's "Patronizing Introduction" you are probably ~~xxx~~ right. I was very much amused, and so was Helga, by your discourse on the Women's Lib fads and Margaret Trudeau! Also two very good observations (now I feel ~~xxxxx~~ that I'm making notes like a high school teacher, which ~~xxx~~ was not at all my intention, so forgive me, please!): One, about ~~xxxxxxxx~~ people leading lives of quiet or not so quiet desperation in jobs rather than careers, and two: "We do not, or should not, marry etc. to be happy but because we love the guy that much." I'm with you!

Sorry to say, I hardly know any Graves and have never set eyes on The White Goddess but will ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ do something about this at the nearest opportunity in bookstore or library and shall report to you then.

Still going over your May 28 letter paragraph by paragraph, just to make sure that I don't leave out anything that was important to me: It's a pity about the Clemence Housman essay that they sent it back after having raised your hopes that high. Do you have a listing of all the Women's Art Journals? Could I get you one? Could you send me a copy (carbon will be fine) of the article?

When will the Sylvia Plath/Diane Arbus essay be ready? It sounds very promising and I'm sure there will be no problem in placing this. When are you going to be an "established writer" already? I mean one who gets paid for her work, among other things, and who gets the response she deserves.

I do hope you have a copy of your letter. Otherwise you'll be thinking that I'm rambling on aimlessly, partly in a poor imitation of your own inimitable style, and partly just flowing over at the edges like My Neighbor.

Next: ailing friends. So true, what you say about "people like Herta or Saerchen," They do "worsen, gradually or otherwise --

and die. Both of them having been dying now for many years, a slow and lingering death, which is painful to observe and certainly more painful to live through. But one can't very well tell them to speed it up a little. The one who has finally "dropped" me after having accused me of upsetting her so much that she was getting another heart attack, is, as you may have guessed, Saerchen. Herta only tests my endurance, but once, when the test had been too hard, she apologized the next day, which is very unusual for her. Today I made the bright observation to myself that "I have lost a Saerchen and gained a Neighbor." So there's never a shortage in the area of human misery. In your last letter you commented on this "crying human need." I don't see myself in the role of the Good Samaritan but neither do I accept the careless label of Masochist which some people are happy to fling at me. I think it is important to be available when the need really cries out to you and when you are able to do something to alleviate it, even temporarily. One just has to be careful not to create or enforce an over-dependency, and this is something that I have to watch out for, because this is exactly what happened with Saerchen and it can only have disastrous results. Well, I'll try to be careful.

Your poor father - and poor you! God, how hard this must be for you. But you are so level-headed, despite guilt feelings and conflicts, etc. that you can look at the situation from all sides, and this in itself should be helpful. Unless you torture yourself constantly, which I hope you don't. Of course, some of your recent poems ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ reflect your feelings about old age, death, etc., but in the writing already you lift yourself out of the immediate fearful situation and you recreate it, give it a different life. It is only healthy that you are "selfish enough to want to outlive" your "father by many years," and this is the way nature usually works. I think one of the most dreadful things that can happen is for a parent or parents to outlive the child. I wonder if his religion is a true comfort to your father in his final years. Does he ever speak about that? He has had a good long time to prepare himself, and I would imagine that at his age, even if he doesn't talk about it, he must be ready, at least on one level, though, of course, nobody is every really completely prepared to die.

Irene Lazarus sounds very brave, and it is sad that people, especially women, like this have to live such a sequestered life in this city. Unfortunately, it is true. I guess, in her situation I might also be scared of the delivery boy etc. At present I still venture out on my own, sometimes, if I can't help it or if it's important enough to me, also late at night, and so far I've been lucky. Of course, you never know what may hit you today or tomorrow, and this is a feeling that makes for a certain sense of adventure. The other day I had a not so pleasant encounter with a madman at the Integral Yoga Institute, and this deluded and violent character is still at large after having threatened and literally hurt several innocent people. But I won't add my horror stories to this, and at the latest I heard that steps were being taken to have this man arrested and committed.

June 15, 1977

Lola dear,

1) En route to you (via book-rate, insured) is a copy of Robert Graves's The White Goddess. How can you be so un-cultured as never to have read it? ? ? ? ? Actually, I suspect that you, as I, will find portions rather heavy going. Him and his "alphabet of trees" etc. But other parts are fascinating and profound, if controversial. I must own that I hold some of his scholarship in suspicion. And of course he regards Christianity as "just another myth" kind of thing, in the tradition of Joseph Campbell and others -- a point of view I do not find congenial even while I cannot personally seem to make it back to the church etc. But it is a book worth while, it truly is.

2) I don't know what "inspired" my poem, "Old Motel, Grants, New Mexico." No, I never did have any such experience. Martin and I did spend a night (was it in the summer of '49, when we first toured the West, with Gruenthal along for most of the journey? -- I can't recall, now) in a really crummy old motel on the outskirts of Grants. I mean, it was a veritable dump: no private "facilities" -- and the shared, public ones were nothing short of nauseating.

More anon. I wrote today mainly to let you know to expect a parcel and if it doesn't come in a reasonable length of time (it went out yesterday), let me know, O.K.

Much love as always, ME

June 9 , 1977

Lola dear!

Whee! Wow! Just got word today that The Fiddlehead (a Canadian literary journal of high quality) has accepted three of my ~~poems~~ poems ("An Album for Sylvia Plath," "Girls Running, Walberswick Pier," and "New Year" -- I think I've sent copies to you over the last months).

And they even pay (you know the old saying, "It is as easy to love a rich man as a poor man"? Well, it is as easy to send to a journal ~~that~~ pays something, as to the pay-in-copies or tear-sheets kind!)

I am, frankly, ecstatic. Oh, I know, I know -- such an occasional occurrence by no means can be said to advance matters much, but it's ~~not~~ another publication, another publication!

When the grand moment comes, I will of course send you at least a Xeroxed copy!

Just wanted you to be among the first to know!

Love, and in haste, ME

write: ask for S Plath + New Year

June 21, 1977

Dear, dear Constance,

It was good to talk to you person-to-person, which makes you feel as though there were no distance at all. I'm glad that this is possible, occasionally, and it certainly is worth (to me) the extra cost. I really don't know why I still feel so inhibited about sitting down to write a letter, which is almost harder now than writing a poem, since this can be started in the subway, a waiting room, or any other public place. My European & (British) friend Helga ~~writes~~ does most of her correspondence at the hairdressers, and that is what it sounds and looks like too. Nothing but chit-chat about other people, which isn't very interesting.

Well, anyway, where did we stop? First, the Graves book arrived yesterday. It looks kind of formidable and overwhelming, even the pure bulk of it. I just riffled through it and saw a lot of foreign sounding names and phrases surrounded by more high-falutin' language. Do you really think I'm capable of reading the whole blasted thing? Sorry to disappoint you, but I am not a very cultured person and I never got near a college education, so perhaps that's why. All my reading has been done more or less on a trial and error basis, although some of it was also presented to me by some special teachers and spiritual guides. Now I'm concerned that you spent so much money on my literary education, knowing that you are not exactly swimming in it. So I'll have to make an effort some time to get my teeth into it, although I cannot promise you a full-length, detailed ~~background~~ analysis of my reactions. Please don't think that I am ungrateful, despite all this griping. I deeply appreciate, as I said before, everything that comes from you, - and I won't qualify this any further.

About the poems accepted by the Canadian journal, I have to check my files to see if they are in my personal collection. If not, I'll let you know at the end of this. Again, I am very happy and grateful that you shared this breakthrough with me, and I wish we could celebrate together. When will the issue come out?

Coming back to your letter of June 3 which I did not really answer, or only very selectively. It is sweet that you are concerned about my fatness, and I want to somewhat reassure you on that issue because it ain't quite that bad yet. When I read the poem about My Fat Friend to George he asked me if I really knew someone like that and when I told him that it was about me he didn't believe it. Of course, that in itself doesn't mean too much either because people (and perhaps one's own children especially) always have a certain image of you which they are loath to change. On the other hand, George is quite critical of me and notices many things that he dislikes in my appearance. Still, all this is not so important, and of course, I know that it is unhealthy (and unyogic) to do anything compulsively. As to the size 12, I always used to wear anything from size 8 to 12, and although an 8 would be kind of skimpy now I can still squeeze myself into a 10

I was very much interested in everything you said about May Sarton, also in particular the experience of your poet friend in Canada, which really sounds embarrassing and pathetic. Oh heck, now I can't find that other letter, the one before June 3, in which you wrote at great length about your reactions to Mrs. Stevens and The Mermaids. ~~Perhaps I~~
~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ Sorry to be so negligent, but of course all this is highly significant, and it probably means that I really don't want to make the effort to answer it. This I can admit consciously because it would be quite difficult for me to say anything about the content or the treatment of the subject without at least partially rereading the book, which I might do some time. Perhaps I read it very uncritically the first time, since I felt attracted by the personality of the writer and by the intimacy of the shared experience. After reading the Mermaids I read her purely autobiographical Journal of a Solitude and this I may have liked even better, if I remember correctly. Again, this was based on something like shared experience, and the fact that I cannot tell you anything else about it simply reflects my poor memory. I do not ascribe this to senility, because it is a lack of which I was aware already in my youth. There are even many important experiences in my own life which I don't remember fully, and this includes not only the unpleasant ones. But we won't go into that now.

I am enclosing three more recent poems of which Yoga Practice is undoubtedly the best. In Exploring the Border I have borrowed your last line from Journey, which I liked a lot. Here you will notice that this is a completely unpoetic poem which contains only the most trivial statements. This should still be meaningful, in a sense comparable to a collage of very trivial materials, but whether this comes through is another question. Please give me your reaction. About Advertisement I'm not sure at all whether it isn't too cute altogether, a too self-conscious, and should therefore be scrapped. You tell me.

Thank you again for all that you have given me, especially for the inspiration through your own writing and the subtle, and sometimes not so subtle, encouragement to keep communicating in one way or another. It really means an awful lot to me, as you can see.

With much love,

P.S. I liked the New Yorker story very much. It is beautifully underwritten, with great economy of language, and you are right, it has a haunting quality.

P.S. 2) I don't know whether you get New York magazine, so I'm sending you this article on the Belles of Letters which I'm sure you'll enjoy.

know -- plenty of slim types drop dead, get cancer, whatever. Still . . . Glad to hear that
George was unable to associate you with My Fat Friend: a good sign. More soon, and love as ever, ME

June ~~24~~ 25, 1977

Lola dear,

Your lovely and interesting (as always) letter prompts promptness of reply.

Do not worry about the Robert Graves book. As I believe I wrote you, there is much you will find both dull and heavy going (all that "alphabet of trees" bit). But there is also much (which you'll plainly have to skip around to find) that is fascinating as well. So, lots of luck. And, no, I do not expect a long, scholarly "review" of it from you.

I've not read (and didn't know about) May Sarton's Journal of a Solitude. Shall have to look into it. I have read her poetry, off and on, in the New Yorker, collections here and there, etc. Somehow, either I am deteriorating, or it isn't very memorable, or whatever: but she has never exactly "grabbed" me as a poet.

Now to your poems:

"Exploring The Border Of Banality" is indeed simple, "meaningful" (ugh, I start to hate that word!), and in its deceptive simplicity, not banal at all. It ~~xxx~~ has a strange, moving quality -- and I find it a little depressing, too.

Yes, I also like "Yoga Practice" -- I wonder if I would have written it differently (this, the worst possible form of so-called criticism!), i.e., using the "Is dying the ultimate posture?" as the concluding line. Mmmmm.....

"Advertisement" is really very nice indeed, truly as clear and simple as good plain bread and clean water. It has a kind of beauty.

So now that you write poetry again, why not do something with it all? Such a wastex, not to try, at least. You will not get rich or famous, but how satisfying if eventually you "land" a few poems, here or there. (Consult Writer's Market, my much-thumbed "bible," well worth the price.)

Rain, rain, rain -- honestly, I think we are about to wash away in Kansas. 4 inches in one hour yesterday evening. Many cars were flooded to a standstill, even moved from their secure parking spots by the force of water that couldn't run off into storm sewers fast enough. Oddly enough, lawns hardly grow -- think this is because there has been so little sun. Also our nights are blissfully (for Kansas) & cool -- 60-70 tops, most unusual at this time of year.

Well, to have given up and/or lost interest in smoking and drinking is not great harm. But whatever happened to sex? And how come the food-interest is retained, only raised to the nth power? I truly not only do not want to see you get fat (I mean, really, truly fat) (size 12 not yet too bad, of course): I also don't want to see you, as they say, dig your grave with your teeth. Yes, yes, I know, I

1637 Illinois St.

July 8, 1977

Lola dear,

I don't suppose there is even a remote chance that you could obtain some of this miracle substance for me in New York? (Without, of course, knocking yourself out, running about, etc. -- the idea would be to sit on your behind and make a few phone calls, no? Alas, it strikes me that the last time I made some such request it ran into many effortful hours, something I wish to avoid.)

Phone calls to local pharmacies, a consultation even with the you should pardon the expression doctor, reveal that the midwest, as usual, is last on the list, kind of thing.

It is so sad. I've not been able to "tolerate" milk for years. (Anna, by the way, has the identical problem: one glass of milk, and, pow, it all "hits the fan" ~~xxxxxxx~~ a few hours later.) Yet she and I are both of "northern European extraction.")

Well, it's just a thought. Needless to state, I will pay whatever costs are involved, I hope that is understood.

By the way it is so typical that Big Brother U.S.A. sent tons and tons of powdered milk to underprivileged nations (mainly those occupied by black, brown, etc. people) --and it couldn't be used -- all the people, children included, just simply "took down" with ~~xxxxxxxx~~ intestinal ~~pan~~ pains, diarrhea, and so on. It never occurred to anyone that they were shipping * milk to population segments that had never had milk, and couldn't tolerate it!

How is your life currently going?

We keep having rain, only now our rain is briefly interrupted by terrible spells of heat: I have broken down and turned on the airconditioning, something I swore I'd try to avoid, electric rates having ~~s~~ared so high.

Love as always, ME

July 14, 1977

Lola dear,

Never, I vow, never, has anyone responded with such utter promptitude to a request of mine! I am flabbergasted! I shall try this new product shortly, as soon as I can get out (right now it's 101) and get some milk. There is no indication of its cost, and I really do want to pay for it. Do let me know?

I am only slightly worried (old fly in the ointment, as ever) that it warns you not to keep it at temperatures "above 80~~x~~ degrees." I of course rushed it into my refrigerator but can't help wondering how long it was in the heat. Oh, well: since it isn't on prescription etc. etc. if it even seems to work, I feel confident I can order some direct from the company when the weather cools down (if it ever does). We used to have a health-food store here in town but it folded up, just why, I don't know, as it was quite popular. It was, alas, run by a slightly-nutty woman (health-food stores often seem to be): perhaps she was the trouble.

I am so sorry you've been ailing, and so unpleasantly, too. Is it all in any way connected with your earlier not feeling too well? I do think possibly you should break down and consult a you should pardon the expression doctor. You have, I trust, a good one, an internist????

I have thought of you muchly in this present black-out. I won't be ~~xxxxxxxx~~ turning on more news till about ten this evening and will hope to ~~har~~ that all is repaired. I hope it "caught" you at ~~xxxxxxx~~ home, and not, say, in the subway or something ghastly. If I think of the crimes that must have been committed, the helplessness of the police to cope with it all, etc. etc.!

Speaking of which, your poem, "Waklking Home From Lincoln Center" is indeed hair-~~xxx~~ raising! I should like to know more about this experience: I mean, the poem, of course, says it all, but in cases of this sort I suddenly become very literal-minded.

I like your latest version of "Yoga Practice."

Please. Don't let ~~x~~ The White Goddess intimidate you! As I said, skip the boring, technical "alphabet of the trees" parts and go ~~xxxxxx~~ for the juice, or perhaps the meat, the essential theory of why the Muse has to be female (and part Bassarid, too.)

I am, ~~xxx~~ mercifully, in the ~~xxx~~ airconditioning but still feel exhausted from even a brief foray out into the heat. But thinking of you -- I wonder: have you lost a lot of food through spoilage? I do hope people aren't rushing into the stores and frantically denuding the shelves of canned goods! ~~xxxxxx~~ (Which would be typical, of course.) ~~xxxxxx~~ Stores, too, will "lose" their meats, fish, frozen goods, etc. What a waste! And what of people stuck in elevators? It all sounds too dreadful for words!

This is all for now. Enclosed is what I am pretty sure is the version of "Sylvia Plath" accepted by The Fiddlehead. I've no idea when it, and the others, will be "out."
Love, love and thanks, thanks -- ME

July 19, 1977

Lola dear,

It's working, it's working! You have here in Lawrence two happy, grateful people who can now drink milk!

And this, despite it's having been shipped in the heat!

Now, then: ~~first~~ of all, rest assured that I ~~do~~ not intend to make you a constant purveyor of Lact-Aid to Distressed Persons Out In Kansas. But perhaps you could "do your thing" once more and then (as soon as the weather cools off) I can either order direct from the manufacturer or get a place here in town to order it.

The enclosed ~~x~~ check for 5.00 speaks for itself. Here is what I suggest: at your convenience (I hope the Health Food Store which stocks it is not too far from you: also I hope they don't have it shipped in the heat to them) purchase a supply and take home and refrigerate. Then on, say, a Sunday or a Monday, mail to me first class. (Mailings on a Friday, say, or a ~~Friday, Saturday~~ Saturday, even, are apt to travel more slowly.)

I wish I could say "Wait till things ~~get~~ cool down a bit." Perhaps they will back east -- they generally do. But out here? We are to have 100 and more daily through ~~the~~ this coming week-end, alas.

Also, if the people that run the store where you got the Lact-Aid are at all cooperative and/or knowledgeable, you might see what they think about a short-term effect of heat. I know you mustn't "store" this delicate product in a hot place: but how seriously is it effected by spending, say, three days in heat well above 80 degrees? Or mostly above 80 degrees?

Well, I leave this matter in your capable hands. If it makes more sense to wait a bit, then wait. After all, we've lived without milk this long, a week or a month longer won't kill us.

Meantime, I would like to learn how you, personally, fared during the ghastly Black-Out. I am sure that many persons had to dump otherwise good food which spoiled. I hope you had some canned goods on hand (I am sure you aren't, basically, a canned-goods person.)

More soon. Just wanted to get this off. Have no idea how much it ~~ex~~ covers, but am sure it is little enough.

Love ~~s~~ ever, ME

July 30, 1977

Lola dear,

First, a thousand thanks for your prompt and once again deeply appreciated act on our behalf. I really do hope the 5.00 covers all (I may yet send you some little something before long, we'll see). Anna and I have persuaded a leading pharmacist to order out for us (and, hopefully, for similar sufferers) a supply of the "magic powder." So no longer will Valiant Lola have to be put upon. But your efforts on our behalf truly are appreciated.

The article you enclosed about the "subterranean" population of human derelicts was truly amazing, horrible, sad, and many other things. One cannot but think: it would have been just such persons whom Christ would have singled out to heal, to help, to love. What do we do with them? We ignore them, draw back from them, throw them off the trains, etc. Yet who would not become nauseated by a woman, as she is described, with her ulcerated legs and incredibly foul smell as well as appearance. Also one cannot help but feel that these people somehow had a hand in becoming what they are, that they needn't have drifted that far into the depths of degradation. No, they have committed no crime (perhaps a few will beg from time to time). They probably are the least criminally-inclined of mortals. But possibly they are "guilty" of a "sin" -- actually I'm with Karl Menninger, who asks "Whatever happened to sin?" -- the sin of allowing themselves to get that way. If alcoholism did it, it is at least an explanation and means a person or people who could not, or would not, seek help --and now it is too late. There are a goodly number of such diseased and degraded souls who don't, even now, have to live that way. There are still some charities -- I mean this technically as well as spiritually. And when one thinks: even in Calcutta, Mother Teresa or one of her nuns would doubtless reach out to such, help them, heal them, if necessary, see them out of this life with tender compassion.

I was not at all surprised to hear of your final break with Herta S. I only marvel at your endless patience with her in recent years. Again, a case of someone who has had a hand in ~~her~~ ~~her~~ own doom, who has made the choice to be who, or what, she is (for a completely profound analysis of this sort of thing, read C.S. Lewis's A Prefarface to Paradise Lost -- to my mind, a very great book as well as a very brilliant and excitingly interesting one.) No, I don't think of you as wantonly divesting yourself of all friends --this would be very upsetting to me. I do believe that you have disintegrated yourself from demanding, trying, destructive persons (Saerchen, Herta, etc.), and high time too. One can do just so much. As you know, I severed all connection with Grace Heider more than 12 years ago -- and boy have I never regretted it.

I assume, and trust, that you, like me, need and cherish a few true friends, truly special persons that "make" life.

I've ~~not~~ never read Colette, but know she's very much worth the reading.

So. Enough for now. We are back in a dreadful pattern of high heat (it's to go above a hundred today) and without Airconditioning I, at least, would fold up. Perhaps it's my being weak about things, but I don't think so. After all, I did have a mild heat stroke our ~~first~~ first summer in Kansas. Again, much love, many thanks, and I am so happy to be getting those wonderful Lola-letters once more! And -- oh yes -- here are my two most recent efforts (ho, hum). ME

I was indeed glad to learn that you ~~xxxx~~ survived the Blackout. It must have been depressing, also frightening. And it can happen again. I wanted to smash in the face of the head of Con Edison (on my TV screen) as he sat there saying, "It's not our fault that the New York Police couldn't handle it." In my opinion, the NYPD did a remarkable job and are to be commended. The National Guard was not called in (which would have been ghastly). No one was shot (by the police). Having read about five separate accounts in five publications, I agree with those who essentially have little but praise for the New York police on the occasion.

The last line of my Sylvia Plath poem? Well, as you must realize a goodly number of the lines as the poem builds to its end are taken direct from Plath (i.e., "view from the cadaver room" etc.-- as anyone will recognize who has ever read her). ~~Through the darkness~~ The "concluding conclusion" is based on the poem (or maybe its poems -- I don't feel at the moment like getting up and ploughing through various volumes) in which she projects her poetic persona into the figure of the queen bee, old and worn, with "wings like tattered shawls" (or some such figure of speech) who nevertheless ascends, red and triumphant, into the cosmos, terrible in her aspects of vengeance etc. and power.

The poetic persona as a person of power and control is fully as prominent in Plath poetry as is the pathetic victim persona. The wording ". . . is pleased, is pleased with everything" or however I put it is "Lifted" from the poem called "The Swarm" -- in Ariel (yes, and ~~as~~ I did get up and look and "Stings," just prior to "The Swarm" ~~xxxx~~ is the one ~~in~~ in which the poetic persona seeks her identity in the queen bee.) "She knows where the negatives are kept" is my line and concept entirely. It means, well, an assertion of power and control by the very act of suicide (it's always been my theory that this all-her-life suicidal girl finally up and did it when Ted ~~threw~~ ~~her~~ her out -- I mean, no man ~~was~~ going to do that to her, and over another woman, yet! Had she met another man and given Ted the heave-ho, that would have been another story! This is just my theory, of course.) It implies her continuing ability to duplicate herself indefinitely, even from beyond the grave. There: I hope this is now all clear like mud!

Now to your own poem, "The Fire Within." This one I like rather less than some of the others. Why? Well, it's not because of the point it makes, it's the way it makes ~~xxxx~~ them. How can I put it? It spells things out too clearly: also an economy of language is missing. And it is a little "prosey," it is not poetic enough. Am I saying this right? Do you see what I am getting at? Actually it begins well. Then it becomes more of a prose-poem (a "new" form which has become quite popular, even sought-after, but I do not think it was your intention to write one.) Then it also actually loses force and power by over-explicitness and a certain verbosity. There: I've said it. Feel free to disagree.

I never did thank you for sending on the article from New York, which I had already read (my father, of all unlikely people, takes New York, which I get next and, whereas I don't always like its tone or its articles, tend on the whole to enjoy very much.) This was a very good article. I am not sorry to have an extra copy.

July 31, 1977

Lola dear,

A postscript

I somehow neglected to respond to your query, which went, in effect, if I dislike Sylvia Plath so much etc., how come I have spent so much time working on her and so on?

Well, the answer falls in two parts, one of them you may find appalling: Sylvia Plath has been very "hot" stuff ~~stuff~~ (although she is growing, rather rapidly, much less so). An article on her (provided of course it has merit) is an almost sure-fire "seller" (or "placer" in a journal which perhaps does not pay). Tom O'Connell, my instructor, was interested in Sylvia Plath -- and naturally I wanted to take up a topic which would put me in a sort of mutuality with Tom -- this is the second reason. Frankly, I'd not read a line of Plath until Tom became my instructor a few years ago. If this sounds all dreadfully mercenary, I can't help it.

This does not mean that I ~~did~~ didn't find the entire topic -- the woman's life, plus her ~~poetry~~ poetry -- of interest, once I got started. In fact, if I actually would "bomb" on a given topic, I doubt if I could or would go on with it, or force myself to do so. But as for "identification" -- my young poet friend ~~who~~ who moved to Canada, ~~one~~ Audrey (I believe I have mentioned her) really hates Sylvia Plath yet is also really drawn to her with what I'd ~~describe~~ describe as a fatal fascination. Having once made a serious attempt at suicide (and could just possibly again, although she seems basically stabilized and happier than most in her marriage, motherhood, etc.) did something to Audrey and, whether for this or for other or additional reasons, it has left her with this attraction/repulsion attitude to Sylvia. For a long time Audrey's poetry sounded exactly like Sylvia Plath's (she's grown out of that, now: and we must recall, Audrey is young, just 33). You see, Audrey really sees herself in Sylvia. In fact she still, ~~quite often~~ often, in letters, runs through a whole list of comparisons ~~and~~ ~~cast~~ herself and Sylvia, or herself Vs. Sylvia, etc.

My overall view of Sylvia Plath is of a rather horrid, extremely sick (though she kept a good mask up) human being, one whom I feel certain I would never have liked in life, one who wrote rather remarkable poetry whose sick contents take away a great deal (and may in the end destroy) her often amazing technique, originality, etc.

Now I know, as an "old pro," that this sort of denial is apt to bring about a knowing smile and a "Oh, well, Constance just doesn't see that . . . etc. etc." But quite honestly Sylvia Plath is neither me nor my opposite. She simply has nothing to do with me. I spent three semesters working on D.H. Lawrence (undertaken initially because my instructor requested it) and became very interested in

many aspects of Lawrence, no doubt (I found his Etruscan Places really an amazing book). Basically, metaphysically, etc. etc. I can hold with almost nothing Lawrence believed in (except, perhaps, such statements as "O, build your ship of death for you will need it" and "Without the song of death, the song of life is pointless and silly" -- in short, here was a man who recognized that without the fact of our own mortality life would be nothing, would be meaningless -- with which I heartily agree). (I also agree with some of his wry remarks about marriage and women, but that is another topic.)

Well, anyway, back to ~~Sylvia~~ Sylvia Plath. I am, I believe, one of the least suicidal people who ever lived. There have been one or two phases of ~~in~~ my life (i.e., ~~my~~ the first six or seven months after Martin died, say) when I at times vaguely wished I weren't alive -- but that is not the same thing at all.)

I do, I always have, considered suicide one of the most selfish of actions (a person in the last stages of some ghastly and incurable disease who hurries up the process is not, in my view, a suicide). And Sylvia Plath's total preoccupation with Self, so current and overwhelming today as the Romantic Era winds, I hope, down, is distasteful to me in the extreme. You ought to read Joyce Carol Oates "classic" little essay on Plath some time, if you have not already done so -- it appears in a number of collections, not all of them collections of J.C.O.'s own works exclusively.

Well, this was quite a postscript.

I fear it is ~~going~~ going to be terribly hot against today. I, by the way, realize, possibly for the first time, that you do not have (and never have had?) airconditioning in any form in your apartment. How do you do it? (And as I said, it is n't that I like ac all that much, I certainly do not prefer it!)

More anon, ME

September 13, 1977

Lola dear,

I was so pleased to get your letter (admittedly it had been some while!) that I hasten to answer.

By the way, do let me clear up one point: a phone call from you is often fine, a rare and special treat. But there is always one unfortunate aspect to a Long ~~is~~ Distance call -- if the person at the other end is engaged with ~~his~~ company (one reason I ~~is~~ always secretly unplug all my telephones when my ~~father~~ father is here in the house on a holiday, as he ~~always~~ is for the noon meal -- Easter, ~~the~~ Fourth of July, Labor Day, his birthday, my birthday, and many ~~more~~) or maybe even just tired or not in the mood to talk, things are uncomfortable. One cannot, or feels one cannot, say "Sorry, I can't talk now" and hang up, as one can, and does, especially when a close friend is involved, with a purely local call. (With the certainty of death and taxes, at least in past years, some friend from far away would inevitably decide a holiday was a grand time to place a call, and presto there would come the call just as my father and I were sitting down to a meal, say, and my father, never overgifted with patience, and in recent years possessing almost none, tapping his fingers nervously and whistling audibly - albeit ~~allegedly~~ to himself - would drive me up the wall and make what might have been a delightful contact unbearable.)

"When is the Plath/Arbus article coming out?" Well, for one thing it has not, as yet, been written: Tom O'Donnell and I have engaged in one or two working-over-the-groundwork preliminary talks, is all. In the second place, we are no longer so sure it will ~~include~~ include Sylvia Plath: we may just "do" Diane Arbus. (Tom spent a goddly portion of the summer in Ireland this year, and just came back recently: I rather expect that we'll get back to all this fairly soon, but not immediately.) If things go well, we might have a perfected, submittable piece by spring. Then comes finding a place to accept it. The topic is a fairly "hot" one and as both Tom and I have been somewhat published (mostly Tom) and are good writers and thinkers, it should, when finally written, be a worthwhile study -- hence "sellable" (as I tell Tom, why the hell not try it on places that pay?)

Yes, I think you understood me correctly. I do believe it a certain kind of sin, or sin in a certain sense of the term, for, say, a gifted painter to say "The hell with it!" and deliberately become a Certified Public Accountant (if said gifted ~~painter~~ painter has no choice but some drab job ~~and~~ starvation, of self and/or family, that is quite another matter.) I have known, either directly or indirectly but reliably, of several people of brilliant mind, splendid education, immense talent and so on who have simply permitted themselves (or perhaps been caught up inextricably in), say, the ~~drug~~ drug scene, and thrown it all away -- health, potential, human relationships, everything. I call this sin. No, I don't imagine I would be able to accept Karma -- certainly not as the word and/or the concept has been thrown at me from time to time by the "hip" young. I will say that any idea of reincarnations, infinite or limited, is totally alien to me. Is this because of my Christian upbringing and latent belief? Probably. Well, possibly.

especially

The whole point, of course, of "the Christian story line" is that everything happens once, once only, including the life of Christ and also the life of each man and woman who is born, lives, and dies. Continuation in other than Eternal Life, the state which the devout Christian works to prepare for, ~~is~~ setting (ideally) self aside and acting for others, is unthinkable. Perhaps this is strange to you. Today's supreme publicly-known example would be, I think, Mother Teresa of Calcutta and her work among the dying poor. Hers is a life lived entirely in and through Christ and denying self for the sake of others.

Cultivating consciousness has, for whatever reason, never appealed to me. For one thing, life, just plain going on living in the world, cultivates one's consciousness as an inevitable, ongoing process. Special techniques, groups, or what-not, who needs? I am putting this a little flip-ly, I realize. I guess what I am trying to say is this: the direction to look is outward, not inward (there's enough of the latter taking place unavoidably and inevitably, anyway). I think, along these lines, Sylvia Plath and what her poems express is a good case in point: she was so ~~inward~~ internalized, so preoccupied with Sylvia Plath, that self dominated her life. A related phenomenon is the familiar What's In It For Me? approach of, say, the modern (and not so modern) businessman -- the corporate approach to being self-centered.

No, I don't think I've heard, actually, of Jean Roberts or the Seth books. I will, however, investigate. Your recommended readings thus far have impressed or moved me enormously. You realize, of course, that the incredible power and quality of, say, In This Sign stems precisely from the very fact that it makes us, the readers, forget our selves and our consciousnesses -- it takes us wholly into a world of "other" and forces us to become or at least to explore imaginatively other selves, other consciousnesses, other worlds, indeed. Such a book is a strong catalyst for something very good, very positive, from this point of view.

As you know, Beatrice Wright and I have drawn apart increasingly over the years (that she can ~~admit~~ admit this to herself I doubt, but I ~~am~~ am not sure.) Her preoccupation and, in fact, life-dedication to the physically-handicapped makes me, increasingly with the years as well, almost literally ill. As with most things, between Beatrice and the reality interposes the idea. As Martin used to say, she has no more idea of what it means to be physically-handicapped than a stone. She has an idea about being physically-handicapped and many ideas about how they should be treated, or helped, or worked with (in certain instances her work and her influence has been positive, in others . . . well, I don't feel like going into that today.) I still recall the time (long, long ago) Grace and I spoke feelingly of a certain ~~berribly~~berribly handicapped woman we felt very sorry for, and Beatrice, spreading her treacle, sticky goo, said, in effect, "O no! But you never must feel sorry for them etc." Later Grace and I privately commented to one another: "Not to feel sorry for such a person, or person(s), is in-human." And it is. Beatrice is "mired in self" in a different sense of the term.

Dear God, a simple letter is beginning to turn into a sermon (I tend to do this, I know.)

Of late, it's not (I speak from a purely personal viewpoint) consciousness-raising that interests me, but how to prevent blood-pressure raising. I refer to what is going on in the world. The latest and most terrifying aspect to surface is this new trend to Hitler-worship and all that goes with it, from an open rebirth of Neo-Nazism in Germany to a parallel movement in this country. Excuse me, but I think the A.C.L.U., individually and collectively, is crazy to defend, in the name of "freedom," the "rights" of Neo-Nazis to parade through the part of Skokie, Illinois in which live several thousand survivors of Hitler's death-camps. To defend rights is one ~~thing~~ thing. To me, no Nazi has any rights at all (would he grant any to others? You know he would not.) Plus which, today's whole (again, to me) insane idea of freedom makes me ill: as Anna puts it, without boundaries there is no freedom.

Which reminds me: should you chance across any pieces on this general subject in some publication I might not see, do ~~not~~ send them on to me. I've written two articles on the subject, one is "out" (and will doubtless be soon back) at the "My Turn" column of Newsweek. I thought when it does come back, I'd try my longer piece on Commentary.

Please, don't think because I am critical of, or can't get with, a given poem of yours that I don't want to continue to see and read all that you care to send me. I do want to read what you write, know what you are doing.

Oh, by the way -- to switch back to an earlier topic. My own sins (which are plentiful) concentrate mainly on a horrible aspect of self-involvement, namely, the physical. ~~Instead of~~ Instead of dwelling on self in the sense of personality or consciousness or whatever, I dwell on symptoms (of which I always have a wide variety going, chiefly gut). It is, in my eyes, a "sin" that I've let my tensions over my father "reduce" me so much and in so many ways, ways which are physical (although the symptoms obviously reflect what goes on in my psyche etc.)

Well, to date I have been marvellously lucky (yes, even including with my father and my involvement with him): I have not (yet) had to endure the many trials and tribulations which you have, surrounded as you've been of recent years with ~~many~~ patients of all ages, mental and physical, and their demandingness. And I do have friends, few but choice, who are my mainstay and support. Even the doctor, in his limited (self-limited) and often inarticulate fashion is a support (he's a non-support, too, in ways, or at times, but his existence, the sense of the strong feelings we share, etc. etc. form the foundation of everything, in a way). I shall never feel burdened if you unburden yourself to me on the trials and tribulations of ~~your~~ your life. How you sustain them is a miracle. (By the way, you so rarely mention George: is he one of your "problems that surround you on all sides"?) At any rate, small wonder that you feel "reduced" and/or "weak and weary." I only wish for you that among the many persons "surrounding" you you have, as I like to put it, "an Anna" and "a Carolyn."

We are never bothered here in Kansas by hurricanes forming elsewhere -- except in the sense that as an aftermath of a storm in, say, the Gulf region, we may get a lot of rain. Our time for tornados --

our real threat -- is past (presumably: they can occur at any old time of year, though spring is the more favored.)

By the way, your patience with your sad neighbor is remarkable -- I don't think I could bring myself to cope and respond as you have. Yet at times, from what you write of her, you are "all she's got." This does rather put you on the spot. I know, I know -- her situation must inevitably be at least in part something she has herself helped to bring about. Still

Your response to my poems overwhelms me. Would that I could so touch the heart of an editor or two! (Well, I mustn't complain too much on that score: 3 to The Fiddlehead, 1 to The Lyric, and most lately, one to The Antigonish Review, in a space, say, of 6 or 8 months, isn't too terrible.) (Conversely, I get madder and madder at certain journals who keep firing my poems back while printing poems no better, and -- and I mean this honestly -- often far inferior: it's difficult to know what will grab who, or whom, if you take my meaning.)

The situation with your friend's grandchild sounds not good. I hope the improvement you spoke of is continuing. "Failure to thrive" is, or can be, the symptom of a fatal disease (trust me -- I'm a maevan.) Again, you are giving of yourself unstintingly to this ~~substantive~~ situation as well. If your explorations of your ~~own~~ own consciousness and so on have given you this strength to "stand by" those in need, who could have asked for more?

I have not gotten around to taping a poetry reading simply because I've not gotten around to taping a poetry reading. No excuse. Just that when I think of it (and I've tapes and everything, all set to "go"), something else seems to make prior claim. But I will, I will. (As some limited experiments proved, it can be a valuable experience, shedding light on certain poems and how to improve them, and so on.)

I have rambled on long enough. Will you excuse my "disconnected letter?"

Love as always (and write again, soon, do), ME

P.S. -- Thinking back to p. 1 of your letter, this is how I would ~~xxxxit~~ put it, for what it is worth: it is important for every one of us to develop and cultivate our consciousness to our utmost capacity . . . this also includes the consciousness of other beings and actually the entire world around us -- but not as part of ourselves. Each self is individual and unique, and however close the assorted selves and individuals of the universe may ~~become~~, also in trying to draw near one another, there cannot be that utter "one-ness," that blurring of the lines of individuality. What I have always objected to in the "oriental" approach to religion might go like this: where everything is ~~xxx~~ holy, nothing is holy: where everything is God, nothing is God. Where everyone is everyone, nobody is anyone.

October 27, 1977

Lola dear,

This time it is I who am in arrears. I would have written to acknowledge the poem you sent -- but this time I have not only an explanation but an excuse. I am just now recovered from a bout of the current "something that's going around" -- with me it took the form of a sore throat, then general debility, some nasal and sinus involvement, the old familiar pattern, or a variant thereon. Yesterday brought your letter.

First, ~~my~~ your poem: it is, I realize, meant to be symbolic or to express as a metaphor certain feelings, because it is not, literally, true to your own biography, of course (how well do I recall when first I met you and Gruenthal! It was the summer Martin and I married, and, after spending the most marvellous honeymoon at my folks' house on Cape Cod, we ferried over to Long Island where you and G. also had taken a house for some weeks -- perhaps ^{for} the summer, but I can't recall now -- at In my senility I've forgotten the name of the place, but it was near Huntington etc., that I remember. I also recall how ~~well~~ well I swam that summer, venturing far out in the calm waters of the sound, you in your bathing suit ~~swimming~~ swimming as well, etc. Well, ~~anyway~~ anyway, you and G. were not as yet married at the time, as I recall -- and were still very "together" and, as far as one could tell, happy and in love. ~~Well, anyway~~ The poem is very powerful -- ~~is~~ also very sad (to me). Bitter, too. It makes me wonder: since it (to date) never happened to me, I don't really know how I'd react, but it must be an appalling experience to be "left" (even if not "left" literally or physically) by a man in favor of, ~~or~~ for the love of, another woman. If you still go through times of "working it through," believe me, I understand.

Perhaps you are right -- we are not ~~a~~ "apart" in a more profound sense as it may appear, or may have appeared to me. However, I do feel impelled to say this: all the ~~great~~ religions are not based on the same principles, although there are in all immense and striking similarities (many of them having to do with one's ~~the~~ ethical conduct in the earthly life). The Oriental religions pay little heed to individual personality or the afterlife as being something which finds place for individual personality: Christianity, whether one believes and has faith or discards it as a "pie in the sky" pipedream, insists on the continuation of individual personality in some sense of the term, following death (the Bible is never clear on this point, since faith, not knowledge, is the important aspect in the Judaeo-Christian "story line," or tradition.) Nirvana, say what you will, equates with nothing, literally, with the ultimate considered to be total abnegation of individual personality.

Also, I own to some confusion: you say that a life such as that lived by Mother Teresa and those who throw in ~~her~~ lives with hers in Calcutta overlap, perhaps are identical with, the ideals expressed through Yoga. But later you write of Yoga meditation as an essential attempt to "become more consciously aware of our persistent ego needs" &c. Mother Teresa, for example, has

emergency or some unusual situation my father is never at my house on a Sunday morning, say (I keep the lines here free until he's made his habitual phone call to me, after arriving back from Church and the post-Church brunch with assorted members of the congregation, which means I choke off calls until about 11 a.m., Kansas time. Occasionally, after he's called, I might run out to do a brief errand, but basically I am "at home" late Sunday mornings. Well, enuf for now. Very much love as ever, ME

no persistent ego needs (I realize, of course, that the sophisticated modern mind will counter by saying, "O yes she does and her allegedly selfless work with the dying poor in Calcutta is just her ego-trip" and the like). At least Mother Teresa isn't meditating (something which of course many a Christian, especially in the more cloistered orders, and back some centuries ago, did do -- but not to tease out their egos but to relate to God) -- she has, one suspects, little or no time for it. But she does pray -- ~~which~~ is, perhaps, meditating, but it is meditation turned entirely outwards, to God: it is a way -- for the believing and practicing Christian -- the best, perhaps the only way, of communicating with God. But the commerce really is with God -- not with the ego.

Incidentally, if you have read Malcolm Muggeridge's (spelling?) moving book about Mother Teresa you may recall one of the things he quotes her as saying: "When I gave my life to God, my biography stopped and my life began." (I don't have this just down literally, but that is the idea.)

So -- I don't know where this leaves us, really, but these "conversations by mail" are always fascinating to me.

You've not said a word about George and "a temporary family" -- kindly explain -- I should really like to know. Do you mean (today one isn't sure, unless informed) a family? Or do you mean a "family," meaning some group or commune dedicated to certain principles (as some of them certainly are, and the ones that are continue, in certain cases, to thrive and even remain reasonably stable in ~~composition~~ composition, i.e., "The Farm" down in Tennessee or some such place. And there are others.)

Frankly, I am glad you've detached yourself from the strangulating grip of "your neighbor." There does come a time -- and you were permitting (and I can understand) the poor soul to leach out all your energies. With such a one, one has the feeling that no matter how much or what you "give," it can never be enough. I feel sorry that her family have abandoned her: but I wonder if they are all that evil and guilty: perhaps they, too, "had had it." Then, too, some people simply cannot be "saved" -- in any sense of the term.

I am glad about your friend's grandchild. These situations are worrisome in the extreme to all concerned.

Oh, yes: re: my poem, "New Year," I honestly cannot tell you what prompted it -- it just emerged (as is a poem's way). It isn't a question of "forcing myself" or not "forcing myself" etc. etc. -- I no longer recall. I am sure my mind, in ways good and bad, is a storehouse of metaphors, half-formed phrases, poetic ideas, etc. and the way such happen to combine and flow paperwards at any given time will differ, markedly from one poem to the next, or one phase of my life to the next. Also, I got lottsa morbid imagination!

I really enjoyed your letter immensely, but then, I always do. And it ~~really~~ was not my intention to permanently scare you away from a phone call from time to time. For example, except in an

1637 Illinois Street
Nov. 5, 1977

Lola dear,

I have a favor to ask of you and you are doubtless going to kill me when you hear what it is I have in mind: but I am truly desperate (you'll see why presently) and I just cannot ask my long-time childhood friend, Betty, who works a 5½ day week and has been under tremendous pressure at her job of late.

So, here is my "tzoers"-story:

A couple of months ago I ordered, from the elegant gift catalogue of the Metropolitan Museum, a certain scarf, very beautiful, wine-red with pattern of butterflies, to be a birthday gift for Carolyn (her birthday was Sept. 30th, hah!) Carolyn has so overwhelmed me with gifts and things over the years that at least at times I want to, not repay her in ~~kind~~ kind, I can't, and she wouldn't expect it, but get her some something I feel she will especially like. O.K. Are you still with me?

The scarf arrived in due course, but it was the wrong scarf, a totally different one, also, I might add, cheaper in price by several dollars; I was furious -- the packing slip gave the correct number, but some slob in the pack_{ing} dept., doubtless, had put in the wrong item.

I at once sent it back to the Met. Museum, with accompanying letter, clearly designated as such, requesting that they make their error right, and do so at once: also that, in view of the fact that it was their error, I expected to be reimbursed for the sum of \$1.66 put out of my pocket to send back their "goof."

No reply.

A few weeks later I wrote again, outlining the whole story in full, rich, vivid detail, and I don't mind saying, I was -- and am -- livid. Weeks have passed: still no~~2~~ reply, also no activity.

I have a feeling that unless or until I can obtain the name of a person, someone in authority (I mean of course in their gift department) I will get no where. I have the ~~dis~~ distinct sense that my letters simply get shuffled around by some low-I.Q. and indifferent underling.

So here is what I want you to do (poor Lola!): I want you to obtain for me the name of a person, a human being, to whom to address my next letter. Someone in authority. If possible, someone who is human, kind, interested. (Fat chance!)

The only address as far as their gift section goes is The Metropolitan Museum, 255 Gracie Station, New York 10028 -- plainly a "drop" or shipping address.

I have 40 dollars tied up in that scarf. I want either the right scarf, or my money back. And I certainly want some action and

an answer!

Now it is possible, of course, that the next mail, or Monday's mail, or Wednesday's mail, etc. will bring a reply, or a package containing the scarf I really did order, or something. (I doubt it!)

I am still holding in my hand a ~~copy~~ duplicate order slip, giving my order number as 1B221204. Frankly, I am rather discouraged at this point: it really makes me nervous to face the loss of 40 bucks! (Of course I mailed the wrong scarf back to them, insured: but with their failure to respond I may have a difficult time getting this sum out of the Post Office.)

There: now it is all laid upon you. Possibly unnecessarily. But (alas) unavoidably. I really don't know where else to turn -- and I do know that a letter addressed to a specific purpose at a real address (not just a "drop"?) is the only way I am going to get this thing off the ground.

If need be, I shall write to the Better Business Bureau (surely Manhattan has one?) -- but again, it is only sensible to undertake such a course of action if one has a name, and a name of someone in authority.

Well.

It is still gray and raining or threatening to rain almost all the time around here. We are awfully sick of it all.

Hope you O.K. and ~~think~~ that this "errand" will really only require one, possible two, phone calls.

Can one person thank another for undertaking such a chore? Not adequately.

Love, then, since this is about all I can send.

ME

7 November 1977

Lola!

I hope you are going to be ~~be~~ able to forgive me.

With the inevitability of death and taxes, this morning's mail brought a nice note from a lady in the gift and/or packing department of the Met. Museum, asking me to phone her collect ~~x~~ -- and giving me the number.

Which I at once did, and all seems to ~~be~~ well.

A major problem turns out to have been the fact that the package mailed back to them (containing the wrong scarf) was never received. Either that, or went astray in the confusion of their mailing department.

-- However, the lady (Elsie _____ -- unclear about her last name) said not to bother to collect insurance, they, taking my word for it, will at once ship me the correct scarf. So that, I think, is that.

While all this was going on I wrote a poem -- my first in a month or more (I've been in a dormant phase, which inevitably happens, and is perfectly normal, I realize), got an almost-acceptance from the Iowa Review, and am, in response to a direction "invitation," trying them again.

And so it goes~~x~~. And so it goes.

So now you ~~can~~ can write me a story of all the phone calls you made on my behalf, and at my request, and

So what can I say? How did I know? I really had about given up.

In haste, with much love,
and gratitude, too, that
goes without saying,

ME

11 November 1977

Lola dear,

To all appearances, I got to you in time to prevent your sallying forth to do battle on my behalf with the gift division of the Metropolitan Museum! Thank goodness. (Perhaps you will go anyway, just to visit: and, by the way, has the Tutankamen show been there yet? It is, or so I am informed, not to be missed.)

O.K. Here's one thing I am going to insist on: I am (not this time) not all that crazy to have drawn the conclusion that your sad, even tragic poem was symbolically about you. Right by the typed title ("The Old Woman's Tale") you had written in, in ink, "Guess who's?". This sort of inviting "aside" can (to me) only mean one thing -- that I was to understand by this little indirection that it was you, yourself, who was meant: it never even remotely dawned on me that you were referring to your pathetic neighbor! So.

Of course your explaining makes "a whole other ballgame" of the poem, I own. But I do hope you understand how, or why, I came to my (erroneous) conclusion. Yes, yes, now that I am more "with it," I can indeed read the poem as "a sad poem about two wasted lives"etc.

On to the next! Again, I guess we aren't all that far apart --EXCEPT -- in the framework of Christianity, yes, indeed, God is "Other." He is, however, in a sense, within. (By the way, one reason why -- the main reason why -- God is "Other" is because of the "argument" -- if everything is God, then nothing is God.)

I've read (although not for a few years) everything Teilhard de Chardin ever wrote, and when he speaks of us creating our own souls in whatever context (and with him it is, by the way, dangerous to take things out of context, as it is with most writers) , this should not be misunderstood. In the Christian framework, the soul is something created by God, and with which each of us is born. From there on what we do with out souls is in part up to us (freedom of choice . . . Genesis . . . Milton . . . etc.) But we still develop our souls not just on our own but through Christ and hence through God. Without Christ, and God, we, our souls, whatever, are nothing. (St. Augustine makes a big point of this, of course.)

Speaking of May Sarton, I have read most of her prose works and much of her poetry. I confess her poems leave me rather cold. I have enjoyed her ~~po~~ prose works, yes: but I find something both cold and a touch hysterical in her. Or does this thought fall on unreceptive ears?

Your story of George (which~~x~~ is, I realize, barely sketched in, which is, of course, quite all right, or as it should be, really) is . . . shall I say strange? -- to put it mildly. It all sounds like a sad, one-way street, or a situation that is all-too-inevitably programmed to self-destruct (as they say these days).

But -- mine not to reason why.

At long, long last we have burst into colder but brilliantly clear sunny weather -- thank goodness! Since we generally send our weather on to you folk back east, I hope we are sending this (since it appears that our constant gray skies, rains, etc. became part of your pattern as they moved on from us).

"Otherwise" nothing new, or nothing worth reporting, or nothing sensible to try to report, I guess is the best way of putting it. "Life with father" continues much the same: ~~ix~~ he is fairly senile in some ways, utterly remarkable in others, but still perfectly capable of and able to maintain himself in his apartment -- thank God!

Let me repeat: I do thank you again, again, for having stood ready to do battle on my behalf. I really had reached the point of desperation -- when letter after letter goes unanswered, and a fairly costly item is involved, one does begin to be a bit nervous.

More soon -- and I hope from you as well. And -- oh, yes -- I am glad that you finally found the resolve to divorce yourself from your overly-demanding neighbor. There comes a time.

Love & always, ME

4 December 1977

Lola dear,

The beautiful book on Zen seeing came yesterday: I tell you only this at the moment. I'll not get to read it as it should be read -- with time, mit verstand, etc. -- for a week or two. (Tom O'Donnell has finally decided to "get cracking" on our Diane Arbus paper: this means not ~~xxx~~ only hours put in on that, but the reading of some books ~~xxx~~ alongside, e.g., R.J. Stoller's Perversion, an interesting re-~~x~~interpretation of ~~Rex~~ Freud, etc. etc. Also things have been unusually complex with my father the last week or so, and I am exhausted come afternoon. Oh, well.)

But beautiful the book looks, and I shall read it with care and enjoyment and then I shall be able to thank you properly and talk about it intelligently.

And now, I have something to "lay on you," as they say these days. I fear you may wind up hating me -- and if you are leaving for the Bahamas (or something), kindly say so. Let me preface my request by saying that I know you've been "up to here" with trying persons of various kinds, the physically-ill, the ~~xxxx~~ meshugge, etc. etc. Let me only reassure you (I hope): at least this doesn't involve anything like that.

O.K., here is the story, and once I've told it you will, I think, understand why it is I turn to you -- and it isn't because you have nothing to do but lie around buffing your nails, making puff-balls out of the combings of your hair and blowing them ~~xxx~~ up to the ceiling, dipping bonbons, and the like.

You will recall Anna's more-or-less-lifelong and my from-the-past-fifteen-or-more-years friends, ~~Michael~~ Michael and Irene Lazarus. (They used to run The Willow in the village, etc. etc. and you did in fact meet them, in fact, were kind enough to invite them over years ago. It was soon after that that Michael began having a series of cerebral episodes, the final one of which felled him while they were in Austria one summer, some five years ago).

Since then Irene, a brave and spirited lady who neither looks nor acts her 82 or so years, has made a remarkable "life-alone," with diverse inerests, literary, musical, in Yoga (which she's always regretting not having been able to become more concretely involved in) and much more. Just in the past year she's had (a) a heart attack and (b) a breast removed for cancer, both of which she's born with courage and her usual resilient spirit.

Ahead of her, however, lies a briefish time of particular trial, one she admittedly feels apprehensive about coping with -- as Anna and I can well understand. It is this: from the 23rd of December through the 4th of January she will be, for the first and only time in her life since Michael died, quite literally alone and unsupported in her life. By odd chance coincidence, her doctor and his (also doctor) wife, who are personal friends . . . her landlady . . . her one neighbor in her building with whom she has relations of cosy reciprocity. . . and, worst of all, her dearest, closest friend

-- all, sans exception, will be gone from New York , also literally far away, during those days.

(Her doctor has, of course, arranged for an alternate should ~~h~~ she be "taken down" with threatening symptoms, but still)

Now here is the central problem at issue, and the request I make of you (but which you must feel free to refuse, depending on your own circumstance, mood, or occasion): daily, at the same hour, the close friend whose name I put last on the list not because of order of importance, a lady named Trude Bartel who works in some library in . . . is it Brooklyn? anyway, she lives, with her husband, in Brooklyn) phones Irene: it's a little like the Ring-a-Day service which is provided to live-alones or shut-ins here in Lawrence.

Trude knows that, if Irene should fail to answer the phone within, say, "X" number of rings, that something has happened to her, and would then, depending, call Irene's landlady and/or neighbor, her doctor, and, if all else fails, the police, since failure to answer would mean something serious and in need of attention, urgently.

Now here comes Lola (gulp): could you, would you, find it in your heart and also your schedule to make an arrangement, just for that period of days --Dec. 23rd through Jan. 4th, whereby you would phone daily to Irene at a time to be settled between you -- on this point I don't want to make any suggestions or interfere, anyway, I don't know your schedule, and I know you must have one, what with courses you give or attend, and more?

The idea is not to "involve" you (since no one appreciates better than I how over-involved you've been, and for a term of years yet!) but to "use" you to bridge a gap and bring to Irene a ~~sense~~ sense of confidence, an "I know that even though Trude and the others are gone someone who could 'act' will make that cherished, reassuring daily call" kind of thing.

By the way, how well ~~do~~ you remember Irene I've no idea. But she is no clinging neurotic, no Saerchen or Herta S., and absolutely no "neighbor" like the sad woman from whom you finally, and I am glad, shook yourself loose. She is an interesting woman, of considerable culture, her chief interests being music, literature, Yoga, and much, much more. A daily conversation of five minutes or so might even be of some interest.

Naturally, I proposed you for this (how else could it have come up), and if you are now grinding your pearly teeth and hating me, I can only explain "Mea culpa, but what can one do?" Sure, Anna or I, alternately perhaps, could have arranged a daily call (money? we could have borne it). But , in case of need (which we don't expect), we could not have made any ~~God-forbid~~ God-forbid follow-up calls, e.g., to the police, an ambulance, that ~~xxx~~ alternate doctor, and so on.

I hardly need say that, should you consent to perform as a "Ring-a-Day" Lady, it will be as a vast favor done for me, personally.

Anna and I are deeply fond of Irene. But almost more is our intense sense of being able to identify with her during a period of days uncovered by that all-important phone-call-at-the-same-hour -- partly because of her age and alone-ness, but more, perhaps, because of the twin health-threats that have clobbered her during the past year.

(You know, Anna and I are one another's Ring-a-Day ladies -- and it is wonderfully comforting to know that, if something bad happens, to one of us, the other would find it out soon. We both know that it might not be soon enough -- but that's one of life's risks. One can't cover everything, all of the time, each and every eventual~~ity~~ity).

Never let it be said that Constance writes a short, casual note.

The thing to do, I expect, should you consent, and should you be able to find an hour that would be precise and ~~duplicate~~ identical each day for those -- 13 days, I think it is, would be to phone Irene early~~ish~~-ish some evening during, say, the coming week, and "set things up."

She sounds eager for contact with you (naturally I told her or reminded her, so many years having passed) that you are a cultured and fascinating person and all that sort of thing. I suspect she may invite you to come and meet her personally, or wish to ~~g~~ have you to supper, or something of that sort: how you handle that is up to you -- you are a big girl.

My only interest, and Anna's, is to see that those days are covered by a regular ring-a-day, and that ~~they~~ Irene is thereby enabled to spend those 13 days in something like peace of mind. She is, let me repeat, a most self-sufficient lady in most respects. She is of course in the Manhattan phone book, but her address is 84 Grove Street, her phone number CH-3-2982.

Let me know -- even by brief note -- if you feel able to respond to this extremely direct, and, I've little doubt, untimely request. Believe me, if you decide that you are "going to the Bahamas", I will more than understand.

So. I shall hear from you. Meantime, again thank you (in advance) for the Zen book which shall shortly receive my respectful and interested attention.

Much love as ever, ME

Well. All this a longwinded attempt to express what I feel that you have made contact with Irene, and will help her through her 12 or 13 days of alone-ness soon to come. This means a very great deal to Anna, to me, and, most of all, to Irene herself. As I know I wrote, she's a most self-sufficient and brave, staunch lady of many interests, but in view of her recent history, who can fail to understand her apprehension at a whole 12 or so days, cut off from anyone she knows and loves? More soon, love, ME

10 December, 1977

Lola dear,

Your letter brought great joy to me -- and, of course, to Anna. We feel so good about having someone (someone human, responsible, and more) to be just a little bit "watching over" our Irene during those days.

So, ~~xxx~~ in a way, it isn't a terribly "big deal" sort of thing. But it is, too. I know it. You know it. Also just ~~xxxx~~ especially (as I wrote before) because your life has been so filled with demanding and unpleasant relationships of late. (Yes, poor Herta & S. -- but I, too, can see the humor of it all: I can also see that you continue to refuse renewal of ~~xxx~~ relations with her. A tragi-comedy indeed -- but in this case, and knowing Herta -- not so very ~~xxx~~ well, really, but sufficiently -- I think you are very wise to continue keeping your distance etc.)

Don't worry about owing me "a long, long letter" -- after the holidays will be fine. It may be a while till I, on my part, write "a long, long letter," including talk of the lovely Zen book, perhaps copies of current poems, and more.

But I just did want to get this much off to you -- a deeply heartfelt "thanks" (what an inadequate word, so clipped and formal) -- and -- who knows? I by no means suggest that you either want or need any new friends or ~~what~~ what-not, but it isn't impossible that you and Irene might "hit it off," in some sense of term.

I did tell you that Irene is tremendously interested in Yoga. I fear that now, at 82 or so, with her recent history of cancer and heart trouble, it probably is a bit late (Yoga Over Fifty is fine, but over 80?) (and with heart ~~xxx~~ trouble yet?)

We all suffer from lack of time. And energy. My, what marvels I could accomplish, were I only strong as a horse (hah, hah -- that's a hollowly-ironic laugh). But, seriously, I could get a lot more done, I know, if I wouldn't run out of steam towards the end of the afternoon. I have for several years now flopped down, as if impealed to do so by a great, unseen hand, and napped or maybe just rested if too tensed-up to drift into actual slumber, for 30 or 45 minutes, just about every afternoon. This renews me to the point where I can prepare a meal (or make it over to Anna's for a meal she has found the energy to prepare: neither of us do the "nice" cooking we once did -- we get busier as we get older, plus which my "gut trouble" restricts, rather, the menu etc.), enjoy same, then, since Anna and I always go our own ways around 7:30 or 8, just get into bed and read or watch a show or two on TV. Then, the 10 p.m. news (pretty provincial in these parts, alas), then, 10:30, lights out. And I sleep, because I take a 5 mg. of Valium nightly. I hate to, but sleep I must have or I really cannot function. And function I must, for Papa.

22 December 1977

Lola dear,

At last I found, or rather made, the time, the leisure, to read and immerse myself in The Zen of Seeing.

It is a remarkable work -- sensitive, perceptive, evocative, fragile and beautiful. The sketches, ~~the~~ drawings, are all those things, and more. The text charms and invites.

But the whole thing is almost too fragile, too beautiful. It opens a ~~door~~ door and lets us look in: it doesn't quite follow through, all the way -- not the text, not the sketches. It is a beginning, an invitation. Some penetration, some final profundity is lacking -- I am saying this badly, I am not even sure what I mean, it's something I ~~just~~ just feel.

(There is one awful "bloop," I have to mention: I refer to p. 60 where Mr. Franck says that birds "don't kill their kind. They don't devour their offspring." O, Mr. F., how wrong you are! Wish you'd have been by my side when I watched in horror while a bluejay savaged, killed, and bore away a little helpless sparrow one spring day years ago. Where do you think the expression "birds of prey" came from, Mr. Franck? And some birds do devour their offspring (as do some animals.) This is part of what I mean by his too-beautiful, too-fragile concept of Nature, or, perhaps, the world.)

Now I know you will be vexed with me but I have to say it: in Mr. Franck's approach (learning to see, not merely look, etc.) what is there that makes it especially Zen? What he says in effect is what any good, sensitive, "right" teacher of drawing would tell students. The Zen-part ~~is~~ neither adds nor subtracts, if you see what I mean. The key point of view, the wisdom, the sensitivity are removed from any special ethos, sensibility of a religious or cosmic sort, really. "The ~~way~~ way ~~of~~ of seeing is the way of knowing" -- this is all artists from all time, not either Zen or not-Zen. Or so it appears to me.

So now I ~~have~~ been critical. Still, the book is a treasure. Just ~~s~~ especially for the sketches I know I will return to it over and over. Weeds or gnarled trees in the south of France; the purity of the Holland landscape; faces -- Pope John, Albert Schweitzer, aging, sad, enduring women, and so much more.

Well.

Have had at least one delighted note from Irene: she seems so happy to have made contact with you and I can only say again, or yet, "Thank you!" (so damned ~~a~~ inadequate).

I keep wondering about George, and his odd, foredoomed (as I am sure you will agree) "family." Mostly I think of you, hope you are all right. Write soon (but only when in the mood etc.)

Again very much love as ever. "ME"

to imagine just how his "family" is going to work out, how it can last, and more. As for me, "Life with Father" grows more difficult. Anna (bless her!) repeats at appropriate intervals the strongly-stressed thought that I must not, I must not, let Pop's constricting bonds tie me in knots (or at any rate only in minor, limited knots), that I must just learn to "tune him out" and not take seriously and become perpetually upset by his increasing "senilisms," and that I can and should fight for the right for a day to myself once in a while, etc. So. More anon, and much much love, and again a (how inadequate the term!) ~~THANK~~ THANK YOU! "ME"

28 December 1977

Lola dear,

I have visions of you sitting ~~xxxx~~ in your apartment, grinding your teeth and hating me.

Gee, I hope not!

Well, anyway, Irene phoned Anna (they do phone back and forth from 1 to 3 times or so per month, since Michael's death, and, more especially, since Irene's unbeatable combination of heat attack plus cancer a year ago) on, I think it was, Tuesday evening ~~xxx~~ -- in happy bliss. She had had her visit with ~~xxx~~ you, loved every moment of it, thought you were wonderful (mmmmmmmm.....she must be more "gone" than I'd thought-- heh, ~~xxx~~ heh, heh!) - and more.

Well, as I said initially, you are a big girl, plus which you've come through somehow and survived (also terminated) a number of clinging, cloying, or difficult human relationships (and most understandably, too) and you will know how to withdraw from this one unless it chances to turn out that you really do find it a positive one, at least in terms of some form of contact.

But regardless, I did want you to know that I truly (Anna as well, of course) appreciate what you are doing these days, and to repeat myself (as I fear I often do) and state again that you have definitely brought not only a sense of security but a positive enjoyment to Irene during ~~xx~~ her ~~xxxx~~ "alone"-time, now soon to end ~~x~~ as her friend, Trude Bartel, her landlady, and others start to ~~x~~ return ~~x~~ to New York early next week.

I did permit myself the luxury of a brief daydream: how nice it could conceivably be if the two of you really did "take to" one another and became, in some sense of the term, friends. That this was not "part of the deal" is neither here nor there, of course.

Certainly Irene is neither a ~~xxx~~ Herta S., a Saerchen (poor soul), and definitely not your clinging, crazy, pathetic neighbor (who has probably driven away all her relatives and friends just precisely by her excessive, passive/aggressive, all-dominating dependence). Irene has her difficult aspects, sure (~~x~~ who "don't"?), but she is charming, bright, fun to be with, and laden with interests such as her piano, Yoga, and much, much more.

So. This is mostly to say, I guess, Happy New Year. I'd like to wish the same to and for George -- but find myself unable

12 January 1978

Lola dear,

Another phone call from Irene to Anna brings us news that you have again been to visit Irene: she told Anna how much she had enjoyed this. I hope you did too.

No, really, of course I did not think you ^{were} literally or even symbolically grinding your teeth. It's just ~~in~~ that the way your life has been going for some time now I wouldn't have blamed you if you had "cussed me out", even within your own mind, for having "involved you" with yet another aged friend etc. etc. But of course there is no comparison between Irene and Herta S., or Saerchen etc. I gathered from Anna that Irene was cheerful, self-sustaining, and busy about her many interests as always, with no specific complaints, and yet I also received an impression of a mood of Traurigkeit. Perhaps this is not untypical of the aged. Or of one who has been through much illness of late. Maybe, too, it was a mood, a flicker, a moment.

Your idea of my writing an I Hate To Write book really is brilliant. ~~Imagine~~ Imagine! To do a Peg Bracken number on the writer's profession (not all of it a profession, either: there'd be a chapter cheering on and helping those who "hate to write letters," for instance. No, I do not mean you. I don't think you "hate" to write letters, just find it hard as you once did not, for good and sufficient reasons, I am certain.) Ah, if I had but world enough and time!

I don't think -- I don't THINK -- I have "anything against" Zen because it is "not tied to a special ethos" etc. but is a sort of way of seeing and what-not. I admittedly am not in tune, or operating along the same wave-length as Zen, or not yet. But what I found missing in the book didn't necessarily have to do with anything wrong with either Zen or with me. I just felt, how did I put it before? -- that this particular ~~writer~~ writer and artist didn't take his audience very far, into anything, Zen included. There was that tantalizing fragile beauty as of a door opening, but not enough. But perhaps I am expressing myself badly. The book you speak of (Zen Mind, Beginners Mind) I wouldn't be at all averse to reading: it might help clarify things. However, don't send it (unless it is a truly inexpensive paperback): surely I can get a copy at either the city or university library?

The Feminist Art Journal suddenly folded. It appears to me, at least, that there is some rather odd story behind it all. For instance, they were accepting new subscriptions just a month before the sudden announcement that there would be no more FAJ's: on their printed form was no indication that they would either refund the balance of a subscription (not even a brand new one) or (as is often done) transfer ~~it~~ subscribers to some at least faintly comparable journal. Also, the tone of the discontinuance notice I found ~~irritating~~ irritating: it raved on about how great the journal had been, what a triumph for women everywhere, how much it had accomplished. "And now -- on to still great goals" (or words of that effect) for its editors," it wound up. Pfui. I think it was not doing all that

well, were the truth to be told. Frankly, I had found it increasingly irritating with its original tone of a ~~guy~~ at least a general humanism replaced by a ~~snobbish~~ snobbish (and militant) feminism exclusively. I also was ~~thru~~ completely unimpressed by most of the samples of women artists (all praised as "great" and all pitied as "brave ~~martyrs~~ martyrs" to some shitty man kind of thing.) Listen, I am not just dumb and blind: I know that women by and large have had a tough row to hoe making it, perhaps most especially in the art field -- galleries refusing to consider shows of their works, that sort of thing. But if the works by women artists depicted in the pages of the Feminist Art Journal were at all typical, I wouldn't want that crap in my galley, either! Excuse me! ~~But~~ (I can say the same of what most men artists are doing today.)

This brings me to your mention of the exhibition you had seen and which you describe as "magnificent." Coming from you, I am ready to accept this fully. How ~~expensive~~ expensive is that catalogue? Let me know, perhaps, when you've time.

Your poem ~~seems~~ seems to have caught the feel, both of the exhibit and of the ~~poet's~~ poet's (your) reaction to same. I very much like this over-all "feel." But (now comes the criticism) I think that from "As I look at your legacy" on through "this fragile fabric" etc. comes across a bit . . . prosey? Is that the word I ~~want~~ want? It doesn't have the "feel" of poetry. (I might have ~~said~~ said, once upon a time, it isn't sufficiently "poetic" but some while back Anna conditioned me against using that word -- "IF there's anything I hate," she'll say, or words to that effect, "it's 'poetic' poetry!" I do know what she means! The self-conscious, the arty, that sort of thing.

yes
I think in what I dare to term the "prosey" portion of your poem you are at times overexplicit, overdetailed. It is sometimes subtler yet more forceful to imply rather than to spell out baldly, no?

Also the ending ("What can I do to become more aware of my own?" says just what you mean. Only it says it in a flat, heavy manner. It is (again) too explicit. And, no, I certainly do not mean that one should be excruciatingly, refinedly subtle and esoteric. Of course not.

no
I'd say, in the over-view, your poem is a pre-poem which begs to be written. Go back and do it again! (God, am I not ~~fresh~~ fresh and presumptuous? Feel free to tell me so.)

If I felt the poem were "no good" or not worth bothering with I could easily have dismissed it with a few trite phrases of faint praise. But I don't do this to friends, or to poems that have "a lot" but not, somehow, enough.

I would, I own, like very much to have a healthy and productive year. It's bound to be fraught with an assortment of tensions (so what else is new?), but whose life is not? A life without any tension would be pretty arid, I think. Tension, of one sort or another, keeps the creative springs flowing, among other things.

By the way, just to amplify what I'd written earlier: my father is a long, long way (as yet) from full senility etc. He has moments when he is sharp as a tack. He is still capable of realizing that he is "behaving badly" or doing something "senile" (which is sad, too, of course, that realization) and of "shaping up" at times. There are moments when we have something like "a good conversation" as of yore. There are the two aspects: ① as overall "slippage," going on now for about six to eight years; ② the sudden, shock-ask-from-a-dash-of-cold-water-to-the-face remarks, slips, aberrations that can be irritating, or distressing, mostly both at once. For example: the other day was bitterly cold here. Pop was concerned about my car starting (as was I). He had things he really had to buy, basics like food-items etc. And we fondly hoped we could indeed make it out on a shopping tour, at about one p.m., our invariable or unvarying hour. After some work of various sorts ~~to~~ (de-icing the doors so that they'd open, working to get the car started -- no small feat --, letting the motor run, then giving it a run around town to be sure that it would ~~remain~~ remain operable, I phoned Pop at 11:30 or so simply to tell him the good news: the car started, believe it or not, so we will be able to go shopping, all is well!

Pop: (after an uncomfortable pause): "But I am just ~~going~~ going to eat my dinner now!"

Me (trying not to get all clutched up): "Yes, Pop, I know you are! It's ~~just~~ just that I thought you'd be pleased at the news. It means we can go shopping later, after all"

This sort of thing, or variants thereon, come along with distressing frequency. But, as I tell myself over and over, the man is 91. If you, Constance, should make ~~it~~ it to even anything approaching such an age, I am sure you'll be totally "bonkers" long, long before!

The saddest aspect is the restrictions which make him draw in upon himself, enclose his life (this is terribly typical of the aged), the fewer and fewer things he feels up to doing for ~~what~~ whatever reason (rarely a physical one). For instance, he ~~hasn't~~ hasn't conducted (or assisted at conducting) ~~any~~ a service at the church for more than a year and a half now. I suppose I could have "kept at him" and insisted" and what-not, but I did not. It seemed in a way like his car-driving: when he was ready, he gave it up. It had become, in many and varied ways, "too much" for him. I do"urge" when "urging" seems at all sensible or productive. Like, he's tried half-heartedly to withdraw from a group of persons at the church who all go out to a local restaurant for breakfast each Sunday following early Mass. I jolly him along and try to keep him joining them. If he gives this up, he will have given up yet one more thing. Then, in a week or a month, will come along (and more easily, too) another thing. And so it goes. I know you understand all of this, and more, and have seen it all close to you as well.

So. Enough already. What of George and his ~~odd~~ odd "family"?

Yes, please do: re-write the poem. It merits it, damn it, woman!
Much love as ever, ME

22 January 1978

Lola dear,

Thought of you during recent storm. It must have been dreadful. Anna phoned Irene, no answer. Phoned again, an hour later. Irene had been out, getting in some groceries (it is very important to Irene to stir herself out and about whenever possible, also she's never permitted deliveries to be made to her apartment, for reasons I can understand. Today's grocery boy needs only to learn that "Here lives an old lady, all alone," and future trouble, to put it mildly! Alas, 'tis too true.) In other words, Irene sounded well, learned the sidewalks had been cleared, received a kindly hand or two crossing streets, and went on and ~~h~~ about her business as ever -- I said she was a lady of spirit!)

Wonder how you made out?

The enclosed will be of interest, whatever else you may think of them. I am confident you will not like the article on the Brooklyn Art Exhibit. Admittedly, I've not seen the show, and accordingly I suppose I shouldn't utter an opinion. But the Hess article has, excuse me, a ring of the credible. Say what you think.

The other one I think you will like better. I've never greatly cared for Harvey Cox as a theologian (too secular for my taste, odd though that sounds), but I found his article quite fascinating, even profound.

Nothing more to say just now. Our own winter is sort of ykkkk, but nothing, absolutely nothing, compared to what just got dumped on you. (We've too many gray days, a little, just a little snow, every second or third one, and some bitter cold, which is now undergoing a huge swing to the warm-side).

Much love as ever, ME

P.S.--When you get to it, please to return these articles, yes?

28 February 1978

Lola dear,

Your burst of energy (scrubbing, washing, sewing etc.) sounds incredible (how much do you charge by the hour? my cleaning lady quit last July, and all I do, from time to time, is things like dust the coffee table: Anna insists the house looks all right, and at least I keep things picked up, but frankly the place needs a real cleaning and I keep putting off trying to get somebody. Ideally, I now know I would do just fine with a really thorough worker once a month, but o that business of getting hold of someone who is honest and willing to work, etc. etc. and breaking the new person in! Ugh!) Maybe, just maybe, if our weather ever breaks (I start to find our almost uninterrupted cold, gray skies, frequent little or not-little snows or falls of ice and sleet truly depressing) I too will get a burst of energy and do something about the place. Oh, well.

I think
I said
this
before?

To set the record straight: it's not that I thought all that highly of The Feminist Art Journal. In fact, from my point of view, the thing had deteriorated from a general, humanist point of view to an almost exclusively militant-feminist stance. Most of its articles took as their point of departure "O The Poor Victimized Woman, Just Another Pitiful Martyr Because Of Those Evil Men" kind of thing, and many ladies much touted as "great artists" were producing what in my (possibly uncomprehending) eyes was more or less "trendy" at best, garbage at worst. But it was unique in that it did interest itself in women who wrote as well as in those who painted, sculpted etc. ~~Quartz~~ Careful study of Writer's Market fails to turn up any journal which fulfills its functions, really. But, once again, "oh, well."

Yes, the process of send-out-get-back is slow, frustrating, and last but by no means least, expensive, with the cost of postage, paper, typewriter ribbons etc. etc. all doubled during the past couple of years. Then, too, so many editors keep a "batch" (of poems) for an interminably long time -- only to ~~send~~ send them back. On the other side of the coin, certain high-quality "little mags" fire things back so fast you just know that that particular "batch" couldn't possibly have received a respectful, thoughtful consideration. And that is maddening too! I of course realize, as anyone in "the business" must, that poems by the hundreds must flow across the desks of practically all editors. A writer has to have talent, yes: but a writer also has to have a bit of luck, to "connect up" with the right poem on the right desk: this doesn't happen often.

I enclose two pictures of myself, not of the most recent, but present and available. You may keep ~~two~~ them if you like them. If your reaction is a generalized "ykkk," send them back: believe me, my feelings wouldn't be hurt!

"On Reading Russian" is extremely interesting and certainly has, wie sagt mann, a lot to say. Also it has a fresh, arresting quality. The whole subject is as well "different" and you have dealt with it

with a true eye and a real profundity. HOWEVER, and here you may disagree, to me it is less a poem than a (what they all these days ~~admire~~ and is very much en vogue) a prose-poem. God knows there is nothing wrong with a * prose-poem. In fact, volumes devoted entirely to prose poems are beginning to appear. But if this is to be regarded as a prose-poem, then it should be cast in the format of a prose-poem, that is, literally set up on the page in paragraphs like prose.

I realize I seem of late constantly to "hit you ~~up~~ up" with the " 'taint poetic enough" bit, and this must grow a bit tiring, or tiresome. But I know that, whether you agree or not, you want me to say what I feel.

Well, it's something to think about. I believe I did go a bit into this general subject (in my last letter was it?), adding that by "poetic" I emphatically did not mean anything faux-aesthetic or shallow-and-pretty and the like.

But I can't help it: I read and re-read "On ~~a~~ Reading Russian" and I still come to the same conclusion: you've written a striking, often beautiful and poignant piece of prose, and set it out on the page in lines like poetry, and, pardon me, it "don't go."

Don't think I haven't thought of some British ~~and~~ journals. As for Canadian, well, as you know, The Fiddlehead accepted three out of my very first submission (they just rejected another "batch," alas), and I've a poem to appear one of these years in The Antigonish Review. As a matter of fact, I find the Canadian "market" on the whole pleasanter to deal with and more receptive than most American journals or "little mags." Eventually I really will try some British poetry journals or "little mags" -- here, alas, a really high cost of postage enters in, because only airmail makes sense etc. Yes, if Helga Greene is asking you for help she would not be likely to be a helpful source.

Your general reaction to your relationship with Irene makes me very happy, as I am sure it does her. Indeed it is refreshing to discover a woman who by any standards is "aged" and yet is fresh, alive, "young" and fun in so many ways -- personality, interests, etc. And who, despite many all-too-terrible ailments and lurking threats to life is brave, self-sustaining, even happy and content in many respects. No whiner, she!

Yes, do send me a recent picture of yourself! Please.

The enclosed, just "out," is merely a Xeroxed copy (I've reached the point where that is all I can afford to provide to friends). The "doggie" poem was written shortly after the death of Anna's first (and beloved) Weimaraner (a few months later she got Trude II, also a Weimaraner).

"Freezing sleet" is predicted for this afternoon, but my father feels he simply must be taken to do some errands. We'll see how bad it really gets (if too bad, errands, no. At least I got him lots of groceries yesterday.)

"More anon," and much, much love as ever, ME

19 April 1978

Lola dear,

Your package, with the book of poems by Gertrud Kolmar, came yesterday. Frantic though things are (again!) with my father, I must write you -- for the book, and other reasons. You are again generous, kind, and sharing: I look forward to the book, whose preface I've at least skimmed. What a haunting, poignant, beautiful face she has!

First, alas, my father (I am guessing Irene clued you in from a letter I wrote her, perhaps a week ago: would you in turn fill her in on the latest?)

My father returned home from his second hospitalization, a stay from Monday through Saturday in Intensive Care, during which time his cardiac arrhythmia was regulated, it was demonstrated that he tolerated medication (forms of digitalis and quinidine) well, and so on. Needless to state he was overjoyed to be home. Also needless to state, once home, I couldn't get him to rest -- at home, you don't "rest" -- in his "code" -- but at least I prepared his meals and did up his dishes. I left him alone at night, as he insisted: what can one do? As Father Matthews of Trinity Episcopal Church said, "You can't be your father's mother" (rather well put, I thought). Besides, my strength is limited. Besides, Pop would stoutly refuse any "outside" help, anyone to be with him through the night, and so on.

If this sounds like an apology for what happened next, or a ~~stink~~ feeling of guilt, it isn't, not really. When I arrived at his apartment and let myself in on Monday morning at 7:45, I found him slumped in the bathtub (no water running), unable to move, his legs crumpled under him. Evidence, very clear (overturned chairs, rugs torn up) showed he must have risen from bed, fallen, got up (God knows how), gone into his study, fallen, gotten up, gone on to take his shower, complete it, I think, fallen again (this last time he banged himself up, bruises here and there, yet didn't break or sprain anything or do any permanent damage.) I called the ~~police~~ police, and they were wonderful. Within two minutes two young, strong, efficient and tactful officers were on the scene, got him out of the tub (I couldn't lift him -- he was just dead ~~man's~~ weight) and onto his bed. Some calling back and forth -- the doctor, the ambulance, etc. etc., and he is now back in the hospital, in Intensive Care. There is some evidence that he may have suffered a slight stroke. What looked totally gloomy yesterday began to change, and he picked up throughout the day, is alert, eating, and can almost stand without support, though not quite. Hope is extended that he will come out of this one, too, and be able to return to his apartment. But this time the doctor isn't making any promises ~~yet~~ as to when -- and a good thing too. Pop already longs to go home, yet realizes he is too weak to "do" for himself, even on the simple ~~of~~ level of going to the bathroom, bathing himself, and so on. We will see.

We (Anna and I) were very much interested in your Xerox of more literature on Vitamin B-15 (call it what you will, by what variant names). At the moment our position is this: I had to abandon my part, because after a few days my gut went haywire and I can't think of anything else that I was either ingesting or that was taking place in my life which could have caused it. Anna increased her dosage to 6 per day but felt no real effects, no "pep," etc. There was one day she held up remarkably well through very tiring experiences, and wondered whether or not it might have been the Pangamic Acid, but ~~we~~ aren't sure. I never did take but two per day, and, after that one initial pep-up (which could have come from anything, as it at times will), experienced only more fatigue, rather than less. So as of this writing it doesn't look as if we will be ~~a~~ clamoring at Lola that she keep the shipments flowing. I dunno.

Meantime, ~~I~~ do report whether or not ~~you~~ you tried it on yourself and with what results.

The article from the Times was indeed amusing.

Have you been watching Holocaust? Apart from the atrocious interruptions by icky commercials, Anna and I are more or less united in feeling that its only true power comes from the "docu" rather than the "drama" portions. There is too much hoked up (suddenly, the charming Helena as a forest bride has not only a lovely lace dress and veil but clean, well-kept hands with flawless nails as well!) It is also typically cinematic-production-"slick," if you know what I mean. The scenes of those long lines of marching people, men, women, children, with their bundles or suitcases, entering trains, or ravines, or sheds (while "kindly" white-capped nurses and physicians ~~herd~~ herd them in) are devastating.

Several people I know (e.g. Carolyn, who was pretty young when all this happened, also not Jewish, also not really acquainted with very many people who fled Germany or Austria) find themselves ^{as} full of guilt at a "paradoxical" reaction: they hate people such Mrs. Weiss, the mother, and have no sympathy with them -- why didn't they get out? how could anybody have been so depressingly, irritatingly stupid? I explain how many people Martin and I knew who were just like Mrs. Weiss -- Germans first, Jews a long way second, or who truly didn't believe that it would happen, or, in some cases, kept thinking they could still salvage more money or valuables. Ask Irene: ~~Michael~~ Michael took forever to get "papers" for himself and his aged parents, and would not leave without them. It is ~~very~~ difficult to explain these things to younger-generation, non-Jewish Americans.

This is about all I can do today: please convey latest information, also my very dear love, to Irene. I will write her next, perhaps in a few days, depending on how things go.

And do let us know about the Vitamin-B-15 and Lola!

Much love, and gratitude for Gertrud Kolmar (on which more soon), ME

1 May 1978

Lola dear,

Your call meant so much

I keep forgetting to say how deeply I am moved by Gertud ~~Kolmar~~ Kolmar's poems -- and by Gertud Kolmar.

Did you, by the way, watch Holocaust? What did you think of it? Anna and I had mixed feelings. Much was very telling and fine, much was hoked-up, slick, "you are watching a made-for-TV movie" ~~about it~~

Was horrified at the reactions of gentle, decent liberals (persons too young to have identified with the period): they were livid at Berta Weiss -- why was she such an idiot as not to realize what was going on? If not for her, the family could have got out, etc.

I told them how I knew, personally, a number of ~~xxx~~ people who (although they obviously eventually escaped) also "couldn't believe it would happen to them," felt "Germans first, Jews afterwards" and more. I also told of the many I knew (Michael Lazarus was one) who waited and waited to get papers -- plus which he would not abandon his aged parents! (Ask Irene some time -- I think she talks of it all quite freely.)

Another chill, rainy day here -- will we never have spring? It is 8 a.m. and I will leave soon for my morning visit at the ~~xxx~~ hospital. I tell you, I really do feel like Judas: when my father looks at me with his big blue eyes and says things are going well, and he can't wait to go home, etc.

I still don't know what will happen, but the next days must bring the situation to some solution. It can't be happy. And I realize increasingly that Anna is right: getting someone to come and live with Pop and "look after him" really is "programmed to self-destruct." It is partly Pop's own rigid character structure and intractable personality pattern that makes this so. Still, so it is, and there's no changing the man now, God knows!

I love you for calling. ME

20 May 1978

Lola dear,

I hear, via Irene, via Anna, that you have a job. Details unclear -- would like to know more.

You will be glad to learn that you now have ~~xxx~~ one enthusiastic convert to B-15. Anna and I have a friend (actually a friend of Anna's throughout most of her adult life, and whom I met through Anna a number of years ago) -- a lady in her mid-seventies, a fascinating, eccentric, often irritating, yet sweet and in many ways endearing person who, forced by financial circumstances, rented a tiny cottage-shack in the neighboring town of Baldwin a few years ago. In Baldwin she met -- and fell in love with -- a man many years her junior, who, mirabile dictu, became as attached to her as she to him and presto: just what is between them I don't know and don't want to know, but they are a "going concern" whose relationship is sparking Fedalma's life. But not without worry, since her ~~x~~ Chet has emphysema. Well, would you believe? Maybe persons with emphysema really need oxygen in the blood: I wouldn't know. But Chet has felt a new man since he started the B-15 regime. As Anna has provided Fedalma and Chet with the address etc., it will be up to them to keep on ordering. Certainly you are no longer to be involved. You have done enough and more than enough. But I thought you would find it of interest that, ~~xxx~~ for whatever reason, someone was really helped by this odd product!

My father has been home for a week and a half. His first 3-4 days at home were a miracle: physically he seemed "in good case," and mentally and in personality much his old self (his old self before everything "hit the fan"). Since then, things have not been so good. He seems frail, physically, and, worse, mentally. There are irrational episodes and actions, confusions, more. He has been without "hired help" of any sort ~~of~~ for several days now -- he refused even to consider its continuance. And I, in an effort to "save" myself, have put us back on more or less the old regime. We phone mornings and evening and in between I shop and generally "do" for him ("do" nowadays meaning a great deal of filling out insurance forms and the like), visit with ~~x~~ him every afternoon, and take him for a walk -- which means the long, slow progress, he with his "quad" cane, to the end of his block, moving at a snail's pace.

He is so pitiful. And I do worry about the perils of, esp., the gas range. But as Anna says: "You can't wrap him in cotton batting. Nor can you sit with him 24 hours a day -- even if he'd let you. You knew there would be an element of risk. Live with it. And relax." Which I try to do. I got a "scare" this a.m. He phoned me at 7:20, not 8:20, and, when I expressed my concern at this "mistake," tossed it off in the oddest manner. Dear God, what next? I don't think the future looks bright. Yet he is still a long way from a nursing home -- in which he would swiftly go totally beserk, knowing him.

evening
Do write. If you are "taken" with the ~~xxx~~ mood to phone, the best time (I assume cheaper rates?) is probably between 9 and 10/our time (one hour earlier (?) than yours. Daytimes God knows what may be going on (and the same thing could begin to happen nights, I suppose.) So: my latest news, and not ~~xxx~~ terribly cheery. Love as ever, ME

9 October 1978

Lola dear,

You ~~were~~ were so sweet to phone last night, and picked a very good time indeed.

I was very happy to learn about your new "permanent" job with the Leo Beck (spelling?) Institute and eager to know more of it (you will provide the literature, I know).

Enclosed find one five-dollar bill -- perhaps a foolish way to mail, but it will (I hope) arrive.

Anna had a truly "great day" yesterday. Through some friends it had long been in the works for her to arrange a showing of Albert Bloch paintings at the Sales Gallery of the famous Nelson Gallery in Kansas City (the midwest's answer to the Metropolitan Museum and truly a very fine museum/art gallery, center, and so on). ~~She~~ She has been working all summer, re-framing this, re-matting that. The gala opening (I did not attend, partly ~~because~~ because of intestinal reasons, partly because there was no one else to take care of her doggie, Trude, and, had I not been on hand, Trude would have been boarded from Sat. noon until this morning at the vet's, never a good thing if it can be avoided)) was more than gala: four pictures sold at once, and two others are almost certain to be sold. As you know (I think) it ~~is~~ is from arranging sales of "A.B."s paintings that Anna lives, and with inflation spiralling etc. etc. all this comes at an opportune, not to say vital, time. (I learned all this when she called, having returned from a luncheon, the opening, then a cocktails-and-buffet-type occasion in her honor, etc., not long after we had talked.)

