

6037 Ramahen Pl.
Mt-Lean VA 22101

16 Apr 81

My dear little post-adolescent
Shrik-katob:

Let's get a few things straight around here.

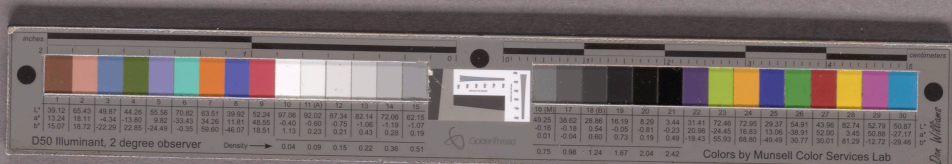
① I realize you are being daily subjected to weird and warping encroachments from others — that your health is lousy and you're in pain a lot of the time — that you're wired up tight and intense and pay for your abilities by monomaniacal fits of subjective raving and craving — and that despite all this you're made your own hard way through this damned world and kept your head straight on your shoulders under pressures that would have many people in ~~pieces~~ ^{pieces}. But: There are 1 1/2 sins that no writer as good as you can permit yourself, and that last letter (which I am not reproducing) has both of them. They are:

② Failure to read accurately. (Score 1-)

③ Failure of minimal empathy with a person whom, while you may not think ^{is} ~~me~~ the greatest friend in the world, you should at least have some fellow-feeling for. (score 1/2-)

I do
hope you
can read

this, honey, if I could do better I would. Plastic wrist.



6037 (Kamayan #)
11 Jan 1952

14 Apr 51

My dear little first-attachment
Squid-baby:

Let's get a few things straight about me.
① I realize you are being fairly subjected
to work and working assignments from
others - that your health is being and your
in pain a lot of the time - that you're
wired up tight and nervous and pay
for your abilities by commercial fits
of scientific training and training - and
that maybe all this you're doing for
our best way through this damned world
and kept your head straight on your
shoulders under pressures that would
have many people in ^{pieces} ~~pieces~~. But:
There are 1 1/2 men that no writer
as good as you can prevent yourself
and that last letter I wrote I am not
repeating) the both of them. Stay
all!

② Failure to read accurately. (Score 1-)

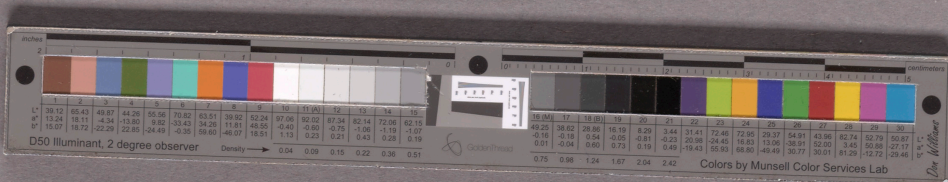
③ Failure of minimal empathy with a

person other, who you may not
think is the greatest friend in the
world, you should at least have
some fellow-feeling for. (Score 1/2)

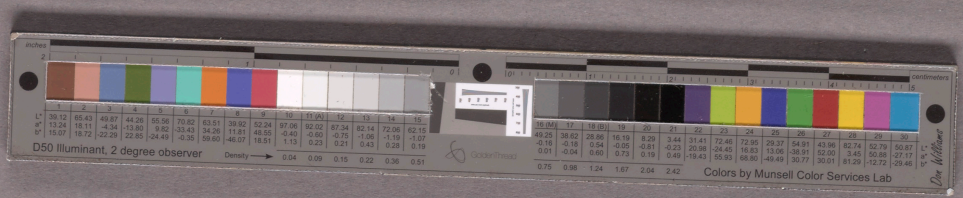
4/15, 1951, if I could be better! I would like to write.



Let's take the empathy first: If you think it's a raving joy to me to postpone work another hour — meaning sitting up on my tired ass & standing on my busted feet and pretending I'm not going to throw up shortly because of ~~the~~ garbage in my life — just to make copies of your letters as some kind of adoration fit — and then have you “tear up” the laborer's results — you are — well, fill in the blanks. What moved me to do this was that I assumed that you, like most writers, keep notebooks — “bright thoughts I had about Hegel last night”, or “descriptions I may want to use sometime.” And as I said, you expressed several nice brilliancies, literary/political opinions, etc., in that letter (and others) which are thus lost to you — you wasted them on a friend — and I pictured you as sometime saying to yourself, “Now, how did I put that? I know I said that just right, or there was the germ of an essay there, or there was a good précis of this idea, or a critique, and shit, I sent it to Sheldon or somebody!”



