

6037 Raunshorn Pk.
McLean VA 22101

Dearest, my much-experienced

5 May 81

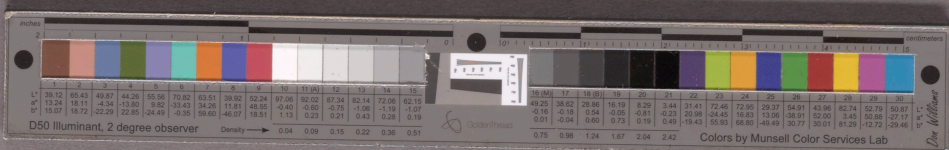
Barling ~

(The strange envelope is due to my ^{dark-}
crouching over my files, arms full of junk, in
^{also due to} a power failure, looking for something
with your address on it. 6 months back I started
a grand Reorganization of my address-book - one
of these tear-page things - with the result that
said book is empty save for 3 neat pages
for newspapers, dentists, and cleaners - while
all the real people are in a kind of karid
paper salad in the bowl below. Such a
procrastinator.... do you?)

What you tell about female hatred
and absolutism is so true. Oh god, I hate
to say it - especially in the light of Belfast
today - but we have some things to learn
from men in the way of handling minor
hostilities. The boxers who go after each
other viciously - and then are found inquiring
about each others' health and sending flowers,
or coming for the losers' children... The US
congress, where a blistering floor-fight is so
often followed by mutual* luncheons

We women have no experience with
fighting the issue, not its exponent. (Result:
men easily join forces to squash us.)

F/5 that the correct use of "mutual"? Always boggles me

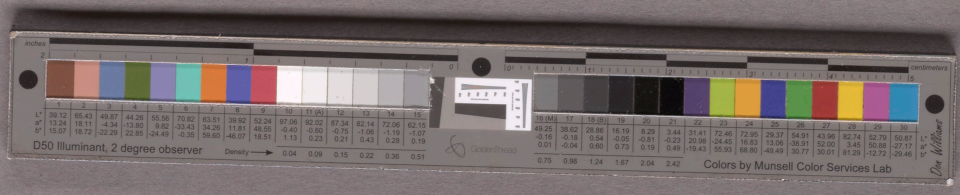


6037 Transcom 75
St. Louis, MO 63101

Barney -
I want, my work - organized

(The change envelope is due to my work -
crossing out my file, some part of that, in
a new folder, looking for something
but you didn't see it. I'm not back to work
a good responsibility of my father but one
of the best things - with the result that
said book is empty now for 2 best paper
for newspaper, books, and papers - what
all the best people are in a kind of book
paper called in the book below, but a
responsibility... do you?)
What you will want from the
and education is so true. At first, I talk
to say it - especially in the light of Belfast
today - but in some ways to learn
from me in the way of building more
abilities. The boxes you go after each
other usually - and that are found in
what you want, health and working papers
or camp for the best children... the US
organ, when a district that - fight is so
after followed by several thousand
the more you to experience with
fighting the test, but its experiment. (I thought
more easily find ways to spread out)

If you want the correct way of a number of things, look for me

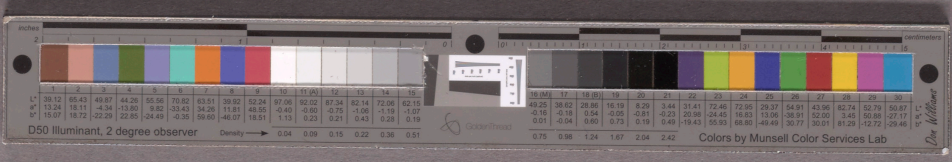


The most gummy-sacks ever saved at Richelieu Channel. 75 1936.
* His principle of qualification was an award for saving

Not that they're perfect at it - just a lot better.
During WWII the bicycle dump-breaks in the Pentagon had signs on them:
"We are fighting the enemy, not each other."
And it took me some months to learn that when my boss in Intelligence* said "The enemy" he meant (a) the British and (B) the Navy. A failure of the generality I just voiced - and recognized as a failure by the Big Boys. In those days Sir Intelligence was regarded as a dumping-ground for unassignables. (on some posts the Intelligence officer was also the special service officer who was responsible for storing the horse-shoe set, the badminton net, and the bean bags... one post commander fired his I.O. because the man could speak & read German.). Luckily this attitude changed soon, and never prevailed overseas, where Smiley and his kin taught us lessons A thru Y. (Z, or Zed, they failed on, as witness the UK moles now surfacing.)