By the way, my father's "bad mood" really seems to have lifted. Let us hope it stays that way. I am now of the ~~opinion~~ opinion that it was due in part, at least, to our lousy unabated heat all summer long (sure, sure, he has air-conditioning and made good use of it, but still . . .)

Lola, I am horrified at your condition with no heat, or little heat, provided by your shitty landlord. This is really incredible. Are not all the tenants raising a great cry? They should. I know it is costly and time-consuming to go to law about this, but a concerted tenant action of some sort just might throw a scare into the landlord, at least (or is he on sweet terms with the others?) Meantime, since you are earning these days, for God's sake, get yourself some sort of supplemental heating device.

~~Well.~~ Well. Back to the old drawing ~~board~~ board -- in this case, Kipling. Have I told you my (putative) ~~title~~ title? "The Lost Paradise of Rudyard Kipling." No, it will not be a "companion piece" to "The Deathly Paradise of Sylvia Plath." Yet it must, I suppose, eventually address itself to some of the same or related issues.

Love, as always, and I am glad you phoned! ME

O.K. Back to Kipling & (tomorrow I pick up more proof-feeding). And much gratitude and love. ME

P.S. -- Anna doubts that the Foundation you work for would be interested in ~~xxx~~ Albert Bloch's art. She refuses to "edit" any show of his work, and it had an immensely Christian "thrust" in many of its aspects and even literal themes. But you might ask. Asking never hurts.

What is it, now, with you shitty ~~xxx~~ landlord? Does he want you "out" just so's he can raise the rent (or are you running a whore-house there)? Has the heat been turned on????

30 October 1978

Lola dear!

It was so good and sweet of you to phone last night, and I felt a fool, explaining to you how I was watching Masterpiece Theatre. (This is a Sunday evening ritual, with Anna always coming over unless ill or out of town -- both rare events -- and, from time to time, a friend who also can't get PBS joining us. I of course can and do pick up the phone ~~ix~~ in another room, and should I miss something, I can pick it up on the showing on Friday nights. So. I gather you are not a devotee, but I own that I am -- I did not, however, care much for the recent "do" of The Mayor of Casterbridge, possibly because I am almost too familiar with it. The present series, just got under ~~wyx~~ way, The Duchess of Duke Street, is an obvious bid to recapture the charm and ambience of Upstairs, Downstairs, and, so far, is rather successful, I'd say.)

But on ~~ix~~ to higher matters.

I did what any fool should have done before -- looked up the word "Urdu," and, sure enough -- it is the Hindu language. Obviously it was not called Urdu when Kipling was a boy or even a man, but we can't help that.

So. You can now call off the search, including your dear obliging lady researcher (but for God's sake, have her keep the five dollars) and I can get my dictionary in a week's time (from Adventure Book Store here), and that is that. (I feel an idiot, but how could I know? You see, the un-helpful books I got from the K.U. library were very old ones -- hence the "Hindi-English" and/or "~~ix~~Hindustani-English" titles. This also explains why a tongue spoken by millions and millions of persons in that part of the world seemed to be getting short shrift, like, no dictionary.

I wish you to write your shoe size on the enclosed piece of paper in the enclosed envelope and mail same to me. No, I am not crazy (well, not very). Should you wish to add a word ~~ix~~ or two, it would be welcome. But you don't have to. But shoe-size, yes: you have to.

We are having the most beautiful fall here ever: and we've had no frost at all. Now people are saying that ~~andixix~~ drought conditions produce ~~ixixixix~~ flaming colors, and surely we are way below normal on our rain. But the sheer beauty of it all!

Irene does not write so often as formerly, which is fine with us: we understand perfectly. Anna spoke with her by phone some two weeks ago and she sounded content in her particular contented way (she is remarkable) and pretty well.

12 December 1978

Lola dear,

It was so good to hear from you. Truth to tell, I had forgotten entirely about your feet being different sizes. Oh, well. The main thing was, weeks were going by, and I had enclosed a self-addressed stamped envelope, and yes, I was beginning to worry. O.K. all is well, basically. But I was truly relieved when your phone call came through!

Enclosed find what I fear may turn out to be all you will ever see of the little machine-washable, down-filled "booties" for the chilled "feetsies." I did think them so pretty. Practical, too. But by now I fear that the pre-Christmas-only Eddie Bauer Gift Catalogue will be all sold out. Plus which, I can't very well see myself getting anyplace with a request for "Please make one one size, one another."

No kidding. How do you purchase shoes? (Everyone has a slight difference in feet, of course. But a whole size?)

I look ~~for~~ forward, I own, to the holiday season with less and less joy each year. I guess much of this revolves around the various realities connected with my poor, dear father, who, after all, cannot help being 92, semi-senile, and so on. (His character, now: that is something else. But let's not go into that.)

At the risk of repeating myself, do fly off to London. A congenial friend along, a special "tour" rate? What could be ~~more~~ better? I admire anyone who can just get on a plane and go. As I said on the phone last night (and have ~~undoubtedly~~ doubtless written in more than one letter over the years), even if I had tons of money my gut would make the contemplation of travel well-nigh impossible. (If I ~~was~~ free, brave, rich, and eccentric⁽¹⁾, the ideal travel-mode for me would be to purchase a fully-furnished and equipped van, and tour ~~about~~ the ~~country~~ country in that. That way I'd have with me at all times the convenience of bed, bath, and kitchen, yet could stop at motels if and when I wanted. Such a van is far safer and easier to drive than a trailer hitched on to one's car, etc. etc. But this is all a total pipe-dream, of course.)

I think my father and I will make it to his surgeon in the morning and get that "thing" removed from the side of his head. (I know it's an epithelioma, whether ~~basal~~ basal-cell or Squamous -- God forbid -- I cannot judge.) By the way, did I or didn't I -- I am getting senile -- write you that I had a basal cell epithelioma removed from approximately under my right ear back in mid-October? ~~Extremely~~ It was (unlike my father's) extremely small: the pathology report showed it to have been totally ~~excised~~ excised. So: so long, little basal! Even Constance honestly refuses to worry about it any more. But now, with the ophthalmologist and my doctor at war over what ~~a~~ causes (caused) my bits of double-vision, I am, I own, not just totally calm. I really ~~do~~ trust MY DOCTOR more than the eye-lady, plus which his overall knowledge must, inevitably, be superior to hers. Yes, there is Strabismus (which also means the cross- and/or wall-eye with ~~which~~ some people are born) of a sort which, coming on in later life, really does mean

brain tumor, or a stroke, etc. etc. But there is (even listed in the Merck Manual and one or two other informative sources) a latent ~~strabismus~~ strabismus (or, the eyes failing to line up the images ~~properly~~ properly, or, as I expressed in via phone, "After hours and hours of proof-reading, it was as if my eyes ~~were not~~ 'tracking' properly.") This latent strabismus really does come from extreme ~~eye~~ eye strain (I can sit and read all day and I get no trouble: but the proof-reading, which is not only done in a different body-position but with a very real psychological etc. tension as well as a kind of piercing concentration and eye-usage, first gives me the feeling of "tired eyes," then, if I keep at it by the hour -- not too smart -- suddenly, I'll be "seeing" two differing, non-superimposed images. Closing one eye will enable me to finish up -- if I am near the end of a "stint." What took me over ~~to~~ to the (MY) doctor in early November was that one evening, following a day of ~~my~~ proof-reading -- and I can't even recall whether or not I "got" the phenomenon at that time -- and an evening of TV viewing, I crossed into my little bathroom to start my tub and (in effect) CLICK: I was seeing truly double, the whole world around me. I stepped back into my bedroom, and on my TV screen the newscaster was TWINS. Well, this scared the bejesus out of me, I don't mind saying. I dashed over to see my doctor the next morning ~~(o, yes: when I went "blink," once or twice, everything went UNCLICK, and all was quite normal).~~ He did not, of course, put me through all the tests the ophthalmologist was later to do (a week ago it was that I saw her), but he performed some fairly essential tests, and spent a long time studying my eye-grounds through his ophthalmoscope, etc. etc. and announced with total confidence: "This is a muscle thing. It is called esophoria. If it ever happens ~~again~~ again (meaning that really devastating doubling of my world all around me) just blink, as you instinctively did, and it will go away, and don't worry ~~about it~~ about it."

Now he can be, has been, wrong: I know this. (I mean in general, not, as I recall, in connection with any problem of mine ~~at that time~~.) And naturally, I want to accept his diagnosis: who wouldn't? But even Victoria K. was puzzled by such facts as (1) my pupillary responses were totally normal; (2) my eyegrounds looked (to her) fine and healthy in every way; (3) I did not (or have not yet) have any weakness on one side, any dizziness, and other things she asked me about; (4) Although I initially "flunked" the "red lens test" -- a disk filled with red glass is placed over one eye, nothing over the other, and you are ~~asked~~ asked to report what you see when a pen-type flashlight is beamed at you from various positions -- by seeing two lights, one red, one not-red, some 20 minutes later I "passed" -- perfectly. Nu? First she was all gung-ho for shipping me off to Kansas City to a neurologist, then she back-tracked, rather, and allowed as how the basic testing of my neurological reflexes could be done by HIM (as indeed it can!) Moreover, I typed up a brief "report" for HIM and handed it in and never a word has come back to me (I am to see him for "our next" on the 21st, a week from this coming ~~Thursday~~ Thursday). And that, as Anna wisely confirmed, carries its own message: he isn't a bit worried, and sticks to his initial diagnosis. Well, all this still hangs over me, and also over me is hanging my discovery of some (to me) ugly-ish changes in another (mole)(lesion)(whatever) so I will want to get closure on that -- and maybe have it removed, too . . .

I dimly understand that something within me makes it almost ~~mandatory~~ mandatory to have something to worry about (I've had a sense of a need to "pay" for things; if matters go smoothly God will strike me dead -- or something). But my current spate of "tzoers" isn't really at all psychosomatic and I am tired of one fright after another, if you want to know. The sound part of me wants to be healthy (and needs to be, as well, not only in order to care for Papa, but for my own sake).

By the way, I really do "enjoy" the proof-reading. There is something satisfying about it -- hard to explain, I suppose.

I think this one of the dullest letters I've ever written, bar none. I apologize (sort of).

Either my memory has played me false or you didn't spell it out: precisely when are you taking off for London? And will your entire stay be in London? (Actually, in winter, it might as well be. It's no time to go gallivanting about to see the quaint English countryside. Whatever the English may believe, their winters are lousy -- except, I suppose, in Devon etc. where palms do, after all, grow.)

Irene appears to be well. She almost never writes letters any more -- which is fine, as she keeps in touch via phone, mainly with Anna. Once in a while, if she feels just like it, she will write. But at her age, and after all she's been through in the way of illness etc., I can't blame her one bit for indulging herself -- a misnomer, really.

I wish your landlord at the bottom of the Hudson, the son of a bitch. What a lot this sort of thing takes out of one! Even the eventual "triumph" of winning is accomplished at a great deal of cost -- and I mean, naturally, far more than economic. (It is pleasant that you are getting money back!)

So. Much, much love. And at least I "thought you into" little warm slipper/booties!

ME

10 January 1979

of repairs attempted, loused up, etc. etc. -- all because I never have the money to pay a major repair bill, hence charged a series of ill-done pieces of work on my Amoco Credit Card, and now, if I must sell my soul, have the car at the Ford garage at long last. After all, without "wheels" I cannot survive, nor help Papa to. So somehow, in some way, the money will have to be found (garages, for some years now, won't let you just take the car home and send a bill later: they have, admittedly, been "stung" too often, most especially here in a University city, and by students, alas). More anon. Did you get home? How was the trip? Love, ME

Lola dear,

Your dear note of Dec. 20th still sits in my hands, so to speak, while I ponder: did you fly to London, and, more importantly, did you make it back safe and sound? I have entertained more than a passing fear that you arrived at about the same time as the disastrous weather they've had over there (and in much of Europe, also) and that (God forbid!) you joined the throngs and I do mean throngs jammed up at Heathrow trying to get back to the U.S.A.

You want to know something interesting? Since I ~~fix~~ first "learned" to hold my glasses up tight on the bridge of my nose (and cant my papers slightly, as on a shallow lectern) I've had no further visual troubles at all! In addition, my you should pardon the expression doctor insists everything "checks out" -- and he also added: "Victoria (this is the ophthalmologist) is a fine ophthalmologist, very thorough, etc. etc. But if I had a dollar for every patient of hers who has come to me quivering and in tears (etc. etc.) after she'd dragged them off to some neurologist, practically under a sentence of death, ~~when~~, in reality, there wasn't a thing wrong (etc. etc.), I'd be a rich man!" And more, to that general effect.

So I've dismissed (for some while now) the whole thing ~~from~~ from my mind, rest assured.

One thing I do become is more (gulp) senile. I can't as of now recall whether I sent you the enclosed book already or not. I know I got it with you in mind (I've a copy of my own, as you may imagine) because we'd made mention in some correspondence somewhere back of the subject, but

Oh, well, if this turns out to be a duplicate, possibly you'll know of someone who would find this work of interest in some sense of the term (how can anyone not, regardless of beliefs etc.?)

We are having (since just before the 1st of the year) a winter which bids fair to resemble, even possibly "surpass," last year! Snow, ice, bitter, bitter cold. How to get ~~the~~ the groceries to Papa? How to keep him, house-bound as he is, reasonably happy? And more. So far the problems have been taken care of, thanks to dear old Mr. Lippe and his truck with chains (a gentleman whose name I may have mentioned in the past, I can't recall), and also with help from Anna (Papa hates Anna so much, as he hates all my friends, that I can't use her to deliver groceries to Papa: but she has gone and purchased them and brought them to me, thus making Mr. Lippe's work less arduous thereby). Also there is the eternal problem: when there is snow or ice, no one without chains and get either to or, later, away from, Papa's address, with its odd, unfortunate hilltop location. Moreover, I have been without a car intermittently for most of two weeks -- a long, dull story

I guess what I'm trying (not very "eptly") to say is: like it or not, there is Christian dogma, and it "goes with the job." It ~~xxx~~ makes of the Christian religion the thing that it is, and not something that can sort of elide with other religions, philosophies, beliefs, persuasions. It sets it apart. Sure, all religions have certain aspects in common (well, almost all: the worship of Baal, say, was rather different, one may feel certain). But, if one is a Christian, Jesus Christ(was)(is) the Son of God, not just "another good man" kind of thing. And so on. End of lesson (gulp). 16 January 1979

Lola dear,

I am beginning to feel positively "cheap" -- you so often phone me, I so rarely call you.

We are really sunk in the snow, now. Yet a fresh storm (with 12 inches or more "promised") has just passed us by -- thank God! Poor Chicago! I've never seen such pictures (on TV). And more snow was already falling. Are we sending you our weather now?

I am pleased that you "like" (how can one employ the word "like" in conjunction with the book about Mother Teresa?) the Malcolm Muggeridge book. Now to take up our "old" argument: I've no doubt that yoga corresponds closely to Christian tenet in certain very profound respects, such as the giving of the self and so on. However, and irrespective of whether one believes or does not believe or merely (as in my case) struggles to retain belief or "return to the faith," one still cannot equate Christianity with anything else. Why not? Because, quite simply, to be a Christian one must believe that Jesus Christ ~~is~~ is Lord, that He was born, that He was crucified, and, most importantly, that He rose. Without that, there is no Christian acceptance or faith. That is what makes the difference. Also, Christianity (in contrast to any or all Oriental religions) regards individual personality as important -- and to be continued in some way never ~~xxx~~ revealed to Christians, actually, after death. Not to mention belief in a personal God (much of this is shared, of course, by the Jewish faith). This emphasis on "the individual" does not, actually, and if properly understood, come into any conflict with the perfect Christian ideal -- giving up of or transcending as fully as possible the self in the earthly life.

Speaking of these matters in conjunction with Kipling, read his fine short story (to be found in The Jungle Books) "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat." Here we have a wordly, wealthy, powerful Hindu who gives it all up to become a wandering holy man, devoting his life to contemplation and divorce from "the wheel of things." Yet at the end, the climax of the story shows him behaving more in terms of Christian/Western ethos -- in a ~~non-Indian~~ non-Indian fashion, Purun ~~is~~ Bhagat goes into action and actually ends by giving his life to save the inhabitants of the little village in the ~~the~~ Himalayas above which he has taken up his contemplative post and lived for many years in an ~~abandoned~~ abandoned shrine. Most critics see the tale as one which brings out the contrast between "East" and "West" -- and shows "West" winning out, as "the better way." I think there is a lot more to the story than this, of course.

Ah. The sun now shines brilliantly. Having paid the young man next door ten bucks to shovel me out, I may try and get out this afternoon. Roads are not of the safest, but . . .

Much love as always. Use that electric typewriter, now! Soon? "ME"

28 March 1979

Lola dear,

Now 'tis I who am in arrears. I promised to let you know the results of my last "removals" -- skin lesions, that is. Well, guess what? Most were "sclerosing hemangiomas" (essentially quite harmless; otherwise I don't actually know why they develop or what they mean, except that they are blood-vessel tumors) but one was (again) a Basal Cell Carcinoma. The pathology report also indicated "margins adequate," which, once again, permits me to presume that all will be well and that I've heard the last of it, too. I hope.

Meantime, however, whilst trimming my toenails, I gracefully managed (about 11 days or so ago) to hack myself, slightly. (Too slightly: better I should have done a "stabber" job. The little "gouge" didn't bleed at all, and a wound that bleeds freely is far less likely to become infected.) So I promptly developed a bit of infection -- soreness, mostly -- around the area. I went to see my doctor, and was instructed to do the hot-soaks bit (a great bore, and very time-consuming) and apply an antibiotic ointment twice a day. It is all very much better but, as the nail grows in, it bids fair to become "ingrown" -- yet I dassn't cut off that nasty little ~~sharp point~~ sharp point (one is supposed to more or less blunt-cut, or rather, cut "across," one's toe-nails).

I don't feel like going back to "my doctor" as he is, as of the moment, in some sort of phase of depression and/or retreat. Obviously it is not personal, and has nothing to do with me. But something (God knows what) is going on ~~his~~ his current life that forces him to "set me back" for a bit. My toe is not entirely all right, either. I think I may venture to a podiatrist -- though I've no great respect for them, a good one could prove extremely useful just now. We'll see.

My father continues to ~~ok~~ hold the line -- I don't see how he does it. He has some pretty senile manifestations -- yet his appetite is terrific and he can eat and digest anything. But, no: I wouldn't trade places with him, on that account! I occasionally wonder: how long will matters "coast ~~as~~ along" and what will happen, also when? A more futile worry would be difficult to imagine.

I am gaining on Kipling, I think. A final-final-final paper should be ready, so that I can start ~~xxx~~ sending out the "inquiries" soon. I think I will begin with Antioch Review and drag in a reference to my "The ~~xxxxx~~ Deathly Paradise of Sylvia Plath." My "The Lost Paradise of Rudyard Kipling" is, in a way, a kind of companion piece, I suppose. But it's been so marvellous to deal with a writer who isn't all inner-directed and hung up on self, self, self.

Tonight the 4th of the Shakespeare play series and purported to be the best, to date. (Anna and I didn't care too much about Romeo and Juliet. Romeo looked exactly like an American junior-high

student, and Juliet, although flawless type-casting, couldn't act for beans. Her range was limited, her emotions not "felt." Also, I tend to agree with Anna: the stage was much too "active" too often. Busy-work and hyped-up things-going-on, nearly all the time, certainly in the street scenes. In addition, old Capulet just hammed it up. The nurse was marvellous, she "saved" the production. (Dear God, I recall Celia Johnson, a lovely still-young woman playing romantic leads, back in the late 30's and early 40's.)

I do plenty of proof-reading and continue to find it -- well, as I've said several times, I am sure, satisfying in a strange way. I indulged myself in ~~xxxx~~ the purchase of a new cassette player -- the Panasonic Slim-Line. Quality is excellent for spoken-voice reproduction, sharp and ~~a~~ clear. I operate it from batteries, so that I can cart it about here and there, ~~xxxx~~ i.e., "take it to bed with me" (I tend to undress and get into bed by 7:30 or so of an evening, or, right after supper) and "read" into it of an evening, then proof-read what I read the next morning. It has a "pause" key which I find marvellously useful and helpful. I also realize that the by-now much-used and re-used cassette^s I had thought ~~xxxx~~ had seen the last of their usefulness, haven't, at all, but, with my Panasonic, still come through clear and sharp and ~~xxx~~ have lots more "go" in them.

A mild day, but rain threatens. I am going to a 10 a.m. political coffee, which I don't want to go to, but since Constance Allen (my "boss") is giving it, it seems politic to go. In addition, the candidate (for the school-board, I believe) is a youngish woman who lives a block or so away, and whom I know slightly, personally. So, all in all, I will attend.

"M^Ure anon" and all that. And lots of love, as always, dear Lola,

"ME"

May 10, 1979

Lola dear,

I was so happy to get your (as always) delightful and warm letter. And, my my: quelle elegance with the new typewriter yet! I am impressed.

I would love to get a picture or two of "Lola In The Disaster Area." What a bore (among other things).

So you quit the job -- well, good for you. Obviously it was eminently quittable, if you take my meaning. And it won't harm you in any way: your numerous marketable skills will, plainly, keep you going when and as you need to call upon such.

I am absolutely certain I explained in detail how proof-reading with a cassette player/recorder works. But let me run through it again. You (or should I say "one") read aloud into the machine each article or paper or manuscript. Then you play each back to yourself, galley proofs in hand. You of course switch off the player whenever you come to an error, a point you wish to query, and the like; then switch on again, and continue. It works so wonderfully because not only are you reading in tandem with your own old familiar voice, but while reading from the original text you automatically (as you soon learn) insert comments such as "Mmm . . . that looks like a ~~xxx~~ misspelling: check it" or "Didn't that name appear two pages earlier spelled differently?" or "This is a generic Latin term which starts a sentence: first word must be written-out in full -- take note" and so on and so forth. (An occasionally "Shit" "Hell" "Damn" and the like has been known to creep in, of course, ~~x~~ me being me.) Obviously one can and does use the same tape or tapes over and over and over and over and over. On no -- get that, no -- portable cassette player/recorder can one make a cassette that plays longer than 45 min. per side "work." (On some, only the 30-min-per-side can be used).

As to what may be "wrong" with yours, here are some suggestions: if you made the mistake of getting an El Cheapo recorder/player, that could account for it. If you, instead of or in addition to, also made the mistake of using "bargain" tapes, that could explain almost anything. My own player, plus the superb-quality cassettes, gives me flawless sound, no static, etc. (Some otherwise-good cassette players have a certain switch which must be put either "on" or "off" (I always forget which) when you record -- otherwise, static and other troubles. Depending on brand, it might be called "Monitor." My own Panasonic Slim-Line which I find so marvelous in every way, doesn't have such a "monitor," so no problems. Maybe once you discover either what you've been doing wrong, or if, per chance, you did by a too-cheap machine, you can get squared away and discover the pleasures of having a cassette player. Do let me know -- now that I've (hah!) solved all your problems for you!

ksx

On May 2 I had another whole crop of skin lesions removed. This time all ~~diag~~ biopsies were fine, just fine -- but one incision site became infected (why, God knows: personally, I don't think the Emergency Room/Clinic of ~~xxx~~ a hospital makes an ideal surgical situation. In the curtained area next to you, someone is coughing out his lungs; on the other side, someone has some other ailment, etc. The surgeon washes up and dons sterile gloves and is given sterile implements, towels, etc. but he wears neither mask, cap, or gown, and . . . oh, well.) This meant going on an antibiotic, ugh. The first one, Keflex, began to produce hives in three days so the surgeon (quite rightly) said "Stop it!" and put me on "good old 'safe' Erythromycin." When I went for another check-up, and to have the stitches removed from all other sites, the area (which had looked rather scary a couple of days ago) looked much better. May it continue so! I've been from one medical crisis to another since early March and am sick and tired of it, really. Now my gut (never very good) is acting as if it is going to throw an antibiotic-inspired whizzy, God forbid!) Ho, hum.

Re: THE DOCTOR. It is almost impossible to explain him, I realize, even for me, and/or Anna, who knows him almost as long as I do, and adores him, also understands him. He is, in truth, apt to fail you when you need him most, and the reasons are not always clear (although at times they can be "teased out"). This time he first expressed a sort of shocked reluctance to go forward with fresh and multiple removal of skin lesions (not even having looked at some of them, and certainly not at the one that -- unknown even to me at that moment -- had turned jet black and scaly etc. He "put me off" with a "I'll let you know" and refused to set a "usual" return-"date." (He hasn't done the latter, even now!)

I waited, I waited. I didn't hear from him, I didn't hear from Dr. Walters (the surgeon). Then ten days later I chanced to turn and look at my back (hard to do) and there sat this jet black thing under (more or less) my right shoulder blade. I showed it to Dr. W. the very next day and he said "That's got to come off!" and took me on a ~~work-in~~ "work-in" basis and got it off. It (did I write you this?) turned out to be something called Bowen's Disease, which at its best -- as I hope this was -- is ~~squamous~~ squamous cell carcinoma in situ. But good to get off. And, since Walters did a thorough job, a generous margin of flesh or skin on all sides was "sacrificed" -- very important. Then Walters went ahead and set up The Great Looking Over Day and ~~xxx~~ marked off ten or so places that, he felt, ought to go. Dr. C. did not show up for the occasion -- although the two men together were to have made decisions etc. HOWEVER: just as I had dressed etc. came a little tap on Dr. Walter's door. I knew, o, I knew. Sure enough, there he was, all glowing and darling and he put in a brief appearance, but our eye-contact was just right, and, as we all left Dr. ~~W~~ Walter's office together he gave me, behind Dr. W.'s ~~xxx~~ back, one of his famous cute, intimate winks.

As I've come and gone during this current "siege" I've had a couple of contacts with HIM, including one just today -- and he was "all there," with a fine glow and that sense of relating intimacy, as ever was.

Still, not so much as a mumbled, ~~what-ya~~"short-hand-y" "Now you can come and see me" sort of remark. Nu?

I think Anna is right: this is (as we all know so well) a very, VERY strange guy! Personally he may have experienced some sort of jealousy (even though he was the one who arranged for me to have Dr. Walters remove the first three growths after I'd showed them to him way back in early March or so). But mostly there is (conscious or not) professional jealousy at work there. You see, this man who has this terrific competence and that famous God-air that so many doctors do in fact have also, au fond, has a very low level of self-esteem (his clever quips which take a self-abnegating tone & spring so terribly readily to his lips, are so revelatory, etc.)

So. We shall see. I do nothing, at the moment. Eventually if time passes and passes and he extends no direct invitation (I would, had I thought, just possibly have mumbled something about "When may one hope to come and see you?" or words to that effect the other day when we were cast, by pure chance, quite by ourselves, in a corridor: I let the ~~max~~ opportunity slip past), I suppose I will abandon pride and even if I now must wait (as I would have to) for the start of summer session about June 11, just go over there and sign in to see him.

There will never be any explanation forthcoming, of that I am certain. But, as we've oft commented, if you love him (as I do), you take him as he is. Even though this is difficult at times -- very difficult.

(or is she Roman Cath.?)

I've not[†] read Flannery O'Connor (a devout Episcopalian no?) just as I've not read, alas, many modern writers (I have, ~~then~~ thanks to you, read more than I would otherwise have done, I am sure). One of these days

I did just finish the superb Barbara Tuchman A Distant Mirror. A fascinating book, and so carefully researched & that one feels there isn't a false fact or interpretation in it. Now I "understand" (as far as possible) the 100 years's war etc. etc.

My father continues to do pretty well, but in recent weeks there's been a certain amount and type of "slippage" into further senility. Still he keeps up, he maintains himself. For how long, only God knows!

I had never heard of the Dorothy Sayers The Whimsical Christian. And I am an utter devotee of the lady, too! (Also "Episcopalian," or rather, Church of England). I think her The Mind of the Maker ~~was~~ superb and commend it to you. (Of course I've always been a Lord Peter Wimsey nut!)

My paper on Kipling is nearly perfected (I think). When things settle down, and the final-final draft is ready, I will be happy to send you a copy indeed!

If you, by the way, really feel moved to send me the ~~book~~ ~~books~~ Dorothy Sayers, I don't say no!

I am scared spitless by the whole threatening situation with gas for our cars (and I still don't believe a word about a "crisis"!) I could cope for myself alone, I am sure; but with Papa Even if I can't get a lot of gas, I can "make do" -- I think. But if we get truly cut off, what then? I can't worry about that, though, not just at the moment!

I don't know when you will receive this letter, as you may be out on Long Island. But I shall send it anyway. I hope you've arrangements to safeguard mail etc. -- needful anywhere, but especially in a New York apartment house!

Much, MUCH love. I will keep you posted as to further developments. And do re-try the ~~can~~ cassette bit!

"ME"

P.S. -- Oh, yes: re: the doctor. I cannot now recall whether I told you that for about four months (this was before the odd ~~xxx~~ reaction upon the occasion of the March 20th visit) he had been "setting back" visits to ~~xxx~~ intervals of 4 weeks -- not to my liking, and certainly with no reason that could be known or even guessed, really, to account for the phenomenon.

At that time, March 20th, I inquired (naively) "Did you have a nice vacation?" (Spring vacation ~~here~~ had just ended). He fixed me with a brief, penetrating look, shook his head (always an emotional gesture with him) and responded, simply, "NO." After a second's pause he added, "Too many negative weights . . ." This sort of rare, "blurted-out," revelatory (?) (well, yes, for him) comment must inevitably mean something -- something very important and terrible. If we knew what it was, it could well explain a great deal. I just mention this for your edification. But the fact that he "let it (even that much) all hang out" is deeply indicative. Poor man, he can't "talk" -- although I know he wants to, somewhere.

June 28, 1979

Lola dear,

Don't worry about feeling "overwhelmed by my voluminous communcations" -- almost everyone does. It's a disease with me, I guess.

The Dorothy L. Sayers came three days ago and I am deep into it. I could cry -- now that I know you never even got to finish reading it. Woman, I could have "held my water" for a few weeks longer! Now I feel guilty.

And that you, with your dear inscription, want to give it to me! Really! You are an angel.

I enjoyed hugely the color pix (d'you want them back, eventually: I know they cost the earth.) The bathroom is -- yuk. I see why you called it a disaster! And now a Kitchen disaster, yet! Incredible! * Small wonder you feel "disoriented."

So the whole Long Island venture fell through! Well, perhaps just as well, all things considered. Your new (temporary) job sounds fine, and also appears to have come at just the right time.

I am deeply grateful that you tried so many places for my Wallace Uni-Mark pencil (what is it with that company, what's so esoteric about them? They drive us up the wall: after what is now weeks and weeks and weeks they can't seem to ship to Crane's, the local office-supply concern, which has, it appears, a franchise on them in this part of the country.

I await with great excitement the pencil you describe. Its success or failure lie in two things: can it be sharpened, e.g., treated like, and also behave like, an actual pencil-type pencil? And will it erase, as needed, on the odd, slick, shiny surface that Allen Press now uses for its galley-sheets. Rest assured, I shall try it out and let you know. Pronto. You are a dear to turn up anything!

Your art works, as revealed in your apartment, are immensely interesting. I am, I own, much more excited by your paintings than by your collages, unusual though they are. I think you are immensely talented as an artist (as you are as a poet and writer in general).

The "MADAME CEZANNE" piece intrigues me. I shall await further details.

Which birthday was this for George -- about 34, 35, I am guessing. Cashew halvah: wow! Sounds fabulous. Your talents, of course, by no means confined to the literary and the artistic, obviously extend to the culinary. (Have you thought of a cookbook?)

Yes, by all means, pass on to others the literary on the preservation of Jewish monuments etc. I found it fascinating, actually -- not to mention an important endeavor. I did tell you that the Philipp Fehl mentioned was a long-time friend of Albert Bloch's, and known to Anna, too, although not as well.

This is written in great haste and will be followed (would you believe?) by more.
With eternal love and gratitude, as always, "ME" (Oh, yes, you look just like ~~xxx~~ Lola -- a bit older, O. ~~xxx~~ K. But LOLA!

July 22, 1979

Lola dear,

Having dashed off that scatty non-letter on Friday -- just so's you'd hear from me (and I still hope our last communications crossed) -- I can now sit down and write.

First things first. I am deeply concerned by what you write of yourself. I await the report on your physical condition. And devoutly ~~xxx~~ trust there is nothing wrong in that department. I guess I've led an odd life or something -- it's only the physically-wrong that bothers me. In your case it is hard to know -- have you entered a depressed phase and is, therefore, your physical well-being effected, or is it God forbid the other way around? (Not that psychosomatic ailments are any more "fun" than organic ones, of course.) (Or any easier to get rid of.) But at least I'd like to feel more secure that you are, shall we say, structurally sound. Which won't necessarily restore you to a bouncing psychological condition, I realize. But it really does trouble me to read in your July 15 letter of how "down" you are, on both levels.

And now to your writings. As you may guess, I've good and not-good things to say about all of them. Perhaps you won't be speaking to me any more. But -- fool that you are -- you ask Constance for her opinion, you get it!

An overall statement, and it is critical, all right: none of your poems are poems, not even prose-poems. They are close to being poetry, esp. ~~xxx~~ "Involuntary Service" and "Unfinished Business" -- yet don't quite make it. No poem (or prose piece for that matter) should show obvious signs of having been "worked on," yet these things need something that at least approaches being worked on. Both "Involuntary Service" and "Unfinished Business" are pieces of immense power and the conceptions behind them are tremendous. I was truly sort of bowled-over by both. Therefore how much more powerful and telling yet they'd be if made -- I don't like to say more "poetic" ~~s~~ this conveys something phoney and unpleasant -- non-prosy is maybe the word I seek. The conception and the way it is expressed are, naturally, inextricably intertwined. I have to think about this more still. But you have in both poems something so good ~~xxx~~ going, so fine, so original, so painfully, acutely human, desperate, identifiable-with, etc. that -- well, how can I suggest to you "Ho, hum, back to the old drawing board and just re-write them." That sounds too simple, plus which it might lead you off along wrong paths.

"Madame Cezanne" is one of the most ~~striking~~ striking, moving writings I've read in a long time, from your or any other "pen." It, too, is not a poem (excuse me!) -- not even a prose-poem. Now of course you write from an intense bias -- an anti-male (anti-chauvinist pig?) stance. It is, I suppose, just possible that, your anger to the contrary, that "definitive" biographer has actually rendered Madame C. the way she really was: I don't suppose ^{you} and I will ever know and possibly this Perruchot never will either

Now I get down to brass tacks, so to speak, and address myself (try to address myself) to lacks or (to me) ~~my~~ puzzlements in the work itself (leaving out the "it isn't a poem, actually" business, which by now you must find mighty damned trying!)

On the one hand you are addressing Madame Cezanne. On the other hand, you have constantly to keep your "audience" informed as to the biographical details of the lady --two voices, two points of departure. This makes for confusion at times, also lack of a poetic center. (I should have said "the biographical details" as this certain "definitive" biographer sees, and/or "knows," them.) The result is, or is at times, a "failure" in understanding: what is the author of this piece ~~say~~ saying, when is she addressing me, when Madame C. etc.?

I am going to assume for non-argument's sake that Perruchot and also Cezanne himself and all his kith and kin and friends did this poor lady a gross ~~in~~ injustice (yet she "stood still" for it all of her life, not leaving Cezanne etc. etc.????) There still remain some problems with the work.

It is immensely powerful. However your frequent use of italics puzzled me. At first I thought each italicized passage represented a direct quotation from P.'s biography. But since there are in addition ~~some~~ passages in quotation marks I am not so certain. Perhaps you would make this clear. If the italicized portions are NOT meant to be direct quotations from Perruchot, there are too many of them: they make things lose momentum. They intrude. They distract -- and detract. (Actually they would "look" better and convey more ~~in~~ when "set" in real italics -- which, admittedly, few have on their typewriters, not even Constance!)

Now I have thought of a phrase, which may or may not be sensible, to express what is "wrong" with your otherwise-so-right and powerful creations: they are not poems because they are not wrought. Or, they have not been wrought.

Do I make sense?

Now you will hate me. (God, I hope not.)

Anna, by the way, more or less fully shared my views -- I felt confident that you wouldn't object to my showing her your work. She felt (in essence) that you had so much, so very much, "going" -- yet somehow it didn't come off, fully. (By the way she commented wryly: "I can think of another Hortense, also wife of an artist, who really was that way -- shallow, interested in trinkets and trivia, incapable of understanding her husband's work, bored by it and by his friends, and so on." She meant, as you may guess, Hortense Bloch. And believe me, Anna knew her predecessor well, having lived in the Bloch household from the age of 17 on. And she never had anything but high praise for "A.B." because he would never even have considered divorcing "Hortie." Therefore he and Anna were married only at a long, long last, some seven or eight months after Hortense Bloch's death at a pretty ripe age.)

Just right now I worry about Lola, I don't mind telling you. And please: you must tell me to go to hell if you feel so moved. I mean, re: your poems. And please remember: other persons, brighter and/or more ~~kind~~ gifted than I am, might tell you something quite different. By the way, may I keep these copies, or did you want them back? And PLEASE: do let me know how things come out for you with your physical, O.K.? With very much love, ME

O.K. So we ~~do~~ don't know, don't really know, whether Hortense Figuet was another put-upon woman, or a "Hortense Bloch." That you elect a certain attitude with regard to all this is fine: it is your perfect right. Despite my pro-male-chauvinist pig and anti-Womens' Lib stance, I support your ~~attitude~~ attitude, or rather, your right to espouse it.

It is the lack of "wrought-ness," of having "crafted" true ~~poems~~ poems that bothers me -- and "lets down" otherwise immensely ~~powerful~~ powerful and telling works. Works of which I can only say: you have so ~~much~~ much, so terribly much, there, it is a ~~pity~~ pity you don't have the "poetry" to flesh it out.

(And that's the last time I ever ask her for her opinion, says Lola.)

Well.

Today threatens to be just unpleasant enough (muggy rather than overwhelmingly hot) ~~that~~ that I may have to turn on the A/C. I hope not. When I think of the money I am saving this summer!

Now, listen: I will want to know -- so very much -- what the results are of your physical check-up. As for your mental state at the moment, what can I say? Stupid urgings to "stay in there," ~~fight~~ "Fight!" etc. mean little or nothing. And certainly don't strike to the heart of the problem. I think you did write that you have a therapist? I ~~hope~~ hope this is someone you can, and do, turn to at such times? Me, I have yet to seek a therapist. I think the reason for this ~~is~~ is to be found in two areas: 1) my before-mentioned concern exclusively with my physical ailments; and 2) my very great luck so far throughout my by-now-not-so-very-short life (hah!) in always having one or two friends, so understanding, so sensitive and sensible, so good and true, that, with such a ~~fix~~ friend, I already have a therapist! Only more.

Your present job sounds rather fun. The "trapped feeling" sounds NOT so "fun." What are we going to do about you, Lola dear? There is seldom any one simple solution to the problems of the heart, mind, soul. A clean physical bill of health can help. I pray that it will. But it is not, I realize, enough.

My father has been somewhat "better" during the past week, and certainly in a most cheery mood. When someone is of such a vast age, one never knows, of course, from day to day, even. Anything can happen, anytime. And that "anything" can be bad indeed. There are no guarantees. ~~Martin~~ (Martin, by the way, hit the proverbial nail on the head a hundred years ago when he said to me: "The trouble with you is, you want a built-in, 'written' guarantee for everything: if someone could promise that you would live to be 98 in ~~ex~~ excellent physical health and not becoming really senile etc., you could then relax and enjoy living!" He was so right. But, as Anna says, with my in-built ~~straw~~ "need" to worry, I'd still have to find something to worry about!



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MRS. SCHEERER'S PAINTINGS

1.	Still Life No. 1	Oil	\$ 50.00
2.	Still Life No. 2	Oil	50.00
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T
c
Mrs. Martin Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, Kansas
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LAWRENCE, KANSAS



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LAWRENCE, KANSAS
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A I R M A I L

Mrs. Lola Gruenthal
107 West 86th Street
Lawrence, Kansas



Oh, boy!
You can see the
State + am
- in -

1908 Alabama St.
Lawrence, Kansas

Nov. 9, 1961

Dear Winetou,

You ask how I am -- I am lousy, thank you. Oh, I guess I'll make it, somehow -- but there are times when I'm not so sure.

Thank you -- but there isn't anything anyone can do, really. Although I must say this -- the friends here have been marvellous -- I can't think what I would have done without them. ~~xxxxxx~~ Bea ~~xxxx~~ and Erik, by the way, have been especially wonderful -- it was them I called when Martin was rushed to the hospital, and they came over, and after he died, they took me home with them and stayed up all that night with me. My own father has been extremely kind and helpful in ~~xxxxxx~~ numerous ways, also, and his presence here ~~xx~~ has been very, very helpful.

I still can't think, somehow, of Martin as being dead. He was alive, and young, and eternal, and there was never anyone quite like him. He was very much loved hereabouts, too -- I've never seen so many grown men weep unashamedly before. I enclose the write-up from the local paper -- it has a kind of warmth and personality in it that one does not find in big-city dailies.

My plans are fairly simple: I will sell this house as soon as possible, and move into a small apartment here where I can keep the dog with me. I will try, for about a year, very intensively, on the writing. If, at the end of about a year, give or take, I have gotten nowhere, then I'll doubtless pack up and go to Los ~~xxx~~ Angeles and go to work in the technical custom-lab end of photography where I'm pretty sure I can earn a decent living (enough for me plus the support of Martin's father). But I shall take things as they come and not rush into any snap decision, either now, or, a year from now. One reason for remaining in Lawrence is the good friends here; another is the lower cost of living relative to East or West. And so on.

Martin's father wants to go back to ~~xxxxxx~~ Berlin, where he has his nephew, a couple of great-nephews and their families, and several friends from long-past years. This is a solution he had also discussed with Martin in past months. He will probably leave here within ~~xxx~~ the next two weeks. He would like, en route, to spend a few days, at least, in New York and see a few of the people there.

This reminds me -- we have not heard from the Krewers -- I'm a trifle surprised at this.

Well, I'll not write more now. People keep telling me, that some day, in the future, I'll feel either better, or different, or something. At this point I don't really believe them.

I am glad you are at least "Fairly well", as you put it. Please stay well, and let us keep in touch.

Fondly,
Constance

1908 Alabama St.
Lawrence, Kansas

Nov. 9, 1961

Dearest Lola,

Your letter was especially warm and wonderful and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for it.

Maybe Winetou thought I seemed composed, on the phone. I am not. Oh, I have not collapsed (yet); I go about my daily chores, and attend, or try to ~~xx~~ attend to the thousands of technical, legal, and practical details that must be seen to. But it is bad; it is very bad.

You are right about one thing, and it is my chief comfort, if you can use such a word: Martin and I really did love each other, really did have everthing in common, shared everything, communicated incessantly, left nothing unsaid.

My other "comfort" is that members of the department here are going to see to it that some of Martin's almost finished, or partially finished, papers and works reach eventual publication and completion, say, within a year or two. This he would have wanted, and this would please me very much indeed.

I still cannot really think of Martin and death at the same time: he was the most alive person I ever knew. Many, be the way, were amazed that he was 61 -- they'd thought him much younger. And so on. He was ageless. And I never, even for one fleeting moment, thought of the 20 years difference in our ages.

Beatrice and Erik, by the way, have been simply wonderful. I called them from the hospital, the night he died, and they came and got me, and literally stayed up all night with me. All the friends here ~~have~~ been wonderful.

This is one reason, amongst others, that I plan to stay on in Lawrence, at least for, say, a year. Martin and I had discussed what I ~~would~~ would do, should anything happen to him, and we'd come up with the following plan: that I would take a year, roughly, and devote myself concentratedly to writing and if, at the end of that time, I'd gotten noplac^e, all right, I could always get a job in Los Angeles in the technical end (custom lab work) of photography and earn a pretty good living. But I'll~~x~~ take things one step at a time. Anything I might decide ~~xxxx~~ on now, I might regret. I can afford to stay put for a time and think things through.

Martin's father has decided to go back to Berlin. I am in process of making the arrangements. It will probably be later this month. He will doubtless spend a few days in New York en route, and see some people there. Which reminds, I haven't heard (nor has he) from the Krewers~~x~~, and I have been a little ~~but~~ wondering why not?

Lola, if you could once see, the notes and letters I've gotten. Not one is a trite, conventional kind of thing -- each one is personal, individual, sincere, in~~a~~ a rather unique way. I, even I, did not quite know how much Martin was loved, until now.

More soon, keep in touch, love, Constance

P.S. -- I will definitely sell this house as soon as possible, and move into a small apartment (where I can keep the dog)

1908 Alabama Street
Lawrence, Kansas

January 13, 1959

Dear Lola,

Gruenthal has written us about the separation between you and him and has given us your address. We feel terribly distressed about all this. We know only the bare facts. We have no judgment to pass of any kind. We only hope that the coming year will see a return to the status quo, but with greater happiness for you both.

We also know that Georgie is in school in Connecticut. Gruenthal says he is making a good adjustment to this new life. We hope this is so, for his sake. But we are sure that Georgie cannot help but be distressed in many ways. What have you told him?

If you feel the need of a shoulder to lean on or ~~to~~ cry on, ours are available. We do hope that you will write us. Now at last we understand the cryptic message on your Christmas card.

We wrote on our card to you (both, and not knowing ~~xxxx~~ what had happened) how much we appreciated receiving the copy of Ewald Tragy. Since you may not ~~ga~~ have gotten this message, let us repeat, it is a beautiful translation in every way and does great credit to your very remarkable talent.

With what do you occupy yourself in these days? Please do write -- we feel depressed and sad about all this -- it does not seem real to us.

Best love,

. C and M

1908 Alabama Street
Lawrence, Kansas

March 6, 1958

Dear Winetous,

Yes, indeed, dear Lola, we got your letter (vitamin enriched etc.) but what we complain about is that we never heard did you get our Christmas gift to you, i.e. one bottle of French brandy which we cleverly arranged with a friend in New York to have delivered from a N. Y. liquor store since one isn't allowed to send such things through the mails. SO -- did you or didn't you????????????????????????????????

Very exciting news from Lola. Your ~~xxx~~literary successes are most impressive -- and you are so right -- at this point the money, though a pittance, isn't as important as the prestige, having something by you in print. And it should make later acceptances easier -- and more lucrative, too, of course. Do we rate copies of your works when they come out? We hope so!

By now we trust you are enjoying your refrigerator -- and it must be a real thrill. As you know, we've been muttering for years about your old one -- which was certainly most altmodisch and inadequate. Think you chose very wisely -- Sears appliances are excellent.

Neither of us has had any colds or viruses (yet) this whole winter --we attribute this to our now vitamin-enriched existence, courtesy Winetou medicine lodge.

Our plans for the summer are --Martin will teach summer session at K U -- which ends about the 6th of August. After that -- well, there isn't a very real likelihood of our coming east, I am afraid. The purchase of our new house has left us in a very meagre financial state and we've about resigned ourselves to summer in hot old Kansas, a ghastly thought in some ways, but in others not too appalling -- we had the year in California and the summer in Europe and I don't too much mind not going away -- also we plan to put central air conditioning into this house which will leave us broker but render the summer fairly endurable. But we shall see. Your offer of sharing the Pt. Lookout residence sounds very tempting but July would definitely be out, alas. Though there isn't too great a chance for us to come East, even in August, we always try to keep an open mind re: travel plans (influence of Winetou).

When Winetou goes to San Francisco in May he should by all means plan to stop over with us -- we can meet him at the airport in Kansas City and whisk him here for a few days or as long as he can stay. We really mean this! Perhaps, Lola, we can prevail upon you to come too! Maybe Gruenthal could leave you with us while in San Francisco????????????????????

Let us know about this -- and also about our unmentioned and unappreciated Christmas gift to you stinkess!

Much love from tepee rto tepee,

as ever,

O and M

508 Louisiana Street
Oct. 25, 1956

Dearest Winetous,

We scan each arriving mail wondering where is a smoke signal from the New York wigwam.

Is you is or is you ain't coming to Kansas?

Let us know right away, as we must make plans in advance -- i.e. if you are coming, we not only want to prepare for it in terms of our ~~pix~~ own plans, but we also want to inform the Wrights to leave a certain evening free etc. etc. get a baby sitter and whatever else.

As we may have already written, if you are here on a Thursday, Friday, ~~Sixx~~ Saturday and Sunday, our upstairs apartment (which Mrs. Frankl rents the other days) is free and has two comfortable beds, a big bath, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ On other days we have a very comfortable sofa bed (which makes out into a real bed) in Martin's study.

Let us know by return air mail if and when you are coming. Particularly if you come between Thursday and Saturday, we can put you both up in the above-mentioned accommodations which are entirely private -- the whole second floor. We are itching to see you both.

We hope you got Martin's letter last week.

Your story, Lola, certainly has a ghostly climate. The only thing I am not sure about is the end. Somewhere it lacks a little punch. It is rather a strong and very depressing piece (we hope not too projective)(for your personal welfare). At the moment we don't know what to suggest concretely, but maybe one could give the end a twist like this: instead of making the question to others "I beg your pardon, are you quite real?" etc. a fictitious one, let it turn out to be a real question. And the ghost is now in a cell where the police or perhaps a mental hospital authority put it. The ghost is now questioning ~~himself~~ itself whether it is a sane or an insane ghost, in the end of the story, but has no information to ~~xxxx~~ fall back on whether insanity exists among ghosts. However, the entire semi-ghost, semi-alive existence of this ghost suggests to her that she may be the first case in the history of ghosts who've gone insane, and that may be the real cause of her peculiar existence. On page 2 where you speak of the possibility of a new experiment, that might be a little changed according to the new ending, in other words more as a question mark about this odd existence with the resolution of the end that the ghost realized she is actually insane. Sorry that this sounds still sadder than your first version but it could be also made somewhat humorous because the mere thought of a ghost that has gone messhugge is somewhat humorous.

Let us hear from you!

Much love,

US

1604 N. Stanley Avenue
Hollywood 46, California

July 2, 1956

Dearest Winetous,

Your letter, Lola, was a joy, as ever. Yes, the book came just about the same time, and we've enjoyed it hugely. I of course insisted on Martin translating everything so I would miss nothing. Many of the caricatures are truly excellent, a few are only fair, and about three or four we didn't like at all -- i.e. the ones of Marilyn Monroe and Eleanor Roosevelt we found more or less poor, and in the latter case, somehow misconceived. But all in all it is quite a book and we can well understand that you were so taken with it.

We envy you seeing Bea and Bea seeing you both. We hadn't heard that Bea was going east. (Much as we love her, one of her few faults is that she doesn't ~~xxxx~~ write very often). Yes, we get to move back to 508 Louisiana Street when we return to Lawrence, thank goodness. Don't know where Bea heard it -- we got definitive word from our landlord only a few days ago. This was a great relief. It means now no major move at least probably for another year, and no hectic ~~xxxxxx~~ dash back to steaming Kansas in early August to hunt for a house etc.

We thoroughly enjoyed your one-woman revolt against Mr. Ciardi, Lola. As for marketing, I don't know. For one thing, I think you should incorporate a device which I (and other lesser but much more often published (!) poets use) of following your title with a pertinent quotation -- maybe even from Mr. Ciardi -- which the content of your poem then proceeds to ~~xxxx~~ satirize. You will doubtless wish to jump on me with both feet, dear Lola, but I don't know how happy I am with the metre. I would prefer a shorter, crisper metre. Having said that, let me now enumerate cliches which I feel should be freshened up -- You must stay on the path; avoid like the plague; for you are a modern, and therefore born to abhor; etc. You will hate me, I know, but I always say what I think. I think you have the germ of a very masterpieciful kind of thing -- that is why I am so brutal-schmootal, so to speak.

We expect to hear from Herta within a week or so. She arrives, I think, on July 6th. We wrote her and told her to call us when she felt like seeing us. We don't think it proper for us to phone her, at least until she's been in residence awhile. After all, she'll be staying with a friend, so it wouldn't look right to call her at once etc. We will doubtless hear from her and see her pretty soon, though, and are very much looking forward to it. We are so glad she is taking a trip and seeing the sights. You are so right ~~xx~~ -- ~~Mexico~~ Mexico would be no place for her at all.

We half expect your next letter to come from the Timbuctu Hilton or something of that sort. We still feel you should talk yourselves into something sensible, like a trip to California.

Mazltov, Alter Vater, on being a grandfather, both now, and in the next week or so. At least Georgie is much too young to add such lustre to your crown for several years yet to come.

Give Georgie our love.

And much much love to you both from the wayward Kansans,

as ever,

C and M

(over)

P.S. -- You have no doubt read about Hortense Hirschman's death. Friends sent us newspaper clippings. There seems to be some mystery connected with it. Most newspaper accounts did not refer to cause of death; one, I think maybe the N.Y. Times, said "she apparently smothered during the night" (this of course means not much). The Somachs wrote that they had had reason to believe that she'd been in bad shape mentally in the past couple of years. Hirschman himself wrote Martin a letter about a year and a half ago which ended with the cryptic postscript, "Poor Hortense". What do you know? To us it looks a bit like suicide, but we have nothing definite to go on. It is all quite pathetic, of course. Maybe your knowledge via Loewenfeld can shed some light on this -- we are just curious to know whether she remained in the clutches of psychoanalysis up to recently. Also whether she went into a psychotic depression or what. By the way the hotel address given, where she had been living, and where she was found dead by her son, and which presumably was her residence, did not sound like a very hot address -- some sort of apartment hotel on the west side which we vaguely recall as being a bit on the soddy side.

cxxxx%}xxx

508 Louisiana Street
Lawrence, Kansas

Dec. 30, 1956

Dearest Winetous,

The postman on our beat, a poor, sweet old man, is retiring as of the end of this month. The poor guy says he can't take it any longer. Every day for weeks he's been staggering up the walk with packages from friends of ours in New York named Gruenthal, and he says he's been on this beat for 50 years and never saw anything like that happen before. So he's quitting, since when these Gruenthals start sending packages again, the job obviously requires a much younger man.

People, what are you doing to us? We are embarrassed. Such a wonderful ~~deluge~~ deluge never before descended on us. Literally, everyday a package from the Gruenthals.

First, the "vitamin book". We were quite fascinated by it, and are now, ourselves, on a wheat germ and ~~xxxxx~~ Brewer's yeast kick. Actually, Mrs. Adele Davis has some very sound common sense mixed with a few statements that sound like dangerous rubbish, such as the implications that cancer could be cured or prevented by massive doses of Biotin, or that muscular dystrophy would be curable by certain vitamin additions to the diet. We also don't trust her statement about curing mumps in one day with massive doses of vitamin C. But there is much to stimulate thought in the book, and much that makes real sense. And come what may of all this Brewer's yeast etc., the book made fascinating reading.

The Almanac I haven't seen in years and we are delighted to have it. I used to get it regularly when visiting my parents on Cape Cod or what, and it really brings back nostalgic memories.

I am especially and personally delighted with the Phyllis McGinley. I truly love a great many of her poems and am thrilled to have them collected under one roof, so to speak. This is a ~~xxx~~ volume to treasure and read and re-read.

And the calendar of French haute cuisine -- WOW! That is really something special. I have read every recipe till I almost know them by heart and when I next write I expect to report on what I've tried out of this intriguing collection. Meantime, as a calendar, the volume reposes on my desk. God knows I need something clear and well regulated to keep certain appointments straight for us both.

The Hieronymus Bosch is a treasure. We were both, to some measure, familiar with part of his work, but had never fully realized the delightful bizarrities, fantasies, whimsies, obscenities etc. of his work. He is obviously the forerunner of Abner Dean, among others, but with what artistry. A terrific painter.

All in all, the contributions Gruenthal ~~xxx~~ enriched and enlivened our Christmas immensely. We had a whole wigwam full of Winetou gifts under our tree this year, and we treasure them all.

We are enjoying a spell of California weather here, a real joy. We are both pretty well, though Martin has had somewhat more heart symptoms since winter started, in general. A recent cardiogram shows no change, but of course he has a coronary insufficiency.

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We are working on our plans to get to Europe this summer. Surely an International Congress of Psychology at Brussels is something a Winetou can hardly miss, especially if we will be there too. Much depends on whether we get a supporting grant to defray expenses from the University. And there's always the precarious factor of health. But if all works out well, we shall really go -- probably steerage, if it still exists, but go. Let's all work on this. We think we should make reservations at once, even ~~we~~ if we have to cancel them later. We'd plan to sail around July 20th, I suppose.

15

How is Georgie? How are both of you?

Much love, and yours with eternal gratitude and more and better vitamins,

as ever,

US

P.S. -- Bea is here this evening and sends first-hand warm personal love.

We will soon get in touch with you
on possible summer Europe plans
There is also a Neurol. Congress in Brussels
just preceding the Intern. Psychol. Congr.
(July 28 - Aug 3) ... earlier before July 28.
If we can go we will go by boat.

Love

121

1604 N. Stanley Ave.
Hollywood 46, California

March 17, 1956

Dearest People,

We hasten to inform you as our chief news that things have turned out very happily in Martin's latest (and the Scheerer's latest) saga of health problems.

What happened was the following: Martin has had for years and years (since the early 30's at least) a "chronic" (and it really has been chronic) gram-positive staphylococcus infection of the prostate. He has periodic flare-ups of symptoms, and has undergone such treatment as diathermy, anti-biotics and occasional massage both in New York and in Kansas for long time past. He had a flare-up of symptoms in January in Laguna, and feeling quite sure he would be given more anti-biotics, or diathermy, or some such, he thought he would save effort and money (UCLA and their staff charge terrific fees) by going to an apparently top-flight urologist in Torrance whom friends of ours had been to and who seemed to be very good. Who can question the competence of a man who was once on the staff at UCLA, who still does research with top men at UCLA etc.? Well, this guy got hold of Martin and finding two ounces (60 cc.) of urinary retention from catheterization after voiding, announced at once that Martin had so much bladder obstruction that he would require immediate surgery. He put Martin into a small hospital in the southern part of L.A. and did a cystoscopy immediately after which and while Martin was still in the Recovery Room under anesthetic came to me and told me Martin had prostate cancer. We had been worried since Martin's first interview with this guy, and that really did it. I forgot to mention that Martin has had for twenty years or more a nodule on the right lobe of the prostate which has been examined, checked and re-checked through the years, and both New York and Kansas doctors have always felt it to be a harmless calcified area. This nodule, it was announced, was malignant. However, because Martin was "such an interesting research case", this doctor wanted to present Martin to a group of urologists at UCLA the following Sat. morning (at no ~~xxxxxx~~ cost to us) just to get additional opinions. He wanted then to put Martin right back into this same small hospital soon thereafter, perform an operation with frozen section, and then go ahead with the radical procedures which he felt sure were necessary. At this point we got on the phone and called Erik Wright, who talked to our own family doctor in Lawrence (who has long treated Martin's prostate) who in turn talked to Dr. Valk, the chief urologist at K U Med Center who has also examined and treated Martin in the past. All concurred in several things -- one, that Dr. Willard Goodwin at UCLA is one of the best urologists in the country and the best in California; two, that there was something not so kosher about the first doctor (please keep this for yourself). It turned out that this same Dr. Goodwin was to be one of those on the famous Sat. Morning presentation of Martin as an "interesting case". Came now our problem, to switch from the first man to Dr. Goodwin in an ethical way. Please understand at the outset that we were not just shopping around for a happier diagnosis. But there were so many strange facets, not to say bizarre, to the first man that we cannot relate them all here. For one thing, his haste and eagerness to operate; for another thing, his flat and final diagnosis on the basis of palpation alone (although we much later found out that certain vitally significant blood tests which he'd done and not told us about directly contradicted the diagnosis of cancer, such as the acid phosphatase test). And there were more things.

Well, the big conference of that Sat. turned out to be just this Dr. Goodwin examining Martin very briefly and consenting to take him on as a patient. (Martin had, even from the beginning, and before we had so much cause to take a dim view of Dr. No. 1, made quite clear that he would not wish to undergo surgery at some tiny out-of-the-way non-research and training oriented hospital, so we had a kind of previous out for this).

We had to wait two weeks till Martin could see Goodwin, who went out of town. Meantime we had some real reassurances in the form of the opinions of the Kansas doctors, and surprisingly, in a chance meeting with Goodwin's secretary, who remarked in an offhand way that Dr. Goodwin had sent a report already to the first doctor and apparently did not feel there was any cause for alarm.

Well, the upshot was that Martin saw Goodwin day before yesterday, and Goodwin at once stated that he did not feel that the nodule was malignant. He examined Martin with great care, took a whole case history; etc. He then repeated the catheterization and this time found less than 10 cc. of retained urinary (so much for the first man's "urinary retention requiring immediate surgery). He wants to check Martin in July to be sure that the nodule didn't change, adding that even if it would, there would be no rush to operate, and Martin could then wait and have anything further that might be needed done in Kansas.

There you have, boiled down to essentials, a saga of three harrowing weeks. I can only say of the first man that I would like to write a volume on doctor-patient relationships as they should NOT be conducted, also on ~~restless~~ diagnosis, overeagerness to perform surgery, and half a dozen other subjects. It just shows that even medically sophisticated people like us can "fall in", so to speak.

We now feel like new-born, and Martin like a "reprieved criminal".

We are also now happily ensconced in the heart of Hollywood, in ~~the~~ a quiet residential street. Finding this furnished house for rent was a big break, and was achieved through the UCLA housing office. We always get involved with slightly ~~sexy~~ screwy characters and odd situations, and this one is no exception, but nevertheless a great stroke of luck. Though we have now view in our new quarters, we have just about every other advantage we could have hoped for. A sun porch, a living room dining room, kitchen, bath, two bedrooms and fenced yard for Gorky, and all at the modest, and I do mean modest price, of 90 dollars per month. Reason for price: the maiden lady who owns this house and has worked in an office at UCLA for many many years collects dolls (and I mean by the thousands) and didn't want to disturb her collection. So we live with them, all around us in every room but the bathroom, and kitchen, in glass-doored closets. We've done some pretty successful camouflaging of many of them, and don't really mind too much in general. The furnishings are mixed early Victorian with early Sears Roebuck circa 1920. But the place is cosy and comfortable, gets sun all day, and there are oranges in the garden that we daily pluck for our breakfast juice. I would say that our housing problems were complicated chiefly by having the dog with us, and to some extent by being three adults. But I would also say that any mediocre one-bedroom apartment, even, rents furnished for 80 dollars at least; and even if we had no dog, a two-bedroom furnished place of any kind, apartment or house, would have cost us as a rule from 115 up, mostly UP. So you can see this was a break.

Dear Lola, we want to know more about your infection ~~picked~~ picked up in Guatamala. I tell you, these lovely tropic lands ain't worth it, in our opinion. Mezzo, Haiti -- whatever it is -- they all team with germs, its really frightening. We assume you are not too seriously ill, since you typed a long letter, and hopethat by now all is under controll. Take care of yourself, please, and let us know.

Re: Katherine Mansfield. I have this to say. She is a perfectly delightful writer. Her style, the atmospheres she creates, the characterizations -- all are superb, fresh, enchanting. But after carefully reading the entire book, I am left with a vague feeling of -- so what? This will doubtless shock you, and please don't misunderstand me, I'm terribly glad to have had the opportunity to to have read her finally, and I know I will re-read her again with great pleasure, for the first reading gave me very great pleasure. But what I mean by the crude "so what?" is the following: its not so much

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that I have to demand an O. Henry kind of plot in a story, but in each case I kept feeling, how great a strength (instead of just beauty or vignette-perfection) would this or that piece have had if the characters had done this or that, or if some kind of plot would have been carried out where one was in fact begun, then dropped. I think that the title piece, "The Garden Party" , is the best in all respects, also in having a kind of plot which carries through, as well as keen social perceptions. Though it too lacked punch in its ending. Also "Miss Brill" is excellent, not trying to be more than a kind of vignette, and stands alone as a tremendously well-done piece, I feel. But in each of the others I experienced a keen disappointment and was tempted to take them from a certain point and re-write them through to the conclusion in the way I felt they should or could have gone. I'm eager to see what Martin's reactions will be when he soon gets the chance to read them. Meantime, despite all I've written, I am so very glad to own this book and to have been introduced, at long last and thanks to you, Lola, to this lady's writings.

Did you get the little sweater, which we sent back to you so that you can wear same your-elf?

I won't write more just now. I gather that your trip to Guatamala was fraught with many disappointments except that you must of course have enjoyed the beautiful scenery. It is a tragedy that the color slides turned out so oddly. Maybe the whole bunch of film was defective. Have you raised hell with Eastman Kodak or wherever you got them?

Many thanks of the glamour picture of me taken at Los Alamitos.

Best love to you all, special love to Georgie,

as ever

US

508 Louisiana Street
Lawrence, Kansas

Friday p.m.

Dear Winetou, Squaw and Papoose,

We have been so completely overwhelmed by all your ^{numerous} ~~many~~ hospitalities in New York that I think I should call this a "bread-and-butter" letter. Also a gin-and- tonic, coricidin, kirshwasser, Vogue-model-~~plaid~~-coat, Point Lookout and Monsieur Hylot's Holiday letter. We still feel a sense of guilt at having dispossessed and upheaved the family Gruenthal, but not guilty enough to keep enjoying in retrospect a visit which now seems all too short, so long ~~had~~ we been missing you. We cannot decide whether the trouble is that New York is too far away from Kansas or Kansas too far from New York. At least we have still with us the feeling of being reinstated in the Gruenthal bosom, and having lived so enjoyably in the Gruenthal bed and board (while Alter Vater and squaw practically camped in their tepee) we are now practically family members in good standing. And now of course you must come soon to Kansas and our visit must carry on indefinitely across the nation.

The new term is now in full swing and the Scheerers along with it. As we predicted the sun was indeed shining when we came home, the thermometer stood at 98, and we thawed out in a hurry. It hasn't been that hot since, just in the middle 80's. But that we definitely don't mind. Martin's cold cleared up quite rapidly, thanks to the Great Medicine Man's special magic, and he has very few symptoms left.

We were glad at last to have gotten to know Georgie whom we had not seen since babyhood, actually. We grew very fond of him during our visit. Please greet him with a big, special "hello" and much love from us both.

We hope you had a good weekend in Point Lookout. We were only so sorry we couldn't have seen you once more between ~~xxxxxxx~~ trains, but the connections turned out to be quite different than we expected. We arrived at the gates of the Pacemaker about twelve minutes before it left. Our journey home was uneventful, and all went according to schedule.

Sunday afternoon

Meantime your letter has arrived, Winetou. We positively do not have any key of yours. Martin remembers that he returned at once the key he borrowed on that one day. He doesn't know to which of you he gave it, maybe even to Millie. However we have anyway instituted a thorough search of any possible of probable places, to no avail. By the way, which key is it you are looking for, front or back? It seems we borrowed two, one front, which we gave to Gruenthal directly, and one back, which Martin is extremely sure he returned also. Maybe it has turned up in the meantime.

We hadn't been home long when dear Alex phoned us from Kansas City. We told him the story precisely as we arranged it with you in N. Y. C. -- i.e. that we hit New York, saw the Gruenthals for just a moment on our way to stay the weekend with relatives who have a summer home in Lake Mahopac, rejoined the Gruenthals on Monday at Point Lookout and subsequently spent three or four days with them of that week. We also referred to the fact that the Gruenthals had been out of town that weekend, somewhere north of New York, in Westchester or so, as if we hadn't paid too much attention to just where you spent the weekend.

Martin is sending you some material under separate cover which you will doubtless receive by or before the end of the week.

We are going to write a special and separate letter to Georgie in the next days. Do not tell him this, perhaps, maybe better a surprise. We only now hasten to get this off as we want you to have word of us. Martin is now saying, by the way, that he doesn't think he did borrow also a back door key, that he rang and was let in by Mille of Lola, that he only borrowed the front door key that one time and returned same promptly. Do let us know if it turns up.

Meantime much love. Lola, when are you coming to Kansas for a real vacation?????

If I should conclude by saying, thank you again a million times for everything, this would sound terribly trite and inadequate, so I shall only say, love, and we have to see you very soon again, and do write.

As ever,

US WELL-TREATED LODGERS,

THE SCHEERERS

Entertainment Program

July 31, 1948

- 1:15 : Reception by Entertainment Committee meeting the boat
- 1:20 : Invitation for lunch on "Skipper"
- 1:20 - 1:40 : Short wait for seats
- 1:45 : Reception by hostess on Gullside
- 1:45 - 2:30 : Munching of Marvellous Meal
- 2:30 - 2:40 : Argument about bill
- 2:40 : Bus to Cliffside
- 3 : Introduction to Cats and Ladies
- 3 - 3:10 : Changing into Beach Apparel
- 3:10 : Short Walk to Sarola Desert
- 3:10 - 3:15 : Relaxation
- 3:15 : Dive into Ocean (High Tide)
- 3:30 : Return to Sarola
- 3:30 - 4 : Reading of Logbook and Exchange of Experiences
- 4 : Second Dive
- 4 - 4:45 Beach walk and Search for Murtle the Turtle
- 4:45 Ladies in Retirement for Reading in the Shade.

- 5: Last Dip into Ocean for Buter
- 5¹⁵: Return to Cabhouse for Change
- 5³⁰: Last bus to Town
- 5⁴⁰: Sightsing Tour through town on foot
- 6: First Collapse of Sesi
- 6⁰⁵: Interviewing of Native in Search of Gardener Street
- 6³⁰ (Optimistically) Reached No 7 as orientic point to 'One Pleasant Street'
- 6³⁵: Luscious Dinner terminated by the capture of 3 - to 4 additional butter dishes.
- 7³⁵: Argument about Payment of bill
- 7³⁵ - 8⁰⁰: Promenading ~~to the beach~~ on labyrinthian Ways Passing Old Colonial Mansions.
- 8³⁰ - 9³⁰: Highways and Byways to Jefferson Ave.
- 9³⁰ - 10: Visit to "Meerchen", Reading of Rilke in hard love Seats.
- 10: Reception at Home by Cat Calls
- 10¹⁵ - 11: lulled to Sleep by Mosquitos and Sesi's Sneezes and Ladies' Conversation in bed.

31833 Coast Blvd.
South Laguna, California

November 2, 1955

Dearest People,

Lola's letter was wonderful and very Lola indeed. Why publishers aren't beating a path to her door we don't know. Lola, you have a most distinctive style and as I said to Martin, one would never even guess faintly in reading your letter that German is, so to speak, your basic tongue. This is meant as a compliment -- Martin, although well versed in lots of colloquialisms etc. always reveals himself by slips of the pen into Germanicisms in writing and also in speaking, even today, and he speaks English constantly of course, as you do not. What I'm trying to say, in my awkward way is, that you Lola are completely bilingually gifted.

Regarding the Rilke story: I'd be terribly eager to see it, the poems also. If I can offer any comments I'd be glad to do so though I have a hunch you have the situation well in hand. Anyway do send a copy.

If Lola keeps on with her chess, perhaps she and I can play a game once. I am on the lowest of all levels, a child of two could beat me easily, and I'm sure Georgie could make mincemeat out of me. Chess is really a challenge. Martin and I have been playing rather often of an evening with a set friends in Los Angeles lent us. Perhaps I'll improve.

Constance is posing in her glamour gown but not with ceramics. I guess Martin wrote you this prospect fell through, much to my disappointment as this was precisely what I'd hoped to get. I hold great hopes for the job prospects in the next couple of weeks, however, with the Christmas rush and so-called winter season getting into full swing here soon, ~~xxxxxxx~~ many shops hiring extra help and so on. If I can't get something soon, we will almost surely move into L.A. come January, as there I'll have no trouble at all. It's so much nicer here, though, with no commuting and everything very peaceful. We shall see.

We talk almost daily about the Gruenthals coming in December. If you let us down we will be crushed. Having seen you so recently simply makes us want to see more of you and sooner. Please start to formulate your plans. We will not tolerate any Winetou switches to the Timbuctu Hilton or whatever.

Meantime, while unemployed, I type for Martin and send out poems and we schedule our work to allow for a time on the beach each sunny day. The two weeks of fog is a thing of the past and we have sunshine and warmth in the Chamber of Commerce's best style these days.

Martin's father loves it here, we've had fun showing him the sights; Gorky has become a beach-hound breasting the waves in search of tossed sticks; now we need only the Winetous to make things complete and lend tone to the establishment.

Otherwise we've no real news. I still await the cheesecaky picture Alter Vater took against the seawall at the Appelmans in Los Alamitos. We've discovered many near-by things we burn to show you when you come. I hasten to dispatch this because Lola's letter crossed that of Martin and I do not wish to become remiss. Also I wanted to remind you that you are positively coming to California. Love to Georgie. Love to squaw and Alter Vater. As ever, US



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October 5, 19 80

Lola dear,

I don't know where we stand re: anything -- Water Mark Press or what -- but I wondered if you'd ever seen the enclosed and what you thought of it.

I gather you haven't heard as yet, one way or another, from your "dual ~~to~~ submission" to The American Poetry Review. They do keep things a long time and possibly with them "longer" is "better"?

How are you? Life (here) goes on. Papa is pretty feeble -- yet still takes interest in certain things. I quite simply converted him to "big print" books by getting him some at the library (which has a rather good selection, I refer to the public library). Now this is what he reads and it has, seemingly, got him back to reading again. We have taken two short walks (apart from the one on Labor Day) and they don't go terribly well. He also rather broke down and admitted that he didn't think he could make it to go out in the car, go to, say, the barber's, get back again, climb the steps ~~u~~ up from the street, and so on. Obviously this sort of admission is painful to him -- most painful of all being what must be a kind of ~~xxx~~ wrestling with his own soul at the realization that he is getting weaker.

His 94th birthday was last Friday (Oct. 3) and he had, as he told me on the phone in the evening, "a happy day." He wasn't able to come over here, so I brought the birthday to him, so to speak. Thinking up a gift was a difficult task: clothes he doesn't really need (and the kind that would require being tried on, i.e., pants, he wouldn't be up to going and trying on), and books -- ~~xxxx~~ forget it! Best make selections at the library (the Big Print books cost the earth, anyway). Objects of art and the like -- he neither needs nor wants any more of such -- he's mostly passed them on to me. So I settled on two different kinds of costly and marvellous after-shave lotion -- the sort of thing which gives him a good deal of pleasure.

Carolyn was down from Columbus about a week ago and we had a really good visit.

Our weather is now delightful but o how badly we need rain! Anna ~~lost~~ her ~~xxx~~ beloved weeping willow (which, as she now realizes, had been sort of dying for two or three summers, despite much watering and root-feeding. Hardly a coincidence that we've had three droughty summers, I think.)

I hope you are well. Are you working now -- I mean, of course, at some new or particular "steady" job?

Love as ever, "ME"

Jan. 21, 1980

Lola dear,

The book of Bert Meyers' poetry arrived -- on Friday, I think it was; but I was deep in a difficult and lengthy proofreading job, so did not get to look at it much until yesterday evening and this morning.

I often think: I can't speak for European nations, of course, but here in the U.S.A. at least there is an immense proliferation of poets -- published poets. (How do they do it? How do they get a book out, maybe several books yet?) Most of the stuff in schlock, pure schlock. Some is talented, more and better than that, even, but who will, 50 or 100 ~~YEKS~~ years from now, ever have so much ~~k~~ as heard this or that name (this includes some of the ones currently being much featured and favored).

As for Bert Meyers: he seems an unusually gifted poet, and one of the few writing today who only once in a while sounds like ~~Sylvia~~ Sylvia Plath (God, the imprint she left on American and/or British poetry!) He has grace, ease, style, wit, polish but nothing (or not much that is) effete. He has a lot. He is, I think, a poet. But again, that dark, dark, sad, wholly negative view of the world. His orientation is purely humanistic, of course. And today how can a humanist be other than dark of vision, sad, or negative?

Still, I found the book an experience and am (yet once more) deeply grateful to you for sending it. So you don't write your wonderful letters as often as you did once. So O.K. But you think of me in many moving and important ways, and I love you for it.

I shall put the volume aside for a bit, then return to it. No poems can be encompassed in just one reading.

A big snow just missed us. Thank God. A dry, open winter here, so far. From a selfish view this is truly helpful to me, with Papa and all.

Please, how are you? Things with me about the same -- the toe, my skin disease, my vagina (at least that is, I think, better) -- lots of hard work ~~xxx~~ (proof-reading), Papa, etc. etc. It gets all very boring, if you want to know (well, not the proof-reading, or not often; it is at least a challenge, and then, there's the money!)

More soon, and with very much love, ME

Oh, well. Meanwhile the naive Americans go on refusing to ~~xxxxxx~~ realize that when ~~xxxxxy~~ you deal with Iranians on any level you deal with people whose ethos is characterized by two ~~xxxxxx~~ words: betrayal and treachery. Yet ~~x~~ we can't seem to accept this and act accordingly, and we honestly think each and every time that they mean what they say. So. More anon, I hope in cheerier mood. My own letter-writing has got shot to hell of late. I at long last wrote over the weekend to Irene. A nothing sort of letter, I fear, but I did want to reach out to her -- as I now do to you.

Love as always -- ME

March 11, 1980

Lola dear,

I much enjoyed and appreciated the Xeroxed article you sent me: I think it is excellent. In fact, I intend to share it with a young (well, 35 or so is young!) friend of Anna's and mine (whom we knew here in Lawrence, but who moved a few years ago to Canada -- she is married and has two children) who is an active, writing, yes, and publishing poet. Anna and I both have felt for some time that Audrey is too interested in being "out" in print, in making a name for herself, etc. Understandable, no doubt, but not the "right way," somehow. Incidentally, although perhaps not co-incidentally, Audrey (who has unquestionably "a lot" as a poet) has grown more mannered, more consciously obscure, over the years: it's as if she is trying to leap on and remain on ~~x~~ some trendy bandwagon (much of it started, I ~~xxxxxx~~ feel, by Sylvia Plath. It still depresses me to read ~~through~~ the poems in The New Yorker and other magazines: they all sound exactly as if Sylvia had written them!)

And now to your poem. I like it in many ways, yet (o, dear, here I go again!) it does not -- how shall I say? -- "speak" to me fully. Is this because it is still a little "prosey"? Maybe that is it. But it conveys a high sense of drama (not entirely devoid of a touch of "black comedy" -- or should I say "black irony"? ~~xx~~ It is, of course, a poem of gloom, of dark finality. Yet there is a quality of the positive, of a kind of affirmation-in-darkness.

So I've said it.

Actually it pleases me terribly that you keep on writing poetry. I start to wonder, will I ever do so again? I must own I am getting terribly discouraged. The hives give me no peace (even though in certain respects the situation has improved: for instance, I feel systemically ever so much better, and, although I have terrible outbreaks and flair-ups with violent, intractable itching there is no longer any of that red, red, "lacy" ~~xxxx~~ erythema and the uprising clusters fade out after an hour or so instead of staying there, like crenelated battlements, for weeks. Also I now develop new symptoms of the ~~xxx~~ sort which can mean nothing or everything and I have just about had it. That poor dear Papa gives me no peace, that I need the vacation I can never have from him until he dies (or I do) -- well, that is an old story, of course.

Irene seems to be feeling pretty well. She and Anna phone back and forth from time to time. Anna is doing awfully well, I must say. I personally think (and have told her) that she is trying too much to act as if she hadn't been through recent major surgery. She really isn't fully herself yet -- but acts as if she were.

I tell her she should give in and rest more, take it easier.

March 13, 1980

Lola dear,

I was much, truly much~~xxxx~~, moved by your letter which came ~~xxxx~~ yesterday. Not only was I touched (and, needless to state, immensely pleased) at your unabashedly honest reaction to the "bulk" of my poetry, but I was overcome at what is a deeply generous offer on your part. Obviously it will involve you in many time-consuming and difficult ways.

My first reaction was (internally) a sad: "No, I can;t possibly," etc~~x~~. But I began to think. How much speed is required? How much time could I have?

I would take some days for me to go through my poems (alas, my "blessed rage for order" -- Wallace Stevens -- has dimmed in the last year or so and just to get my typescripts together would take a bit of doing). Then I would, obviously, have to retype all my choices.

Next comes quite a problem. Some of my ~~xxxxx~~ best poems have been published here and there: if anyone would really like my work well enough to "bring me out" in a volume, that person or agency or publishing house etc. would have to write to each and every magazine and obtain permission to reprint (in some cases, although possibly not very many) paying money for the privilege). Have you thought at all about that aspect?

So: on ~~xxxxxx~~ the one hand I have my father, my ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ proof-reading (which really does take a lot of time and energy -- essential for the remuneration, of course), my course-work (sadly neglected -- and I must now catch up, and alas of late my ~~&c#ç@%ç&&!ç~~ hives (and God alone knows what new and fresh ailment will overtake me: I seem disposed along these lines, damn it!). On the other hand, the offer is tempting. I do think I could come up with about 40 poems (including the 15 or so which have been printed in the past 3 years).

What to do, what to do?

Time, time (also energy, energy). Let me know: how much time dare I take for this? (There are, from time to time, hiatuses in the ~~xxxx~~ proof-reading -- alas, such often coincide with a deep need on my part to just rest: then, too, my own health apart, ~~xxx~~ just any time now something, something, is going to go~~x~~ sour with my poor dear father -- it is inevitable at 93 and a half-plus!)

Let me know. Meantime, your loving and moving letter reposes on my desk (and next my heart).

Reply! As always, ME

May 25, 1980

Lola dear,

It was great fun -- and more -- talking to you.

Flash! No, that was not a mistake in "Seated Figure" (believe it or not). Nor is there any error in "Drowned Girl, etc."

Of course that was a terrible goof in "Swimming in Autumn," also in "Grannis's Pond." Mama will fix -- and send off fixed Xeroxed copies to you, although doubtless not for a day or three. Meantime, feel free to tinker with them, whatever.

God, it is hot here today -- and will be, I fear, tomorrow. Alas, Papa seemd so . . . unresponsive when we spoke, today, about his coming over for the noon meal tomorrow. Oh, dear. Well, perhaps he will rise to the occasion and enjoy himself. I will have some new things to show him (did I tell you I sold -- to Cardyn -- the Victorian love-seat in the back room, and a few other~~s~~ items as well, and with the "take" have purchased two simple, modern sofas and some other minor items and that back room is now completely different. Still filled ^{with} ~~of~~ atmosphere, albeit of ~~a~~ quite another kind. And, may I add, a great deal more liveable and "inviting."

More anon, in haste, and love as ever, ME

P.S. -- Anna says to say to you that she is simply inexpressably grateful at what you hope to be able to do for ~~Irene~~ Irene!

might or might not be dying, all ~~xxxx~~ unawares, but he is dying (and knows it in some sense of the term). It is heartrending and one knows better than to ask "Why ~~xxxx~~ must such things be? We are human beings, turned lose in the human ~~xxxx~~ condition, which "never promised us a rose garden." But I see increasingly how dreadful it is to live to a too-ripe old age -- in most instances.

More anon, then. With special love as ever, "ME"

May 28, 1980

Lola dear,

In a way, I don't know why I am sending you these two pages, because you are "fixing" at your end. Oh, well

Irene came yesterday, "in good case" (as they say in works such as The Forsyte Saga) and seemingly feeling and doing very well indeed. I tell you, the woman is remarkable. She has, she ~~annoucd~~, developed a new policy of self-assertiveness. She made her arrangements this time in a firm manner, had ~~xxxxxx~~ uniformed attendants waiting for her in ~~droves~~, and the entire trip made smooth as cream. She now (with her new "policy") says she absolutely will not need to call on you for aid on her day of return, and has, indeed, at that end, already made strong, definite arrangements for the wheel-chair, the uniformed attendants, the whole bit, so you are out of oblige and she seems delighted with her new "firm manner." (Reminds me of how, years ago, I "learned" this sort of thing myself -- my teacher being Guess Who, Martin Scheerer). I first brought the New Me into play at a restaurant in Denver when something about the service or whatever wasn't to my liking (with every justification, may I add). "Call the manager!" I declaimed in peremptory tones -- and Lo, it was done! I not only got courteous, fine service from that moment on, but was shown out the door later on by bowing and scrapigg members of the staff, manager included.)

I got ~~Papa~~ Papa over here for the noon meal on Memorial Day -- but only ~~just~~ just. It was a nightmare. He clung to me for each step, I thought would go down like a felled tree at any moment, and could hardly get in or out of the car -- all this a horrible "first." Once in the house and seated he seemed to enjoy himself, however, and genuinely so -- thank God for that. I have a feeling that the day is coming, and soon, when he won't go anywhere at all. O.K. his doctor does and will make housecalls, especially for someone so aged, and his barber will come to the house (this is still Kanaas, and there is much here to be grateful for). But how soon will the day come when getting up from chairs at home, preparing evensimple meals, and so on will be impossible?

It is senseless to speculate or brood in advance, as even I, the Great Worrier, know. When the day comes it will come, that's that. No I do not fuss over him, not even now. Something to stimulate and "coerce" him from the outside is not without value. Getting about in his own apartment will probably be, barring a fall or some other related disaster, the last thing to "go" -- if for no other reason than that he knows what will inevitably have to happen when that day comes.

Forgive me that I spend so much time on the subject of poor dear Papa these days: obviously the entire situation is much on my mind (and requires added physical efforts of various kinds as well, about which I don't complain, please, believe me. I might or might

Lola dear,

I am terribly sorry I had to choke you off on the phone ~~was~~ last night -- Sunday evenings are actually the worst time possible for me to talk. I will explain all this later.

Much love. Also enclised ~~xxxx~~ as I once threatened to do -- my Kipling paper.

Love, love, love~~x~~, ME

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

The Lost Paradise of Rudyard Kipling*

India, for Rudyard Kipling, represented the Lost Paradise -- this is Angus Wilson's contention and basic thesis in The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling. The contention contains two levels of meaning: Wilson is speaking of the undoubtedly blissful early years in Bombay, before the future author and his small sister were taken to England to ^{be/}left abruptly in the "House of Desolation." Wilson is also talking about Kipling's sense of the Wordsworthian recollection of childhood -- the Romantic imagination's memory of innocence.

A profound sense of loss and sorrow pervades many of Kipling's writings. A few happy, shining tales -- "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," and, in most respects, Kim -- appear to have got hold of the Lost Paradise and restored or retained it. A considerable number of Kipling stories, however, depict India as anything but a Garden of Delights and life in general as hellish or tragic. The imperishable Jungle Books end on a note of cosmic mystery comprised of adventure and suspense, but also of doubt and despair.

It is significant that we take leave of Kipling's three main

*This study assumes a knowledge of most of Kipling's "basic" writings. While not everyone grew up with Kipling, many have now read him because of a renewed interest in the man and his works. On the practical side, space does not permit an attempt to detail the plots of stories or novels.

boy heroes -- Mowgli, Harvey Cheyne, and Kim -- at about age seventeen, the age of Kipling himself when he returned to India following his school years, ready to begin a career in journalism and obviously thinking himself to be very much a grown man. It is probably gratuitous to remark that something of Kipling is in all three fictional youths. Harvey, the least interesting or convincing of the trio, assumes manhood competently following a too-quick conversion and the choice of the Successful Businessman role (that the Troops, father and son, have employed wisdom and humanity in molding young Harvey's character helps to "save" Harvey -- and the story).

Kim grows, but remains very much a boy when the book ends. He has learned (a word advisedly chosen) to love his Lama deeply, but his maturity is not yet equal to encompassing either the Lama's experience of joining the world-soul or the magnitude of the Lama's sacrifice -- returning with a wrench to the Wheel of Things in order to save his chela. Kim's responses to the account -- "Wast thou very wet?" and "What said the Sahiba?" -- are simply boyish. Kim is one of literature's great rogue-naifs (more naif than rogue) -- charming, warm-hearted, pranksome, and brave. We are told by Kipling that he "had known all evil since he could speak," but nothing about him suggests that the knowledge has penetrated. It remains outside, to be used, if at all, in outwitting the internal evil of others as he masters the strategies of the Great Game. Kim is, in effect, a con-artist for the good; it does not matter what he has "learned" -- it is goodness that is cosmic and inborn in him. Despite his street-urchin identity, Kim still trails his clouds of glory.

Mowgli may be called the third part of Kipling. Although the jungle-reared lad has accepted (ruefully, and with his mind only) that "Man goes to Man at the last," and although he is biologically fully mature, Mowgli at the last is a tortured youth, filled with a sense of loss so keen and poignant as to be almost unbearable. Mowgli's torment is only partly due to his identity crisis: on a more profound level he suffers from his sense of the loss of Paradise.**

Other young people in Kipling's writings give us, and experience themselves, a sense of being suspended between the "real" world and an earlier, more exciting, possibly "better" one. Dan and Una in Puck of Pook's Hill and Rewards and Fairies are on the threshold of the adult world. Their Paradise is "Eternal Sussex" where their fairy friend, Puck, takes them not only to play with the "People of the Hills" but also to share the lives of persons long dead yet mysteriously alive. At the opening of Rewards and Fairies Dan and Una are beginning to "outgrow" Paradise. It is "their first summer in boots" (which still hurt) and the boots are put together with "cold iron." "Cold iron" is an important Kipling symbol. It stands for "folk in housen,"

** Kipling wisely omitted ^{from/}the The Jungle Books what may have been the first-written of the stories -- an appallingly bad tale in which Mowgli is shown dallying with a pretty native girl of thirteen whom he impregnates and later marries. He also goes to work for the British Forestry Service, and the picture of a salaried Mowgli looking forward to a pension is ludicrous. The story is of interest because it shows Kipling working towards his ultimate concept of Mowgli.

another way of saying ordinary mortals. When Una says, "I'm growing up, you know," we are in on a secret: the young people will not be adventuring with Puck much longer. There is at least a touch of the Wordsworthian in the fact that brother and sister are permitted to retain only shadow memories of the magic excursions. But it is only a touch: there is no indication that these shadow memories are important or run deep.