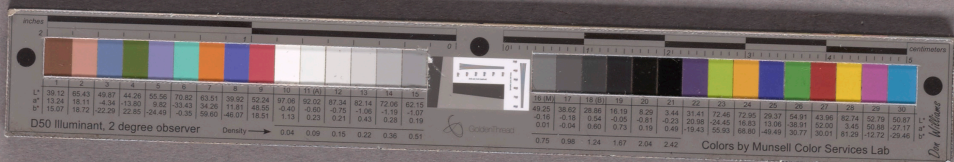
Let's take the company first: If you think
 it's a reasonable job to me to perform work
 over the hour - meaning sitting up or
 my hand are - standing or my hand
 feet and pretending I'm not going to
 throw up a little because of the fatigue
 in my life - just to make copies of
 your letters as some kind of education
 job - and then there you "tear up"
 the laboratory results - you are -
 well, full in the books. What kind
 are the do this was that I assumed
 that you, like most writers, keep
 notebooks - "bright thoughts" I had
 about legal but right, or "descrip-
 tion I may want to use sometime". And
 as I said, you expressed several
 nice ballistics, laboratory / political
 opinions, etc., in that letter (and others)
 which are thus lost to you - you
 wanted them as a friend - and I
 pictured you as someone saying to
 yourself, "Man, this did I but that?"
 I then I said that just right, or there
 was the germ of an essay there or
 there was a good portion of this
 idea, or a critic, and stuff I
 sent it to B. W. or somebody.



"And now I can't recapture it or get it by the right end. Damn." Waste, see? So I thought, the least I can do for this cartoonless idiot is to restore her ideas to her - there were about 3 in that letter, among the verbiage - and I'm lucky & glad to have the means of doing this for my peckless friend, even if it NEVER comes in handy.

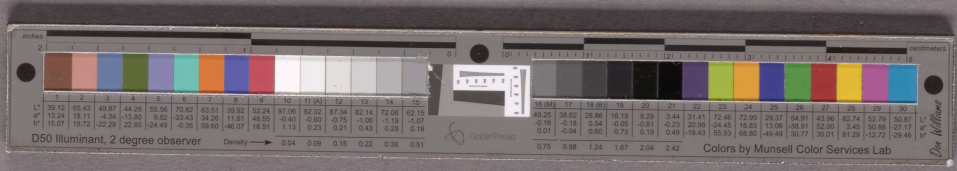
That, not collecting hippo-droppings, was the motive - as would have been plain to anyone who wasn't having a fit... Not that I'm such a wonderful guy, or that I adore every belch you utter, just a practical thing one friend can do for another... I am a great believer in practicality; if someone is or seems thirsty I have far more faith in fetching some water than in writing them serolets.

(Sorry about the lousy script here - again I'm sick as a cat - look, I don't want sympathy, I want nothing less than to talk about ills & ailments, how bored can you make yourself - but it's 3 AM and you might as well know the facts. I care enough for you and for your opinion of me to touch hands instead of falling down.)



"but now I can't remember it or get it
 by the right end. Damn." Waste, see?
 so I thought, the least I can do for
 this carbonless idea is to reduce her
 ideas to her - there were about 3 in
 that letter, among the sketches - and
 I'm happy - glad to have the means of
 doing this for my fashion friend, even
 if it NEVER comes in handy.
 That, not collecting top-to-bottom,
 was the point - as would have been
 plain to anyone who would have
 fit. Not that I'm such a wonderful
 guy, or that I have many other
 ideas, just a practical thing one friend
 can do for another... I am a great
 believer in practicality; if someone is a seam-
 stress, I have for some years in fact
 some water than in writing them
 details.