Does all this free-association crap interest you at all?

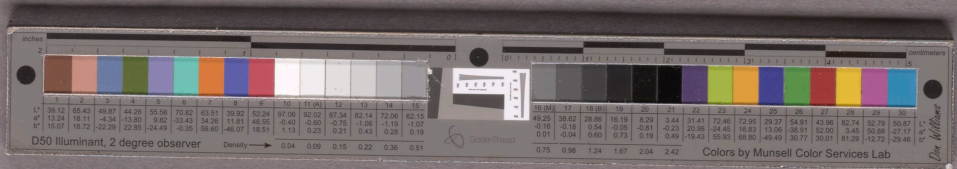
No. What interests you is the dreadful view of "sisterhood" you are ~~now~~ ^{now} getting. The hatred, the poisonous denigration of the purges, complicated by ^{personal} envy. When that terrible fund of hatred turns from its proper target to focus on another woman, it's sick. And - never forget it - SAFE.



Handwritten notes in the top right corner, partially cut off.

Not the same paper as it - just a lot better.
 During WWII the British Army - Canada
 in the Pentagon had signs on them:
 "We are fighting the enemy, but each other."
 And it took me some months to learn
 that when they say in intelligence "said the
 enemy" is meant (a) the British and (b)
 the Navy. As far as the possibility of
 first world - and recognized as a failure
 by the Big Boys to have things in order.
 It was recognized as a changing ground
 for intelligence. It was part of the intelligence
 officer was also the special source officer.
 It was responsible for clearing the house.
 The set, the laborer set, and the team
 paper. The last commander found this I.D.
 because the man could speak - read
 German. During this period changed some
 of our special sources, when finally
 and this time thought as known to them.
 (I, a tank, they found me, as we were with
 water on a surface.)
 Don't let this from association camp
 interest you at all?
 No. What interest you is the successful
 man of "intelligence" you are not getting. The
 tactics, the procedure, the technique of the business
 completely by enemy. What that results find
 of tactics from his own target to
 focus on other women, it's like. And - never
 forget it - SAFE.

Vertical handwritten notes on the right edge of the page.

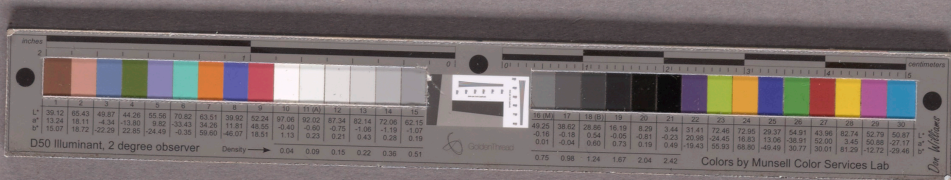


What would happen if you remarked, "Pretty safe, attacking me, isn't? Always shoot down your allies first, it's such a help against your real enemies." Or, if they say you can't be an ally of theirs, wish them luck and depart to conduct your own lonely wars.

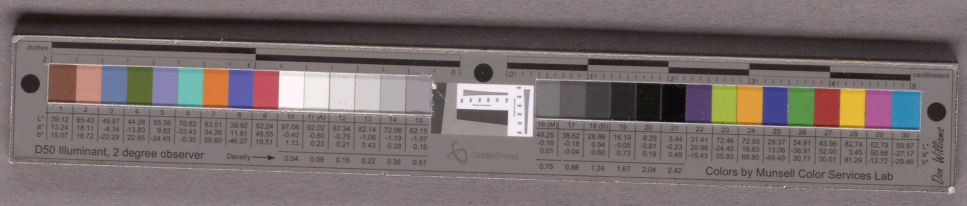
(Easy for me to say. ^{But} this crowd with their attractive doctrines evidently was quite a source of hope to you. Dammit — I wish I were there to lend a hand.... Do you recall the lonely tale of the old Frankish King, who after being much moved by a Christian missionary's tale of the mob-death of Jesus, exclaimed fiercely, "ah — That only I had been there with my Franks!" The dear old king would have ruined the martyrdom and set Christian history back a thousand years.... Well, we don't need you as a martyr, thank fortune.)