Kipling makes a more profound statement in a Dan-and-Una tale, "Cold Iron." Here the division between Paradise and Paradise Lost is sharply etched. A mysterious "Boy" (never given a name) has been adopted and brought up by fairy folk "on the far side of cold iron" -- remote from humankind. He, too, is about seventeen when he finds an iron ring ("planted" at the time of his birth), picks it up, puts it around his neck (it fits perfectly), and, discovering that it has a lock, snaps the lock home, his fingers working as if for Destiny. The ring is a slave-ring like the one his unknown mother wore when she died giving him birth.

Once the ring is locked, the Boy must say farewell to his fairy "parents" and join "folk in housen" (who have long been powerfully attractive to him). "What else could I have done?" he asks, an echo of "Man goes to Man at the last." He marries, sires a brood of children, and works very hard all his life. Unlike Mowgli, he does not appear to miss his world of adventure and delights at all; indeed, parting from it "cures" him of his "flaming discontents." It is as if he knew all along that Paradise must be lost. On the surface of this story Kipling seems to sing a Blakean "Song of Experience." But this is on the surface only. Actually the Boy moves from one essentially innocent state into

another: there is nothing cynical or sordid about the simple, human world of love, marriage, children, and toil he exchanges for the magic adventures which have never really satisfied him.

A poem, also called "Cold Iron," follows the story. Philip Mason, in Kipling: the Glass, the Shadow and the Fire, makes much of its striking Christian imagery, its indication that "cold iron" in the form of the nails that pierced the hands and feet of Christ on the Cross also symbolizes the redemptive power of human love. The point remains buried in the poem. The reader gets a sense of Kipling's having got hold of a powerful conception and given it an exciting, moving rendition, not a sense that Kipling used the poem to express felt beliefs. More, the poem implies the ultimate, or eschatological Paradise of Christian tenet, springing from the supreme sacrifice made by the Son of God when He died for humankind. This is not a characteristic Kipling theme. Kipling tended to think of the power of redemptive love in simple human terms, and his interest in Paradise was invariably in the primal, or first, Paradise -- a "garden" of innocent delights, an "Eden" of adventures that only a child's (or childlike adult's) imagination can encompass.

The India to which Kipling returned was no Paradise. It was a land of hard work, poverty, heat, drought, fever, and death, often sudden and terrible. "Natives" who practice black magic, dispense poisons at whim, cheat one another and their "Sahibs," or are weak and foolish, appear regularly in the stories Kipling now began to write, starting in about 1884. His "white" people, in these stories, are often second-raters "come out" from England who fail miserably, cowards, purveyors of hill-town gossip and

intrigue, men who know too much for their own good, cruel persons of both sexes, unfaithful spouses, and so on. As Kipling moved away from India, both literally and in subject matter, coming eventually to settle in England, his stories after the turn of the century begin to be peopled with Sussex farmers or "Lunnon" types, women cruelly affected by World War I, clever men determined to outwit "fate." Only a few of his characters are entirely admirable or good, only a few of their lives are fulfilling and fulfilled.

Angus Wilson has stated that Kipling's main theme may be considered to be the breaking-down of human beings, and this does indeed supply the motif in many tales. Kipling's real theme is, of course, relationships between people -- men and women, men and men, women and women, children and grownups, adolescents with other adolescents, but their break-downs (when they have them) are less important than the way in which Kipling has used these human relationships in order to explore a deeper relationship -- that between human beings and what they can find and cling to of Paradise.

It seems, then, of special importance that so many Kipling stories dissect relationships charged with hate, fury, frustration, or betrayal. Mary Postgate spends very little time watching the death-agonies of the fallen German airman, but in brief, telling strokes Kipling says all there is to say about the soul of Mary Postgate and its place in the scheme of things. Those who think of her as just a neurotic, middle-aged spinster are mistaken: she is an avenging angel, exacting horrible punishment for Paradise Betrayed. Grace Ashcroft in "The Wish House" is probably seen by modern readers as "sick" because she has deliberately taken upon

herself a horrible form of cancer as a "trade" by which she restores to health the unworthy, uncaring man whom she loves futilely. We cannot be certain whether Kipling meant us to see Grace as noble and selfless, or as a woman bent on winning her own redemption. Her very name is suggestive, but may have been used for ironic effect. Whether she knows it or not, however, Grace, by her action, has "frozen" her Harry in a state of perpetual youthful health -- a remembered perfection which, hardly by coincidence, sustains her in the terminal phase of her illness.

Morrowbie Jukes becomes just like the other inhabitants of the village of the "living dead" -- mean, tricky, inhuman. His sole interest, following the deus-ex-machina escape which weakens the story, is to learn the identity of another Sahib whose mummified remains still occupy one of the coffin-niches in the evil sand-dungeon; he has no intention of trying to locate the village or of helping its seventy or so pitiful denizens, several of them children. Since the population is "native," the attitude implies a white-Sahib heartlessness, but the early Kipling work was probably intended as a simple exercise in horror and suspense. It is also easy to read in it a stark accounting for the readiness with which someone cut off from the roots of Paradise becomes dehumanized.

In a serio-comic story, "A Second-Rate Woman," the sparkling, socially influential Mrs. Hauksbee and the dowdy, naive, socially unacceptable Mrs. Delville share a moment of perfect love and understanding at the bedside of a child whose life has just been saved by the selfless devotion and unexpected competence of "the dowd." Kipling is full of such little moments -- one-to-one

relatingness perfectly expressive of the human condition through either great love or great hate. In this case Mrs. Delville emerges as a savior figure and by her action perhaps teaches the clever Mrs. Hauksbee a lesson in compassion. Ultimately both women are involved in the safeguarding of innocence.

When Kipling writes of failures he often presents persons who have taken too much of Paradise with them into life and who evidently expect others to do so as well. Excessive innocence causes Lispeth, betrayed by the pseudo-Christian English she had loved and trusted, to "revert to type" and end her days a drunken crone. Naive old Suddhoo is bled white by a group of resident con-artists. Like Lispeth, his is basically a failure to understand that Paradise is indeed behind us. Conversely, Kipling characters such as Dravot and Carnehan in "The Man Who Would Be King" carry too little of Paradise on their earthly journey as, with their mad scheme to "create" a world (to be, ironically, an earthly Paradise), they spread chaos, corrupt a people, and bring about their own dooms.

In "The House Surgeon," the M'Leod family purchase a "perfect" house -- one in which, so they are promised, no death has ever occurred. But what was to have been a delightful, wholesome "Eden" for man, wife, and daughter, turns to hell, or anti-Paradise, when an appalling depression oozes from the walls like a fog. The narrator clears up the mystery: a death begun inside the house ended outside it, and the curse is lifted. But the M'Leods have committed a supreme sin: they have denied their own mortality. Worse, they have imagined that Paradise may be purchased. The shattering experience "redeems" them,

leaving them romping like happy children through the now-bright rooms of their "saved" abode.

It is possible that the house in "The House Surgeon" is meant to be seen as a surrogate Paradise. Although nothing in this particular story comes to grips with what Paradise really is, houses are often extremely important in the writings of Kipling, so described or endowed with qualities that they seem like characters in their own right. Kipling did literally believe that every house has its special Feng-shui or presiding spirit. Biographers invariably note the Kiplings' frequent moves, as if Rudyard and Carrie were in constant quest of a house with the proper Feng-shui, as, in a way, they were.

"The house" (as opposed to "a house") not only stands for the human condition in Kipling but also for "that which encloses" -- a fence, a wall, a ring. "The magic . . . lies in the ring or fence that you take refuge in," Kipling wrote in Something of Myself. Kipling was not just playing with an idea; he believed in it. He often speaks of God or Allah, although there is little sense of the religious at the heart of his writings. But when he writes of magic, even of superstition or fairy lore, something not only vivid but close to a sense of the divine animates a poem or story. This can be confusing at times, especially when God (or Allah) is linked with magic, but at bottom Kipling is always talking about the same thing -- a force, a something, that either locks Paradise in, keeps Paradise out, substitutes (at times falsely or inadequately) for Paradise, or, perhaps, tries to pervert remnants of primal innocence. The house, I believe, appears so often in Kipling because it is another variant of

the "ring": as such, however, it was too naively conceived to work -- literally, to save and protect.

Purun Bhagat neither builds nor buys a house. He selects for shelter (since even a holy man must accept the reality of weather) an abandoned shrine, once sacred to the goddess Kali. His ring is the peaks of the high Himalayas, and symbolically the purity they represent. With regard to Kali, Kipling was too subtle to labor the point -- she was, of course, India's goddess of death and destruction. He tells us only that the Bhagat lives with but essentially ignores her "grinning" statue. In other words, Purun Bhagat does not fence himself into Kali's world but into his own passionate adherence to The Way as followed by the righteous Hindu. His ring breaks when the outside pressure of deep human need forces it. "Good" rushes out through the break -- the holy man gives up his vows; but what may be seen as a greater good replaces it -- the giving of a life for others. It is an entirely different action --and result -- from what Grace Ashcroft is about when she enters (symbolically) the world of the Wish House. She is "making magic" and closing herself into the twin-linked rings of death and cancer for a dubious, perhaps a sinister, cause.

A sort of ring breaks open for the Red Lama in Kim. As in the tale of Purun Bhagat redemption from the purely Eastern viewpoint is probably seen as forfeited when the Lama forces himself to return to the Wheel of Things to achieve a worldly good. Actually, it is not made clear in either story whether the Bhagat and the Lama move backwards or forwards into Paradise, or even whether they achieve it. And there is more than a hint of irony and despair in the conclusion of "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat" when the name of

the man who has sought self-abolition becomes permanently attached to the new shrine the villagers erect to perpetuate his memory.

Mowgli's "Eden" is, superficially, bounded by the jungle territory allotted to the Seeonee Wolf Pack. On a deeper level, it is the "ring" of wolf identity which, as long as he stays within it, prevents Mowgli from assuming his human identity. Actually, of course, the ring does not prevent Mowgli from a rather full realization of his own human nature -- but only his animal brothers are consistently aware that this is so. On still other levels, Mowgli's ring closes him into a world of life-and-death adventure, and of a strange, marvellous innocence. A portion of the boy's tears and fears seem simply a part of adolescence, but there is a more profound explanation. When Kipling's boy heroes grow up, they do not renew their identities as innocent children; they take on adult status with its attendant loss of childlike innocence. In Mowgli's case, "shedding the skin" of childhood appears a tragic or impossible task because the boy is not yet able to perceive that he may ~~lose~~ gain, in a new way, something akin to what he is losing. When Kaa sheds his skin, he is reborn and renewed (in ways which transcend the merely physical) but this is not the case with the "mancub." The Boy in "Cold Iron" is happy to become fully human, and Kim does not seem to mind that he is achieving the status (he is, in fact, rather thrilled by the fact that the more he becomes a man the more he can play "the Great Game"). But Mowgli is deeply disturbed, as if he (and possibly Kipling) cannot accept the fact that, although growing up does mean the loss of one sort of Paradise, it does not preclude the attainment of another. Mowgli clings to his ring

because he can see nothing to be attained outside it. This gives him a special mystery and poignancy that Kipling's other "boys" do not possess.

Kipling felt obliged to invent his own myth to account for the fall of animalkind and by doing so underscored the difference between what it means to be human and what it means to be animal and what Paradise that is the lot of each. "Good" or "bad," the animals in Kipling accept what they are, even though it means that an original perfection was destroyed long ago and that they now live in "Nature red in tooth and claw" (a life which they find not merely inevitable but exciting and at times magnificent as well). Bagheera, Baloo, Kaa, the wolves and the rest do not imagine that anything can be altered, either by action or belief, in a basic sense, and that their ring is consequently a kind of prison. But they would not, the reader feels, agonize over this fact even if they could articulate it. With Mowgli of course things are otherwise. It does not occur to him that Hathi's tale of the long-ago animal Paradise is his own story -- up to a point, yet his unconscious realization of that tale's implications help contribute to his sense of sorrow and loss.

The "tremendous secret" that narrator and reader share with the children in "They" is not simply that the children are dead even though they can be sensed, or glimpsed, especially by those who love children or who have tragically lost a child. The children in the story live in the eternity of innocence, while the narrator lives in time as well as in the human condition. This is why, after having been permitted a few precious, haunting visits, the narrator is forbidden to return to the house where

the children "live" (described as a place of "good influence and great peace," clearly the perfect Feng-shui). "They" is, of course, an intensely personal story. In it Rudyard Kipling takes leave of the daughter "who was all to him" while "the narrator" returns to the real world with grief, but with heightened understanding. What is important in this story is the primal innocence of the children, symbolized by the sound of a laugh, the pressure of lips against a hand, a flash of color or motion partly seen -- the invasion of earthly sensibilities from the Heaven which is our home. "They" is a story in which Paradise is all behind us, beautiful but evanescent -- pure Kipling/Wordsworth. The fully realized human beings in the tale are not the children but the ones left in a world in which they are deprived of what they loved most. There is no way to break the ring and join them, but the knowledge that they are in their special Paradise helps fence and protect the grieving parents from the pain of their loss.

It is not, then, India with its wealth of humanity, not even remembered India, that is Paradise for Kipling. It is, rather, a sense, sadly maintained, of a long-ago, perfect place where once a small child (many small children) lived in joy and innocence. It is the "knowledge" of a primal time before time came to be. The characters in Kim move through time. Mowgli, the "lost" one, lives in an oddly timeless world. Indeed, the charm of The Jungle Books overlaps with the charm of Peter Pan. Both settings are "frozen" Never-Never lands of high adventure and eternal youth. The difference is that in The Jungle Books life and death are "for real," and Mowgli cannot protect himself as Peter Pan does

by forever retaining his magic ring.

In a way, the world of Kipling is a world without a future. In it, if government is firm and wise, children properly reared, wars holy and just, and law tidies up all accounts, good seems to be an integral part of the human condition. But is redemption or an ultimate Paradise a part of this? Apparent purpose in Kipling's universe is, I suggest, only apparent. In spite of certain positive, even lofty, ideals, his is still a sad world because the best part was, not will be. It comes from the archaic time-beyond-time -- the world, by the way, of Just So Stories, which delight children but may make adults pensive. It is enduring only in the sense that it is archetypal.

This animating concept of the cosmos must have depressed Kipling as a person as well as an author. It helps to account for some of the tone in his concept of the ring, for it is not difficult to imagine that Kipling's personal "ring" fenced him in not only with the delights and warm magic of life and remembered innocence but also with his dread of the "shadow of ancient regrets," the shadow that informs so many of his stories. Kipling was a master ring-maker. The private club, the hedged and hidden house, the special, esoteric knowledge -- all are part and parcel of his characters' and his own "enclosed" approach to life. When a window does open, as it does from time to time, it is on the past rather than on the future.

Kipling is generally thought of as a bold, peppery, optimistic writer, much concerned with "roots," identity, and place, all of it orchestrated for martial trumpets. As a matter of fact, Kipling belongs with today's authors who are occupied with humanity's sense of being lost and alienated. We may think that he is saying, with

Blake, that "To be a child is to live in a world where everything is new and exciting and beckoning us toward delight" -- Kipling himself may have believed this at times. But when his work is considered all of a piece, what he comes closer to saying is that to be a child is to live in a world that is new and exciting but that is luring us into despair. Each of us, in our own "houses," does what can be done to put up the "ring" that will keep away the endless dark and protect the joy and innocence of Paradise. At times a Hardy-esque fate appears to brood over Kipling's characters, at times his characters control their destinies. But no matter how "adult" a world is portrayed, there is something childlike (not childish) operating in Kipling. If one pays close attention to Grace Ashcroft, for instance, one sees that whatever else she is about, she is employing an adult version of the child's wishing-magic to create a ring which will shield Harry from death.

Nowhere in Kipling is there a sense of some final, spiritual future for mankind. The glow in whatever windows do open is a sunset glow, beautiful, even radiant, but sad. The saving grace of Kipling's world vision is that it lacks totally our modern bathos of self-pity and self-absorption, and that it is charged with vitality. It is an incredible vitality. It gives him his uncanny ability to evoke people, places, houses, relationships, atmospheres, making them nearly interchangeable in their vivid import. It keeps the action going, and, by its quality, makes us care. Even the doomed or broken people -- Ameera, Carnehan, Jack Pansay -- possess an aliveness, a strength of spirit, right to the end.

Whatever is sealed into the ring of humanity, vitality is its

motor, vitality makes it "go." Sustaining Kipling personally through a lifetime of tragedy and precarious circumstance, it endows the people in his stories with the strength to endure, or to go down fighting, or to triumph in some way, and, if to perish, to do so with color or honor or for a cause, real or imaginary. Kipling is not all drums and trumpets: causes are at times travesty-causes, heroism accidental, victories shallow or vain. In the last analysis Kipling's vitality is not the vitality of primal innocence: it is a beguiling substitute, like the hunt for new lairs at the end of the Mowgli stories. And it is not Kipling's world vision, in itself, but only the force behind it. It helps to push the "window" open, but the view is often over a wistful scene.

Kipling never answered the great, commanding, cosmic questions -- what are we? whither are we bound? what is our purpose and destiny? His illumination of Paradise is like lightning, flickering over a vast, timeless playground for the young and innocent. Its unobtainable beauty lies like a shadow beneath the surface of his writings. It is as if Kipling has made an uneasy peace with the suspicion that the agony of the past is our only real future, as if he "used" Paradise as a hold over remembered joy, a "ring" fashioned or conjured up by a child to stave off the dark. Kipling's real vision is people -- good, bad, indifferent; noble, evil, angry, saucy, bold; clever, pathetic, funny, beautiful, ugly. All have lost Paradise -- in this respect they are wholly united in the strange business of living without it. The combination of the haunting and the vital is what makes them memorable, and many Kipling tales of them great. As he has Mrs. Hauksbee say in "A Second-Rate

Woman," "in the absence of angels . . . men and women are the most fascinating things in the whole wide world."

* * *

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More anon, and with much, much love -- and be patient a bit. (To make matters worse I managed to injure a nail on my right hand -- this is the first time in 10 days I've been able to type.)

ME

April 12, 1980

Lola dear,

Your welcome note -- and its most welcome enclosures -- filled me with shame. No, I have not got together any poems. There simply hasn't been time (and/or stamina on my part). I think Anna is ~~x~~ right: I have taken on a bit too much proof-reading. Then, too, "Life with Father" seems to grow a bit more difficult and taxing (with the mental strain adding to physical tiredness) with each passing month, perhaps week. (Honestly, he ~~x~~ is so pitiful now! Yet in some ways he still keeps up. One can only admire his sheer guts. I know that he knows that if and when he can't manage any longer, the nursing home would be the only alternative.)

I have known and loved Arthur Waley's translations from the Chinese etc. since my youth and I do mean my youth. In fact I have a ~~love~~ volume (printed in the 30's, I suppose) of his things. Your idea of using his poems and turning them to your own poetic purposes is quite arresting and on the whole, I should say, successful, filled with qualities of the moving and with your unique Lola-wit and irony as well.

My first priority will have to be some more work on Kipling. Then (within say, a month) I really will make the time to get poems together.

One aspect of life that has "done me in" in these ~~&#c%!%@&#*~~ hives. Ten days I got almost literally no sleep at night (hives, it would appear, can keep time: they know when I want to sleep!). But to itch all night long is really torture, of a mild sort.

Frankly I wish ill to the Iranians and all their works and I realize that Americans can't do things that way but I am now beginning to wonder whether perhaps a great deal of the difficulty now lies back at Carter's door: what he is doing now he should have done, in spades, at the onset. Now it is "too little and too late." These clerics who just came back (one from Lawrence) make me ill -- all that nonsensical goo about how healthy the hostages are, and how united Iran is. If these three really believe any of that, then they are deluded fools (which is ~~like~~ly: Americans tend to be naive and to imagine that there can be people like the Iranians, individually and collectively. As Carolyn, and her tragically-dead sister Julia (killed in a plane crash, I am sure you know of this), oft commented: the key to the Iranian ethos is found in two words -- betrayal and ~~xxx~~ treachery. It is quite literally a way of life (and death) over there; naturally these things really are "in the culture." But (to quote Carolyn) "It simply isn't a civilized country" and "Iranians simply do not think or act as civilized or even human-being-type ~~people~~ people." The now long-enduring crisis preys on ~~x~~ my mind, it really does. It is pure horror.

June 29, 1980

Lola dear,

A few words I am determined to write to you this morning no matter what.

I won't deny that I simply am not functioning very well these days. My poor father -- every second or third day brings a new "step down" that is terribly sad. He is now so diminished in so many ways that the wonder ~~of it~~ is that he functions at all.

Examples: a couple of weeks ago he announced that from now on he would use his (quad) cane around the apartment "so he won't slip on the rugs" (!). Just two days ago came this: "I can't go down (he has to descend five steps and open a front door to reach into his mail box) for my mail any more -- my shoes are too slippery" (these, being ten or fifteen-year-old shoes, with very worn, rough soles, of course). And so it goes. I don't see how he stays on his feet at all. I think raw guts keep him going because he knows perfectly well that when he can no longer move he will have to go into a nursing home. Even if I would be a saint of the most noble and self-sacrificing sort (which, plainly, I am not) I wouldn't have the sheer physical strength to care for him as a bedridden patient, to turn him in bed, to fetch and carry trays, ~~or~~ bedpans, and so on and so forth. Some would, I know. But MY DOCTOR (if you ~~ya~~ know what I mean) told me already YEARS ago: "Never, never try and make a home for and with your father. You would be in the hospital in three weeks and dead in six." And he knows me.

I keep on proof-reading. Believe me, this was one of the greatest things that ever happened to me and without it I don't know where I would turn, eventually ~~live~~ (if I survive), for money. Hard work? Sure. Taxing, even boring at times? You bet. But on the whole strangely ~~at~~ satisfying work, as I've pointed out before, I know.

I hope you are well. ~~xx~~ Papa's (everyone's) lives have been complicated by a horrendous heat/humidity wave which just let up for the first time last night (a cool, pleasant one, with temps. down to 65! Wow!)

I am also going to try and get off a line or two to Irene. I really enjoy writing her (well, I enjoy writing you as well, needless to ~~say~~ state) but I especially like to keep some form of correpondence flowing ^{with her}. She is 85. She is "ailing" in many ways. (She goes again to the Catskills for, I think, all of August. Alas, that sister of hers will be there at least a part of the time: I hope that works out.)

I wonder, I own, what goes on with the poems and still feel that semi-innocently I have really "dumped" on you -- and at a time when you have a few fish of your own to fry! But I think we were both ~~foolish~~ "fooled" by your friend who seemed to be saying that she knew of agents who handle poems (I was ~~sc~~ceptical, I own).

I love you as ever and think of you often and hope you will be able to get away and "vacation it up" some place nice.

"ME"

August 18, 1980

Lola dear,

Would you believe? -- on Saturday I received a postcard from Dr. Vincent D. Balitas of the John O'Hara Journal. Its message read as follows:

"'November' is a finalist. Announcement of winners delayed until 1st wk. of Sept. Sorry for suspense -- not on purpose.
Cheers --

Vincent Balitas"

How about that?

Well, one thing is now sure: the poem will appear in print in the John O'Hara Journal. As for the prize, well -- I can't imagine it will be mine.

I hope you had a fine time on your visit to your friend in her "country house." (I realize that you've long been back in the city.)

There is nothing new to report at this end except that life seems to take on a more nightmarish cast, bit by bit. My father has now, rather suddenly, begun to lose weight. This could mean that somewhere (as I've long wondered about) there is a cancer (not all cancers cause great pain and suffering, ~~especially~~ especially in the very old -- something I have learned through several deaths of various aged persons within the last year or so: in each case it was found that they were full of widespread cancer, yet there'd been little or no pain or other obvious symptoms). It could also simply mean that what almost invariably happens to people who live long enough (getting very thin) is happening now to Papa. (As Anna puts it, their food doesn't seem to do them any good.) He seems more cheerful of mood, despite our continuing (although improved) heat, and his inability to go out and about (he talks up ~~about~~ a good line about wanting to do so, but I am inclined to doubt that he has the strength for it).

More anon. But I did just want to let ~~me~~ you know about my "finalist" status!

Love as always, ME

P.S. A card from Irene indicates that her new place in the Catskills is very beautiful although she hints at something mysterious about it all. Wonder what it is?



June 27, 1980

Dear Constance,

I wonder why I haven't heard from you since my last aborted phone call (except for the Kipling MS and a short note announcing more anon). I hope this is not a bad sign, since you are usually such a reliable correspondent. Regarding the phone call: I followed your specific (written) instructions of some time ago, indicating that 10 P.M. our time on the weekend would be the most acceptable time for you. So please let me have your new directives.

Meanwhile things have started to happen here and my labors are beginning to bear fruit. See enclosed letter from Charles Fishman, received this morning, in response to mine of June 14 (copy encl.). Water Mark Press seems to be doing a very good job of publishing, both in terms of physical appearance as well as content, to judge by the enclosed sample poem by Michael Blumenthal, some of whose poetry I have read elsewhere. I hasten to inform you of this latest development (contrary to my usual procrastination) because I hope it will give your spirits a big lift, as it did to mine just when they were at a very low ebb. I'm going to write to Mr. Fishman later and tell him that I have forwarded his letter to you and that he will receive the complete MS - either from you or from me - in August. I'm sure you'll want to write him a personal note too.

The next important question is that of ~~xxxx~~ the final selection. Some time ago I made up a numbered master list (again see encl. copy), primarily for my own convenience. The checkmarks on the right indicate poems which I have Xeroxed and some of which I had also sent to magazines. Incidentally, I have had two submissions returned by poetry publications (periodicals) who, after requesting submissions in Coda, had gone out of business. The editor of the John O'Hara Journal (see Coda) sent me a short note saying that he "will be in touch" in September re five of your poems. Now back to the list: Very generally speaking, the first 45 poems that I xeroxed were more or less my ~~xxxx~~ first choice, of course not at all in the order listed. As to the rest, you will see that I have added some checkmarks, some question marks and some no-marks, all of which should speak for themselves. But, of course, this is only my very personal feeling which may be quite different from yours. Therefore I think it would be a good idea if, on the basis of this list, you would make your own selection and then send it to me, perhaps with the numbers circled. I also wonder whether one should not arrange the poems in a meaningful sequence, even before they go to the editor who can then still make other suggestions. Please think about that. There is plenty of time if you are I submit the complete MS early in August.

May 21, 1980

Lola dear,

By same mail goes forth, at last, the manuscript. It cost me over one hundred bucks to get it typed (and is insured appropriately). I say this with some awe, because all the more it makes me feel ~~so~~ guilty about ~~laying~~ "laying this" on you. Obviously you can't mail it here and mail it there -- the very first mailing it would return all dog-eared etc. and have to be re-done.

I do hope that you can turn up some "connection" -- an agent, somebody, so that you don't (literally) have to run around New York City (which any~~way~~ isn't done, I don't think).

I still don't know what you have in mind for my "great work" except love, faith, and, I hope, plenty of energy. I shall feel ~~so~~ fearfully guilty, though, if it takes a great investment in either your time or your stamina.

My father is in awfully poor condition -- panting for breath even when doing nothing, really. Yet his pacemaker is working perfectly. The answer is ~~p~~ obvious: his aged heart is failing -- as it has every "right" to do, at more than 93½ years of age! No, I am not fussing over him, offering to make his meals, etc. For one thing this would "tell" him~~x~~ that he is dying (which, I strongly suspect, he knows full well: how could he not?) and for another thing I don't have the sheer strength. So life goes on, much as usual, except that he does less and less ~~f~~ of more and more, if you take my meaning. Yet certain enthusiasms continue apparently undiminished -- interest in world events, enjoyment of reading (even though his vision is now appallingly diminished), and even (for certain foods) a real appetite.

More soon. If the parcel (which, as I believe I said, I have had professionally packed) fails to arrive within , say, a week, do let me know.

Are you getting that pall of high volcanic dust now? What a strange natural event! (I am sure ~~a~~ very little is known about the "workings" of volcanoes.)

Much, much love, and I really am worried about what you have now let yourself in for with my poems!

"ME"

July 15, 1980

Dearest Lola,

My outdoor thermometer says 108. I don't believe it. It must be hotter. We are all (well, a lot of us) going around like zombies. I have reached the point where I visit Papa mornings and don't go back afternoons. I feel, literally, sick, out in the heat.

That poor man. He looks, literally, like a person who has just been exhumed. But he is still on his feet (more or less) -- and fighting. I have rarely seen such sheer courage.

No, that check was not a mistake. It was an "advance" as I know there will be more ~~exp~~ expenses etc. any time and would rather you had money in your pocket ahead of time. I re-enclose it.

I was glad to learn that, for once, something "went through" -- 'twixt here and New York -- like greased lightning.

I am happy the shitty whatever it was went away. If you want to feel truly shitty, come out to Kansas these days. (Last night it "cooled down" to 85.)

(about poems)
I haven't talked much to Anna. We are all so done in and so self-preoccupied that, although we talk at some length each morning (and generally at least once again as well) I have hesitated to involve her in anything which really "makes demands" (she has so much that she must do -- ranging from the many things she has to do with and for the Albert Bloch's to what she has to do with and for Trude (that's Trude ~~Weimar~~ ~~Weimar~~ Weimaraner, of course.)

You have an excellent point. I ~~was~~ refer to "Dog to the Slaughter." When I wrote that "he was taken at night very late" or whatever, I meant, in that instance, taken ill. But of course this sort of thing tends to confuse. ~~Sloppily~~ thinking, on my part. I guess that "taken" is the one that must be changed. "Seized", maybe?

I had been having some fresh thoughts (but was too weary to express them until your letter arrived just now): how about a basic people~~x~~-and-things theme (although no longer called that but everything all together (not two separate sections) only alternating the poems withing one overall context?

No, sorry, I don't like People, Things and other Creatures (it has a Walt Disney-ish sound, like the copycap Disney film Anna and I started to view so hopefully on TV last night, called "Animals are ~~such~~ Beautiful People" or something equally "cutesy" and it turned out to be a beautifully photographed miracle, ruined by the poor taste of dubbing in, generally for comic effect, light classical music etc. à la old Disney nature features of the 40's. Pfui.

the eye infection flaring up, Arthur and "Mrs. Arthur" being on vacation, and all the rest. She still has humor and self-irony about it all, though -- so Anna reports following a phone conversation with her yest. evening.

I am going out in the heat (this shows you I've no lack of interest even if Papa, ^{heat} ~~hat~~, valium -- taken only at night, to sleep -- and proof-reading have made me scatty). More. You ~~let~~. Love. ME

- 2 -

By all means, keep the MS to about 50 pages.

By all means, use the "Smead Pressboard Cover" -- I trust you implicitly and you plainly understand what is wanted (and, by ~~editorial~~ editors, NOT wanted.)

Back to titles etc.

Why not "knock out" "things" altogether -- in a way, there aren't all that many "things," anyhow.

How about "People, Creatures, Seasons" -- just like that. (Putting in the word "other" -- almost anywhere -- may or may not be all that "cutesy," but it distracts -- or do I mean, detracts. It sounds too much like some contemporary titles of yukky books, too. Then (perhaps?) everything could just go all in together under that broader genre. Arranged how? Well, as I suggested in my vague, heat-stricken fashion, alternating the poems according to the people, creatures, etc. (For instance, the fox of "Fox-Meeting" is, plainly, a creature -- although the poem is also a poem of seasons, and a ~~xxx~~ "people" -- namely the "I," the persona, is there as well.

Yes, put back "Peasant Wedding." Yes, also "Homage to Franklin" (I am truly glad you feel its charm). "Rocking Chairs" I still no longer like: if I live long enough and achieve even a modest name, then maybe on a next round. "In the Museum" yes I do like, and always have. "Hurricane" of course is special, to me. And I do think it is a pretty good poem. "Amusement Park," no: I don't think it is "good enough" -- certainly not for a first collection by an unknown.

(I have a dreadful feeling that ~~xxxx~~ if (as I hope not) Mr. Fishman finds out he's dealing with an "old broad," it will queer the deal -- all this rage for the young poet, pfui.)

Oh, yes: "Gone to Feed the Bears" -- again, I'd leave it for another place, time, book. I think. Unless one does put in a list of alternatives and, you know, I am not so certain that that sort of thing "is done." I feel highly unsure. It might, might it not?, convey an odd impression? I don't know.

"Impression," O.K., fine.

"Writing in Winter" I can do without.

As I set down these thoughts I realize that I am, in large part, reflecting Anna's reactions when she first read all of these poems -- and she did, she did! -- and then again when she "second" read them. So you see, in an important way, she has been consulted after all!

I should think you would be tired -- and tired of ME, by now.

Oh, yes: what a string of misfortunes Irene has had of late --

O.K. C. Be accept the sketch, of your interest
I am ...

July 17, 1980

Constance dear,

Your latest "greased lightning" of 7/15 struck just a short while ago, and since I'm not working today I'll make an effort to answer it right away so that we can get things organized. I sympathize and empathize with your woes, which are certainly greater than mine, but of course this is no consolation for either you or me. The heat here is also quite murderous at present, and I honestly believe that this does exacerbate whatever depressive and/or suicidal tendencies one has. But let's get down to business:

On the basis of your last letter, I made a new list which includes all the poems we now have agreed upon. There are 36 of them, but I haven't counted the number of pages. ~~xxx~~ As to the title: I don't like "People, Creatures, Seasons". Neither was I particularly enamored by my own previous suggestions. Since I couldn't think of anything better, I tried to dig up something in connection with Seasons from the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, but that also didn't lead to anything. Then I turned to my beloved Emily Dickinson where I found two quite intriguing possibilities: 1. "Impotent Wisdom" and 2. "The Mob within the Heart". I really like these as titles, and you'll see that they are quite relevant to your poems when you read the copies of E.D. which I'll enclose. Now, regardless of what title you decide to choose for the entire works, I think it might be a good idea to divide the poems on the enclosed list into two groups, one for Seasons etc, the other for Creatures, People, etc. Then it may not even be necessary, at least not at this early stage (before Mr. Fishman's final decision), to use any sub-headings. Instead, we could just number the groups I and II, or 1 and 2, if you prefer, for the time being. How about that? I see that this ~~is~~ ^{has been} done, for instance, by Houghton Mifflin in a very attractive edition of Anne Sexton: "All My Pretty Ones", which you probably know.

Now, before I can do anything else, please, please make the effort to go over the list, see if you want to delete or add anything, and then number ~~them~~ the poems in the sequence which you prefer, e.g. 1a) November, 2a) Album for Sylvia, etc. I will then change this into a decent table of contents and advise Mr. Fishman that this may be considered as tentative and subject to revision on his or your part. O.K.? Of course, I won't number the pages and I'll use the special binder (we both mean the same thing).

Suggestion for Dog to the Slaughter: How about: "The seizures, they say, started at night, very late"? Then one would have to add in the next line "he" could never survive. You decide.

That's all I can think of at the moment. Will see Irene on Sunday. She's had lots of trouble with her eyes since she came back from Lawrence. I don't know anybody who doesn't have troubles. As Rilke said: "To survive is all ..."

about the outside is possible as if it isn't really!

Only my effortless love. I. O no more of that.

September 8, 1980

Lola dear,

Today's mail just brought would you believe two postcards -- one from Dr. Vincent D. Balitas to tell me that no I did not win the prize (John O'Hara Journal) but that "November" will appear in the Spring 1981 issue (and I will receive a copy). (Just one? How chintzy can you get?)

The other postcard was from by gum Charles Fisher! He writes (where have I heard this before?) that he "is pleased * to inform me that I am a finalist" in the Water Mark competition. He went on to add "I enjoyed reading your manuscript" and "the winner will be announced after all semi-final entries have been received and considered. Please be patient."

Well, O.K., so far so good -- at least I get a publication for sure. O wouldn't it be lovely to get a book brought out, though???? (I count on nothing.)

My poor father is slipping downwards again (after a brief "pick-up"). Now he is losing weight, rather rapidly, too. I cannot think he can live much longer. I just pray that there won't have to be a period of time spent in a nursing home -- for everyone's sake. But mostly for his.

Our heat gives us no release, it will not stop. Oh, it has been worse, and nights are rather pleasant ("down" to 70 or a touch below).

I hope you are well.

~~Listen~~, I do not want you to consider yourself "married" to the nobly undertaken cause of my poetry, but in case your eye lights on something else that looks promising * One should wait for final word from Charles Fisher, I dare say. Then you might try one or two more things, since you've had success far and away the best yet. (If worse comes to worse, "my agent" might try The American Poetry Review again (they "invited," as I recall) and at least you'd be able to say that I will be having a poem coming out in the Spring in the John O'Hara Journal and possibly you could imply (a small fib?) something else in the works. We'll see.

Irene had a rather interesting time at this new place. Perhaps you will be seeing ~~ya~~ her soon, or at any rate talking to her. She came home, alas, to an apartment being painted and her "Schwarze" off to England to visit a sister there, so no help around the house during this difficult time. More soon. Write? Love. ME

March 11, 1981

Lola dear,

My, we are carrying on a correspondence, aren't we?

Before I forget: I have always like "Tourists." I still do.

You hae snow? Our "long, hot winter" continues -- never below 38 or so at night, days up to 50 at their coldest. Everything is up and beginning to bloom. Surely disaster is imminent.

I think it a marvellous idea (only you must let me at least pay for Xeroxing) to send me Xeroxed copies of "forgotten" poems. Also, for some strange reason, I still cannot come up with a copy of "Easter Tulips" (I would have thought seriously about Mr. Fishman's suggested change in it, but, damn it, I don't appear to have it. Crazy.)

By the way, one of the poems that ~~XXXX~~ continues to "wear well" with me, and to be liked almost more than any others, is "The Diggers." One might keep it in mind, then. And, for some nutty reason, I keep on liking (esp. since "punch line" rewritten) "Burningtreet Road" (for what this opinion is worth).

I guess the John O' Hara Journal will be out pretty soon (????). I hope it will be. At times I wonder about Mr. Balitas.

So. In haste to get this off. And (again) love -- "ME"

March 4, 1981

Dearest Lola,

Look -- I even put in a new typewriter ribbon (finally!) in your and Irene's honor (I just wrote to her ~~her~~ also).

Good grief! Both Anna and Carolyn gave themselves the mayonnaise treatment (some years back) and never had any trouble rinsing it out. (In fact it was Carolyn who learned of it from someone, her then-hairdresser or somebody.) You did ~~use~~ ^{use} mayonnaise -- not "miracle whip" etc.?????

The "malice of objects" is very good indeed. I may write a treatise on the malice of the body, like, I am so sick and tired of cropping up with another symptom and yet another -- and not, in the main, psychosomatic, either -- i.e., a newly discovered skin lesion, say, or (just of late) some sore areas on my little toes, strictly a dermatological problem and not from ingrown toenails. Makes it unpleasant to walk.

Anna and I have been, in a modest way, PBS addicts for a long, long time -- Masterpiece Theater, etc., and anyone who didn't follow "The Shock of the New" has got to be crazy (!).

Very well, my good woman: here's what I am going to be doing, I trust, this coming week. I intend to take out my copies of the specific poems (some eight or ten, I think) which Mr. Fishman took the trouble to comment on in specific detail, study up his individual comments, and incorporate them (or not), retype, then send the results on to you. (There is no point in doing this for some of the poems which have already been published -- certainly not at the present time.)

I would be greatly obliged if you could send me Coda, or sections of it, or Xeroxed portions of it, or whatever. I am fairly sure it is not obtainable here. Maybe at the K. U. Library -- but I haven't been in the place for ages and ages and don't plan to go unless I must. As a professor in the English Department said years ago, "the library of a university should be its most accessible building: the KU library is its least." He was right. Even if one parks as near as is humanly possible, one still has a "long" walk (esp. to one ~~who~~ who has hurtful toes). Then, the building has been undergoing some long-needed remodeling (although I fear it will still be one of the ^{most} depressing ~~buildings~~ buildings extant ~~still~~ when they get through) and I've been warned by Anna: once inside, you don't know where to go, ~~let~~ ^{or} even how. Old familiar landmarks have ~~x~~ vanished; sections you ~~need~~ need most are verboten; this or that is roped off and confusing. And so on.

Speaking of PBS: Anna and I do not intend to miss the forthcoming Katherine Hepburn Festival. I think it starts on March 18 with The Lion in Winter which I always wanted to see, and goes on from there, eventually screening, I believe, all her films!

Yes, Reagan's cuts will affect our lives in a lot of ways. God knows whether the benefits will be worth it. As of the moment I can only say that the way Carter just "drifted," things may not be all that much worse under Reagan: I just don't know (yet).

Oh, yes: to reply to your question. If I ran my A/C at full ~~tilt~~ tilt, and day and night, in the summer, the bills would be infinitely higher than ~~the gas~~ gas bills. I honestly do not know how really poor people manage (why do you suppose all the deaths of the ~~a~~ elderly in Kansas City last summer in our frightful heat were among the poor?).

My God I hope the Allen Press doesn't fold up! Nearly all the articles in the journals I proof-read have at the end little ~~sections~~ "Acknowledgments" which prove that they are funded by Federal grants -- something that will now ~~grind~~ grind to a screeching halt! (Carolyn just "won" an 85,000 grant which she knows will be the last: in point of fact she and her boss at the Mental Hygiene Clinic in Columbus are telling each other that they'll believe ~~Carolyn~~ Carolyn really got the grant when they see it.) At least the Allens are a most resourceful couple, and great "copers." So if scientific journals start folding, God forbid, they'll think of something else. Among other things this is not only the work they do and know but they've been ploughing the profits back into the business for ages and ages, expanding in space, adding new, sophisticated machinery of various kinds, and so on.

Incidentally, Carolyn phoned a few days ago -- she never, but never, writes, but does phone at least twice a month -- and she seems to be fine. I still cannot grasp ~~how~~ how anyone would want to work 48 hours per day, and why anyone wants to! She will take a few days off at Easter and I'll see her then. ~~Meantime~~ Meantime, Bill is going to take a week off (K.U.'s spring vacation) and spend it with ~~her~~ in Columbus. She's pretty happy about things between her and Bill these days, and I take it that, if it lasts, it will be said that Bill really did turn over a new leaf etc.

So. In approx. one week, you get new versions of certain poems from me, O.K.? (By the way, did I tell you that for my "one credit hour" I am "doing poetry" with Terry Moore, the chap I've been doing Kipling with? I haven't had any response yet from him -- I xeroxed all my poems from the "Mr. Fishman Collection" and gave to Terry to peruse. We'll see what his reactions will be.)

So. Much love as ever, and keep your head out of the mayonnaise! Happy Ides of March party, too! "ME"

March 9, ~~Dec~~ 1981

Lola dear,

The enclosed isn't much -- a new p. 2 for "Peeling the Layers," and complete (more or less) re-do's of "Peasant Wedding" and "Blue Lobelia" as Mr. Fishman suggested.

Well, I set to my work this morning and came to realize: so very often criticisms of someone's poems ~~x~~ simply mean suggesting that the someone write as you would have done. As I went through each poem, carefully, I came to feel that in Mr. Fishman's critique was a "mix" -- of really excellent, "Got it!" and merely "picking."

Also, for ~~example~~, he questions my use of the word ~~foams~~ "foams" in the Sylvia Plath poem, not knowing, I am guessing, that "foams" was ~~xxx~~ used just because it is a very Plath word and often employed by her. Also, I can't agree with him re: "Evensong," or taking the word "sweet" away in "Sleepwalker." And a few other points.

But I did feel that doing what I did, as per his suggestions, to "Blue Lobelia" and "Peasant Wedding" really does something quite important for each poem.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch

I do have a poem about a young child's death, and think I will send it to the source you checked in Coda.

By the way, an anthology on child molestation, for God's sake! I mean, really. I mean, poetry on that subject, yet!

Re: Coda. The no-payment chapbooks, no. (I might try the Piddlehead chapbook series: up in Canada I've had, as a rule, far better luck. But we'll see.)

Well, anyway: I haven't abandoned my plan to re-work this or that poem à la Mr. Fishman, but as of this morning, I can't wholly "get with" some of his suggestions -- with exceptions as noted.

(Did I mention -- I probably did -- that Anna ~~d~~, who really is "the last of the big-time critics," feels rather strongly that Mr. Fishman is selling my poems short: first a rave, then a so-so approach. She thinks I do have one dangerous trait -- I tend, at times, to be "too clever by half." But as long as I watch this closely, she honestly believes that I have a lot as a poet.) (Well, we'll see.)

As for your dear and tireless efforts on my behalf, take a rest. If -- if -- you could strike a spark off Mr. Atlas, say, fine. Otherwise I think I will perhaps start sending, five-at-a-time, to some journals, meanwhile ~~keeping~~ keeping an eye out for promising ads in The American Poetry Review. (You might keep your eye on Coda, since I can't obtain it.)

In haste to get this off, and rest assured I shall continue to mull over some of these poems -- not only the ones Mr. Fishman commented on -- with much love and gratitude as ever, ME

March 16, 1981

Lola dear,

Yesterday must have been The Occasion -- the Ides of March party. I hope it was a huge success and look forward to an account of it.

It has suddenly dawned on me that Coda is something I can subscribe to! Just send me something clipped from an issue -- an "order blank," perhaps, or just plainly the address, and I'll subscribe. Then I will ~~no~~ longer need to "bug" you for excerpts, Xeroxed copies of this or that, and the like. Brilliant, no?

We continue to have abnormally warm weather and absolutely no rain whatsoever. Scarey. (It is predicted that we'll get cooler weather in a few days, with "a chance of" rain. We'll see.)

I am getting crazier by the ~~hour~~ hour, and consequently cannot remember whether or not I sent you my poem about my father's death. Even if I did, I've rewritten it, so I enclose a copy of Version # 5 or whatever.

Right now there's a ~~xxx~~ real hiatus in proof-reading, and this time the cause is not so clear (always before it's been because the Allen Press was "backed up" -- trying to proof-check what the proof-readers did and clear the decks before sending up the next batch kind of thing). This time, according to ~~Conkie~~ "Conkie," my "boss," all proof readers are ~~xxxxxxx~~ begging for work and so she has to dole it out in small batches to try and keep everyone happy. I devoutly trust this state of affairs does not continue: already I miss the money! Well, I have enough basic income, without lifting a finger, to survive (but just) -- so I will try and not have a nervous breakdown.

I spent a couple of hours or more yesterday re-reading recent (over the past year) issues of The American Poetry Review. Frankly, I still say -- sorry that I ~~do~~ repeat myself -- that regardless of whether I "have it" as a poet or not, much that gets printed in the pages of TAPR is, in my view, nothing very much at all (it all gets presented, somehow, as GREAT POETRY, an impression much bolstered up ~~by~~ by the impressive candid photographs of each and every poet (or "poet")).

So. Let us not let our great correspondence slacken! And do send me something from Coda which will enable me to subscribe! Thank you.

Love as always, ME

March 23, 1981

Lola dear,

My, my, my how our correspondence burgeons! Frankly, I enjoy it (quite like "old times") and remain, as ever, more than just "appreciative" of your continuing interest, efforts, and -- yes -- inspiration!

Again it seems a long time since we have heard from Irene (please: I beseech you -- say nothing of this to her). She has reached, as all do, that time of life when things close in and she (and has said so openly) simply has stopped writing letters. (It is, I believe, one of the ways that persons who possibly sense the end of life approaching, draw back into themselves, not in a mean or selfish sense, but as a preparation, conscious or otherwise, and start to "sever" themselves from life in various ways. My ~~my~~ father began to "sever" himself from me -- this I can see now rather clearly -- and in the hospital he was so "severed" that he gave every appearance of not giving two pins whether I came to see him or not, or of being glad to see ~~me~~ me etc. Also he refused to so much as glance at any of the many, many Christmas cards he received -- a large portion from old and dear friends and parishioners etc. It all goes together.) But now she has (seemingly) stopped ~~her~~ phoning. So Anna and I increasingly wonder about her, and hope all is essentially well.

We feel certain that we would hear from you if something were badly wrong: there's that.

So, since you've not made any mention we assume that she is alive and well in some sense of the term, and living her valiant and amazingly rich life, albeit in a more circumscribed fashion, much as usual. BUT SAY NOTHING TO HER, PLEASE (I know you will see why)

I will of course henceforth insert cardboard etc. etc. in manilla "mailers." Once one could send a manuscript and know it would arrive un-trampled-on. Now, alas, one is lucky if something even gets there.

I was most grateful for your sending me the poems you ~~had~~ had in mind. Actually I have copies of all of them -- but didn't know for sure which ones you meant etc. etc. (And it is good to get "Easter ~~the~~ Tulips," that oft-~~re~~rewritten poem of which I mysteriously do not seem to possess a copy!) I shall spend some time with them and decide which ought to be "preserved" -- for already some I find I no longer like, others seem worth "saving" etc.

I recall very vividly that extremely unpleasant (on the whole) and all too sadly typical of its time (1968) "creative writing" course I took with the poet Edward Dorn. I know that somewhere -- probably right in this very "Red Room" (for long years now ~~has~~ the "Red Study") I have the originals of a sort of running diary I kept during that period, but where o where is it?

You know what I need? A ~~good~~ George, that's who! (I take it he

~~stuck~~ still retains the ~~knack~~ uncanny talent he evinced back in -- was it 1962? -- this ability to make order in a person's library, etc. etc. How I could use "a George" to order not only my books but my files etc. etc.! It's one of those things -- there is no real reason I couldn't do it myself, gradually, of course: but I don't. Period.)

Ahem. "Little Orphan Annie" -- nicht "Anny." Excuse me. I must say, you do seem to become a crying-on shoulder so very often. I recall the woman in your building who invaded your life so thoroughly some years back and was happy when you finally found matters had reached the point where you had to "detach."

If you are really Xeroxing again (I must send you a check, and soon, to defray costs) I would appreciate a copy of my account of that particular evening in the "poetry course" when Robert Duncan "blasted" me. I recall it rather vividly for a number of reasons. Either he knew who had written the poems selected or he did not. But that makes no difference. His remarks ~~was~~ ~~were~~ were cruel, not just unkind, and might have felled some young, terribly insecure type. I won't even debate whether there was any truth or justice in all or some of his comments. What made the whole thing so sickening was the ~~faux~~ fawning attitude expressed by him, Edward ~~Dorn~~ Dorn, and all other guest poets (of which there were many) to the claptrappy "shit" of the arrogant, self-righteous young "militants" of those days.

No, no, I do not "expurgate" the personal -- indeed, every poem is "personal." What gives me the pip is the pseudo-personal shit that precisely the young people in that poetry course were spewing out. And, yes, what some of the now known, even ~~I~~ (God forbid!) "established" poets of today do, including ~~Sylvia~~ Sylvia Plath. Airing one's hang-ups doesn't make for poetry, or not necessarily, at least not to me. But I will be more than happy to include some more personal poems in a future collection and will turn my attention to this in the next couple of weeks.

Now you will have to tell me, when you next write, what in God's name is a "malignant single cell skin lesion." That is a new one on me -- "single cell." (Did the same lady dermatologist remove it, and by the same method? I still think that my ~~dermatologist~~ dermatologist has the right idea when he has his patients apply vinegar-water compresses -- a T of vinegar to 2 cups of tap water -- to the site of a "removal" twice a day for 15 min per time. His theory -- better healing with less scarring, almost no chance of infection etc. -- seems substantiated by many examples which I won't bore you with.) And ~~what~~ what about your "new excretion" for goodness' sake????????? Has that been evaluated? Removed? Tell me, do.

More anon. I find myself still involved with various aspects (this, all of a sudden) yet remaining of "tidying up ~~xxx~~ after Papa." For instance, I didn't know that even though I "sold him out" and transferred the money from the sale of his stocks to my own bank account etc. I nonetheless have to declare same as an inheritance etc. etc. His tax accountant thinks I will not have to pay any inheritance tax, though -- one has a huge exemption.

But, to my utter amazement, the fact that Papa supported me (more or less) through all the ~~year~~ years has to be declared, too. Gifts or not, I must list his contributions and have it lumped in with everything else. Unless the total amount exceeds 30,000 (which it won't) there will be no trouble there, but the lawyer/accountant needs to know all this and to deal with it (which also means I will have to pay him a ~~sub~~ bundle and not just the simple \$25.00 I thought I'd be in for when I submitted Papa's 1980 Income Tax information to him naively).

Oh, well. So I will be out of pocket a bit more than I had anticipated. It won't be that bad and since the ~~tax~~ law says this and that, one might as well have things made tidy and put right.

So. Genug für heute. Love as ever, and "more anon" -- "ME"

Needless to state, I've no records from past years. One isn't supposed to have to keep records going back more than 3 years!

April 11, 1981

Lola dear,

Enclosed find:

a) a small remuneration for all the Xeroxing you have done, etc. Cash it. It won't bounce.

b) a new, really quite new, version of "Easter Tulips." (Anna, last of the great critics, pronounces it infinitely better.)

Your "Crisis" poem -- interesting how in many ways it seems almost a premonition of what ~~was~~ was about to happen a few days after you wrote this! It is powerful, ironic, witty. By me it isn't a "poem" in the usual sense -- a "prose-poem," maybe? No matter. I like it

Now we have ~~hot~~ hot weather here -- 85 yesterday, almost that warm today. I have definite feelings that we are in for another one of those ghastly summers when poor people will die like flies in the ~~inner~~ "inner cities" because they can't afford to buy air-conditioners, or if they could, they couldn't afford to run them.

I just hope my strength and/or eyesight and/or the Allen Press doesn't give out! Oh, I'd have some income if it did -- but boy would I be at the poverty level!

Have you any hot new job ~~in~~ in hand or are you still luxuriating ~~as~~ as "workless Lola"? (Frankly, I think you deserved whatever break you ~~were~~ were/are taking. And yes, yes I keep on over-working: the money is so nice. I spend ~~it~~ it, too. This in turn fills me with some form of guilt, so I work more. It is all very complex.)

I still haven't made up my mind to act on Mr. Fishman's newest "contest." If one's manuscript wasn't tied up for such a very long time! Oh, well.

I am not having one of my better days. Tired, cranky-feeling, over-hot, a headache, even -- and I never -- well, ~~almost~~ almost never, have headaches. So I will stop this not-very-thrilling missive. Know only that it comes with usual love as always, ME

your letter and so on. Of course you are right -- about being a workaholic! Love, and more soon, "ME"

Since I last wrote, Anna has called Irene and Irene has called Anna, so we feel more "in touch." There is still a sense of "things winding down" and not as we would like to see them, even just two, say, years ago; but under it all remains the quintessential Irene, it would seem. We still do not know -- and she doesn't either, most likely -- whether she will come out in about five weeks or so for her annual visit. Right now I tend to bet that she may not, but it really is to soon to say. A change in mood, an improvement in physical symptoms (which even now come and go to some extent) -- we will see.

Thank you a thousand times for your latest Xerox

Lola dear,

At last! Now I can send something to you! When I learned that you were unfamiliar with the poems of A.E. Housman, I thought -- there -- that is something I can remedy. A copy of his collected works has, accordingly, gone forth (not mailed by me -- I am far too lazy to ship etc. -- but by Adventure Book Store here, a really quite nice one and run by the wife of a highly distinguished entomologist on the faculty at K.U.).

Your first ~~xxxx~~ reaction may be "How dated!" etc. (although I know you too well to impute to you any such shallow reaction). (By the way, although you do not think you know his poems, I imagine you will find that you do -- some of them, that is, such as "Loveliest of trees, the cherry now" or "When I was one-and-twenty, I heard a wise man say" etc. Also, although Housman hardly ranks with Shakespeared, Milton, Tennyson and the like in terms of "unforgettable quotes," there has been a novel (some years back) entitled Earth and High Heaven and of course A World I Never Made was the ~~xxxx~~ title of one of James T. Farrell's famed books, etc.)

Housman is, I suppose, a faux-naif -- his "lads" who plant and plow and lie with their girls and die young or "go for a soldier" and so on were about as far removed from the reality of his world as Mars is from us. His attraction for that world -- really, for those "lads," was so strong that "he sure fools us" into thinking we have entered it.

His themes are the old, old ones -- the lost innocence, the brevity of life ~~xxxx~~ (and love), and so on. Add to them the special twist of the Victorian "divided self" and the homosexual (he never, never "came out of the closet") and -- well, to me, at least, he is more than a "minor" poet. Call him a "major minor" poet, perhaps. The "divided self," in his case, was not simply the man struggling with acceptance/rejection of Christian faith but the austere scholar (yet by no means without touches of half-concealed kindness, warmth, and dry humor) and the passionate, sensual lover whose dream-lads were, in real life, male prostitutes in Paris brothels and one particular Venetian gondolier with whom he had a long affair. Housman was in love (perhaps he never got over it) with a man named Moses Jackson (who almost certainly never had actual sexual relations with Housman, yet, since they shared living quarters for some time, was almost certainly not unaware of Housman's love for him -- possibly vicariously enjoyed it). (For Housman's poignant statement on that theme, read poem #XXXI, p. 190.) By the way, note (as you will) another favorite H. theme -- the brief encounter, always between male and male, often between a man and a soldier, etc.)

I can fully appreciate the state of mind that the attempt on Reagan's life has plunged you into. I am sure you went through ~~xxxxxxx~~ with your party as planned because you are you.

April 5, 1981

April 14, 1981

Lola dear,

I answer with ~~my~~ unseemly and even foolish (foolish to write so rapidly) haste, just that you should have at least a partial response to your very wonderful and informative letter before the weekend (or so I hope -- mail service grows ever worse).

By now you have my remarks, such as they are, re: your poem "Crisis."

I wish I could recall in just which note or letter you made some ~~comments~~ comments (perhaps via phone?) (and surely, also, a bit ago?) re: not being so very familiar with Housman and/or Tennyson. I then privately resolved to send you at least a copy of Housman etc. If I can put my hand on your actual note, I will notify you (often I keep your letters -- they really are to be treasured! -- but sometimes, after having replied, I don't).

I am delighted that you feel that matters are essentially all right with Irene. Possibly Anna's and also my own spectacles are indeed "dust-colored" (more like dust-covered -- mine -- as of now!). ~~It~~ Nevertheless, there is that at work in her (to be detected, esp. by Anna, who has known her for so very many years and so very deeply and closely) a "something" which does really worry us, although we, as she, are not, as one might put it, "unprepared."

As for her coming out to Kansas, this is still not all that certain. Yes, she is presently talking in those terms, and nothing could please us more. But we are not sure -- and, of course, perhaps she is not, either. ~~It~~ Needless to state, and as you don't need me to remind, our concerns are not for sharing. But her pains (she now ~~does~~ indicates that she does, after all, take some pills for them, also that she will once again take some accupuncture, which helped before, I know), her (now admitted) loss of appetite and loss of weight (she needed to lose weight, but it is important to know just why such happens, when it does happen) -- all this, plus a certain "ton" in her conversations via phone with Anna (all but one ~~was~~ initiated by Anna of late) and in her last letter (yes, she did finally write, and a long letter, too, which came to Anna just a couple of days ago) -- all things difficult to convey, and certainly not demonstrable of proof, but

Jury duty! This is ~~something~~ something I have been approached on only once, and was able to turn it down quite neatly with the simple truth: you can't have a juror who has constantly to keep getting ~~up~~ up and going to the bathroom! (Back then, anyway, there was Papa -- a reason for refusal which no longer obtains, naturally; but the bathroom-bit does, alas!)

This is not a complete reply to you but will have to do on this rather nightmarish day of trying to get my father's final income tax form completed (via his accountant, who, "unaccountably" -- nice pun -- put it off until today; then I must finish and turn in a proof-reading "assignment," and more. Enuf! We had unbearable heat here for 3 days -- now back to "normal" -- a pleasant if slightly shillish 65 or so. Special love and in great haste, "ME"

April 16, 1981

Lola dear,

Installment #2! Which you will (?) receive on Monday, I suppose.

I think it truly dear of ~~me~~ you to be having me sent Coda. I will let you know when it starts arriving.

So you don't have "a George" either! Even though he is YOUR George! I heartily applaud your coming on with the "poor old me o dear o dear how shall I ever get it done!" school of thought. I still "work" this one on Anna from time to time (we both know we are playing at games, of course) -- and sometimes she takes pity on me and ~~sews~~ sews the button on or whatever. The thing about "a George" as opposed to "a Joe" or whatever is that ~~George~~ George -- THE George -- really does have an uncanny flair for certain things.

I am curious: what went wrong with the "original dessert" that necessitated it's being thrown down the toilet?

Have no fear -- you can't hurt my feelings, and your comments re: the poem about my father in ~~hex~~ no way offended. And you weren't rude at all, anyway. Yes, I agree: if I live long enough I imagine I will write more and other and different poems on that general subject.

In my senility I can't recall whether I have written this to you or not, or whether I have made mention of it to Irene, for that matter: I have been going to ~~church~~ church again. Well, I used to say ever and anon that "I never left the church -- I just stopped going." We will see. Although this is hard for almost anyone to understand, I think possibly I would have returned, so to speak, years ago if not for my father. (Does this make sense to you? Probably not. One would have had to have known my father, I think. Anna, who did know him, however slightly in person -- although very intimately, through me, understands exactly what I mean.)

I find myself wondering what your jury duty is being like -- what sort of trial is it? Of what is who accused? Etc. When you do write -- and I do not expect ~~me~~ you to rush to the typewriter etc. etc. I would appreciate an account.

After several days of humid heat so wearing as to be virtually unendurable, it is pleasant (65 or so), and we have had a few rains, so all is green and burgeoning. Can you believe that even the lilacs are past now, so early and warm a spring have we had?

Has Irene showed you the reprint of the Richard Green article on Albert Bloch in the Munich-published art journal, Pantheon? It is impressive in every way, or so I feel, and I think I can be reasonably objective on this, a topic very close to me.

So. Call this a P.S., then. And "more anon" -- with as-ever love,
"ME"

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

E.V.

EASTER TULIPS

Fat burgheresses

wait to greet youth again,
warming to red, white, yellow,
parrot-tongued and parrot-colored
new life.

They sit sedately, baskets of breasts,
veining in the cold Dutch light
of the potting shed.

Little field onions,
little Japanese paper packages,
Russian domes, old Spanish peasant faces:
in their assortments on the tiled floor,
I count and time their season.

I watch, I wait for the moment when
I can tuck them into
mild, temporary tombs.

Already I see them poke towards spring.

And always then
the reborn garden

Constance Scheerer
Easter Tulips--2

fires to lit silk,
half understanding its own eternity,
rolling its pour
of enchanted scarves, and every scarf
a catch about my throat, winding me
onto the wheel of repetition
until I remember, also half understanding,
the immortality we feel, thrust up from earth
in certainty of flower.

* * *

3/16

Sent to Constance

✓ returned revised

Art Critics ✓

3 Poems about Home

Easter Tulips ✓

River Thoughts ✓

moon

Coronary

Origami Figures

Lilas

A Rage for Gingerbread

Love Poem

Sleeping Beauty

Discovery ✓ v.g.

Influence ✓ v.g.

Icons - Aired

Added by C.

Visiting House v. g.

Added by C.

Visiting Home v. g.

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

A.V.

Discuss

EASTER TULIPS

Fat burgheresses

wait to greet youth again,
warming towards red, white, yellow,
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They sit sedately,
veining in the cold Dutch light
of the potting shed --
little field onions,
little Japanese paper packages,
Russian domes, old Spanish peasant faces,
in your assortment on the tiled floor,
I count and time your seasons.

I wait for the moment when I can
tuck you in mild, temporary tombs.
Already I see you poke towards spring.

Then the reborn garden
will fire to lit silk, knowing
what I half understand --
its own eternity. When it rolls
its pour of enchanted scarves (and every scarf
a catching at my throat) it will wind me
into its certainty of flower.

* * *

May 3, 1981

Dearest Lola,

Your letter of April 22 stares up, saying "Answer me!" This won't ~~be~~ be an adequate reply (no time, no energy) but, maybe, better than nothing. One thing I must say yet once again -- bless the electric typewriter! You know -- you just turn a switch, then go do something else, and when you've returned, it's written a letter!

Well.

Not by any mean first things first, but, re: Mr. Fishman. I have about decided "No." I mean, he would in all likelihood say, fine, O.K., send your new and/or revised poems, etc. etc. But a man who started ~~me~~ out with "rave reviews" then decided my poems didn't really "hold up" -- never mind for the moment whether he is right or wrong, has a point or does not have a point -- isn't terribly likely to respond very differently second time around. I will continue to study Coda and before long start submitting -- perhaps to one of the places that ~~do~~ consider bringing out a book, or even a chapbook.

I am glad to like my re-do of "Easter Tulips." What I did to it (I mean this only in a certain way) I ought to do to other poems. And I think I will -- at least I will try to get to this, I hope before too long.

Anna's age (tell George!) remains a deep, dark secret. Suffice to say that we play a perfectly mutually understood game -- she knows that I know that she knows that I know that I am a "con artist" with my "Oh, dear, I simply can't seem to sew this button on!" type of approach. And sometimes she'll even do it! Re: George: he was, as I recall, about 16 at the time, but I will never forget how he put my books into order with a sort of natural talent for grasping principles of categorization and the like, back then. Oh, could I use him -- of "a ~~great~~ George" now!

Little point in commenting on your intestinal virus, since it is plainly long, long past. These things happen, and obviously yours -- although unpleasant as these things always are -- cleared up in the usual way.

I will ~~try~~ try to "define Poetry" -- perhaps in my next. Right now it is 6 a.m. and not the time, somehow, to define anything very much!

Anna called last night, knowing I'd probably be in my bath (I was -- but called her back) to say she'd just had a phone call from Irene, tired but happy after what was obviously a very lovely and loving celebration of her birthday at which she was surrounded by the people who mean much to her and vice versa. As she is rich in

personality, soul, mind, and character, so is she rich in responding friends -- which is at it should be!

Lola, I would so love to see you -- but I fear I must cast not "a cold eye" but cold water on the thought that you come out to Lawrence at this time, meaning, of course, when Irene comes. The most obvious reason, in a way, is that not only have I * no longer any guest room or place for another to sleep (I could rent a cot or something, but that isn't the important part) but NO WAY could I share any quarters with anyone, lacking a second bathroom -- pardon me, let us call a spade a ~~spade~~ -- a second toilet. There's that, and it's an infernal nuisance, I know, but a sad reality.

But the bad part is something quite else. I am so tired and feel so absolutely y-u-u-k-k most of the time that I honestly couldn't be any kind of responsive friend -- let alone ~~be~~ "hostess." I only hope that this year Irene will be understanding -- already last year I fear I let her down somewhat. I mean, once upon a time I'd have Irene and Anna over to dinner twice and perhaps to "tea" once in between; also I would go over ~~there~~ there to dinner about twice and stay on into the evening until, oh, nine-thirty or so. ~~xxxxxxx~~ And when I say I'd have them to dinner I mean I'd really "cook" a good meal -- starting with soup or something -- you know the sort of thing I mean. Well, all that has changed (I hope not for good, I really mean this). Now I not only work --and must -- about 8 hours a day, but my own meals -- let alone company's -- must consist of some Stauffer product or the like that I can just throw into a pre-heated oven, then dish up (followed, ~~x~~ in all likelihood, by ice cream or something equally simple and non-work).

I take at least two naps a day, often at the oddest times, and "poop out" on everyone or everything re: 9 p.m. (which means I prepare for bed, "doing" teeth, bathing, etc. etc. then turning out my light around quarter till ten, say). So you can see what a keen "visitee" I would be! ~~Re:~~ Re: the work -- it goes on because it must -- and I am lucky that I am still ~~able~~ able to "hack it." I am not, as you will have been told by me, an employee of the Allen Press: I proof-read as all the other pr's do, on an independent contractor basis. But "Conkie" (Constance) Allen, my "boss" -- who, by the way, has become, after a fashion, a kind of friend -- I really like her very much etc. -- has been quite open about it: she does not favor or admire the proof-readers who pick and choose just what they will take, also how much, and when, etc. etc. and is apt to just ~~not~~ not call them when maybe they really now do want to take something on etc. This does not mean that she is heartless or anything of the sort, and if I God forbid fell ill, or had to have surgery, or something ~~gxxx~~ ghastly, she would be perfectly understanding in all respects.

But -- and I may have written this to you before -- I see more and more that Anna is right. "It will take me about a year to 'get over' Papa." This does not refer to grief, or even, or only in part, to feelings of guilt and other feelings yet more complex. It rises out of years and years and years of tensions, mental, physical, emotional, yes, and spiritual -- the last three having been really bad, and the last one utterly draining. (I know, I know -- what must they have been like for Papa?)

Spelling??

I realize, of course, that there exists at least the possibility that there is something terribly wrong with me physically, some ongoing disease process that hasn't made itself sufficiently manifest for diagnosis, and so on. But I also know that I do somatize things and that my involved and fatiguing relationship with my father, unlike my "clean," essentially wonderful, and amazingly complete relationship with Martin, would be just the thing that would hit me hardest.

So I ~~ask~~ ask, for now, your indulgence. I hope, with ~~all~~ things going at all well, that another time -- say another year -- things will not only look different but be different and that I even may by that time have a second ~~xxx~~ bathroom, for instance (I've some plans in that direction).

Today is mild (our roses are out all over town, not to mention iris in full bloom since a week) ~~and~~ but threatens rain. Too bad, since this is the Sunday of "Art in the Park" -- which, over the past 20 or so years has become a rather special Lawrence occasion -- the display of "works of art" (some of which are works of art) by Lawrence residents who range from fine "professionals" to "little old ladies who paint on china" kind of thing, but all with a lovely and loving community spirit and great fun for all. I used to go, and love it.

Enough. But the usual "more anon" goes without saying, and does much love to you.

"ME"

July 15, 1981

Lola dear,

Irene has written two very dear and good letters to us within the last few weeks, which pleases Anna and me very much. We hope it isn't too much effort for her, but they were truly fine letters and sounded as if she'd enjoyed writing them. She seems to get on amazingly well, on the whole.

You do know all about this new miracle gadget with which she has been fitted and in whose use she has been trained. I don't think I would be crazy about it, and I gather ~~xxx~~ it has its comfortable aspects, of course, but it gives her a real sense of security and that is what counts.

She really does seem ~~xxxxx~~ utterly delighted with the record rack I sent her. I imagine such things are available all over New York but when you are an Irene where do you start looking etc. etc.?

It is hot and sticky the past ten days, most uncomfortable, and I am really using my airconditioning which I'd rather not do but when it gets bad enough I just must.

Listen: I have a real problem to "lay on you" and I know you are working and I know I often "shaft you" with real non-goodies like this, but, as so often, I don't know where else to turn. I will state the problem and you will think it through. More I don't expect, and it may be ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ you can't help at all.

You know me and my gut, yes? (No one really does, except a few people like Anna who spend so much time with me that they really do know.) And you know that since about 1963 I have taken the drug Lomotil (in varying amounts, at need, etc.) Well, with Erik gone I've no source of it any more. You see, ~~xxx~~ Erik used to ~~xxx~~ order me out the generic form -- 8.50 per 1,000 tablets (nearly a year's supply) as opposed to 17.50 for 100 tablets of the brand-name variety (isn't that shocking?). Even if I am willing to again spend the big amount for the brand-name variety (as I would be, I am so desperate), doctors around ~~xxx~~ here won't prescribe aspirin unless you come in for an appointment (at 30 bucks a throw, now) to their offices. Most of them frown on the whole idea anyway -- including, alas, HIM -- and anyway he's ~~xxx~~ off for the balance of the summer, damn his socks.

Do you, by any remote chance, know (personally or personally-ish) any physician -- it could, of course, be a psychiatrist who is, after all, an M.D.) who could obtain for you (to send on to me) 1,000 of the generic Lomotil (or even 100 ordinary Lomotil would tide me over for a bit)? I realize this is really asking a great deal. (I feel sure that Herta Seidemann, if still living, is either too far "gone" or that you are too totally separated from her to even contemplate an appeal to her.)

Well, just in case, I will give you the information. The generic

form is called Diphenozylate (with Atropine Sulfate) -- 2.5 mg. tablets (they are tiny little tablets). It is made and sold by a place called: The Interstate Drug Exchange, Inc., Plainview, LINY, 11804. (It also says on the label IDE Brand -- which obviously stands for Interstate Drug Exchange.)

I have enough left to last me about 12 days (I thought I'd more, but had plainly miscounted). Needless to state, knowing what will happen if I haven't any available pills me with panic. It means that I will not be able to leave the house -- and I simply can't expect Anna to do my shopping for me. Once in a while, yes, sure, as when I had flu last winter etc. etc. But daily, at need, of course not. Then there are a jillion things to go out and about for, not to mention picking up and returning proof reading and the like. You see my problem.

Mull it over. Try and think of what could be possible, what story (the unvarnished truth is always best, but some fabrication at times becomes necessary -- like a planned trip to Mexico kind of thing -- not, in your case, a real lie, either) to tell if need be, etc.

I hardly need mention that I pay, I pay -- including postage -- whatever. I also hardly need to ~~say~~ mention that I realize what could be involved in terms of effort expended on your part, and I don't like it one bit. But what to do, what to do? Perhaps ~~you~~ you've some ideas. At the very worst, even to get 100 plain Lomotil (brand name) despite the cost would give me a little leeway while I ~~cast~~ cast about for other possible sources (which, believe me, if I'd come up with, I wouldn't be laying this at your door).

So. Back to work. As for you, what job(s) ~~a~~ engage you at present?

I guess Irene will be leaving fairly soon (perhaps not until August?) for her usual vacation. Alas that her sister will be ~~there~~ there as well. I know it would be so much more peaceful and pleasant if she were not.

By the way, I am sure you will understand at once that even though Irene has Dr. Arthur and Mrs. Dr. Arthur I would never under any circumstances involve her in my attempts to get Lomotil (or better, generic Lomotil). I don't think this requires any explanation.

By the way, if I don't get the spring ~~(#)x~~ (?) edition of the John O'Hara Journal soon, I shall write [^](at first) courteous note to Dr. Vincent D. Balkitas. What has stayed my hand is simply that I have some knowledge of ~~how~~ it is with the "little magazines." They simply can't tick off the presses on schedule, for many reasons. Still, if the thing isn't going to appear at all, I would like at the least to get my poem back ~~I~~ -- the money? I can kiss that goodbye!

No, I don't think it was all a ruse, far from it.

Very well. Don't say I don't keep you hopping (ugh). You bring it on yourself by being THE indispensable efficient friend!

Love as always, ME

July 25, 1981

Lola dear,

Bless you for writing so fully and, as I well know, at a time when you must inevitably be tired (working girls get tired, yes?) etc. And bless you for your mixture of good ideas, perseverance, and luck!

Reassure Senya (should you ~~be~~ have the chance) that, no, Constance neither plans to commit suicide, nor constipate her dinner guests (well, I don't have dinner guests these years!) , nor yet peddle "drugs" to the junior high crowd down on the corner with her generic Lomotil. The stuff has a good shelf-life, and with 1,000 I will have over a year's supply. You ~~might~~ might add to Senya that there ~~are~~ ^{are} times when I get by with little or even none, other times when my peristaltic activity rushes like mad (then I take more) but that I have lived with my rotten gut for so many years that I am almost used to it (once in a great while, I even eat something I know will probably give me big trouble, I get so hungry).

Naturally I am not uninterested in "wha' hoppin'" that you no longer go out to Point Lookout -- but it goes without saying that I never try to pry stories, especially painful ones, out of people. You know, of course, that I remember both Senya and Elsa, and very fondly, too -- and I feel very sorry for Elsa. Whatever her "failures" etc. may be, I feel sure that Senya the gifted and brilliant and stimulating is also Senya the difficult: I don't know how Elsa bears up. Yet they remain together. It is to be hoped that a binding love is the glue that keeps them so.

Irene phoned Anna some days ago and Anna was delighted, so much like her usual self did she sound. It is such a pity that that kookie and uncomfortable sister has to "get in on the act" and go to the same place at the same time to have her vacation.

By the way, should you ever feel "up to" a trip to Mexico, take along Lomotil (or generic equivalent). I have had people tell me, "Oh, it didn't help at all" -- then found out that conservative doctors were having such patients take only two or three per day. Small wonder no help! Of course the "bug" or "bugs" that fell you in countries like Mexico are more complex, and merely ~~slowly~~ slowing peristalsis may not be enough.

You certainly have "a rich, full life" -- I doubt if I'd ever "make it" with Yoga, but by gum, I have been taking a 35-minute~~s~~ daily walk (brisk!) since April 22 or so, come hell or high water, and I think it has done me quite a lot of good. I no longer can "hardly make it" from the car into the store (when parked right at the door) and, indeed, I "make no ~~never-mind~~ never-mind" about walking six or seven blocks when downtown is terribly ~~crowded~~ crowded etc.

If by August 1st I have not heard from Dr. Vincent D. Balitas, Editor, I shall write to him and ask him (my first letter will be most courteous, and will include a self-addressed, stamped envelope) what about the "spring" (?) issue of the John O'Hara Journal. A second letter, if needed, will not be so sweet in tone, and I will ask (hah!) for my money back. If necessary (God, these things are such time-consuming bores!) I will take this up with the Postal Service (you know -- using the mails to defraud etc.)

I hope I never get arthritis (for all I know, I have some mild manifestations of it at times, I really don't know), but whether I ever do or not I will, sight unseen, recommend Senya's book to afflicted persons of my acquaintance. I'd enjoy reading the book anyway. I will see to it that the public library here gets in a ~~copy~~ copy, perhaps.

Mexico or no Mexico, I think you are overdue for a vacation (I guess I am too, but travel doesn't appeal to me and although I could spend some money I would rather spend it in other ways on other things).

No more for now. I did just want to say a highly inadequate thank-you for your (yet once more) efforts on my behalf. (I checked, just for fun, and regular Lomotil is now almost 19 dollars per 100 in a rip-off, fancy pharmacy!) (8 or 10 or whatever it is now dollars per 1,000 from the place on Long Island is rather different, no?)

~~xxxx~~ Faithful Lola does it again!

With very much love and gratitude, as always (wish some time there ~~xxxx~~ would be something unique I could do or get for you, out here!)

As ever, "ME"

August 4, 1981

Dear Senya,

Enclosed find my check in the amount circled -- \$25.00. I am adding \$1.00 -- cost of postage. O.K.?

I must say I am deeply grateful to Lola for her inspiration and to you for your endeavours on my behalf. As I told her to tell you, no, I do not plan to commit suicide via generic Lomotil, nor yet murder, nor do I intend lurking about near the junior high school to sell the pills as the latest turn-on! As a matter of fact, this current supply will last me well over a year! And quelle difference! I refer to cost. Imagine: now 100 Lomotil cost 19.00. It boggles the mind.

As you must know, I am in pretty constant touch with Lola, sometimes by mail, sometimes by phone. I think her remarkable with her skills and talents and her ability to go from one job to another, always fulfilling her obligations competently, working here for a few days, there for a few months, etc. I know it can't be easy: yet it does have advantages over being forced to work on and on at the same place come hell or high water. One can take time off from time to time.

As for me, at an age when most persons are retiring, I (did Lola make mention of this?) have been working full-time (more or less) for the past three years as a proof-reader for the Allen Press here in Lawrence (the Press publishes 100 or so of the nation's leading scientific journals). It is taxing yet challenging and somehow rewarding work which brings out ~~in~~ the innate ~~in~~ detective in me. It pays well, and not only can be done at home but must be -- ideal for me with my tricky gut and related problems.

Lola of course conveys ~~k~~ news of you and Elsa ~~from~~ time to time. I know life has been far from easy or simple for the two of you (as one grows older, that's how it goes, alas!). I was most interested in learning of your successful and obviously excellent book: I am going to see to it that the public library here gets a copy (perhaps they already have one). I shall also mention it around to various people I know who are plagued with arthritis.

I now counter with some information: do you know about TENS (Transcutaneous Electric Nerve Stimulator) made by ~~S~~taodynamics, Inc. of 1225 Florida, Longmont, Colorado 80501? It is some sort of gizmo which one wears, and which is powered by a very small battery. One applies first a gel (which must be like that used for electrocardiograms) and then applies (electrode-like things? I've never seen this, you must understand). Several people of my acquaintance have been rendered so ~~painfree~~ painfree from wearing it that they were able to give up all medication (with its inevitable side-effects). I know so little about it, really, that I can't say whether it is more for muscle kinds of ailments,

or effective for arthritis (at least in certain cases) or what. Still, it might be worth inquiring into, no? (It sounds, in a way, like a Senya-type invention.)

I am sure Pt. Lookout must be lovely this summer. I often wonder: will I ever see the ocean again?

My love as of old to both you and Elsa,

Constance

March 3, 1982

Lola dear,

Winter is back, ~~w~~ shit! We did, at ~~last~~ last, have ~~four~~ our badly needed break and February thaw -- but now freezing rain, that most hazardous of conditions to the driver, is to descend this morning, followed by four inches of snow -- at the least. Pfui.

As always, your letter was a joy to get (although not all its news was joyous, far from it) and, also as always, very much Lola!

I am terribly sorry to learn of the truly ghastly misfortunes that have attended your friend Madeline. Yes, it is hard to know what goes on inside people. But, it would seem, she has a great deal of inner strength of ~~an~~ one sort or another.

As for my news of him, not so good. A neighbor/friend, who lives across the street, is married to the head trainer for the K.U. Athletic Department. Dean (the man's first name) has his office, of course, at the Field House. He had heard that the doctor was walking daily in the Field House (a certain number of people do, in winter, and most especially during the terrible cold etc. that has prevailed hereabouts for so long). Also that SHE walked with him daily (in itself perhaps a touch not in character, and makes one to wonder). But Dean didn't happen to meet up with them. Then just last week, he did, and he stopped and chatted with them, or more likely, with HIM. All went well and then suddenly, the doctor obviously wanted to inquire of Dean how Eileen was, and his speech became totally disturbed, a kind of "word salad" emerged. Now I get the sense that this is not the sort of brain impairment that means, or that necessarily means, a thought disorder, but, rather, the ~~other~~ other kind: the person's internalized thinking and conceptualizing are quite in order but some pathway or ~~other~~ other is "snarled," and the expression of the thought ~~won't~~ won't "mesh" or whatever. This alone could explain why, after five months at the least, he's not returned to work. I don't know. Meantime I continue to watch and wait, so to speak: what else can I do? I hope the man has sense enough to be getting some therapy and retraining etc. (Remember the case of the actress, Patricia Neal, struck down at 40 by a massive stroke, who slowly, painfully, made it back, partly through sheer will, partly through the loving support, or so I gather, of her family, and also partly, if not in the main, because of receiving devoted and constant therapy.)

Ho, hum, and so it goes!

Yes, it is true: Anna and I do worry about Irene, even Anna, who, quite unlike me, is not at all a worrier (which doesn't mean she takes things lightly and casually, of course). By the way, Irene did have that "something that is going around" complete with deep, deep chest symptoms and a cough that made sleep almost impossible (you know -- you put your head down for the night, and tickle, tickle, starts up, in the larynx or wherever). And of course

I can use it --
And may spring come soon!
Well, back to work!
better than some years back.
as who can't?

Love as ever, 'me'

there is her history of heart trouble and cancer. And there is Arthur, a good friend in many very important ways, but as a physician? I guess you know the story -- I trust I am violating no confidence, so keep to yourself etc.: Irene woke in the night with chest pains and called Arthur and he (literally) told her to "take two aspirin and call him in the morning." (Actually I guess she had the chest pains not during the night but in the earlier part of the evening, I can't recall precisely now.)

I did make it clear (I hope) that Anna's sister-in-law is in no way senile: her mind is perfectly clear and as always, and, despite problems with her vision (partly corrected by cataract surgery 2 or 3 years ago), she reads (those "big print" books). But as she grows older, and frailer, and her already always rather timorous and "don't make waves"-type nature gets more so, she reduces, or becomes reduced, or permits others to reduce her. (I think I also mentioned that when she was more or less railroaded out of her own little apartment in Presbyterian Manor in Topka she was moved to what is called there the Intermediate Care Section of the Nursing Facility. Its occupants are, in the main, ~~xxxxx~~ compos mentis, and able to take care of themselves re: bathroom going, tooth cleaning, getting up for meals, and the like.) But poor Särchen! Hers is an all-too-familiar story; what is perhaps surprising is that she lingers on and on. But then my mother lived for a few years after she became totally disoriented (at times violent, and the whole bit).

By the way, since you seemingly are one of the few, perhaps the only one, who takes a sincere interest in Särchen, and since she has no family, and since you are going to have to ~~pitch~~ pitch in and take care of whatever may be left when she does die, I do feel that you -- and her other old friend -- ought to be appointed her conservators (which means that you in effect, from that moment on, own anything she may own, and can ~~buy and~~ sell at need any holdings she ~~has~~ might have etc. etc. and thus to some extent repay yourselves for what will, plainly, be a considerable investiture in time and energy some day, possibly rather soon. I only hope rather soon, if you know what I mean.)

I am so glad you have this work with and for Joel Agee. Your life is never dull, of course, but some of the jobs you've taken on over the years ~~has~~ have been stressful or boring etc. But an endeavor both creative and personally enjoyable comes as a pleasing relief after some of the work you've taken on in the past.

Again speaking of Irene: it means much to Anna and to me that Irene has "a Lola" in her life, and I know it means much to Irene as well. Her increasingly ambivalent relationship with Trude Bartel (whom she now rarely sees anyway, I gather) did leave rather a void in her life, and, though she is all that we know her to be -- brave, gutsy, and remarkably self-sufficient -- she, as all of us, needs someone(s) in her life.

Your news about George, though succinct, was interesting. I gather that you and he "relate," maybe not ideally, but far

May 26, 1982

Lola dear,

I owe about sixteen letters, but am starting with you. Your as-ever interesting not to say fascinating epistle arrived yesterday and damn it of course I want to know about your gall bladder what is going on and \$155.00 for what for heaven's sake? You will really have to begin what promises to be quite some narration.

The Joel Agee account (Harper's, 1977) I found very, very moving and well done. It is a pity that your association with him has (if I understand you correctly) been terminated. Not only was it work of a highly interesting kind but also you and he obviously had a rather special relationship. A pity that Wife had to step in and muck things up.

I am, I must say, horrified about the fate of your translation of Striptease. Do you have a lawyer -- I mean of course a good lawyer whom you trust etc.? It ~~x~~ strikes me that you may have something actionable going here. I know, I know . . . it is a big fat bore to start proceedings etc. etc. but there are times when it is worth it.

Irene's visit is being fine in many ways. She does seem a bit more tired perhaps than other years (this, alternating with periods when she gets all hyped up and has more energy, briefly, than one can believe possible). A sad feature of her entire visit has been the weather. It has rained, and rained, and rained, and rained, and (much of this rain with accompanied by thunder and lightning and the kinds of frightening black, fringey clouds which one only sees in place like Kansas.

Then, too -- and I will let Irene tell you herself -- her trip out here was "the Pits" in many respects, a twice delayed, exhausting flight being only one aspect.

My professor of English -- with whom I have been working for my usual one-credit-per-semester the past two years has set things up so that my poems as a corpus are being considered by something called the Bookmark Press ~~x~~ (spelled BkMk Press) in ~~xxx~~ Kansas City. It operates ~~x~~ apparently under the sponsorship of the University of Missouri at Kansas City and its poet-in-residence, Dan Jaffe, ~~x~~ of whom I have never heard, or if I have I've forgotten, although he's supposed to be a fairly well-known American poet~~x~~.

My own life is not in one of its nicer periods -- something which could have been said of it almost any time during the past several years. No, no, I am not writhing about with self-pity; it's just that I could use objectively pleasanter conditions. I still know little or nothing about HIM -- except that I caught a glimpse of him myself just a few days ago, and at last he was out by himself driving the car etc. -- a good sign. Also he was very tanned, ~~with~~

which almost automatically has to mean that he got said tan out at "Belly-Acres" in the country. Anna has a sense that he has been spending a lot of time out there since Spring came -- and not necessarily with HER at his side every second. Otherwise, I am having some eye problems and will see my ophthalmologist on June 2, I think it is. At the best I need a new prescription; at the worst, God only knows. Unpleasant possibilities are limitless, up to and including macular degeneration, glaucoma (although at least there is nothing wrong with my wide-angle vision), cancer, etc. etc. Cheerful Constance they call me. This, however, is only the beginning. I have been "saving up" some nasty looking skin lesions which will, I am sure, have to come off and possibly be biopsied and I only hope they will turn out to be "just basals" again -- I have really had a crop! Then an overdue visit to my GYN man for a check-up and breast examination (you never know what that might turn up). And so it goes. One worry after the next. I, of course, take all these things with heavy, terrible seriousness and anxiety and Anna quite rightly often bawls me out for "worrying ahead" and anticipating etc. etc. She is in all respects calm and filled with peace of mind as I should be but ain't.

The Golden Gate Review should be "given the gate," in my opinion. What a tacky way to behave!

I guess I am deteriorating faster than I thought. What relation (if any) is Joel Agee to James Agee? (I always supposed James Agee to be an American but Joel was plainly brought up in Germany.)

Ah. A phone call. Come and pick up proofreading. At last. This has been another source of worry. For reasons not explained, there has been very little proofreading of late which has meant a sadly reduced income for me and this, too, has been a source of worry, worry, worry. I still don't know what it is all about, but I got a good big chunk just now (and will start on it at once) so perhaps business is picking up. Yes, I do like very much and have come to know pretty well my "boss," "Conkie" (Constance) Allen, and I sense that she feels embarrassed about the whole proofreading ~~xxx~~ muck-up of recent months, but I know better than to try and pin her to the wall with questions etc. Something is going on and it is really none of my business. Among other things, I am not Conkie's responsibility, after all: it's just one of those things.

So. ~~xpx~~ To work now. Oh, Anna just phoned. Since a little sun is now shining this morning, Irene has accounted that yes she would like to try again (mission aborted yesterday) and drive at least part-way to the Flint Hills and lunch at a place she is fond of called Nickerson's. So they are off soon. Then tomorrow it will be to the airport and I hope this time her journey goes well.

"More anon," but now I wait to hear more from YOU. Love as always, 'me'

September 4, 1982

Lola dear,

Your letter was a joy to receive and to read, partly because of its sense of good spirits and (almost complete) well-being restored, its news of you and George, your painting (so try again!) and so on, its note re: Irene (so very glad to learn that her beloved friends from Europe were here again -- I don't believe Irene mentioned their coming either to Anna by phone or to the two of us in her recent letter), but, most of all, I suspect, because your letter was so very Lola -- complete with touches of humor and self-irony and as always ever-loving warmth.