(Some about the hand script here -
 again I'm sick as a cat - but I don't
 want sympathy, I want nothing less than
 to talk about the - elements, the back
 can you make yourself - but it's 3 AM and
 you might as well know the facts. I can
 answer for you and for your opinion of me
 to look back instead of looking down.)



Now as to the reading. I am not rich.

My husband kept marrying millionaires, so his children are/were rich, but I am not, nor could I even depend on borrowing \$10.- from one of them, particularly if Triq weren't here. (However, I do not plan to be around then either.) The \$4000. copier was for Petey's

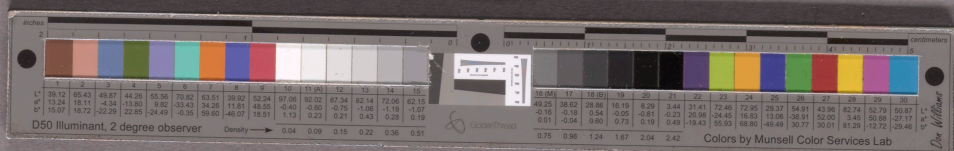
ego, not mine. But I have to watch out for wasting paper (you love it up, I can't get over that!) - and milk. I've been poor; I've been so poor I depended on eating pig liver (5¢ a lb) for protein. P.L. is disgusting. It's so disgusting my 2 cats, Shinta & Jones, wouldn't eat it. I ate it.

I've lived for a week on 1 bottle of tequila, 2 tuberculous eggs from a mex. market, quite a lot of tea-leaves and some plain rice.

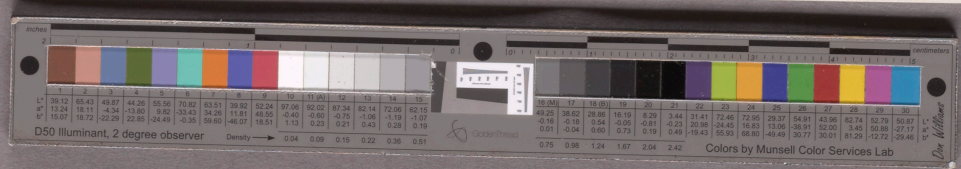
Now I could have done better; I could have crawled home & snuffed "I can't make it" and been pried with food and ignominy.

So that isn't really poor-poor. (Although it's surprising how many poor-poor have secret possible resources.) But I know what it is to stop by restaurant windows, pretending to fix shoe, just to look at people eating.

Since about 1934 I've worked; I'm Triq's first try at the "poor but honest working girl" category. (His second wife →



My husband left everything to the children
 so the children see/see well, but I am
 not, nor could I ever depend on tomorrow
 \$10. - for me of them, particularly if they
 weren't here. (However, I do not plan to be around
 them either.) The \$1000. expense was for Peter's
 legs, not mine. But I have to watch out
 for mounting paper (you have it up, I can't
 get over that!) - and ink. (I've been poor)
 I've been so poor I depended on eating food
 from (25¢ a lb) for protein. P.L. is this
 quantity. It's so this quantity and 2 cats,
 2 dogs - yes, wouldn't eat it. I eat it.
 I've lived for a week on 1 bottle of protein
 2 bottles and eggs from a next-neighbor's
 a lot of tea leaves and some plain rice.
 Now I could have the better; I could have
 counted them a "shuffled" "I can't make it"
 and been - lived with food and electricity.
 So that isn't really poor - poor. Although
 it's surprising how many poor-people have
 spent for the resources. But I know what
 it is to stop by restaurant workers practicing
 to fix shoes, just do look at people eating.
 Sure about 1984 I've worked; I'm (Tina's)
 just out of the "poor but honest"
 looking out "category." (This second wife -



by whom thank God no children - was the Freyling haven fortune.) He was rich - rich too - had his own valet til WW-II. He was the only member of his coterie - oil & banking barons (He was Pres. of American Petroleum ^{Institute} Assoc., and the only such pres. to leave the job with no more money than he came to it - it's considered normal to make illegal millions there.) So ~~before~~ ^{actually} - the only one of his "Sneaks" to go in the water - except for asses like Jack Whitney who changed suits and became a ^{military} "PR man" - Ting actually went in, busted back & all - (he'd been told he had a 50-50 chance of ever walking again 2 yrs before) - and the first day in OCS somebody bounced a 50 lb "medecine" ball off his head, so he got into town and physically threatened ^{a certain} MD into giving him morphine, and went through OCS and overseas in '42 that way.