Your other wonderful account is True Tales of Vampires I have known. {Oh god you, genuine, genuine, genuine your talent, your fame, your secret, your blood; love all, your king.}.. Do you recall that little-mentioned story Avelan did in which the hero, Ellison virtually ^{undisguised,} ~~unmasked~~ ^{unmasked} discovers his pack of followers, of "good

Sorry for the writings — lights still out, scribbling by candle, lying down.



that will happen if you remember
 "Partly safe attacking the world's things
 Start down your whole fight, it's such
 a little against your real enemies." Oh
 if they say the world is an ally of their
 and then look and suggest to contact
 you own things are
 (Don't say to say, this world with
 their religious business, especially the
 give a course of life to you. Don't
 I wish I was there to find a hand...
 you need the help of the old
 Protestant King, who also they want
 moved by a Christian mission and to take
 of the West-land of these countries
 friends, it's that only I had been
 the first one Frankly, the best old
 King would have turned the mission and
 at Christian for the last, a thousand years...
 Well, we don't see you as a mission, that
 (others)
 You are wonderful amount in the
 take a message I see from (the god
 you know, you know, you know, you know
 all your things, to you world the
 little - world of your things all in
 which the law, this world is
 business the fact of following of "god
 Good for the world - light all out, something with, living down



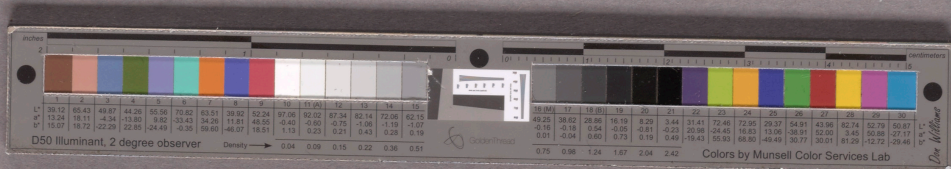
friends"; are actually out to suck his blood; it ends with them eating him alive. One of the penalties of Glamour. I'm starting to get it, luckily by mail only as I've made myself very hard to reach. "Genuine - oh, Genuine -" all carefully and quite successfully disguised, and wrapped in protestations about not wasting my time.

A few are really egregious - "get me published" - but most, so far, start with the careful SASE, etc.

You're out there all exposed, in person. You must be damned magnetic flesh, too. Well, at this distance, and conscious as I am of my own physiological decay & repulsiveness, I think you're safe with me. My only virtue is, you can say any thing to me without even changing my love, which is Godly based on what you have done, and the ongoing beauty of your mind. A totally risk-free love. Who can only love you more as I curse your peccadillos.

Dull, what?

Well, this horrible position - I'm sore from sticking out my stomach to hold the notebook up - is clearly no place to even begin my promised saga of my attempts to genitalize my loves, or respond to others



and when I got thinking of it the other day this huge bag of history started dumping itself out — so I will just leave you with the ^{last} picture I was left with — a bathroom at 4 am, in the Sub stretched out a red-haired girl of appalling beauty, under the guise of a week's detour — I had just rescued her from the clutches of an aroused beg of faggots in an all-night eatery, who were vitally trying to make their ^{weak} addled brains figure out how to take financial advantage of Maggie, this wanderer from a very wealthy very upper-class God Coast family — the home had 9-foot cast iron gates manned by a permanent flunkey... She had called me to come get her. So at 3 am sucker me drives the ^{old + up} Packard through the grey, garish streets of the down-torn red-light district, and was putting her back together — she added with sex and some (to me) unbrown substances which stank up the car like turpentine — me added with love.

And as she lay there, lovely beyond words, letting me wash her all over, the only thing I could think of to do was to lay peacock feathers over her. Oh god, I can still see it.

May I leave you with that? *love and a loving great night - of old serawly*