Alas, I can't send you the handwritten note in question! I quite see that you would need to have it. I guess I thought that just possibly there was some blanket "rule" which applied to the odd-ish capitalization of the nouns.

Listen: if you think you can make me feel bad by calling me "a Jewish mom," you are much "mistook"! So, at the risk of yet once again coming on like a Jewish momma -- I repeat: do not go back to work too soon. I understand o how well I understand the need to make some "moola" but, having come through an oft-performed but still far-from-simple surgery amazingly well and soon, don't "rock the boat." Gall bladder surgery takes a bit more getting over than, say, a hysterectomy (all things being equal). Incidentally, a general anesthetic is a very profound "affront" to the system (that was supposed to be the French term, but it comes out looking just like English). There again, different people differ, and it takes some much longer than others to work it all through their systems.

Should you ever have the wish to do so, you need never feel that I would be bored with any and all details of your ~~max~~ operation and hospital stay! You know me! For instance, how long were you in surgery? And, by the way, did you find Roosevelt Hospital in general a good one?

I (again I fear I repeat myself) am so glad that you had that ~~week~~ week at the shore! Something like that can make all the difference. George's "coming through" for you made heartwarming reading. As I well know, your relationship with your ~~w~~ son has (as have most mother's, I imagine) had its rocky spots and thorny areas, but when the chips were down he did it all -- all that was important -- and did it, plainly, both willingly and well.

Yes of course Irene has deep feelings of appreciative friendship towards you, make no mistake. Yes, too, Irene can, at times, be made nervous and sometimes one really wonders why. I think it not unrelated to old age (my father is but one of many aged people I've known who tended to "spells" and even outbursts of irritation and the like). I imagine, as well, that in a very profound way Irene might have developed into her old age differently had ~~Michael~~ Michael continued to be with her. But as we all point out to one another so often, taken all in all there is

no one quite like her -- her fundamental strength, her ability to love, her humor, her capacity even now with her age and ills to enjoy life and to enjoy as well a calm self-~~ful~~sufficiency that few have at any age. (I think she has her own kind of loneliness -- who could blame her? -- but you know very well what I mean.)

Congratulations on Proust. I suppose something is lacking in me, but I have never been able to "get into" Proust. For those who can, I say, fine! Also, I should be ~~a~~ happy to share your Proust experience when you feel like writing about it.

By the way, will Joyce Ulysse (a most unusual name -- it left me wondering -- is she actually of Greek extraction, or "colored from Jamaica" or what? A name like that could be many things) *continue with you?*

One last thought: I hardly ~~need~~ need remind you that one of the most difficult aspects of being a painter (or a poet, or many other things) is to know when to STOP, to let something alone! Next time

~~xxxx~~ Please convey special and warm greetings to George who seems somehow to have been transferrrd forever from the realm of Infant George to that of George the Caring Son. (I am always amazed by people who always -- if this is meant literally -- eat out. Don't they ever fall ill, especiaally, say, in winter, or perhaps just not feel like heading for some eatery?)

Enough.

I am re-reading (a great re-reader, I) Loren ~~xxx~~ Eisley for the nth time. You have, at some point in time, "found" Eisley, I hope? If not, just dare to say so and I will make like Jewish-Momma-as-Guide-to-Reading!

Continue to improve (as I know you will -- from here on there is no place to go but up) and when you do take your first job, select a truly temporary one just in case you find yourself a bit more tired at first than seems desirable etc. etc.

"More anon," and with best and fondest love -- 'me'

*P.S. -- What about your
"tzores" re: your
apartment building?*

September 23, 1982

Lola dear,

Your letter was delightful and welcome as always. Your spirits sound high and I am glad you haven't hurried back into what ~~it~~ is nowadays termed "the work force." At the risk of yet one more boring ~~repx~~ repetition, it takes quite a while to recover fully and completely from major surgery.

I don't suppose there's a chance of your sending me a color print of your latest "haunting" self portrait? With the cost of film and processing etc. I realize that I am asking a hell of a lot. Still, perhaps you are in the habit of committing your paintings to color-print form just so you can share them with distant friends. But I am not urging this upon you.

Presbyterian! For ~~god~~ God's sake ~~Y~~ (you should pardon the expression) -- Episcopalian! I wouldn't be caught dead with that ~~q#%@\$!@#%& @vix~~ Calvinist outfit. Imagine, they actually use grape juice and Ritz crackers for the Eucharist! As for a natural aptitude for being a Jewish ~~momma~~ momma, I come by it honestly. Apart from a Jewish mother-in-law (whom you of course remember), things were so with Martin and me, first in New York, later in Lawrence, that I used to quip: "Some of my best friends are gentile!"

Re Loren Eisley. You might start with The Immense Journey, his first and ~~no~~-classic work. (Either use your friendly neighborhood library or find it, as you surely can, in paperback in your friendly ~~neighborhood~~ neighborhood book store.) You might then move on to (or even start with, I suppose) The Star Thrower, a compendium of some of his finest pieces and, to many, ~~a~~ the best introduction to the man and his works. I would leave for a little later his autobiography, All The Strange Hours. And then, if you are as "grabbed" as I hope you will be, move on to what I dare term his greatest book, The Night Country. There are plenty others, and all his poems, as well. A strange, ~~s~~trange man, who yet says things almost no one has ever said and says them in a way completely unique, or so I believe.

Some of his book "blurbs" describe him as a "humanist." This he is not. Not a Christian, he is nonetheless imbued (possibly I already wrote of this aspect) with a ~~a~~ certain often rather ~~s~~trange religious sensibility. He himself is a man of his own "night country." I know few writers who can make the hairs on the back of one's neck stand up.

So I guessed correctly re Joyce ~~Ulysses~~ Ulysses!

I am enduring a nightmare that is, at present, toned down and in abeyance -- a house-full of boys (some of them K.U. students) who have moved in right next door to me. Even though they thoroughly alienated the neighborhood with a real blast -- brought speakers outdoors and let the whole ~~neighborhood~~ neighborhood "have it" with rock etc. turned up to about 8 jillion decibels (at long last the police responded and got them to turn it off)

then

and seemed to ~~yield~~ yield with sweet reasonableness to the friendly yet ~~firm~~ firm of a KU. professor living within the radius of that unbelievable assault of sound (on Spt. 11th), I do not trust them or the situation. The parents in Kansas City must be either being "blackmailed" by Sonny-boy (the "head boy" who obviously reigns supreme over there) and bought him this house as a toy to placate him, or off their rockers -- what do they think is going to happen with 6 or 7 19-year-olds living cheek-by-jowl in one small house (Loren ~~Exx~~ Eisley speaks of "the ferocious pack impulse" and this kind of setting spawns it), drinking the most incredible amounts of beer (drugs? that I don't know), and parking all over the lawn, sidewalk, parking strips and the like (another aspect that has everyone upset: among other things this sort of thing, including garbage scattered about etc., is really threatening to real estate values), coming and going (rather mysteriously) at odd hours all night, standing around yelling obscenities and more. I feel physically utterly lousy since they showed up on the scene, and my morale, not very good this whole past year since HE "took down," is at an all-time low, I don't mind admitting. And this situation presumably will go on for the entire rest of my life -- as long as I live in this house. Eventually these boys (including "sonny-boy") will either graduate or move on only to be replaced by other boys, not likely to be better these days, as the Kansas City parents keep the house rented in order to realize a profit on their investment.

Well, enough of that.

It hasn't done much for me, ~~x~~ either, that proofreading has fallen away to almost nothing -- this is so for all of us proofreaders who operate on contract. And the worst winter in history, with heating bills of 400 and up per month, is firmly forecast for this part of the nation. Oh, goody. It simply means that I will have to eat away at my savings to cope and then what? I write, I know, bleakly, because the future looks bleak. It's a funny thing -- I mean funny-peculiar -- when one's life crashes it often really crashes, on all fronts. Since HE was rushed to the Med Center in K.C. for his heart surgery (almost exactly one year ago) one thing after another, some of course rather trifling, has gone wrong, or sour, with me, and now this gang, this nest, next door has been, and I confess it, "the last straw." I have to try and get on top of it and get a hold of myself. Where is Constance's famous "toughness" and ~~rx~~ resilience?

I've not heard re the possible publication of my poems. We all know that these little presses operate slowly. I predict I won't hear until November, and the way things have been going with me, it will be a "Sorry, no dice." But we will see.

Now I have "dumped on" you: forgive me. I by the way wrote some of this (about the boys next door, for instance) to Irene.

A word re your surgery: not getting fully awake until 5 p.m. is rather surprising, I must say. It could be something about your system -- or it could be that the anesthesiologist laid it on too heavily. Small wonder you've been troubled by the time it has taken to recover from its effects.

Much love and more anon I hope in cheerier mood! As always, 'me'

November 19, 1982

Lola dear,

Your letter came only a couple of hours ago, but already I reply and shall drop this in the main P.O. en route to the 5:30 Eucharist. Why do I reply with such "unseemly" haste? In part because I am so very glad to have had a full, rich communication from you; in part, too, I suppose, because I feel it incumbent upon me to set straight one matter.

It is this: I never said (or never meant) that I didn't know what to do with what Papa left in terms of furniture and the like (although you may regard this with horror, I did, in fact, arrange and have within two weeks of his death an "estate sale" -- two ladies here in town do this sort of thing, and do it competently, compassionately, with total integrity as well, and there was nothing -- well, almost nothing -- of Papa's that I wanted~~x~~ to keep or that I could use: I kept two or three small Oriental rugs and a number of his books, and gave certain things to the Rector down at Trinity Church, such as Papa's rather large and valuable collection of ~~R~~ Bibles etc.). What I meant was: I didn't (and still don't) know what to do with "passing Papa on" through time, so to speak. Once I am dead, and a few distant ~~xxx~~ cousins in Connecticut are dead, and ditto those persons at the Church of the Atonement in Tenafly also here down at Trinity who knew and cared for him in one way or another, where is he? Not having children, and, in turn, grandchildren, does make a vast difference when one comes to think about such matters. I sometimes look at a marvellous portrait (a photograph, made in 1917) and think: what will become of this one -- some day? And I mull over endless typescripts -- sermons, notes for sermons, lectures that he gave when he taught at St. Faith's School for Deaconesses on the grounds of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine (it went out of existence years ago), etc. Who will ever appreciate them? Should I, or could I, try to do something with them? And so on. That is what I meant.

I pity you from the bottom of my heart (not to mention grieving ~~hat~~ poor ~~Sax~~ Saerchen has come to this pass and ~~■~~ remains in it, God forbid, seemingly indefinitely). One can only hope that she will ~~mercifully~~ mercifully just simply die. ~~xxx~~ (Incidentally, I thought things were costly here: but \$3,000.00 a month to keep her where she is? Incredible!) I can well understand that your present occupation with this whole situation makes it impossible for you to try and cope with a job or series thereof. Obviously, if there are various persons around who truly cared for Saerchen, the first thing one thinks of is to see that A or B is given this or that "to remember her by" kind of thing. But I see nothing wrong with selling what may well be the vast ~~majority~~ majority of her ~~px~~ possessions. Yes, the money can be put into her estate (although I can't help but think that for those who are putting in hours and hours and days and weeks some money ought quite rightfully be theirs -- as I am sure Saerchen in possession of her faculties would want as well).

Your story of your friend Madeline (and her daughter) does really sound like something too much for "the soaps" but I know, of course, that such things happen, yes, right in "real life." How tragic for all concerned, even, I suppose, the Iranian husband. One can only wonder how that will all come out!

I marvel at your energy and motivation -- taking an art etc. course! Wonderful! I barely make it to to fix a simple evening meal -- nothing that ever tastes very good to me as the things I long to eat would create an internal disaster and then I get into bed and read until about 9, at which time, it's bath, cleaning and flossing teeth, doing a few simple exercises in an attempt to keep (hah!) "fit," and come 10 p.m., lights out! My 5-mg Valium helps me get right to sleep but I often wake up after two or three hours, lie awake worrying about this or that or even about nothing at all, then "nap" until, say, 5:30. I do manage my brisk half-hour walk daily (although when the bitter cold begins, that will have to be ~~w~~ re-thought).

Proofreading ~~pick~~ picks up from time to time~~x~~ and I'll have plenty of work, followed, again, by a hiatus of from one to three weeks. But I get along -- financially -- so far.~~x~~

I am glad that you are going to apply your unique talents to the Rilke -- and very glad that your contact with Joel Agee continues. I do indeed realize that he has some pretty intense personal problems -- but I have an idea perhaps you are good for him.

Re: the boys next door. All continues to be well. I rather wish they hadn't added a) a stray puppy, b) a second stray puppy, and now c) a stray kitten. I know how it so often is with these young people. ~~It's~~ It's "neat" or "cute" or "in" to have lots of pets, and I think after their fashion they do have fondness for them and take fairly good care of them, but already the puppies, in their puppy fashion, ~~manage~~ manage to "ooch" under my fence and ~~explore~~ explore my back yard and then they all too soon find a place to "ooch" under the fence on the other side, and then it's "over the hills and far away" -- at least this has happened a time or two, and it's a miracle that the boys went out and about and actually found and brought back home the little doggies. Sooner or later I just know that some one of these small animals is going to get hit by a car or something.

I do indeed want to hear the ~~good~~ "good for a change" news re George. You have me very curious.

I read a great deal about the after-effects of bypass surgery especially or so it would seem on men. In fact a friend in Easton, Pa., wrote about ~~friend~~ a friend of hers whose husband had triple by-pass surgery. The hospital (in Cleveland) where the operation was performed gives regular classes for wives to prepare them for the possible (and, I gather, more or less frequent) alterations they can expect in their husbands and how to cope (~~x~~ or try to). My friend's friend says that "her husband quite simply is no longer her husband." If we all live ~~x~~ long enough I feel sure that something ~~is~~ safer and better than by pass surgery will be found. I hope so.

No, I have very up-to-date news at all times re: HIM, NOT from Anna, but from a neighbor-friend across the street, a former RN who knew him well first at Lawrence Memorial Hospital, later at Watkins Hosp. on

campus (by the way, Aileen's own husband had ~~quintuple~~ quintuple by-pass surgery nearly two years ago, and has done pretty well in most respects; but Aileen knows ~~it~~ all too well such little pretty aspects as 30% of the men so operated on commit suicide within the first six months, etc. etc. Ugh. Dear God, please, some time soon a better way????? By the way, I have read several articles to the effect that whereas some men sometimes do experience ~~relief~~ relief of symptoms and even prolonged lives, women are rarely if ever helped by this surgery. One wonders why.) My last intelligence (I did write you this?) was that HE was going out to his farm daily, riding, ~~xxx~~ roping and branding calves, and otherwise "working for" one of his married sons who built a house in a corner of said farm several years ago. Yet HE doesn't come back to work. Mystery, mystery.

You didn't make mention of Irene; I had rather hoped you might have some news of her.* We've not heard from her in at least three weeks. I write twice a month at the least, although I've nothing very much to say, really, except to make it as interesting and chatty a letter as I can, knowing that a "nice" letter is fun to get and makes a break in a sometimes-long or drab day. But where Irene once wrote to Anna, or ~~xxxxxx~~ to me, she no longer does, or very, very rarely (please, say nothing of this to her, no reproach is intended, as you will understand), and the last three times Anna tried phoning Irene she ran into ~~xxx~~ bad luck: once the sister had just arrived; another time the Jahodas had come to call; and the like. Anna half-wishes that Irene would resume at least the occasional call, because ~~th~~ way Irene will have picked a time convenient to her. Oh, well. She should only enjoy as much health and as much of life as possible.

Yes, my costly but vital "white noise" machine really IS a God-send! one hundred and thirty or so dollars well spent.

We are having what cannot possibly last -- 70-degree weather and the sun now out after some needed rain. All too soon it will be bitter, bitter winter. I dread it personally, I kid you not. But I think, too, about Irene --and the many Irene's in this world who ~~xx~~ become virtual prisoners under such conditions.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO START READING LOREN ~~EXXX~~ EISLEY?????????????

"More anon," with much joy at having heard from you, despite many depressing and distressing stories you had to tell and share (and I am glad that you COULD tell and share).

Love as always, 'me'

* By the time you receive this, Anna will have phoned Irene.

More quite soon, I hope. Have a good holiday time. I hope the difficult and emotionally taxing work with Saerchen's things has come to an end. With all special love, as ever, 'me'

Dec. 21, 1982

Lola dear,

The Joel Agee book arrived yesterday. What a wonderful idea of something to send! You always "hit" it, anyhow -- but this time it's very special, in part because of my having been able to follow your association with Joel Agee, in part because you had him autograph it (how especially thoughtful), and in yet another part because I know it will be of real interest. More on this subject after I have read it -- probably after the holidays.

It's funny -- I am not celebrating the holidays in any social sense of the term, yet I seem perpetually occupied with facets thereof, mainly getting my cards out (to a ~~number~~ number of old friends to whom I only write this one time of the year, in some cases out of duty, in many cases out of love and continued interest) and trying to think what to give the lady who comes in once a month and cleans for me etc. etc. etc.

Our luck still holds with the weather, although for how much longer no one can say. We've yet to have a storm, or even especially cold weather. Days from 33 to 52 or so; nights only three times below about 28 or 30. This is a mercy in view of the still constantly rising cost of gas bills. What a corruption! What a nerve! Here we sit a few hundred miles from the nation's if not the world's largest natural gas field (the Hugoton field in southwestern Kansas) and we are supplied with expensive Arab nation-produced liquified natural gas. Pfui (a mild expression).

Anna has talked with Irene by phone twice over the past two and a half or so weeks. What I now write is, of course, in strictest confidence. But Anna is very sad about Irene -- although at 87 a life can be seen as drawing to its close without any deep grief and sorrow. Irene, as she says of herself, has days or periods of time when she feels pretty well -- but never as she come back up to where she was before her last heart attack. Also her spirits, ~~press~~ especially as the holidays approach, are low. She sees, with great clarity, and says so, that her life is drawing to its close, that she only prays it will come swiftly and simply, the ending of it, that she knows she will never see Lawrence or Anna or me again, that while often lonely she is also often very nervous so that visits even from cared for and caring friends upset her. It's a strange mood, Anna says, yet one she can understand. One phone conversation was mostly just sadness and tears; the next one seemed to do a lot for Irene, to pour our her soul to Anna, so to speak.

You know, I have never heard a word from the BkMk Press in Kansas City -- ~~how~~ why, by now, I can't fathom. Had I written you that the whole enterprise got thrown out of gear by the (unexpected and inexplicable) suicide of one of their most recently published poets, a black writer and resident of K.C. personally known to and loved by the various people connected with the Press. I am sure it was an ugly shock and a great grief to many (I did not know of the man or his writings) but surely by now things have settled down. Of course our down-plunging economy hardly favors such "luxuries" as the publications of poetry!

P.B.-- I am getting a little crazy in my old age. I have read the Joel Agee book and did like it very much. It is a sort of perfect "mix" of intimate personal reminiscences with a "portrait of an era" and a way of life. One almost sees and lives with this young, difficult, often tormented boy!

Jan. 22, 1983

Lola dear,

No one writes a letter quite like you (and, again, I must comment: no one, reading one of your letters, would even raise the question about English being your native tongue -- you really are remarkable!) and I was delighted to get yours yesterday. Not so delighted, ~~s~~ needless to state, with the contents. You have been going through so much of late (but then . . . since when haven't you, if you take my meaning?).

Oh, now I see. You didn't have "influenza" -- you had "the shits and the pukes." ~~W~~ This is going around here too and I only hope to escape it. One thing that possibly helps me is that I never eat in restaurants or purchase ready-cooked food, as from a so-called "deli" etc. (Would that I could do both, actually.)

The story of Saerchen goes on and on and it is so pathetic. One sees more and more clearly -- it isn't the length of life that matters, it's ~~xxx~~ the quality. Mental clarity, at least a reasonable degree of health and strength, and, as Anna puts it, having something one wants to do and can do still -- these are what is important. The last four years or so of my father's life were ~~w~~ really pretty dreadful. As I commented to Anna this very morning, things reached ~~xx~~ the point where the only thing he still had that he wanted to do was go on living (which is not to say that he didn't enjoy a few aspects of that living -- reading or re-reading this book or that, watching the Boston Pops on TV, etc.). Obviously Saerchen must have a lot of will, motivation, and so on to go on and on in her condition. Yes, of course, having to have a general anesthesia could only have a deleterious effect on what little clarity of mind ~~w~~ remains ~~toxxxx~~ her. You perhaps will recall how Lissie, following her surgery (5 hours of it) for rectal cancer, under a general, was almost literally brain-damaged for close to six months (thank God I had a spinal for the same surgery -- but of course I was very, well relatively very, young at the time -- some safeguard).

Your ongoing story of Madeline and her sufferings and her daughter's as well is so horrible. I hope something will "come right" for them and for the sad little son. One can hardly wish Hodg well, I must own.

Yes you do indeed "get involved" -- but this is you. You couldn't conduct yourself otherwise. You can at least experience within yourself I hope the knowledge that you have been of immeasurable help to a number of people (Saerchen, for one, may not ~~xxx~~ be mentally aware of this, but that is not the important thing, of course).

That "your exhibitionist" is also aging is funny/sad, isn't it? Perhaps a new poem on that theme?

Yes, phoning ~~xxx~~ Irene is apt not to "come off" very well, somehow, although there are exceptions. Anna, too, often innocently picks "the wrong time" although I believe that on the occasion of her most recent phone conversation with I. (or the one just before it, I forget), everything went very well and "just right." Yes, it is unfortunate, this awkwardness about "right times to phone," because Irene is often lonely, and at least a phone visit could and should

help alleviate this loneliness.

I sometimes wonder if it isn't perhaps Elsa who bears most of the brunt of the most strange Krewer menage? Let the militant feminists say what they will, fair or unfair, it is most often the wife and/or mother who has to bear the brunt of a difficult husband and/or child or children. I guess I will never understand (perhaps you don't either?) what happened to Julie who seemed bright and promising in every way and then it all went sort of SPLAT.

I made the unpleasant discovery that, despite years and years of taking a good deal of estrogen, I have a "moderately advanced" case of osteoporosis. I went over to Watkins Hospital (with heavy heart and much emotional upheaval) and saw one of the other doctors and up and asked for the spinal X-ray that would give the diagnosis. (I also asked for an EKG, which was normal, whatever that may mean -- it often means damned little, however I was pleased to learn that my eye grounds look very good indeed.) Next week I will see another physician there who, as it so happens, "got up" a specialty in endocrinology not long ago -- with sub-specialty of calcium metabolism. I can thank Anna for my finally finding out: she's been after me for at least two or three years: "Stand up straight!" "You are getting a hump!" "You ~~xxx~~ are starting to look like Helen!" ~~x~~ (her 87-year-old sister-in-law who lives in a nursing home in Topeka) etc. etc. There is little doubt that since some years I can't tolerate milk (even mixed with Lactaid, the product that enabled Anna to resume drinking milk again but didn't damn it work for me) my diet has been low in calcium of which we need more as we age, of course. My calcium serum level tests out perfectly normal, but, as the Merck Manual puts it, this is par for the course in cases of primary or "old-age" osteoporosis. So I will try to get in to see this other doctor next week and take it from there.

You know, I ~~xxxxxx~~ can't honestly recall whether I wrote you of this or not, but I think not: the word is now official, HE has retired. Why his name was kept on the blackboard until a few weeks ago I will never know. So there you are. Will I ever see him again? No one can predict for sure, but I think Anna has caught the essence of the truth when she says, in effect: what he is devoted to these days, since his devastating surgery, is staying alive and maintaining as high a degree of health as is possible. To which I've added, also in effect: he always had something of a struggle with his Presbyterian guilts etc. and I simply ~~xxx~~ don't think he is up to returning to that duality in relationships. So we will see.

I am glad you are going to resume Yoga. By the way, home trampolins are becoming both cheaper and more common -- maybe you would find one helpful for exercise. But I think exercising on one must be done with some care and worked up to gradually. It comes across as a rather taxing experience at first and I shall reserve some for truly inclement weather as taking my brisk walk comes more naturally to me and is certainly less stressful (which may or may not be the solution, I don't know).

Proofreading fell off again, then I just got an assignment. I guess 'twill be ever thus and there's nothing I can do about it.

We've had a bit of light snow during the night and I am told the driving may be slick. I will see about that. If at all possible I will get this off in the mail for you. At worst, I can put it out for the postman. Much, much love as ever,
'me'

Feb. 27, 1983

Lola dear,

Your letter, welcome as always, receives Immediate Response -- in part because I wanted to put in your hands the enclosed. As you may guess, I Xeroxed it. It is the galleys of a not-terribly-good article from a really pretty yukky journal (The Geographical Review) but, simply by virtue of its subject matter, I thought that you might like to read it and then pass it on to Joel. (Joel may not care two pins about it, but still . . .) (In Xeroxed form one misses the colors -- red, blue, and black, each color used for a different purpose when I "do" galleys.)

I never heard of (not surprising) Günter Kunert ~~1~~ (yet once more you have introduced me to a European writer of merit and worth). Your quotation was impressive and moving.

It seems almost incredible that Saerchen, despite her age and infirmities of mind and body, survives and goes on and on and on. You never know with these aged people: their "survivability" (I deliberately "coin" a modern-type yukky word) is often as remarkable as it is (to me) inexplicable. So the hospital managed to lose her lower dentures! (So what else is new?) I tell you, today's hospital has become a frightening place of non-care -- and worse. I can now confess that I was so relieved that you came through your gall bladder surgery O.K. I ~~xxxx~~hear one story after another -- and I mean true and authenticated -- of persons admitted to hospitals for one thing who promptly contract another; of others admitted for gall bladder surgery who get operated on for the veins in their legs (or vice versa); of surgeons who ought to be drummed out of the profession going about their butchery unchallenged; and on and on.

I now ingest about 1400 mg. of calcium per day (with some 800 or more added I.U.'s of Vitamin D to help in its absorption) and we'll see what this does for me. If the process gets arrested and I am spared spontaneous fractures of any of the thoracic vertebrae I will account myself lucky. On every hand I hear tales from women whose doctors simply ignore their "humps" or say (rather brutally, even if spoken kindly) "You'll just have to live with it!" or prescribe more and more pain-killers (for those who also have pain) and so on. As for Paula, I am guessing that she is one of those for whom the calcium was not ~~enough~~ enough: she should have been getting at least low-dosage estrogen all these years. Don't know whether I mentioned the still-experimental and ~~highly controversial~~ highly controversial sodium fluoride which, if you live where there is a research center and work on this is being done at it, you may try: I'd as soon not and do not intend to unless more becomes known and/or it becomes clear that not even lots of calcium plus estrogen is at least halting the course of my osteoporosis. As for me being "too young," guess again! Osteoporosis can begin at almost any age, but certainly upon menopause (which, as you know, in my case, was an abrupt surgical one -- the ~~worst~~ worst kind). Then too (this for Paula, among others) it is entirely agreed that the right kind of exercise is of paramount importance. "Bones, to be healthy, need the pull and tug of muscles across them" I read somewhere and I can well imagine this to be true.

I have just learned that there is a Department for Studies on the Climacteric at the University of ~~Fl~~ Florida at Gainesville. I am going to ask my present and new physician at Watkins Hospital to write there for some information re exercises (some kinds of exercise might be dangerous, for instance). This is something that any one of us (Paula, i.e.) can ask our doctors to do. I am getting sick and tired ~~of~~ of the physicianly approach that only interests itself in an immediately life-threatening and dramatic ^{illness} but takes a ho-hum view of the chronic, on-going, and not directly life-threatening.

If there are any poems simmering within, they ain't come out yet! Perhaps soon? By the way, it is nearly a year since I sent my whole manuscript to that BkMk Press in Kansas City. I must say, I think they could have given me a reply, one way or another. Oh, well. If I don't hear pretty soon, I will write the Editor.

I do hope that ~~Wxxxx~~ Valerie's nightmare situation can get cleaned up -- and soon. One would sympathize if she went truly mad! That is one thing good that has come out of "the women's movement" -- she has, today, a better chance to shed her maniac husband and ~~perhaps~~ perhaps see to it that she retains sole custody of the child. Madeline's involved sufferings must be excruciating as well. What a help and comfort you must have been to them!

By the way it will be some time before I will know whether all this calcium (plus my continuing estrogen) is "working." Evidently there is no ~~point~~ point in repeating X-rays of the thoracic spine for about one year (already now about one year minus six or seven weeks -- do you note how time flies faster -- and faster and faster?).

This continues to be the mildest winter on record here in Kansas -- surely we are going to get socked even with March just about here with ~~some~~ some bitter cold? The gas rate increases (soon to be tripled, thanks to our beloved president!) have made our bills incredible, even so. I am, in point of fact, getting a bit scared as I look into the future --assuming I have some years yet to live.

On this cheering hote . . .

"More anon," and do write soon!

Love as ever, 'me'

P.S. -- Irene evidently weathered "the great blizzard of '83" O.K., thank God!

Anna made mention of my acceptance at BkMk in her conversation with I. yesterday but I will be writing her at least a brief letter this morning also.

Do I need to add that you get a gift copy, when (and if) the time comes? Love as always, 'me'

March 14, 1983

Lola dear,

Real news, this time! The BkMk Press of Kansas City (which, by the way, is officially affiliated with the University of Missouri at Kansas City) is bringing out a volume of my poetry in, say, about ten months! The editor (himself a poet, one Dan Jaffe, who seems to be rather well known, although, alas, not by me) and his wife (who designs book covers and the like) came out~~xxx~~ to Lawrence to talk~~x~~ with me (I liked them both immensely~~x~~ and it was noble of them to come out -- I had to explain to them that because of my ~~x~~ "internal workings" I'd not been out of town in many years etc.) and, barring unforeseen complications (which undoubtedly will arise) the thing is a fait accompli!

I feel that you and Anna have somehow been my guiding spirits in many senses of the term for many years. I also owe ~~x~~ a lot to my professor in the English department here, Terry Moore, who set this contact up (and who also encouraged me re my poetry, although of course not to the extent or for the~~long~~ long term of time etc. as you and Anna).

Anna has long been saying that to get a poem accepted here, a poem printed there, perhaps ~~xxx~~ two or three, even, is not the way to become known. ~~x~~ She has often said that "a person has to read a collection of your work -- one or two or three won't do" and the like.

Naturally, not only being me but being me as I've regretably tended to become since last summer when HIS office was vacated and I sort of gave up hope on various levels, I feel certain that something will go sour -- UMKC will run out of funds, I will die, something. By the way, BkMk is NOT a "vanity" press: I will hardly make money but I get a small payment in advance, plus royalties. They publicize their books and send out review copies but they also (sensibly, I feel) ask their authors to help. If, for instance, an author knows persons in another city who can, say, help get a number of copies placed in a book store or two, great! (You can already see what will lie in store for you, don't you -- and I have rather a list of people in various places on whom I plan to put the bite! When things are really coming along, of course.)

I really am pleased and only wish I could respond with what would have been, even one year ago, my usual capacity for rejoicing and being thrilled. How ungrateful to life ~~for~~ ^{to} feel as I do! Oh, well.

Anna phoned Irene yesterday. Things are much the~~s~~ same, but she is now in a phase where she feels (this strictly in confidence, of course) that she is slowly "failing" -- which at her now-~~in~~ vast age may well be the case. One can only pray that she won't just slowly drift into greater weakness and disability but will just "go" if you take~~my~~ my meaning. Her terrible problem these months seems to be sleeping. Anna isn't clear whether she takes any pills for it, and if not, why not: one often doesn't like to inquire too closely, with Irene. Perhaps Arthur won't let her.

is certainly of some help at bedtime, but upping the dosage (which I don't like to do and only tried once or twice) doesn't seem to prevent my waking at 3 or so and not sleeping again the rest of the night. Shit.

Re: exercise -- the one thing all doctors seem to agree on is that walking (briskly, of course) is still the best and safest ~~exercise~~ exercise. I'd think this might be difficult to do in NYC! Hope your snow has stopped! More anon, love as ever, me

Lola dear,

It's high time I replied to your wonderful (as always) letter of (good grief!) March 21.

I am not enclosing a list of titles because, although I submitted Xeroxed copies to Dan Jaffe at BkMk Press, and of course kept the original MS, I can't find it! Unbelievable! Naturally I made a special place to house it -- ~~w~~ one of those absolutely safe, wonderful, you-can't-misplace-it-type places. They say nowadays that no one is senile, we all have Alzheimer's Disease (which Martin and Kurt Goldstein considered a rarity when they studied it). Ho, hum. All I can say is, I've had it since about age 20! I still ~~xxxx~~ hope to find it.

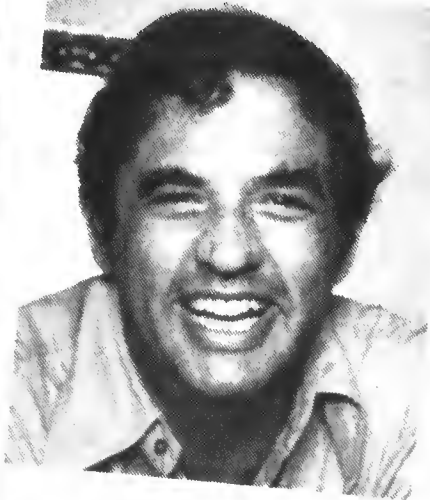
Our weather is pretty shitty (cloudy, cloudy, cloudy, and chillish, chillish, chillish, a most abnormal spring) but lately it isn't a patch on yours. Snow in New York in late April, yet!

You do realize that Irene's mood, or the "ambience" she conveys, have a good deal to do with to whom she is speaking, also when (meaning, at what stage she happens to be in at the moment). Then, too, she may "come on" differently with you from the way she does with Anna. She has, by the way, definitely decided not to even try and make her usual annual late-May or early-June visit to Kansas. It is sad, in a way, but it is understandable. Each visit of recent years seems to have involved her in some almost nightmarish megilleh with a dishonest taxi driver, or a failure of an airline to have a wheelchair ready for her as promised, or this, or that. And now she is 88 years old! And she is not as she was before her heart attack of nearly a year ago. She has written to me in the meantime about her altered sleep ~~x~~ pattern and she does indeed appear to have adjusted to it and to be just "rolling with the punches." By the way, I've not heard her speak in some while about her "Schwartz" -- who does she now have, is she reliable, etc. etc.

I devoutly hope that your "internal troubles" have cleared up by now, or at least that they are no longer a cause of concern. Naturally I am glad that X-rays showed up nothing. I still think today's physicians grow increasingly indifferent (either that or, often, alas, from mercenary motivations they order up every test known to mankind and still may miss a diagnosis!) and I hear especially bad things ~~about doctors back east, somehow.~~ By the way, although I rarely spend money on anything any more that isn't a vital necessity, I did indulge myself by purchasing the newest Merck Manual. It certainly has been updated and improved in many ~~x~~ important ways.

I am in a waking-up-too-early phase -- typical of someone in a depression, which is what I suppose I am in. My sense of loss and hurt will, eventually, go away, and of course for a good many months I continued to hope etc. etc. Hope has pretty much fled, and it is realistic that it should do so. But my present (non)sleep pattern I could have done ~~wixthxxxxx~~ without, I must say. My 5-mg Valium

April 20, 1983



DAN JAFFE

Dan Jaffe (conference director) is the author of *Dan Freeman*, *The Muscles and the Bones that Carry Us to Love* and *The First Tuesday in November*. He has edited three anthologies of poetry by young people as well as *Frontier Literature: Images of the American West* (with John Knoepfle). His articles on Gwendolyn Brooks, Theodore Roethke, Archibald MacLeish and the poets of World War II appear in numerous anthologies. Jaffe is editor-in-chief of BkMk Press and a professor of English at the University of Missouri-Kansas City.

May 9, 1983

Lola dear,

Your letter was so truly loving, compassionate and, yes, helpful in every way that I hasten to tell you so. Not that I would ever expect less of you, it goes without saying. And it also goes without saying that you of all people are THE great expert in depression, alas to say.

~~Actually~~ Actually I think that Valium (or even, perhaps, nothing) will serve me as well as Dalmain^{ne} or X or Y if I can just "get my head together" -- which will come in time as it always has.

I'd not thought that my present situation would have brought with it, even unconsciously, ~~my~~ memories of my great year of grief after Martin died. This situation is so different (yet, no doubt, so similar in certain respects). But what do I know? You may well be right.

Why Lola Gruenthal! A bright woman like you can't figure out (even though I did say it in some letter, I feel sure) what BkMk means! What could "bk" stand for but . . . book? The Mk part may be a little more difficult, but try . . . mark. I enclose, just for fun (of a sort), a very good photograph of Dan Jaffe, whom (as I think I must have written you) I enjoyed meeting and visiting^{with} very much a few months back. A big, almost a bear of a man, very colorful and flamboyant, warm (and I think truly so), lots of humor, and very, very bright. Dedicated, too, with high, simple, and decent standards as a poet and ~~p~~ a person.

It so happens Irene has phoned Anna a couple of times recently. (Do you know it took 11 days for Anna's ~~birth~~ birthday package to travel via "Priority Mail" from here to Irene: shocking. It has been our impression more than once that something is very ~~x~~ wrong with I.'s local post office branch. Often her letters -- which she still occasionally writes and I know it is now a real effort for her but we are both glad when she still makes such an effort -- would arrive, either at my house or at Anna's, days later than they should have, black and filthy as if run over by a truck!) She does sound in pretty good spirits. Her plan (which may or may not go through, I suppose) was to have someone (I ~~may~~ forget now who) drive her up to the Catskill area and back the same day -- it seemingly isn't all that far -- to see "if the air there agrees with her." She says she feels alright in her apartment but that the air outside "doesn't agree with her." Anna and I fear that, unrealized by Irene, it isn't so much the air as her undeniably failing heart, and that her venturings outdoors are accompanied by greater physical effort, and therefore she believes that the air isn't agreeing with her. But who knows?

Yes, I read a lot, as a matter of fact. Indeed, evenings I get into bed soon after supper (cosy, and it also means I have my feet up, so to speak, and read until 9 or 9:15, at which time I begin my usual pre-bedtime routine -- bath, certain exercises I do religiously, brushing and flossing my teeth, and the like. Lights out about ten, as a rule (sometimes I feel a bit more energetic and read longer, or tune in to the 10~~pm~~ p.m. news on TV, pretty "local" and provincial but one has to know what is going on locally too).

P.S. The Saerchen situation is so pitiful. And doesn't one wonder how it is possible that she goes on living -- on and on?

Much of my reading is "light" or semi-light -- re-readings of old favorites, perhaps, say, the James Herriot series ("All Creatures Great and Small" etc. etc.), or detective and/or espionage stores (British preferred), or it could be Martin Buber or C.S. Lewis or Dorothy L. Sayers. (Reading-reading is very different from proof-reading!) Once in a while I will look at something on TV, but this is rare and mostly confined to Sunday nights when there are such "goodies" as Masterpiece Theater or, from time to time, the Shakespeare series, etc.

Your darned right I will keep exercising! By the way, I did tell you that the total of 900 mg of calcium carbonate I ingest daily (to which is added 1 8-oz carton on Brown Cow yoghurt and 1 "cup" of baked custard made with real~~y~~, whole milk -- by me) has a somewhat costive effect, so that I no longer need to take ~~xxxxxxx~~ Lomotil -- or very rarely -- and can now eat and tolerate ham, certain kinds of cheese, etc. A pleasant ~~xxxx~~ change, I must say.

Since I am tuned in to CCN (Cable News Network) -- a valuable asset and an important one, I feel -- I picked up one of their frequent medical bulletins and heard that it is now known that most diets are deficient in folic acid (I doubt if yours would be) and that folic acid is essential both ~~■~~ for ~~■~~ general well-being and also for properly absorbing food in the small intestine. (As Anna puts it, Adelle Davis knew and said all these things years and years ago and everyone laughed at her. Well, there is much that always worried me about Adelle Davis, statements that I consider downright dangerous -- I will explain should you be interested -- but she did have an essential "rightness" in her insistence on proper nutrition, no question. It is interesting that now, at long last, some big ~~xxx~~ complexes of internists and the like are ~~xxxx~~ adding to their staffs physicians who have "got up" an expertise in the field of nutrition. Poor Adelle -- it was bad enough that she died of bone cancer; but, if you recall, when she was dying she had to keep apologizing to the American public and trying to "explain away" both to them and to herself how she, who had eaten the perfect foods etc. etc., could have had this happen to her. I believe she finally came up with the idea that for a brief time in college she had been guilty of eating the equivalent of what we today call "junk" foods -- and that explained why she had developed bone cancer. I don't of course accept this for a moment. But I do accept that people can do themselves great harm if they don't eat something in the way of a balanced diet, with attention paid to the special needs of this or that person which will differ markedly from one to another etc. etc.)

On that note, to ~~xxxx~~work -- which in this case means off to do some errands. I am delighted to hear that you and George will share a trip -- and to your beloved Mexico, too.

I can only repeat: without Anna I do not know what I would do. Carolyn is so far away and returns home so seldom. This could change. She is beginning to realize, at age 51+, that she is moving in "the fast lane" in a "gamex" that is for people 23-35 or so. She has moved into a brilliant, exciting, fascinating, demanding full-time position ~~■~~ with the famous~~x~~ (to me infamous) Qube, and is making the big bucks, and flying all over the country, and all that, but it is taking it~~s~~ out of her. (In addition the idiot rarely if ever eats breakfast or lunch! I chewed her out for that when she was home this weekend for the first time in over four months!) (And ~~xxx~~ she knows better, too!)

Well. More soon. Lovingly, 'me'

June 22, 1983

Lola dear,

I reply "with unseemly haste" just because it was so good to hear from you.

Your recently ended job with Universal Pictures may not have been "glamorous," but ~~is~~ it sounded good, and, once again Lola ~~g~~ triumphs! You never fail to impress me with your skills and abilities -- things I certainly do not possess! I can see Lola, age 90, still in demand! Ah, well do I know that it is better -- ~~is~~ for all of us -- to have something ~~demanded~~ of us, something we must turn to and do. I could not, with my gut, even begin to think of undertaking anything that would force me to leave the house at some precise hour each day and the like. Therefore I am so doubly grateful for having the proofreading, even though it has fallen ~~a~~ off in amount, hence money coming in. Well, if it were not for HIM, some ~~x~~ years back, there would have been no proofreading and I wonder just what I would be doing -- for money, and for something "demanded of me" etc.

That situation, very gradually, is "falling away," which is, or so I think, both normal and inevitable. I still don't get a terribly clear picture of just how well (or not so well) he really is. On the ~~one~~ one hand, a ~~s~~ neighbor/friend across the street from me (who worked as an RN for years and year, 18 or more of them at Watkins Hospital and who sees HIM, or THEM, several times a year at Christmas parties, retirement parties, and the like at Watkins) depicted him at a recent-ish event as glowing with health and "renewal" and enjoying his retirement immensely and going out to his farm where he was (at that time, at least) happily roping and branding calves etc. Beatrice W., who saw him (them) at some function (the retirement dinner for a prominent town physician, once in his group when he was in private practice), reported (with, I suspect, "malice aforethought~~x~~") that "He looks like a dying man so slowed down in every way his voice inaudible changed beyond recognition" and more. Well, Beatrice hates him (he didn't come to the memorial ~~s~~ meeting when Holy St. Erik died and, knowing him, I bet he didn't write a note of condolence, ~~wither~~ -- and B. measures all things solely in relation to how people worship "her Erik") -- there's that. Then, too, he may have been just as well and glowing as my neighbor Aileen said he was, but been in a down-phase when Beatrice ~~saw~~ saw him. For all I know he may be having a series of small ischemic episodes. One can but speculate. I hope I live to see the day when bypass surgery will be supplanted by a less hazardous process. (For some it already is: a friend in Topeka, a woman several years my junior, had been futzing around with chest pains for maybe two years -- her husband is a psychiatrist and one son a physician so both are quite aware of the extreme dangers of the angiogram. But the day ~~came~~ came when they just had to risk it, and lo and behold one main artery was completely ~~block~~ blocked. They tried the new-ish procedure where they introduce a balloon or inflate a balloon in the artery -- and broke up the clot! So Pat may be able to avoid the more drastic and dangerous bypass surgery.)

Well, anyway. We simply do not know whether his "dropping" of me is a result of his cowardice (of which he has a good bit in some respects) combined with what was an ever-present sense of guilt (which he would at times be quite well able to put ~~xxxx~~ aside, only to wrap himself in it after some weeks and months of pretty explicit and revelatory conduct), or whether, perhaps, the bypass surgery, which did not go too well and from which his recovery was abnormally slow, brought about, as it not infrequently does, an altered personality with its attendant implications. (In one hospital in Ohio, where coronary bypass surgery is a very big thing, special classes are held for wives to accustom them to the fact that in _____% of all cases the ~~man~~ they will be bringing home will no longer be the man they brought in for surgery. I have ~~xxxx~~ heard about one or two such instances right here in Lawrence -- "Joe just isn't my husband any longer" etc. etc.k

There is no doubt that Irene is, as I believe I have said before, "winding down" -- but can one expect anything else in a woman of 88 ~~xxxx~~ with a wonky heart and a history of cancer?k Whatever she does she does, most of the time, with an essential grace and charm and I think she really has made her peace at least with life confined to her apartment. She definitely does have a rich inner life, but she has indicated, either in one of her now-rare letters or on the phone to Anna, that she has plenty of bad and lonely times while at the same time feeling all too easily nervous or fatigued by company.

Now about your gut and/or digestive problems. As I recall, you have had, fairly recently, a complete series of G.I. X-rays -- all clear. What my memory blots out, or maybe you didn't go into a lot of detail, is: what other tests did you have done? I really don't like the sound of your being recurrently plagued by these troubles and there must be a reason.

I would like you to have (one can speak up and ask for things, you know) a complete blood chemistry "do" -- blood samples are drawn on an empty stomach first thing in the ~~x~~ morning and within from a few hours to a few days you get all kinds of information about how this or that functions (or doesn't function), various ~~xxxx~~ informative bits as to how you metabolize this or that ~~xxxx~~ substance (or fail to), and so on. Then what about a complete blood count, to which you should ask to have added a sedimentation rate. (I don't know why the sed rate isn't automatically ~~xxx~~ a part of ~~x~~ a CBC, but it isn't: it isn't a specific test for anything, but if the sed rate is elevated, something is wrong -- and it can spell out the differential diagnosis between having cancer and not having it.)

Then, too, have you thought as follows: is there some food or foods that seem to bring about upsets? I know you follow a vegetarian diet, which, I assume, entails the ingestion of a good deal of roughage (which is popularly supposed to be terribly good for you but not all physicians are all that convinced). Maybe -- and you wouldn't be unique -- as one grows older one's "gut" can no longer handle and process things that it did with ease in former times. Have you contemplated trying "an elimination diet" -- starting with some obvious point, like, no more nuts, say, or whatever? It's just ~~ax~~ thought.

As to why you feel systemically knocked out after a bad bout of some sort, I don't know the answer, but think that ought to be looked into, too.

On the one hand I think it is great that ~~you~~ you and George are soon going off to Mexico -- I am sure a vacation and change of scene are always good for people. But Mexico? When your digestion isn't functioning so well? Mmmmm. . . . (Take along plenty of Lomotil. And, by the way, the people who claim Lomotil doesn't help in cases of "turista" don't, quite simply, take enough. One can take rather a lot, in dire straights.)

Speaking of Lomotil, I am wondering the following: is your relationship with the Krewers too "gone" to make this feasible (not for worlds would I wish you to initiate any interaction that couldn't come naturally) or would it still be possible to "hit up Xenia", through his pharmacist, to get me a bottle of 1,000 generic Lomotil (I paid 20 dollars or so last time, a rip-off price since they cost 8 dollars per 1,000, but, hell, I can see that the man wants to make something ~~of~~ on the deal, as is only fair -- I mean, of course, the pharmacist). If you can do this, fine; if ~~you~~ you cannot, O.K. I have rarely had to take any during my calcium phase, but if something should make it inadvisable for me to ~~x~~ continue with calcium supplements, I would doubtless require Lomotil again and I might be, as they say, in the soup.

I am so glad you got introduced to King Lear: high time! When you get back from Mexico (maybe even before you leave) you can get started on Loren Eisley!

Congratulations on your windfall in the form of a royalty check. I couldn't translate £186 (and am too lazy to call the bank) but I take it this is a fair amount. Anyway, all is grist that comes to the mill, etc.

Greet George for me. Keep me posted on your G.I. troubles which I would feel better if you could get rid of (not to mention that you would feel better also!).

Try and write perhaps once more before you "take off," Ok.?

Love as always, 'me'

July 15, 1983

Lola dear,

Here I go with the "unseemingly haste" again. As for you and your "unseemly sluggishness," think nothing of it. You work (well, I work too, but differently, if you take my meaning) and, especially in summer's heat, etc., it all must be quite a drain on you at times. I couldn't possibly do it -- I feel too tired and weak so much of the time, and then, as ever, there's my *&#¢¢@¢&* bowels.

I was delighted, as was Anna, to hear how well Irene looked ~~xxx~~ and seemed on July 4th. As a matter of fact, she phoned Anna last night -- first time in some while -- and they had a good talk and, yet again, I. appeared to be ~~x~~ in a good mood and so on. Wonderful!

O.K., so I will stop worrying about your digestive problems. The very fact that all has gone back to normal "during the last month or so" is as good ~~xxxxxx~~ a proof as any that all is undoubtedly well.

Re: HIM. What you write, or rather ask (why couldn't he have written a simple "completely uncompromising" note etc. etc.) is the obvious, sensible question that almost anybody would ask. But with him things just don't go as with other people. Whatever Hell he has been to (coming partly back, but, I think, not entirely) has done things to him. The flaw in the relationship that used to set up periodic set-backs -- always initiated by him in frequency or intensity of visits etc. -- was his strong, Presbyterian guilt~~s~~. That we had what we had for such a long term of years is remarkable rather than the other way 'round. Anna just by chance ~~xxx~~ saw him (and her) out walking on the campus (I've heard from a source or two and knew that he and she take a long walk daily -- apparently they do this twice a day, at least in spring, summer, and fall). Now, Anna saw him just once in many, many years about two years ago; then she saw him again (she in her car, driving en route to my house, actually). She said that there was such a change in his face that it had to be seen to be understood. He had aged, yes, but there was more. "A man who has been to Hell and back -- maybe" is actually Anna's language. Gradually recognition dawned and a smile formed on his lips. Anna smiled back as recognition dawned only gradually on her as well. She felt, and I concur, that this sighting simply confirms what we have both been realizing: with what happened to him he is totally incapable of coping with any further relationship with me, no matter how innocent or "correct" or whatever. I may add that I hope for the day when by-pass surgery will be a thing of the past. Its side-effects are truly devastating. Why else would a special center for coronary by-pass surgery in Cleveland ~~x~~ gave special courses to wives (who come with their husbands and stay in Cleveland for as long as necessary) so that they will be able to cope with men who may be greatly changed in personality by it all? One woman I know slightly said in my presence, "My husband is no longer my husband." I suspect that brain damage ~~xxx~~ occurs, however, fleetingly, during such surgery or that the risk of it is greater than with other, "simpler" operations. I am no longer in the depth of depression over it all. It has made an enormous difference, of course, in my entire life, obviously, and a void is there. I hope this too will pass. I have perhaps commented that it all might have been easier for me, personally, ~~xxx~~ selfishly, if he had died. But as things are, I only hope that his "saved" life is worth it to him and that he gets something out of life.

Re: Lomotil. I have ~~this~~ this keen plan. As usual it involves poor Lola. (I honestly think the reason I keep "hitting ~~you~~ you up" for favors is because you live in New York, the great centerk. There is nothing that I can think of that I could ever supply you from Lawrence, KS, although should there ever be such, you have only to ask.) Since Senia's pharmacist has finked out (inconsiderate man!), would you be willing to try this? It is based on the assumption that Mexico, like Turkey, Iran, Greece, Brazil, and where-not have drugs readily available without prescription and of course this may not obtain in Mexico. It is also based on the assumption that you don't have to go out of your way etc. but "drop in" as you pass a pharmacy in Mexico City or whatever.

Lomotil here now costs 18 dollars a hundred (isn't that a scandal?). If the genuine USA-made article is available in ~~Mexico~~ Mexico at a lesser cost, you might get me, say, 300, which would keep my current supply going, I think, until December, when I can again "hit up" my psychiatrist friend in Topeka who orders me the generic for 8 bucks per thousand! If generic Lomotil, preferably USA- or British-made, is available, get whatever quantity seems feasible -- a few hundred, or more, depending on price etc. Obviously, if a ~~prescription~~ prescription is required, forget it. Or if it means a lot of hunting around to find a pharmacy or something. But I thought I would lay yet one more favor-to-^Constance on you.

By the way, bear in mind that I am, regrettably, very used to taking Lomotil. If you are not, you perhaps shouldn't take such quantities as I do, or at least, if God forbid "turista" hits you, start in more slowly. I know that you can take 2 to get yourself started at stopping, if you take my meaning -- and then take one every, say, 2 hours, if needed. But never more than 8 in a 24-hour period! Also, there are some conditions where Lomotil is not such a good thing to take. I do not know if "turista" is one of them. Your physician can tell you -- but doubtless your physician will have prescribed some to take along. Martin's late cousin, Dr. Irving Somach (a name that I think might ring a bell, didn't I make mention of it to you a time or so?), always took good old paragoric along when he and his wife would go to Mexico or travel to other "uncivilized" parts of the world. But of course that was before Lomotil was "invented."

I, too, hope I can get back to writing poetry: we'll see. And, as ever, I would love to see some of yours once more.

I am glad you will now be out of and free of your latest, thoroughly unpleasant job. Ah, the creeps that bound in this world! It gives one to shudder!

Love as ever. Send a pretty post card from ~~Mexico~~ Mexico? My love to George, and, as always, much, much to you! "me"

July 23, 1983

Lola dear,

This should reach you prior to your departure for Mexico -- I hope.

It has been already several days -- a week, I think -- since your packet of poems arrived. I would have responded sooner but, although I wrote some sort of accounts of things to Irene, I don't think I have made mention ~~even~~ to you of what has been going on in Anna's, and through ~~her~~ sheer emotional identification with many aspects of the situation, with ~~my~~ my life.

A close friend of Anna's from long, long ago days (high school, I think, and perhaps junior college as well) had been out of touch for more than 20 years. Tica (whose name is ~~Maria~~ Margarita ~~is~~ Madrigal, and who is rather well known as a teacher of languages and the author of many books on "How To Teach Yourself Spanish" kind of thing) was, not infrequently, in Anna's thoughts. All that Anna knew was that their ways had diverged, as often happens; that Tica had gone to New York, and on to fame, fortune, life "in the fast lane," making loads of money, mingling with "the beautiful people," glamour-glamour, many fascinating and worthwhile aspects of life, too, and much, much more. Out of the blue, about a year and a half ago, back came Tica, via a phone call, into Anna's life. For a time ~~she~~ she might phone Anna once a week and they would talk at great length and sort of "catch up." Tica sent Anna a few really costly and thoughtful presents, the sort of thing Anna could never have hoped to own, such as a very fine ~~stereo~~ stereo-radio-cassette-recorder and so on.

It soon became apparent that something, at that time something indefinable, was wrong with Tica's health. There'd be vague references to "muscle spasms" and other hints dropped. About ~~z~~ six months ago Tica had to be taken to the ER at the local hospital (her home as of the past few years has been Stamford, Connecticut) because she had been seized with a chest pain -- radiating through to the back -- so agonizing that there was no enduring it. She was put through various procedures, and it was not her heart (one thinks of that first, I suppose, given the symptoms) and it took what seems to me to have been an unconscionable length of time before she finally was informed that her chest X-ray revealed widely disseminated lung ~~cancer~~ cancer, ~~probably~~ probably the oat-cell variety, ~~the~~ the worst kind (Tica, I may mention, has smoked heavily for decades and decades). The doctor in Stamford must be either a fool or a sadist because he wanted to operate on her. Well, you don't operate on oat cell carcinoma, period. Maybe, just maybe, if you get it very, very early. But only maybe. Other doctors later told Tica that only a physician out to make money would even have suggested ~~performing~~ performing such surgery.

To try and make a long story short, Tica passed through the hands of various physicians, finally mostly at Sloan-Kettering, and her experiences, even if colored by what ~~xxx~~ turns out to be a rather paranoid personality on her part, made worse, possibly understandably, by her dying state, were simply dreadful and make one very nearly

and couldn't survive, maybe, without it. But somehow something about the "heat wave" gets through the A/C barrier and gets at one.

More of your poems "anon." Have a marvellous time in Mexico. And, I meant what I said: don't muck about with trying to get me Lomotil, "real" or generic, unless it is easy to do and money-saving. O.K.? Greet I.G. for me. With much usual love, 'me'

lose all faith in the medical profession.

done at a ~~doctor's~~ hospital

~~xxxx~~ From the hour of her ~~biopsy~~ biopsy on, more or less, her condition has worsened and worsened, but ^{with} a fearful and maddening slowness (one could only wish that death would simply come and take her!). She has gone through every phase imaginable. Her weight is less than 60 pounds (she is not tall, but still). She at times vomits for hours, at the best of times can eat so little that her caloric intake for one week is far less than yours or mine for one day.

She had, for some four months, phoned Anna between two and five times a day, sometimes talking for an hour, sometimes for five hours. Anna, with saintly patience and genuine compassion, has listened, given advice when she could (which has not been often: Tica makes this more or less impossible by going into a rage at advice proffered, no matter how sensible; has refused any suggestion that might have eased her pain, or her nausea, or helped her in any way -- deeply significant, of course; and -- well I could write on and on but will spare you further ghastly yet moving details.)

Suffice to say that Anna is now totally drained. I have reached the point where I wish Tica would die, partly for her own sake, partly for Anna's ~~a~~ sake. (These days, Tica is so wracked by bouts of coughing that she can't talk as long or as often; she also ~~s~~ let slip that she is too weak to walk across a room and other details; all such symptoms she blames on "a cold she caught from ~~xxxxxx~~ So-and-so" or "a virus" etc. I gather this is also typical of Tica. If it is typical of the dying, I don't know.)

I know it sounds impossible, but I feel terribly caught up in all this as well. I myself have been called by Tica on some 10 or more occasions, at times in ~~Rxx~~ panic when she couldn't reach Anna and did I know where Anna was? (~~I~~ I often do, of course) And my own ~~heart~~ heart breaks for Tica -- and for Anna. There is also something sad and deeply significant that after all her years of the gay, glamour world, the only friend-friend to whom Tica could turn was Anna.

Well, having written ~~so~~ so much about this (which I'd not intended when I began this letter), I am too pooped to do justice to your poems. I will when you return from Mexico. By the way, I wrote a perhaps more limited account of Tica etc. to Irene to explain why Anna hadn't been writing etc. as she generally had, and that Irene was to understand that this in no way meant that she had ceased to count or was out of Anna's thoughts etc. but that Anna was too drained to attend to anything except errands and the like for some while now.

Let me just say this: I like most of the poems very much indeed. "Admission Five Dollars" is one of your best. "The Icelandic Poet" has a lot: for my taste, it is just a hint too much the "prose poem" -- which maybe you want and that is your right, of course. "Free Associations" reveals, to me, at least, a very different (a new?) Lola: I like it.

The heat here is frightful (I know you've had it too, although I think yours has broken). I know, I know, we have airconditioning

July 25, 2 1983

Lola dear,

You are dear and understanding (as always) and I valued your letter * of today greatly. (~~W~~ ~~e~~ are now criss=crossing letters!)

First, Anna's Connecticut friend died, one can only say, thank God, this weekend. That is first and foremost in my mind so I write it first. Anna received the news yesterday evening. It was time, and more than time. True, who are we to judge about, say, "the quality of life" esp. with regard to a ~~Sax~~ Saerchen etc. But in Tica's case, there can be nothing to say except it was a relief, a release, a blessing. I will mention this to Irene in a note soon, or possibly Anna, now released and utterly exhausted, sad yet overjoyed that the long, long agony is over, will write, or phone.

Yes, yes, even Ann^a gets a bit distressed at times over Irene and the phone (I think I made mention of this) and also "can never call at the right time" etc. Well, you take people as they are, I guess, and other ~~trite~~ trite comments. And, we we all are constantly commenting, as one ages it tends to be one's less attractive traits of character and personality that come to the fore etc.

I don't think I am "addicted" in any true sense of the word to * Lomotil, and much of the time, since I am on the supplemental calcium, I get along with almost none. As I am sure I wrote, the rather costive effect of the calcium has even enabled me to eat ham, cheese and other "goodies" I have long missed and craved. But there are still times, ~~I~~ and I "dasn't" run out, if you take my meaning.

Carolyn (not Carol) has been for nearly four years in Columbus, Ohio (being liberated) and now getting rather * weary of "the corporate life" and "life in the fast lane" etc. and also finding herself "too old for it" (she will soon be fifty-two and her high-high energy is also perhaps declining a bit). No, my psychiatrist friend (Dr. Harold Voth, head of the VA in Topeka) and his wife have long been really dear friends of Anna's, and own the largest privately held collection of Albert Bloch's of anyone, I believe. I have gotten to know them very well over the years and Harold, who is a dear, has pitched in ~~and~~ ~~prescribed~~ prescribed things from time to time. But I don't want to overdo matters. Hence I thought of some ~~Mex~~ Mexican-obtained ~~Lomotil~~ Lomotil, generic or real, as a "cheap" way of making up, say, 3 hundred ~~or~~ so and then I can "hit up" Harold again. (All this predicated on the assumption that Lola can achieve this goal without ~~undue~~ undue strain and stress. Well do I know how you have lived your life for others for so very long and in so many complicated and moving ways!)

I trust your "quiet hysteria" will calm down and that you * will get off on schedule and have a marvellous time down there.

In haste to get this into the mail, love (yet once again and also as ever), 'me'

September 10, 1983

Lola dear,

It was with real joy that I received and ~~read~~ read your letter. I am dreadfully sorry that you and I.G. were much plagued with "Montezuma's Revenge," but that, alas, "goes with the territory, I fear. As for your valiant efforts to obtain Lomotil for me, I can only say I have (yet once again, alas) put you to a lot of "tzoers" and trouble. Need I add -- "all contributions gratefully acknowledged" and you must keep a reckoning and let me know what I owe you, also when, etc.

What a lovely, lovely ~~card~~ card -- the one from 17 years back and showing San Miguel de Allende. Mexico must be an inexhaustible realm of treasures, human and "made," and I would love to go there but am as ~~little~~ little likely to do so as I ~~am~~ am, at this pint in my life, to make it into Kansas City, damn it. (Were I ever be able even to ~~contemplate~~ ~~g~~ travel, had I the money, etc. etc., I still think I would rather ~~go~~ go back to England and Scotland than any other place on earth, though.)

Your reactions to Cancún were to me most interesting and I am sure I would share them. A very dear and old (since we roomed together at Wells as freshmen -- I am damned if I will say freshpersons, as some of today's more militant feminists would have us do) friend and her husband belong to ~~Club Med~~ "Club Med" and spent a couple of weeks at Cancún three years or so ago and simply loved it. Well, their taste is, I believe, very much not my taste (my taste would more nearly resemble yours, I feel confident). I've seen plenty of photographs of Cancún and believe me they did nothing for me.

You know, I have a vulgar, personal question to ask (you need not reply to it): how did you and George (not to mention others) "cope" in "the wilds" of Mexico when ~~you~~ you had (urgently) to "go"????? I "shat" my way all over Europe in the summer of 1957 -- that wonderful three months Martin and I had there, culminating in his dreadful gall bladder attack in Aix-en-Provence. It was nothing short of miraculous how just at the right moment there always seemed to be a facility (even if a filthy or cruddy one all too often) available.

I am mildly mystified: I know full well that Lomotil is not a drug which should be taken all the time or in quantity (even though I have done so off and on since 1963) but what earthly good can a prescription for 30 tablets per month only do? When the chips are down, 8 per day -- allowable, by PDR -- are none too many to "hold the line" if you take my meaning.

§ I try and write to Irene twice a month. She no longer writes, or almost never, which is perfectly understandable, Good God, the woman is well over 88 and has many ails and illls and she and Anna do keep in touch fairly closely via phone (even though Annax, like you, at times just cannot phone at the right time). In my last letter I enclosed a very "different" article (from Harvard Magazine) by Annie Dillard. I hope I. received it. The mails are getting worse and worse.

I don't think I could have written you, in my pre-Mexican trip letter about Anna and her friend Tica, that, hardly had Tica died when another

one of Anna's very, very close, from the same group of girls and the same "old" days, friends -- Kay is her name, and I know her as she has visited Lawrence many times and kept up a constant correspondence with Anna etc. -- learned that she had cancer of the pancreas and was simply sent home to die. Just how long a time she actually has one doesn't know, but it can't be much. Cancer of the pancreas is especially ghastly because it ~~i~~ never announces itself until it is too late; certain very rare, selected cases get to "buy" some time, even a one-in-a-million cure -- via a grisly procedure known as the "Whipple procedure" -- after the surgeon who pioneered in it. Kay had had symptoms (feelings of acute discomfort, even pain, when food would arrive in her stomach; discomfort at night, so that she could ^{not} lie down without pain etc. etc.) for just 6 weeks when she found out what she had. It really seems as if I hear every day, almost, of someone else with a hopeless cancer. I don't pretend to know very much (my high-flown talk notwithstanding) but I do not buy the theory that it is all environmental pollution. I do think genes play a role; I also think stress does -- and have thought so of my own case all those years back. (Kay had lost 25 pounds in 6 weeks: this is typical of pancreatic cancer, but she had also hardly been eating, so great had her miseries been.) This double blow leaves Anna with renewed feelings of sorrow and desolation. Kay is just about the opposite of Tica -- she is dying quietly, modestly, no swarming over Anna with phone calls and the like. Indeed, Anna calls Kay about once a week. Kay, moreover, as a few things "going for her" ~~that~~ that Tica lacked -- she is a gentle soul, with great inner peace, lives with a man who is devoted to her as she to him, and has two sons (who will be of some help but not much -- men are different from women) and an adoring and utterly devoted daughter who lives about 1½ hours away (Kay lives in the San Francisco Bay area).

Your account of the different sorts of Indians and/or Mexicans I found ~~especially~~ especially fascinating, of course. When you next write (when you really feel like doing so) I would enjoy and appreciate further accounts of your "final experiences," trip back, and so ~~s~~ on. How completely ~~distressing~~ distressing to think of a whole people, or group, whose little children do not even smile. (Presumably because there is nothing to smile about?)

Yes, I have heard that Cozumel Island is utterly lovely and relatively ~~unspoiled~~ unspoiled.

By the way, I have felt just utterly lousy most of the time this entire summer. Since our gruelling, impossible heat just doesn't let up, I have as yet no way of knowing whether or not it is the heat (this time) that is making me feel so debilitated: plenty of others have complained similarly, I might add. I know, I know: we all live with airconditioning even, in my case, the car: but although it is life-saving it doesn't seem to be "enough."

In haste to get this off and with much love and joy in your ~~x~~ return . . .

'me'

1637 Illinois Street

September 15, ~~10~~ 1983

Lola dear,

This is to acknowledge receipt of the packet of (precious) ~~M~~ Lomotil. Thank you, thank you. I still am not sure why it always works out that I constantly hit you up for favors. Well, you will live in New York, and you will travel, etc.!

I gather that perhaps in a month I may receive some more? Well, whatever: just be sure and keep an account so that I can ~~reimburse~~ reimburse you when the total is in, O.K.?

At last, at long, long last, our weather has cooled off and we have had at least some rain. Today's forecast is for "50% chance of thunderstorms, locally torrential." Rain we need. But must it almost always have to be with thunder etc. yet? And torrential, believe me, we don't need.

I can only say, this entire summer has been "the pits" in one way or another. But, oh, spare us a bitter and/or ~~snappy~~ snowy-icy winter! That is terribly hard to take (not the least part of which is the constant increases in the cost of utilities).

Any tidbit of news about Irene is always welcome, as you know. She does seem to be holding her own remarkably well. Yes, she has (we've been through all this ~~xxx~~ before, of ~~a~~ course) her "difficult" aspects (and yes, things like her diminished hearing don't help), but she still ~~xxx~~ remains both remarkable and charming in so very many ways.

I still can't believe that my book of poems will ever really see print. I wonder why I don't get a line or two from Dan Jaffe -- a progress report, so to speak. Almost every morning I read some fresh, depressing statement in the Kansas City Star about the financial woes and cut-backs at ~~UMKC~~ UMKC (the University of Missouri at Kansas City) and what better place to "cut" than publication of the works of poets? After all, poetry hardly assorts with "life in the fast lane," or "the corporate world." Ugh.

"More anon." Love as ever, 'me'

October 18, 1983

Lola dear,

I received your latest mailing of Lomotil several days ago and now belatedly acknowledge the arrival of same.

Needless to state, the dreadful heat of summer is long since over (we still need rain terribly) and I feel a little less totally drained and debilitated, but good? No. I still say: the hell with it. Almost every month, ~~some~~ sometimes every week, brings some fresh "Pow" and "Socko" engendering new tensions and worries and being me I take all these things very, very hard indeed (I also take happy things hard, although I can't say I've had anything happy happen in a rather long time, damn it).

I wish I would hear from Dan ~~Jaffe~~ Jaffe. I wish I would start to write poems once again.

By the way, I am, after all, only partly crazy. When you wrote in your September 26 letter of A.P.R. you meant, of course, the American Poetry Review. I let my subscription lapse several years ago. I rarely cared greatly for anything I saw in print there, and have a positive aversion to some of their favorites such as John Ashberry (spelling?). I'd still like to see that essay, ~~Infelix~~ "Inflation and Poetry," though.

Otherwise, nothing new. Just a dab of proofreading here and there. Nonetheless, I ~~xx~~ say "Thank God for even that much."

I hope you are feeling well and not too entirely occupied with aged and dying friends. What are you doing by way of a job these days? I am glad that you (presumably) can "take off" and not work from time to time. This can be especially good come winter, with the season of ice and snow, flu and colds.

Perhaps all of us tend to feel less well as we you should pardon the expression age. Yet I know, right here in Lawrence, any number of truly elderly people who are on the go and filled with zest and energy: how do they do it? I still think making a life alone is "the pits" and not calculated to ~~contribute~~ contribute to a vibrant sense of well-being.

"More anon," and much love, 'me'

As of this writing I am torn: should we get out of Lebanon and let them kill each other off; or should we stay etc. etc. I know the Israelis do not have completely clean hands, but who can overlook the fact that when they left -- as pressured to do -- everything went to hell in a hack! At least they didn't pussyfoot around being "peacekeepers"! Love, "more anon," 'me'

Monday October 24, 1983

Lola dear,

Our letters crossed, as they so frequently do. This is a fairly common phenomenon among people who have special feelings of closeness, I have noted. I don't know whether it would fall under the rubric of ESP or not.

Among ~~many~~ numerous characterological flaws which I possess, one of the biggest is the ~~inability~~ inability not to set the record straight. Forgive me. And, need I add yet once again, what I now write is entirely zwischen uns. Yes, no doubt whatsoever, I am a professional worrier. However, in this instance, it was to Anna, not to me, that Irene addressed her recent "Dear Worrier" (or some such phrase) letter. Irene, bless her, quite unaware, I think, of how she occasionally "comes across," will get either Anna, or me, or both of us, all "upsot" at some aspect of her life -- by turning to us for help or complaining or expression of fears or concerns. Anna, or I, or both of us, will then rush advice, or printed material, etc. to her -- ~~only~~ only to hear she can cope perfectly and what is the matter with (Anna) (me) (us). ~~Oh~~ O.K. That's Irene. One takes her, as one takes everyone whom one loves, as she is. Believe me, every time I mention her phone conversations to Anna in which she expresses gloom or depression or comments on how dreadful her apartment is in the winter and how cold all the time, neither Anna nor I exaggerates in the slightest. Later when we learn from you that she is cheerful etc. we are delighted -- but, as I believe I've written before, she does seem to shift back and forth in mood and concern and so on. Not unnatural, and certainly not at a great age, although Irene was this way when I first met her some 20 years ago. The latest "Dear Worrier" situation arose because of her expressed fears about how to endure another winter. So Anna, this time, as I did a couple of years ago, rushed her a letter of suggestion, advice, ads clipped from some of the many catalogues with which we are all deluged (ads for heaters etc. etc.) and the like. "Dear Worrier" rather poked fun at Anna: whatever was she so worried about? Irene has "plenty of warm quilts, clothing" etc. and isn't bothered at all by the coming winter. Nu?

Your account of Irene's striking up an acquaintance with the "gentleman from Germany" was indeed a remarkable story. Yes, indeed, it is most unusual for Irene to invite a virtual stranger to her apartment. Clearly, they "clicked" and I am only sorry she had to "lose" him so soon when he returned to Germany.

I think it remarkable and wonderful that, despite some rather lousy experiences "on the job" from time to time, you do seem as a general rule to encounter interesting people and profitable situations. Of course again, wie immer, Lola undertakes yet another obligation. Still, a reward within the soul is a lovely thing. I do, rest assured, wish you much luck with the "Women in German" project.

I actually had two good, long proofreading just the past ten days. About time! Allen Press is terribly slow to pay, but this is a minor aspect. You see, what the proofreader does must be "proofchecked"!

Sun out after nearly a week of constant, gentle, much-needed rain.

Nov. 14, 1983

Lola dear,

I am not as yet ready to comment on the article from APR -- ~~xxxxxx~~ forgive me. Suddenly, after a long, long "dry" spell, I have proofreading coming out of my ears. Thank God. Then I must "get up" my (second) Kipling paper and hand it in -- there isn't too much of this semester left, believe it or not. Then, at last, I can take the time to really read and comment on the article you so dearly and kindly sent me.

I told Irene (I got off a letter to her yesterday, it had been much too long a time) to be sure and watch -- if she can stand it -- "The Day After," on TV, on Nov. 10th. (Anna will come over here and watch with me, even though she could get it at home.) It's the nuclear-holocaust-destruction movie much of which was filmed here in Lawrence. Anna and I will miss the first ~~p~~ episode of the new Masterpiece Theater series (A. J. Cronin's The Citadel) but so be it. (Of course if we can't abide "The Day After," we can always turn it off.)

You know, I really think my "Alzheimer's" is getting the better of me. I cannot, quite simply, remember (from one day to ~~n~~ the next, yet!) whether I wrote of the following to Irene: poet Dan Jaffe, who, as you know, teaches at the University of Missouri in Kansas City and is "bringing out" my book (I still can't get ~~over~~ it) "this winter," spoke about me on UMKC's FM station yesterday morning and read one of my poems. I am still in shock. He spoke of me with virtual reverence as a major, but ~~unknown~~ poet -- and much, much more. I "taped" the session on a cassette, which came out a little crackly. If I could take off yet another copy I could send it to you -- but your cassette player/record~~er~~ seems to be "the pits." So much for that idea.

Well, anyway: you might convey this to Irene -- in case I didn't --and I start to fear that I didn't. (I did suggest that she give "The Day After" a try. She may not want to, or may have company -- what do I know?)

The poem Dan read, by the way, was "Writing in Winter." Is this one I sent you, say, two or three ~~n~~ years ago? He read it simply beautifully (as Anna said, "My God that sounded good! Wow!" etc.). *Of course he's had endless practice!*

What seemed to be a sort of endless Indian summer has come to a crashing halt. We had ten days straight of bone-chilling (not really all that cold, but. . . .) drizzle, now sun again, and around 50, but how I loathe winter!

How are you? "More anon." Love as ever, 'me'

December 9, 1983

Lola dear,

I was delighted to receive your letter, despite the fact that you'd written in "a very stupid, annoyed, frustrated, angry mood" (so what else is new?). No one can feel terribly "joyful, loving, ~~xxxx~~ enthusiastic" etc. these days -- certainly not those who are starting to realize increasingly (as you and I and Anna and Irene and plenty of others) that Old Age is beginning "to rear its ugly head" and so on. Not to mention the ~~xxxxxx~~ depressing state of the world -- I speak not only of poverty, hunger, and the like, but of things like the elevation of the Holy Computer to the rank of (virtual) Godhead and shudder to contemplate ~~a~~ yet another generation of children who will grow up not reading. Only today, instead of fooling around watching television, they will be seated at computer terminals scrambling their brains and more and more, I fear, committing computer crimes of ghastly sorts. So much for that.

What a sweet idea to return the tape to me! Yes, if it isn't too much trouble (I know that with your arduous and demanding life at the moment packing something up and trundling down to the Post Office with it is no picnic!). I can send it ~~to~~ to some other friend.

Yes, I warned you: I did (to save money) use cassettes given me by Anna. It is clear that the one I taped off the Dan Jaffe program on was ~~xxx~~ one of the ones I told you about -- something Tica made for Anna during her last (weeks)(months) of life. (She got rather frantic there -- getting people to pack up huge ~~xx~~ boxes of things -- clothes, many of them in very poor condition; objets d'art; books; you name it -- and had them sent to Anna. She "taped off" all manner of things which she thought Anna would like, including lots of Mexican ~~xxxxix~~ music -- Tica was Mexican, although born and raised in Kansas -- and although some of the tapes she sent Anna were indeed very fine and Anna treasures them, some, such as the scraps of Mexican ~~M~~ music and the like, were not.)

I was delighted to learn that you had gone down to join Irene for "The Day After." I know it must have meant a great deal to her.

I wrote to Dan J. at once after having heard the broadcast. I've not heard from him in ~~x~~ return (perhaps he is waiting for Christmas vacation to start to turn his attention to me and/or my book?) so I have no idea which poems will ultimately go to make up the book. I hope he gets around to letting me know, damn it. I don't even ~~x~~ know what the book's title is to be. I think he has some 60 poems in his possession, but planned to use about 40. We'll just have to wait and see.

I know I sent you a copy (an offprint from the Dalhousie Review) of my first Kipling paper of a couple of years or so ago. The second one keeps getting re-written. Where I will then submit it I don't as of now know. Dearie, the Sylvia Plath paper was published in The Antioch Review several ~~xxxx~~ years ago and I just know I sent you a copy (Irene also): it couldn't have been otherwise, now way!

You did write me about the job at Goethe House. I can imagine how taxing matters have become. I just wish you didn't have to work, work, work. I realize, of course, that you can and do take time off between temporary jobs, but still . . .

As for the "Women in German" group, you spoke of this also but needless to state I should like to know more.

I feel terrible that your ~~xxx~~ "private life" is "the pits" these days. What about ~~xxxx~~ your friend Madeleine? Do you not sometimes meet and get to know people in connection with your jobs (i.e., at the Goethe House) whose further acquaintance would be worth cultivating? Also, although my recall is very far from total, it seems to me that I remember your giving the occasion ~~xxx~~ party and cooking for it for days in advance -- surely the invited guests were not ~~xxx~~ all aged, senile, and what not? Also, you have always been a person who got out and about so readily (as I do not) -- attending poetry readings, going to interesting ~~xxx~~ films, yoga classes, whatever. Has that gone by the board?

I feel sad about your "Letter from a frustrated female" yet glad that you wrote it. One can talk by letter if in no other way.

Alas, I have not only not started to write poetry again "like mad" or in any other way; I still don't seem to "click in" and get inspirations. Well, possibly some day. Damn it. It's one of those things.

With much fellow-feeling and real love, as always, 'me'

about computers in hospitals feeding back wrong patient information so that you even get an occasional death or tragic misdiagnosis. (I confess: I ~~will~~ still don't really know what "a word processor" is. Damn it, I process my own words, thank you!)

More soon -- unless we get a major power outage. And dear love as always, 'me'

Dec. 26, 1983

Lola dear,

Your welcome letter brought a touch of stimulation and enjoyment to my currently cabin-bound, stir-crazy life. I know you are probably having fairly wretched weather along about now, but hereabouts it has been a veritable nightmare for over ten days. I don't ever remember cold this bone-chilling and long-lasting. Quite a bit of snow, too (and more due today and tomorrow).

Anna had a nice talk with Irene (~~was~~ was it yesterday or the day before?) and found ~~her~~ her feeling pretty well and in good spirits although alone. I believe Trude Bartel's son is to spend a few days in New York (is it this coming week?) and will sleep over at Irene's. Naturally Irene isn't about to refuse a member of Trude's family anything but I do realize that it must be something of a strain for her. But perhaps some company, too. Trude is, of course, spending the holidays in Maryland with her daughter's family.

You will be further impressed with your mixture of bitter, bitter cold, dangerous driving conditions, and so on when I tell you that even Anna (far braver about these things than I am) only got out and about once during the past week. (She tried it a second time but her car kept stalling and she felt fortunate to make it back to the curb in front of her house. Frozen gas lines -- a more common complaint, almost, than battery ~~xxx~~ trouble these days.) We of course talk as usual about three times a day.

I must confess, I wish Lawrence had just one "quality" ~~xxx~~ grocery still (it used to have 2 or 3) which delivers (not to mention featuring superior products and carrying charge ~~xxx~~ accounts).

I think it is marvellous that you got to read before the "Women in German" group, and with a "positive and gratifying" response, too.

I, too, ~~was~~ ^{am} sickened at the state of the world, the phony ~~xxx~~ Christmas spirit which has prevailed for some weeks now, and more.

You know, I have ~~often~~ often thought about Joel Agee and how sad it was that his wife put a crimp in your friendship. Joel is, it seems, one of the few people you've met and gotten to know well for some time who wasn't (a) aged, (b) dying, (c) meshugge in the head, and (d) demanding.

O.K. I don't know, of course, enough about the whole Computer thing to pass big moral judgments, probably. All I do know is the use to computers in perverted, inefficient, even threatening ways does seem to get a big play in "the media" and that today's children growing up are still less likely to become readers now that we have TV plus computers. And, by the way, did you ever try and do battle with a computer? I did, some years ago. I "won" finally (it was with Amoco Oil, used to be called Standard Oil, and had to do with their having charged me for someone else's purchase of gasoline) but it took six whole months (not everyone would have kept after it as I did). Also I now hear

Jan 21, Jan. 21, 1984

aus. 2/4

Lola dear,

It was wonderful to get your long and good and filled with information letter today. Yes, Anna knows ^{about} the artists you mention -- Egon Schiele and Klimt; also about the Sabarsky Gallery. Alas (from her point of view) the Sabarsky Gallery, like many others, is only interested in Blaue Reiter-type works. Anna, quite rightly, I think, is no longer willing to let only the early Albert Bloch's be shown. They were fine paintings, no doubt, quite fascinating, many of them. But it is the later "A.B." -- the Albert Bloch of the 40's and 50's -- who was the truly great artist, and it is these later works that she wants to see appreciated. Or, at the least, she will enter into negotiations with a gallery or a dealer who will take on, so to speak, the entire ~~spectrum~~ spectrum -- early and later as well. How good that you have had this entire experience, though -- learning much, and, as I know you, contributing much as well. But what a work -- under all that pressure.

On top of all this you take on a Yoga class! Boy, am I impressed! One thing is sure: anything you do, you do well, and more than well.

As you will not be surprised to learn, the not-so-pleasant part of your letter makes me feel very much concerned. I know that the whole process of ~~the~~ hospital must have been not nice at all. Even worse is the ~~xxxxxx~~ damned waiting for results. Believe me, I am waiting with you, if you take my meaning as I am sure you do. I can't help but think: so much for the ^{value} of the sonogram! Too many doctors are too ready to say that something is "functional." O.K., perhaps it is: I hope so.

I am frankly curious. Surely, as part of diagnosing you, you've had a complete blood count and the like. This should include -- and once did -- a sedimentation count, an enormously valuable, simple ~~test~~ test which, ^{by} while no means definitive, often does point the way. If it is normal, there's a fairly good chance that whatever you have is not too serious. Do you know what your red cell count, your white count, and/or your "sed rate" are? I suppose your doctor would tell you? (Me, I have photocopies of all my tests -- blood, urine, whatever -- going back to the time we first came to Lawrence. It is pretty helpful to have this huge file to dip into, at times, too.)

Yesterday came a ~~dear~~ dear letter from Irene which I answered at once. I know that, the way things are with her now, it took no small effort for her to write. I have since learned (Anna spoke with her by phone today) the sad tale of her friend the Jahodas (spelling?). He is in dreadful shape, no doubt. Anna was able to reassure Irene that the phenomenon of an aged person, especially a man, going out of his head in a ~~the~~ hospital, is by no means unusual or irreversible -- as I learned in my father's case, and, ~~since~~ since then, numerous others. Mr. Jahoda, however, is, I fear, past the point of ever being himself again. I gather that Mrs. J. is somewhat younger. She has devoted her whole life to her husband: one wonders how long she will be able to cope, though, nowadays.

I still haven't heard from Dan Jaffe and I've no idea when the book will actually come out. I do wish he'd reply to my letter. Oh, well. My main interest as of the moment is to hear from you and I hope and pray that whatever is causing your symptoms is something simple and non-threatening -- even, perhaps, functional! "More anon," and I send love as ever. 'me'

February 10, 1984

Lola dear,

Your letter was wonderful (your letters always are -- even the ones when you write in a not-so-great mood or whatever).

No, dearie: that was not a computer or a word-processor (I process my own words, thank you!). It is an electronic printer, or, put another way, a sort of electric typewriter extremely thin and very, very ~~xxx~~ light-weight (even I can pick it up with one hand -- even with my left hand.) It is the first foolish (?) purchase I've made in over two years (on sale, through Sears, of all places). It is, actually, made by Brother ~~Q~~ (I'm sorry: that is the name of the manufacturer), but in this case Sears put its name on the machine. I permitted myself this luxury because evenings I am almost invariably ~~abnormally~~ abnormally tired. I eat my meal, do up my dishes, and get into bed at about 6:45 or so. I generally then read until about 9:15, take my bath, brush and floss my teeth, then do a series of exercises etc., then maybe read a bit more, or watch the 10 o'clock local (or semi-local) news, then turn out the light and go to sleep anywhere from ten to ten-thirty. However, many an evening I've thought: gee, I don't feel up to going and sitting up at my regular typewriter. Now if I just had something very light in weight etc. and could sit here and ~~xxx~~ "work it" right in my bed, with my legs up, all comfy So now I have it. Oh, yes: it has been used a number of times mornings, when I would be working on my next English paper -- this one on Loren Eiseley, believe it or not!!!! I read my text, then jot down a few notes as I go along. Only with my "electronic printer" I jot the notes on it -- instead of scrawling them and wondering, later, just what the hell I have written. I have even written two or three poems in the past few weeks, and, since "the Muse" visited me in the evening, I could grab my "brother" and get down at least a first version on it. I surely am not nuts about the typeface, but what the ~~heck~~ heck? The only serious drawback is the high cost of the little cartridge ribbons -- \$2.25 apiece, and you only get about ten or so pages out of each one. Think I may write the company (in Piscataway, N.J.) and see if there's a way of getting them much cheaper, in quantity.

Vim and Vigor I don't got, however I may sound. My gut plagues me you can't imagine how much. Pain, gas, more pain, more gas, either few or lots and lots of small, constipated productions, or, once in a while, or coming along daily for a time, enormous, urgent "dumpings" ~~x~~ (no, no diarrhea) -- and any and all of these symptoms make it necessary to be always near a toilet and, at times, to take my Lomotil. I've been able to get along with rather less L. of late -- possibly because of the supplemental calcium I take, known to be rather costive in effect. Also I feel weak and/or tired so much of the time. Oh, to hell with it. I don't know what, if anything, is organically wrong with me, and I don't really feel all that keen on finding out. I will either survive or not.

By the way, maybe she hasn't told her ~~xxx~~ age, so we'll keep this strictly entre nous, but Irene is going to be 89 years old in late April! Count on it!

What a disappointing experience (ho, hum, so what else is new?) with your Fjord Press! So typical.

I am truly delighted that you are feeling so very much better. Certainly your cessation of symptoms ~~is~~ can scarcely be other than a good sign!

Anna and I felt very good indeed re ~~your~~ your report about Irene. I feel much more clearly in the picture now, needless to state. After all, Arthur may not pay her the sort of compassionate attention that her Indian doctor does, but he is a heart specialist and I do not think he would overlook any bets on the right thing to do for her.

I am most intrigued with your in-the-works paper, study, or what-not on "the limitations of contemporary women writers." I can't recall ~~just~~ now (although I could easily check this out) whether my cassette of the Dan Jaffe interview included his comment to the effect that a lot of real crud gets published and even praised just because some woman wrote it and that this does neither the woman writer, women in general, or the culture any good. (I freely paraphrase his actual words.) When you really should get a paper written, you could surely sell it somewhere??? How I should like to read it! The whole feminist movement has got off into some pretty ridiculous territory, in my view; no one dares to fire even the most incompetent person if she happens to be female, etc. etc.

By the way, Anna and I were also pretty thrilled that Irene is playing the piano again. Knowing her love for it, this means a lot -- and must to her, obviously.

~~Yxxx~~ The name Barbara Pym doesn't quite awake memories in me (Anna is sure she's heard of her, by the way) but, being a Lola-discovery, I know she'd be worth pursuing.

Yes, indeed, the case of Irene's sister is a sad one indeed. The unfortunate lady has treated Irene over the years with (often) so much meanness and hostility, yet Irene still tries. Also, there is something so pathetic about two aged sisters who of all people should pass their declining years in closeness and love being so often at odds in strange ways. Irene may not always be "a ~~six~~ saint," but Mimi is obviously not only ~~six~~ difficult but a bit on the nutsy side as well.

For now this is my "more anon." "More anon." Lovingly, 'me'

March 15, 1984

Lola dear,

O.K., I won't say one word. I won't say "Thank you." I won't say "Gee, you shouldn't have done it." I'll just "enjoy." O.K.?