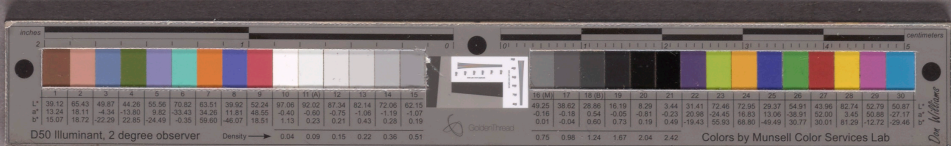
But it had slipped his mind to pay that year's income tax, so we were met at the dock in 1946 - re-turning heroes - by the IRS demanding \$80,000. - He had shed the Freyling haven, and his worldly



the \$ refining business and his workshop
 demerol \$80,000 - the \$ had shed
 turning trees - by the 192
 were not at the dock in 1990 - so
 pay that year's income tax so we
 But it had slipped his mind to
 that way.
 and went through OCS and overseas in '40
 characterized as MD into giving him medicine
 to get into town and physically
 20 lb "medicines" - ball off his back, so
 first class in OCS country, banned a
 working again 2 yrs before) - and the
 (old man had to get a 30-50 chance of any
 Trip actually went in, butted back - all -
 changed suits and became a "PR man" -
 except for some like the Whitey who
 one of his "friends" to go in the way -
 actually
 - the only
 made illegal within there.) so before
 in came to it - it's considered normal to
 to leave the fat with a more money than
 Petroleum ^{industry} ~~business~~, and the only such firm.
 - banking business (the way Pres. of American
 the only member of his cabinet - oil
 too - had his own vote for W.W.II. He was
 refining business (the way with which
 by the bank but as cabinet - was the



goods consisted of 3 uniforms, \$1200. - discharge pension, some furniture & paintings, and me. We sold the furniture & starred genteelly in his sister's 3-rm apt ^{in NYC} - unfortunately I was unsalable - while he made the rounds of all those "Suendo" who had said "It's a great thing you're doing there, boy, if it wasn't for my asthma I'd - anyway, you know there'll always be a seat kept warm for you here at the Chase, or the this or that -" and indeed, there always was a seat warm - from the body that was ^{then} sitting immovably in it. So we sold the bed & the George GraszC. and somehow managed to buy, largely on mortgage, a little business ^{out} in the country - N. J. - and went to Rutgers on the GI Bill to learn how to run it, and worked our asses off. And just as his back was getting very bad indeed, they started up the Dept. of Wickalls (which - shall be nameless) and called him down here to run part of it - the clean part. and they ^{needed} ~~needed~~ a photo intelligence officer so they located my records and called me down to the same Wickel B. Dept - at



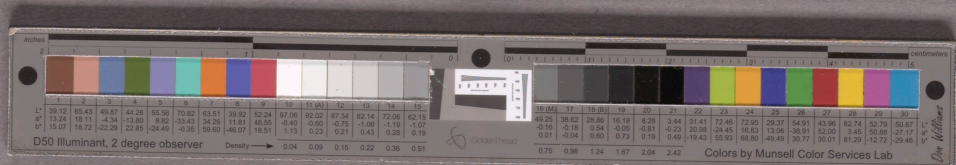
- 5 -

great consisted of 3 uniforms, 2/200 -
 discharge papers, some furniture =
 furniture, and Mr. McCall the
 furniture & obtained gently in his
 system 3-ⁱⁿ apt. Unfortunately I was
 unable to make the records of
 all these "Crests" into his 201-1712
 a great thing you're doing there, boy, if
 it wasn't for my suitcase I'd - anyway,
 you know there'll always be a rest,
 kept room for you here at the class,
 or the this or that - "and indeed,
 there always was a seat warm - in
 the body that was, sitting immovably
 in it. So he sold the bed - the
 George (George). And somehow managed
 to buy, largely on mortgage, a little
 out the country - H.T. - and went
 to Put pen on the G.I. Bill to learn
 how to run it, and worked on cases
 of that kind as his work was getting
 very bad indeed. They started up the
 Dept. of Welfare (which is still in same -
 then) and called him down here to run
 part of it - the clear part. And they
 needed photo intelligence officer so they
 needed very records and called me
 down to the same. Wished & left - of