Re the poem SON: the meaning (which is also the main thrust of Mark's Gospel) is quite simply that it is the suffering Christ whose reality and meaning for us is ~~the~~ greater. For us he suffered, for us he died -- that we might inherit everlasting life; Period. As for SAYING GRACE, I don't know what to say because (I quote Anna) if you explain a poem, it all goes down the tubes. I'll "hint" -- the Japan theme is "stated" early on; just pick it up at the beginning, * in the part about the monkeys on Hokkaido who live in snow and manage to survive but in greatly deprived circumstances. "Snow," in this poem, is simply a symbol of old age, suffering, deprivation -- not of nurses or such. Poor crazy Rosie can't grasp what she should be grasping, is "stuck" in the snow-wilderness and mere ~~by~~ animal survival, and is unable to turn to Christ etc. Originally I had encumbered the poem with an overly long epigraph which went into lots of detail (much too much) about the snow-monkeys of Japan and told how they plunge into hot spas and keep alive in them even while the death-dealing snow falls on their heads, beards etc. But Anna felt, wisely, that it was all just too much. As she later added: "I didn't necessarily 'get' each and every individual symbol, either. It was the total impact that, somehow, carried in the ~~matrix~~ ultimate meaning."

A sweet note from Irene, who later phoned with Anna. She surely does enjoy playing the piano and derives, as ever with her, so much that is positive from life. Her needle work etc., even TV, ~~xxxx~~ were fine, up to a point, but in turning (or re-~~turning~~) to her beloved music she made everything richer for herself. She is a wonder!

Do you not look much at TV news? The "starved horses" thing was two or three nights running on Dan Rather (whom I like very, very much) and I assume that it was ~~one~~ other news-casts as well. It really got to me.

I think your doctor sounds like a Grade A SHIT (but don't they all, these days?). I can't say I am too thrilled about your liver function tests not turning out as they should; I want to know more (as must you). I hope someone is following up on this! Switch doctors, if need be. Ask for a consultation. (Don't worry: today's M.D. shits in his/her pants at the even slight hint that something may be being overlooked and that a lawsuit could be forthcoming!) All I know is this: taking more painkillers (and Donnatal is no real painkiller, it is an antispasmodic) is hardly the answer, damn it. I still want to know what your sedimentation rate is!!! (I don't send a bill -- come to think of it you just paid it, so ~~xxx~~ to ~~xxx~~ speak.)

I will "take under advisement" your suggest^{ed} one-word change in COUNTRY WOMAN.

I have ~~g~~ finally got down a first draft ~~xxxx~~ of my paper on Loren

Eiseley. I tell you, every time I return to his books I am thrilled and move anew. There just is no one like him (or so I feel).

"More anon" etc. etc. Take care. Keep me posted. And don't take "no shit off no doctor"!!!!
Love as ever, 'me.

March 16, 1984

P.S.

1) Forgot to thank you for the enclosure re possible markets for poems etc. Am looking it over. Some of the "markets" are already out of date, alas. However, I do hope to hear from Dan Jaffex ~~some time~~ some time, damn it!

X 2) I should have added that yes, of course, Christ is most real to us when we are in agony -- that is part of it.

3) Listen: what does it mean that your liver produces insufficient enzymes? Why don't you request a liver scan? It is no great procedure. And whatever do you mean when you say "you don't have jaundice yet"????? (italics mine).

Write SOON. I want to know how you are!

In haste, love, 'me'

-POL.
(Record.)

close
up



Franklin D. Roosevelt



Adolf Hitler

WALK THROUGH
THE 20TH
CENTURY (CC)

8:10 PM 6

8:15 PM 11

THE DEMOCRAT
AND
THE DICTATOR

"I can't look at this century," says host Bill Moyers, "without thinking that the collision between the ideas of Adolf Hitler and Franklin Roosevelt represented its greatest turning point." The World War II adversaries were, Moyers continues, "gladiators of light and darkness in a worldwide morality play."

Combining archival footage, stills and radio tapes with Moyers' historical analysis, this report (which first aired on CBS Cable in September 1982) examines the divergent backgrounds and philosophies of Hitler and

Roosevelt, both of whom led their nations from 1933 until their deaths—18 days apart—in April 1945.

The "powerful gift" that FDR and Hitler shared, says Moyers, was a "clear, unmistakable voice, audible to the multitudes." The gift, demonstrated by FDR in his "fireside chats," gave new hope to Depression-era America. Across the Atlantic, meanwhile, Hitler was exploiting Germany's instability with fiery nationalistic oratory that preached Aryan supremacy. (60 min.)

A-110 TV GUIDE

Kansas City Edition

This was
excellent --
did you see it
?

March 19, 1984

Lola dear,

X A hasty note just to say that my bank called this morning to inform me that your check had been (obviously by error) dated April instead of March, and did I think it was all right? I at once assured them that the check would indeed be good and that the error made was obvious. But the bank said I should notify you of this as it will "clear" even though dated so far ahead.

Meantime Winter (note the capital W) has hit us the most savage blow imaginable. An ice storm of hitherto unknown proportions has just about wiped out the entire area. The trees are falling or breaking in half like matchwood (I have a great chunk of one on my roof and all the tree men in town are working round the clock and can't begin to keep up: God alone knows how much damage it has done up there -- and from a ~~neighb~~ neighbor's yard, yet!) As bad -- probably worse -- ~~65,000~~ 65,000 homes in Kansas City are without heat (because so many power lines have been knocked down) and a good many in Lawrence. By some marvellous luck, I still have electricity, hence heat, and so does Anna. Why didn't someone ever invent a thermostat that will control a gas furnace by some means other than electricity? I am, frankly, rather fearful: a still worse storm is to come smashing in tonight, with high winds and with everything coated * with ice like armor-plate, any lines not already ~~a~~ down, or trees not already fallen, are likely to become so. Oboy!

On that cheery note love as always, 'me'

July 6, 1984

Lola dear,

I probably have no right to even be sending you the enclosed from the Merck Manual. Either it will scare the pants off you, or fill you with disbelief, and, if discussed, however carefully and tactfully with your doctor(s), may lead to more of that "There, there, little girl, I can see we must up your anti-depressant medication!" etc. It's just that I still cannot see your situation and/or symptoms as failing to have an actual, physical cause that no one has looked into sufficiently to find out about. Your current doctor, the G.I. specialist, is, I have no doubt, a fine human being and ~~xxxxx~~ splendid at what he does. But what he does (here I may do him an injustice) is look at what is available in X-ray visualization; if it doesn't show, it isn't there. Moreover, his blood tests (again, I don't wish to do him an injustice and of course I do not know what blood tests he's ordered done) have been, I fear, the standard ones.

No, I do not think you have pemphigus. I only mentioned the lady here in Lawrence and enclose the material re that subject because, as I think I said on the phone, the Lawrence woman had sores in the mouth for 5 years before they finally burst out onto her skin -- and not one of three "fine" internists picked up on it -- even after it burst out onto her skin. No, indeed: it was the old story -- "There, there -- we've run every test known to man" (they had NOT) and "it's all in your head" and "here, take more tranquilizers" and so on.

As for Lupus, it isn't true that it is only a disease of young women. It is true that there is an extremely simple test which reveals it if it is there, and it is also true that it does, or can, "strike inward" and invade the viscera causing extreme pain and distress and so on.

I have thought and thought and thought and my thinking keeps saying: prove to me, you physicans, that Lola does NOT have a) a collagen disease; b) an automimmune disease. There are so many (ugh) possibilities but if a correct diagnosis isn't made, nothing is being done to help. And the tests really are so simple, so conclusive.

I also put in this grisly material because the write-ups point to related and or similar-appearing diseases and you could check those at (i.e., get a copy of the Merck Manual from some library; if need be, buy a copy).

The trouble with doctors (and this has always been so) is that, with the best will in the world, they take a notion that thus-and-so is the case, and that's that: they don't look further.

God I hope I am not at this point making you angry, or worse, upset. I know I am a hypochondriac -- but that doesn't mean that I project this onto my friends or that I am always wrong even though I am not, it goes without saying, a doctor, even if I make like one sometimes.

You won't hurt my feelings if you spit on the whole bit and give it a toss into the wastebasket.

Well~~x~~. On to better things. I was truly so very pleased that~~x~~ you did phone me last week. I was also glad to learn that you were getting

away "to the country" (whatever that means) for some days. I trust that the "getting away" was a success; that you were pampered and cared for; that you feel the better for it all; and so on.

I also enclose, as promised, my four most recent poems. I will in a day or two send copies to Irene and write to her again. I got a sweet note from her about a week ago: I know that, what with one thing and another, she no longer writes regularly as she once did and that the process costs her something, perhaps a good bit at times. She seems to be holding up rather well. I only hope the weather in the Catskills won't be too hot since her place has no airconditioning. This is being a wild summer, in terms of weather, and anything can be expected.

I am getting a little discouraged that Dan Jaffe doesn't do anything -- doesn't write to me himself; doesn't write, via a secretary or assistant editor, just to give me some idea of when or when; and so on. I don't see that there's anything I can do about all this, of course, since nagging only gets people's backs up, even when justified.

The only good thing I can say about our weather is: it hasn't been terribly hot, ever, and nights have often been "pull up a light blanket" cool. O if the rain, rain, rain (mostly in the form of thunderstorms at night, which leave me sadly ~~xxx~~ lacking sleep day after day, keyed up yet too exhausted even to nap most days) would just plain stop.

Well, this is pretty minor.

I think of you often, more than you can realize. I want you to feel better -- no, I want you to feel well, to feel yourself. I hope that some friends, and ~~George~~ George, of course, continue to gather 'round and lend support in various ways.

"More anon," I am in haste to get this off so that it stands a chance of reaching you on Monday.

With very fondest love and hopes for a much better report, as ever,

'me'

but ~~x~~ that can be diagnosed, treated, and ~~xxxx~~ written off as ~~xxx~~ a lousy period in your life. "More anon," and with love as always, 'me'

March 23, 1984

rec. 3/27
ans. 3/28

Lola dear,

I am so sorry that (again!) we had a loused-up phone connection yest. evening.

This letter will doubtless reach you Monday, and before you will have had any test results, indeed, before you will even have had, perhaps, any or at least all tests.

I feel so helpless and confused -- confused because your symptoms appear to have gone ~~xxx~~ away for periods of time (I was going through some back letters of your yesterday) and helpless because I am far away and can only offer such assistance as is within my power ~~ix~~ via phone or letter.

X By the way, when you get (and you will have by now) my little clipping from the Lawrence Journal-World, maybe you just mail it to Irene? But ~~xxxx~~ only if you feel like it.

I am confused also ~~b~~ and much distressed by your having said to me on the phone last night that you -- I hope I am quoting you correctly -- "have never in your life felt like this." I didn't get to find out if you are ~~x~~ referring to pains, say; or if you meant a more generalized feeling.

You know, it all began after your gall bladder operation of -- was it about two years ago? Sometimes I do wonder about gall bladder surgery. You are one of four or five people who have had persistent and/or recurring symptoms ever since they had gall bladders removed. This is not to say that this is, or is not, your present problem. I simply mention it.

I also thought you were really "doing well" when you took on the Yoga class etc.

Of course you cannot help but worry -- who wouldn't? Only an idiot. But among other things one wonders if in some way your gall bladder surgery "botched" things up in there, and trouble in the common bile duct keeps recurring, say. It's just a thought. I am sorry you messed around so long with that wretched doctor -- he should only fry in hell.

I think, by the way, that you had told me that you get such poor reception on your TV that you seldom if ever watch it. This really is rather a pity when there are few ~~xxxxxxx~~ good things on, true; but when there are they are so very well worth watching. Oh, well.

I just wanted to get this into the mail to you with the assurance that you are very much on my mind these days, and that I would like to try and understand what the hell is going on. ~~xxxxxxx~~ (Irene mentioned "cramping" to Anna when she spoke to her a few days ago: what did this mean? Where is it located? And so on.)

We will talk or correspond again soon, I know. I hope that this will all go by and turn out to be something painful and ugly, no doubt.

April 9, 1984

Lola dear,

I really was delighted to hear from you last night and to learn that all "went out" well -- literally. That you still feel a bit odd (I didn't ~~get~~ get it entirely clear as to what symptoms you are having at present) is, perhaps, understandable. You did not of course have surgery -- but you DID have "a procedure" and not such a teensy one, either.

Do ~~not~~ continue to keep in touch. I know, I know -- you should give yourself over to some convalescing for a bit. But as soon as you feel like it, write. (All the gory details. Well . . . as many of them as you care to reveal.)

Good that George was, once again, "there." I hadn't realized that you had friends -- one next door, one right across the street. From what you wrote not all that long ago, you felt rather "out of it" in the friendship department. I hope your close-by friends will also rally 'round and maybe bring you some goodies (not, perhaps, a Chinese meal!!!!) and the like. Or can shop for you. Or whatever.

The enclosed is a very slightly re-done version of "Son." ~~Just~~ Just one line changed. Throw away the other version, please.

All we get is cool, cloudy and/or rainy weather. At least we are past the snow part (I think).

Recent flooding in New Jersey was awesome. I wonder about people I know (not many, since Tenafly can't possibly be flooded) but, say, the mother of my oldest childhood friend who lives out in Ramsay (Betty, my friend, still works for John Wiley & Sons and has since it was the Ronald Press -- a total of about 40 years!) Betty will write in due course, I know.

Still no word from Dan Jaffe. Ah, me. Had I told you that I have someone working on the situation in Kansas City? ~~A~~ friend of my friend and/or instructor, Terry Moore, in the English Department here at K.U. He has good friends who teach at UMKC and know Dan J. fairly well and are going to see what they can find out. So far they've learned that my book IS "in the works" but all moves more slowly than had been planned. "More slowly," indeed!

You know (this is what is known as minding another's business) I really think it is sad that you have ~~a~~ a (presumably) perfectly good TV but can't use it. I know that something like, say, 11 or 12 dollars a month is a lot to people in your as in my position. But to me TV is such a "must" that I would feel ~~deprived~~ dreadfully deprived if I could no longer have it. Yes, yes, of course, 90% is Dreck. But the offerings, esp. on Sunday nights and about one Monday per month (Shakespeare) makes it all worth it. As does, for me, the news -- esp. Dan Rather at 5:30 p.m. week-nights, and, since I have, free, Cable News Network, one hour of that in the morning while I dress etc. also gives me a great deal. And once in a while the airing of an old but good movie -- The African Queen, say, and there are ~~plenty~~ plenty of ~~others~~ others -- is lots of fun from time to time.

So. Keep in touch. Love as ever, 'me'

April 19, 1984

Lola dear,

The enclosed speaks for itself. It was about time! Frankly, I have no idea what New Letters is (except that it is also a publication which originates at UMKC) or how it got in on the act. Get with it, Dan Jaffe!

I hear via Irene that you are still not feeling very well. What is going on? How is this possible? Is there no physician who can get at the cause of ~~y~~ your trouble and make it go away, so to speak?

It seems to be a very long time since ~~ix~~ I wrote to you. I cannot even recall whether or not I sent you a copy of the enclosed poem. ~~x~~

We are starting, just barely, to have something which resembles spring weather. About time.

I gather that Irene (who, when she spoke with Anna two nights ago, said she was going to phone you the following day -- that would be yesterday -- to see how things were going) is carrying on. As the weather gets nicer~~s~~, she'll be able to get out and about more.

I hope for some jollier news or you -- and soon!

"More anon~~m~~," and love as always, 'me'

April 23, 1984

Lola dear,

Your news via phone last night was certainly distressing and I am, as I have been (and as you are and must continue to be), puzzled, to put it mildly. By the way, you must not worry about my worrying: I am going to worry, no matter what, and I worry more when I don't know what is going on.

I probably shouldn't have said what I did say about your having been put on Keflex. Generally it is given for a urinary tract infection (is that what you have?) and for most people, if not taken for an extended period, it does no real harm. The taking of antibiotics is, naturally, to be avoided; but your physician must feel a need and even, I suppose, know the pathogen he is dealing with or he'd not have prescribed it.

Who is helping you out these days? Have you someone to shop for you at need, even go with you to the doctor and the like? (Since you are feeling rather dreadful, even a small "trip" can loom as a big undertaking, I well know.) Is George in the position to ~~rally~~ "rally 'round" etc.?

Anna was at the house when you called and said to send you her very best wishes and how well ~~she~~ she understands what you are going through.

I am confused: how ~~can~~ can a CAT scan be of ~~any~~ value unless you are given various dyes which define specific organs and make them readable? (Perhaps this is precisely what was done, what do I know?)

I think you and your doctor had better have a real talk about the situation. Naturally if there is one thing you don't want is more major surgery. God forbid it will become necessary. But someone has got to find out what is wrong: you can't go on like this, that much is certain.

By the way, I of course can't read German (although in the course of proof-reading I encounter German book and article titles and can often recognize when something is wrong) but Anna reads German extremely well. (Conversely, I can still chat a bit in that language having been exposed, as you will well recall, to Martin and his parents indulging in family fights in that language etc.) So if possible, and not putting an added burden on you, I am sure Anna would like very much to see your forthcoming publication.

In haste to get this off (the slowness with which the mail makes its way back and forth ~~between~~ between New York and Lawrence is nothing short of infuriating).

I also wrote (I guess I told you this) Irene and enclosed Xeroxed copies of my recent mail from the BkMk Press.

More soon -- from you I hope -- and with better news -- love as ~~often~~ ever, 'me'

May 19, 1984

Lola dear,

It has been just about two weeks since I learned, via Anna via Irene, that you might be going to ~~be~~ be sent home from the hospital on the Monday. Since then, nothing. As you may imagine, I have felt insecure and concerned: were you, in fact, sent home; how are you feeling, and so on. (Irene of course was in possession of the information that a whole battery of tests revealed nothing organically wrong; I believe she also knew at that time that your doctor was going to try ~~a~~ various changes in diet in the belief that you might be responding adversely to some specific food, i.e., milk products and the like.)

Well, not hearing from you I didn't know precisely what to think or what to do. I didn't want to phone you in case you were resting or not feeling too whippy or whatever; and, since I didn't know for sure and certain that you had been sent home from St. Vincent's, I didn't want to write you, either. I felt confident that as soon as you would be home and feeling even somewhat better you'd drop me a line or whatever.

This morning I learned, because Anna and Irene phoned ~~xxxx~~ together, that you are indeed home and having ~~a~~ difficult time, diet-wise, because your ~~a~~ vegetarian diet makes it very difficult to get along without milk and related products. What I don't feel clear about is: is going without lactose helping you? How are you feeling, now? Have you re-gained some of your lost weight? And so on. I am truly delighted to learn that your fine new doctor is satisfied as to your organic soundness. But I'd feel happier to hear from you directly, even a short note or whatever. You know me: always questions, questions. When do you see your doctor again? Would it help if you'd add some non-vegetarian items to your diet, even temporarily? And so forth. But I don't want to plague you and "run over you" with bombardments of queries, either.

We are finally having something like spring in these parts. I suppose any day now we'll go directly, as usual, into hellish summer weather.

Irene, Anna said, seems to be feeling really pretty well. We are both so ~~xxxx~~ delighted to learn that she is planning her Catskill vacation. I am sure the change will do her good, as it generally does, and applaud her decision.

"Otherwise," ~~xxxx~~ nothing new. I have written some poems and will send you copies anon, when you are in the mood. I hope that friends and ~~xxxx~~ George have all rallied 'round, at need, but that "need" soon will be a thing of the past and you your usual bouncing self!k

Take care, get well, be well!

With all love as ever, 'me'

May 22, 1984

Lola dear,

I was terribly glad to have heard from you Sunday evening. You did sound depressed, as why shouldn't you, given all that you've been through, and for so long a time, too. But I still sense your fighting spirit through it all. (I confess that my famed medical knowledge fails me: I don't grasp the connection between pains -- in the stomach? where? -- and central nervous system depressants. Ah, well. By the way, if ~~alcoholic~~ alcoholic drinks are central nervous system depressants, why it they be so bad to try? Perhaps they wouldn't mix well with your anti-depressant?)

I am enclosing some poems, as promised. These were all written within about the last three weeks.

I look forward to ~~frmtx~~ further reports on your progress, but only as you feel like making them.

With all love, 'me'

thought: why in the name of all that is holy did she take him to, nay, let him attend, that big banquet? ~~xxx~~ So everyone could see what a noble martyr/wife she is? To get back at him for the assorted miseries she has undoubtedly suffered? Or what? Believe me, he wouldn't have missed not going, I can assure ~~mm~~ you. Oh, when I think of that quick, bright mind, that ~~xxxx~~ humor . . . well, you understand. "More anon," ~~BN~~ WELL, love as ever, 'me.

1637 Illinois Street

May 27, 1984

Lola dear,

I wonder whether or not you saw the enclosed in your N.Y. paper?

You know, try as I will, I can't get back the details of the sorry saga of your experience with Rita Rudel. I recall that it was some years ago . . . that you started in on one of your jobs with Rita . . . that you liked her very much and felt you had found a friendship as well as an employer . . . and that she then finked out on you, betrayed you in some way. When you feel like it, refresh my memory.

I note that "Juli" appears to have been living in Buffalo, Rita in New York?

I knew ("artin and I knew) both the Rudels very well indeed at one time, as you might recall. In fact Rita worked with Martin at City College and ~~xxx~~ got up her early interest in cognitive psychology and in brain damage etc. from Martin. She and Juli and Martin and I used to go out together of an evening etc. years ago. I'd no idea that Rita had come so far and added so much additional luster to her name and career. And it is, of course, terribly sad when anyone, certainly someone not too old (she's my age) dies, presumably of cancer (it ~~x~~ always means that, doesn't it, when it says "after a long illness"?).

But in many ways I never liked or trusted Rita. She was wild about Martin but more or less tolerated me. Oh, well. 'Tis all water long, long ago under the dam etc.

I think of you often and devoutly hope you are feeling better in every way and getting on top of whatever the hell it is you are getting on top of (I still don't grasp the situation very fully).

Today, for the first time in ages, we have rain, and I do mean rain. Naturally it has come down in buckets all morning long, in torrents (nothing by halves in Kansas, of course).

I hope to have some more ~~pm~~ poems to send in a short while.

You know, I guess it's my "Alzheimer's Disease," but I do ~~NT~~ not recall whether or not I wrote you that my neighbor/friend, the former nurse, who lives diagonally across the street from me, say HIM at the big annual retirement dinner for K.U. faculty and staff at the end of March~~x~~ (my neighbor's husband was among the retirees and HE, the doctor, who should have been "honored" a year ago, I'd have thought, was officially on the scene etc.). Well, the point of all this is that HE simply didn't know where he was, who was there, what he was doing, or anything else -- didn't even recognize my neighbor and her husband although he has known both well for 35 years or more. It is so terribly pathetic. Well, as I said to Anna, "She (Jane) has really got him now!" I ask myself,

June 1, 1984

Lola dear (or should I say, Dear Possessed?):

Your letter at first encouraged, then distressed me. What can one say? I suppose your troubles could be psychosomatic but I am still not convinced that they are (Dr. Constance speaking). So often what you write reminds me of one of Dr. Alvarez' wonderful articles in which he detailed the sufferings of a woman who, when at long, long last they opened her up, was found to have a tiny, not-to-be-visualized (this was before CAT) abscess tucked in under her pancreas. Drained, it set her right for the rest of her life, and that was that. See what I mean? So many of your symptoms, even their coming-and-going-ness, could "tot up" to something weird and impossible to diagnose like that. (No, I wouldn't want you to undergo exploratory surgery, certainly not now, not until you have bounced back a lot more.)

Is your hair still shedding? Have you regained some of your lost weight?

By the way: your mention of chills and "hot flashes" makes me think. Have you ever, in your whole life, taken Premarin? The need for it in the postmenopausal and/or "older" woman is sometimes a crying-out-loud need and much (including depression) can be helped by it. I don't suppose you'd want to bring this up with your doctor? For one thing, he's not an endocrinologist . . . oh, well. Or, oh hell.

I'm sort of sorry you wrote the story about your mother in German. Only natural for you to do so, of course; but now I can't read it. I bet Irene would find it fascinating.

I won't phone you, since I'd inevitably hit a moment in time when you maybe just didn't feel like talking. But, rest assured, I will write.

Incidentally, your gum abscess is part of the whole crazy deal. Now surely it isn't psychosomatic. And if it isn't, couldn't there be something similar some place internal that would do you good by being drained? (But that lands us in the surgery business again. Shit.)

Today hot and sunny, but thunderstorms and the like are to return over the weekend.

I gather that the whole east, N.Y.C. included, has been simply deluged ~~with~~ with rain, rain, rain. Enough of that. I also gather that it is all moving off now and that you are in for some pleasant weather.

~
Since I've nothing of great inspirational value to add at the moment, I shall try and get this off en route to church (Friday eve. eucharist) (evening meaning 5:30). All I can say is: you are much in my thoughts and on my mind.

By the way, you don't have any skin manifestations, do you -- lesions, ulcers, etc. etc.? I don't think so or I'd remember. And have you any teeth that ought to come out?

I won't, honestly, send a bill for my services, which must, of course, impress you deeply. With all dear love, as ever, 'me'

1-913 -
V13-1137

1637 Illinois Street

June 10, 1985

Lola dear,

D'you realize that today is -- would have been -- Martin's 85th birthday? Sounds impossible, doesn't it?

The enclosed speaks for itself. One can almost become encouraged.

I hope you are O.K. I am in a feeling-lousy state (actually I'd felt rather better for some weeks, oh, well). Our weather stinks -- constant rain, threat of rain, thunderstorms, threat of thunderstorms, potential for tornado warnings or watches (the former means business), and so on. At least we've only had two hot and I mean really hot days. Most unusual (the failure of the real big heat to come ~~xxxx~~ and stay). I shouldn't talk.

My poor friend Betty (Neal) retired (she'd worked over 40 years in total, almost all of this time for the Ronald Press which in the last several years had been taken over by John Wiley & Sons) and is undergoing post-retirement crisis etc. She will have to find a "center" (or a new center) for her life. I guess it is quite an adjustment. Who knows? Maybe she's ~~xxx~~ decide to approach your agency after all. Or do volunteer work somewhere. We'll see. Betty's life (other than work and whatever social life she has -- and she does have one) is music. Season's tickets to the Met. Concerts. Symphony. She just got back from Wellesley (she's a Wellesley grad.) where she attended a week-long seminar or symposium on ~~xxxx~~ "Beethoven and the Romantics" or some such title. I wrote her: "You couldn't have done that while you were working!" Oh, she'll "settle in," I know. But, as I have oft repeated, I am sure, it is only the rare type like my father for whom retirement was no crisis at all -- he simply went on doing what he'd done his entire adult life, only at his own tempo, on a reduced scale, etc.

Carolyn, by the way, is really thrilled with her Wellesley position. She'll be in Lawrence around July 4th for a few days -- hasn't been home since Christmas so it will be wonderful to have a good visit with her. Her daughter Mary is right there in the Boston area and her son George not all that far away in New Jersey (working for Bell Labs.). Lynn, her eldest, works at a bank in Kansas City in a way which makes use of her law degree. Bill and Carolyn do get together several times a year. O.K., if that works for them -- as it seems to -- fine.

Hope Irene is well. She wrote me such a lovely note a week or so ago. I know it is some effort for her to write but the results are truly inspiring.

"More anon" -- must try and get a few errands done before rain begins.

Love as ever, 'me'

June 5, 1986

Lola dear,

It is truly unforgivable of me not to have ~~xxx~~ written, esp. since your so-very-nice and so-much-appreciated phone call.

As usual, I have explanations, but no excuses.

Incidentally, I'd not known, or realized is perhaps the better term, that you do see a lot of (or talk to often) Joel and that he is "your best friend." I have a hunch that his wife is, somehow, not included and is, as I think you once indicated, shall we say, a bit jealous of you? "Tough titty," Mrs. A.! It never ceases to amaze me how "us old broads" still manage to find and maintain rather surprising relationships -- and being as that is how we are constituted -- I suppose that (up to a certain point, i.e., age 97?) -- this may always be so. I certainly hope so! Life without a man (in some sense of the term, and friendships even if not full-blown love-affairs between a man and a woman are just not the same as friendships between two women or two men etc.!) is (to me) inconceivable! I expect that if I live long enough (doubtful) I will some day come to the point where there is no male in the center of my life in some way. Ah, me. (This is an aspect of Carolyn's new life as head of the Stone Center at Wellesley: she has entered, and lives in, and apparently has come to prefer, life in an all-woman world. Correspondingly she grows more militantly feminist. She still has a bit of humor about it all, and isn't completely "way out," I am glad to say.)

I wrote a poem last week -- first time in "many a moon." Thought I'd tuck in a copy. Here.

We haven't had as many thunderstorms as back in May, I am glad to state. Just now we are once again in a "stormy" patch, but, thus far, it isn't too bad, and the welcome rain last night brought no thunder and lightening with it. One of my closest friends, ~~Shirley~~ from Wells days, Shirley Prunko, lives in San Antonio. If all went according to plan, she and her husband would have been at Wells for our (gulp!) 45th class reunion and have missed out on the ghastly 6-inches-in-a-half-hour-type rain they just had there. I hope their house is on high(ish) ground and that they find it in one piece!

Anna didn't come to call Irene last weekend but plans to this coming weekend. I shall wait to write to I. until Anna has completed her call. It is difficult to write a "decent" letter when one is writing ~~xxx~~ into a vacuum, not knowing just what is going on at the moment etc.

I've had a good deal of proofreading of late. I still can't figure out how I am better off: with less proofreading and less taxes, or vice versa? It is all a big mess, and thank you, President Reagan!

Be well, but not too good. Keep up your toil (have you a choice?), and so on.

Love as always, dear Lola, 'me'

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

SHIP

The sea, baring her barnacles, would return her,
the whim of some unprotected coast
gobble her.

She knows, brave clipper,
the way of the wind is backwards;
can't you see how it is with her?

Bone in her teeth, her bellies blowing white,
she drives, pushing the wind in a frenzy
to stave death off, to find
the rim of the world.

Once men believed the world was flat.
Yet any sailor knew how a ship rose up --
topsails first, then masts, and last, the hull,
but never fell over earth's edge;

knew, and watched ships such as this one,
anchoring the very airs she moved through
with random mystery.

* * *

June 17, 1984

Lola dear,

I was delighted to learn that you'd felt "improved" enough to come down (by subway, I am sure) and visit Irene. I indicated to Anna that you are feeling somewhat better, although I gather that you have a way to go yet and have not re-gained weight etc. Your present affliction (a continuation of whatever has bothered you since your gall bladder surgery and no one will ever tell me this was just a coincidence) still remains a mystery to me and I continue to find it difficult not to say impossible to subscribe to the X "It's all in you mind" school of thought. But what do I know?

I do hope your apartment is airconditioned! Surely we must have made mention of this subject but I just plainly can't remember. I do hope it is. I am not nuts about airconditioning but I couldn't survive and I mean this rather literally without it. We are now getting the heat -- but of course we are supposed to be used to it and find it quite normal (pfui on that).

If I understood Irene (via Anna), your Emily Dickenson has been reprinted in a new edition. Irene was deeply impressed -- as indeed she should be, as anyone should be. I still say that only a Lola would have undertaken this well-nigh-impossible task -- and succeeded, wonderfully.

I've not written a ~~poem~~ poem for some two weeks but hope this changes very soon. I want to keep on writing and not go back into one of my sterile and silent phases.

I just am finishing the new biography of Diannex~~Arbus~~ Arbus (by Patricia ~~Bosworth~~ Bosworth) and have found it completely fascinating. It was done, as you may or may not have read, against the wishes of daughter Doon Arbus but with the blessing and full cooperation of brother Howard Nemerov. Patricia B. admires the Arbus "canon" as I cannot (to me it is all sick, sick, sick) but she has done such careful research and with such sensitivity and taste that she does reveal Arbus as a desperately sick, not just "different," woman -- without underscoring it and blating about it.

Do you ever see or hear from Joel Agee? Does he know how ill you have been? Or has his wife put the quietus on any relationship? Speaking of the Agees, would you be interested in an article by Laurence Bergreen which I cut from Harvard Magazine recently, on James Agee? (It is from a forthcoming biography, to be published in ~~June~~ June or July, and I can't think that Joel doesn't know all about it.) If you personally are interested, I will send my copy.

Please continue to take care. As I prepare for some extra-special Public Television viewing during the next two days I still wish you'd get hooked up to the cable so that you, too, could participate in the only parts of TV that really are worthwhile.

Write when you feel up to it, yes?x Much love as always, 'me'

July 26, 1984

Dearest Lola,

To put it mildly, I was delighted to hear from you. I had heard, via Anna, via Irene, that you were both feeling and looking better. But to hear it from you directly makes it more real and more encouraging in every way. (By the way, I never for a moment thought you had pemphigus, and that it was highly unlikely that you had lupus etc. Still, the medical profession does all too often tend to be lax and/or cling to a first impression, an initial diagnosis.)

I am sorry your doctor suddenly lost his sense of humor re your "psychosomatic regressive abominable conversion syndrome" (a classic). Oh, well.

Since three days I have been feeling rather encouraged re the (eventual) appearance of "my book." I wrote a letter (actually addressed to the Assistant Editor, now a young woman named Shayne Russing) and kind of laid it on her, so to speak. Trying (successfully, I believe) not to come on either nagging or whining or pitiful or pleading, I asked straight-out: what can I expect, and when, and so on. Dan Jaffe, this time, responded at once with a phone call. He's the same Dan Jaffe -- charming, ebullient, taking on too much, indulging too many (genuine) enthusiasms, and, if I can believe him, and I think I can, has had a very bad last 8 months or so -- his wife Robin has been hospitalized three times, a son was in a dreadful motor cycle accident, and so on. Dan said that things really will go forward, and soon; that he will be making his selection from my manuscript (money doesn't permit a book of scope sufficient to include all my poems, but this is something I always understood) and that it should be in the printer's hands by September, say, and "out" by December-February next. Well. That is more like it. I just hope that all does really work out.

I had proposed as a title "Writing in Winter" and he agreed at once. (Ah, yes: deep symbolism. "Winter" standing for "old age." Can't you see the touching picture? The poor old crone seeking inspiration in her snow-bound cabin etc. etc.)

Your comments re my most recent sendings are very welcome. In fact, as you will see from the enclosed, I re-thought "Writing in Summer" and agreed with your basic criticisms. (Anna, as I told her, is now demoted from her role as "Last of the Big-Time Critics".)

Your newest portrait of your exhibitionist is full of pathos. So he, too, grows older -- of course. Yet he is still "letting it all hang out." Does he constantly entertain his women yet? I gather not.

Yes, that title for the German anthology of women writers is a bit much. Who thought up that ~~ex~~?

Irene dropped me a nice note (I know writing notes is an increasing effort for her). She went into great detail re her knee -- a subject she'd brought up with Anna in their recentish phone call.

So now she takes off for the Catskills. This between us, of course: we are a bit concerned that she now views her coming vacation with considerably less pleasurable anticipation. She's lived so alone and so quietly, she says, that the thought of being among many persons and much background sound of conversation and the like suddenly ~~fix~~ fills her with distress. She also will miss TV -- the conclusion of "Buddenbrooks," for instance. (I must say, in this day and age I'd think that even the most snobbish of intellectuals, real or fancied, would have a room set apart for those who wish to watch the news or follow cultural programs on Public Television.) And, although she doesn't say this, if God forbid her knee acts up while she's there, that really would put the quietus on her enjoyment. I hope all goes well ~~ANEX~~ as a change of scene, air, etc. could also benefit her. But I have a dark hunch that something is going to send her packing back home before her time is up. We'll see. I hope not.

By the way, you've been out on Long Island, I understand? Is this with Madeleine?

It's been pretty hot hereabouts, although not nearly so hot as last summer (when almost every day went to over 100 for a long while). And nights have been pretty pleasant -- temperatures rarely over 70, although it takes until 3 or so in the morning for them to get down there. Still, one can sleep sans airconditioning -- a state of things I much prefer if at all possible, and not only for monetary reasons.

The enclosed review of the James Agee biography speaks for itself. My friend (and for several semesters, instructor) Terry Moore takes New York and has been passing copies on to me. (Terry has lived first with both aged parents, then after his mother died, with his brain-damaged aged father, for years and years and years. He ~~w~~ is an Episcopalian and was deeply attached to my father. He was, at my request, one of the pallbearers at Papa's ~~n~~ funeral back in 1980.) Actually, it was, in a way, through Terry, that I "got to" BkMk Press in the first place. Terry has friends in Kansas City, and he showed some of my poems to them a couple of years ago. Jean, the wife, was smitten with them and showed several to Dan Jaffe who was in turn "smitten" and that's how that went.

Rain is promised for today (alas in the form of thunderstorms again) and this time we need it badly.

I still feel sad that you can't enjoy Public TV. There's a moving and ~~mix~~ delightful new ~~series~~ series called "Little Railway Journeys" that is especially fine and that not only has something in it for "train buffs" but "fans out" into the country being portrayed and tells you a lot about the life of the people. I hadn't known, for instance, that modern ~~Greece~~ Greece is a veritable cesspool of pollution and that Homer's ~~wine-dark~~ "wine-dark sea" is simply a toxic dump. The very sunlight of Athens, so famed for its brilliance, is ~~is~~ dim, and the erosion-producing junk pouring out from trillions of cars is literally destroying the Parthenon. Etc.

Well. More anon. And it was so good to get a "Lola-letter"! Love as always, 'me'

September 23, 1984

Lola dear,

Recent(ish) contact with Irene (I think it was about a week ago ~~x~~ when she phoned Anna) established the pleasant fact that she was really feeling quite well. It is too bad that her Catskill sojourn "bombed," but at least it was a change, fresh air, etc.

If I ~~x~~ understood things correctly, she hadn't heard from you and/or seen you in some while. Again, if I understand correctly, this is befause~~x~~ you have been ~~frenetice~~ frenetically involved in the German woman writer's situation, everyone else having (more or less) dropped it all in your lap. I am sorry you are having to work so hard and hope it isn't harming you in your recovered (or nearly recovered) state of health. Needless to state, this brings up the next point: how are you?

(By the way, Irene for the first time went into some detail about her new friend, introduced to her by Trude Bartel, and how helpful she has been etc. Needless to say, anything pleasant of this sort that comes Irene's way fills Anna and me with joy.)

I enclose, since it has been some while, a few new or new-ish poems.

"Otherwise," "im Kansas nicht neues" -- our ghastly hot weather finally toned down and we are having pleasant nights (65 or so) and days rarely above 85. Delightful. But of course we can, as a rule, look forward to longer, warmer falls than you folks back east.

Still nothing, but nothing, from Dan Jaffe and BkMk Press; ditto nothing from "New Letters." Had I written you that at their invitation and with the understanding that it might or might not ever be broadcast etc., I did make a professional taping of a poetry reading? I've not heard from them about it: I don't even know if it was received by them. I must say, I wish the tempo would pick up in these matters!

Anna is, as ever during the past year or two, overworking herself with her constant job of framing, re-framing, matting, re-matting, photographing, cataloguing, etc. etc. Albert Bloch paintings, drawings, etc. I know I must have written about the series of three "A.B." shows which are to take place -- at the Smithsonian, the Whitney, and here in Lawrence at the Spenser Art Museum. Naturally nothing with these forthcoming shows is going smoothly, either (so what else is new?) but if all goes half-way as planned, at least you can get to the one at the Whitney. I will let you know. But don't stand around with baited breath waiting to call a taxi -- 1986 seems to be the date of the earliest of the three shows.

A line or three would be appreciated, it goes without saying. I think of you often and hope all is basically well.

Much love as ever, 'me'

October 22, 1984

Lola dear,

I was overjoyed to get a good, long Lola-letter (by the way, I could read more of the German in your enclosure than you might think! Anna is the "maeven from German," granted, but I still have not totally unlearned the German I came to understand listening to Martin and his parents and/or friends speaking etc.). I think you an utter martyr to have devoted so much time and energy to the project, yet I can, of course, understand that it became something "needful" for you to do. The 9,000 sheets of paper turned x into garbage, though: incredible! (or is it?).

Your point that Dan Jaffe is letting much, much too long a time elapse between his glowing "ad" for "the remarkable poetry of Constance Scheerer" and its appearance is very well taken indeed. I am mulling over precisely how to phrase my next letter to him. Again, I don't want to "come on" whining, or pleading, or nagging. (What I really want to do is to "let him have it" right between the eyes at this point! Yes, yes, I know, I know, he, like most academics, is over-busy, takes on too much, etc. etc. Still)

No, I didn't recently re-read Emily Dickinson. I do, of course, pick up my copy of her complete works from time to time, but it's been rather a while, for some reason. I shall now re-read the poem of which you speak.

Amy Clampitt, I note, appears now in the New Yorker with astounding regularity. I have long entertained the hunch that it is often a matter of sheer luck in making the proper connection that ensures that a given poet ~~wit~~ will be "picked up" -- or not picked up. If Harold Moss is still ~~the~~ poetry editor, I can only say that he never, in the past, "picked up" on me. Well, I've not send the New Yorker any poetry for a very long time. Perhaps I should try them again. I have written a considerable number of poems since my submission to Dan Jaffe so that I am quite free to submit any or all of these, in batches of five or so, as is (I suppose it still is) done.

I am glad you liked "Red Caboose." As to "genuine faith," I can't say. I like to think I have worked towards it (or back into it) with the passing of time and my resumption of going to church.

Psst -- it is Albert, not Arthur, Bloch. As of this writing the situation is both confused and confusing re the scheduling and contents of the forthcoming shows. I believe the Whitney is to have the first, and, although Anna isn't happy about it, has accepted it, par force. Not happy because the Whitney, a rather "trendy" museum at best, wants to keep on (erroneously) identifying "A.B." with the Blaue Reiter -- a group he knew personally and with whom he did at the beginning exhibit, but from whose influence he steadily drew away with his painting, especially in the years that followed his return to the USA and his settling in here in Lawrence. ~~Me~~ This show is supposed to be "on" in the early part of 1986. Then comes an extendedk, slightly, version of same at the Smithsonian -- at their Museum of American Art. Then a really full retrospective at ~~the~~ the Spencer Museum here at K.U.

Anna is working her you should pardon the expression ass off for a year and a half or so at the least -- framing, re-framing, matting, re-matting, getting certain paintings cleaned and/or restored, and much, much, more. For about one year (more, actually) two young women, curators at the Spencer Museum, spent a great deal of time either with Anna or by themselves up in A.B.'s studio, sorting through the full spectrum of prints and drawings first, later turning their attention to the paintings, attempting to make ~~xxxx~~ selections etc. Both have gone on to get their Ph.D's elsewhere but will be ~~x~~ returning to Lawrence from time to time to continue what, for the last several months, had been an unpaid-for labor of love -- both had fallen ~~w~~ in love with "A.B."s work almost literally and remained in Lawrence after they had officially ceased working for or at the Spencer. In many ways Jan and Marla were indeed helpful to Anna.

Your trip, with George, to Washington, sounds marvellous. Your account of Washington sounds marvellous, too. Yet it is supposed to be the most crime-ridden city in the nation, with government etc. employees hastening out of it at the first moment they can decently leave their desks etc. I also saw a recent TV feature on Georgetown with its incomparable Georgian houses and how it is taken over almost literally on weekends by gangs from Maryland or Virginia who come to drink and dope it up and ~~xxx~~ raise pure noisy hell (complete with crimes of various delightful sorts) all night long. Residents of Georgetown by almost literally the thousands ~~a~~ are protesting -- so far to no ~~x~~ avail. The tavern owners are too powerful a lobby, it would seem, and the profits for them are simply enormous. I tell you, we live in the age of super-greed!

Although you speak of yourself as feeling "exhausted," to me you seem to be brimming over with ~~a~~ energy. Doing the work you do, or did; travelling to Washington and going everywhere; etc. Terrific!

It would seem that you and Irene have somewhat lost contact (there is no reproach intended here on either side, believe me). She does indeed seem to have a new friend who has been good to her and "there" at need etc. A good thing, since her adored Trude B. is so often gone on extended visits to her daughter (I think it is) in Maryland, or to Europe with ~~x~~ the husband she was ready to ~~div~~ some years ago but with whom she appears to have reestablished a relationship.

As for me, what is there to say? I continue to feel gently (or not so gently) lousy -- no strength at all, a need to fall over and take a nap, often several times a day, and worse. A recent blood count (including sedimentation rate which I regard as so vital) was fine, as was urinalysis and potassium-sodium balance). I have decided it is (perhaps) my heart? Somehow I keep on postponing going to Watkins to see one of the doctors there: the minute one does that one is drawn into the treadmill, so to speak -- tests, tests, and more tests; anxious waiting for results; then maybe put on a medication which has ghastly side effects. O boy!

By the way, the semi-final news about HIM is a total disaster: gone ~~xxx~~ in mind, he now has cancer spread through his entire body. I wish to God that he would simply and cleanly die and think it obscene ~~a~~ that someone (Jane, perhaps?) is trying to hang on to him via chemotherapy etc. On this "cheery" note, I sign off with love as ever, 'me'

December 10, 1984

Lola dear,

It was, as always, a joy to get a Lola-letter. I am sorry you are "weary and disgusted with yourself" etc. Me, I am more than weary etc. -- I am just recovering (I think) from The Virus. Not flu, or, more accurately, influenza, and definitely not a cold. It is "something that is going around" and it is lousy. One of its cuter features is that it tends to go right into ~~XXXX~~ pneumonia. It also tends to get better then come back on ~~XXXXXX~~ you, BAM. Anna went right into ~~XX~~ pneumonia within 24 hours: she was really terribly ill. She refused to go to the hospital because of Trude and doctor friends from Topeka who were in the right place at the right time (here in Lawrence to say hello to her and to me and to attend a ~~P~~ basketball game) examined her, got her medication, etc. I, although not as ill, felt utterly rotten (and don't feel much better) and could do nothing to help. Luckily she has one or two friends -- men -- who could and did bring her in groceries, take Trude for a run at least every second day or so, and so on. This is the first morning in ten days I've felt able to sit up to the typewriter ~~at~~ at all.

Tonight my taped poetry reading will be broadcast on Public Radio and I am nervous as a cat etc. What sort of upsets me is that "New Letters" feels "obliged" to hit big on my age for God's sake! (a matter of pride, like, in effect, Look! This poor old crone writes this wonderful poetry and is now getting her first book published! etc.). (Am I? Nothing is moving on that fronte and I am going to give Dan Jaffe a real blast in a day or so.)

At least I think I chose good poems and read real.

Part of being "out of it" for ten days has meant, of course, loss of income. Oh, well. I should only survive. If the winter (very mild weather to date hereabouts) is starting ~~XXXX~~ out this way, what next~~XX~~?

Anna phoned Irene last evening. I. seems to be feeling a bit weak but otherwise well. I was delighted to learn that she had had you for supper -- it speaks volumes for her many marvellous qualities and also she must have been up to it and have wanted to see and visit with you and share a meal with you.

I meant to send you the enclosed before now but somehow didn't come to it. Yes, it is all over. Somehow it hit both Annax~~XX~~ and me very hard, even though it ~~was axxxxxix~~ relief and a release as well. This man was a vital part of both our lives and we loved him dearly.

I can't believe you are now -- 70! Somehow I'd thought you were "only" 68, say. Well, if I live long enough in a few more months I will reach the Medicare age! Hah!

Your response to my poem, "A Burning," puzzled me, but, as always, gave me furiously to think. If your interpretation is possible, then I haven't written the poem "right." My own intent and meaning

was ~~xxx~~ to present a persona driven mad by a world consumed by flames (the "fires of hell") and trying to cope by substituting the "fires of faith" in a desperate fashion. The last lines, by the way, were literally lifted from Leviticus (one~~x~~ thing about the ~~Bible~~ Bible: you can do that -- the author(s) cannot ~~xx~~ sue!). I try to find hatred and hostility in the poem and can't -- but since when is the author the best judge? Ah, me!

One thing I can say with authority: it had nothing to do with him, his dying, and so on. But nothing. My own struggles with returning to the faith, so to speak -- possibly.

I didn't mean to "cast asparagus" on Washington which I know to be a ~~xxx~~ fabulous city in so many ways. But I get so much on Cable News Network (and from other sources) about the other facets of our nation's capitol, too -- like the huge, hostile, crime-ridden black parts; the wreck (these days) being made of lovely Georgetown; and more.

I look forward to the "one ~~x~~ poem in English."

Listen: if you should, God forbid, come down with The Virus (I can't think it is confined to Kansas etc.), don't get up too early and try and get ~~xxxx~~ around. You might even keep a stock of food on hand, if possible, that would see you through a several days without having to go out. This thing is a meanie, I mean it!

Enough for now. I am already breaking into sweats again. Hell.

Much love as always, though, despite my debilitated state.

'me'

stop working until spring, say -- in the event I live that long (!). Anna, by the way, was, as I believe I indicated, much sicker than I was, and, not surprisingly, also feels utterly rotten still although she bravely turns out to run Trude etc. "More anon," I hope, and love as ever, 'me

December 17, 1984

Lola dear,

Your ancient (?) Vietnam-era card came several days ago, complete with poem. I would have responded more post-haste but I am still by no means "over" The Virus -- a truly vile thing that hangs on and hangs on. I now learn that, with many, symptoms and general drag-i-ness linger for up to five weeks or more. Well, I am better, but still not up to proofreading and I am sadly "out of pocket" now because of this -- and December and January are the worst months in terms of drains on the pocketbook: real estate taxes, homeowners insurance, etc. etc. all coming due at once. Ugh.

Oh, dear. I fear that what I have to say about your poem will be the sort of thing I've said before and I have no right to even say it (again, or yet) because you have a certain approach to poetry that you've been developing over the past couple of years or so -- namely, the prose-poem approach, if I have understood you correctly, and I think this is fine, it is just not something I can "get with," somehow.

I found "Storyteller" moving in the ~~xxxx~~ extreme and it goes without saying that the autobiographical contents could be more poignantly experienced and understood by me than by someone who doesn't know you well and for a long time. But "Storyteller" is written in, dare I say, an epistolary style -- not a poetic ~~xxxx~~ style. To me (and please, this is only my opinion) this detracts from the power, beauty, metaphysical wit, etc. of the poem (and the poem has got a lot of all these qualities).

I know my reaction will be disappointing and certainly, since it is my reaction, will find plenty opposing it. Have you shared it with Irene? Does George read you poems? What does he say?

We've had the strangest mild weather (with a two-day exception) right up until now. Now, I think, true winter will begin, along about tonight. Perhaps in the long run it will be better. I can't help but wonder (forgive me if I repeat myself) that the old saying "Green winters make fat graveyards" has some wisdom in it. Had we gone into normal winter would we all be going down in rows before The Virus? Who can say? Now it is Christmas vacation, or will be in another couple of days. The students will, for the most part, depart for three weeks or so. Then they'll come back, bringing with them the next wave of illness -- this time the flu, I mean, the true influenza. And the rest of ~~wmx~~ us, sadly weakened, will go down again and some of us may not be get up again. Sorry about all this gloom and doom. This is the first time in years I have been actually ill.

By the way, I couldn't help noting the superior size, quality, heft of paper, etc. etc. of the "old-time" "Vietnam-era" card. One more example of how everything is going to hell in a hack -- because of Reagan in part, but not entirely. It is the direction our ethos is taking and I don't think anybody could have altered this direction.

You don't say but, you are feeling physically well again I gather? I also gather you haven't taken on any jobs of late -- small wonder! You wouldn't even consider doing so, certainly not while winter is upon us! I wish to God I could stop working but I can't! (Or at least



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Constance Scheerer
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IMMIMENCE

My death is as far as my nearest bone, as near
as the dark peak of the farthest naked mountain,
a point of hope on earth, if I had a plane,
if I could fly, if I had cowardice, if I had courage.

Hungry in my blood, its only question
is where to eat next, where to send its crabs:
the velvet lung, the speckled marrow,
the vanilla convolutions of the brain?

An odor of angels fills the room: stale flowers.
What have they to do here? Are they to help it,
to announce its coming? How soon will it be, and when
will it suck my breath, will it put out the light?

It eats when I cannot. All my bird memories,
my lily points of resolution are sipped now
through this last straw. I must consent to it
before it takes me, before it walks me

under the branches of some distant orchard, drinks
my secrets, blots my pain. Close me, kiss me,
while I lie trapped in this lonely valley:
hold up the sky once more for me to see.

* * *

February 22, 1985

Lola dear,

Your news last night was amazing and o so welcome! If Irene is really improving and can go home and continue to get something out of her life, nothing would make Anna or me happier. Just how this is all going to work (in terms of getting more help etc.) I don't know, but this is the sort of thing that various people will work out for her (with Arthur, one assumes, footing the bill?).

It strikes me that it would be a very good idea if Anna and I had the full name, address, and phone number of Mathilde. Presumably she will continue to visit Irene daily, at home, or almost daily, and although I've little doubt but what you will maintain the contact, you are more occupied in many ways and cannot do more than you do do (which has been an immense ~~amx~~ amount, over the years, and don't think A. and I are unaware of it all!).

In a way it is rather Irene-like that we never so much as heard of the existence of Mathilde until informed by you. In point of fact this relationship was growing at precisely that point in time when I. was sounding (via phone) especially downcast and lonesome and in a "No one ever comes to see me" phase. Oh, well.

Anna will phone Irene this weekend. Just how successful it will be one can't know -- this, in the main, because of Irene's hearing problem. (Here again neither of us is sure whether it, too, might be ameliorated by either a new hearing aid or having the old one checked etc. -- but you know Irene, bless her! You can't tell her anything!) The problem is slightly complicated by the fact that Anna, through no fault of her own, does not happen to have a clear, firm, "ringing" voice (and never did, really). (Resonance you either got or you don't got!)

It has been so good to talk to you, even though most of what we said was inevitably concerned with Irene.

(By the way, and I know you can't answer this question, I can't but wonder why Arthur has never suggested a pacemaker. My father had one implanted at age 92 and it gave him two more years of life. As to what sort of life, well, that is quite another story. But one must assume that Arthur has his reasons. Also that there is much that even that nice nurse and others aren't necessarily saying, or, perhaps, don't really know, either.)

I was happy to learn that you and George have what might be termed (icky phrase) "a good relationship" and that you enjoy one another's company rather often.

So. Don't feel you need to write a whole "megilleh" or long letter but maybe just send Mathilde's name, etc. etc. -- yes? We should be ever so grateful.

Love as ever, 'me'

my poems will see the light of day (may I only ~~survive~~ survive to greet them!). Now I wish I already had a second publisher lined up since I've enough poems for a second ~~book~~ "go-round"!

"Death rehearsal" -- could make a marvellous title for a poem, perhaps. Mmmmm . . . Shall

stop for
now and we
will be
in touch
and can
only
hope for
the best
for dear
Irene.
Once
again
endless
thanks
für ~~al~~ alles
and love
from 'me'.

March 7, 1985

The "Unnatural
Laws" are pretty
cute!!!!!!

Lola dear,
Thanks unending for your very full "report from the front."

As you will perhaps know by now, Anna did in fact try and try and try to dial the number at Beth Israel only to receive constantly a busy signal. At ~~last~~ last we decided, why not try Irene's apartment -- and, sure enough, there ~~was~~ she was, back at home (as you had indicated she might be). Nonetheless, we are not sanguine enough to imagine that she will continue to be there; we know all too well that she just may have to return to the hospital, even if briefly. Thus being able to make contact through Mathilde could be pretty important.

(Let me add that, although I've no idea of Mathilde's age, I can readily imagine that this whole recent episode was indeed "an intense emotional strain" on the lady, especially since she is not too well herself. As for her "despising doctors," I can understand this, especially since one either hears of, or perhaps encounters oneself, the most distressing situations involving the medical profession. As to "holistic medicine," well, I don't think much of it, but it is reaching the point in this country -- and the world -- where it's six of one and half a dozen of the other kind of thing. Ugh.)

If this letter appears to skip about, bear with me. I am not in the best shape in the world myself. A long-lasting virus-y sort of thing -- again -- or presumably so. Nose, throat, chest -- I am even on an antibiotic these days. At this point the tentative diagnosis is ~~myx~~ mycoplasma pneumonia, which is as may be. I am still utterly weak, although my chest is clearing up. ~~Am~~ Noch immer, I would be in the soup without Anna! Perhaps I will survive.

Re Irene's hearing aid: the new batteries may help, but we feel rather doubtful. The essential problem is more likely to lie in the fact that Irene still has the same old hearing aid she has had for _____ years but ~~k~~ has consistently refused to "exchange" for something new and modern and better (not to mention a re-evaluation by an ~~a~~ audiologist). Naturally none of this is ~~a~~ going to happen any longer, and the results both deprive I. herself of hearing better but make conversations via phone or in person more stressful for friends. So be it.

You may rest assured that no word will be brought up regarding pacemakers. What dear Irene refuses to understand is not only the whole question of an improved quality of life rather than a prolonged life, but that the person who has refused the pacemaker may "go out" in a truly dreadful way and wind up in the very nursing home that was to be avoided at all costs!

I am truly thrilled at the new Emily Dickinson edition, translations, etc. I've never known you to fail to turn up some new, creative, challenging aspect of the poetic (or related) life. ~~Not~~ Also, I still am filled with truly endless admiration (and I mean this) both at your ever having taken on the incredible work of translating ED into German and at the astounding skill with which you accomplished it!

I don't think I came to write and tell you that at long, long, long last my contract arrived from BkMk Press and it looks as if just maybe

March 14, 1985

Lola dear,

Just a line or so to let you know that Anna now phones Irene twice a week and that the conversations go well, on the whole -- I refer to hearing, understanding, etc. (The only problem tends to be that, regardless of the day or hour, I. seems always to have visitors!)

It is almost miraculous, the way Irene has recovered. She even went (or was going?) to the park the other day! And just a short while ago we honestly thought that she was in the throes of some dreadful final illness and would probably never come out of the hospital!

I now write to Irene, or try to, just about every week, instead of every 2-4 weeks as had been my custom. It's not that my letters are all that great, of course, but I think -- I hope -- that they at least prove mildly diverting and surely bring to her the sense of being loved and cared about. We all know how, especially with the really aged, the tendency is to forget them (it is so sadly true that, for the most part, once an old person goes into the nursing home, that's it, unless there is devoted family and I mean devoted. Friends, even once-dear friends, just gradually stop visiting; the reasons for this are, I am sure, multiple and complex.)

We are continuing to have something like spring weather -- thank God. How I hope it lasts! My whatever-it-is -- viral pneumonia still a tentative diagnosis -- has got to go away some time: perhaps nice weather will help. (Either it has to go away, or I do!)

By the way, I kind of wonder what it was that Trude B. had that lasted so many weeks -- maybe something like what I am currently undergoing? This is not entirely idle curiosity, I assure you. Around here, for example, I've talked to, or heard about, several people who seem to have similar symptoms which also go on and on and on and on, damn it!

Enough for now. I am reading William Manchester's The Last Lion, the first volume of his biography of Churchill, which I think quite good on the whole. Wonder if the second volume is in print? I have always had a "thing" for Churchill, I must confess. And whatever his flaws ~~or~~ or failings of character or whatever may have been, or undoubtedly were, one can't but wonder how things might have gone out had not just this man stepped forward at this that point in history.

Love as always, 'me'

I have felt somewhat better, enough better that I took on a proofreading job a couple of days ago, completed it, returned it, and picked up work for the coming weekend. I am dying or I am not. It may be no bad thing to kick myself into working once more, especially since my larynx does seem to be working normally.

Do let me know when (if?) the cassette reaches you. I am so afraid that a parcel that size will just lie about in the vestibule of your apartment ~~xxxx~~ building!

Hope all well with you.

Love as ever,
'me'

March 22, 1985

Lola dear,

Under separate cover I am putting into the mail box a copy of the original, unedited poetry reading (which I like so much better than the one that was actually broadcast on Public Radio) -- no "twangy," and to me tasteless, musical accompaniment, no crap about how old I am (for God's sake!), etc.

Eventually perhaps you will play this for ~~IREN~~ Irene -- at a time when she (and you) are in the mood etc.

By the way, owing to a strange concatenation of events, Anna did not manage to phone Irene this week. Sunday (when she would have called) she had to go, with literally no advance notice, to spend the day with her family in Kansas City, and by the time she got home and we'd watched the last chapter of "The Jewel in the Crown" it was too late to put through the call. Then, all of this week, it has been one thing after another -- fresh troubles with the A.B. show(s), necessitating much letter writing; a friend who came to her in great trouble and spent hours and hours pouring out his troubles; and more. She will, of course, phone this weekendk. Meantime we hope that all continues to go well.

I must confess that I could wish that Joel Agee were not leaving to be gone a year (I think you said one whole year?) before my book comes out. Needless to state, I've no claim on Joel Agee; more, he might not even like my poetry, what do I know? But if he would be disposed to be in any way helpful, would it be possible (and not "dump" too great a burden on him) for him to set something up before he leaves, plant a seed of interest here, or there, so that perhaps someone else might take up where Dan Jaffe leaves off? I don't want to "dump on" you, either, needless to state! You have plenty on your mind!

By the way, now that I have seen, in its totality, the entire "matter" which will appear in my book, I am (sort of) impressed. There will be a lot of the poems. My biggest fear is that the typescript will not be to my taste, the paper etc. will combine to create the effect of an "El Cheapo" edition, etc. C'est la ~~xxxx~~ vie!k

Have I broken the ghastly news to you that I am asking all my friends to order and buy their own copies? (Forgive me if I am repeating myself.) Since I can obviously provide copies "at cost" why am I doing this? Well, I will tell you. (Yes, yes, we did speak of this on the phone, I seem to recall.) If the entire first printing fails to "sell out," I will be financially responsible for the unsold books! It is at this point that I ask people (and feel sure I've already asked you) to try and prevail upon a bookstore or two to order in several copies, perhaps try and make a little feature of them (and me), and so on.

Do I think I am going to be ~~xx~~ favorably received, win acclaim, and what not? Hell, no. But at least to sell out the first printing and just perhaps to attract a tad of favorable notice -- that would be nice!

April 11, 1985

Lola dear,

I waited to write you until the book came. I have made a good start ~~in~~ in it -- it is ~~xxxxxx~~ excellently organized and literally packed with informative, important information. (Unless I haven't yet come to the section or have missed something, it doesn't deal with the publishing of poetry; but we shall see.) I don't wonder you recommended this work so highly! And, by the way, good grief, when I saw what it cost, etc., and when I consider ~~how~~ ~~the~~ busy and burdened ~~that~~ you are, I forget every nasty word I wrote about "You've got to buy your own copy when my book comes out" etc.!!!!!! I shall provide you with a copy for you, and a couple or so to pass around, when and if the occasion should arise. O.K.?

When you say that ~~M~~ Joel is "not going to Germany," do I take it that he is staying ~~in~~ right there in New York for his Guggenheim? I seem a trifle unclear as to this point.

My but you are moving in "tony" circles! Meeting Mr. ~~Staxx~~ Straus in person yet. (Anna wondered if he's of the Straus family that was some kin or connection to the Bloch family -- which, as you may or may not have been told, came from -- albeit not originally of course -- St. Louis. I laughed and reminded Anna that "Straus" is about as common a German-Jewish name as "Smith" is ~~an~~ a common American ~~name~~ name -- or Jones or whatever.)

I enclose, because I think you will enjoy and appreciate it, my recent letter from Irene. You need not return it. But I sort of wanted to share it with you. ~~Imagine~~ Imagine -- and I know how rare it is these days for her to write -- her writing so tenderly to me, and on her typewriter yet!

I don't wonder that she had "had enough" towards the end of my cassette. That is a "load" for almost anyone, I must say.

When my book is a "real reality," I will see what BkMk Press actually does re review copies and the like. I don't think BkMk Press sends review copies to book stores (am thinking about WOMANBOOKS), but we shall see.

Too bad Emily is on "the back burner," but 'twas ever thus. You can't do all things all the time

I of course received your birthday card/note, and your letter of April 4th. For someone so "spaced out" with work-in-hand etc. you still manage to write your usual Lola-letter, than which there is nothing whicher!

No more for the nonce -- I am now rather involved in some very threatening health problems of a friend of mine in the English Department -- a professor named Terry Moore -- with whom I have worked the past several semesters in my Investigation and Conference one-credit-hour. It would seem that he has developed ~~Parkinson~~ Parkinsonism and it could all be rather dreadful. Perhaps more of this anon. Terry, by the way, it was who got my manuscript to BkMk Press some years ago. More anon, and love as ever, and THANK YOU -- 'me'

April 1, 1985

Dearest Constance,

My feeling of guilt for never answering your many and loving letters has been eased by Anna's telephonic assurance that you don't expect my answering them.

Yet, after Lo;as visit yesterday, bringing with her the cassette with your reading of your beautiful poetry I cannot refrain from writing you about my pleasures in listening to it. The first pleasure was of course, the poetry itself. The second was to hear your voice again. And the third one was your way of reading it. You spoke very clearly, I understood almost every word and you did not over-accentuate the lines, as so many poetry-readers do. I am looking forward to reading the in you book, which, I hope, will come out soon.

I am happy to say that I am feeling pretty well, I am astonished myself how much I recovered. Maybe the arrival of Spring is helping.-

I am glad to hear that you also don't like the Sherlock Holmes serie, though we both loved the stories. The actor representing him shows us a disgusting caricature of an Englishman. Are you a member of Channel 13? I am, but I do feel that the level of their programs is slightly going down, probably in order to attract more customers and more money.

I hope you feel well again; it is always good to have again some work to do. I miss that very much.

Love and thanks for the pleasure your cassette-reading gave me.

Always
Yours
Gene

X
I beg your pardon!



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June 6, 1985

Dear Constance,

I can't wait to meet you! You sure write a swell letter. I think your bio is going to work very well. I'd've left it "as is," but Dan felt he had to make some changes--over my loud protestations. (He was going to cut it by half, but settled for a few minor ones). His comment was "You women sure stick together!" Ho-ho. Anyhow, I'm enclosing your bio with Dan's few changes.

I'm going to see that we send a review copy to The Women's Review of Books--there's a network of women writers out there that I think would be very supportive of your work. I'll also be able to have your book advertised for free in The Feminist Writers Guild Newsletter, a national publication--Mary Ann and I are both members and as editors of your book, we have the privilege of using the newsletter to share our work with other members. We'll get your book read on both coasts, I hope.

Today, Lucy Masterman will be in to show us the cover designs she's drawing for your book. We were lucky to get her--she's a good friend of Mary Ann's and very fine painter.

So--that means in one week or so your book should be on its way to Columbia. You've had a saint's patience with BkMk Press, I must say.

I can't do anything about the rain, Constance. This morning the phrase "cool June" stuck in my head, though and made me think of your poems for some reason.

Best,

Pat Huyett
Acting Asst. Editor, BkMk



an equal opportunity institution

June 21, 1985

Lola dear,

It was so good to hear from you. I tell you, though -- my heart literally bleeds for poor Elsa. Perhaps she is paying at last the penalty for long years of sheer hell -- an ill and demanding husband (we all loved Senya -- spelling? -- but colorful etc. though he was he must have been difficult as well), a first-difficult, then literally insane, daughter, etc. And her own serious health problems as well. What hope is there now for Elsa? And what for M Julie?

The enclosed are for you to hand to a couple of appropriate bookstores ~~KWIXXX~~ (WOMANBOOK?), but only when and if you get the time and energy (at least you seem to have plenty of energy).

By the way, I actually went out in the evening yesterday! To see the enclosed --quite an arresting play and very well done. It is nice that not all cultural events in this ~~town~~ (and the are ~~xxx~~ plenty) are in, from, at, etc. the University. I got Anna to go with me and she enjoyed it also.

Maybe I will make it out to ~~xxx~~ see "Prizzi's (spelling?) Honor." (I have, of course, ~~xxx~~ seen reviews of it etc. on TV and will be reading same in assorted magazines.)

I can't imagine that things will go smoothly, but in the event that they should, I now begin to think my book may be out in, say, about three weeks. I can but hope.

We are "in for it" again -- more ghastly thunderstorms tonight. Every time they say on TV "especially dangerous lightning" I cringe. Anna laughs at me, but I ~~xxx~~ really do "pack" and get ready to flee the premises. That is to say I get my major "carryall" ready complete with my financial and tax records (not such a big bundle by any means), a couple of items of clothing, and my ~~xxxxxxx~~ medications such as estrogen, Lomotil, valium. Also a flashlight, coat, boots, umbrella.

"More anon," I hope, with love as always, 'me'

~~July~~ June 26, 1985

Lola dear,

The E. M. Forster arrived in yesterday's mail. You are the greatest book-finder and/or book-discoverer known! I won't comment on it now because I can't -- suddenly have quite a lot of proofreading and, although I don't of course proofread evenings, am too tired to turn my attention to anything other than a detective story and the like. But a peep inside reveals a fascinating work and one to which I look forward!

This summer (I keep feeling it has been summer for weeks already) is being utterly lousy in terms of weather -- it wasn't hot until the past few days, but what we keep getting is one thunderstorm, and/or "severe" thunderstorm watch, and/or (worse) "severe" thunderstorm warning, with an occasional tornado watch -- or warning -- thrown in -- all of this mainly at night which means Nervous Constance doesn't sleep, valium or no valium. (Anna laughs at me: when there is a really bad "warning" about, I "pack" before I retire for the night: that is to say, I put together vital papers (i.e. bank records, tax records etc. for the past year; medications; extra pairs of glasses; stuff like that) and a raincoat, rainhat, and umbrella, and prepare to flee the premises when lightning strikes the house! (You think I am a nut? You are right!)

Was delighted to learn from Anna that you were visiting Irene the other day. Also that Mathilde has been coming to see her etc. Anna and I realize that Irene misses Trude B. very much indeed, but people such as you and Mathilde help so very much.

I dread the next chapter of the sad ~~a~~ saga of Elsa and Julie. Do I take it that Paula still remains "intact" in every sense of the term? (Paula can't be terribly young, by the way: how old is she?)

Did I mention in my last letter that Anna and I thoroughly enjoyed Agnes of God -- quite a play, and a fine production. (This ~~particular~~ particular play sort of stands or falls on the acting performances, not to mention ~~the~~ direction, lighting, and the like.)

It suddenly crosses what passes for my mind: you haven't made mention of your ~~landlord~~ landlord in some while. Is all peaceful in that direction?

I keep hoping that my book will actually be in my hands --dare I say within one or two more weeks? We'll see. These days, I count on nothing.

"More anon," love as ever, 'me'

July 8, 1986

Lola dear,

Anna said I should write you the following, so here goes:

Day before yesterday Irene phoned Anna (Anna had planned to make the phone call but Irene phoned before Anna got her call in).

As so often with Irene, life was a tale of woes -- her airconditioner has broken down and since she won't live much longer why repair it? (We've heard this story each and every summer for several years now. One doesn't lack sympathy but one can get too much of this sort of thing.) She's "all alone" (Anna almost never phones without finding that Irene "can't talk now" because she "has company"). And on~~x~~. And on.

Lola has dropped her completely, Irene went on to say.

Well, I know full well there are two sides to this story. What you now do or don't do about it is entirely up to you. I guess, if you wish to maintain or even attempt to maintain, the contact, it will be up to you to initiate something. Whatever you do is fine with me and also with Anna: either way we will understand.

You should only perhaps be told that, wonderful though Irene is in innumerable ways, she is a) "difficult" -- ~~of~~ or can be; and b) is 90 years old and, as Anna realizes more keenly each year, I.'s mental facilities are not what they were, say, ten or so years ago. One makes allowances -- yet one still can get annoyed, or become puzzled, and so on.

O.K. Now I've said it.

Had I told you earlier that Anna now has with her (well, in Lawrence, in a sublet apartment) a young woman graduate student from Innsbruck who has come to this country to do her doctoral dissertation on the works of Albert Bloch! ~~x~~ (Obviously, her field is art history.) She arrived yesterday. Anna likes her very much indeed. Her only fear is: she isn't 100% certain that the young woman has an idea, and/or can develop one, as to what "A.B." 's work ~~x~~ is all about. Preparing for her arrival has consumed Anna's time (and almost consumed Anna) for ~~x~~ weeks and weeks and weeks -- matting, framing, doing a little lightrestoring such as Anna can do by herself, and much more. ~~x~~ Maria will be making a complete catalogue, illustrated with color prints made from slides, etc. etc. Eventually Maria will wind up in New York, visit with Irene, see her A.B.'s, etc. Of course I will get to meet Maria myself, and she will want, even need, to see and photograph etc. my A.B.'s. As the days pass, Maria will be more and more on her own, but in these first days she's "married to" Anna and will, of course, spend many hours up in the studio looking at the big oils etc. etc.

At least it won't be a dull summer. But dear God is it hot. And humid. I know your weather has been rather dreadful. My next electric bill will be unbelievable.

Hope all goes well with you. When you can, write. As for you and Irene, well . . . what will be, will be. You've done a great deal for and with I. in the past, and if this is to be ~~aprx~~ a parting, so be it. Love as always, "more anon," 'me'

I might be "mentally ill," but not for that reason. (I think I began to make lists when Martin and I were married: you know -- "Call hardware store re thus and so," "Pick up Martin's suit at cleaners," and so on and so forth. As for grocery shopping, who doesn't make a list? And so on. Just told this to Anna who roared with laughter.

I do so hope that Irene's spirits will hold up. ~~nd~~ Little did she know that she would be the perhaps one in 1,000,000 who would have this dreadful thing happen to her! Love, and more soon

as ever
'me'

September 12, 1985

Lola dear,

It was so good to hear from you last night and to learn that, albeit understandably tired, you made it back, and that your venture was successful. (So a lot of work still lies ahead! Quelle surprise! And good -- if you see what I mean.)

Talking to Irene by phone is, for various reasons, not always terribly satisfying and one, especially one who knows Irene as long as Anna has, never asks the pointed etc. questions. Both of us wonder, of course: how is she coping? Does her "Schwartz" come more often? We gather that she has a reasonable amount of vision left in her other eye -- she wrote me a note in which her handwriting was entirely as usual not so long ago, and can, she told Anna, watch TV -- although only if she sits in a certain way, right in front of the set or something like that. On the one hand she tells Anna that she cannot venture out on the streets alone any more; on the other hand she seems to be going to her beloved park still. Is it literally true that Mathilde ~~was~~ has "abandoned" her? (For one thing, Mathilde took a job, or so we were given to ~~understand~~ understand.) (The whole "Mathilde story" is, in its way, very odd -- and very Irene. For a very long time, it would seem, Irene knew Mathilde, Irene "had" Mathilde, but we never heard of her existence until we learned of it from you -- it's as if Irene wanted us to think her more alone than she, in reality, is. How often Irene has said that she is alone, has no one, etc. -- yet almost every time Anna has phoned, there has been "company" present. Please: this is not to say that she is not alone all too often.)

I reported your call to Anna, of course. Anna was terribly relieved to learn that Arthur had been "in on" the eye operation, had even approved of it, and so on. Somehow, erroneously, obviously, Anna'd got the impression that Arthur had not been told -- or asked -- and Anna was dreading his inevitably finding out, since things went, alas, as they did. Whatever his failures or shortcomings, Arthur has contributed the larger part of Irene's financial support since, I think, Michael died. No small matter.

Going off by same mail a second "packet," containing two more copies of my book. These are for Joel, or Whoever. Kindly note that I autographed them (in the way in which it is done, I've learned), but written in nothing more, of course. In your ~~copy~~ copy, herein enclosed, I have, of course, written a personal message: this is YOUR copy!

By the way, re WOMANBOOKS: I mentioned it because you had written in your letter of last April (the 4th, to be precise) that it was "a good store in your neighborhood." You indicated that it would be a good ~~re~~ prospect. I didn't know that the people there were not so nice, to put it mildly, or that you didn't, actually, go there often etc.

Just heard on the news that people who make lists are "mentally ill." I ~~x~~ mean, REALLY. I have made lists for more than 35 years.

1637 Illinois Street

September 21, 1985

Lola dear,

Anna phoned Irene yesterday -- she'd been "in arrears" because she'd not been feeling well: first, leg vein trouble (I think I mentioned this), then some sort of dental-infection, abscess-type situation with antibiotics etc.

Did you get the books? You must have since I sent them first class, but one never knows with the mails.

Well, about Irene: she seemed in usual good spirits and says that, perhaps to her own surprise, she is beginning to make an adjustment to monocular vision (the term is mine). She even crosses streets now and feels secure.

Trude's return meant much to Irene who insists that she is totally and completely alone at all times except when Trude can come and see her. This bothers Anna and me -- and we can't help but wonder if it is ~~strictly~~ strictly true. For several years now she has been talking in the same vein -- yet virtually every time Anna phoned her, she couldn't talk because "she had company." What are we to make of this? (This is, needless to state, strictly between us.)

I am sure you are much drawn into the entire Elsa-situation and what time and energy doesn't go there goes into your own work. How can it be otherwise? Although you are filled with energy and ebullience (what is your secret?) there is a limit -- for anyone.

By the way (boy this letter really teeters back and forth in subject matter, I must say): has Mathilde literally "dropped" Irene totally (I know she took a job, but . . .). Presumably, if Irene is telling the strict truth, she must have -- in order for Irene to be "totally alone."

Puzzlement, puzzlement.

Now has come chilly, fall-ish weather -- a relief from the heat but a lot more rain we didn't need. I dread the coming of winter: snow, ice, cold, ailments. Hell.

Nu?

Let me hear.

Love as always, 'me'

Sept. 11, 1985

Lola dear,

Are you home? I have no idea, so I keep waiting to send you the two or three promised copies of my book. Do let me know!

If you are home, you must know that Irene's sudden decision to have the eye surgery became, and remains, complete disaster. The first ~~xxxx~~ surgery left her blind in the operated eye; the second, which, it was hoped, might yet correct matters, failed to do so. What a tragedy! What a complicated, crazy situation.

At least Trude Bartel is back and can, @ I hope, be of both spiritual and practical value. (I am sure she'll be taking off to Maryland and her family there pretty soon, and who can blame her?)

So far Irene's spirits hold up wonderfully well, but for how long? We feel inexpressably saddened by the whole thing? Didn't the doctors warn her that given her age etc. something might ~~xxx~~ go wrong and that the procedure was not without risk? Rhetorical questions which, of course, one does not ask of Irene.

Anna has ~~x~~ had much trouble -- a vein in her leg (it will not, after all, require surgery) and now an infection at the root of a tooth which, since the tooth had root-canal surgery on it years ago, cannot have it again and if antibiotics don't clear up the infection she might have to lose a major tooth.

I really AM thrilled with the book~~x~~.

By the way, I think the BkMk Press people may have contacted WOMANBOOK~~x~~. Please let me know.

I did not send to you the list of 5 Errata because I intend to correct them in a copy or ~~xxx~~ copies I send to you directly. Should WOMANBOOK ~~xxxxxx~~ be ordering, I'd want them to know about the damned Errata!

In haste, and more soon. Just let me know!

Hope all went well with your weeks in Europe, your work, plans, and so on.

Love as always,

'me'

I write this in great haste, just to reach out to you. If Joel doesn't get his copy, I will send you another: let me know. The U.S. mails are very strange indeed. Perhaps the need to work on Emily will help keep you "up" -- but I can well imagine that your "down-ness" prevents you from attacking your work. With as always love and caring, 'me'

September 30, 1985

Lola dear,

It was a great relief to hear from you (our letters crossed -- yet again!) but not, of course, to have the confirmation of what Irene had already indicated -- namely, the depth of your current depression. I'd forgotten about Hannah -- and hope you will consult her.

I am so very happy that you visited Irene and had supper with her even. Somehow (perhaps the phone connection was bad?) Anna got the impression that Irene was or had been, except for Trude, entirely alone. There are times when Irene seems to want to leave a certain evening, supper, and all, must indeed have meant much to her. Anna will be thrilled to get the recording when it comes and will enjoy it enormously, it goes without saying.

Anna's gum troubles seem to be clearing. I am not so happy about the "golf balls" on the one leg -- varicose vein trouble. The doctors (one a surgeon whose specialty is veins) still feel no surgery is ~~indicated~~ indicated, certainly not at the present time.

Re my book: I don't agree with you about the titles. I love the large-~~pping~~, ~~boldface~~ titles, I really do. What I object to (apart ~~fix~~ from their failure to set my underlinings as italics, which they'd promised to do, by the way) was a) the "finish" of the paper, but mostly b) the five unforgiveable errata of which I know I spoke to you and which I have carefully corrected on any books I have sent to anyone, and also on any copies sold here in Lawrence. About copies eventually ordered by bookstores there is nothing I can do. They are supposed to have gotten out Errata slips -- but guess what? Well, this is a shoestring operation, funded by the NEA mostly, ~~xxxx~~ and always "short." It is a pity.

By the way, Dan Jaffe is using my book in his literature course this fall term! (Just how he is using it I can't say.)

We have terribly chilly weather, far, far~~x~~ too early. I know it won't last; we will get Indian summer. But meantime people are falling over line ninepins with some virus or other -- I am just waiting to get it. I fear this winter will be a "dilly."

I think you are quite, quite right in your inability to cope more or further with poor Elsa. Can't, or does~~kn~~, 't, Paula do something? I hope, by the way, that Julie is safely tucked away where she can't get out and about and do God knows what.

Please keep in touch, when and as you can. I gather that a deep depression deprives one of motivation etc. When I spoke of your energy I was thinking: I wouldn't have the (physical) stamina~~x~~ to go to Topeka, even. And haven't had for ~~xxx~~ years. Don't know what my problem is (or~~xxx~~ problems are) but aloneness or depression don't seem to play a part. I just keep thinking "If I only felt well" etc. or "If I could only eat foods that would taste good to me!" Shut up, Constance: you are drivelling on and on.

September 29, 1985

Lola dear,

I learned yesterday via Anna via Irene that you are in the midst of one of your worst depressions. I had begun to fear that something was wrong, not having heard from you in reply to my letter of a couple of weeks ago or so.

I am desperately sorry, especially since you returned from what seemed to be an essentially successful and positive trip to Berlin etc. I can but suppose that the "let-down" of the return contributed substantially to the "fall-down."

It goes without saying that I hope that by now you are starting to pull out of it. Is George being helpful? Do you think the whole Elsa & K. situation has dragged you down with it? (Small wonder, if so.)

Irene, by the way, had had a visit from Trude and entire family. It appeared as if the whole thing had been just a bit much -- too many people in one small apartment etc. I know Irene needs and misses companionship and company, but there can be limits!

Chilly and rainy here and an immense epidemic of something (it can hardly be influenza at this time of year, but today everyone calls everything "flu") and I keep saying to Anna "I just know I will come down with it!" and Anna says "Unprintable etc."

I've no idea how well my book is selling (sales in Lawrence don't exactly count, if you see what I mean: I mean, they count, all right, with BkMk Press, but they have, after all, been engendered by personal knowledge of the author kind of thing) or who is reviewing it, also where, not to mention how. I do hope my copies made it through to you. This is, it goes without saying, not the time for it and can hardly claim your attention in any sense of the term at the moment.

I wish there ~~x~~ was something I could do. I hope there are those on hand who are helping you as you have helped them so constantly and patiently -- but I don't know. What of your friend Madeleine, for instance?

~~xxxx~~ Forgive bad, sloppy typing. More soon.

Oh, yes: I hope you've someone ~~w~~ you can see professionally at times such as the present one.

Fond and worried love, 'me'

October
~~XXXX~~ 17, 1985

Lola dear,

This will not be an adequate reply to your truly wonderful letter -- wonderful by virtue of its style and content and usual Lola-self and even more by virtue of its having been written at all, what with your present situation.

A) I have been "socked" with a lot of proofreading, wanted in a hurry (this is fine, in a way, since there has been precious little of late) and B) I spent (and wonderful Anna joined me) much of yesterday coping with a friend (Terry Moore, see dedication page in my book) who has Parkinsonism (what a dreadful disease that is) (had I ever written you about Terry? I've been working with him in my 1-c-redit~~p~~-per-semester for several terms, and without Terry there would never have been my book at all -- he ~~ixxit~~ was who showed my MS to people at The University of Missouri at Kansas City etc. etc.)

More of that anon, perhaps. You've more than you can take of woes and troubles as it is.

About Irene's sore arm we don't seem to know. Anna did think that there had been mention of (yet) another fall.

It is odd that Anna's last conversation with her was totally clear with Irene hearing everything. Yet you had a more typical but disconcerting experience with that.

I am not surprised that Joel does not share my ~~ixxx~~ "vision" and hence is "not enthusiastic" about my work etc. For myself, I may not share a poet's vision (e.g., Ted Hughes) but may yet find the poet's work remarkable, even "great" poetry (I am NOT trying to say MINE is GREAT, for pete's sake!). But I am grateful to Joel for even reading my work -- and I infinitely grateful to you for bringing it to my attention.

I can't bear to think of the whole Elsa-Julie situation. Surely one will kill the other -- or worse. Who can blame Paula for finally withdrawing? And Lola, too, must now "save ~~herself~~ herself."

I must also thank you again for your ~~xprx~~ "pursuit" of WOMANBOOKS. I fear it, too, is doomed, if only because of my "vision" and/or basic themes.

Keep on with Emily: you can do it. You always will, you always do.

More anon -- and this time I mean it! With devoted love always, 'me'

P.S. I hope you got your flu shot? They are really wonderfully changed today -- no side ~~fx~~ effects. Also, when enough time has elapsed, get a shot of ~~xxx~~ pneumonia vaccine, please do. Anna and I have now had both. It doesn't mean we are safe and secure, but the shots may help. Too bad there's no shot against viral pneumonia.

In some haste. Our weather is yukky. Love as always, 'me'

November 26, 1985

Lola dear,

It was so good to hear from you, but, I must say, the contents of your letter was anything but good! What a tale of woe! Truly, you have been enduring (you ~~xxxx~~ have an immense capacity to endure) an enormous amount of "tzures" not to mention the underlying depression which makes all worse. I don't know how you keep up. But you always do.

Your "horrid neighbor" is, truly, a horror. You must protect yourself and not run to her aid. If she wants to perish curled up naked somewhere, so be it. I know, I know -- she (doubtless) can't help herself. Still, let others cope. I wouldn't be surprised if she got carted off to some institution pretty soon -- and perhaps a good thing for all concerned. I know you may well have clued me in before, but, doesn't she have family etc.? Or have they given up on her as well?

Your dental problems sound familiar and horrible. But by all means do everything possible to save your own teeth! To me, dentures would be really The Pits. No thank you.

Why shouldn't you "dump on me"? What is a friend for?

By the way, I herewith return your check. At first I sort of indicated that I ~~a~~ was getting everyone (including can you believe Anna) to buy their own copies. But with Lola, no. No way. All through the years you have been instrumental in so many positive, ongoing aspects of my poetry. Let people like Carolyn (who ordered 15 copies through Grolier's in Harvard Square) "take up the slack." Lola, no. So please accept the check back again and tear it up. What use you can or will some time make of the extra copies is up to you. O.K.?

Terribly sad about Helga Greene. I fear my failing memory does not place her for me with complete clarity. She lives in Europe? The name "Helga" is familiar, of course. How old was she? Sad, sad. And her sufferings must have been great.

The enclosed may or may not inspire (you) (Womanbooks) or anyone else. I really love the picture (Anna: "You look like a smartass kid!") (we'll, I do NOT look 65!, hah!) and the write-up isn't bad. I'd preferred a bit less about Dan Jaffe, but, oh, well. As for other reviews, I think one will appear pretty soon in the Kansas City Star and will send you a copy, of course. Well, at least the Dan Jaffe part points up the fact that BkMk is not just some "poopy" little nothing press -- although most folk back ~~w~~ east will doubtless go on thinking so.

Will send a copy of this to Irene as soon as possible. You don't mention her so I gather that what with your problems and troubles you've not been in touch recently. I can understand. You can't do everything. Last time she spoke with Anna she was becoming increasing fearful about losing the vision in her "good" eye -- and I fear that this is all too realistic a possibility.



have "target" organs -- no coincidence, I am sure, that my cancer was in my rectum. These things are never simple. And, no, I don't think I am "imitating my ~~xxx~~ mother" or whatever -- this would be too simplistic an explanation. I do hope your life has toned down -- and your spirits up. By the way, there will be a review of my book in the Kansas City Star -- at least they view BkMk Press favorably and will probably print it -- a review by a young(ish) woman named Denise Low, herself a very fine poet who came and interviewed me and was, on the whole, decidedly impressed with my "Writing in Winter." We shall see.

More anon,
fond love,
'me.

December 11, 1985

Lola dear,

What a beautiful book! What a lovely gift! It is very rare that the name of the translator even appears (I am sure this is, basically, a German press and this is why Joel's name appears) but far rarer for a translator to give credit to the co-translator who helped. I've no doubt in the world that you were of immense help to Joel; obviously he is expressing heartfelt appreciation. (This would be the sort of thing you do superbly, as you do so much else.)

I have, believe it or not, given the book a first reading (it must be read again, and again, and ~~x~~ savored). It is fascinating. I always had sort of a "thing" for Rilke (not to mention for Cezanne). I'd no idea of the influence Cezanne had on Rilke. Of course there is much, much more in these letters of R.'s to his wife -- about art, and life, and -- well, that begins to sound "corny" but you know what I mean.

I know almost no German, of course (my "spoken German," as picked up from listening to Martin talk with his parents or at times with friends stays ~~xxxx~~ oddly with me: "read German" was never ~~x~~ one of my fortes -- with Anna, interestingly, it is just the opposite) but it is my impression that the translation -- combining the talents of you and Joel -- is a truly fine one.

We are in a nightmare of weather the like of which I don't think I've ever seen. For weeks now we've ~~x~~ had abnormally cold weather for the time of year, first with clouds and/or rain, and now, for ten days or more, with ice, sleet, snow. I am a trapped prisoner here at home. Thank God I got out during an intermediate period before the driving got utterly treacherous and got pretty well stocked up. Anna is likewise a prisoner. Both our cars are quite simply locked into heavy wrappings of pure ice. And they are predicting heavy snow tomorrow -- and the temp. to plunge to 5 tonight.

Never fear: we are shipping all this your way! Sorry about that!

Anna called Irene on Sunday and it turned out that Trude (and, I suppose, her family?) were there celebrating ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Hannakah, so no real conversatinn, of course. Irene conveyed that she really did feel quite well. Wonderful.

I am sure you are correct -- of course my "gut" is in part ~~xxx~~ in "my head." One odd aspect: my mother had gut trouble almost exactly like mine, and for all of her life. With her, too, it grew slowly, slowly worse; with each passing year or two or three she had to drop out this food, or that. I do have times when I am better -- can eat a bit more freely -- than at other times. But in ways quite different, I imagine, from yours, I am under constant stress and tension of one sort or another. 'Twas ever thus -- obviously a differently constituted personality would handle all this better (at least differently). (They do say we all

January 25, 1986

Lola dear,

Too much time is going by, and where is (also how is) Lola? I really am becoming rather concerned.

I didn't realize that you were (seemingly, but with Irene one is never sure about some things) out of touch with Irene. (She's been quite ill -- some virus or other that is "going around" -- but recovered, apparently sans medical aid. What an immune system she must have!)

We've had uncannily, almost sinisterly marvellous weather since about Jan. 1, as if to ~~make~~ make up for the worst ~~xxxx~~ November and December on record. Mild, sunny days, nights rarely really terribly cold. It can't last. With all this have come a multitude of viruses with most people saying, "Oh, I've had 'the ~~xxx~~ flu'" which means nothing, of course. (True influenza is a highly specific disease etc. etc.) I hope you've been spared any such ailments? Anna "took down" on Christmas Day with a fiendish sore throat that, within a few days, ~~xxx~~ went into a "deeply entrenched bronchitis" and of course she had to take an antibiotic which we all hate to have to do. I "took down" (not caught from Anna) with a Something some ~~xxxx~~ weeks later (also starting with a rotten sore throat) but to my utter amazement it did not go into the chest so I didn't even phone the doctor. I felt fairly rotten and sort of lay around for several days. Since the weather was so mild, I could and did get in my groceries once or twice. (First, I didn't want to get near Anna; then she didn't want to get near me.)

Had I written you (I no longer keep carbons of my letters to friends) that Terry Moore, to whom, along with Anna, my book is dedicated, had Parkinsonism? Well, he got worse, very, very rapidly, and died on December 31st. He was one of the most lovable of men. There were about 400 at his funeral, and somehow word spread rapidly and former students now living all over the world responded with amazing rapidity with flowers, notes, memorial contributions. I think never in my life have I (unlike Lola who does little else) participated so constantly and directly in another's total suffering and rapid descent to death.

Anna is recovered, but somehow not exactly doing ~~xxxx~~ cartwheels. Her ~~xxx~~ beloved dog (Trude, the Weimaraner) is not helping. Somehow, T. seems to be vaguely ailing and tends of late to get Anna up at night, often several times. All this broken sleep doesn't do a lot for Anna, needless to state.

So, what about Lola? Are you ~~wix~~ still in the grips of your depression? I devoutly trust not. If you are "only" busy, take a few minutes to type a few lines. I need reassurance. "More anon," and all that. Meantime fond love as ever, 'me'

1637 Illinois Street

May 2, 1986

Lola dear,

I was so relieved to hear from you. And it was terribly dear of you to take the time and all to send me the list of journals, presses, and the like.

"Racing at a snail's pace" (good phrase!) must of course be extraordinarily taxing. What a relief to get the whole job truly completed!

I gather that your "mood" and "morale" etc. (are)(have) improved?

I, too, am writing little today. This is not an adequate response to your note, but it will have to suffice for the moment. I am up to my ears in proofreading. Since my income last year was "below the poverty level" and I didn't have to pay any income tax (Having paid too much with my estimated payments etc.) I am now worried about earning too much! Truly, I am in a most unfortunate bracket -- self-employed, and earning, now, it would seem, just over the poverty level. Oh, well.

I won't even comment, today, on the whole latest nuclear disaster. More of that, anon. I do wish you could watch TV -- there has been so much on this subject, and material you wouldn't find elsewhere, perhaps. I don;t always trust out own "media," needless to state, but still

I hope Irene's birthday was a great success. I don't ordinarily send her a gift, but for #90 I selected ~~xx~~ different kinds of teas and ~~xxxxx~~ sent them (I mean, "objets" she doesn't need, nor books, either!). Hope she is well. Anna has been exhausted and swamped with various things and didn't ~~xxxxx~~ get to ~~h~~ phone her just lately.

"More anon," and from me, too, "love as ever," ~~xx~~ 'me'

July ~~13~~ 13, 1986

Lola dear,

Your current "battle" over your "inalienable rights" to do the punctuation your (and Emily's) way simply shocked me out of my socks. Why must you go through all this? Can you "win"? Can Joel help? What an utter mess! It could spoil everything for you -- but don't let it. And of course the son-of-a-bitch ~~who~~ is responsible is on vacation. I'm glad you sent the telegram, though. ~~k~~ Do keep me informed!!!!

"Otherwise," it was so good talking to you! And morning turned out to be a splendid time. Yes, I was proofreading, but nothing is easier than pressing the "Stop" button on my cassette recorder/player! (Some mornings I do leave the house about ten to do errands -- but then, naturally, no one answers.)

The heat and high humidity and crashing thunderstorms, predicted or actual, go on unabated. Other parts of the country have had it far ~~a~~ worse.

Anna is having a stimulating but exhausting time with Maria from Innsbruck.

Which reminds me: when Maria comes to New York, and when she spends time with Irene, it is just possible that you might be invited to be there, too. I want to warn you about one thing -- an aspect of Irene that has always upset Anna very much but that she has learned to live with over the years.

Irene has her own totally kookie ways of "interpreting" Albert Bloch paintings -- all completely wrong, but you can't tell her that. (A clinging to her own interpretations of things extends far beyond A.B.'s paintings, but that isn't important here.)

Poor Irene! She is 90; she does have very real and serious health problems. She is, and remains, remarkable. Although it is at times difficult, one takes her as she is because one loves her. ~~xxxxxxx~~ And some of the "ways she is" have obtained for manyk, many years!

I am still amazed: you have perhaps been living in ~~a~~ cave? You don't know about all the phone services now available -- MCI, Sprint, and several others? Well, you apparently don't look at TV so you don't see the commercials. But newspapers, magazines, etc. advertise them, and at times they've been the subject of controversial articles and the like. Of course for the likes of us such services would have no meaning. I myself make about 5 long ~~x~~ distance calls a year, perhaps 6. Anna makes more; in fact, a few years ago she was thinking of subscribing to MCI (when her old and dear friends, one in Connecticut, one in California, ~~a~~ were dying of their respective cancers -- horrible). ~~But~~ she somehow didn't come to do it, and now it is only, ~~xxx~~ or almost exclusively, Irene whom she calls long distance.

Well, back to work. I am currently engaged in a real bitch of a proofreading job, but it should pay well if it doesn't drive me around the bend first!

Take heart, and take care! With love as every, 'me'

July 14, 1986

Lola dear,

Call this a kind of P.S. to the letter I mailed on Saturday.

Either my Alzheimer's is gaining on me, or . . . Well, anyway, I cannot recall whether or not I wrote you that my friend Tom O'Donnell was quite interested in your suggestion about writing to Deirdre _____ at Braziller (spelling?). (I told him "all about" you and he was ~~w~~ interested in you, too!) So we will see what comes of it all. I have been "nagging" him -- I quoted you to him as saying that he (in effect) had "better get with it" and start in "peddling the merchandise." I know he has a very saleable book (why Morrow refused to even consider looking at some sample chapters etc. two years ago I cannot fathom). And almost any publisher is going to glimpse the pure, obvious "gold" -- a sale to TV for a "made-for-TV" movie.

(Tom did not undertake this project primarily to "make a million," believe me. It's the sort of "theme" that fascinates him. Certainly the story he has to tell is one of the most horrible and complex ~~n~~ murders of, dare I say, all time.)

Now, then, another point: I have been meaning to bring this subject up (and now I can't recall whether I ever did: really, Constance!). Do you recall that, back in 1968 or 1969, I took (for credit) a poetry writing course from the poet Ed Dorn (one hears nothing of him these days -- but since I don't take, say, The American Poetry Review -- I hate it! -- or read the "little magazines," really, I may have missed all kinds of things he is writing these days).

I kept a kind of diary or journal, born out of a mixture of despair, horror, and fascination (those were the days -- remember? -- of "student unrest" and the class was ~~90%~~ 95% "types" of the period, hate-filled and turning out the greatest crap I've ever encountered and calling it poetry).

It is my recollection that I would Xerox copies of my jottings, notes, etc. and mail them to you -- you being the only friend out of town who would be -- and, as I recall, were -- interested in it all.

DO YOU PERCHANCE STILL HAVE MY "DIARIES"?

I ask because, when Tom O'D. heard about it all, ~~xxxx~~ he said: "Listen: you have a highly saleable book right there -- with, I suppose, a bit of ~~w~~ewriting etc." And I thought, well, why not -- give it "the old college try," at least.

BUT I CAN'T FIND MY "DIARIES"!!!! (Constance, Constance, when are you going to get organized?)

I don't ask you to spend time hunting around. But if you happen to recall, if you happen to still have, if you can find, etc. I would be terribly grateful if you could send back my material!

At your (hah, hah) leisure, of course, and when you feel like it, etc.
"More anon," (my usual closing phrase which, as all who know me know I mean), love (again), 'me'

July 25, 1986

Lola dear,

Just two words (more or less) simply to say that the package arrived (obviously you paid dollars and dollars worth of postage: I plan to reimburse in some form!).

My, there is a lot of material there! Eventually I would like to have Tom go through it but this is not the time to even ask him to do so. He is galloping (?) down the home stretch with his book as of now.

How ~~xxx~~ can I thank you? As I have said before, you constantly do truly grand (and taxing) things for me (and for lots of others, I know well). Here we go again -- the doing of good deeds who can never be repaid!

Very hot here, but nothing like (as yet!) the ~~xxx~~ southeast. Also we have sufficient moisture through this part of the country.

More anon. Anna still bears up bravely with the lovely and intelligent Maria but will be relieved when she (and her boyfriend) leave some days hence. Anna and I like Maria immensely, but, as I know I said, having to have constant daily contact for many hours grows wearing. I hope Anna will take a good rest -- but she probably won't.

"More anon," love as ever, 'me'

August 10, 1986

Lola dear,

Thought I'd send you a couple of poems I just wrote in the last day or so.

Irene phoned me yesterday (which she doesn't generally do). She was in a very bad, sad, sorry-for-herself mood (always only too understandable, alas, I know). Everyone has abandoned her. She doesn't feel at all well. She has given up all thought of a trip to Princeton. And so on.

It all made me very sad: and what can one do? Deny that she is 90, probably not far away from total blindness, and who knows what else?

She reminded me that (today? well in here somewhere) was the _____ the anniversary of Michael's death.

She will be seeing Maria and Hans~~o~~-Georg pretty soon, I guess. She seemed all "fussed up" -- must she ~~tex~~ entertain them? etc. No, no, I reassured her. Maybe a cup of coffee but otherwise, just talk a bit about "A.B.," let them see your paintings, and also photograph them. I re-emphasized what attractive, bright, personable young people they are. How I thought she would enjoy them. Well, we'll ~~n~~ just have to wait and see.

Anna, touched and perturbed, phoned Irene yesterday evening. (It was mid-afternoon or so when her call to me came through. Glad we got all this calling in: don't know how the Southwestern Bell strike is affecting things.)

Hope all goes well with you. What about your shitty publisher?

"More anon," love, as ever, 'me'

August 22 20, 1986

Lola dear,

How fine of Joel to have placed or arranged ~~that~~ that phone call! Henssel ought to "sound weak and undecided" -- it would appear that it is up to him to see that ~~x~~ things are set right. Do let me know how things go!

Yes, the heat does indeed go to one's head. "Bei uns" things have been better, but the heat is creeping back (what else -- in "only" August?).

I do take the New Yorker and I did read the Amy Clampitt and I was disappointed etc. etc. eetc. -- I do think she has (had?) a lot and still don't know what Howard Moss is about (I shudder to think of the very fine poems of hers he let get away in recent years when he suddenly ceased to publish her -- and now that he does again, ick!). Yes, I also note: "the long poem" is very "in." Pfui.

"Reminiscence of my father?" O dear. I have failed with this one. I'd thought that the sense of someone living and I do mean living NOW, of "present tense-ness," surely came across. The man, my dear, is THE MAN, with whom I have been madly in love for the past two years (about). Where it will all lead I do not know. But whatever else it is, or is not, it is a very intense, and romantic, and often "fun," friendship. John (who has been divorced twice and I doubt if he is likely to try marriage again: you know, I suppose, that Episcopal priests, starting about 30 years ago, were allowed to obtain divorces, even to remarry, and still remain in the priesthood: in each case the priest had to obtain his Bishop's permission, and I imagine that this varied from Diocese to Diocese, but what do I know?) is one of those men who is WILD about women and women are WILD about him. He is pursued like you wouldn't believe. So with whom does he ~~reciprocate~~ reciprocate? The poor old widow-woman, that's who! (I can guess that in his ~~xxxxx~~ youth my father may well have been "chased" -- most clergymen are, including in the R.C. church, but nothing like John. John, by the way, has incredible charm, but is not "A CHARMER," if you take my meaning. He is a total compulsive; he is many things; I am not sure I fully understand or know his character; but broken hearts really do surround him.) No, he is not the ~~Rector~~ Rector down at Trinity. He is the Curate. He is approx. 57 and I am not sure he realizes how old I ~~am~~ am. (You know how it is: depending on mood, lighting, the state of one's health at the moment, and more, one can still look younger than one is and I don't think I look 66 -- at least I don't have the personality of someone that age. John looks older than his years. He "splits" his teen-age sons with his ex-wife (who ~~sounds~~ sounds -- details from others -- like a real yuk: she has them Sunday noon to Wednesday supper-time; he has them from then to Sunday noon again. I guess this is very modern, I don't know.) At any rate, our relationship has grown, very gradually but (thus far) rather surely. But (forgive my rather lengthy explanation and I know how wrong it is to "explicate" a poem) now that you are "clued in," what do you think of the poem? I like it -- and so does The Last of the Big-Time Critics, Anna.

September 6, 1986

Lola dear,

Got your note, your literature from WOMANBOOKS, etc. What an interesting name, Martita Midence! I am somewhat amazed that she and/or her customers would find my book of interest -- I note that the Lesbian theme seems to prevail and there is little if any spiritual/religious emphasis. But the idea that they will (I gather) order out five copies of my book -- marvellous! As so often, as once again, "I owe it all to you"!!!!!!

I guess I am getting crazier (more Alzheimer-y?) in my old age because I can't recall: did I send you the enclosed or not? Well, in case not, here! I was terribly pleased by it and it proves that someone on the staff of Harvard Magazine actually read my book!

Nice news about Irene. I still don't know if she (has gone) ~~x~~ (is going) to Princeton. Well, when the time comes she will or she will not. I can imagine that it might be rather a strain for all concerned ~~x~~ but that is between her and Trude, of course.

You lack a "really good friend" -- what about Joel, "my best friend," as you termed him recently? I hope you do continue to see and talk to him.

I am truly glad that you and George see one another and do things together, even if it is not all that often.

I wrote a note "preparing" Pat Huyett at BkMk Press for a (possible) (probable) order from Martita Midence at WOMANBOOKS. I asked her to please put in those five (yuk) corrections, too! (Once one has the hang of it, it takes about 60 second per book -- five minutes for five copies, big deal!)

There's a fall feeling in the world these days. We've been wonderfully fortunate with our weather -- mild days, never really hot, and lovely, coolish nights -- 65, give or take a couple of degrees.

Hang in there. Spare yourself, too. Your saintly work with "the geriatric set" wins my undying admiration, but you need (a) time for yourself, (b) people of younger ages, etc.!

"More anon," love as ever, 'me'

I really never dreamt (after my beloved doctor first faded from the ~~sen~~ scene, then died so horribly) that there'd ever be A MAN again. Then suddenly, this man (he'd known my father ~~xxxx~~ as a young priest -- I don't mean my father being the one who was young, of course -- years and years ago when John first came to Lawrence to teach in the School of Religion at K.U.) with whom I'd resumed and upon which I'd improved a slight acquaintance dating from the past and I would go SPARK and WHAMMY and all THAT!

No you did not tell me about your job at Goethe House. I must say, it sounds somewhat taxing and humdrum and \$7.00 per hour is not fortune, but if it "has really helped you to focus" etc., good for it!

Anna isn't getting very much of a rest, and I don't like it. She isn't that old and ought to be bouncing back. Needless to state she won't go ~~xxxxxxx~~ to her doctor and have even "an office physical" with, perhaps, a few tests. ~~Stubborn~~ Stubborn. Like me.

I had sort of hoped you'd get to meet the "young folk" from Australia, but ~~xxxxxx~~ gather it is not likely to work out that way. I hope Irene is in good fettle when they come to see her. As I said, they are bright and delightful and the young woman is utterly ~~xxx~~ fascinated with "A.B."

Maybe, just maybe, Irene will make it to Princeton for a visit. I shall write to her again, soon, and I think perhaps I won't mention you in any way (other, perhaps, than your attempts to solve the Emily Dickinson crisis): 'tis better so, no?

Well, yes, I have written about four poems this summer.

By the way, Tom O'Donnell has still not got himself together and written to Dierdre at Braziler's. He will, he will. Tom, in his way, is a nut, also. He has got to complete things to his satisfaction, then he can start doing something about approaching a publisher. Wonder how I'd be in regard to something ~~xx~~ like that?

Do I know about your 92-year-old friend who has been in and out of hospitals? I feel sure you have spoken of her but lack a name to put to her.

Särchen is still "living"?

Carry on -- with job, with Hennssel, with Joel (I am so glad you have him for a friend), with life.

More anon (and all that) and love as always, 'me'

November 5, 1986

Lola dear,

Well, at least we got our Democratic congress! And that's "one in the eye for Reagan!"

I am thrilled that you are going to Mexico. I hope you have a wonderful time. By the way, I will ask you, if it is really all that easy to do, to get me, say, 200 Lomotil (a doctor friend in Topeka supplies ~~witxxxx~~ me with a basic yearly supply but this year I've had extra-bad patches of "galloping gut" and my supply has gone faster than I'd imagined it could). I will, of course, reimburse you -- I mean this.

I only recently noted that Seamus Heaney's poems are published by Farrar Straus Giroux -- ~~nx~~ not only the book I sent you but, I gather, his others. Of course he is a poet of considerable fame and importance, even if he isn't as well known as he should be (and will be). I know you don't have TV (to all intents and purposes) so you won't have seen the uneven but often excellent series, "The English Language." In the last episode (influence of the Irish in general and Gaelic in particular) ~~in~~ ~~Eng~~ English) Heaney read a poem: very interesting.

We have had a few spells of sunny, pleasant weather but continue to have mostly cooler-than-normal, gloomy, generally rainy days. More ~~ix~~ discouraging is the prevalence of utterly devastating illness running around. It is by no means certain that ~~ix~~ all of it, or perhaps ~~ix~~ any of it, is ~~ix~~ "flu" -- i.e., true Influenza. All around me people are going down like nine-pins. Ugh.

I did finally write (I don't know why I no longer write every ten days or so) to Irene, and very guilty I felt about my long silence (three weeks ~~ix~~ at least). I think I know what the problem is. I don't have very much to say to her, really. She doesn't write to me, since she is understandably not "up to" such activities, or rarely. And I don't have much to communicate to her that would be of special interest. It is a little hard to keep up a one-way correspondence. But I do think of her often, and Anna and I talk of her often, and we wish her well and feel real sorrow at her plight, that odd mixture of unusual good fortune for one so old, and the attendant-upon-old-age troubles such as heart trouble (always a threat) and near-blindness. And although she does seem to have a lot ~~ix~~ of company I realize that she probably is alone and does ~~ix~~ feel longely quite often.

So.

Send me a postcard from ~~Mix~~ Mexico City, yes? Give my love to I.G. Be well.

"More anon," with fond love as ever, 'me'

I am having trouble with warts around the anal region. They are being, presumably, removed with a powerful sclerosing agent, podophyllum, with leaves me in utter misery, ~~xxxx~~ and which is proving highly irritating to my hemorrhoids as well. Still, the damn things have to come off before they spread more (warts are produced by a virus, as I am sure you know). And, no, my warts are not, repeat not, venereal warts! (Boy have I not done anything venereal!)

So what now for you, now that you are back from you much-needed change, trip etc.? Love, as ever, 'me'

December 31, 1986

Lola dear,

I was overjoyed to hear from you. I had been wondering (like, where was that promised postcard from Mexico, eh?). I am so sorry you got hit by "an unpleasant bronchial condition." You don't say what you did about it or how serious it was. I do know, of course, that pollution in the air of Mexico City probably leads the rest of the world's pollution. As to the "oppression of the people," I can well believe it. (I learn an immense amount not only from a few magazines etc. I read regularly, but from my ~~✶~~ -- to me -- important Cable News Network which not only gives news all day -- and I guess all night as well -- but devotes segments of this to special, half-hour features and the like.)

Too bad about the Lomotil. I can only hope that my physician friends in Topeka will come through with their usual generous annual supply.

If George's many pictures turn up a few ~~ex~~ especially beautiful ones (incl. Lola!) I would welcome them. Any you wish returned I will do so -- I know these things are costly (but I'd like to have Lola, yes, and I.G., to keep, if I may).

What is otherwise new? Anna has talked to Irene a few times, sometimes a heartwarming, satisfying conversation, at other times Irene unable, seemingly, to hear well at all, feeling ill and/or low in mind, lonely, and so on. But she still keeps on. That disaster with her eye about two years (was it?) ago was dreadful, yet by now the eye would probably have come to the point where it is now. Who knows? Her Trude was, of course, down in Maryland with her family for Christmas (and perhaps still is, I don't know).

Life goes on here in Kansas. We've had so mild a winter to date that it scares me. Can it last? Of course not. Otherwise the man who is central to my life for more than two years continues to be so. But with his extreme workaholicism and general drivenness I don't think his chances for a long life are very good. He is going again as ~~g~~early to Colorado taking a group of young people from the church skiing. I only hope he comes back. He smokes like a chimney, never exercises . . . it's crazy.

Do write when you feel like it. Carolyn, by the way, is home for the holidays. She, too, is one of today's "role model" workaholics. She's made one or two close friends during her years in Wellesley yet this is how she sees them: one gal and she ran into each other on the campus back in early November and made a date to have lunch in mid-January -- that's today's modern burn-out-prone existence. Ugh.

March 6, 1987

Lola dear,

It was so good to have a long talk with you!

Enclosed find re-do of a poem I sent you some while back. Please destroy the first version.

As before, it is NOT about my father! (Like, boy, is it not about my father!)

Don't know what I am going to do about Deirdre Mullane but a) would you send me Braziller's new address (I really do not see Tom at all any more) and b) any sparkling suggestions as to how to formulate a brief letter which brings in your name as one of my oldest friends (I don't mean biologically old) etc. etc. -- you must be very, very good at this sort of thing after your many years of rich and varied experience etc.

More anon. It was 75 here yesterday and will be again today. Makes me nervous.

Fondest love ~~s~~ ever, 'me'

P.S. -- I am very happy that you are working with Joel again.

April 7, 1987

Lola dear,

I can't even recall for sure: did I reply to your March 22 letter? (No, this is not Alzheimer's -- I don't think. Just the way things are going, with worry-worry here, and worry-worry there.)

I liked and admired Joel's article immensely. Right now it is in Anna's hands, being read -- right up her alley. "AB" was a devotee of Karl Kraus, held strong opinions on translations in literature, etc.

We both want to read the Burnshaw book, and will. The days seem more crowded, somehow. Poor Anna has spent a good part of each day for nearly two weeks making out her income tax forms. Me, I turn everything over to my lawyer/tax accountant. This year the "tab" will come to about \$75.00 -- but worth it! If I get into ~~w~~ trouble or he didn't do something right, he takes care of it all at no extra cost.

Well, I may write to Deirdre Mullane anyway: what have I got to lose?

By the way, there will be arriving (when? as to that I can't say) a book I am having sent to you: "Writing The Natural Way," by Dr. Gabriela Rico -- who teaches creative writing and other English courses at San Jose State. Fascinating. I begin to have the uneasy feeling that perhaps you have mentioned, and/or read, perhaps even own, this work. It is rather worth while and has re-charged my batteries -- I have begun to write poems again.

John's health is really lousy. He is going in to see (his)(my) internist soon (and he'd better). Had I told you or written you that about three weeks ago, Bob Matthews, the Rector, the one with lymphoma, died at Emory University Medical Center in Atlanta. Question: who will be the next Rector? They (the Vestry) ought to "call" You Know Who. But will they? And does he really want the "job"? With his teaching at KU (School of Religion), his half-time -- more like full-time in reality -- work as Curate for the past several years, his family obligations, and more, I really can't see him "lasting."

I am truly thrilled on your behalf that you have such rewarding and "happy" work these days. One never knows what life will bring, and it is rather rare to form important relationships of whatever kind in "The Golden Years" (ugh!). But SO FAR we all manage.

(If it turns out you have the book, find someone to give it to. Dr. Rico has certainly done her homework in cognitive psychology, neurology, and more. I will be writing to her today probably and will wistfully mention the work of Martin Scheerer. He should be "among those present.")

~~mix~~More anon." By the way, we never did have any real winter, although we got a nasty cold spell a week ago. Love as ever, 'me'

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

April 7, 1987

Dear Gabriele Rico,

Yesterday brought one of the most delightful surprises I've had in some while: Pat Huyett of BkMk Press phoned to tell me about her meeting with you, your book, and the fact that you liked my "Writing in Winter" (or at least several of the poems).

I hotfooted it up to KU's main bookstore (a very fine one) and sure enough: they had your book. I brought home a copy (and have since ordered copies sent to two friends, one in New York City, one in Canada, knowing they would find as much richness in your book as I am finding).

I can't think how I came so late to your book. Possibly I heard about it but nothing went "click" and I didn't get to read it. Well, I have read it (or am reading it) now and I find it a marvel -- clear, charming, provocative, informed by a mixture of sound science and creative imagination.

So much in it "took me back" -- I refer to the names of various cognitive psychologists, neurologists, and the like. My husband, Martin Scheerer, who died in 1961, was in the main a cognitive psychologist and also worked in the area of brain damage--(with neurologist Kurt Goldstein he evolved a test for brain injury that is still sold by or through The Psychological Corporation of New York.)

Pat Huyett found that your book "recharged her batteries." It is doing so x with me as well. The largesse of fresh, imaginative poems by children, by unknown or hitherto unknown, poets is inspiring, to put it mildly. As it says on the back cover, you transform "tension into delight." I'd say that you also find the tensions in delight! It is one of the clearest presentations of its subject that I have ever read. Your diagrams, your examples, and, most of all, your theories (i.e., of clustering, recurrence, etc.) all guide, direct, help, inspire. You have "done your homework" in the field of the brain: you have your own "natural" gift for poetry. Your courses at San Jose must be rewarding indeed. I've generally shied away from books on and/or courses in creative writing: your approach has changed my thinking completely.

Last but not least, Pat Huyett warmed to you as a person. I can see why: you shine through the pages of your book.

I hope you will continue to teach, write, inspire.

Sincerely,

Gabriele Lusser Rico

22620 San Juan Rd. • Cupertino, California 95014 • Telephone (408) 253-3758

April 11, 1987

Constance Sheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

Dear Constance Scheerer:

I appreciated your warm, rich letter, and I want to respond before I am off again on a trip or buried in the book I'm working on --in which, incidentally, I hope to use one of your poems.

Yes, this book was written from the gut. I had to let go of all the conventional preconceptions before I could let it all spill out, and I think that was one of the important reasons the material emerged as it did. I'm glad that you find it stimulating. You are a fine poet.

Just so you can get a bit of feedback, I particularly liked "Getting Ready...", "Green," "Peasant Wedding" (partly perhaps because I teach Correlation of the Arts and we play with this painting as you play with it in your poem. I think we figured out who it was, but I think your poem will be a delight to bring to class; it is so earthy, so perceptive; "Cinderella" and "Adam...", partly for the same reasons--the sheer mockery of it, the language of irony even heavy sarcasm so reminiscent of Anne Sexton. And that poem, the one about her, of course, is a stunner. I plan to use it in a writing intensive course at the University of Colorado this weekend; I look forward to it, don't quite know yet how I will use it, but I will. There are others I like, but I have to read poems again and again, and I will yours!

You, too! Keep writing and writing.

Best,

Gabriele L.

Gabriele Rico
Professor of English and Creative Arts

PS. Please tell Pat that I will pass the Mbembi book on to Al Young and that I will write when the presence is off. So enjoyed talking to her!
G.

June 15, 1987

Lola dear,

I don't know how I did this, but I did it: I have (lost) (misplaced) a recent letter in which you (again) sent me the new address of Braziler's. Doubtless I found one of those absolutely perfect places to keep it ~~up~~ -- but where o where is that perfect place?

Would you be so very sweet and send me the address again??? (I feel a real fool!)

The enclosed speak for themselves.

I am in real anguish over John. He must be having some very threatening symptoms. He really is going to see (our) doctor. (Then he plans to take off for a well-deserved and much-needed vacation, but only a real idiot could do such a thing: I mean, he doesn't really know what the doctor is going to tell him but it may well "put paid" to any vacation plans, and he needs to get away so badly!)

The enclosed speak for themselves. I've been writing a bit more often and steadily these days, thank goodness.

News re Irene continues very bad: what else can I say?

Carolyn was home for a brief visit (home because she arranges to give a talk or attend a meeting in Kansas City and combines the two events). She and Bill are leaving for a "trip around the world" (well, most of the time will be spent in Australia, actually, also Hong Kong and Singapore, and only Holland will be a European stop. Since Bill has refused all his life to travel ("Why would anyone want to see Paris -- or Rome etc. etc.?" has been his basic attitude, as has "But I am a chemical engineer; what ~~x~~ do I want to read Shakespeare for?") even such a trip is something.

How are you? What about Emily? What is going on??????????????

Our heat here is unspeakable. Just ~~xxxxx~~ hope my A/C doesn't break down. The unit in the car has been acting up and an attempt to fix it failed. Still, it functions a good part of the time: I suppose I should be grateful. After all, the poor old Mustang is now well past 20!

I in general hunger for news of you: please supply?

Love as ever, 'me'

June 29, 1987

Lola dear,

Guess what? I found your March 22 letter (which I had put so carefully into a very special place, isn't that always the way?) so all I have to do now is to write that letter to Deirdre Mullane! High time, too.

Well, I still want to hear from you, in general, it goes without saying. And, yes, I want to know about "Emily." And yes, I want to know ~~xxxxxx~~ your reaction to my most recent poems. Etc.

Irene's condition appears to vary but to be, in general, not good, not good at all. As of now she has extra help in the form of a second "Schwartz" who comes in X hours per week so that she can get out at times still (obviously with all her black-outs and fallings-down she simply cannot even attempt to go out on her own, in addition to which she can't open the door(s) of ~~her~~ her apartment building (I know that sort of door: our main post office requires at least a linebacker or boxer to get open: our public library has automatic doors, that open at the ~~the~~ touch of a button -- to be used, of course, by the handicapped, mainly those in wheelchairs. Why the post office can't install same, or at least make the doors easy to open, I don't begin to grasp. Money. That's what it is. The automatic doors cost a hundred thousand or so.) Irene's proposed move to "try out" a nursing home in Princeton appears to be somewhat in the future. We rather predict that it won't work. Can you imagine Irene with a group of seniles, with only some nurses ~~and~~ and other attendants to talk to and little or nothing for Irene and them to talk about? But ~~it~~ it seems to be the consensus that while Trude is on her ~~vacation~~ vacation in Europe it would be better for Irene not to be in her New York apartment, even with such help as she has. It is, as always with her, unclear just how completely alone she actually is, otherwise. But things are really not at all well with her and one can only feel pitying and anxious.

By now you and Joel are finished with Rilke's Correspondence?

In case I never said, yes, I did appreciate Joel's essay (Anna too).

We bid fair to have a hellishly hot summer. Certainly a lot of rain (mostly in the form of thunderstorms, ugh, and at night).

Well. Back to work. But I did want you to know that I did find your letter. I hope basically all goes well with you.

Much love as ever, 'me'

Mrs. Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

June 30, 1987

Ms. Deirdre Mullane
George Braziller, Inc.
60 Madison Avenue
New York City, NY 10010

Dear Ms. Mullane,

I have heard much about you from my friend of forty years, Lola Gruenthal. It is at her suggestion that I write to you today.

I seek a publisher for two books -- one, a second collection of my poems (the first, Writing in Winter, appeared two years ago, published by BkMk Press, the University of Missouri at Kansas City); two, a book of poetry to be entitled Poems About Paintings, which would include a range from such classics as Auden's "Musée des Beaux Arts" and some of William Carlos Williams' work to a few of my own (poems about paintings having been a favorite theme of mine for many years).

(Ideal, of course, would be a "coffee table book" with flawlessly reproduced full-color plates matching each poem but this would entail enormous expense and work.)

My own book, Writing in Winter, was never really publicized or reviewed -- the disadvantage of a small university press. My favorite "review" appeared in Harvard Magazine: "Observant, spiritually rich book of poems -- a first collection."

The impulse is always to send (a) a copy of my book, (b) a selection of recent poems to you. I thought that perhaps such a step would not be in order, pending your reaction to this letter.

With cordial regards,

sincerely,

Constance Scheerer



July 7, 1987

Lola dear,

I am much distressed at your account (well, semi-account) of your current ailing. What is going on? Nasty possibilities occur to me. Have you swollen lymph nodes? Night sweats? An elevated sedimentation rate? Etc. (I can just see you stopping everything and conveying this information to Dr. Constance!)

The "well-paid translation" sounds great. "E.D." does not sound great! You really do have a bunch of assholes there, I must say! And this from Europeans, who, supposedly, are so much better at fine publishing of every sort than Americans.

Yes, of course I will "be patient a little longer."

Poor Irene! Anna called her Sunday (again). Calling her is dreadfully difficult. If she happens to be listening to some music of which she is especially fond, she will simply cut off the conversation. O.K., she is 91, etc. etc. etc. But far worse, Anna (most of the time) simply cannot understand her with her greatly changed ~~fx~~ voice, speech patterns, etc.

Irene did get it across that she will only even try out a nursing care facility if she can have a room to herself. I'd feel the same way, believe me. But when will such be available? And who will foot the bill? (I assume Arthur and Mrs. Arthur help out, as they long have.) I can just see Irene, in such a place, even if it is clean and well-run with palatable food and kindly care. She will simply loathe it. The very thought may be what it takes to make her "turn her face to the wall" as Anna and I often say, having seen it happen in a number of instances (my father, her mother, and so on).

John ("my" John) leaves (I hope) tomorrow via British Caledonian Airways for three weeks in London and, I am sure, a side trip or so, including to his "alma mater" (where he got his Ph.D. years ago), Cambridge. He needs badly to get away from everything. He's had a dreadful time. Not only does he take everything with tremendous seriousness but, as I have surely mentioned, he is the "workaholic" of all time. To cap the climax, he "took down" with ~~gx~~ for God's sake a case of shingles a few days ago. Today modern drugs snap you out of the worst of it quite quickly but who knows what side-effects such drugs have? But that is John: he has seen two doctors -- our dermatologist (who just removed basal # 14 or so from my cheek -- and our internist and they say, go ahead, go, it's O.K. Our relationship slowly but steadily blooms in many ways. No I don't think it will ever ~~gx~~ become a physical affair and there certainly is no question of marriage (after two "bombed" marriages, he'd better not try again, especially being a priest of the church). Besides I am not quite as much older than he is as I'd thought, but it is bad enough. He is 58 (how close to 59 I do not know) and I, last April, turned, damn it, 67, ugh.

I hope you liked at least some of the poems I sent recently. Do you still ~~f~~ have contact with Joel? Write when you feel up to it, do! You have been much on my mind and it was a relief (mixed) to have heard at last. Love asx ever, 'me'

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

August 9, 1987

Lola dear,

I find myself wondering how things are with you, what your doctor is finding and doing, how ~~you~~ you are feeling, etc.

The enclosed poem I wrote a week or so ago.

I have not heard from Deirdre Mullane (no surprise!) but I suppose some day I will.

I also am waiting to hear from Gabriele Rico, to whom I wrote a couple of weeks ago. All these people are, of course, incredibly busy, and it is dear of Gabriele R. to so much as bother with me.

I hope Irene is getting along OK semi-alone in her apartment. I do think, come what may, she is better off that way -- and from what she told Anna via phone a week ago, she thinks so, too.

Your hot weather at least comes and goes, now. Ours stays pretty much the same. This morning, however, is cool and pleasant.

I have followed that business with the sharks off Long Island. Hope not near your friend Madeline!

John invited me over to his house a week or so ago, and wound up two or three hours later taking me out to lunch! Great! He also kissed me on the mouth (a first!), lightly, but still He is (again) under great and continuing stress. I have been writing you about the death of the Rector from lymphoma, and how John would like to be the next Rector but certain elements in the church are showing hostility and the role of the Bishop in all this is unclear, but lousy. I don't know what will happen, including to John, if he isn't chosen.

And now (you will never believe this) we come to Call On Lola For Help time (after all, she's got nothing to do but loaf around buffing her nails etc.). Can you possibly obtain for me even a few (10? 20?) 5-milligram valium? I get a regularly renewed prescription from my really quite good internist (now my doctor for about 2 years) and I "hold the line," taking just the one for sleep, most nights (from time to time I can't make it and add an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ during the night: their inability to sleep is one of my ways of showing great stress etc.). Also, I have learned to take a $\frac{1}{2}$ valium before going to church (even when John is not the celebrant) because just ~~xxxx~~ being down there starts up the old tachycardia etc. etc.

Needless to state, I pay, I pay! (you have only to let me know the cost). (Truly it seems that I am constantly asking favors of Lola.) You understand, I am not turning into a "Betty Ford"

and becoming a "valium junkie." (When Martin died, I just KNEW that I would stop eating, lose all appetite. What happened? I ate like a truck driver, gaining 20 pounds in one year, but virtually stopped sleeping. From that * day -- or rather, night -- to this, I have taken something for sleep: for a long time it was seconal, later nembutal, for a time something called Lotusaide -- spelling? -- and so on and so forth. For 14 years or so it has been the valium and it really is helpful although 5 milligrams is a "mild" dose.)

Well, so much for all this drivelling on.

If you can help out, wonderful. If there is no way in which you can, you are no less wonderful, and no less a "miracle woman," believe me! (If I think of all the things you've done over the years -- your fault entirely, of course, for being you and for having contacts and for living in New York where "all things are possible" or so it seems.)

A letter from you will be welcome any time. Mostly, right now, news of (a) you and (b) Irene are first priorities.

By the way, just yesterday afternoon I got a call from Peter Behrendt, Martin's friend from early childhood on, with whom I've kept up an off/on contact throughout the years. Peter now sounds like an old, old man (he is 83 or so, I believe) as who wouldn't, dividing, as he has, his life between a wife dying of cancer in New York and an ex-wife dying, much more slowly, of bad heart disease in Berlin. Who knows? Perhaps all this turmoil and ghastliness have helped to keep Peter alive? A totally stress-less life would be an ~~xxxx~~ impossibility and not necessarily desirable. Peter's wife, Louise, did finally die, apparently several months ago, and Peter had been in Berlin again, hence I'd not heard from him for so long.

So. ~~xxxx~~ Lovingly, as ever, 'me'



Mrs. Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

September 9, 1987

Dear Constance Scheerer:

Please forgive my long delay in responding to your letter. As you know, with the summer holidays and various members of our staff taking vacation, things here have been rather hectic. I did want to write you personally however. I'm afraid that we are not actively publishing poetry these days. (As you can see from the enclosed catalogue, we've primarily been concentrating on non-fiction). I suggest you browse through a bookstore or look through some of the literary quarterlies for names of houses who are publishing poetry.

Thank you for your interest in our house and good luck.

With all best wishes,

Deirdre Mullane
Deirdre Mullane
Editor

GEORGE BRAZILLER, INC. PUBLISHERS

60 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10010 • (212) 889-0909 • Telex: 422144

September 16, 1987

Lola dear,

I wasn't going to write a letter to go along with "Dig,"
but

Anna and I have decided we will write more often to Irene and in so doing perhaps "force" her to sit down and write to us -- something she could, in theory, have been doing all along but we of course realize that she is truly a profoundly changed woman for some while now. Still, "making demands" is at times the thing to do, "forcing" the person to "keep up," to respond, etc.

Now you do realize that Anna and I lack many facts regarding Irene's situation (I suppose "Only Arthur knows" etc.) and not even Constance the Doctor knows everything. But Anna and I say to one another often that among all the ~~max~~ many, many people we have known, directly or semi-directly, who had strokes, we never can find one whose history even faintly resembled Irene's. As Anna reminds me, it was just about one year ago that she (Anna) noted a marked change in Irene's voice -- not slurred speech etc. but rather a total alteration in voice quality. I could go on and on (since when can't I?)

Central nervous ~~sys~~ system disorder? This we do not doubt. But many conditions fall under that rubric, needless to state. And dysphonia is a symptom of so very many possible CNS disorders.

Well, whatever it all means, it really is dreadful.

We have had nothing whatsoever but rain, cloudiness, rain, storms, more storms ("ansas City got a very bad one day before yesterday, ~~w~~ were spared!) and I long to see the sun!

Anna's Trude (as in "Trude Weimaraner") seems more herself. Anna does cherish that dog and I, for one, cannot blame her. I simply am not so constituted that I could, alone, ~~g~~ have a dog. Anna has been known to stagger from a sick bed to care for Trude, turn out in blizzards to give the doggie her daily walk, and much more. Fortunately, Anna's "entourage" generally can supply someone to take T. for a walk etc. when, as on some occasions, Anna has really "come down" with something rather dreadful.

Hope "the~~x~~ other Trude" is back by the time you get this.

What is a "Tapas Bar"? Saw ad in the New Yorker for thus-and-so, "the best Tapas bar in New York." The big Webster gives a possible definition as "snack" which makes sense but surely some specific sort of snack is meant, if I've got it right.

OK. Enough. Back to ~~K~~ proofreading. I did truly love our fine conversation last night and hope all your projects come to fruition and more! Much love as always, 'me'

August 28, 1987

Lola dear,

Once upon a time I would have either sent that book to Irene or suggested that you lend it to her or read it with her (it is so very short) or something. Today, no. Or so I think. For one thing, and although she may have forgotten, once ~~up~~ upon a time I used to send Irene about once every two months a book (in paperback) of the sort I thought she would truly enjoy. Eventually I got a letter "Stop sending me books!" -- a rather testy statement, and so it's fine if she didn't want any more books (perhaps I wasn't sending things that really appealed to her or perhaps she in some odd way resented being sent books), but why the "testy"? Oh, well. This is Irene.

As for sharing the poem "Nursing Home," fine, if you think so. I leave this up to you entirely. I haven't been sending her copies of poems for a bit because I am always unclear as to ~~the~~ the state of her ~~vs~~ vision and from time to time get (conflicting) impressions about such aspects as, can she read or not, does she read or not, etc.

I think your poem "Practicing" is a truly fine poem in every way. So OK, so I might make it a tad sparer here, or there, but any comments of a specific nature I might offer seem pale and unimportant ~~a~~ within the framework of the whole. I like the Phil~~x~~ippe Petit poem too. When I reached the end I (almost) wanted to say "A highwire artist/ disguised as/ an angel" but rejected this almost at once: what you have is more profound in every way, more subtle too.

I was rather thrilled ~~about~~ about the idea of doing the piece which will be built around an actual letter of Gruenthal's and think this a wonderful idea all around. You do make interest contacts, and also you do have a wealth of background of the sort that "us Americans" can only share from a distance -- although share it we can, meaning, of course, ~~his~~ "us old folk~~a~~" who were, after all, "there" -- in a sense or who, like me, also had a man who was really there and had much to tell about it all. (What a wealth of anecdotal material I vividly recall passed on to me by Martin!) This entire project -- writing in exile during the Hitler years -- is wonderful. I do so hope it "flies"!

You know, Lola, although you feel ~~the~~ not so great, sometimes physically, sometimes emotionally, "on your duff you do not sit"! Oh where do you find the energy to do all that you do???? I drivel with admiration, I mean it. And you aren't just messing around, either: from Yoga to writing poetry to undertaking projects (E.D. or something with Joel and now the letter of Max's etc.) --all is worthwhile, important, and, how I hate the word, "Meaningful!"

I once read Karen Horney but it is all, all gone, along with all Martin's books (I surely told you way, way back that the

Kansas City Public Library "bid in on" and got all of Martin's library for \$3,500. K.U. said "Pfui," the Menninger Foundation said "Drop dead" -- ~~ax~~ but Kansas City came through, and at a time when I needed the money, still not knowing that my father was going to insist on supporting me as he did generously for many years although eventually inflation made the sum that had taken care of us both do little and that was when I got in on the proofreading!)

If Irene sees better than I think (God, the woman is truly plagued with uncurable, and, I'd think, unendurable troubles!) I will send her a "sheaf" (5 or 6) of recent poems. Let me know what you think.

We will argue forever re "what is Valium?" etc. ~~but~~ and I have read all about it (also Xanax) in the PDR etc. Still, it is (at least in this part of the country) most frequently given ~~xxxx~~ for sleep, and each and every bottle of same which I have ever received has a little extra "paste-on" strip saying: "Caution: this drug causes drowsiness. Do not ~~operate~~ operate machinery when using" or something like that. Well, ~~believe~~ believe me, I take one, turn out the light, and lie down: I do not operate machinery"!!!!

As always, I treasured this letter (as I always treasure your letters). And I truly treasure the poem ~~xxxx~~ ^{about} David.

"More anon," drop just a line when the book comes, etc. etc.

Love as always, 'me'

November 12, ~~1991~~ 1987

Lola dear,

For ~~some~~ someone who is over-busy and at times not in the best condition ~~in~~ in one way or another, you certainly ~~x~~ do write (or, do right!).

Anna can indeed read German perfectly and will translate Irene's letter for me. We are disappointed that we've heard ~~xxx~~ had no response to our letters of three weeks ago. We realize that Irene has to write, write, write, to make herself understood. Still, Anna asked really vital questions and still expects and ~~xxx~~ needs answers. I will write again, but it won't, I fear, be much of a letter: it will be, alas, writing into a vacuum. One needs to have head from a person in order to respond, if you take my meaning.

Yes, I read the Brodsky poem in The New ~~y~~ Yorker (I rarely think much of poems in The New Yorker) and I thought it stank. I think I ~~x~~ am much better, truly. Oh, well.

I am not only obliged to Joel for his suggestions but will incorporate same. Important, and a great improvement. (Shall chastize Anna for not having said, "Take it away, it stinks!") The "asking" goes out, too. Great! Shall tell Anna I may trade her in for Joel (I'm ~~xx~~ kidding, I'm kidding). Did I ever send you "Communion," my best ~~o~~ (to date) love poem? I don't think I sent you the enclosed: ain't he gorgeous? (I enclose copy of "Communion," just in case.)

How I wish I could read your MG/LB correspondence! Having learned as a child learns, I can still rattle off a bit of conversational German-cum-Yiddish, but read? Not much or well, and often not at all. From my proofreading, though, I have pretty much learned when an umlaut is missing and the like (I get a fair amount of German in the References Cited sections of the articles I read~~x~~).

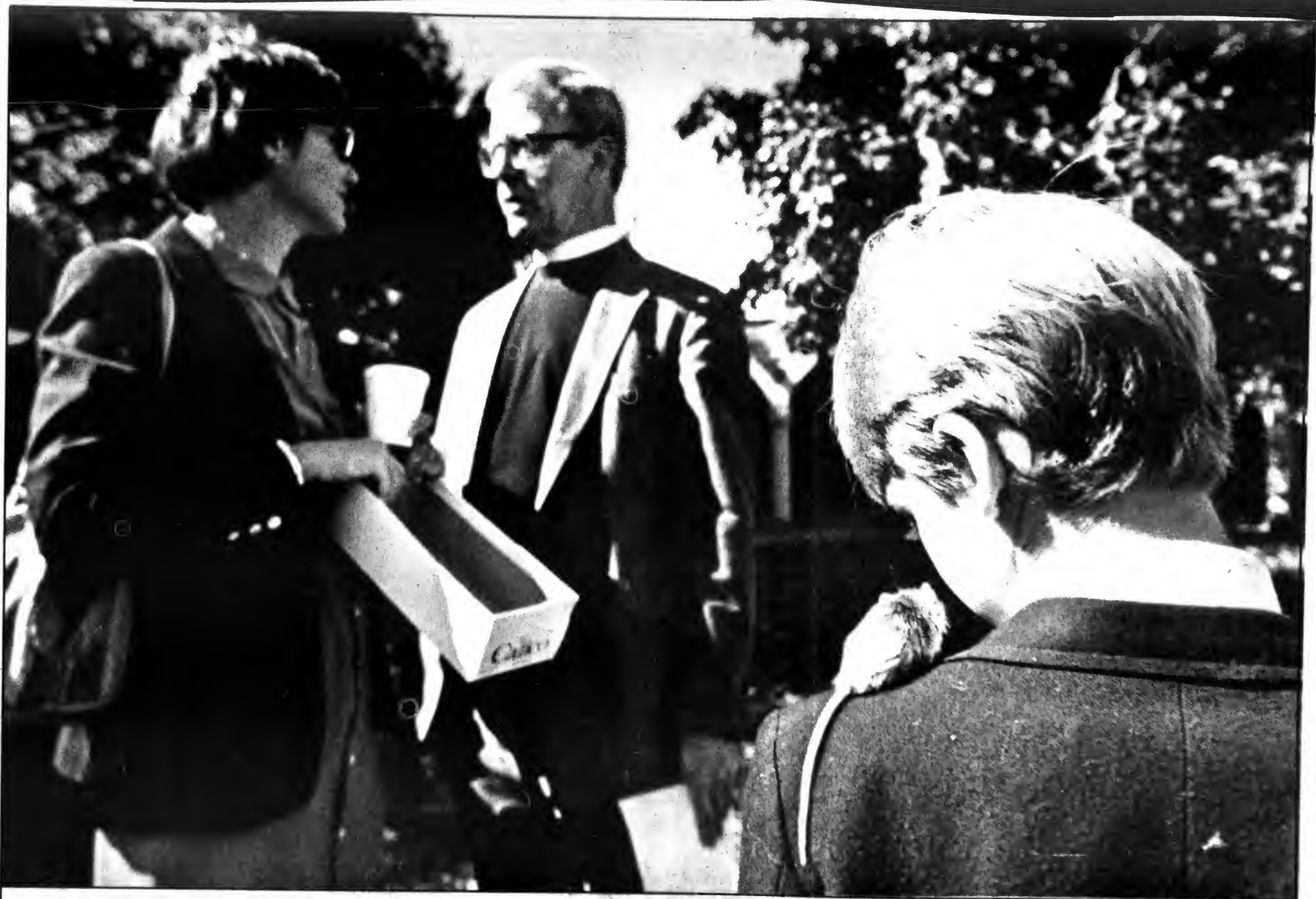
Just got my new real estate tax statement ~~for~~ for the coming year and am in shock (so what else is new?).

Am beginning to realize that a university press probably is the only way for me to go. We'll see. Maybe I will get in touch with Dan ~~xxxx~~ Jaffe again: their books are now coming out in a better format and hard (so-called) covers.

In haste, as I must finish a (yuk) job of proofreading -- lots of Aztec words (since one can't pronounce them, one must spell them out letter by letter, if you see what I mean).

Love, and so glad (also grateful) to hear from you. SAY LARGE HELLO TO JOEL!

As ever, 'me'



Quiet in the Peanut gallery

(Staff photo by Brenda Steele)

While his mother, Jane Milward, chats with the Rev. John Macauley of Trinity Episcopal Church, Andy Milward, 7, keeps a wary eye on his pet brown mouse,

Peanut, during the church's blessing of the animals service Sunday. In all, about 30 animals were brought to the annual service.

(The Feast of St. Francis but The Journal-world doesn't say so)

January 1, 1988

Lola dear,

I cannot, alas, recall just when it is you return from Mexico. Perhaps you will find a note from Trude awaiting you. But in case not

Irene died on the night of the 19th. She had failed increasingly since arriving at the Princeton Nursing Home and very badly it would seem near the end. She went into a coma at the last and Trude and Leo~~x~~ (either together or in shifts, I am not positive about this) were with her through her final hours.

Thus a long, fascinating, often difficult and even tragic life comes to an end. Given the circumstances and her vast age, it was a merciful release.

It would be only a guess on my part but I have a hunch that Arthur probably knew that Irene had not much longer to live and wanted her overseen in a home when the end came. And where better than under the caring eye of Trude -- yes, and Leo, too.

Trude called Anna (this must have been the morning of the 20th?) to tell her the news. She had been trying to get you, without success. I am not sure whether Trude knew or recalled that you were going to Mexico but Anna and she agreed that I would be letting you know in some form at the earliest possible moment.

"Otherwise," I hope all goes well with you and that you emerged from Mexico in one piece and having had a delightful time. I am completely unsure as to where you planned to go in Mexico. (I think not, as in days of yore, to San Miguel de Allende~~xxx~~.)

All goes about as usual here, except that a long, long mild fall and early winter went KABOOM and became very cold complete with one truly almost-disastrous ice storm (it darn near got me) which, mercifully, was of very short duration. Now it is "only" cold (very) but at least the sun is shining. We'd had so many dark, gloomy days for so long that when sun finally appeared Anna and I kept saying to each other, "What is that bright golden light out there?"

Anna's Trude holds her own and would even seem to be doing fairly well if it were not that she has to get up at least once, at times more often, at night, which, obviously, means that Anna, too, has to get up and let her out.

How is George?

More soon and do let me hear from you whenever you can.

Fondly as always, 'me'

P.S. -- Just decided to include ~~an~~ a poem I just wrote --
"A Country Apple." I've ~~not~~ not been hit by much inspiration lately
but I like this one. ~~XXXXXXXX~~

February 9, 1988

Lola dear,

"Blizzard of '88"

I cannot believe that I didn't send you a copy
of the enclosed quite a long time ago. But just
in case . . . X.

Well, guess what? Harvard Magazine has accepted it!
I broke down and decided to trying a bit of
"sending out" back around December 1st.

You are probably not familiar with Harvard Magazine
(I get it automatically, just on the basis of
having spent just one semester as a graduate student
there back in the fall term of 1941) but it is
an extremely prestigious journal. Apart from the
usual alumni/ae news, its articles address topics
ranging from the law, medicine, literature, accounts
of travel (i.e., a couple who both teach at Harvard
and who trekked across the general area of the
Himalayas with their college-age sons), art -- etc. etc.
Their poetry is of a very high order indeed. Compared
to the SHIT The New Yorker has published for lo these
many years it is a delight. So I am terribly pleased.
(I wonder if they pay? I could use it! Proofreading
is almost nil and I don't know what this means or
what is going on.)

I am now waiting for my friends in the east (well, a
couple of friends in California) to start ~~a~~ writing
me things like "Who is this guy Bob Dole, anyway?" etc.
Around these parts, we Democrats and/or more, er,
intellectual types do NOT like him. Surprise, surprise.

I hope you are well and doing some things~~x~~ you ~~xi~~ like
to do, not only attending on the sick and dying.

It would be nice to get a ~~kix~~ Lola-letter, this goes
without saying.

I know that, in general, we all do the things that we
most want to do (apart from those we ~~x~~ most need, or feel
we need, to do). But I truly regret that you never
(or so it would appear) watch anything on TV. There
are such wonderful things, albeit rarely, on Public
Television. The new series, Voices and Visions, about
"American's poetic voice" ~~x~~ beginning with Robert Frost,
bids fair to be a really worthwhile event. And so on.

How is Joel? Do you see him and/or work with him?

This is being a rotten winter, in terms of weather.
We always send it on to you, so you know!

Much love as ever,
'me'

February 25, 1988

Lola dear,

I was truly delighted to hear from you. It had been a while! (Don't get me wrong: I know that there are ~~a~~ times and phases when writing a letter just doesn't "work"!))

I am delighted also that you "liked my poem a lot." What you describe as a "completely authentic tone and voice for experiences not your own" needs amplifying, though. Of course those experiences are not, strictly speaking, my own. But my mother (my father, too, in different ways and dealing with different experiences) made her experiences mine. From my first ability to "understand" my mother filled me full of anecdotes about her childhood, growing up, life in East Haddam, Connecticut, etc. etc. etc. This became so much a part of me that I could, decades later (and I do mean decades!), feel and live through this material (what I did with it, of course, was conflate her experiences. Yes she remembered that blizzard. Yes she lived in a huge mansion (which one day, shortly after college, burned to the ground) and several servants. Yes her half-brother died -- of TB -- and his body was brought back from a sanitorium in, I think, Arizona, and so on. Of course this didn't all happen at the same time but years apart. And in a basic way my mother's reactions were always tinged with fear, apprehension, worry, and worse -- where do you think I got all this tendency, myself?)

Well, anyway, it did "work out" as a poem.

The memories of those apple sellers in the depression years are personal and vivid. I kind of like the poem, myself, and Anna ("Take It Away It Stinks") Bloch, Last of the Big-Time Critics, did too. But these things are highly individual, of course. I am glad that I have been of late in a writing phase again. I may send you more, too (can you stand it?).

"The church poem"? Yes, you will have to supply the title. I've written a number of poems which deal straight-out with themes of Christian faith etc. I've also written several out-and-out love poems which spring from liturgical metaphor. I am now curious.

I am glad that your current work is at least well~~ly~~ paid. I do not know Joanna Field's book -- it sounds interesting. However I am content to wait for the Rilke letters.

I am truly sorry that you didn't care^e much for the first two episodes of Voices and Visions. Anna and I were bowled over. Of course Robert Frost is our favorite among contemporary American poets. As for Pound, the man was so sick, sick, sick (I would even say evil) that one can only cling to a few superb lines, an odd fine poem, and bury the rest. The best biography of Pound got full mention on that program, by the way. Neither Anna nor I ~~was~~ were all that crazy about the "do's" on Langston Huges or Hart Crane (esp. the latter I can do without). I am no devotee of Hart Crane's poems at any time. Next, I think, comes William Carlos William whose poems I do not like

(except for "Asphodel that Greeny Flower." ~~xxx~~ Also a GYN who screws 90% of his patients frankly disgusts me. I know, I know, the women could have told him to go to hell, but)

You have Irene down "just right," of course. In her final months she had become another, a different, Irene. But of course certain "negative" aspects had always been present. She did put up a valiant fight. Trude is doubtless still coping with all the details -- that, and her daughter's situation in Maryland.

Anna is OK, still concerned over her "failing" doggie, Trude. An apparently "big" gallery owner from New York is coming out in about ten days: he's wild about "A.B." and presumably this will mean some sales for Anna as well as still more advancing on the part of A.B. into his rightful place in the world of painting.

I must now turn to the first proofreading I've seen in quite a while, damn it. At times I get a little frightened, thinking about what is happening, and wondering why, and so on. Oh, well: so far I am "making it."

"Life with Macauley" goes on and on, sometimes frustrating and maddening, but damn it I do love that man! He has, at long last, been appointed the (in effect) Rector of Trinity Church -- something which should have taken place way way back nearly a year ago. I won't go into a lot of details -- technical and boring to nearly anyone not intimately involved.

O.K. This passes as virtually a "short note" from me as I now go to work.

Be well! Carry on! Sorry you don't see more of Joel of late, but phone talks can be pleasant and rewarding, too, of course.

Fond love as ever, 'me'

8 March 1988

Dear Constance,

Congratulations on "My Mother Remembers"! Harvard Magazine -- you're getting pretty snooty! I like the poem a lot. I especially liked its apparent simplicity and the tactile ending with the snow pressing on the windows. The poem suggests another way of living, another way of dying. And inside snow against the outside real snow.

Also, it's told the way a child might tell it -- the "inconsequential" and the consequential mixed.

I'll be teaching a ^{poetry} seminar on Yeats and Keats and Lawrence and Hughes in the fall. Yeats died the year Keats was born (1939). Lawrence died the year Hughes was born (1930). I'm going to try to look at the influences of Yeats on Keats and Lawrence on Hughes. (Keats just wrote, in Times Lit. Sup., a commentary on Plath -- done 25 yrs. after her death.)

Hope all is well. Thanks you for the poem.
Tom

Irish versus
British tradition.
Also
American
influences
on Hughes,
Keats, &
Lawrence --

March 20, 1988

Lola dear,

Your opening paragraph was, I own, a bit of a shocker and yes I will be eager to learn what the hell is going on with you and that you are actually alright etc. It is somewhat sustaining to recall that you have been through a "bad patch" or four of feeling ill, being ill, whatever, several times over the past X years and I can only hope that this is "just another go-round."

Oh, ~~xxx~~ dear: I guess I have insulted (?) you "explaining" about Judas, but Carolyn, who although a semi-lapsed Catholic, is a Catholic, doesn't know beans about the Bible etc.! I will study up those lines that bother you and re-reflect upon them.

I must be getting more "alzheimer" than I thought: did I send you Tom O'Donnell(my friend in the English Department) "analysis" of "My Mother Remembers the Blizzard of '88"? I am going on the assumption that I did not, and enclosing same. (Tom's specialty is contemporary British poetry: his forthcoming course sounds quite fascinating. I could audit, I know, but as I get older and winter takes more out of me etc. etc. I hate even such a fragile committal as auditing a course! -- unlike Lola who dashes around giving courses in Yoga and the like no matter how lousy she feels!)

I'd not known that you and Madeline were other than "fast friends." I've known ~~one~~ such relationship (with a couple who used to live down the block from me) and don't much care for that sort of thing. I just gave up ~~on~~ these neighbors and decided to hell witht hem.

No, you did not tell me about your "fan letter." A "Psychosomatic Clinic" sounds intriguing and the director sounds like a nice and interesting (as well as interested) man. As for Mr. Henssel, to hell with him. Truly, the man is incredible. I hope that woman in your writing group does get ahold of him and extracts some money (with a gun in hand, perhaps: that is what the son of a bitch ~~Merits!~~).

You haven't "paid any attention to my birthday"? Listen: I don't "pay any attention" to it, believe me. I can't stand it: 68 in a short, short while! Oh, dear. "Tell me about it!" snarled Anna. You probably would say the same!

I assume Harvard Magazine will publish my poem quite soon or the theme will be "out of date" -- after all, this is the 100th anniversary of that bbizzard (I saw several fascinating "do's" complete with drawings, photographs, etc. on TV on March 12 or whichever was literally the anniversary).

Please do let me know how you get on with your doctor etc. etc. Me, I feel utterly lousy ~~xxxxx~~ much of the time but don't know how much to attribute to a bad case of "Macaulay-itis"!!!!

T.S. Eliot will be the next "Voices and Visions" subject, by the way.

"More anon," this, again, "just a note." Much love as always, 'me'

April 1, 1988 (68 years old -- ugh!
and a lot of sympathy I am likely
to get from you . . . Anna . . .
my friend from childhood, Betty Neal,
in New York, etc.)

Lola dear,

What a lovely birthday card! (I know there are people
who don't think that Renoir was a sufficiently "profound"
painter for their tastes, but so much beauty has its
own profundity!)

I look forward to the book, of course, whenever -- but even
more, I think, to a letter. I mean, how ARE you? Has
this been another of those "bad patches" that seem to afflict
you from time to time and then go past (while in ~~them~~ the
meantime you carry on with what appears to be boundless
energy etc.).

This~~x~~ is, of course, just the briefest of notes.

If you want to be technical, my birthday, April Fool's day,
and Good Friday rather than Easter are what, speaking
literally, come together.

I enclose my most recent poem (I hope I didn't send it to
you already: I really don't think I do have -- yet --
~~xxxx~~ Alzheimer's, but my mind does tend to be on, er,
~~s~~ "various things"). I've indicated to him that his
sermons (which I now have on cassettes, made available
at cost to members of Trinity Church) inspired such a poem^e
-- and he doesn't seem unwilling to have a copy, shall I say.
I will simply, in about a week (let him get past the
exhaustion of Lent, Holy Week, Easter, etc.)~~x~~, mail it to him.

"More anon" (AND YOU TOO, PLEASE), love as always, 'me'

April 13, 1988

Lola dear,

Joanna Field's book arrived about three days ago. I have not read it all, as yet (perhaps I am more than half-way through) but I wanted first to reassure you that it had arrived (the way the mails go today, such reassurance is essential) and second to say how fascinating I am finding it.

It is an odd mix, in a way, of Annie Dillard, Loren Eiseley, ancient myths and cults, Christian theology (and un-Christian, too), poetry, many other things. It certainly stirs the imagination. She is, among other things, a spinner of yarns, a teller of tales. And a poet.

Speaking of poetry, the enclosed speak for themselves, and, no, "Sermon" and "Deer" are NOT about my father (this joke is getting a little "old," don't you ~~xxxx~~ think?).

Also speaking of poetry, the Voices and Visions series (which, except for the Robert Frost, I have mainly not liked very much, in large part, I think, because I don't give diddly-squat for most of the poets and their poems). The final episode is next week -- Sylvia Plath. At least this is truly ~~xxxx~~ "home territory" for me: perhaps you can find someone to watch it with?

We have had some rather lovely weather at long last -- warm, by eastern standards, "hot" days; cool (down to 45, perhaps) nights. ~~W~~ Furnace running off and on for a bit in the first part of the morning, but that is all. That should save some money.

I paid my income taxes not long ago. It is unbelievable. On an adjusted gross income of just under 9,000 ~~x~~ dollars I had to pay almost 2,000~~x~~ federal/state taxes. Add 1,000 for insurances, and you see how much I have left to live on. Well, I don't eat out, attend movies, travel, etc. so I still make it.~~k~~ Proofreading has picked up a little. Naturally this helps.

Are you feeling better now? I would like to know!

George all right?

I can imagine that you may be in a non-letter-writing phase (for which I have deep understanding, believe me). Perhaps a few lines?

Anyway, thank you, thank you -- for the book.

I hope you continue to see Joel?

In (some) haste, and more ~~xxxx~~ (I hope) soon, much love, 'me'

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

DEER

Like a deer in a meadow,
my calculations pick their way,
prong-sharp, hoof-delicate,
and stare about.

Such large-eyed reckonings to give
shy measure to your years!
They allow you, if you change this or that,
two or three.

Deer and I see each other, suddenly
a truth of bitten grass and bitter browse.
The months start counting off their passage,
precise as a hoof.

* * *

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

GROWING UP

I grew up elegant
in a rectory with fourteen rooms
(the previous incumbent had quarters
for four live-in servants and
a butler's pantry).

In the rector's study
four tiles for the four evangelists
guarded the fireplace. We had evening prayers there.
Grace was said at Sunday dinner
in the enormous dining room
over the well-and-tree platter
and the cut-glass celery boat.

On the summer porch, shadowy with wisteria,
I sat in the glider, reading.
Winters, I put my feet up
on the big steam radiator in the study
and read until my father needed his desk.

I am spoiled forever
by a life that will not come again,
by the sense that being eleven
in a blue sweater
would go on and on.

Now what I look for in a house

is a feeling of wandering from room to room
with nothing to contain or enclose
prayer.

* * *

P.S. -- If you can find a way to see it, the last episode of Voices and Visions (next Tuesday) is devoted to Sylvia Plath. Now we are on my home territory! To date, I have only truly liked (loved) the Robert Frost "do." But of course I happen to think he is one of 2 or 3 great poets of our time! The others leave me cold, i.e., Elizabeth Bishop, pfui!

April 14, 1988

Lola dear,

Yesterday I put out a letter for you on my mailbox. Later, when I went out to get the mail, there was your letter.

Where to begin? Well, #1: Joel's review is, I think, superb. It is so good (or seems so to me) that one almost doesn't feel a need to read the book: one has. This is something I will of course pass to Anna to read. Unlike today's youth, we know about "the" war. We were, so to speak, there. Oh, not like those who were literally there, either as sufferers on what they'd thought to have been their own country, and not like those who fought (and often died).

You know, I realize that I was so fascinated with the contents of Joanna Field's book that I failed to think of it in terms of what I might learn (be learning) of benefit to myself. But I will be re-reading it, almost at once. That's me -- a re-reader.

Me (to Anna): "You are now fired-- again! Lola has come forth --also again -- with much better criticisms that you did!"

Anna: "Good! She's welcome to the job. I hope you pay her at the same rates you pay me?"

Well, you are right, and something has been staying my hand all along. "Too much an obvious love poem," I'd say to myself. I think that the changes I have made (only ~~the~~ small ones actually -- except for deleting the entire second stanza -- you are quite right -- it did nothing and was a jarring note).

Your note re Irene most interesting. The two of you appear to have had a usual/unusual relationship bringing out "difficult" aspects in one or both then resolving them in very subtle ways. I personally do not think Irene could have "made it" as long as she did without contact (albeit at times abrasive as she saw it) with Lola. Trude, as you recall well, was so often gone to Maryland and would stay quite some time. Then she went to Europe for a good while. And so on.

By the way: am I supposed to return An Experiment in Leisure to you? You mention "circulating it among my friends." I have already, gulp, made a few (a very few) notes (so far in pencil only) here and there.

Your new typewriter looks pretty nice. It doesn't seem "squeezed" to me but then I look at my own sheet right now in my own type-writer and see that perhaps it is. Yes, my machine is more "spacious."

Surely, surely, my poem will be out soon in Harvard Magazine?

I really did so very much enjoy your letter! Listen: give my love to "Infant George." You didn't say much about him but I take it he is alive and well and that you and he "relate"?

"More anon," and you have, I think, saved that poem! Love as ever, 'me'

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

SERMON

You preach like Savonarola,
you preach like Saint Francis,
burn like the saints,
burn with fine fire.

The hymn sung,
you ascend the pulpit
and preach the Gospel.
Sparks fall over the congregation.

Christ talks through Matthew,
Mark, Luke, John,
and they through you.
You not not speak about Christ:
you speak Him.

Darkness of suffering
falls in the shadow.

You let down like a cry
the story of the Passion.

* * *

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

SERMON

You preach like Savonarola,
you preach like Saint Francis,
burn like the saints,
burn with fine fire.

The law makes the church put up EXIT signs:
you burn brighter than they do
and point in a different direction.

The hymn is sung and you
ascend the pulpit
to preach the Gospel.
Sparks fall over the congregation.

Christ talks through Matthew,
Mark, Luke, John,
and they through you.

You do not speak about Christ:
you speak Him.

Darkness of suffering
shadows you both.

You let down passion like a cry,
the story of the Passion.

* * *

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

May 18, 1988

Lola dear,

It has been so long since I have heard from you and/or written you that I no longer can recall what who last wrote etc. if you take my meaning.

I don't even recall whether or not ^Itold you of Carolyn's surgery (emergency) for a brain aneurysm (successful but o it is going to take a long long time until all is normal again).

xix I enclose an article I think you will enjoy. You "only" saw two episodes of Voices and Visions (and as time went on Anna and I came to hate the thing, too: it was the Robert Frost first episode that enchanted us, probably because we are both addicted to Frost). Well, anyway, Donald Hall (the poetry editor of Harvard Magazine, who appeared as a commentator/critic in one episode) kindly sent me the enclosed (I never see The Nation and would have missed it) by (obviously) Katha Pollitt (do you know her poetry?) and I liked it so much that I was sure you would enjoy it too. There is much in it that would appeal, I think, even to one who'd not seen even one episode. Perhaps ~~M~~ Joel will like it, too. I wish I could think of some way to present a TV offering that has to do with poetry, that makes it live, that isn't a fragmented, crazied-up mess, etc. I am tempted to write a letter to Katha Pollitt, simply to tell her how much I liked her article.

Well. I now come to a subject that will probably leave you gnashing your ~~g~~ teeth, if not worse.

You recall (I know you must have met him in person at least a few times in long-ago years) Martin's childhood "best ~~g~~ friend" Peter Behrendt. Peter has fallen into corresponded with me again in the past three years, during which time he has divided his life between his former wife (dying of heart ~~x~~ failure in Germany) and his "present" wife (dying of ~~EXXEX~~cancer in New York). Peter, though younger than Martin, cannot be ~~y~~ less, I think, that about 85 by now. He has taken of late to phoning me -- "I am all he last left" (this, in a way, is ridiculous: I never knew him that well or liked him that much, although he could be fun and charming etc. ~~k~~ and he was, also, the biggest "bei unser" I ever encountered, I think.) He wants me to come to New York: he will pay ~~EXXEX~~ everything ("Sorry, Peter, but no way!") He ~~wants~~ ~~xx~~ to come here and visit (I am staving this off: I just cannot have him here for a ~~XXXXX~~ number of reasons and I have the ghastly feeling that it all might turn into a "The Man Who Came To Dinner" situation).

You can guess, I fear, what is coming now. I realize, keenly, ^that you have devoted years and years and years and years to caring for the aging, ill, meshugge, etc. etc. but ~~xxxk~~ could you

Both are
now
dead

nearly 300,000 at Sotheby's in London recently! Which doesn't hurt future prospects at all!)
Love as always, dear Lola -- 'me'

possibly find it in your heart to give him a phone call or whatever and -- what? Invite him to dinner (boy have I got some nerve). Or tea. Or something. If you know anyone or several anyones who are Germans (from Berlin) who might find it of interest to take in (and take to) a German-Jewish intellectual (Peter was a high court judge until the Nazis ~~came~~ came in), would there be some way of contriving that Peter become acquainted?

I really do feel sorry for the man. E.G., he ought to have what I think is called arthroscopic surgery on one knee -- he can't do it because he has no one to look after him while convalescence takes place (I know nothing about N.Y.C. and such facilities as Visiting Nurses, Meals on Wheels, and so on; I suspect that such things are better and more honest etc. here ~~in~~ in Lawrence. Of course they cost, plenty, but I gather that Peter is not at all poor.) (No, I am NOT hinting that you should nurse him or something.)

If Peter retains anything of the "old" Peter, you might find him quite charming and likeable. (He forgets, in his sad "You are all I have left," how he despised Americans: I am, to him, not an American but Martin's widow, which, ~~is~~ too, is understandable. Also, I am long acquainted with his rather odd life and the two women he has attended upon for decades etc.)

Peter's address, by the way, is 100 West 12th Street, New York 10011. The only phone number I ~~have~~ have for him reads YUkon 9-0174 which sounds a bit dated: I will assume he is in the Manhattan phone directory.

I have been writing poetry, not a lot, but 2-4 each month. I can't recall when I last sent you what, on that score, either! So I will enclose some, two so recent I could not possibly have sent them to you (The "The Color Blue" and "The Night You Died" are, obviously, about Martin: "Deer" is directed at Macauley -- alas).

So. How are you? Or, how are you? I feel ~~lousy~~ lousy (so what else is new?). We are having summer already (evening the peonies have ~~in~~ bloomed and gone; it is too hot; and terribly, terribly dry.

Now do write: fill me in.

By the way, in the (unlikely?) event that you try and make contact with Peter, I of course trust to your tact to cast the whole thing in some way that makes it clear I suggested something, while at the same time not making it all come across as an act of pity etc. etc.

Hope you still see Joel and that he is still "your best friend."

Anna is OK, is going to have a semi-major "A.B." show at the Sid Deatsch Gallery, and AB is really beginning to go (Anna nearly fell over upon learning that any early AB brought

June 8, 1988

Lola dear,

Of course I understand, I more than understand, why you simply cannot "take on" yet another old, depressed etc. man of 85. As I think I may have indicated, Peter's predicament is partly of his own making: he was the original "bei unser," he made no contact with anyone American, he only contacted (or re-contacted) me again recently when his "two women" to whom he had given his all in terms of care, his own suffering, endless back-and-forth travels etc. were ~~it~~ (at long last) both dead.

As for paying for someone to be companionable with and for Peter, someone cultured, preferably from Berlin, etc. etc., that is out of the question. One couldn't reveal the truth to Peter for obvious reasons, and my financial situation now borders on the frightening. (Among other things, ~~My~~ my beloved 21-year-plus Mustang has reached the point of no return, and I am taking up an offer from a friend whose wife died several months ago and who wants ~~to~~ to sell her car. It is a ~~Mercury~~ Mercury Cougar, 1979, just 45,000 miles on it, in perfect condition, and the "price is right." I think I can sell my Mustang (it is now "an antique" and of value as such) for enough to give Perry from one-third to one half the price he is asking for his ~~wife's~~ wife's car, ~~but~~ but it means going into my savings, something I have tried very hard not to do but have to because of the enormous federal and state "estimated" tax payments I must make this month, several insurances, and much more.) So be it. I am sorry but cannot feel deep guilt (~~ten~~ years passed a while ~~back~~ back during which time I never heard a word from Peter -- ~~for~~ forgive me if I repeat myself. Now in utter despairs he tries to "make up to me.")

I am so glad the bleeding came "only" from aspirin. Some are much more sensitive to it than others, as is well known.

Believe me, I can ~~not~~ feel "lousy" and still write poetry, still do proofreading, too -- when it is available.

It will take at least a year before Carolyn is entirely back to normal. Physically she is, I think, out of danger (I had told you that one is born -- or not born -- with the potential for such an aneurysm -- Sen. Joe Biden had two operations for two aneurysms, much publicized: the younger you ~~are~~ are the more likely you are to die when it bursts or even just "seeps." Carolyn was lucky to be 56.) But she is not yet "Carolyn" in terms of personality and responses and the like. I know this is to be expected and pray that she will return to herself. It is utterly un-Carolyn for her to get three letters (or short notes or just "enjoyable enclosures") per week from me and make no response whatsoever. She phoned Anna the other day -- on a matter of business, too boring to go into -- and she didn't ask after Anna or her failing beloved Trude -- or me. I know, I know -- this is a changed woman, one only hopes for a time. But a Carolyn "who isn't Carolyn" makes one deeply sad.

They make
modest
payments

I've been sending her my poems faithfully. No response. And she has always responded promptly and generally with an enthusiasm that I know is genuine.

Speaking of which: you, and Anna (yes, Anna, the "last of the big time critics" etc.), my friend Audrey Conard in Canada, herself a poet, and my friend Betty Neal in New York whose great love is music and who finds it hard to discuss a poem etc. are all telling me, in their various ways, how spare and sharp and moving etc. etc. my poetry is increasingly growing. I like to think it is, too. Now comes Lola. (I do wish I ~~would~~ know enough German to ask for a copy of your cassette!)

I now make bold and enclose two poems I wrote in the past week.

Yes, of course, Martin is always part of me, even though I have not grieved since about a year after his death. But suddenly something with rise from the past, a memory, an emotion, and off I go (like that night Gorky really did get up on the bed with me) and so on.

"What does it mean~~s~~ when I say I feel lousy"? What does it mean when you do, as you do from time to time? I am so tired some days that I just sleep most of the day (getting up and eating on schedule etc. of course). I have been having a major physical in dribs and drabs. My new and present ~~x~~ internist is wonderfully understanding and a damned good doctor. So far the only thing that "isn't right" is my cholester~~ol~~ -- 250 -- too high. Dr. Pees is fully willing to let me try and reduce same via diet before he tries adding the new(ish) medication which does it for you. This is, of course, extra difficult for me because I am so limited as to what I can eat in terms of my Irritable Bowel Syndrome. Shit. (And that is the operative word!)

You will learn more from The Merck Manual (available as a reference work at most any public library, I think) than from a medical dictionary (I am back to Carolyn's aneurysm).

Yes that is a ~~xxxx~~ "scary" poem of the sort that comes in sleep! I'd like to see what would happen if you reworked it somewhat in a waking stage. I think there is a lot there but it is (forgive me) perhaps a bit too fragmented in its present "do."

Yes I wrote to Katha Pollitt. This would be close to a month ago. She's not responded and possibly never will. There are letter writers and non-letter writers. Or maybe she resents "fan mail."

My great romance continues, more difficult in some ways since John became the (in effect but not exactly literally) Rector of Trinity Church. ~~x~~ His life is now so crowded with hard work~~s~~ and personal troubles that I feel certain he is not, as the saying goes, going "to make old bones." E.G., his ex-wife (he still cares for her ~~xxxx~~ fery deeply "and always will," as he puts it) has

been terribly ill and neither doctors here nor at the ~~KU~~ K.U. Medical Center in Kansas City can make a diagnosis (something which I do not understand). His mother has suddenly ~~lost~~ lost the sight of one eye and is to have laser surgery in a week or so. And John is going to get off to his beloved England and spend the month of July no matter what. (I suppose his sons will spend the month with their mother, and at least they can run errands and the like as well as working full-time at summer jobs as they long have done.)

I think my poem will be out in the very next issue of Harvard Magazine (due in about 2-3 weeks or so, I think). What makes me think so? Five weeks ago I got the "proof" on my poem: two weeks ago, a check for \$75.00!!!!!! So this is it! Ah, if only Donald Hall, the poetry Editor (and with a big "in" through ~~Knopf~~ Knopf) would "take me in hand" and ~~wield~~ wield a bit of influence etc.!

By the way, my friend Audrey Conard in Toronto has written that she honestly believes I am the only poet writing today who writes (I refuse ~~as~~ as does she to say "religious poetry" but rather to ~~employ~~ say the themes used by Donne, Herbert, and the like. I was mightily pleased at what she wrote. Audrey is also an Anglican and is trying to get into seminary. So far the Bishop up there seems to feel she doesn't have enough of "the call," ~~or~~ maybe, the right sort. Her children are pretty much grown up now. Her husband, sadly, is only interested in the peace movement (which is fine, don't get me wrong) but is ~~unable~~ unable to accept the faith, the church, call it what you will. Anna and I think this must make a sort of rift between them, although knowing them, nothing open or creating a battle zone or the like.

O.K. I think Perry is coming by soon and I will drive the Cougar and he will drive his car and we will go out to a garage in North Lawrence, so that a mechanic can put ~~xxxx~~ the final touches on seeing that all is perfect. Then, obviously, Perry will bring me back home.

It is 95 ~~here~~. No rain for weeks. Very bad indeed.

When you really and truly feel like it, yes, do write again. How is ~~George~~ George? And so on. Have you any summer plans? Are things still sort of not working with Madeleine? Etc.

Much love as ever, 'me'

July 16, 1988

Lola dear,

En route to you, via third class mail, is a copy of Harvard Magazine. Yes, my poem is "out" at last. I must say, it is beautifully placed and looks wonderful! (Reads pretty good, too!)

This is, for me, rather a major thrill, I must own.

I cannot think that you and Joel have missed the write-up by John Hersey on James Agee in the July 18 issue of The New Yorker. In the (unlikely) event that you ~~ix~~ have, let me know and I will sent at least a photocopy of the article.

How are you? We here in Kansas are half-dead from the brutal heat and high ~~humidity~~ humidity (even though we all have airconditioning, and "even" Anna, for the past year, has an airconditioned car). Somehow, it "gets at" one, even when one is in the house etc. Just staggering a couple of blocks practically fells me -- I realize that I am extraordinarily sensitive to heat, possibly as a result of an episode of heat prostration our first summer in Kansas.

Stress (my ever-present ~~p~~ companion, it would seem) has been stressier than usual. John is gone on his vacation -- Europe and England -- and when he asked me to look af~~ter~~ his house, what do you suppose I replied? Naturally, it turned out to be rather difficult. Just taking in the mail doesn't "do" it. It's been fight, fight, fight to get the paper stopped; fight, fight, fight to get the lawn mowed at appropriate intervals (not to mentioned watered -- something I just can not attend to out in this heat). And -- what John does not know and I deliberately do not say anything until he returns -- his airconditioning went "poop" and I had to turn to and take it up with the builders (it is under warranty) and get it fixed. I just hope it is fixed. I have had the usual (more than usual) spate of postcards from him. When he writes a postcard it is more like a "little letter" -- with his funny, tiny printing he can get a whole text onto a card! This year, what he writes has, so far, been, somehow, freer, "cuter," more subtly intime than other summers. Indeed, the two-three months before his vacation started, I have seen more of him, often entirely unexpectedly (i.e., a visit here at my house) than ever. ~~ix~~ Sigh. This will probably drop away, or "step back," when he returns: 'twas ever thus, with him. But so much of this is the result of (a) his fear of a too-deep involvement with a woman (after 2 failed marriages ~~and~~ and I do not know why they failed) and (b) his enormous load of duties and responsibilities, church, family, etc.

So: to repeat: how are you? It has been a long time since I heard from you (hint, hint).

With love as always, 'me'

August 8, 1988

Lola dear,

I really am getting a bit concerned. How are you?
It is a very long time since I heard a word! Listen:
a letter you don't have to write. A postcard (now fifteen
cents -- remember the ~~x~~ "penny postcard"?) would do fine!

DID YOU GET THE ISSUE OF HARVARD MAGAZINE I SENT YOU?????
I know the mails are a bit crazy and in New York City there
must be a lot go astray, get dumped, stolen, whatever --
especially when sent to people~~x~~ living in apartments with
boxes in the lobby etc. And I didn't even try to insure it.
Oh, well.

You and Joel have ~~x~~ seen the article on his father in The New Yorker?
(I know I asked you this in my last letter.)

Where do you stand re poems? Which (was) (were) the last
I sent you?

Our heat keeps on and on and on. It is just unbearable.
I know, I know: we all have airconditioning, even airconditioned
cars. Still, it creeps in, somehow, or rather, into our bones
or something. Dreadful. I wonder how the truly poor cope
(I suspect not all of them do: one hears on local TV or reads
in the paper about deaths from hyperthermia etc.)

Just let me know that you are alive! Please?

Fond love as ever, 'me'

November 17, 1988

Lola dear,

It was a relief to hear from you, and I quite understand that you have been going through "a bad patch" for some while now. I suspected that this was the case, but "making contact" grew to be important to me increasingly: I was glad to get your letter (and on your "new" typewriter yet!).

By the way, the finding love in the supermarket article was very cute indeed.

I've not written much of late, but enclose two poems that I wrote within the past couple of months.

Re the Albert Bloch show: I can't recall if I spelled out dates etc. but November 23rd is the final day of the show. (Sid Deutsch Gallery, etc., I don't know their hours but I do know they are closed Mondays and, I think, Sundays as well.) Reports from friends of Anna's have said things like "It is really smashing!" etc. Just one sale, so far -- but a "big" one. And you must think I am crazy, I know, but I don't think I ever heard you make reference to going to a museum, ~~f~~ gallery, or ~~h~~ whatever to look at paintings. (Carolyn constantly visits such places -- although, alas, for now such days are "on hold." I had written you -- how could I ~~k~~ now? -- of her emergency brain surgery ~~of~~ for an aneurysm back in April and of how her sheer survival was a miracle and probably wouldn't have happened had she not been rushed to Brigham Hospital in Boston where one of the nation's great brain surgeons was on the staff and instantly available. She is still in a phase of getting ~~back~~~~to~~~~normal~~ back to ~~normal~~ normal and still on massive doses of phenobarb to ~~to~~ prevent "seizures" -- an all-too-frequent complication after such delicate, dangerous surgery.) Well, anyway, forgive me if I didn't associate you with paintings as much as with other aspects of the creative life (you have so very many of those!).

Many years ago Carolyn used to formulate what she called "Swift's Law" -- if a romantic relationship doesn't keep developing and enriching and moving forward, "it ain't going nowhere!" Actually she was right about this with ~~xx~~ regard to THE DOCTOR: ~~after~~ after a time -- a number of years, ~~actually~~ -- that relationship did indeed start "walking ~~p~~ in ~~xx~~ place" and didn't go anywhere. Plus which the doctor was a total non-communicator. With John things could hardly be more "otherwise." Our "history" is so full since I last wrote that there almost isn't any way to convey it. I will mention only that he took me to a movie (picking, I am sure, deliberately, a crazy Monty-Python-humor, sexy British film, "A Fish Called Wanda") (he probably won't do that again, or at least any time soon, but O.K.); continues, to date, coming to see me once a month and staying an hour and a half or so; visits before Friday 5:30 Eucharists in his office; also visits before the ~~Wednesday~~ Wednesday-noon Bible Study group (which ~~xx~~ the Curate directs); jelling into total shock when I told him I'd just come from making arrangements for my funeral (I have wanted to do this for years); and so very much more.

He has, at long, long last, finally been made Rector of Trinity Church. This, plus his constant smoking (he tries, from time to time, but he simply can NOT give it up, damn it!), are going to fella him.

See
"Orange
Barrels"

By the way, it turns out he is 60, or became so last August. Eight years younger than I am isn't good, but it is not quite as bad as I'd feared. His many "close women friends" seem far less threatening, by the way, than formerly. I am, perhaps, Friend No. 1. No, nothing will lead to marriage or to an affair (he takes his priesthood very seriously, as indeed he should). But I am (to put it mildly) no longer young and can do without the sex part or the marriage part (I wonder if I even could enter to marriage, any more: I have lived alone so long that . . . well, you understand, I am sure).

Oh, yes. In case you wonder why Anna didn't come to New York and attend the show, there are a number of reasons. She would have to pay the earth for plane fare, purchase a number of items of apparel (in Lawrence we can wear anything, and Anna even has a lot of lovely clothes -- never costly -- but they aren't "for New York"-type clothes), buy luggage that fits atop or under airplane seats, etc. etc. Also, she would not spring for a 100-dollar-per-night hotel room, either. She does have friends around the fringes but out in Connecticut or Long Island -- too much!

It is now 6 a.m. (I wish I could "learn" to sleep to a reasonable hour!) and I am groggy still and the electric light which illuminates the galleys when I correct them doesn't do much for my "field" when I type. Forgive this sloppy job, not to mention "scatty" shifting from topic to topic.

Joel is indeed to be ~~congratulated~~ congratulated on his real "coup" with Harper's! I think this is wonderful and will make it a point to get that January issue (which probably will be out fairly soon?) -- American magazines are always "dated a month ahead," as we all know).