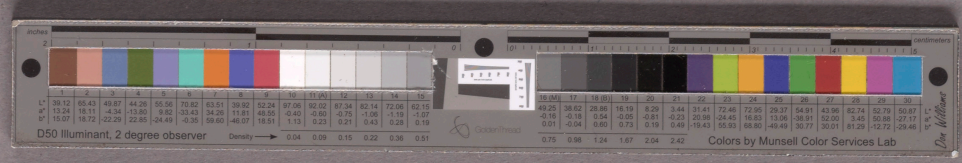


a very low level - under my maiden name. (Or rather, under the name of the bastard I'd eloped with in '33.) How's that for coincidence?

So just as we were figuring out how to keep eating on what were then pitiful salaries two tragedies happened - Ting's mother died and his sister, to whom his late father had left "everything" - died 3 months later from the stress of clearing up her mother's affairs - they were then back in the house they had left by the back door as the Nazis came in the front. Very complex. She went to a cold swim one PM to refresh herself - and her heart literally exploded. A nice, nice, person - one I can truly say I'd rather have ~~her~~ alive than have her money. So now we are, I guess, "comfortable" - my tastes run to new Lewis, ^{books,} and contributions to ACLU, NOW, Children's hospital, the Friends, etc. (driving spouse who is a cynic mad) I have had my hair cut once professionally in my whole life - last month in N. Z. My own scissors broke. (It looked so much better I'm getting pressure to do it again. But it was only 12.50 there, ^{*} not \$30.)



a very low level - under my window
 names. (Or rather, under the name of
 the postcard I'd placed with in '83.) How's
 that for coincidence?
 So faint as we were figuring out
 how to keep eating on what were then
 pitiful salaries two diagnoses happened -
 Thrip's mother died and his sister, to
 whom his late father had left "every-
 thing" - died 3 months later than the
 start of cleaning up the mother's affairs -
 they were then back in the house they
 had left by the back door as the
 Nazis came in the front. Very complex.
 So we went to a cold swim one PM
 to refresh himself - and the heat
 literally exploded. A tree, vine, fence
 - one I can hardly say I'd never seen
 the same then than for money. So now
 we say, I guess, "comfortable" - my doctor
 run to your level, and contribution
 to A.C.U., NOW, Children's Hospital, the
 Friends, etc (cleaning space who is
 a civic work) I have had my hair
 cut once professionally in my whole life
 - last month in N.S. My own scissors
 broke. It broke so much better I'm getting
 pleasure to be it again. But it was only 12.50 this
 at 50%



topaz
of it.
--- Harbor was scrumptious, wasn't she? ... I once used John Baryman's mirrors - I mean, every millionth of it.
Oh - Hey - read ANYTHING by Paul COLINVAUX - eg, The Fate of Nations

And another: The Army paid me \$210 - per month, from which they subtracted \$18.75 for a war bond - guess what you smoke on \$3.25 a month?

One final touch as far as "rich" goes. My folks - and ourselves to some extent - do have some rich-rich-rich friends, just a few, who happen to be nice people (that can happen, despite Fitzgerald) but their own lives are so dreary and illiterate that the silly asses think knowing us is a Privilege and puts them in touch with THE OTHER HALF Lives! So I tend to act rich - I buy 2 Bean shirts at the same time, knowing they'll go up - I'll always need them. And I find if I don't ask the price of things (I can estimate it to a quarter) people assume you have millions. Stupid stuff like that. And half the beat-up ^{furniture} ~~stuff~~ we were too poor to replace are now Princeton Antiques... Life is, as you may have heard, a family comical scenario.

Now see what your unkindness motivated me to do! Send you the goddam story of my life. This you can tear up - maybe I should tear it up first and send you an envelope of scraps? ... Next time I will.

Now I gotta revise a story for Judy-Lynn.

Nightie night. And I do love you, you encrusted caterwaul.. In glorious ...