Anna is getting ready to acquire a new Weimaraner puppy. I think coming winter a lousy time for it, but that is her problem, and her need for that warm, responsive companion is truly great.

How, by the way, is George, and what is he doing at the present time?

I can't help wondering: are you perhaps on some medication that could lead to such paradoxical reactions as depression, or weakness, or what-not? Jane Brody has a wonderful column (do you get to read it?) on this subject.

Well. x "More anon." And don't write unless you feel "up to it." Believe me, I understand. It was just that I got to the point of rather real concern: why don't I hear a line or two from Lola etc, ? Much love. As ever. 'me'

August 30, 1988

Lola dear,

I was truly sorry to learn of your recent (and I hope by now over with) illness. It sounds lousy (where did you catch it? One doesn't always, or often, know). No, I did not even get out my Merck Manual -- what for? I don't have a full run-down on your symptoms, and even if I had, it could be one of a dozen -- perhaps of two dozen -- things. (Sounds as if it might ~~be~~ be -- or have been -- some form of pneumonia?)

I really am not an especially curious type (except where A MAN -- pardon me, THE MAN, is involved). But I must own that your saying the death of Joel's mother took place "under unusual circumstances" was puzzling to say the least. Naturally, you need never go into it further.

I am even more than "truly sorry" that (yet again!) Lola has to be involved in that sad and "enormous" load! Well, for Joel you could and would do no less, that I can well understand.

Where are your friends (I do not, in this instance, mean Joel) when Lola needs some help? Comes it to that, where is George? (I realize I know nothing of his life or the demands made on him by a job or whatever; but if he is at all available I hope he can be of assistance.)

Here, too, things have cooled off -- considerably. And about time. One of the nicest features has been that the nights for a week, possibly a bit more, have been so pleasant that one can shut off the airconditioning and open up the house -- o how I hate to sleep with all that machinery going!

Anna is to have cataract surgery (in Kansas City, very big man in that field, her brother and sister-in-law to put her up for two or three nights in a separate apartment in their home and drive her back to Lawrence, one driving her in her car, the other following in their car) in about two weeks. Naturally one eye is done, then, a bit later, the other. I am, of course, terribly concerned: cataract surgery has improved nearly 100% over the years. Still one worries. No longer does the surgeon/ophthalmologist wait until cataracts "ripen" (whatever that ever did mean!). Her vision has really grown pretty reduced. Naturally everyone wants to see well and/or maintain vision at virtually any cost. But with Anna her whole life literally depends on it. Her work with "A.B."s paintings, making slides, ~~cataloguing~~ cataloguing, the whole bit -- well, you understand.

I have felt simply lousy for some weeks (so what else is new?). My doctor (internist) (whom I like very, very much) never finds anything really threatening, wrong with me. I will own that I am "up to here" with my G.I. tract and would kill (almost) for the ability to eat things I like (yes, and need etc.). It is a great inconvenience and a huge bore.

I still am not sure which were the last poem titles of those I sent you. When you feel up to it . . . This comes with love and hopes you are truly "over it." 'ME'

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

POTATOES

They are the bag ladies
of the vegetable kingdom,
solid, homely, old from birth.
Muriel plants the eyes, just so,
and promises them they will be baked,
fried, or made into salad or vichyssoise.

Muriel does her hoeing,
admiring while she works
the zuchini's slim elegance,
the tomato's cosmic perfection.
Fulfilment better than delight
will bring a comforting, invisible truth
when those eyes
wake in earth.

* * *

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

SIN

I bury it in the oyster shells
of the kitchen midden.

Millenia later, it seeps out. I say,
Hide it.

I try the turnip cellar
at the back of the garden:
too close.

I take a plane, it disappears:
too far.

Half way up the mountain, fog
comes down and meets
a great tree rooting.

I unstrap my shovel and plant deep.
While God invents a new way
to sort cracked shells,
the first fox to come by
digs it up.

* * *

December 8, 1988

Lola dear,

The book was in my mailbox yesterday. It will be a week, perhaps more, before I can write in detail about it (suddenly I have proofreading coming out of my ears, although not, alas, in time to help me with my real estate taxes and other ~~my~~ delights this month) and I want to give it a thoughtful reading. As of now, however, I am much drawn to the text and its author and find in it great compassion, spiritual values, and common sense -- not always a successful blending. It delights me to read a book which isn't afraid to mention God, although a kind of "mix" of religions or religious aspects doesn't always "work" (in my view). But on that I suspend judgment "for the nonce."

Now, at last, it is cold here (well, a high of 28 is not exactly balmy, right?). One can only wonder about the coming winter. But, as of now, it has begun. Delayed, to be sure -- the fall was long and mild (but dry, dry, dry).

I have no doubt but what the earthquake in Armenia really was the cause of the Gorbochev's' departure. A great tragedy. The earthquake, I mean.

I take it that the Harper's with M Joel's story is not out as yet?

"More anon." But I am one of those who believes in letting someone know that "the package has arrived." Be well, please. And, as always, when you feel like it, one of your wonderful Lola-letters is always more than welcome!

Love from 'me'

Oh, yes, and by the way. I loathe the "cutsey" stamps a neighbor gave me for Christmas, but figure on can use them up on understanding friends. After all, they are "real" stamps!

December 29, 1988

Lola dear,

You probably won't get this until Tuesday next. I hate federal holidays!

Enclosed find new "do's" of two poems (the one very recent, of course). I think both are sparer, better, tighter, clearer (without being blatantly clear, if you take my meaning).

I hope the controlling metaphor of "Orange Barrels" comes across, finally. Your criticism really did make me re-think the piece. As for "Cream," I think it is better too.

If it isn't asking too much, please destroy the first versions.

So now: how are you?

No, no, I do not expect a long letter etc. Perhaps, if you feel like it, a few lines. . . .

Proofreading has picked up and I have been working very hard. Alas, where does this get me? Higher taxes, that's where.

Is Joel's story out in Harper's?

It appears ~~a~~ that Trude the 3rd has "happened to" Anna. When she came home on Christmas Eve she found that one of the gifts from her family had been wrapped, for protection, in the classified pages of the Kansas City Star. Lo and behold, an ad for purebred Weimaraner puppies (down in Joplin, Missouri, for 'od's sake!). Anna was all set to drive down and inspect the little thing, but, alas, southwestern Missouri got hit by snow, ice, you name it. So Anna has sent a check and will pick up the puppy about January 12th -- after her surgery on her second eye. Fortunately she will take a friend along. Very wise, if for no other reason ~~than~~ than that there will be a second person along to comfort the little thing who will undoubtedly weep buckets in a strange environment, being ~~xxx~~ rapidly taken far from "home."

Oh, by the way: New York may not (yet) have orange barrels, but it sure does have orange cones -- I saw them all over the place as cameras panned through the streets during ~~Gorbachov's~~ Gorbachov's (spelling?) visit. Perhaps where cones exist, ~~barrels~~ barrels will soon follow.

Just saw on TV news this a.m. that Howard Nemerov is now out Poet Laureate. Good grief. Who was our Poet Laureate before? I seem to have lost a poet or two. I think Nemerov is a true poet, untrendy etc. But I must say, although he and I are almost precisely of an age, he looks rather aged, complete with an old man's voice and (apparently) no upper teeth -- one wonders why!

Fond love as always, 'me'

P.S. -- Not too long ago I sent you a poem I had titled "Sin." Decided this was horribly over-explicit, so now call it "Burial." Kindly make the change, if I am not asking too much.

January 20, 1989

Lola dear,

A postscript (sort of):

I forgot to address myself to your paragraph on my poems -- in this case "Cream" -- in which you recall my wish, expressed long ago (but nothing done about it), to somehow manage to become involved in publication of a book to be entitled Poems About Paintings. I was ~~xxxxxx~~ mildly surprised to learn that you thought of "Cream" as such. No, no. When I said poems about paintings I meant just that. I also did not mean my own poems (although I have written many such, i.e., "The Syndics" (after Rembrandt) etc.). I meant poems ranging by works from unknowns to Auden's gem, "Musée des Beaux Arts" and the like. Sure, I'd expect, say, four or five of my own poems in such a collection (which, ideally, would be a costly item, in order to take advantage of the marvellous color ~~xxxx~~ reproductions obtainable only by, say, Swiss printers and the like). It would be (excuse the expression) a "soffee table book" in format.

Over the years, as "poems about paintings" crossed in front of me, made and kept a list of same, place of publication (often The New Yorker) and so on.

Oh, well~~x~~. There simply are not enough hours in the ~~xxx~~ day and all that. Perhaps a project for "the long winter evenings" in "my golden years." HAH!

By the way, the racoon, in "Cream," is, of course, John. And his seeming to live here (and not to live here) is all part of the "scene." (Double HAH!!)

End of P.S. 'me'

January 19, 1989

Lola dear,

It was so good to talk to you last night! As they say, "I needed that!"

Yes, of course, you were (predictably) quite correct: in one sense "A.B." (Albert Bloch) was a lonely man, suffering the pain of humanity. Anna, as I, was delighted with your response to "The Garden of Asses" -- always one of my favorites. How I wish I had purchased it, years ago, when prices were actually incredibly low! (It has one practical drawback: A.B. painted it on heavy "board" -- Masonite? -- and only a member of the hod carriers' ~~union~~ union can lift it.)

By the way, you do realize, I suppose, that when Anna and A.B. met, A.B. was married, with two sons still at home (the eldest, Bernard Bloch, was one of the great linguists of our time -- or do I say ~~semanticists~~ semanticists? Well, anyway, he had an extraordinary and distinguished career. He it was who devised a system whereby our armed forces personnel in World War II could learn to read and speak and write Japanese flawlessly in a very short time. His son, young Walter, became, quite literally, a ruined soul -- thanks to Leary at Harvard. Oh, Leary "turned him on," all right! and a brilliant, gifted young man went down the tubes forever. No one has heard from him in many, many years. He may (or may not) be living in a commune in Sweden. He does have (at least we hope he does have) two or three major A.B. paintings. Well, anyway: A.B. was not about to divorce "Horty," a fetching, pretty and enchanting young woman who "sept him off his feet" when they were young in St. Louis. Horty died in, I think, 1948 or so, and Anna and Albert Bloch were married some six months later -- "after a decent interval." Their relationship was, perhaps in some way similar to mine with Martin, totally complete (if that isn't a "tautological redundancy").

Yes, I know James Merrill, mainly from frequent appearances of his poetry in The New Yorker. By the way, I find it rather often virtually impossible to make head or tail out of that magazine's poems in recent years. Once in a while, though, they really do publish a poem or so that really "grabs me." Their (apparent) favorite, John Asbury, gives me the pip: I can make nothing of his work!

By the way, you do understand that John is not sleeping with any of "his women"! Of this I feel fairly certain. He takes his role of priest much too seriously (as, indeed, he should). Not every woman, but a number of them, are simply knocked out by him, though. And o my yes -- he responds all right, in a variety of ways. I still think that in certain respects I have something going for me that the others lack, and that what he and I have is "special." Alas, what I have going against me is -- my age: he is 60, I am 68 (but not for terribly long!). What he has against him is his refusal to stop ~~smoking~~ smoking like a chimney -- I seriously doubt that he will "make old ~~bones~~ bones." Also, his ~~becoming~~ becoming Rector is having some not-so-nice consequences for me. What he now does is in no way different from what he did for many, many months as "Priest-in-Charge," or before that, even, as "Assistant Rector" after Bob Matthews died. But now that he has the full power and clout, so to

speaking, he concentrates on being ~~the~~ Rector.

Perhaps I've never mentioned, but he has one (one?) oddness -- his tendency to concentrate with a fullness that has to be seen to be believed, on one thing at a time. It is to be hoped that he will somewhat "relax into" the Rectorship and return to enjoying friends, reading for pleasure, at least once in a while, and the like. (I suspect his sons and his mother are getting rather short shift of late, although they still get together for a meal at least once a week -- provided, of course, by his mother.) One big change for me came when, after a period of a year and a half or so of phoning me -- often because he needed something from me, information, or whatever, but often, too, just to talk -- four or five times a month, he has rarely phoned, very rarely, since about Dec. 1. It remains to be seen whether he will come by for a visit (in recent years never less than an hour, often an hour and a half) once a month. We still not infrequently "visit" before the Wednesday noon Bible study group (headed by the Curate, a young man who has been at Trinity for two years or more now) and also, pretty often, before the Friday evening Eucharist. But this has become less of a certainty as he gets (or so it appears) more frantically occupied. OH, well.

Oh, yes. About that portrait that hung over Irene's ~~mantel~~ ^{mantel} or wherever. Trakl was a man of mystery, really. Hence the mask. ~~xxxxxx~~ Irene thought up her own private (and, may I add, nutsy) interpretation of why the mask, but we won't go into that. He founded Die Brenner (at Innsbruck, I think) which is now Die Brenner Archiv (I am assuming that you know all this, but there is a good deal of gap between and among Germans and Austrians -- I mean of course Jewish Germans and ~~Austrians~~ Austrians, so I can't be sure. If ~~xxx~~ Martin, for instance, who was immensely cultured ~~xxx~~ and well-read, never mentioned Karl Kraus, it seems likely that he either didn't know of or didn't appreciate the work of Kraus.) Well, anyway: the Trakl portrait went, by pre-understood, pre-arrangement, to the ~~xxxx~~ lovely little gallery added some years ago to the Brenner Archiv, to house them and also works of art related to Trakl. Trakl as a poet, Anna says, was very odd, very limited. A.B. translated all of Trakl's poems, but, of course, they've never seen publication. He was, as A.B. used to say, a tragic and mysterious man. He died in World War I, but not, it has been guessed, from the War per se. He was in something like the Medical Corps, and "overdosed" on opium or whatever people overdosed on in those days.

Re the enclosed poems: some may be replicates of poems I have sent you -- although some of such may have had a slight or not-so-slight change made. For instance, I cut out the final line of "Sailing South" -- a poem I know you have, sent during the past year for sure.

Well, enough already. I truly plan to read Joel's story in Harper's ~~this~~ weekend. "More anon," and with much love as always, 'me'

Perry. Schindler

January 30, 1989

Lola dear,

My, that ~~whatx~~ was a delightful surprise! I have enjoyed the Doran Fairweather books immensely, and am especially glad to now own one -- particularly this one!!!! "For many reasons" -- yes, indeed.

By the way, since you (it appears) do read detective/mystery books (at least from time to time), I now ask: have you ever read the Brother Cadfael series by Ellis Peters? Set in the 12th century, in and around a monastery, they tell the reader an ~~enormous~~ enormous amount about the Middle Ages, and in a fascinating way. There are, to date, 15 of them! The author (whose real name is Edith Pargeter) is known as a translator of poetry from the Czech., for pete's ~~sake!~~ Try them.

I "couldn't put Joel's story down," literally. When I finished, however, I found myself not terribly clear. Symbols, yes. A "fury" of them, yes indeed. But I still am not certain what is symbol and what really happened, including his being shot and all that followed after. Also, what does Conrad, say, symbolize? Is it all a drug-induced dream or state?

I know one is not supposed to ask questions like this. The world, and ~~literature~~ literature, is filled with symbols (also many aspects of life are not in any way symbolic -- of life and also literature). But this story, from its very title, insists that you construe everything, or nearly everything, that happens in a symbol-making fashion. Or have I read it all wrong? Regardless, it is a ~~magnificent~~ magnificent piece of writing.

I often think how wonderful it was that among all the many jobs, brief in duration or not, that have come your way over the years through your special agency, ~~xxx~~ the best was working with Joel and your really deep and abiding friendship with him. He must be a remarkable man.

I would have made this more of a "real letter" but I just got a call from "downtown" that ~~xxx~~ proofreading is waiting and is a rush job. I simply hate it when that happens, ~~but~~ but with my dearth of PR for so long, to see work (and money) coming in again makes me try extra hard, even though I am (as usual) exhausted so much of the time. Damn it. I guess you might say, there's no pleasing Constance!

Well. I still hope you may write soon. I keep realizing that I don't keep a list of poems I send you. Oh, well.

I hope you are well and staying so this winter. We can all be glad that we don't live in Alaska!

Fond love as always, 'me'

February 20, 1989

Lola dear,

I was so very glad that you phoned yesterday. I was only so terribly sorry -- for all concerned -- that your story was such a tragic and seemingly hopeless one. I have no idea in the world what, if anything, could pull Elsa out of her long-time ghastly situation. How did she ever ~~drift~~ "drift" -- if that is the right word -- into all this in the first place. Obviously, it was years ago. Could it have been stopped and/or reversed then? What connectinn (i.e., genetic) is there with Julie's "madness" (well, that is still a good, sound word, no?).

And there is Lola, now involved ~~xxx~~ and in the midst of it all.

Remember: that you "answered the call" I can well understand. But don't get in over your head.

You know, I do not recall ever having met Paula~~x~~, although perhaps I did. The Krewers I of course recall very vividly. We did not see as much of them as we did of the Gruenthals but we did see them quite often. I was never close to Elsa, for some reason. I did feel close to Xenia. We always enjoyed such aspects as weekends at their place on Long Island. And I recall Julie as a child -- a charming and bright girl. What ever happened there? Why did she go off the rails? Did it begin with puberty? (Such things do, I believe, or may.)

Snow this morning. Shit. There is very little of it, however, and the ~~x~~ temperature is mild (well, 32-33 is mild).

Keep well. By all means, plan to go to Heidelberg. I think it would be wonderful.

I didn't come to ask: is Joel's Harper's story being well received? I truly consider it a literary triumph. And it must inevitably lead to more publications and in more places.

I don't know when I will get to mail this -- no mail today, of course. But if I can get it out (watching the slipperyness) I will.

I ~~xxxx~~ understand all too well that you haven't written.

I think it so terribly sad that Saerchen (spelling?) lives on and on. If it can be called being alive.

Much love, and such encouragement as I can offer -- as anyone can offer, 'me'

P.S. -- I really do think ~~xxxx~~ George should "shape up" etc.!

March 6, 1989

Lola dear,

How are you? Is there anything new with the Elsa situation?
(Nothing good, I fear.)

Enclosed, two recent poems.

It is cold here, but the big storm of the winter missed us.
I guess you have it now.

I am not even sure this will ever reach you. With Eastern's
strike, I don't quite see how "the mail will go through."

Carolyn is feeling very much better (possibly because she's
being taken gradually off all that phenobarb). She still
will resign her prestigious post at Wellesley and come back
to Lawrence -- ~~in~~ perhaps not before September. I do hope that
will work. She and Bill are really ~~more~~ devoted and happy
in many ways. But when they start living together again,
something doesn't go right. It gives one to think.

Anna O.K. but still "fighting" with her puppy. What a dog!
Anna is determined to make Trude realize that she, Anna, is
not just a great big Weimaraner who likes to play rought and
admires stubborn behavior, and be the sweet, lovable doggie
she often is, or can be.

In haste to get this out before the mail man comes --

Love as always, 'me'

XXXXX April 3, 1989

Lola dear,

The enclosed speaks for itself and should, I think, be of some interest to you.

Would it be asking to much to ask you to send it back? No hurry!

Your dear phone call really "made my birthday"!

By the way, I think I had told you that Poets and Writers Magazine was a gift from Anna some while back. It really is pretty good in a number of ways.

Stay out of the whole mess -- "Julchen" and her family etc. etc. Paula sounds nutty also but with a dash of spirit etc.

Rain again this morning: we are catching up, at long last.

More soon. I am spaced out from being awoken at 3:30 or so this morning by my suddenly failed battery on my smoke detector going BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP etc. Why? It was put in new in mid-~~xxx~~September, a long-time custom of mine. And I didn't keep a record of place or date of purchase or price paid. Shit.

Take care! Much love as always, 'me'

December 9, 1989

Lola dear,

I was glad and relieved to hear from you, although not glad and relieved to learn that you are still experiencing "the dark night of the soul." Still, if your collages are therapeutic, this is terribly important.

Thankx you for sending the ED "I dwell in Possibility" one. It is exciting, unusual, yes, and also disturbing. It tells me a great deal about your state of mind these days, or so I x feel. How I'd like to see the actual work! (I know, of course, that reproductions never "do right" by the color etc.) It seems (to me) the experience of a cry. But keep on working -- at collages and at your own state of mind.

You don't mention any medication that you either are on, or could be on, or should be on: what about it?

By me, I have proofreading coming out of my ears, which, in one ~~wasxxx~~ way, is, of course, good (although it will mean higher taxes etc.) but I would enjoy a day or two off now and then. (I haven't had one in ages -- it is work, work, work, all the time!)

Anna is fine (although still "doing battle" with Trude III, that beautiful but "difficult" puppy) while trying to do her real work re A.B.'s paintings.

Do you have some supportive friads in your life? I do hope so.

I make bold to enclose very recent poems: you may like them or not, comment on them or not.

How is Joel? Also, where is Joel? Do you still keep in touch?

I write this as a brief jotting only: forgive me. Also, you may not be in the mood for a long letter.

As for me and John, all is well, very, very well indeed.

After a seammingly never-to-end Indian summer, winter is now upon us, with snow (perhaps not much) in the forecast and fairly cold temperatures. I realize New York has been "the pits," of late, in thais respect.

WRITE MORE ~~xxx~~ WHEN YOU CAN AND WANT TO!

With much love as x always, 'me'

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

MAP

The moment I got there, I knew
I had been there before,
when, why, and
who went with me.

The instant I got there, I knew
I had done everything exactly right,
turned east here, north there, and
who had told me how to go.

The second I arrive, I know
why I make this journey, also who I am
and where you are.

I call your name.

* * *

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

MATISSE, PAINTING

This room has everything

Matisse enjoys

the tall window giving on the sea

and one palm tree;

patterns in the paper, curtains, rugs;

the resident model

who stands at the sink, a small, dark girl

with perfect breasts and takes

a whore's bath.

She bends, she straightens, washes, dries

the diamonds sparkling in her black pelt

then falls against the

bed's pattern.

She is attending to the slop jar when

the painter runs a hand under the mattress

and pulls out scarves and flowers.

* * *

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

ATTIC

Doing what every child does,
I explore the attic.

I find my parents' love letters.
Untying the red ribbons, I read:
"Betty, I want all your love.
It must be for no one else."

My mother's silver foxes
go on about their business;
the steamer trunks preen
in their labels.
In a week, the letters
have disappeared,
my heart is still pounding.

Every attic holds
the sad, the secret:
I am the child who wandered up there
and stay on,
tied with red ribbons.

* * *

January 18, 1990

Lola dear,

It is getting frighteningly long since I heard from you. I fear what this means, but hope I am wrong, and that you are just very, very busy about some interesting work or other. Meantime, I have no idea how you are physically or emotinnally, and I would like to know.

So much time is going by that ~~the~~ the continuity has been "broken" in our correspondence. I guess I have to just say that life goes on; the proofreading continues without any pause (good in one way, bad -- for taxes etc. -- in another); that my "re~~l~~ationship" with John flourishes (I know, I know, it will not lead to either an affair or marriage, but since I "had it all" once, I do not feel the frustations that a younger woman, and/or one who had not "had it all" might.) Anna is fine (in a way) but struggling to do her work (with A.B.'s ~~p~~ paintings and all that this involves and train up her truly difficult if bright and endearing Weimaranexr puppy (some puppy -- well over a year in age), Trude III.

December brogght us the coldest weather in history~~x~~. It was really dreadful. So far January is equally, on the other end, unnaturally mild. I hate winter. (I hate summer, too, but what can one do?)

Alas, I have written almost no poems for months. (I blame this on the constant, unrelenting proofreading, although this may not be air to say.) I try and recall what were the last poems I did send you.

Carolyn is back for good, and seems to be settling in to all that is now "new" in her life -- living with Bill again; not pursuing a career (will this change?) It easily could. Already she is much in demand since she is ~~x~~ very well known in her field -- "Prevention.") Considering how close she was to death (or worse) she has come on beautifully and it is lovely to have her close again, to talk without expense -- which was always on her part -- and to see her several times a month.

So. Write. A few lines. Whatever. I do think of you more often that you can know.

Love as always, 'me'

February 9, 1990

Lola dear,

I was delighted that you made what I realize must have been a very great effort and wrote me one of your (as always) Lola-letters. I was not delighted to learn that Prozac (I had not heard of it, although I have since learned that there has been a good deal of publicity about it) failed to help.

Perhaps you are on the right track with the Yoga. As to "Process-Oriented Psychology" I have to confess I do not know what this is. I would indeed like to know more. I imagine that Carolyn knows about it: I will ask. Although I would rather hear from you about it.

I am sorry that ~~Mr~~ Joel will be going so far and for so long a time. I of all people have a keen sense of what it means to have a vitally important "friend-friend" (as distinguished from social friend, business or professional friend, neighbor friend and the like) in one's life.

Yes, I, too, thought of the Munch painting when ~~x~~ you sent me your collage. A good analogy, or so it seemed to me.

I am not enclosing any poems because I haven't written a single poem in a very long time. Damn. I could "blame it all" on the constant proofreading which is beginning to drive me nuts. Oh, I ~~will~~ like the work in a basic sort of way, and still need the now-increased income, as you can ~~xxxx~~ imagine (although the increased payments to the I.R.S. will wipe that out), but I honestly would like to have a day or four off each month, preferably something I'd know about in advance and could count on.

Anna has been really quite ill -- first a what? Cold? Flu? Who ~~knows~~. Well, it got all right (after about ~~three~~ weeks, then back it all came, only much, much worse, and the stubborn woman had to break down and call her doctor). Clearly "a secondary infection" and a baddish one. She is still on an antibiotic and is better (we have been favored by almost ~~unbelievably~~ unbelievably mild weather) but still constantly exhausted and in a foul mood (when Anna gets sick, she gets ~~sicker~~ sicker than anyone I have ever known, and it descends on every aspect of her). Luckily she was able to have Trude taken over by friends of ours, a "gay" (I hate that lovely word used that way, ugh!) couple, who began by doing occasional yard work, garden planting, etc. etc. for us, and have turned into friends. The dog was driving her nuts. Trying just to rest takes a lot out of you, but with ~~x~~ "Little Miss Mischief" "at" one constantly, it is all just too much. I think she will bring Trude home today or tomorrow. I hope she is up to it. She will take anyone's suggestions but mine: the damned fool waited almost too long before calling the doctor!

I am especially glad you liked the ~~Maxx~~ MATISSE poem -- I did too, as did Anna and Carolyn.

By the way, I brought Anna in some edibles, her sister-in-law came out for a day from Kansas City to "nurse" her, and Carolyn just insisted on picking ~~up~~ up Anna's wash and taking it home and doing it all up for her (complete with folding it afterwards etc.). Anna should now have a washer and drier in her own home, but there is a major problem: where, in that rather oddly shaped etc. old house, would they go? Carolyn especially ~~sixx~~ is working on it. Her Bill always has good ideas about this w sort of thing.

So now Lola: what ~~xxx~~ to do? There in New York you have every facility. It could be that you just haven't hit the right therapist, or the right medication, or something. It is deeply distressing to me, and (correct me if I am wrong) I don't ever recall your being "in the dark night of the soul" for so long a time.

If and when you can, write again. A few lines. Anything.

By the way, John has been taking me to the movies ~~more~~ more often! Our latest: "Driving Miss Daisy" -- a wonderful, wonderful film! (I did mention, some while back, "Dead Poets Society" -- also not to be missed!)

What of ~~xxx~~ George? You see him? He is supportive? When I think of all the people you have faithfully toiled over and for I could cry: where are helping hands for you?

With much love, as ever, 'me

P.S. This typing is so bad (in part) because it is 6 a.m. (I wish I could sleep until a "normal" hour) and the light that falls on my typewriter at this hour doesn't do much in the way of illuminating the page.

P.S. 2 -- More next time re Joel's fascinating article -- thank you for sending!

June 27, 1990

Lola dear,

It ~~was~~ really dear of you to phone last night: I can't tell you how much I appreciated it.

Re the relaxation cassette -- a wonderful idea. No, I checked with Anna, who shops there a lot, and our only half-way "health food store" (Anna calls it a "healthy grocery") doesn't have any cassettes and related items at all.

I long ago learned never to ask "What does A see in B?" & Yet I ~~am~~ cannot ~~help~~ help wondering, rather: "What does George see in that woman?" It really sounds like a kind of dreadful situation all around. Perhaps at least the child benefits -- from George, I mean.

I enclose two poems (surprise, surprise). I must have written them a couple of months ago, during one of the rare, rare days when I didn't have any proofreading for some reasons. So, here!

Your publisher, I still say, sounds to me like a fruitcake! When a first edition "sells out," it is only ~~xxx~~ good business to hurry a second (and more) into print!

It is sad that in this country only (speaking relatively) a handful ~~of~~ of people are serious about and devoted to poetry. I have the impression that things are quite the other way around~~x~~ in Europe. Still, even in Europe it is, I am guessing, chiefly the "educated" people who buy or borrow (from libraries etc.) books of poems. Quite some while ago I saw a "feature" on TV about the Russians, and how they eagerly snap up books of poetry the way "we" do detective stories and/or "best sellers" and the like; how the Russians, who anyway stand in line for hours for everything, will do so for works of poetry. Wonderful.

It is to go to 95 today, ugh. And more tomorrow. I shudder when I think about the people in Phoenix and vicinity -- 120 yesterday, more today. At least there airconditioning as we know it is not needed: they use those odd machines that drip water over straw (or some similar substance) and have fans blow through~~x~~ it. It is so totally dry in those parts that this "works."

Poor, poor Donald Trump -- being ~~xxxxx~~ "forced" to live on \$450,000 per ~~month~~ month, personal expenses. I mean, really! The man is disgusting. I even thought so before all this broohaha got under way.

Take care of yourself: you sound so much better than some months back! Wonderful.

With fondest love, as always, 'me'

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

MATISSE, PAINTING

This room has everything

Matisse enjoys

the tall window giving on the sea

and one palm tree;

patterns in the paper, curtains, rugs;

the resident model

who stands at the sink, a small, dark girl

with perfect breasts and takes

a whore's bath.

She bends, she straightens, washes, dries

the diamonds sparkling in her black pelt

then falls against the

bed's pattern.

She is attending to the slop jar when

the painter runs a hand under the mattress

and pulls out scarves and flowers.

* * *

Constance Scheerer
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THE STOPPING WALL

This should be the best journey
we will ever make. It is not
a success. Why can our mouths
not pray?

We come to a stile. It should be
easy to climb, but trips us.

Sheep bah our names,
not invitingly.

We approach a bridge: something raises it
before we get to it.

Still we keep on, ten paces behind God,
walk till the sheep seem holy, the ewes lamb.
A staff is reached to us;
the cock's final cry stills.

Suddenly we are given
a Moses-glimpse of green fulfillment.
We come to the woods and this time
they let us in.

* * *

Constance Scheerer
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LOUELLA

I've come to photograph women,
spotted across these hills like goldenrod:
widow-women, women whose men took off,
women whose men are doing time.

"I'm Ruth." "I'm Charlotte." "I'm Sue."
Louella says "You can stay with me."
She has three rooms, a porch,
a zither and a cat.

We have soup for supper. I sleep
on an old sofa: the quilt is clean.
Every day I go out with my cameras
to find Ruth, Charlotte, Sue.
And Louella.

On the fourth night I hear her,
thrashing around in bed with someone.
In the morning there is soup again.
"I always find an onion somewhere
to put in it," she says.

I say goodbye to Ruth, Charlotte, Sue.
And Louella.

I leave a ham and a case of beans:
later, I'll send prints.

Last night, sorting pictures,

I dreamed the hills, the goldenrod, and
Louella, climbing her porch and disappearing
up the clematis.

* * *

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

NEIGHBORS

Every part of town
has its shaman, its witch.

You think you know
Coral Lane and Stratford Road and Bellevue Drive:
you do not.

Every neighborhood has
at least one kitchen where
the place mats aren't pretty,
has someone scary
or beautiful and scary.

You've been invited by
your neighbor for coffee?
In the kitchen without Dürer's praying hands
above the cookie jar,
you'll taste a different bread,
drink from an unfamiliar cup,
with the shiver of discovery.

* * *



(Staff photo by Richard Gwin)
Constance Scheerer's "Writing in Winter" was recently published by the Bkmk Press of the University of Missouri at Kansas City.

Poet sees first book in print

LAWRENCE JOURNAL-WORLD Sunday, November 24, 1985 Page 5D

Poet sees first volume in print

(Continued from page 2D)

remembers hatching tadpoles and setting small frogs free in a pond. Do children still do this? The poet frets that the pond is now "some banker's or lawyer's/ swimming pool."

A common element throughout the volume is sharp, inventive imagery: A patient is "hooked to Medusa of tubing;" Winter is imagined as "a woman/ waiting out

by the corner for her lover/ who does not come."

The most consistent image is the journey — a metaphor for life, and for faith, which is always in the process of being perfected, she said.

Like the gallery gazer in her poem, "In the Museum," Mrs. Scheerer longs for "the old, slow journey," in which there is time to pay attention to the scenery along the way.

By CHUCK TWARDY
J-W Arts Editor

Constance Scheerer never thought of herself as managing a writing "career," but she admits it's "nice finally to have a book."

The Lawrence resident, a proofreader for Allen Press, is the author of "Writing in Winter," a paperbound volume of poems published recently by Bkmk Press at the University of Missouri at Kansas City.

The poems in her volume progress from summer into winter, and, appropriately, many reflect on the past and passing of time. Several crystallize significant memories for the poet, and others imagine non-autobiographical events. Some reflect her Christian faith, but in a subdued, non-proselytizing manner.

In an interview last week, Mrs. Scheerer said she has been writing all her life. "My parents were unbelievably verbal," she recalled. Her first spoken sentence, she said, was "Read me more book."

Writing came to her as naturally as reading. "Poems would just literally arrive," she said, adding that she would sometimes awaken her father with poems at night.

AT WELLS COLLEGE, where she earned a bachelor's degree in philosophy, she met her future husband, Martin Scheerer, a refugee from Hitler's Germany fortunate enough to have been born in New York City. This entitled him to U.S. citizenship, which he claimed before the Nazis overran France, where he had initially fled. He took a job as a prison psychiatrist, then as a teacher at Wells. In 1948 he

'I'm not sure any of these are conscious. Really, a poem does arrive. There it is or isn't.'

became a professor of psychology at Kansas University.

After Scheerer's death in 1961, Mrs. Scheerer stayed in Lawrence and wrote, occasionally publishing poems in American and Canadian journals.

"Martin's death did trigger off a tremendous amount of writing," she said. She lapsed into a hiatus now and then, but has kept at it most of her life. A friend showed her manuscript to the editors at Bkmk, who accepted it for their series of works by regional writers.

The book bears a small insignia representing the confluence of the Kaw and Missouri Rivers, marking it as a book in the regional series, according to Bkmk editor Dan Jaffe, an English professor at UMKC.

"We want to publish the kind of things, particularly by Midwesterners, that require your attention because they're so good," Jaffe said in a phone interview. Bkmk has published between 50 and 70 titles, about seven to 10 a year, according to Jaffe. The press, he said, was founded in 1971 at the Johnson County Library by former state librarian Roy Fox, and it later moved to UMKC.

BKMK PUBLISHES national and international writers, too, including the Swedish writer Harry Martinson, a Nobel literature laureate whose nature poems were translated by William J. Smith and Laif Sjoberg. The press publishes a translation series, too, said Jaffe.

"Bkmk, as small as it is, has a national reputation," he commented.

Since her book was published, Mrs. Scheerer has completed enough poems for a new volume. She said she relies on the advice and criticism of friends. "It's always been desperately necessary to have someone to talk to," she said.

The same might be said of her poetry, that writing is a necessity, too.

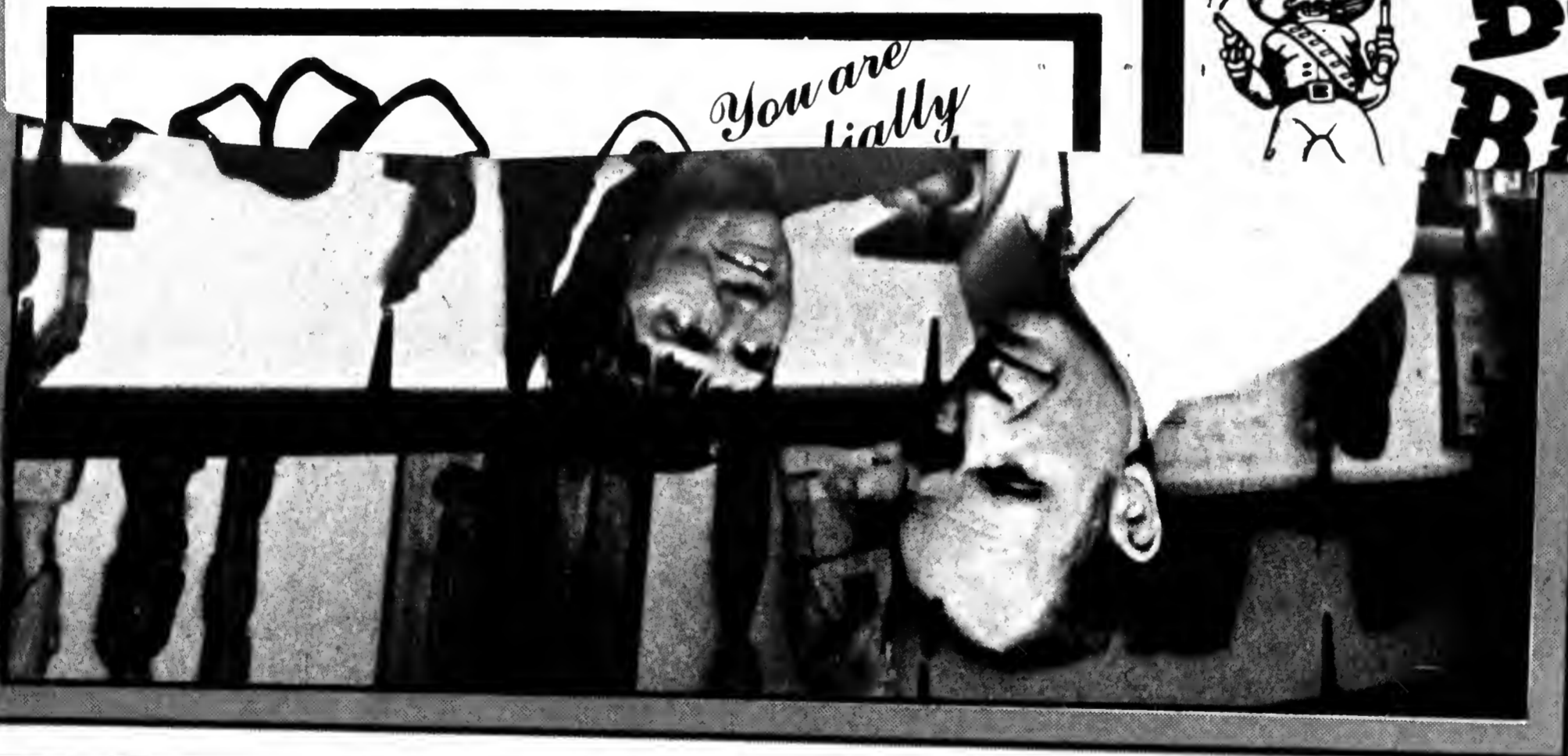
"I'm not sure any of these are conscious," Mrs. Scheerer observed. "Really, a poem does arrive. There it is or isn't."

Sometimes it arrives as a persistent moment of memory, like "Hurricane 1944" or "Glimpse," which recalls a burning house seen from a passing train years ago:

*I do not know why it still matters
That I can never know who lived
there
or what happened to them.*

MANY OF THE poems pose such questions, occasionally wondering if people still feel the way the poet once did. In "Gran-nis's Pond," for instance, she

See Poet, page 5D



S

January 10, 1991

Lola dear,

It ~~x~~ was so good to talk to you last night. (This letter, by the way, will get mailed -- I think -- but I have no idea when. As of now, freezing rain, freezing drizzle, ice, sleet, etc. etc. are all fall in an unhappy combination. I really wonder how people get out and ~~x~~ get to their jobs!)

How come you have on hand medications with the syllable "card" or "cardio" etc. in them? I never got that straight. Well, I continue to take Procardia, and it does seem to work. By the way, even if I felt marvellous, I wouldn't be picking up and returning proofreading (although plenty are, I realize, and I do not know how they manage) in this ice, ice, ice. It has been going on now more or less without ceasing since the first of the year. Really, we have had enough. And this includes lack of sun. I've almost forgotten what sun looks like.

You truly do not think there is going to be a war? Good grief, woman! Where have you been living? In a ~~xxx~~ cave?

I am sorry you found my poem horrifying but I am always glad if you or any other real friend comes out and says so. Carolyn, now: she found the poem so moving in every way that she was in tears. And Anna, as I believe I indicated, while admitting it was not one of my "great" poems, said it was excellent -- really "a poem." So one never knows.

I still wish you had -- and used -- TV. If you don't want to see the news, O.K., that is up to you. But the things you miss on PBS etc. represent (to my thinking) a great loss. Anyone who missed, for instance, "The Civil War," missed an almost overwhelming experience. And there are so very many other "cultural" things and "fun" things such as the series "Mystery" (not all of whose choices I necessarily like or enjoy) which are delightful. Oh, well. And the assortment of "nature" series -- wonderful! Now I find all this relaxing in some sense of the term and a change of pace from reading.

We didn't say anything about George and family yesterday evening. How are things ~~xx~~ going there?

In re-reflecting upon "The Civil War": I do realize that it is an aspect of history that doesn't mean all that much to you -- how could it? (Me, I have always been sort of a "Civil War buff" -- yes, and an American Revolution buff, too.)

Incidentally, while everyone (almost) "cries down" Saddam, we are sort of ignoring what is going on in and ~~xx~~ around the Soviet Union. Bad, bad.

More anon, I hope, and stay well -- you did get a ~~x~~ flu shot, I trust?

Love, 'me'

February 5, 1991

Lola dear,

I was delighted to receive the book. I acknowledge it today in the ~~best~~ briefest and most inadequate way: will write more anon (I am struggling with my blood pressure medication and other problems).

I know how much of you and you fellow writers went into this. The format is, in general, quite stunning (I could, perhaps, have wished for a glossy-finished paper?).

Reading or trying to read, or at least appreciating, two of your ~~poem~~ poems will have to wait for Anna, when she has the time and strength to sit down with me and go through them. But I can say that "Emily" is excellent -- a really fine poem. (I still say that anyone who translates, and does so so flawlessly, poetry from one language to another is a genius. And Emily Dickinson put into German -- an amazing feat.)

I hope you are feeling better. You didn't think we would get into war, as I recall. Well, we did. Since you don't have TV you haven't followed it visually. I did, almost around the clock, for about three or four days. Now I turn on the set (CNN) as formerly -- while I make and eat breakfast, lunch, supper. I do not know what you are thinking about it all now, but I cannot agree with those who ~~say~~ say we should pack up and come home. We CANNOT stop now. I, as you, regret that we ever got started. But if Saddam is not ~~got~~ got rid of, there comes World War III and the total destruction of Israel. The man is not mad like Hitler, but he is plenty ~~mad~~ mad just the same.

We have been in an odd "warm" spell for several days. Strange to say, if they are connected, people are "taking down" with illness upon illness: one wonders. I hope I can escape but do not see how. I go out and about and encounter germs of every sort in the stores, at church, etc. etc.

I have begun to pick up proofreading. Sometimes I think I was foolish to start in again when I feel so lousy. At other times I think I had to, and must just keep on (money, money -- you know how it is).

I will write more. Take care. I hope all well, including ~~George~~ George and his family, especially the baby, so vulnerable to illness.

Love as always, and ~~an~~ infinite gratitude for your (as always) generosity in (again) sending a book, and this such a special one!

'me'

July 9, 1991

Lola dear,

I know I long owe you a letter but I just have felt too lousy to think, let alone write. (Oh, I keep right up with the proofreading -- I must!)

What can I tell you? My gut is now so bad that I really start to believe that something fatal is going on in there. As I believe I have commented, if so, so be it. That is not something I will do anything about. I think I had better get myself ~~xxx~~proctoscoped, though: if it is bad, then if my next mammogram and/or biopsy are bad, why fool around with another mastectomy when I am going to be dead soon of colon or rectal etc. cancer?

On that cheerful note

Since no letter from Lola, I also worry about you. I do hope you are not in a depression, or ill in some* other way.

Quite some while ago the subject came up between us: you did not know about Howard Nemerov and wanted to. I sent you a page from Harvard magazine containing four of his poems. And I think told you at least something about him. Well, he has just died -- perhaps you read about it in whatever newspaper you see. So ~~xx~~ I thought I'd include the enclosed. As you may know, the Nemerov family long owned Russek's (which of course "went down the tubes" years ago), and yes, Diane Arbus was Howard's sister. To my thinking, Nemerov, thought not "trendy," "mod," "with it," or especially wildly popular, is one of the great poets of our time.

It really does seem that the world is getting more horrible, more corrupt. I know, I know -- probably the majority is still made up of decent people about whom one never hears. The people who keep destroying the grave of Ryan White will probably never be apprehended. ~~ed.~~ them I would (literally) like to kill. I suspect they are ~~xx~~ young -- yet it would take more than a few strong backs to lift a 4,000 pound grave stone.

Anna is well, but terribly overworked. Her correspondence *goes on & on* with several people (mainly in Austria) who are doing work of one kind or another (ranging from Ph.D. theses to articles slated for publication in books or ~~x~~ journals) on Albert Bloch. By the way, it is, I think, in October that there will be an exhibition of his work (drawings, this time) at the Sid Deutsch Gallery (of late in its ~~x~~ new location but still on West 57th Street). Like all other galleries, it is having a difficult time and ~~x~~ only Sid's fine reputation etc. keeps the enterprise afloat.

We had 104 here, four days running. Today will be cooler -- a mere 90 -- and the night wasn't bad. I am going to have a fierce electric bill, though. Water, too: I have tried to keep my little garden alive.

Do send some word -- or words -- good words, I hope. With fond love as ever, 'me'

August 12, 1993

Lola dear,

I am so sorry I had to chop off our conversation some time back. As luck would have it, "the gay couple" were just arriving to do various jobs and I had to attend to them, see what tools they needed, give instructions, and more. Wouldn't you know that it was just when Lola had called.

So I didn't get to find out really how you are or how George and his infant are or what relationship he has (if any) with the baby's mother.

✕
Since you don't have TV you probably never got to see the full spectrum of the ~~awful~~ awfulness of the flooding, especially along the Mississippi. Lawrence was spared, but Kansas City (where the Kaw and the Missouri come together) was not.

I can't recall precisely what I told you (or what you told me) but I won't see my doctor until August 30th and I have no idea where things will stand then with my thyroid. I have no idea whether or not the way I feel (sick, sick, sick) is even in part brought on by the Procardia I take to keep my blood pressure down and/or the small dose of thyroid I take daily.

✕
I am deeply troubled about Anna. She looks dreadful and refuses to take even one day off. Her brother's death, then her house being struck by lightning, didn't exactly bolster her strength or her spirits. But she keeps right on putting in a 24-hour-a-day day, if you know what I mean -- work, work, work.

Rain is starting in again hereabouts, with thunderstorms. Anna has nearly got the work completed on her new wiring and new guttering and in part new roofing. I still think it a literal miracle that her house didn't go up in flames,

I simply cannot go back to proofreading and I begin to realize that it will never happen. I simply do not have the strength that I had up until early November last and my bowels occupy most of my time anyway. I feel ~~lucky~~ lucky if I can get out and get a few groceries and do other errands every ten days or so and not have to pay "the fellows" to shop for me (in addition to which some errands only I can do. I am starting to run through my savings and this scares me. I don't know how the new Hilary Clinton Health plan will work but I have a feeling that whereas it may well give everyone health insurance there will be many things that will not be paid for. However, one must wait and see.

John is so attentive it makes me nervous. He called first, then when I said (or course) yes, came over at 8:30 yesterday evening and we had a delightful visit of well ~~over~~ over an hour.

If at least I could start writing ~~poetry~~ poetry again! Ah, well!
Love, and deep gratitude that you continue to have patience with me,
as always, 'me'

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

LOT'S WIFE

What was it she could not endure
never seeing again?

Something she loved
more than husband and children:
something more compelling
than God's voice.

She looked back.
That long sweep over the cities of the plain,
kicked into dust where the Lord piled them,
set her, salt sentinel, in the land of pillars,
caught her out, yielding to
some strange, tender impulse.

I stand on the edge of the Dead Sea.
"So this is Mrs. Lot. This stony thing
looks nothing like a human being.
A huge salt phallus, maybe, not a woman
who could not say goodbye to home."

* * *

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

CURTAINS

The wind plays with them,
lets them hang slack,
sucks them in.

Their rhythm reveals
a curious cat,
a jug of marigolds knocked over.
A child in a wheelchair
moves back, comes forward,
disclosed and hidden by
curtains

seeing the world tucked in,
then thrown open,
a white bed.

* * *

1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

September 21, 1992

~~Qix~~

Lola dear,

I feel a deeply profound guilt, to have "cut off" on you a week or so ago. I am still unable to contemplate a real talk, but I thought I'd get off at least a brief note.

I really feel worse all the time: it is incredible. I should have contacted my doctor at least five or six weeks ago but feel so ill, depressed, distressed, that I haven't made it.

To make matters worse, the "gay couple" have changed a number of their life patterns and are seldom available so that I have to force myself to return and pick up proof-reading, and also to go and get in groceries.

Yes, the one thing I have managed, so far, is to keep on proofreading. As I need the money ~~xxx~~ desperately, I've no ~~x~~ choice. When that stops, I stop.

I won't list all my symptoms -- bowels (and bladder) are the worst (the bladder is very likely a function of my ~~xxxx~~ churning gut and I do mean churning).

Things with J. are really lovely -- and "right." Yet I have, twice in the past four months, been unable to get down to Friday evening services. It seems (and I think I have said this before) that the more I want to or need to (or both) do something, the more impossible it becomes. (Of course, on "peaceful" days when I don't have to go anywhere or "do" anything, I often feel yet worse. You figure it!)

I cannot and will not ask Anna do do errands for me -- had I told you that she is ~~xxxxxxx~~ deeply involved in 3 different things -- a forthcoming book: working title "Albert Bloch, painter, poet, translator" (to be funded by the Alexander von Humboldt Society with Prof. Frank Baron of the German Department here having cooked up the whole thing, obtained the grant, etc.) is #1. Next comes a hoped-for A.B. retrospective at the Nelson Museum in Kansas City. Then come a dozen other chores which I won't go into now. All this, and Anna (who is closing on 80) drives in to Kansas City to visit family at least once or twice a month, and to Topeka to see friends and/or her destist at least four or more times a year (I can barely make it to the nearby supermarket).

This is all borning as hell.

Could you drop me just at least a brief note, to let me know how you are?

By* the way, I can and do (rarely) ask Carolyn for a favor but she is often out of town -- still "living life in the x fast lane" as she said she didn't want to do any more and attending psychological conferences etc. in Washington. then visiting her oldest and married daughter and her adored little granddaughter -- a divorce is pending there, alas, and this seems to be today's pattern. Carolyn's mother, by the way, died at age 92 in the nursing home and this was of course a mixture of sorrow and relief to Carolyn. She attended to her mother almost constantly (except when out of town), cherished her, watched over her, etc. So it goes.

We've had an amazing summer -- rather cool for Kansas~~is~~, and, following some drought, very wet now.

Drop me a postcard: I don't care. Andx~~fix~~ forgive me.

Love as always, 'me'

Constance Scheerer
1637 Illinois Street
Lawrence, KS 66044

BREASTS

I am walking along with one
breast attached and one
breast in my hand.

A June pea in a baggie,
a little cone, a feather, an ant
in a body bag.

What do I call it?

What do I do with it?

I could throw it in the fire, yelling
"Surprise! Human sacrifice!"
and offer myself as a model
in the life study class --
"Woman With One Tit."

I will put it in a pocket
till I find it useful.

In a roomful of women there is always
one breast too few.

*

*

*

December 24, 1990

Lola dear,

We are very generous here in Kansas: we are now sending on to you to share our incredibly cold weather. You will have received this gift before you get ~~the~~ this letter.

Lola, you are going to have to explain to me again: just what is this condition or ailment that you have? "Musle spasms" is not the name of a disease. Please explain (if you can -- it sounds extremely rare and complex).

I hate it to think of your being there in pain (and now with bitter cold and probably snow and ice to cap it all off).

I am sorry you reject the idea of Visiting Nurses. I wasn't crazy about having them either (the first week or ten days I was home from the hospital) but I had to have the dressings changed daily on my two remaining "wounds" -- ~~x~~ the places where those damnable drains emerged. Of course your doctor has to arrange for Visiting Nurses whatever their service -- which as you of course know includes cleaning, cooking, and more. Medicare etc. pay for this -- or they did: once the year turns, I don't know just who pays for what but it won't be as much as formerly, damn it.

I know I said this to you on the phone but will say it again: it is incredible that after helping so many so generously there seems to me no one to look after you. (Of course many that you helped are old and feeble etc. -- there is that.)

I must have been crazy when I said I hadn't written any poems for a long time. I wrote one: here it is. I will be much interested in your opinion, whether favorable or not.

More soon, please recover, with love as ever, 'me'



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17. Sept. 45

Hollywood

?
Liebste Frau, trotzdem heute ein grosser
heiliger - wenn auch jüdischer - Feiertag ist, schreibe
ich nicht nur, sondern sogar einen ausschliesslich
mattend-fact Brief. Vermutlich wegen Wohnungsnot
in N.Y., wenn ich dort hin komme. Wann das
sein wird, steht noch nicht ganz fest, aber wahrscheinlich
bist du in den ersten Oktobertagen. Ein Reiserat
bei der M.G.M. ist so weit in das Ende dieses Monats
verschoben worden, dass es mir jetzt bei allen meinen
Reiseplänen in die Quere kommt. Höre, dass es noch
schwierig ist mit Wohnen ist - wollen sie mir
ein bisschen helfen? Denke mir da Beside ist gemacht
mal in Hotel zu gehen - und das Wichtigste ist, dass
ich dort mindestens für 1 Monat ^{einer} und je dementsprechenden
sprechenden monatlich Preis wieder gebe. Ich brauche
ein Single room with bath - und wenn irgend
möglich Kitchinette oder sonstige Kochmöglichkeit
(at least for breakfast -). Denke an mein altes
Bedford (Cal - 5 - 1000), ferner Winsloe (Madra),
Brevoort (alte Bronx bünde!), New Long & Royaltan,
- oder irgend ein Hotel. Selbstverständlich, wenn
irgend etwas in einem Apartmenthaus zu haben

sein sollte, gut. Gegend: in LaChueys gute Ver-
bindung zu New School f.s.v. (12th between 5th
and 6th). (Ich schreibe noch an ein paar andere
Freunde und bin so unverschämte, für 10 Tage
als headquarters anzugehen, damit doch alles
an eine Stelle geht. Ich tue es in Erinnerung
of my merits as a taxicab driver - seien
für mich schön. Ihre Bemerkung über meine
ability as a driver in Ihrem Brief - war eines
erstklassigen Nervenanstresses würdig - es traf meine
Nervenwertigkeitskomplex an der richtigen Stelle
und brachte sie zu reicher Blüte. —
Den Rest Ihrer Photos kriegen Sie bald.

Sollten wir Wieten uns von 1. Okt. ab (nicht ein paar
Tage später) abbrechen lassen, so keine ich in diesem
Opfer. Bei Callen on Bedford sagen Sie, dass ich
Winter 42/43 dort ein halbes Jahr wohnte und
nennen Sie Mr. Kurt Riess and Mr. Eric Mann
als Freunde, die in dort sehr bekannt.

Muschi schreibt aus Japan. Scheint erträglich
zu sein. Er hofft in abbruchzeit (vielleicht schon
Wohnachten) zurück zu sein. Ich hoffe wir.

Im übrigen herzlichen

Mr. K.

June 19, 1959

Dear Cole,

I've been debating to whom to write first - Saundra or you - and somehow it turned out to be you for no explicable reason except I sent you a pot and dreamt recently (and probably with some very sensible intention) that it absolutely does not fit into your oven. Anyway tell Saundra, if you see her, that I am at least not forgetting her in my thoughts & that I will really write very soon. I just remembered you are ~~not~~ probably at Point Lookout now and won't even get this letter until September or whenever you come back. Maybe someday I will get your address then.

I was so happy with your long long letter, which was finally read and admired by the whole family. I'm still terribly sorry about the delay with the keys - you should have reminded me & saved yourself a lot of unnecessary anxiety.

Maybe the weather at Point Lookout is better than here. It is so wintry that I am wearing all my heavy things, including, today, the brown jersey blouse you gave me, which I had been too stubborn to try on, & which I'm very happy with now. You shouldn't have given it away, it is so nice.

You know, I've been wondering what happened to the apartment downstairs. Did you ever look at it or was life too hectic to think about moving? It's certainly good to hear that you are getting on so well with people. That should make the summer a very pleasant prospect.

My plans are to stay here for the summer. I like my psychiatrist a lot, which is unusual for me. I don't know whether it's her or the Milton or what - perhaps someday I shall. The "thinking" is still going on but it's not nearly as bad & somehow I am much more hopeful & less suicidal. And there hasn't been any vomiting anymore. I have been making a few trips (also, unsuccessful) to Filenes. Every thing

that I really like is the wrong size, but next week my mother will go with me & she usually brings me lunch. Otherwise I have been doing some cooking (my father & I are having wilder & wilder culinary fantasies much to my mother's dismay) flower arranging & not too much else.

Last weekend we went to see "The World Rush" - the old (Gopher) film & I actually enjoyed it & understood it & laughed in the right places which is really the first time that has happened in a movie for months.

It is also nice to have my grandmother here. She needs a certain amount of nursing - breakfast in bed for example - which I have made my special privilege. It is nice to have somebody to come home to.

Have a very very relaxing summer take, & don't let such a master all the time & think a little bit of yourself. regards to everybody, by the way.

Love,
Maria

Donnerstag

Liebe Lola: ich bin ein bisschen zu beinmuede, als dass ich noch telefonieren moechte, darum schreib ich Ihnen eben paar Zeilen, um Sie ueber meinen ersten "Buerotag bei Ihnen" sozusagen zu informieren. Ausserdem werde ich wohl einige Bosheiten loswerden muessen, das ist auch besser nicht an meinem Telefon. Aber zuvor noch: wie gehts Ihnen? Wie war Ihre Kinderkochparty und fangen Sie langsam an, sich etwas mehr zu schonen?? Bitte, tun Sies doch! Machen Sie keine unfreundliche Grimasse, dass ichs wieder sage, ich bin nicht schreckhaft und halt meinen ungewaschenen Mund deshalb doch nicht. Und Sie benoetigen der Ruhe, meine liebe Dame, um mich gebildet auszudruecken. Und unter uns gesagt, es ist doch eigentlich auch mal ganz huebsch, etwas dafuer zu tun, sich nicht immerzu uebermuedet oder so zu fuehlen, nuech? Also tun Sie doch wirklich was dafuer. Und wir alle, von denen jeder Sie in seiner Art doch liebt, wuenschen es doch so sehr von Ihnen, und Sie sind doch sonst immer wohlmeinend und bereit, anderer Menschen Wuensche zu beruecksichtigen, ergo! Aber nun hoer ich auch schon auf damit und komme, a propos: jeder in seiner Art liebt zum St-K'schen Buerro. Einleitend muss ich sagen, dass ich noch nie, glaub ich, in meinem Leben mit so wenig Arbeit \$ 4.00 verdient habe, wie gestern dort. Ich werde Ihnen sonst natuerlich nicht immerzu und alle Einzelheiten erzahlen, keine Sorge, aber vom ersten Tag glaub ich soll ich ruhig, da es doch schliesslich Ihr Buerro ist: also tatsaechlich getan habe ich: einen ganzen Brief geschrieben, an dem K. ca 3/4 Stunde diktiert hat, da er tausende "Hm's" von sich gab (Heaven may know why, ich war ganz bestuerzt und waere, wenn ich nicht wegen ersten Tag und so zu aufgereggt gewesen waere, bestimmt sanftselig entschlummet derweil) und der dann also binnen weniger Minuten aus der Maschine kam; dutzendemale am Telefon "Hallo" gesagt und danach entweder Mr.St. oder Mr.K. den Anrufer durchgegeben oder "hold the wire please" gefloetet, was auch nicht sehr anstrengend war; das bisschen, was an Zeitungsausschnitten war, geschnitten, und und das Duellen-konto neu gemacht, weil die Bogen doch grad zu Ende gehen. That is all. Nein, auch nicht wahr, ich habe auch noch den Fragebogen ausgefuellt, von dem Sie mir noch erzahlt hatten, dass er Ihnen zuerst vorgelegt wurde damals. Gut, dass Sie es mir zufaellig gesagt hatten, ich waere sonst doch reichlich bestuerzt gewesen und haette es als Nachweis dafuer angesehen, dass K. sich bereits endgultig gegen mich entschlossen hat. Dem scheint aber garnicht so zu sein. Und natuerlich wusste ich, nachdem Sie mir ja alles gezeigt haben, danke-schoen nochmal, alles, wo es ist zur sichtbaren Befriedigung beider und natuerlich konnte ich, obgleich Sie mir auch das gezeigt haben, wie ich geahnt hatte, die Maschine nicht rauskriegen, und natuerlich kam K. gelaufen, um zu helfen, und konnte es auch nicht, und natuerlich konnte St. es sofort. Und es begann also morgens damit, dass K. mich freundlich mit der Frage, ob ich gut gefunden haette begruesste und St. dann aus seinem Zimmer kam, mich begruessen und mir paar sehr nette Worte zu sagen. Und zu bitten, ich solle nur etwa nie mich genieren, irgendwas zu fragen, und auch oeffter dasselbe zu fragen, waere nie stoerend, ich solle mich at ease fuehlen und er waere fuer Fragen nur dankbar. Also es war alles in einer sehr angenehmen Weise und Tonart. Und ich muss gleich noch sagen: er hat mich natuerlich bereits restlos charmiert. Er ist naemlich ganz der Typ dazu. Ich mein, dass er einen guten Hoof hat und man ihm die Persoenlichkeit und viel Guete und Melancholie bis zu einem gewissen, nicht unerfreulichen Grad ansieht, hat mich nicht erstaunt, nachdem was ich oft ueber ihn gehoert hab von verschiedensten Seiten. Was ich nicht wusste und was etwas ist, was ich eben immer so sehr gern hab, ist eine gewisse (ich weiss nicht recht, es zu sagen, was ich sag, deckt es nicht ganz, geht nur in der Richtung) eine gewisse Eleganz also auf allen Gebieten, d.h. aeusserlich ebenso wie inder Wm-

gangzart mit Menschen und in seinen Bewegungen und in seiner Art zu danken, bzw. davon etwas zu aeußern. Das ist ein Gemisch, das mich schon als Kind immer bezaubert hat, auch bei Frauen uebrigens. Well .. es ist also, wie es vorauszusehen war, ich bin sehr entzueckt von ihm. Nicht sehr sicher, wie weit er mich und meine Art mag, aber .. Also er war irgendwie mit seinen Dingen in Rueckstand und somehow busy. Darum, und ich hoffe nur darum, jedesfalls sagte er so, hat er mir garnichts zu tun gegeben. Aber er hat mich bereits gefragt, ob ich ihn damit erfreuen wuerde, auch in seiner Privatpost ihm dann zu helfen, wenn Zeit dazu sei und ich mir die Muehe machen wuerde, es fuer ihn dann zu Haus zu schreiben, und so? Und er hat mich gebeten, ihn im Englischen zu verbessern, denn ich sei doch "in command of the language". Mir wurde wegen der Voraussetzung ebenso wie wegen der Formulierung sehr uncommandering zumute und ich murmelte nur schuechtern u. ehrlich, dass ich jedesfalls soweit englisch koennte, dass ich merkte, was alles mir fehlt und mich darueber u. damit kraenkte oder schaemte, jenachdem. Und er sagte (und das hat mich so irritiert weil er doch eigentlich wirklich zu gescheit ist, um solchen Unsinn zu sagen und auch weil ich nie mag, wenn mir jemand zu Unrecht Intelliganz nachsagt) das waere eine ungewoehnlich kluge Bemerkung. Er sagte es zweimal, langsam und deutlich, wie er eben redet. Und er ueberbetonte es damit, dass er aufstand und sich irgendwie ver- oder vorbeugte, ich weiss nicht. Es war eigentlich der einzige Grund dafuer, dass ich irgendwie das Gefuehl hatte, er mag mich vielleicht nicht, aber will freundlich sein. Immerhin schloss sich trotz seiner Beschaeftigtheit ein laengeres Gespraech daran. Er hat, was mir sehr gefiel (im Gegensatz zu K.) nichts Persoenliches gefragt ueberhaupt, nicht einmal, wo und wie ich hier schon gearbeitet habe, nur, ob ich Zeit finden wuerde, auch noch zu Haus etwas fuer ihn zu tun, also seine Diktate dann zu uebertragen. Aber er hat noch ein bisschen erzaehlt, wie er seine langen Wege zum Buero liebt, das Laufen da draussen und die Zeit in der Bahn zum Lesen und so. Ich bin wahrscheinlich nur unsicher, weil .. also ich mein, immer, wenn ich jemanden so auf Anhieb irgendwie sehr mag, dann bin ich eben unsicher, ob und warum eigentlich man mich moegen sollte. Ich glaube ernstens selbst doch nicht, dass irgendwas wrong geht da. Sehr komisch ist, wie K. immer ihm irgendwie nachklappert sozusagen: frueh, nachdem St. mir zur Begruessung also gesagt, ich sollte mich immer freifuehlen, zu fragen, was immer ich wissen moechte u. er wuerde Fragen nur appreciaten, und nachdem ich mich also dafuer bedank hatte u. gesagt, dass es wirklich alles einfach macht, wenn man weiss, man darf fragen, ohne damit zu stoeren. Also vielleicht 1/2 Std. spaeter erscheint K. an Ihrem-meinem Desk lediglich um zu sagen, er haette gestern vergessen zu sagen, dass ich natuerlich alles, was ich etwa nicht wuesste oder nicht sicher sei mit Kursen oder was immer, natuerlich nur fragen kommen sollte, er wuerde sich immer freuen, wenn er helfen koennte. Und mittags fragte mich St., ob ich zum Lunch wegzugehen wuenschte u. ich solle nicht vergessen, etwas zu essen u. ob ich mit Drugstore und schicken und holen und so von Ihnen unterrichtet sei. Und als K. zum Lunch wegging, fragte er mich, ob ich.. also genau dasselbe. (Und St. fragte mich irgendwann auch noch, ob Sie, Lola, nicht etwa uebersehen haetten bei all den Mitteilungen ueber die Buerodinge, mir zu sagen, wo der Lady's Room sei und Schluessel Ist ja ruehend, nicht?) Und K. fragte mich (angeblich hatte er den Fragebogen ja garnicht angesehen mehr, der war ja nur auszufuellen, weil man doch was bei den Akten haben muss, sagt er!) wer mich fuer die Blue Card angestellt hatte. Scheint, dass er Michel kannte. Denn dass der mich engagiert hatte, imponierte ihm offensichtlich, weiss nicht warum. Jung kennt er auch und Rheinstrom, Leschnitzer kennt er wohl nicht, aber St. recht gut. Der sieht sich den Mist aber gewiss nicht an. Jedesfalls fand sich K. bemuessigt, zu sagen, dass es selbstvers aendlich keiner Referenzen whatsoever beduerfe in dieser Falle, ich moege nur im Gotteswillen diesen Fragebogen nicht missverstehen. Was ich, wie ich sicher bin, nicht habe! Und als ich wegging, kam er, K., mir noch nachgestuerzt: sie koernten doch also sicher sein, dass ich Freitag wieder da waere. Well - und so verliess ich dieses Buero gestern. Es ist komisch, Lola, und haengt vielleicht auch damit zusammen, dass ich im ganzen etwas excited bin ueber Rueckkehr in den Beruf und zur wenigstens teilweise Normalitaet u.so. Ich wollte Ihnen so gern einen Eindruck geben von der Atmosphaere dieses ersten Tages in Ihrem Buero, und waehrend ich an Sie

hinrede, merk ich, dass ich es nicht kann. Weiss nicht, warum? Aber wie gesagt, ich glaube doch, dass es nicht wrong geht, sodass Sie also darum nicht extra sich sorgen muessen. Arbeitsmaessig habe ich wenig Bedenken: dass ich nicht genug Englisch kann, um St. mit gutem Gewissen verbessern zu koennen - well, das ist nicht so boes. Dass ich genug kann, um diese Diktate ordentlich und muehelos aufzunehmen, ist mir kein Zweifel. Dass ich die Kurzzettel lesen kann, ist nur eine Uebungsfrage von kuerzester Frist, und ansonsten sehe ich, selbst ich, eigentlich keine Probleme dort, was die Arbeit anlangt, die bestimmt viel weniger umfangreich ist, als ich in part time jobs insbesondere je gewoehnt war. Fuer mich also ist dieser Job sicher eine Art von Geschenk. Trotz der weiten Fahrt, die in Schnee und Regen etwas problematisch werden mag, aber die mit ueberfuellter Subway kein Problem zu sein braucht, weil man sie mit 20 Min. mehr Zeit immer sitzend (Trolly und Bus) sozusagen von Haus zu Haus machen kann. Und fuer die Maerner kann ich nur wiederholen, was ich schon gesagt habe: arbeitsmaessig werde ichs zufriedenstellend machen koennen; und wenn man mir uebelnimmt, dass ich nicht Sie bin, so waere ich weiss Gott die Letzte, die das jemandem verdenken wuerde. Ich glaube, das ist alles, was ich im Moment zur Sache zu sagen habe. Nein, nicht ganz alles: ich muss noch sagen, dass ich seit Freud noch nie einen so anstaendigen Raum fuer mich zum Arbeiten hatte wie dort (nach Freud in Reichsvertretung und PalaestinaAmt ebenso wie hier bei Michel, Leschnitzer etc. habe ich immer nur wenig Raum und eigentlich nie einen fuer mich gehabt. Eine ungeheure Annehmlichkeit, ein Zimmer allein zu be- also nicht "wohnen" aber "arbeiten". - Ich bin nur diese Woche so graesslich muede. Teils wohl, weil die Erkaeltung wirklich bloed ist, ich schnaufe und huste wie ein Hund and can't get rid of it. Und das macht wohl viel von der Muedigkeit aus. Teils, weil ich doch den Mist von Heimarbeit aus dem Haus bekommen muss. Aber weil ich doch ein leichtsinniges Luder bin und garnicht so verantwortungsbewusst, wie die Leute immer meinen, habe ich mich heute entschlossen, den letzten Rest unfinished zurueckzugeben.

Den Verdienstausschuss von \$ 2.10 fuer mindestens 10 Stunden Arbeitszeit nehme ich grosszuegig in Kauf, und wenn mir die Leute am Telefon auf meine Mitteilung hin, dass ich wegen Erkaeltung nicht rechtzeitig arbeiten konnte, sagen, sie wollen morgen ihr Zeug "finished or unfinished" zurueckhaben, so kann ich mir leisten, ohne allzu schlechtes Gewissen, um 12 ins Bett zu gehen und ihnen ihren Mist eben nur halbfertig zu senden. Gott, Lola, Bin ich froh, dass ich nicht Nacht fuer Nacht nun bis ich weiss nicht wohin, an dem Dreck prudeln muss, jetzt, wo ich durch Sie St. und Th. habe. Das, was daneben noch notwendig ist, wird sich eh finden mit sonstigen Schreibereien oder so, denk ich. Und es ist ein Geschenk vom lieben Gott persoendlich, nicht mehr die Kisten mit hairbows als unfreundliche Erinnerer immer in meinem Zimmer vorzufinden oder die noch so netten dresses, wenn sie zu 20 und 30 Stueck da sind und jeweils pro Stueck 1 - 2 Std. Zeit kosten. Es wird herrlich sein, wenn man auch mal ne Stunde in Ruhe und Genussucht lesen oder nur rumtrödeln koennen wird wieder ohne sich zu genieren, dass da doch so viel Mist noch eigentlich dieselbe Nacht fertiggemacht werden muesste. Ein Geschenk vom lieben Gott persoendlich, ueberbracht durch Sie, Lola. Ich sag nicht noch mal "Danke schoen" dafuer. Aber dass ich es so mein, wissen Sie, ja?

Bei den Leuten, wegen der ich dieser Tage Dr.G. ziemlich fassungslos angegangen habe, scheint alles drunter u. drüber zu sein. Ich weiss nicht, ob sie sich inzw. bei ihm gemeldet haben. Moeglicherweise nicht, raemlich moeglicherweise ist die Frau inzw. so schlimm, dass sie im Hospital landen musste u. dann offenbar erdgueltig. Ich konnte aus Alex's confusen Antworten nicht genug entnehmen. Ueber das Sachliche, mein ich. Er hat nur gebeten, Dr.G. in jedem Fall sehr und herzlich Dank zu sagen fuer seine Bereitschaft. Wollen Sie das, bitte, ihm sagen? Aber es kann auch sein, der Mann war inzw. bei ihm. Ich weiss es nicht. Die Leute tun mir gresslich leid, obgleich ich sie persoendlich nicht so ... aber doppelt leid, weil ich grad jetzt die Fueckkehr zu Schmerzlosigkeit, Arbeitsfaehigkeit und und und so sehr geniesse. Das andere liegt noch so kurz zurueck, dass ich es noch so lebendig erinnere, wissen Sie? Lola, liebe Lola, Schluss nun fuer heut: wie gesagt: ich hoff, ich mach Ihnen keine Schande da im Buero. Und persoendlich: das Allerbeste an Menschen und Dankeschoen fuer Sie u. Dr.G. sehr herzlich Ihre

Thursday - June 4

Dear Lola,

Here is the "I want to write" kind of letter, not the "I should" kind. I wonder if things are quite peaceful now in your nice apartment or if you are still being harassed by difficult "cases". Has Mrs. Bottlieb raised her ugly head again? In a way I hope so. It's time you sethool down to some real work of your own. Except of course by the time you get this note Georgia will probably be just arriving & your going to have to do an entertainment committee all over again.

Latest news: I'm now going to a very nice psychiatrist right in a mental hospital in a jail (!) (to which I could have access any time) & am being kept on a very strict "Schmittowen" routine - just like you prescribed, of course, except it would better come from an M.D. I just remembered I have all your keys - they are enclosed. I hope you didn't worry about them too much (or have the lock changed for that matter).

Do you still have ideas about mental patients & accusations of drug addiction or are there new ~~ideas~~ now?

How was Poin lookout?

I've been doing some reading - mostly trading - but got through one book. I'm trying to get some routine ~~in~~ into my life at this point. I'm doing a certain amount of cooking, flower arranging, weeding, walking, trips to the library of course no "constructive" thinking. My mother was gone back to work. My grandmother is here & needs a certain amount of taking care of, a little bit of which I do.

We finally got a present for my mother-in-law - A pewter case from Holland. It's still one step better than a night gown.

Tell Samson I will write her one day. And thank you so much for all you did for me - which was really so nice of you - considering what work it was. And you're such a good listener! I feel somewhat better & hope it lasts. You recover too, please.

Love,
Maria

the train for N.Y. last Wednesday.
Compton had done no good what-
soever and I honestly don't see
what is left to try - but A.A.
Of course there is still a small
hope that perhaps something Jim
said might have taken hold
and she'll eventually trace A.A.
in N.Y. or wherever she maybe
well, my diagnosis probably does
not make much sense and I
leave the rest for Jim to tell.
So far - although he has been
trying everything he can think
of - nothing has worked out, job-
wise. I am off now to stir
up my no-good agents. -
we had a nice letter from Con-
stance + Martin from South La-
grana where they finally got settled.

Walden, leider gibt es mir News
und ich muss mich auf den
beleg machen damit ich die Agenten
noch erwische! Alles liebe + Gute. Muriel

I bet that I can start with this. It is so horrendous like she is in the ground and especially so terribly with an eye, when you see her one day in a fairly normal state she is and how much good and how much talent goes to waste. Oh she would be in your respective "laps" if she is? Jim meant that of all the really sick drunks he has seen in his life - she is by far the sickest. And God knows he has seen enough of them.

I think you are very right in what you said about Dexter's attitude and I felt that with-out him around and after the many hours she talked with Jim she would have had a chance here - had she stayed. But as you most likely know by now they somehow made

Sept. 26. 55.

Mein liebes Goldchen -

Seit Tagen liehe ich mit diesem Schreibpapier von Zimmer zu Zimmer um Dir für Dein erstes Paket zu danken und nun kann schon das zweite heute Mittag und so sitze ich nun hier zehntlich schuldbeladen, dass Du so lange auf einen Brief warten musst. Hab tausend Dank für alles, Goldchen. Ich have been trying to figure out where das wirklich wunderschöne "Kirschliche - Stück" kommt? Zwischen dem dem Engel, Filderpapier (was dauernd benutzt wird + Coppercleaner und nun noch das elegante Nachthemd denken hin viel an Euch. Auch ohne all die Herlichkeiten tätere

hin das und es ist ein Jammer
dass hin so weit voneinander
entfernt sind. Als die Sherens
das letzte mal hier waren, sagte
Lilke Martin das Ihr eventuell
vor Weihnachten auf dem Weg
nach Mexico hier vorbei kommen
würdet. Die Tore sind weit offen!
Mit Familienanschluss gute Be-
handlung und gepültem Kaffee.

hin waren bis Ende vorigen Woche
sehr busy. Jim, mit Christine
und ich mit Lynn Guild's hus-
band den hin schließlich nach
tagelangen Reden nach Compton
abgeschleppt haben wo er sich
jetzt von "baker upers + sleepers"
erholen soll. Er war so natura-
led mit so enormen Quantitäten
das er es nicht alleine hãlle
schaffen können. Über Christine
hird Jim Euch genau berichten
und deshalb hat es keinen

July 1, 1946

Liebe Lola,

Meine allerbesten Glückwünsche zum
Erscheinen Ihres Sohnes, bitte übermitteln
sie auch dem hochverehrten Wächter meine
beglühete Gratulation. Wie wird der Sohn
wohl genannt? Ich hoffe, Sie haben alles
gut überstanden und fühlen sich einiger-
maßen wohl. Ich wünschte, ich könnte Sie
persönlich besuchen und alles hören und
vor allem ihn sehen. Ob es wohl am
Fußende Ihres Bettes liegt oder schon früh-
zeitig für die Gemeinschaft erzogen wird,
d. h. mit den anderen Babys zusammen
ist? Stillen Sie selbst oder kriegt es die
Flasche? Ich hoffe, Särchen wird mir
einige dieser Fragen beantworten, auf
jeden Fall berichten, wie es Ihnen beiden
geht.

Meine Familie freut sich auch sehr.

Dynische bin ich auch schon ein
besuchen - nach viel Arbeit. eingerichtet.
Es ist natürlich noch viel zu tun, aber
es fängt an, schon richtig gemütlich bei
uns zu werden. Das Haus ist reizend
und alles jetzt so frisch und sauber.
Der Garten ist ein Traum und erlaubt
mir täglich auf's Neue. Das Leben hier
ist vollständig verschieden von New York,
vorläufig kann ich mir überhaupt nicht
vorstellen, daß ich je Zeit für mehr
als Haushalt in. Garten haben werde. Es
beschäftigt mich noch den ganzen Tag,
allerdings ist der Ehrgeiz des guten Haus-
frau auch noch recht groß, aber das
gibt sich wohl mit der Zeit.

Sobald ich mal Zeit habe, gehe ich
in die Stadt und dann Knieps des Sohn
etwas.

Mit sehr herzlichen Grüßen und guten
Wünschen

Deine Lieselotte

Liebe Lola:

Man sind Sie eines der Besten geworden,
die mir das Ding so dringend anriet.
Liebste Lola, mein Herz ist mit großer
Dankbarkeit erfüllt, daß Sie eine Arbeit
auf sich genommen haben, die ich selber
selbst nicht erfüllen kann, da ja hier
mit Zurückhaltung am Platze ist.

Marra scheint ja sich bei Ihnen sehr wohl
zu fühlen, oder sagen wir, so wohl wie
es eben ihr jetziger Zustand erlaubt.[†]
Haben Sie dank für Ihren Brief, der mir
eine Botschaft war, ich hoffe ja so
sehr, daß eines Tages das "Licht durch-
brechen" wird in dem bösen Herrn
verweilen wird. Es ist ein schwerer Kampf
und ich kann nichts tun als hoffen.
Bitte versagen Sie Marra nicht, ihre
wenigstens die Unkosten zu bezahlen.
Ihre liebevolle Freundschaft kann ja in
soll ja mir mit Geld entgolten werden
Aber es würde sie gewiß entlasten, dies
zu tun.

Ich bin gespannt, ob das Alter ihr
gut tut. Höre von der Welt in der
daß auch Musikstunden geplant waren.

† Sie scheint Ihnen in häufl. Vertretungen
zu sein

Mara erwähnte davon nichts, ist es nicht
dezu gekommen. ~~Die Besichtigung wäre~~
immer wieder erlaube ich mich für
sie planen zu wollen, aber ich muß
ja meine Tesse raushalten. Mrs F.
wird schon machen, wo es richtig
ist.

Lola wie mag es Ihnen selbst
gehen? Habe das Schicksal sie zu mir
gefühlt, um vielleicht nicht nur
Mara aber auch Ihnen zu helfen?
Oft ist es leichter zu tragen, wenn man
anderen tragen hilft. Aber vielleicht
kann es Ihnen auch nicht helfen in
der Heise, so hoffe ich nur die Last
mit Mara ist nicht zu viel. Sollte
dies d. Fall sein, so zögern Sie bitte
nicht, dies mitzuteilen. Dann wird
eine andere Lösung gefunden werden
die hierfür nicht überbelastet werden
das wäre fatal.

Vergessen Sie ich die Ihre
Handchrift keine „deklaration“
Wie sollte ich wohl objektiv sein
wo ich diese doch mit freundlichen
Augen betrachte. Ich bin weit
entfernt von graphologie, kann

aber nur aus reinem Zu-
sammenhang mit Ihnen sagen, ob's Sie die
genauere lautet.

Für jede Handchrift von Ihnen kann ich
überprüfen, wenn es Ihnen nichts ausmacht. Was Sie betrifft

Liebe Lola,

Ich möchte Ihnen doch gleich Nachricht zukommen lassen.

Hier sind sehr gut geheizt, erreichten den Zug zur guten Zeit und fanden eine recht angenehme Kühle Herbst.

Gestern sah Maria Dr. Lorentz, den von mir empfohlenen Psychiater.

Dr. L. empfahl sofort, dass Maria für längere Zeit plane, im Belvedere zu bleiben. Sie würde sie oft sehen u. hofft sich allmählich ein klareres Bild machen zu können. Bis jetzt wollte sie noch nicht viel an Bericht von mir, anderes als mit mir die nächsten Tage zu planen. Sie sprach von Maria's anxiety + fragte ob sie zuerst mal ihre Aufmerksamkeit gewidmet hat. Sie will, dass Maria zu Hause ist, sie soll den Tag möglichst planen. Sie hilft ihr dabei. Richt ihr eine Bank zu lesen, was sie sich selbst

erzählt hat, wobei sie allein auf d. Library ging.
Oder 3. P. für heute Abend 2 der Gerichte zu bereiten
mit etwas, das sie gut kennt u. gerne bereitet.

etc.

Sie will nicht, dass Maria alleine im Haus
ist, jedoch soll ich sehen, wieder in meine
Arbeit zu gehen. So wollen wir die Oma
aufpassen, ob sie nicht bekommen kann.
Sie hat vorläufig nicht von Hospitalisation
gesprochen. Sie scheint zu hoffen, dass sie ganz
allmählich wieder in einer mehr normalen
Situation gewachsen ist. Sie sagt, es mag Zeit
nehmen. Sie ^{nicht} ~~nach~~ Maria, die schlaflos
fortzulassen u. Milkom zu nehmen in
regelmäßigen Dosen. Mehr als bisher u. regel-
mäßig.

Maria war sehr fröhlich, fühlte sich besser
sahlich besser u. nahm mehr aktiven Anteil.
3. Zt ist sie ängstlich, dass d. Reiz der Neu-
heit sich abtragen wird.

Heute schreibt sie an Bob. Wir sprachen
mit ihm telefonisch, sagten ihm nichts
von dem Ereignissen lately. Er war natürlich
höchst schockiert, dass sie nicht kommen.
"Rechts along time ... "falling together
and doing over duty".

Sie sprach davon, Ihnen schreiben zu wollen.
Liebe Lola, aber weiß Gott, wann sie dazu
Zeit findet. Ihre neuen Projekte müssen
getan werden, dazu hat sie zu plätten in.
alles geht langsam. So haben Sie bitte Geduld.
Ich dachte jedoch, ich lasse Ihnen inzwischen
den Bericht zugehen.

Sie ist still in. Lieb. Sagt, sie fühlt sich
besser. Ich glaube d. Tatsache, dass man
acknowledged hat, dass sie krank ist in.
noch nicht ready to go home, hat ich
gut getan. Der arme Bob versteht noch
nichts. Ich schreib ihm Dr. Loney wird
ihm auch gerne auf jede Frage ant-
worten.

Liebe Lola, dies ist der erste Be-
richt, in ich hoffe nun, dass es nun
langsam so weiter vorwärts geht.

Wieder möchte ich Ihnen sagen,
wie lieblich ich Ihnen für Ihre große
Hingabe danken möchte. Ich hoffe, es
ist bei Ihnen nun auch etwas
Ruhe eingebrochen, in Sie haben jetzt
wieder für Ihre eigenen Angelegen-
heiten mehr Zeit.

Ich habe mich für die ersten Tage der
Krankheit frei genommen, dann sehen wir
weiter. Alles geht von Tag zu Tag.

So viel für heute, liebe Lola,
und nochmal herzlichsten Dank

Ihre Liselotte

7/24/45

Meine liebe hola:

Du hast recht: Ich genieße meine Ferien unglaublich, u. ich bin in jeder Beziehung befreit u. glücklich hier.

Heute bekommt Du einen ausführlichen Bericht. Eigentlich verdient Du ihn schon lange; aber dafür wird er ausführlich.

Die Reise war beschwerlich, da wegen der fortwährenden Regen die Fenster geschlossen gehalten wurden. Ich atmete auf, als die Zugreise vorbei war. Für das 10.- Auto habe ich im Zug Mitreisende geworben, u. ich genoss auf diese Weise eine herrliche bequeme Fahrt für etwa 3.- Die Landschaft war so schön, daß ich meine Müdigkeit verfaß.

Fabrik's u. h. waren von unseren ursprünglichen landlords einfach herausgenommen, angeblich wegen Korbbruch, in Wirklichkeit aber, weil sie wohl die billigen Preise bereiten. Durch Zufall bekamen sie am nächsten Tag ein reizendes Bungalow wie bei Potter's, das am See liegt u. wo man völlig privat lebt. Hier war ich die erste

Nacht ziemlich schlaflos vor Müdigkeit. Am nächsten Morgen sah ich mich nach einem anderen Zimmer um, da, wie ich Dir schon sagte, ein Teil des Zimmers hasser. Ich fand eines ebenfalls bei Potter's, u. nun ist alles in Butter.

Von meiner Schwester habe ich günstige Nachricht, ein Zustand, der meinen Aufenthalt hier hundertprozentig macht. Sie schreibt begeistert u. schläft sogar ohne Schlafmittel. Was sagst Du dazu?

Die Landschaft ist begäunend hier. Der Bl. Mount in Lake ist riesenhaft, wie für mich gestaffelt, da er so flach ist, daß man lange Grund hat. Ich komme aus dem Wasser kaum raus. Dazu haben wir uns ein Ruderboot gemietet, mit dem ich am Morgen allein spazieren fahre.

Wir leben harmonisch zusammen. Mein Tag verläuft so ungefähr: Ich stehe vor 7 Uhr auf, bade u. mache einen schönen einsamen Spaziergang, mit das Schönste, wenn ich vereint bin. Alles ist so still, die Luft würzig u. köstlich, u. man erlebt tausend Abenteuer in Bezug auf Vögel u. Insekten.

Dann gibt's ein "gorgeous" Frühstück, das man Brunchen nennen könnte. Ein Kermulungem an der Beach mit Tisch folgt, d. h. ich rudere ^{heraus}, während die anderen Kermulungem entweder an der Beach oder auf der Terrasse der Bungalows. Dann Schwimmen, ein gemeinsames Brunchen auf der Terrasse, von uns selbst gehalten. Am schliessend großes schlafen bei den anderen. Ich bin an der Beach u. lese, oder schreibe, wie jetzt gerade Dir. Dann wieder Schwimmen u. um 6 Uhr Dinner in einem netten Restaurant (Potter's geben ausser Frühstück kein Essen). Nach dem Dinner wieder Rudern, lesen u. Schreiben. Ich gehe früh schlafen.

Ich lese gern den "Beloved Vagabond". An einem Rocker habe ich mich nicht herangemacht, aus Faulheit nicht. Ich bin ja auch mit Kermulungem sehr beschäftigt.

N.Y. Wolff, meine Schwester, alles Gedrückende, ist nicht wie in Nichts getaucht. Meine Nase läßt mich in Ruhe, u. ich bin völlig glücklich.

Frau Fabrik hier draussen zu Kermulungem ist ebenfalls beglückend. Die solltet hier

sein u. sie kennen lernen. Sie ist wirklich
outstanding, u. ich habe viel Freude an ihrer
Fahrt ihr am 1. u. und wohin? Ich
wünsche dir einen ebenso beglückenden
Aufenthalt. Ob dieser Platz etwas für
dich ist, weiß ich nicht. Es ist viel Einsam-
keit hier u. große Stille. Kein Hotelbe-
trieb (sohredank für mich), u. jeder führt
hier ein privates, zurückgezogenes Dasein.
Bitte, laß von dir bald hören, wohin
du gehst.

Hertzlichste Grüße u. Wünsche für
dich u. Mützchen, Dein S.

Liebe Lola,

Ich schreibe Dank für das schöne
Buch; es war sehr lieb von Ihnen
an meinem Geburts tag zu denken.
Ich hoffe, Sie haben eine schöne Reise,
und Sie wissen dann eine Menge erzählen

7/25

Bevor ich diesen "inhaltsreichen"
Brief fordliche, will ich dir noch
herzliche Grüße senden.

Ich fiel heute schon vor 6 aus dem
Bett u. machte meinen schönen Spa-
ziergang. Ich entdeckte ein Kolibri,
2 winzige rotbraune squirrels, die
sich laut gaudten, diverse shipmonks
u. ein kleines Häschen, das dir
ähnlich sah.

Schreib' bald. Du weißt,
wie sehr ich mich über deine Briefe
freue.

Ich kisse dich herzlichst.

Deine S.

Unterstell' dich, nicht erholb
zurückzukommen. (Ich sehe schon
etwas schwarz in dieser Beziehung.)

Ich hoffe, Sie haben neben dem
neuen interessanten Eindrücken auch
etwas Zeit zum Besuchen.

Sachsen hat ganz von neuem
leben hier ausprobiert berichtet.
Wir fühlen uns sehr wohl, und
die Zeit fliegt schnell davon.

Es wird es auch nicht lange dauern
bis wir wieder in einigen Tagen
über den Postrand sitzen.

Bei dahin mit allerbesten Wünschen
und herzlichen Grüßen auch an
Ihren Eltern

Ihre Liselotte

91 BROOKSIDE AVENUE BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS

Sept, 26, 1946

Liebe Lola,

Ich war hoechst erstaunt und sehr erfreut, als gestern Ihr Buecherpaeckchen eintraf. Ihre Wahl hat sehr gut, recht schoenen Dank dafuer. Aber ich moechte doch bemerken, dass das durchaus nicht noetig war, zumal sie sich doch schon mit dem scarf in Unkosten gestuerzt hatten. So genau rechne ich nicht, Ihre Geste ist mir schon genug; aber wie dem auch sei, ich freue mich mit den Buechern und Maria auch.

Ich hoffe, Sie sind inzwischen etwas ruhiger geworden und werden mit Ihren Mutterpflichten so fertig, dass Sie Zeit auch fuer sich selbst haben; das ist natuerlich in der ersten Zeit schwer zu erobern und doch unbedingt wichtig fuer Sie beide. Ich haette Sie gerne noch mal gesehen, aber die Zeit lief mir richtig unter meinen Fingern fort, und ich verliess N.Y. mit dem Gefuehl, dass es hoechste Zeit war, mal wieder richtig zum Ausruhen zu kommen. Das kann ich hier ja nun tun, mehr als mir lieb ist. Ich habe jetzt 2 Kurse an der Boston University belegt, am Abend. "Bases of Behavior", wo mehrere Leute ueber Specialgebiete sprechen werden und ein Kurs ueber "Psychological Measurements", der sich recht statistisch anlaesst. Nun, das kann ich jedenfalls auch recht gut gebrauchen.

Leider fehlt es mir hier an jedem Kontakt mit anderen Rorschach
leuten. Wenn Sie jemanden kennen sollten, in der psychological
line, lassen Sie es mich bitte wissen, ich fuehle mich sehr
isoliert und haette gerne gearbeitet. Ich weiss nur noch nicht
wo ich da anfangen soll, da ich einfach noch niemanden kenne.
Aber ich nehme an, dass sich das allmaehlich wohl leben wird,
und ich dann auch mal in das richtige Fahrwasser kommen werde.

Der Garten und das Haus sind so wunderhuebsch, es ist zu
schade, dass Sie nicht mal herkommen koennen, Sie wuerden sich
hier sicher gut fuehlen. Die Baeume sind schon ganz roetlich
des Waldes
und ich warte nur auf das Gelbwerden, das hier so berauschend
sein soll im Herbst. Ich hoffe, Saerchen wird dann kommen.

Saerchen muss mir schreiben, ob Sie jetzt das Kind allein
versorgen, oder eine nurse haben und wie sich das Leben so
bei Ihnen eingerichtet hat. Ich nehme an, dass Sie fuer
Schreiben keine Zeit haben.

Gruessen Sie Gruenthal von mir und alles
Gute fuer Sie, liebe Lola

Lieselotte

München, 14. XI. 63

Liebste Lola, hoffentlich denken Sie nicht,
daß ich ganz treulos bin und Sie ganz ver-
gessen habe. So lange habe ich geschwiegen.
Ich habe dabei öfters an Sie gedacht und
gewünscht zu wissen, wie es Ihnen und
Georgie gehen mag. Trotzdem konnte ich
nicht schreiben - einfach aus Zeitmangel.
Omo, der ja, wie Sie wissen, sehr krank war,
als ich aus Amerika im Herbst '62 zurück-
kam, war oft bettlägerig während des Winters
und brauchte viel Pflege. Dann waren
wir auf dringenden Wunsch eines (sehr
netten, guten) Arztes fünf Wochen in einem
Sanatorium in Allgäu. Dort ging es ihm
recht schlecht, aber dann kam die Erholung
langsam nach. Im Sommer gab's viele Be-
suche - durchreisende Freunde aus U.S.A.
und Deutschland. Omo's ältere Tochter war
drei Wochen aus Amerika hier zu Besuch
bei uns - Hansi hatte eine unangenehme

Touristentoury und dann wurde Otto wieder
schwer krank - eine Stauungsopneumonie
mit hohem Fieber von seinem Herzzustand
ausgehend und jetzt vor ein paar Wochen
hatte er eine Art Rückfall davon. Er
braucht dauernde ärztl. Behandlung
(Strophantinspritzen etc.) und Erholung
und Pflege. Währenddessen aber ist er
an seinem Schreibtisch und arbeitet
für sich und den S. W. Funk. Sein Lebens-
wille und seine geistige Lebendigkeit
sind bewundernswert und wir genießen
jede gute Stunde, die uns ab und zu
mal in ein Theater, Konzert oder Ausstel-
lung führt. Ich sage Ihnen das alles so
genau, da damit Sie mein Schwelgen ver-
stehen und verstehen! - Heute schreibe
ich Ihnen, um Ihnen zum Geburtstag
(am 24. XI.) zu gratulieren und allerlieb-
barste Gute zu wünschen und Ihnen zu
sagen, daß ich in Gedanken bei Ihnen
bin. - Wie geht es Ihnen, Lola? Was
tun Sie? Arbeiten Sie? und kommen Sie

zu den eigenen Dingen, die ihnen am Her-
zen liegen? Und wie geht es George?
Er ist wahrscheinlich kurz vorm College?
oder ist er etwa schon dort? Was sind
seine Berufspläne? Ich würde all das
so gerne wissen -.

Staurzi ist nachdem sie ein Jahr
hier in München studiert hat, jetzt
in Berlin an der Freien Volkshochschule,
bei Piscator, als Lehrassistentin für
Dramaturgie und Regie. Sie arbeitet
sehr intensiv und Piscator scheint sehr
zufrieden mit ihr zu sein.

Mir geht es recht gut. Ich habe mich
an mein so verändertes Leben gut
gewöhnt. All das was ich tue, ver-
stehe ich so gut wie möglich zu ma-
chen - vor allem Dingen, also einbe-
ragliches zuhaure zu schaffen, in dem
ich sein Zeit zurückgezogenes Le-
ben lebenswert ist. Ich habe durch
viele Auf- und-Ab viel gelernt - vor
allem Dingen, daß es im Leben mehr

auf das Wie ankouunt als auf das
Was - und ich habe Freude daran.

Kola, nehmen Sie nochmal meine
allerbesten Wünsche und seien Sie in
alter, herzlicher Freundschaft unarsunt
von Ihrer Lielote.

Aug. 14. 1943.

liebe hola, lieber Herr Doctor. -
hier waren 6 Köche oben am Lake Arrow-
head und sind erst gestern Nacht zu-
rück gekommen; deshalb bin ich so late in
antworten zum leben. - Es war wunderbar
schön dort oben. Freunde von mir haben
sich ein Haus dort für den Sommer ge-
mietet und sie konnten im Guest-house
was schön und billig war. Jeden tag sind
hier fischen, geschwommen und gesegelt und
jetzt sind hier Mann wie die Mege. - Peter's
Wander Brotten film war verschoben worden
fängt aber jetzt endgültig am Montag an
und mit den Holly-days ist's vorbei. -
Ich hab noch immer kein job. In einem
film den der Zeisler macht, wollte ich
die Magda Böbbels spielen, aber schließlich
haben die gefunden, ich sah zu alt aus!!! -

In einem anderen film bei Columbia sollte ich eine Polia spielen, die eine 16 jährige Tochter hat und dazu war ich zu jung. Das Leben in Hollywood ist eben sehr kompliziert. - Wenn Peter bei Warner anfängt, werd ich ihn dort mal besuchen sehen und vielleicht könnt mich da jemand "re - discoveren". - Meine Pläne im Moment sind recht schwachen. - Nur eines ist sicher - wir kommen diesen Winter nicht nach N.Y. Erster hat Peter den Vertrag mit Warner. Dann besteht noch eine Möglichkeit dass er einen film bei United Artist's signiert. Ausserdem hat der Dreher ein neues Stück geschrieben, dass der Peter hier ausprobieren will im Winter. - Heute Abend ist in einem kleinen Theater ein "Döblin - fest". Alle sagen Sachen auf; der Peter dasselbe vom Dreher was er in N.Y. gemacht hat und Kostner + Grauch + die übrigen

II

und die Briefe lesen Döblin vor. Der Döblin hat einen Geburtstag und außerdem geht's ihm finanziell sehr schlecht und deshalb wird das gemacht. Ich werd da das erste mal all den Damen Vorgelesen: Inuchen, Gina Krauss, Mrs. Bredt, Mrs. Horne, die Anne Berkowitz usw. Das wird wirklich ein toller Abend für mich werden. Der Peter ist über die ganze Sache sehr verärgert, aber er hat's natürlich nicht absagen können. Ich werde nun die Berkowitz in eine Ecke schleppen und ihr einreden, dass sie auf der Stelle zu einem sehr guten Psychoanalysten (das ist bestimmt falsch geschrieben) gehen muss.

Peter's Bruder and his wife kommen hier am Montag an und werden 3 Wochen bei uns wohnen. Sie sind sehr nett und ich freu mich schon drauf. - Wann machen sie ein mal Ferien? Ich wünschte bald und dass sie Beide mitkommen können und bei uns

holmen. Ich mein das ganz ernsthaft, bin
das nicht zu anfangieren? —

Peter ist mir heute früh aus dem Haus
gerannt ohne das Bild für ihre Tochter
zu unterschreiben. Ich werd ihn aber
"catchen" wenn er zurück kommt. —

Ich muss jetzt schlafen machen, weil ich
aufpassen muss mich herzurichten für
den "Döblin - Abend". Das wird noch
viel ködlicher werden, wie damals in
New York.

Peter schickt Ihnen viele Grüsse

Immer Ihre

Karen.

844 23rd 44

Dearest Lola - You most likely know as well as I do, how badly I feel for not writing in such a long time - especially after that early morning call from Columbus that night when she called out to you and you wondering how Peter was getting along. But I don't know - if it's this trip that's slowly getting us down or what, I just didn't feel like and couldn't write a sensible letter if I had tried. And above the state of politeness we are anyway. - By now, as you see, we are in Louisville, Our last stop before going home. - Columbus was dreadful - in itself - and more so because Peter really felt terribly

bad It was not very dangerous, but
sometimes awfully painful. A very
good German Doctor, a skin specialist
whom we finally got in Chicago called
it a toxic reaction to penicillin.
He had feet that were so swollen,
that in between performances he could
only walk on crutches. He never slept
at night, as it always seemed to get
worse than and the only way he
could stand it was with ice-cold
compresses around his feet. I
went that I was up all night doing
that and didn't really sleep in the
day time because it gives me a
bad conscience to be in bed during
the day. - Towards the end of the
week in Chicago he felt better and he
was completely alright in Fort Wayne.
From there we went on to New Orleans,
where we had much fun. What a mad
town that is!! - From N.O. we
came here. This is a silly, boring
hole of a town and on top of that
Peter caught a bad cold that makes

mine cough green stuff all day
and I have jerked my back out
again. I usually only do that by
messing around the garden too much.
But this time I did it some other
way and have it quite bad. It's
nothing important and I think I
never told you about it. It's some
old injury. I must have gotten falling
off a tree or something as a kid and
been so often it acts up. In Califor-
nia we have a very good chiropractor
to whom I've been going for 3 years.
He always fixed it in a couple of
visits. He was an awfully wonderful
old man. An old Russian, very
wise who adored Beth and me. —
to today when I had very bad
pain I went to an Osteopath
here who did no good at all
but told me to stay in bed for a
week. Well I'm in bed now so
you can see by this writing, because
I had too much pain when I got
up from dinner. — to you this sounds

like one of those four planning letters
from Gilly - but this is what I really
wanted to write you and don't know
why. - When I came home from
the osteopath I found a letter
from Gilly telling me in two
mappy lines that 'Misraeli' (that's
the old Russian) had died of
a heart attack. - It got me terribly
- it's funny! I didn't know him
so terribly well except that he was
one of the few people that were
life. I always had a feeling it was
good that he was there. I must
have thought so, much more than
I realized. I know his wife vaguel-
ly and wrote a letter to her to-
day not knowing what the hell
to say to her. - Then I thought
I write to you and tell you about
it. It won't seem silly to you, I
know, although you never knew him
but I wanted to tell you about him
anyway.

Darling, about us there is nothing

expecting to tell, I was disappointed
at first, that we ~~didn't~~ would not
go back to N.Y. but now I'm quite
glad, he really should go home
and get into a more quiet and
normal life.

Are you feeling as well and good as
I hope you do? If you don't, you
know that you should take the
first train that leaves after
Nov the 1. and come out to Calif -

I'll write you soon from home -
I hope you can read this it's the
best I can do writing in bed, and
copying it in ink to-morrow would
seem kind of silly.

Bonne nuit bonne nuit.

Deine Karen.

May 17, 1945

Dearest Karen,

Of course, you didn't have to apologize for not writing, because I felt sure that there must have been some good reason behind it. I think I can very well understand what happened, even without your giving me all the details. Such a thing was probably bound to come up between you at one time or another, as it does in the soundest and most solid relationship between two people. The situation does not look hopeless to me at all, although I can imagine how terribly confused and unhappy you must have felt about it. Only I don't believe in "patching things up" under those circumstances, because they are likely to tear open again at the slightest provocation. What good would it do if you promised "to be a good girl and never to do it again" unless you come to a real understanding of your motivations on both sides? It would not help either if each of you blamed the other or if you took all the blame on yourself. But it would help enormously, I think, if you could make Peter realize that you need more personal freedom in developing your own self, that you cannot live through him only, but that you have to find an expression of your own and assert yourself in an adequate way, if possible through work, instead of trying to identify with him completely. This does not mean that you would have to "grow away" from him, but on the contrary, I believe that if your feeling for each other is strong enough it would make you grow together much more than this kind of dependence in which you have lived and which must necessarily lead to futile attempts of escape. I ~~xx~~ know that you have a difficult job ahead of you, but I am convinced that you can work it out if you face it honestly and rely on your own feeling which will tell you how to act. It would be very bad if you just gave in to make it easier for both of you, because that won't work in the long run. I wish I could be with you at this time, for I know how much it means to have somebody to talk to in such a situation, but you will find your own solution anyway. Only don't do anything hasty now. I hope you won't get married before you have come to a better understanding of what you really expect of each other, and not just made up your minds but also your hearts. You have waited so long for this, and ~~you~~ now that you have both freed yourselves from your former ties you might as well wait a little longer until all inner obstacles are removed. On the other hand, it would be very foolish and sad if you suddenly decided to give it all up, because it seems to me that you both still have a great deal to give to each other.

I'm afraid that all this may sound like one of those horrible Dorothy Dix letters, but I do feel very strongly about it, for I have gone through a similar hell once or twice, and I know that you can come out of it so much the wiser. I am still looking forward to see you this summer. Guter has built up several connections in the meantime, and it would seem really worth while to take the chance of coming over. I'll write you more about myself next time. I wanted to get this letter to you as soon as possible, but now I can't send it off until I have your address. With all my love and very best wishes

for a happy beginning - Yours Lola

March 28th 1946

Congratulations Mr. + Mrs. G. I think it's wonderful you finally made it legal and I'm so happy for you. We were away at '29 Palms' for a while and when we got back a few days ago I meant to send you a telegram right away - but so much went on here that I kept putting it off from day to day and by now you're an old married couple and a wire would'nt be right any-more. - Our trip to N.Y. turned out to be a false Alarm as you might have found out by now. Peter suddenly got an offer from Universal for a hell of a lot of money and therefore canceled the broadcast's. In a

Way I am terribly sorry because I wanted to see you both so much - but on the other hand it would have been ^{diff} leaving here. We now have two horses! I got that "ol hat" I was riding up in Big Bear last summer and Peter has a beautiful thoroughbred, coal-black mare that Bob and Barbara Taylor gave him. That really was some present. - But they had no place to put her up and wanted a really good home for her. I can't tell you how much fun it is, grooming, feeding and exercising them. Even cleaning out the stables I love doing. - On Saturday we are getting a six month old German Sheppard and also a St. Bernard puppy. Chickens are coming the following week and to complete the whole thing I am trying to get a lamb for Peter as an Easter present. By the time you come back here to visit

us, we'll have probably turned the house
over to all these animal characters. -

Last week I had some very depressing
news from Germany. Mummy had 5
heart attacks in the last 3 weeks and
was taken to a hospital. She is better
now and wants to make "als nachher
eine kleine Reise zu uns". Die stellen
sich das alles so kaluzimig einfach
vor und weder Peter's noch meine familie
verstehen nicht warum sie nicht alle
schon hier sind. -

Darling, ich wird gerne sehen was Du
mit Eurer apartment gemacht hast
und wie pregnant Du bist - Vielleicht
kommen wir nach diesem picture nach
N.Y. There is a vague chance. I'll let
you know as soon as I know myself.

Love to you both

Karen.

p.s. No, no I'm not pregnant -
but so mad at all these Goddam
Lucella Parson's that I could scream. -

Have you seen Brecht? He'lli had her
appendix out last Sunday. -
He's really quite well but must
have thought that a little competition
from this end would do no harm.
I feel damned sorry for her. -

June 27th 46

Dearest Mrs. G.

Ich kann einfach im Moment keine Briefe schreiben. Alles ist herzlich friedlich und in Ordnung und kein Schuldgefühl ist der Grund meines Nichtschreibens. Aber ich bin das wenn einer solche unerbittliche reasons versteht hier in der Dank. Ich denke viel an Euch und möchte bitte wissen wann genau Ihr das Bambino erwartet. Falls Ihr auch in diesem Briefe-wood bist, schreib mir nur ein Datum auf eine Postkarte. Say dem Guten bitte 100000 apologies for not writing about Roy R. Ich kann ihm überhaupt nicht und Peter jung nicht bieten als zu sagen er ist völlig überspannt und überhaupt nicht. — So weit ich sehen kann hat er

immer so kleine diese Schwindelien
gemacht und viel auch kleine diese
hysterische Ausbrüche von sich geben.
Aber sie sufficiently interessant als
das der Pete sich dafür den Kopf ge-
brochen hätte.

Cal B. hat ihren junior zum Belt ge-
bracht und ich doctore mit sulfa
dysenterie + penicillin immer noch noch
erfolgreich herum. -

Much, much love to you both
und bald werde ich einen längeren
Expess über Country - life auf dich los-
lassen.

Karen.

Dec. 12th 1946

Lieber Herr Doktor -

Ich weiss ich bin mit diesem Brief spät dran
aber ich hab mich bis jetzt zu nichts
Erzählen können, ausser was so unbedingt im
Haus gemacht werden musste. - Peter ist
seit vorigem Montag ohne Morphium und
trotzdem es ihm im Moment natürlich mies
geht, kind er glaub ich in ein paar Tagen
ganz in Ordnung sein. Dr. Lokal sagt er
wäre im Vergleich zu früher lächerlich
wenig gekrank und das dieses Antwort ihm
gar nicht zu sehr mitnehmen sollte. Die Haupt-
reaction jedenfalls ist mental. Er sagt immer
sein Kopf faul ab - ich glaub das
ist eher eine gute als schlechte reaction
dann er so fühlt. But of course I'm not the
doctor und weiss eigentlich überhaupt nicht

nennstigen (oder nötigen) Not, darüber hat ja
keinen Zweck sich zu streiten) und viele Schöne
hoden. Ich hoffe nun das es jetzt für immer
oder jedenfalls lange, lange Zeit vorbei ist -
denn es ist schrecklich und niedlich und
etwas was sich überhaupt nicht bewältigen
kann. Es tut mir wirklich leid, dass ich hier
vielleicht mit meinem Ausmaß - nerven aufge-
regt habe. Aber ich würde halt wirklich
nicht was zu tun.

Ich schreib bald mehr an Lola. Inzwischen
leben sie über die einen Kurs von mir.

Viele Grüsse auch an Ihre Schwester und
an Ihren Schwager.

Immer Ihre Karen.

Dec. 28th 1946

Wohla Darling -
Your very sweet Christmas card and presents arrived yesterday. Many, many thanks. The tray is beautiful and fits into the house perfectly and the aprons are ideal for barba kuni, when and if we ever go into such healthy productions again. Tues was a very mixed up affair as you can imagine. Gilly + her brother, Walter Mendes and Peter for whom I was ready "ein Bratzeil zu spannen" he was that loaded. I finally loused the whole evening up by getting tight and obstinate which was truly unintentional. But since I've slept about an average of four hours a night for the last 7 weeks and usually throw up when I eat anything except chicken soup I guess it was not surprising that I turned against the Tues party and the

World in general. However nothing drastic happened. I apologized and really felt badly about it an hour later - remembering the advice der Guter to hold on. Peter had his last fling (so he says) on Thursday when he took about 10 or 12 tablets. I have to be keeping up with the mad 3 yesterday, is going to have 2 to-day and 1 to-morrow. He started the B 1 yesterday, but not insulin. H. F. told him not to take it which I think must be foolish if der Guter says he should get it. But that I can't force and all I have now is a promise to go to a Sanatorium if his attempt fails. Life is, as Billy explains it - for someone tapping off - a black hole - and for me it is dark gray. But please Darling, don't get the idea from the way I write that I don't manage fairly well and with a lot of understanding and love as far as Peter is concerned. I just have to complain once in a while and you are always patient and wonderful to people unloading their troubles. There is a chance that we may come east in February. Peter is trying to get out of

it - but I think it might be a very
good idea. I don't know at the moment
how we're coming out of this mess
but I guess I will know soon as much
depends on the next 3 or 4 days

Say dem Guten vielen Dank für seinen
Brief und ich kann Euch bitten wie
das hier alles weiter geht

Gib G.F.G. einen kleinen Kuss von
mir. Mutter Denise
Karen.

And please write me soon. Just anything -

Feb 25. 1947.

Lola Darling -

You know it isn't enough and there fore no use saying: thank you very much for everything. The trouble is, that you are the only two people I love, trust and feel a belonging to. - That's why I did'nt come Monday again - although, it was quite hard not to. But please dear - don't feel that something is hanging around your neck (I mean choking you) because I've held on to you so desperately these last 2 months. I'll get myself in shape and be able to face things again, instead of being a shaking, crying idiot. —

The flight was good and unbumpy. The transition from there to here a little sudden. The first day I spent just sitting in corners and wondering if this whole thing is after all only a nightmare. Yesterday was a little more active, in

fact very active. It was Mr + Mrs. Yrisha's day off and I had everything on my hands. I took in the horses from the corals, which is no little job since they haven't been ridden in a long time and therefore are very peppy. After I had them in the stalls I discovered that Ben, who usually leaves their evening feed in the stalls had not done that. - Of course that made them very angry and I had to go into each one's stall with Hay and Oats while they carried on like crazy. Then I did the Chickens, Ducks, Cats, Pigeons and Dogs and the whole thing made me very happy and busy for the first time. I settled down with Madame L. (full of advice and entertaining naturally) and a glass of Sherry. - Believe it or not, - while Fredt and Lizzie worked. - Peter came Peter's phone call which completely upset the apple. - can't. - why? I'm going to make dem lieber Got de witer and not lohen you. Anyway is ended with Elisabeth having a complete fit of nerves, not eating, slamming doors etc. and saying she was fed up with this whole house, rich + tired of the whole business - for which I can't blame her. - She has

manage our troubles but she never bothers any-
one with. Mrs. L. left. Lizzie and I didn't
talk anymore and this morning while I
am writing she is still asleep. I just hope we
can iron that out again - otherwise it'd be
just too much.

It's only 9 a.m. now and I'll go out
riding on that for a while - then over to see
Berke.

How are the sleeping arrangements? Did G. F. G. put
on a little weight? How is Macheu whom I love
so much? Tell dem lieben Gott, falls sich
die präzis und vergnügt und er braucht
einen Traumpfeifer and Traumpfeifer")
Would be only too happy to oblige? - I had
a small dose of Mendes via telephone + Cal and
husband yesterday - and compared to that
everything else is a cinch. Besondere
Traumpfeifer mit Fischweinspritzungen
verbunden. -

So long my Darling -
your
Karen.

Friday March 7. 1947.

liebste Lola.

Erst einmal tausend Dank für Deinen Brief. Ich
hinsucht, wie immer, ich wär in Eurer Nähe
denn das Leben wird immer komplizierter -
dabei ist es aber auch nicht unkomisch.
Jeden Tag ist so viel hin und her - auf
und ab, dass man's gar nicht in einen
Brief buechchen kann. Ich will Dir nun ein
paar kurze "high lights" geben. Elisabeth
und ich sitzen hier auf genau \$ 10.00
Stiefel ist noch nicht zurück und den
attorney Mont Biskin, den ich überall seit
heute morgen suche, ist unauffindbar. Ich
wollte ihm natürlich sagen, das er weder
irgendwelches Geld jetzt bekommt oder ich
selb unter meinem legal name und
"Hocke" die goldenen Ketten veg. - Irony
von dem ich bis gestern Abend's nicht's

Aberds

Wrote, rief mich um 10 Uhr vom L.A.
Krankenhaus an und wollte mir heute morgen
Bericht erstatten. Jetzt ist es 2 Uhr, ich
muss die E. zum Doktor fahren und wenig
ist auch irgendwas aufzuhaben. Gestern
morgen rief mich zielmüde auf mich mein
baby Doktor, der Leon Krolm an und wollte
mich dringend sprechen. Ich rannte also
in den Service Office. Bei ihm war der
Tag zuvor ein Federal Herr erschienen und
^{hat ihm} fürchtlich through he will get it. Der
Krolm hatte dem Peter 2 mal peragonic
verschrieben und das kann dem Federal man
schon komisch von, weil doch der Red ein
Gynaekologe ist. Der F. Herr zog zweifelnd ab
und der Krolm sagte mir nur, dass der
Peter ihm ein paar mal um Morphium
gefragt hätte, er es ihm aber nie gab.

Der Sotol soll mir einen funktionierenden Schein
zeigen helfen dem Zeug. - Heute morgen
um 8 Uhr ringt das Telefon. Long distance
New York. The operator asked for me - I said
it's me and then she said: we have
to call you back we can't find the party
that's calling you right now. So I said
who is calling? And she said we can't
find the name, it's a surprise. - Darauf

mir sagte ich zu E. Entweder ist der Peter
in N.Y. zurück oder Arthur Young ist dort
angekommen. Der call kam dann through
Es war der kleine Martin Holman aus
~~East~~ England. Er war gerade in N.Y.
angekommen und wollte meine Stimme
hören. Ich glaub ich hab ja vom dem
erfährt wenn nicht, hat der liebe Gott
die Sache in His files. Den hab ich nun
seit 1989 nicht gesehen und seit
jährlich lange Zeit hätte ich auch
nichts von ihm. - Nun dachte ich mir -
das Leben ist ja wirklich komisch - wenn
der Peter per chance neben mir stehen
hätte, wie der Anruf kam, hätte er mich
doch wahrscheinlich sofort mit dem
Hörsel über den Kopf geschlagen. In E. sagte
dann so wie Sie's oft tut. "Ja so ist das
Leben" und wir haben uns tot gelacht.
Vor ein paar Minuten kam ein riesiges
Paket an, das von außen sehr interessant
ausah. Es war voll mit Kraft cheese,
cheese spread, grated cheese - cheese in every
form imaginable. Von dem Programm an
dem der Peter zuletzt war. Solche Dinge,
die so dazwischen, in diesem ~~den~~ Dschungel

sich abspielen, wirken auf mich wahrnehmbar
komisch und ich glaub, das erhält einen
dann auch am Leben. Nicht sehr flatterig
für mich aber zum vom Machen ist das
"social Bild" auch bei ich noch über
die accurate Beschreibung des Champagne
dinner. Es war, so weit ich erinnere wie
Lousy & Wille of California red wine. -
Ich fand das Bild, während ich auf
den Bank im Beverly-Hilshire Hotel war.
Ich bin nicht, wird alles noch einmal
normal werden? Zwischen Peter, Texas, Cheryl,
Solomon, Federal Menen + Kiefel's geh
ich nun noch wie Columbus Idiote
Mensen.

Darling, der liebe Gott hat mir einen Brief
angekündigt auf den ich sehr eifrig warte.
Ich werde dann gleich daraufhin wieder
schreiben. -

Jetzt muss ich die Elisabeth zum Arzt
fahren. -

All my love to each one in the family
and specially to you Darling

Karen.

but very boring happy birthday - note taken.
 Brief was mysteriously nach Washington gegangen
 um dort mit den Federal Leuten zu verhandeln
 wobei er aber gar nichts erreichte. - Ich schrieb
 Peter täglich "cheerful" letters während hier
 überhaupt nichts wichtiges. Lizzie lässt Lome zu
 durch den labor board. The dogs are fed
 through courtesy of God and the Dog - food man.
 and ich bring Geld left and right. -

Am 7ten April morgens sprach ich mit
 Binkie der mir sagte für weitere 10 Tage
 würde man überhaupt nicht hören wie das
 mit der Klausur kommen würde. Ich bring
 mir \$200.00 vonrecht und \$100.00 von
 Cal machte reservations für Fort Worth für
 Dienstag um 8^{1/2} a.m. und flog als usual. Lohm-
 stein dort mir. Ich schickte dem head-
 doctor dort ein Telegramm anouncing my
 arrival. Ich kam dort nach einem grauenhaften
 Flug um 8 Uhr abends, und in den Torna-
 do der über Texas + Oklahoma war, an. -

Fuhr ins Hotel suchte mir den Th. Overport
 aus dem Telefonbuch und rief an. Er sagte
 mir ich könnte sofort mit kommen und
 Peter in seiner office treffen. Ich fuhr in einem
 tollen Gevatter 8 Meilen durch Nacht und Nebel.
 und kam schließlich in diesem prison an.

their minds. He lives in a cell-like room with a cot + chair + dresser. The windows have heavy iron bars and he has to pass through 3 iron doors to get in or out. In his Bldg. are - dop peddlers, addicts, nuts (murderers ones) and criminals that have anywhere from 5 years to life. They are in there because they are sick and are transferred to prisons when they get well. They all are allowed to walk out on the grounds. But because they all know who Peter is, he has to go out at 5 a.m. and get back in his box by 7 a.m. when the others get up. When one sees him, he either wants an auto paper, or be body guard or just plain a job in Hollywood or tries to blackmail him. - so he sit's usually put in his 'room' until dark and then marches around the place again. —

I saw him Thursday night, Wednesday night. Thursday morning I saw Dr. O. for the first time who told me, that he and 2 other Doctors would pronounce P. legally cured that day and he was going to inform the surgeon-general in Washington and awaiting an official discharge date from them. That might have come Friday morning or involve days of

Von armed guards wurde sich in Dr. O's office
 geschleppt wo nach 5 Minuten Peter appeared. -
 He was very thin but looked well. No wonder
 either, they are spending the magnificent sum
 of 42 cents a day per man for food. So
 it's Cereal, Noodles Potatoes Lima beans, Rice
 and once in a while a piece of Bacon
 draped over all that starch. - Now this is
 the medical story according to P. and Dr. O.
 Peter volunteered to go in there with the under-
 standing that nothing would happen to the
 doctors and Yegui who were involved in this
 thing. He agreed to stay until he was legally
 pronounced cured. He was off Morphium after
 5 days and on Codein for 2 more days
 after that. From there on he had nothing
 not even a sleeper and was Musthschüler
 No 1. After 3 weeks the doctors agreed that
 the atmosphere there could only do harm
 instead of good and wanted P. to go home on
 a sort of furlough. He would have had to
 report back there after a certain length of time.
 After all his things were shipped back here and
 Yegui had the Air-ticket the Federal people
 said no. Yegui left and Pete stayed hoping
 from day to day the F. people would change

Don armed guards wurde rich in Dr. O's office
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red tape. I went back to the hotel, came out
again in the evening with some other
Delicatessen P. had asked for. We spread
a newspaper on Mr. O's conference table
and pic-nicked. I went out on Friday
night again. By that time the town & district
was buzzing with rumours. To help things -
The Verdict, The Chase, my favorite Brunette
& Miss Row was playing in F. Worth. There
still was no word from Washington and
money was getting short too. Mainly because
although I told P. "das die Verhältnisse
nicht so sind" he insisted I send Mrs. O
flowers, he needed tennis shoes, the taxi's
were terribly high. So we decided that I
go back on Saturday, which I did. The
flight back was a night-mare, with Motor
trouble, a hail storm & emergency landing.
But at that point I had a terrific cold
coming on and didn't care much any more.
Just wondered how I ever had the courage in
the first place. We got in 2 1/2 hours late.
Pete is much more subdued, thoughtful and
somewhat more mature. Except that he never
asked me how he felt I got there etc.
but seemed to think it quite natural that

I did. I think it probably was - only about the most dramatic days I ever hope to spend in my life. There are some fantastic stories about the other inmates that one day I'll have to tell you. - Very funny ones. I can't now - because my hand hurts from writing so much and anyway I have this cold and a 100 temperature - so I think I'll lie down for a while.

Life is getting hummer by the minute and I've given up trying to figure it out. Yegor is waiting for word from H. O. to go down here to get P. out. I've given up spinning up doorknobs and cleaning the house. I've done it so often - there is hardly anything left.

Wola dearest. your little lamb is sitting on my bed in day-time and on the dresser at night. A big kiss for it. - I don't know if this is very clear what I've written - but I've tried to make it so anyway.

Love to all of you

Laren.

P.S. I just hope that this more "grown-up" state lasts with Pete for a while - because I'm really worn out - so it better stay like that.

May 6th 47.

Lieber Doctor Greene.

Ich habe eigentlich von Tag zu Tag aufgeschoben an Sie zu schreiben, weil es sehr schwierig ist einen einigermaßen übersichtlichen Bericht über Peters condition zu geben. - Er ist viel "milder" als er jemals zuvor war - aber noch innen und aussen. - Er kommt dauernd in schreckliche depressionen oder vielmehr er kommt gar nicht aus depressionen heraus. Er ist furchtbar still und traurig und kann sich zu gar nichts anpacken. Leute sehen oder irgend etwas unternehmen, sei es Reiten oder seinen Schreibtisch aufzuräumen etc. erscheinen ihm unüberwindliche "tasks". Er ist dauernd müde, hat sinus, Ohren und Zahnschmerzen und wenn er mal lachen und da einen Ausbruch hat, ist das ganz

anders als früher. Nicht ärgerlich machend
und selbst, sondern wirklich traurig zu
sehen und ich glaube, dass er wirklich
mir so schlecht dran war. Ich hab so das
Gefühl, aber das sag ich natürlich nur
Ihnen, dass er von ihm aus gesehen M.
fast mehr "trauriger" als je zuvor in seinem
Leben. Das Wort "trauriger" ist wahrschein-
lich ganz falsch - aber ich weiß nicht wie
es anders zu beschreiben. Auf der anderen
Seite bin ich ganz sicher, dass er es nie
wieder oder jedenfalls auf lange, lange Zeit
nicht nehmen würde. Er hat nun auch
dauernd Angst dass man seine jetzige
Müdigkeit mit dem vorherigen Aufschien
verbindet, dass man ihm vielleicht keine
"jobs" mehr gibt usw. Er ist ganz anders
als er je war. Gar nicht mehr so erhaben
und blasé. Ich denk mir N. Greene, das
es eben ganz anders diesmal war als vor
zehn Jahren. Das wirkliche Depressiven im
foreground stand und stehen und alles
andere nur sekundär war. Vielleicht ist
das grobe Bild was ich hier zeichne, ich
will nur versuchen Ihnen ein einigermaßen

Klares Bild zu geben, wie ich das hier so
sehe. Er redet in den letzten Tagen wieder
daneben über die und die Hauptman die
heut morgen mit ihm in die Stadt fuhr
sagte mir später der Peter habe ihn ge-
sagt die einzige Möglichkeit gesund zu wer-
den wäre, wenn er mit Ihnen täglich reden
könnte. Wenn die und er auf 2-3 Wochen
irgendwo weg gehen könnten - aber er würde ja
das das nicht möglich wäre. Aber immer
bleibt er am miseresten und verzweifeltsten
ist können ja nur die ihm helfen.
Jetzt haben wir beschlossen auf eine Woche
nach Anokhead Springs zu gehen - jedenfalls
braucht er dort nicht ein schlechtes Ge-
wissen zu haben über nicht Schreibtisch
aufhängen heute nicht zurückrufen wollen
uns. Vielleicht hilft das etwas. - Ich bin
auch gar nicht hier ihm zu helfen. Ich dachte
auch es würde so in "romance" und "health"
und so einschlagen wenn er nach Hause
käme - aber mit dergleichen. Er ist so
freundlich, liebevoll, still und verzweifelt das
einem das Herz brechen kann wenn man nicht

Wie er sich quält. Ich schreibe bald von
Anonhead aus, vielleicht kann er einen
mehr "cheerful" report geben.

Was ist mit Eurer Europa Reise. How are
Mama and Baby G? Die Lola will mir
doch auch Gille einmal schreiben - wie es
bei Ihnen geht.

Wie geht es wohl dem Vogel - päulein?
Hat Macher die Kirkby Magazine bekommen
ich habe an die geschrieben

Einen Kuss für Lola + G.F.G. und
Viele Grüsse an die anderen
familienmitglieder. Immer Ihre
Karen.

July 17, 1947.

Lola Darling -

Dein süßer langer Brief kam gestern, gerade
als ich dran dachte, schließlich oder nicht, an
Dich zu schreiben. Die Bilder von Baby G.
sind jaubernhaft. Und seine Intelligenz - stirn
ist überwältigend. Er ist wirklich ganz besonders
süß und ich sag das nicht weil es Euer
Baby ist, ausserdem ist er bildschön und
schaut unendlich zufrieden mit sich und
der Welt aus. Das kleine Mädchen, das die
Haarbinde auf einem Bild ist, fällt sehr
sehr ihm ab und ist nur "mildly - cute"
fürde ich. Die Tante Joel and Ma'chen
fighting already about who is taking care
of him when you are gone? Du ich
muss Dir ehrlich sagen, dass ich den lieben
Gott nicht zu sehr beneide, denn Du ohne
den Smiley auf der Queen Mary, wirst nicht

so ganz "das Ganze" seri. Klause werden
Ihr fort bleiben? Und mit wieviel Hoffen
und Warten müsst Ihr Euch ausschlagen
um all das Zeug mitzunehmen, das Leute
drüben von "visiting-firmen" erwarten?
Ich finde ja noch immer eine Schwapp-
idee. Ist es ein Darlehen, Du bist bestimmt
geladen mit Geschichten zurück kommen
und Dich dann mischen und ein Buch
schreiben müssen.

Nun zu unserem Innen und Außenleben.
Peter has plunged into terrific activities.
I hardly ever see him as a matter of
fact. His Radio show is very effective and
he had wonderful write-ups. He has de-
veloped a terrific ambition, works and
fights over every line. He has meetings
and rehearsals constantly and the in-between
times are filled out with Tennis and
steam bath. Really like the 'good old times'.
I guess I sound slightly fed up and some-
times I am.

Du, obert bar id am 17 July gekommen
und dann füge persönliche up's and down's
an, die sich jetzt erst wieder gelegt haben.

Ich kann deshalb nicht zum Schreiben, will
aber den Brief heut abschicken, damit Du
ihn noch vor der Abfahrt bekommst. Es
würde wirklich zu weit führen und zu lange
dauern in Einzelheiten zu gehen - aber
die letzten zwei Wochen waren miserabel. -
Es handelte sich darum: Dreht's Galileo
ist hier in Praha mit Laughton aufge-
führt worden. Dreht hat mir eine herrliche
Rolle darin an. Er wollte mich unbe-
dingt dafür haben und ich hält's für
mein Leben gern gespielt, und hatte ei-
genliche Hoffnung dass es Peter recht wäre
weil's halt der Dreht wollte. Aber no.
Und so kam es dann zu einem sehr
ausgedehnten Mach. Galileo ist ein riesen-
Erfolg und wird wahrscheinlich im Sep-
tember nach N. Y. kommen. - Darum ich
bin in ja keinem histrij-wood und kann
dann auch nicht's schreiben was Sinn
macht. Ich bin wie wild hinterum Peter
her, dem Guten auf seinen letzten Brief
zu antworten bevor Du noch abfährst.
I hope I'll succeed. Have a wonderful
trip and write me some post. cards.
All my love. Karen.

April 12, 48.

Since I have not written since I have had a lot to say,
for the "friendly spirit". I will go around around
soon. -

Iola, dearest -

There has not been one day, that I have not
thought of you, dear Lillian, Bob and Baby G.
But mostly you, I wish I were nearer and
we could talk, because I just could not
write. I know that if anyone can under-
stand that, you can. -

And Darling, I can't write much to day either.
This is just, so you know I am still around
Things have not changed much around here.

Except here. I miss Helli B. very much, especially
nice Lizzie Hauptman married a very nasty
and completely unky composer by the name
of Paul Dessau. I am sure it was more
or less out of desperation over the situation
here. He must have felt silly and fed up
just living here without any work and
without money and without purpose really.

Then too when Peter's father arrived it would have been difficult for us all to live in his small house. Well, anyway I tried my damndest to talk her out of it, but it didn't work. Financially she is no better off. He has 'nt got a dime; they live in a hut without heating or phone. So I guess this situation here must have gone on her nerves more than I knew. - Because, although tastes differ, I know she can't be in love with him. Carol Brody was divorced and married again (for the 6 time) last week. And although I'm very fond of her, it's getting a little too much for me. Her children are shown all over the place. Her trust funds are tied up by various husbands & the income tax. She has 'nt got a nickel and neither has the guy she married. No-one quite knows what he does. Some say he was a dancing-instructor at Arthur Murray's, other say he is just a plain pimp. They have rented a house for \$100.00 per month, that like Desan's has no heat, no phone not even a bathroom inside, but a sort of out-house. If nothing else, his kind of life is new to her. Her last husband

Wasson.

fat weeks with you. - love to every body, & etc

kept everything including the house. Had she not agreed to "give everything up, he would not have given her that Mexican divorce she wanted so much. —

Pete has only made that one picture (a bad striker called "Casbah") in the last two years and there is nothing else on the horizon so far. Pete's father works with the buffers and determination of Super-man on getting the rest of his family here. There are 6 of them and although I understand very well that he wants to have them here, I can't figure out how we can possibly support them. Peter is more than ever a Stiefel-Kuecht and I don't think he (Stiefel) is willing to take on 7 more people. So — ?

Pete is in pretty good shape and not as difficult as a year ago. I'm all right too. I am longing to come to N. Y. because as you can see, there is no one here to be with, or talk to, there is less than ever of any outside stimulation or inspiration. —

Darling what about you? How is Baby G's. Wal-king getting along? Wie geht's dem Guten, Machen Taure Joel? God, how I wish I could have a nice few

2110 Mauderille Canyon
Jan 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ 49.

Liebste Lotchen - lieber lieber Gott - auch Dr. Greenie
genannt.

Ein Abschied von Euch ist immer schrecklich für mich - derselbe war aber nicht ganz so entsetzlich und häßlich wie gewöhnlich, weil ich glaube dass ich Euch doch bald als sonst wieder sehe. (Verzeihet nicht von der Aussicht bitte) My trip was really the climax of everything. After the oil-leak was discovered on the first plane, another one was dragged out, dusted off, filled up and made ready in such a short time that I didn't trust the whole thing too much. I thought we might not get very far and consequently took a fat sleeper. It had no effect, but in the following 21 hours I was eternally (my God, schon wieder the word eternal) grateful for the poison and the flask. Although

we flew at 18,000 feet the take-off and landing in Chicago was terribly bumpy. The runways in Chicago were solid ice and instead of 10 minutes we stayed there 45. I took 2 blue ones not knowing that shortly afterwards the stewardess would announce that we had to stop in Albuquerque, because of a 60 m.p.h. head wind. (Here is Cal to pick me up - so I'll write more later) -

Saturday 9. a. m. well - in Albuquerque we stayed another $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and right after the take-off were told, that the weather in L.A. was so bad that it would be impossible to land there. Instead we would be dumped in Phoenix Ariz. and had to take a train from there. Phoenix Air-port looked like a D.P. camp. Every Air-line in the world it seemed was grounded there and angry people were swarming around, cursing their respective Air-lines. All I had in mind, was, to get some money that I had payed for the excess baggage - back. It had left me with \$ 38.00. and I was bitter towards T.W.A. at the start and more so in.

Phoenix. - We all went to the T. W. A. counter, just to be told - that there was no train out of Ph. until 9⁴⁵ the next morning - also no Hotel or Motel accommodations to be had and to go sleep in the plane. Since I'd had myself some of that very fine Martell - I decided to go into the Coffee - shoppee. There were the Captain + Stewardess of our plane and after about 3 cups of Coffee an announcement came through that American Air - lines could take off for L. A. whereupon our Captain left with a stern face to demand equal rights for T. W. A. - We finally took off a little after 4 a. m. and got into L. A. shortly after 6 a. m. - It was pouring rain. I called Brody, got him out of bed and he picked me up. I finally got home at 8³⁰ a. m. All in all (counting the 3 hours difference) it took 24^{1/2} hours. -

Since then, I have been trying to reach Beck at all hours - but naturally had no success. - Last night I had dinner at Cal's house and Charlie her present husband fixed a deal, whereby I will most likely be able to sell my

Coffee-pots on Monday. Anyway a man, who is very interested in dieselben is coming out at 11 a. m. on Monday to look at them. Charlie gave him a long sales talk and quoted the price for all 23 of them at a thousand 500 - so, if I get half I'll be quite happy and will get myself an automobile. -

Brody is kind and considerate, my cats are happy and fat and I break into tears at the oddest times - but always stop it quickly again. To-morrow night I am having dinner with Pascal + wife and Monday with the Bogarts. -

It's raining hard outside and I am writing this in bed with all 5 cats around me.

I haven't dared to call the Kimmel about Bruner yet. I want to see how the coffee-pots go first.

Georgie's Happy is standing on my night-table next to me and reminds me (as if I needed to be) of him and his holy family at 25 U. S. I do schreiben wieder am Montag

Amé dem 16ten Januar

Jan 24. 49.

liebte Greenies - ja hier sitzt ich nun wie
Columstamm's idiot, waiting for an interior
decorator to show up and make me an offer
for my pebble-porcelain coffee pots. The living-
room looks like one of those shops on Amster-
dam ave. with all 23 pots lined up on
the table. - I finally got Beke on the phone
yesterday. He sounds fed up with the whole thing
and promised though to go into the furniture
matter the week after this. But that too is very
complicated, with Sears + Roebuck not paid off
etc. I can't really sell the rugs, baskets, me-
stize and other things until Sears is
cleared up. I talked to Gertrude + Pascal yester-
day and they told me that the Antiquaire
Market like everything else is on the bum.
Those coffee-pots (which are worth well over 1000-)

may bring \$20.00 each. But since I own \$14.00
in the whole world I guess I'll be glad
to take that. -

Gilly is going to talk to her "Agentin" to-
day, to see if she would take me on too.

To-night I am going up to the Bogarts.

Cal is picking me up and delivering me
there on account of it being impossible
to get around without a car.

Nobody seems to have heard from Peter -
not even Yefim.

Each day it strikes me as more and
more colossal - ~~at~~ Peter's pushing me on
to the good-will and mercy of others.

My cats are big and fat and happy. I am
not. To make life easier I took out all

Peter's notes + letters yesterday - The 'eternities'
and "forevers" were just swarming around
the room. - Here is Cal to pick me up.

So long - All my love
Eve Karni.

menhocken hier und simlose Cocktailgeant-
sche in meinem nichternen Zustand nicht
mehr liegt. - Am 8. Dec. soll ich einige-
schworen werden. Hoffentlich klappt es diesmal.
Vom Penn hör ich ab und zu - er scheint
auch kann zu hören was der Peter treibt.
Angeblich soll der Bildgeber für den geplanten
Film in Hamburg aus der ganzen Sache
ausgehoben sein. Penn schien zu glauben P.
wolle den Film eh nicht drehen. Mort
Brikkü rief mich an um mir zu sagen,
er hätte P. in München gesehen. Er hätte Mort
nicht erkannt und einen sehr starken
Eindruck gemacht. - Sonst gilt's garnichts
keine Heren, keinen Alkohol - no Vices
at all, exépt smoking! Vom Schick hör
ich nur selten. Barbara schweigt sich völlig
aus. Draußen ist es kalt und trüb und
ich häng so meinen Gedanken nach, wo-
bei auch nichts herauskommt. Inge und wie
ist alles so ernst und traurig geworden
und ich ärgere mich über die vielen
Verstorbenen, gebasteten Jahre die nicht mehr
nach zu holen sind. - Wenn ich nur
hünte, was ich noch anders anfangen kön-

Ich wird ich auf der Stelle packen und
hier weg gehen. - Haben Sie irgendwas
von Muna + Bandy gehört wie es den El-
tern geht. Ich habe seit langer Zeit schon
keine Antwort auf meinen letzten Brief.
Dr. Greene, für den Sie solchen 1000 x. Ich
schreibe nicht exha - weil's nicht zu sagen
gibt. An Georgie einen Kuss.

Ihren alles Liebe

Ihnen Ihre

Kami

Sunday

Sept 4th or 5th?

My dearest children -

The day after Greenie left (checkily from Glendale because the Alamu did'nt go of on fire) we were hit by a terrific heatwave. Even for N.Y. standards it was quite some thing! Until yesterday we had heat around 100^s - 100^o consistently and even at night it was always around 98°. The "upstairs" here was unbearable and even the beaches were too hot and crowded. To-day it's a lot better, only about 100° and still cooling off so that maybe to-night one can get some sleep. - I want to get just a few lines to you although I have a feeling my brain might not be functioning too well. I must have drowned it in Dettol + 9 up - still better, than some fire now - alcoholic's like

Cilly who escaped in Scotch + Soda's!
 The heat together with a full moon and
 probably your departure seems to have
 thrown poor Christine pretty badly. She
 called us Thursday afternoon obviously
 in pretty bad shape and wanted us
 to come over right away to meet "Ro-
 bert and the truck". We sort of flew
 over and found a rather confused
 coloured Robert sitting on the front steps
 polishing silver. Christine was in that
 horrible not drunk - not sober stage -
 and showed us the little Dutch figur-
 nes she had painted on Robert's truck.
 After that she didn't seem as though
 she wanted us to stay - so all we
 could do, was leave. The next day
 Dexter talked to Jim. He asked that I
 call her, which I did but without much
 success. She said, she felt lousy and
 would call us in 2-3 days. Well,
 yesterday Dexter called to tell us, she
 had 'nt eaten in almost a week, drank
 everything straight and was in such aw-
 ful shape, that he was taking her out

to Compton Sanatorium that her Dr. (apparently
by the Pill-supply Dr.) had suggested. Com-
to is the place where Herb + Lynn Fried
both live. He mentioned it several times
I think. - Jim offered his help of course,
but so far we haven't heard from him.
Maybe Jim will call later - before we
go to the Motion picture group. Last ~~Thursday~~
Thursday (I'm sorry, I just stick to the
paper - but maybe you can figure it out
anyway) Jim went down to Long Beach
to talk with Joseph Stanton (he is a
Psychologist and Jim Peck's brother in law.
Jim Peck is my Jim's sponsor in A.A.
and Stanton is District Supervisor for
Vocational Guidance) Stanton seemed very
interested in helping Jim find some
kind of job along the lines that Gree-
nie talked to Jim about. Please Darling,
tell G. that that last long talk he
had with Jim seems to have impressed
G. a lot. He'll know more what is to
come of it next Tuesday or so and
I'll let you know. -
I really started out wanting to tell you

not to be alarmed when one of Jim's
old Suitcases arrives at your door!!!!
It's stuff, that Greenie asked us to
send directly - plus some things he
had left behind which he also jammed
in. - I've tried to reach Constance
at 3 different times, but never got an
answer. I wonder where she is floating a-
round and if we'll hear from them
when Martin get's back.

Older dear - I am ready to give up
it's still too hot to write. Maybe because
of the weather also - your arrival and
departure seems more than ever like a
dream. A very wonderful one, for which I
am very, very grateful. - It all has
over to soon though -

How did you find Georgie and where
have you and he gone to? when you
have things under control a little - let
us hear what goes on at your end.
I am hot and happy and afraid that
this is the best I can do for today.

Always
Summer
Love
Denise
Kain

September 7. 58

Dearest children -

I made ~~it~~ a mistake, when I told you Jim had sent the things Greenie left behind off in the suitcase. They would'nt fit in anymore and I am packing them right now to take over to the postoffice. -

The heat is a little better, but instead we have such smog that our eyes look like after a 3 week blizzard and snarf and run and hunt. -

A few minutes ago our friend Boko called to tell me about G's letter, telling him to give me the carved gold Angel. I'll write to him separately - but honestly Dear - I feel it's - oh, you know what I mean! But smog is no smog, I'll run over there now and get him and he'll hang over the bed.

and we love to have him.

Dexter called yesterday morning. Christine is in Compton and agreed to stay a week instead of the "2 days" she first insisted on. Her parting words to Dexter (sorry no more pen) were:

Don't tell Jim + Karen where I am, tell them I've gone to Springfield.

It maybe a good sign, since she seems to be very interested to keep in touch with us and not create a "bad impression". That's also making her somewhere along the line. Jim still hopes that when she feels better physically, that she'll be more ready to perhaps listen to him.

I'll let you know how things continue to go.

to love - and love to
all three of you

Denise Haim

Jan. 29, 1955
Hollywood

Dear Lola & Max —

I am bright with envy of you when I think of you off to Latin America. I am an unreconstructed tourist. I will go anywhere, even to Disneyland or the Santa Monica Pier, if it is presented to me in the guise of a 'trip.' So whenever I hear of someone going Somewhere, I want to go too. (I somehow find myself every Sunday bogged down in the Travel section of the Los Angeles Times. I read to Karen the prices on the Grand Mediterranean Tours, figuring out how much it amounts to by the day and pointing out that one can really hardly afford to stay home at the prices.) Unfortunately, too, I am not the generous type who is glad someone can go even if I cannot. My narrow soul constricts with envy.

The job is going very well. It is something I can do with one hand, so to speak, which is good for me because I can do it and leave it each day without wondering and worrying if I am "succeeding."

Since the alcoholic temperament is such that I would be carrying it home and worrying if it were any more demanding and then winding up in a ferment about something I don't really care deeply about, this is good for me. It leaves me many hours each day to try to give my mind to something else. And the job is just stimulating enough to make it pleasant and rewarding in one way at least. I find, too, I have missed working with men and missed the slight authority ~~of~~ the job offers. And although we are not by any means out of the woods financially, we are getting there and getting over the Pawn Shop Psychosis. (This is characterized by a ~~pre~~pititive statement, 'Oh, well, we'll sell something.")

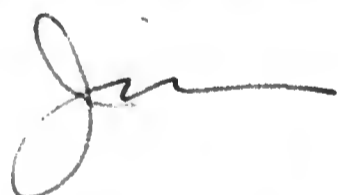
We had a very nice Christmas although certain aspects of ~~it~~ it began to resemble O. Henry's "Gift of the Magi." On one occasion I got a few gifts from the motion picture studios (as is the custom here, the subtle bribery in connection with my job). So I took them back to Saks and got Karen a present. Then she took back her present as too extravagant and bought me something again. I finally got her a lovely ivory candlestick from Mr. Buko. He says Louis XIII and even if it is Second Empire or perhaps Fourth Republic it is still lovely and she liked it.

Karen's health has been quite good lately. Just before Christmas she went to a new doctor. (I hope I haven't told you all this. I compose so many mental letters that I am not always sure which have been set to paper.) He is a general practitioner with some experience with alcoholics. He took her off the Meta-Cortone which he said he felt was too powerful for her and put her instead on Cordex which is another cortisone derivative but less potent. She told him about the seconal habit and he put her on something called Doriden (I'm not sure of the spelling) which so far has seemed to be a very effective bridge away from seconal. It is a hypnotic which I'm sure Max is familiar with but for his information it is the first of the so-called non-habit-forming medications that Karen has been able to take as prescribed and without harmful or dangerous side effects. She is also taking liver & iron and vitamins and in every way says she has never felt so well in the past ten years. As you know I am always extremely suspicious of any of these so-called non-habitforming etc., but I am also - or try to be - tolerant enough to give anything a chance to work.

We were both so elated when we noticed that the New Yorker Christmas cover was by Christine. This seemed to be proof that she is making a good recovery which is welcome news. Please remember us to her if you think it a good idea or if you have a chance. I am sorry to say we have lost the Scheerers' address and telephone number. If you could remember to send it we would probably get in touch with them. My schedule is that I am off on Fridays and Saturdays but work on Sunday but I don't suppose this would make any difference to them.

Karen's agent, Walter Kohner, has suddenly taken a great interest in her career, inspired say the people who should know, by the fact that I am working for this small but influential trade paper. She is working this week in a TV program (but on film so it won't reach NY for months) and would be happy to work a little, I know. I would be very happy if she would either work as much as her strength allows or do something that will keep her busy and occupied. She is interested (and following through) on doing institutional work with A.A. This consists of going down to jail or psycho ward and talking to women interested in A. A. I think it would be good for her if she did not become too personally involved or become depressed.

Just 21 years ago I was a guest at the Monteleone Hotel. We stayed in a wing which even then was extremely ancient with enormous rooms and - or so memory makes it - even more enormous bathrooms with marble washstands and claw-footed bathtubs, high off the floor. I suppose this is gone now, although in New Orleans which lacks the American passion for obliterating anything more than ten years old, it might still be there. Have a nice vacation even though it is not here with us - as we kept believing it would be. Thank you for your Christmas gifts and your letters.



P. S. I also am going to Karen's G.P. and he has me taking vitamins, thyroid and something called More-Cal which is a caloric supplement. We are both anxiously awaiting the day now - any day soon - when my cheeks begin puffing and glowing with rosy health.



Jan. 14, 1956
Hollywood

Dear Lola & Max -

Lola, your note has shamed me into attempting a beginning of a letter, at any rate. If it is not finished today it will be on my desk as a reminder and that is the way I seem to get things accomplished - when I do.

VERY FORMALLY
Karen's play closed the second week in December. The play itself got ~~off~~ bad notices, which we more or less expected from the beginning. I say, we expected, and yet when you work with something like that, even though you know from the beginning that it really is not very good, you begin to hope, you see things that are - well, ^{PERHAPS} pretty good, and so you wonder if maybe your own critical judgement is ~~too~~ too severe and that ~~there~~ there are things there... There were not. It was a bad play, or rather a non-play. Concerned with the problems of a Jewish family attempting to survive the Nazi occupation of Poland, it failed completely to arouse either sympathy or interest in what should have been an acute and poignant problem. One curious aspect is that the author wrote out of his own personal experience. Proving once again, as I repeat ad nauseum to Karen, that Life is not Art, and Art is not Life. Because once again the author was so concerned with keeping his story true to the facts that he neglected dramatic interest and it was fatal. Karen, however, got the best notices in the play and it helped her in many ways. I think it was invaluable to her in proving that she could get up before an audience and act - something she had not done since her student days in Berlin - and that she could act, not brief scenes such as movie technique demands, but sustained stretches of an ~~hour~~ hour or more. In a more practical way Karen attracted the attention of an agent. She had been signed with Paul Kohner since her star days but for several and diverse reasons, not all of which I am sure I understand, they had been very neglectful in recent years. This new man, a much smaller agent than the Kohners but enterprising, is genuinely interested in Karen as she is today and not as she was ten years ago. So perhaps she will be able to keep busier and do something more challenging than the Gale Stern TV show.

My personal reaction is that Karen has the ability to be a very good actress but she has a great deal to learn about the technique that I believe is necessary to utilize whatever natural gifts one has. I think this factor has been neglected in the movie years - as it would be - but she developed to an amazing degree in the few weeks the play was in rehearsal. Considering that the play itself was such thin and shoddy material to work with I think she did a remarkable job. As I told you before there are good groups in this town, similar to the off-Broadway productions. At the moment, for instance such plays as "The Immoralist," "Tiger at The Gates," "Desire Under The Elms," and others are in production. I feel that if Karen could get in a play of such merit she would really be able to show what she can

do. As I am sure you know, I am not interested in her showing anybody else what she is capable of, but I would like her to know for her own satisfaction and enjoyment. I think she could try something like Madame Renovsky or Arkadine, if I could just persuade someone to try these plays.

There were other problems that arose with the play and I am telling them to you because I know you will understand and that you will also understand when I say that I do not expect you to comment on them when you write back.

FOR MORE
THAN A YEAR.

Karen has been much, much better as far as the barbiturate problem is concerned. She has not had a relapse into the nembutal-second routine. But she drove herself too hard in the play and against my judgement she began taking dexadrine (I cannot even find it in any of my dictionaries and I am not sure of the spelling). I hope I am not fanatical about these things but I know with Karen that she uses these "boosters" as substitutes for more legitimate sources of energy with the result that she lost some weight during the play which she has not regained. Of course the cause and the result is more disturbing psychologically than physically. That is one reason why I wish she could find something to get into now where she could go on and prove to herself that she could do it without the aid of such things.

To compound difficulties she was stricken with an impacted wisdom tooth that had to be extracted Christmas Eve day. And, of course (always, of course), she had driven herself from the day the play closed until Christmas doing Christmas cards and Christmas wrappings for the many members of our family. Since Christmas she has seldom been out of the house and she is well now and slowly putting back a little weight.

I have read your book, Lola, and I find it helpful and enlightening. More and more I turn to simple solutions like nutrition. Perhaps because as an alcoholic I found it such a revelation when I stopped drinking that food - not beverage - was actually such a potent source of energy and well-being. (JOKE.)

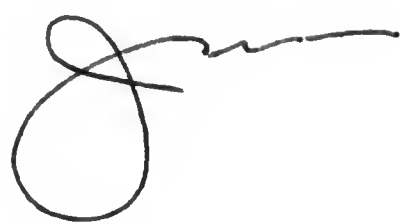
We were delighted to hear that Christina is feeling well and we hope doing some of her wonderful work. I still have hopes that some notes and sketches she did of me a year ago last summer will turn up in portrait form some time. I hope Dexter will call us when he gets out here, we would like to see him.

Mentioning these names has reminded me of how much, much better things

are for us now than they were 18 months ago. My report above on Karen and our general problems may have given the opposite idea. Such is not, emphatically not, the case. My position is so pleasant, so stimulating and so right for me in every way, that it is the solid basis on which our lives are built. Barbara is so happy and Karen is so happy in her happiness. We are in close and constant touch with my family and this apparently means a great deal to Karen. I think just the largeness of the family, each member going about his life with some sense of scheme and promise, gives her security and well-being. We have cleared up many of the debts that we had and despite the ill-health that occasionally plagues us, we are in good shape. None of our problems at the moment are major and none is insurmountable. We are still active in A. A., although not so much as formerly because so many of my nights are not given to the motion picture industry. (I calculated recently that I had seen about 170 movies in the last eight months of 1956 and written about them in some 75,000 words.)

I often wish you both were here because we would like to see and talk to you so much, so often. Karen will write you soon. First she will talk about it for several weeks, developing one of her special guilt complexes, postponing and feeling worse all the time. Then she will write. In the meantime, thank you for your thoughtfulness and continued remembrance.

Regards

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to be the name 'Jim', written below the word 'Regards'.

Oct. 27, 1956
Hollywood

Dear Pola + Max —

We have missed hearing from you in recent months and the fault is probably ours or specifically mine because I am the addictive letter writer in this family so the burden of correspondence is mine. And the reason I have not written any of the letters which I continually form in my mind is that my peculiar position on the Hollywood Reporter makes me responsible for seeing and reviewing every single motion picture released in this country, from "The Ten Commandments" to "Ma And Pa Kettle In The Ozarks." I don't mind seeing any of these challenges to Art but writing about the great majority of them can come to be a strain on even the most facile writer. Why bother? Well, when you write for the people who make the movies then you feel a certain responsibility to try to understand what they were trying to do, and however small their aims may have been, to give them some appreciation or criticism especially designed for their particular product. ("Product," you may be interested to know, is a plural noun - or collective noun - used in Hollywood - to refer to motion pictures. I. E., "There is going to be a lot of product this year.") So it strains the vocabulary, if nothing else, when you recall that there are just so many words for "good" and "bad."

I am not complaining. I realize that my job is far from an "important" one in most ways. But it is a responsible position and I am in a strong position to do some small good about the motion pictures, so I am content. You see my publication and Daily Variety are the two trade papers which the motion picture industry and the motion picture exhibitors utilize and trust for candid opinions of the new pictures (product!). Largely on the basis of reviews in these two publications, percentages of rentals are figured between the producers and the exhibitors. So, even more paradoxically than reviews in the New York Times or even such mass media as Time and Life, the reviews in my publication (my reviews) and those in Variety are vitally important to those who make the pictures.

Until five years ago I was not a careful worker. Now I am and for me the resulting satisfaction is considerable.

I did not mean to get into such detail. But there are many things I have come to know and admire about Hollywood that I did not understand before. The bad things I already knew are all true and I have not come to admire any of them.

Karen is working quite hard at the moment, very hard really, especially considering that she has not been very active for the past year. She is rehearsing in a play which is to open November 9. It is a production similar to what is called in New York, off-Broadway. It is an original play called "Survival," written by a man named Alexander Ramati, a Polish Jew who escaped what apparently was mass anni-

hilation that destroyed most of his town in Poland by the Nazis. The play is based on his and his parents' experiences, hiding out during the last years of the German occupation. Karen plays the Jewish mother. The play is not a good one but it has been excellently cast, almost entirely with European actors which gives it some authenticity, and I think it will be effective. The most important thing is that Karen is relearning stage technique and all it implies. She has not done a good picture, of course, in 10 years. And the TV bits she has done in between are worthless as far as learning anything about acting. Now she is learning what it means to probe a part - even beyond the extent of its writing - to give depth and comprehension. She is learning what it means to sustain a characterization for two hours, in fact all the things that make up acting, as opposed to what is done in motion pictures. She is quite frightened by the whole thing, I believe, but if she can get through this it will be a major step forward emotionally for her and will be immeasurable value in her own self-confidence.

This activity means that she is now busy every day and most of every evening. The play, when it starts, will not be quite so strenuous, but we don't see as much of each other as we did.

This is us to the moment. (With my new awareness of grammar, syntax, etc., I know it should be "This is we..." but I don't believe it.) If you have a chance I know Karen would appreciate a good-luck note before November 9. In any case, we both think of you often and wish the distance between us were not so great as it is.

Ji

April 13. 57.

I

Gratester Liebe Dr. Greenie.

Since I spend a good deal of time each day, or at least each week, thinking of you both, my thoughts were taken up with "when will I get my next letter off to you. The last one I wrote at Santa Monica beach, last August. Aber - I did not get beyond a page or so - and 5 or 6 of those are lying around - and I caught underholt und schließlich fand ich dass der einzige Ausweg das, to wait till this coming August - go to Santa Monica again and make as if a whole year just had not past. Ich will herzlich nicht warum - denn ich schreibe dutzende letters promptly to each one in the large Pobles family - die ich alle sehr lieb habe - aber nicht so lieb wie Euch. So, I have no excuse nor explanation. Nicht einmal für das was Nutrition book hat ich mich bedankt! The time I talked to the doctors or

Even more recently than Dexter Masters suddenly dropped in and just stayed for about 5 minutes, seen like the Horage - so long ago! Dann rief schliesslich die Mildred Maine an und a gain he did'nt get together. - But then she called a gain yesterday and talked to Jim - I knew I was'nt going to bail like this letter till August. Anyway, I spoke to her about an hour ago and she is coming over for dinner to-night. All I know is, that you live in both America and that now Colleen is not well. She is having shock - heartment again? I'll know more to-night - but that was all she told James on the phone. And when I spoke to her just now, he decided to leave every-thing for to-night.

Ich sitze hier auf dem roof und denk mir, wie schade und blöd es ein Brief von mir ist, weil ich so gar nicht sagen kann was ich sagen will. Und so schau' ich durch die Tür in's 'Dachsfühle' in dem Her gehand hebt und wünscht Her väret hier. Kommt doch her - diesen Sommer beim Locien bede evange ist und du die 'Vogel mädchen + männer'

auf eine Seite ohne dem "in", kommt man noch
 immer ein bisschen merkwürdig von) Guidance, ihre
 seltsamen Wege gehen lässt, Dann kann man
 in ein paar Tagen alles nachholen, was im
 letzten Jahr geschehen ist. Es handelt doch
 nicht immer Guatemala oder Europa zu
 sein! Der Smog hier ist besser als je zuvor
 and Jim makes so much noise as ever
 and I do too - at least occasionally. Aus-
 serdem haben wir den Buick, gegen einen klei-
 nen, schrecklichen Chevrolet eingetauscht. Aber
 jene Chevy ist geschlossen und ist solid
 und reliable! So, wie mein - vielleicht muss
 leben - in dem ich sehr glücklich bin. Nur
 manchmal ganz "manchmal" möchte ich weniger
 "solid und geschlossen" sein. But, whenever
 that happens I catch myself quickly and
 on the whole bin ich (hoffe ich) ein "besseres
 Mensch" for it! True of course to Jim. —
 Wenn ich jetzt alle anfangen in Details zu sehen
 wird der Brief endlos - so, will try Telepausale
 Janssen is still at the Reporter. Likes it still -
 asked for a raise in salary - was turned
 down - but - as I said he's still there and
 turned down or not - just as efficient as

before of course. Von Zeit zu Zeit macht ihm die
 Ohren zu schrappen aber er klagt sich ja nie - oft
 ist er müde. Eigentlich sehr oft und dabei frisst
 er Vitamine und schläft soviel er kann. Und
 er ist doch noch so jung, dass es nun manch-
 mal unheimliche Angst einjagt. Das er so born
 out ist und ein so guter Mensch! Ich kann
 nun stehi - die wirklich gut sind, Du und er.
 Also lass ich somit jeden Tag ein bisschen
 mehr Schuld auf mein geliebtes Haupt! -
 und ich? Gott, das ist unheimlich schwer für
 mich zu beurteilen. Leave alone wie about it?
 I believe on the whole better adjusted than I
 was before - but far from all I should be!
 If I'd never fool around with any kind of pills
 and would at all times think of your last
 words at the Glendale station - I'd be pretty
 good, but I don't always. Alcohol is no problem
 whatsoever - but pills - from Seconal down to
 those lousy Tranquilizers - to shut-eye - or
 sleep-ease or whatever you can get without
 a prescription in any drugstore - are a problem.
 It's not that I am taking something all the
 time - but when I'm not - it's on my mind
 and on hell of a battle. It is nowhere near

as had as it was. - I had Dexedrine when I did the play "Survival" - at the Ivan Theatre. I also developed a real (not like Peter's funny) allergy to the Strat on the stage that he had in his shed in which all the action of the play took place and since my eyes and nose and everything else that can run, ran - I got some Antihistamine tablets - and from here I advanced to a little Phina-barbital. Not many - and that's the God's hulk, Greene! Sleeping pills only when I'm visiting Cilly or Edento - and no one is looking so I take a few eat the promity and naturally feel like hell afterwards. Morally and every day - and then back to his "non habit-forming" Dexedrine. I have Dexedrine now - and although last year it seemed to agree with me all right for about 3 months - it has a horrible effect now. I have no tolerance for it anymore and yet I have not taken more - rather less than was prescribed. And only for a short while. Honestly, Greene I don't know and can't figure out why I take it! ? After "Survival" closed I shook out the Dexedrine + Phina-barbital. With Jim

help. It was really bad - and some shading!
 to bad, that journey 2 or 3 times gave
 me some scotch to drink before dinner,
 because otherwise I could'nt have eaten.
 After that I drove - never again would I put
 him in such a position. And it has'nt been
 that bad since - for weeks even nothing
 and then I start again with Dexedrine and
 Dovidan. I don't know - I rack my brain,
 why and the only (probably too easy + convincing =
 ant) explanation I've come up with is: that
 than I can do or handle (or whatever) thing
 the way other people can - and that, with-
 out it, I am a complete vacuum. So, als
 ob I am mir nicht's mehr da bin. At
 the time I just switched to Dovidan. Jim
 was rather hopeful and happy about it.
 He is not anymore - naturally - it's gone
 on and off for so long. Ja, because - wie
 immer Olga, "so des kindersouaal" can, zu
 sagen pflegte "so, ist!" und was mit
 es schon, wenn ich's vor allen reattheriejen
 kann und full Erklärungen habe, wenn sie
 sie nicht in Jim und mich selber habe!
 Es ist a problem, to put it mildly.

VI

This is typical. Most of this letter is about myself - forgive me.

Now on the other ^{the} men of this community. Mrs. L. NO I. is same as ever, Goss - mother of the lone kid, babysitter and constant companion, to an unhappy Annemarie. Das Ende des Per Gunt nicht näher! Inman, who wrote a movie script for Mario Lauza - and claims he constant ly tries to rape her - is in Italy where the picture is being made. In Prodel "Crisdie" is tot. So are Dupont, Ophelo, Brecht - aber das werden Sie ja wissen. - Danne ist im Moment in Lincoln. Hight's jail. Er ist vollkommen kaltsinnig. Nein, ernsthaft! Er hat sich vor ungefähr einem halben Jahr auf die Knie vom hinteren Bein gesetzt und versucht die Knie zu stoppen. Dann kam die Polizei und da wollte er Traffic dirigieren! Sie schleppten ihn in's Psycho - ward of General Hospital, wo er schließlich so derbena klamperte sich in hundertweise um ihn gekümmert hat und er wurde in einer milden Klappstunde nach Pasadena trans-

firmed. There he was diagnosed as Schizophrenic.
 After making an appeal through his lawyer
 and the court, with the understanding, to go into
 an asylum. Why they let him out is not
 quite clear to us and details are missing.
 Anyway I met him once, on a T.V. set.
 and he was overly kind and it seemed
 as if he had not remembered anything
 that went on in the last few years. After
 that (all this information is from Cilly + Billy
 Valenty + Walter Kolme) he made quite a
 few more T.V.'s and seemed normal.
 Until 4 days ago, when Frank fina-
 lly opened at the swankiest Night club
 on Sunset Blvd - he appeared again to
 direct Traffic - 'Same thing' - the Cops
 came - he kicked them or whatever he
 did - and they put him in the City
 jail.

Jetzt ist's also genug, Greenie - mein Be-
 hagen ist ausgetrocknet. - Nur noch - zum
 Schluss etwas Eigenliches: Dänkel lebt in
 Cunevald - ist glücklich mit ihrem Mann
 - glücklich mit ihrem neuen Kind und
 ist durch ihre Heirat ein 'anderes Mensch'

Jan. 5. 1960

I

Dearest Wolchen -

We were so happy to hear from you after this long silence - but naturally very sad about your news. I wanted to write you as soon as your card arrived but found it so hard to know what to say. I still do. Except, that I hope with all my heart it's best for both of you. I guess it is something I always took for granted could never happen and certainly it's something that can't be discussed in a letter. How I wish we could see you. I imagine the chances of your coming to Calif aren't very great. But you know that, should

you ever come out this way, we want you to stay with us and will be waiting with open arms. From last March on, we've had a very good, peaceful year. Last Christmas and New Years was pretty much of a nightmare, but Jim as usual was a tower of strength and got me safely through it and since then I have really been well for the first time in years, I had gotten knee-deep into pills and finally gave up playing "The Diary of Anne Frank" and went to a nearby Sanitarium. I stayed in Compton for a month, got off the pills very easily - and have been in Therapy ever since. We found a Dr. Weber out here who seems to be just the right man for me and I think this last year has

been a most constructive one.
I think when he decided on
Compton quite a load was ta-
ken off Jim's shoulders and
he has ^{been} happy and at ease
ever since. He is still at Variety
works too hard, but likes it.
I've put on twenty pounds and
my hair is grey, but in spite
of or maybe because of it -
I got a big, very nice part
at Lamers last October - made
quite a lot of money and was
happy working again. - Jim's
mother stayed with us for 6
weeks last summer and his
Aunt came out for 2 weeks over
Christmas. Both visits were very
nice and pleasant and there is
quite a good chance of my coming
to N. Y. for a short while this
year on my way to or from
visiting Barbara in Richmond

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Na. She just had a second litter
boy whom say named James
yesterday. Then there is Steven
and Karen who arrived last
Christmas. I haven't seen any
of them and I'm dying to.
So from the next job that comes
along I am going to make
that trip.

Very little else has happened
here. I finally broke with Cilly
after all these years. But it
just had to be. Things got
more and more involved
and I was finally convinced
(through my sessions with We-
ber to a great degree no doubt)
that it was a really unhealth-
y and destructive situation
all around. I could not bear
to hear about Peter and the
whole gloomy part any longer
without throwing up and al-

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though it was a very tough decision to make I made it just after Christmas and wrote her a letter. I have never heard a word since - and so it's just so. Of course I still think about her a lot, but then it's hard to cut out 19 years of your life - but I am sure it will get easier. -

lolchen, are you working at anything and how have you been healthwise? Please let's hear from you from time to time. We do want to know what you are doing and how you are.

Much love

Laren

liebe Lea -

Darüber es hat gar keinen Zweck in lange Ent-
schuldigungen zu fehlen das ich solange nicht
geschrieben hab. Es war weder Faulheit noch
Schlaumperei, sondern einfach die Tatsache,
das ich so mixed up war - ich ließ gar kei-
nen Sinn machen können. - Aus Dich und
den Guten hab ich mehr als gewöhnlich ge-
dacht und sehr gewünscht das ihr Beide
oder jedenfalls einer von euch hier gewesen
wärt. Ich kann Dir auch in einem Brief nicht
sagen, was alles vorgefallen ist in den letzten
drei Monaten. Es ist zu kompliziert und
die "facts" zu verwirrend um sie aufzuschrei-
ben. Seit einiger Zeit bin ich überzeugt
das ich wirklich reif war für eine gute lange
session mit den Guten. - Vom Peter hab ich

wahrscheinlich in N.Y. gehört das Gilly und
ich Ende Januar ~~so~~ nach Las Vegas gingen,
und da fing eben das ganze Schlamassel an
dass ich nicht recht beschreiben kann.

Peter was miserable that I went and didn't
want me to go - it didn't seem to make
sense - as that was what we'd wanted for
almost 5 years after all. However I went with
the best intentions of a 6 week health routine
long walks, no drinking (or very little) no
smoking and so on. Well I didn't know Las
Vegas or the people and the atmosphere there
or maybe myself. I still can't quite
figure it out. - it seems like a nightmare.

The 6 weeks turned into just the opposite to
what I had so nicely figured in my brain.
Cal Fome was there for the first 10 days
of my stay and got married to Hwe the 11th
day. For that occasion the Commanding
General of the Army Air Forces of the West,
General ~~Cozins~~ Cousins and his staff came
over. He's been a friend of Hwe's for a long
time. There were lots of parties and much
drinking and joviality and atmosphere to

know the sanest characters off balance. -
I, on my part (that's only in contrast with the
rest of the people that had all formed a big
happy family and behaved crazier than I did)
thought or made up my mind (or some-
thing I can't understand myself nor) that
I'd fallen very much in love with Cousins
chief of staff. He fell for me anyway and
turned up in Las Vegas every week-end for
6 weeks. Naturally I'm not the type to
carry on one of those 6 week Las Vegas deals,
although I was quite sure at the time that
I could and got myself into a hell of
a mess. - Peter in the meantime had
gone to N.Y. and of course with his hum-
ors or whatever you call it, sensed that
there was a lot wrong. So our telephone conversa-
tions were something awful until the last
3 weeks where he would'nt answer the phone
at all or write any letters. I came home
March the 19th a complete wreck mentally
& physically and was so disgusted with my-
self and things seemed so hopelessly involved
that I was in horrible shape when Peter arrived

home. He came to the house just to have a talk with me and although I had thought I wouldn't have to tell him everything, I poured out the whole story. He seemed to know anyway. - I think the main reason for all this was, that for the first time I was on my own and wasn't being told all the time exactly what to do when and where so I tore at the ropes as hard as I could. I'm not telling you that as an excuse for what I've done - but I'm still trying to find an answer to why it was, myself. - Peter and I had his talk and the next day, which happened to be my birthday, he left for Palm Springs, telling me, that he couldn't take it and would never come back to me. Well Dan, I just can't tell you in detail what the next days were like. 5 days later he called me down to Palm Springs and I went down with very mixed emotions. I was terribly miserable without Peter on the other hand in some strange way I still liked that complete freedom (even though it was a men) I had had. - Also the food counsel was still

on my mind - at the time. So we had more
and more talks and finally all of it was
~~the~~ patched up - still in a very frail way.
He came home for a few days didn't see
anybody and as a matter of fact I won't see
any of ^{the} people like John, Wendell or Cal or
any of the crowd because Peter has broken
off with all of them. He stays home, doesn't
play his rummy or anything like that anymore
and changes from being terribly tender and
in love with me to brooding and suddenly
saying it can't ever work out. I love him
more than ever - I wouldn't want to see he
without him - only he wants me to shake
~~the~~ with excitement 24 ~~to~~ hours night and
day and is suspicious of every minute I
seem to be what he calls neutral. I know
for instance that if he read this letter he'd
leave me again. I had to give away clothes
I wore at L. V. and a suit Cal had given
me last year. He called Cal, who really had
nothing to do with all this business and told
her never to try and get in touch with me
again. - I understand why he does all that

for sometimes I get such a feeling of close-
phobia. -

We are up on Lake Arrowhead now and to-
day Peter says I'm neutral again. To-
morrow we're going back to town and Monday
to San Francisco for a week's personal appea-
rence. After that as far as I know now
to L. U. to get married. Or maybe not - it
just changes all the time.

I feel so stupid living in that very small
world of ours at the moment and being
so involved, when the President ~~is~~^{die} and
the war in Europe ends and a few more
things happen that are quite important.
Doubt if I finish this now, you have to build
your own picture out of this letter. It's
mostly that I wanted to explain this long
silence. I'll write from San Francisco again.
Maybe I'll know a little more clearly what
is what then.

Much, very much love as ever Helen + Dick

Karen.

Dearest Lola -

It was so sweet of you to send me those lovely pants - it's something I've never had and I can use them beautifully. I have them on now, together with a little leather waistcoat Peter gave me. It really looks well, at least everybody's told me so here. We drove down to the Ranch yesterday and we'll stay here until the 3rd of January. A very much needed rest after this hectic Xmas.

We had a wonderful Christmas we thought. When the family uncle came over in his best striped trousers, Peter put on a dinner jacket and I a new lamp dress that Peter gave me. We had a lovely tree and ate Goose + Plum pudding

and after that went over to Ernest Pascale.
I got too of the most beautiful gold
bracelets from Peter, that I've ever seen.
They match and you can stick them
together and make a choker - neck-
lace out of them. - I gave him a
pocket from Larry and a little gold
compass. As you can see the gold
was just flying around and we're
all ready for the poor house. I do
think though that as a result of
that was and the fact that Peter
bought up all available Vodka in
town, we won't be able to buy a horse.
I had found a lovely one too, rich
I wanted very much, but the last
time I spoke to Peter business man
he looked green with worry and said
no to everything. - So now I don't
quite know what's going to happen,
I wanted to go to Las Vegas early in Jan.
but before going I've got to find a
house, and that's quite a problem - so
at the moment I'm slightly confused
about things. - I'm going to see you re-

remember he came over to your place the
night of the black-out?) Arrived yesterday
in h. a. and is coming out to Palm
Springs to-day. He has got a job as
Assistant to Jack Warner and I'll stay
here for food which is very nice. -

Darling the sun is just coming out
and I don't want to miss it, as it
poured all day yesterday. Anyway it
seems to me that this is not my day
for writing. This is a very beautiful epis-
tel indeed.

I'll write more when I know roughly
what's going to happen.

Much love an dlu Guter and Dick
Mama Deise
Karen. -

Wolfe Darling -

It's been a madhouse here for weeks and I just haven't had time to write to you. I haven't today either and this is only a short note to tell you that we'll be in N.Y. around the 28th of this month for about 10 days. Pete has broadcasts and I am going to rest. That sounds funny, but Cavall has been sick these past 5 weeks and isn't back yet. Peters has not been well either and I've been laundress + head-cook + bottle washer Gardener and everything else you can think of. It is fun only now I am exhausted Darling I loved what you called the "junk -

stuff. Say dear but ten thousand thank and
explain to him why I have'nt written before.

Take care of yourself and junior -

I am terribly happy to see you both soon -
Let's be very elegant - staying at the
Henry - H.

Love

Rare.

Lola Darling -
Your little xmas cradle is such a success
that Peter and I are still fighting whether
he should have it in the bar for ciga-
rettes or I on the coffee table for pea-
nuts! We both love it and it fits into
the house just perfectly. Oh how I wish
that you could see the place it is so
beautiful and right from the first day
it was so set and looked as if we'd
lived here for years. Of course it was a
hell of a job - and I am still running
around in circles not knowing what to
do first. Except for Peter's two rooms every-
thing is in order but in those two a
lot of changes have to be made. - The
Garden is a dream and we have already
done quite a lot of planting. Life has
definateley taken a turn for the better and

Everybody including S.F. Caval is very happy. He definitely has the attitude of a Souise and is not drinking quite as much any more as he did in the last weeks of Franklin. Peter altho he's been quite sick with a bad sinus infection and an impacted wisdom tooth, walks around in a dream eating food and cleaning the still empty stables. - Did I tell you about "Happy O' Connor" our 4 1/2 month old Boston Bull Terrier before? He is absolutely wonderful and has turned into a watch-dog. But altho he seems to think that he protects the place single handedly by barking (for no reason at all) at 3 a.m. we are going to get a Shepard or some big sensible dog the end of this week. - It looks as if O'Connor and he will be the only additions to the family. For he will be anyway. I had some more penicillin and am waiting to have tests done after my next menstruation. How are you feeling Darling? Have been sick in the mornings? How or where are you making changes in your apartment. For a few days it looked as if we might come

last around the 10th of Feb. for a weeks
Broadcasts, but Peter has to make all
kinds of allergic tests for his sinus and
so I don't know if he'll be finished by
that time. I don't really want to leave
here anyway except to see you. -

I finally heard from my sister, she is safe,
after having been a Russian prisoner with
my mother. I've been able to send quite
a few packages and this I just heard arrived
the day before xmas. -

Earlier I talked to Cal B. and made it
very clear that she should right away
do something about the bill and she
promised she would. -

This is such a hurried letter. But I haven't
any more time and there is still so
much I want to tell you about the house.
It'll have to wait. -

I send you two photos. Peter has what he
calls 'the providers' - Hair cut and I
look like something now under a rock
However Happy O'C. is very photogenic.
Love to both of you.

Karen.

Dearest Lola -

By now, not having heard from me, you probably both think that terrible things have been going on around here. But everything has been very peaceful and sensible. Peter has started his new picture and has been working on the "Mac-beth" story with Brecht almost every night. I've been running around Antiques and Department stores like mad and driven around as much as I could in his heat. - I also got myself a piece of canvas and have been crossstitching the "Habeas" until the thing is coming out of my ears - and I don't know why, but I just don't seem to be able to settle down to write a letter or lie in the sun or some such thing. - God knows I wanted

to write to you the same day that you left, I felt so damned miserable about you going and when I met Kalsie and drove home with him he certainly was no help, but practically in tears too. He promised to call or come up soon - but so far he has'nt. Carol called me the other day, 'cause she wanted to bring some people around that are desperately trying to find a house - but now it turned out that the Callan woman is not moving before the 1st of the year so we can't get in there and Carol's people can't get in there. I feel lousy about that because, well - you know the choice of people we have around here and just running around ~~buying~~ buying a lot of things now does'nt make any sense either. So my latest buying excursions included an old Cow-bell, an plaster milk-bell, a halter and lead-rope for my far away horse and a student lamp. After I came home with the halter and rope, Peter thought I was crazy so now I have to wait a little while for the rest of the stuff. - Next Friday I'll make my

driving. best, at least I hope I do. -
Darling I am ~~so~~ used to it now again, but
it was so sad those first days to look out
in the patio and not see you two there. Even
Mendes finally announced that he liked you
best of all "visiting strangers". he'll have
him to-night for over the week-end. He feels
very badly treated because he has been with
the Bredt's so much. You are so right, Kelly
is by far the nicest of all the woman around
here and he are getting on very well to-gether.
But since I can't be with her all the time
and Cal B. is in Chicago and Pete working
the days seem very long. - Tell dem brat
that the "not driving so much business" seems
to work very well because there has'nt been
one serious accident lately. Remember Darling
I told you that most days I can't write any
amusing or sensible letters well this seems to
be one of them so I won't bore you anymore
but wait till my brain is in a better writing
condition. I just wanted you to hear from

me anyway. Write me soon and tell me
what all happened when you got back and
how the big city looked after the hill top.
I miss you both terribly - so write soon if
you can.

As ever

Karen. -