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10 Sep 76

Hello dearest Jo, so good to hear,

Don't worry about giving me heart-failure, when I came to read the rest of the letters it wasn't so bad. Just so incredibly explosive and energetic and galvanising in my weakened state. "Arlen," if you've forgotten, is the New Yorker writer you urged me to write a nasty letter to.

I do understand about the rage getting verbalised out and the benevolence dreamily staying in...With me it's a bit the reverse, which is probably why I get suicidal fits. When something makes me furious it seems to be only a part of a broad texture of a totally infuriating and all-pwerful condition known as existence, it seems hopeless to struggle...Christ, the hopeful organisations I used to join, the brave hopes.

That Yucatan hospital piece was intended to be funny, by the way. Actually I laughed a lot, they called me "El optimismo." The whole thing struck me as ludicrous? And the effort to survive it was quite revivifying, the old will to live resurged from somewhere and the depression receded for weeks.

No, I'll never show up with wife and kiddies; have none. My only blood-kin is aamad female half-cousin who lives somewhere on the West Coast doing something with beads, real-estate, and teaching business executives to read and write English. Thirty years ago she ran off with her female English teacher ---she's a striking red-head, or was---and the two of them have made a go of it. Long before such things became acceptable. She is a bit dippy, on one of my rare contacts she was stock-piling sandbags in ~~her~~ <sup>their</sup> New York basement apartment in case of atomic attack. But nice.

However I have a small network of old friends, most of them older & more decrepit than I, and they kind of keep an eye on me, one in particular. The only trouble is, from sf they know nothing. The talk is of politics, sports, business, the Old Days, who's died, and What My Doctor is Trying Now.

I have some young friends too, I mean early twenties. However as I get to know them they reveal such appalling personal problems that it takes all my energy to empathise. God what the young go through.

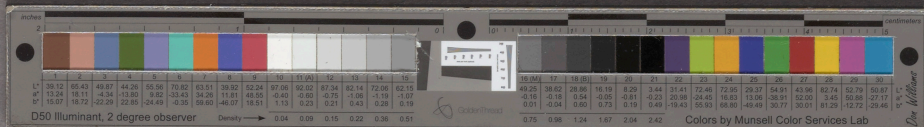
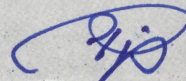
I'll give you a tip, though you're too young by a decade to appreciate: Never select a doctor or lawyer your own age. Get a young one. The reason is that as you age, so does dear old Doc. Whatsis, and presently you find yourself, like my 94-year old mother, being cared for by octogenarians barely able to cope, though great on friendship.

Thanks for the one-side typing. You know I keep your letters, and the early ones now look like blue-berry pie. I should take them down and try to get high-contrast Xeroxs made while it's still possible.

This is short because I am trying to plow through the revisions on this mountain of 454 pages of jello laughingly called a novel. Christ, if you ever see it I will be boiled in oil. Writ by someone too depressed to compose more than Peter Wabbit. Maybe it's good, I don't know. At least it's different.

Bunch seems to be younger than I thought. Malzberg, who bought his stuff for AMAZING, says he's about 45. My radar suggests that's wrong but let's hope so. A bit burnt-out in any case.

Love & Thanks.





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I don't know about giving me heart-ache, when I come to read  
the rest of the letters it seems to me, just as heartily as you and  
emphatically and galvanically in my weakened state. "Glad," is my answer  
to the letter which you wrote me in your letter to.

I do understand about the way things are going out and the  
-revelation, really staying in... With me it's all the reverse, which is  
usually why I get so tired. When something makes me feel as if I were  
in only a part of a great number of a totally fatigued and all-around  
condition from an extreme, it seems to me to be a... Oh, that, the  
mental exhaustion I need to join, the same power.

The "rest" which you were intended to be done, by the way,  
actually I found a lot, they called me "the old man," the whole thing about  
me as I understand, and the effort to survive it was quite revolutionary, the old  
will to live through the moments and the moments passed for weeks.

No, I'll never show up with you and children; have done. My wife  
thought it was a good thing for me to live somewhere on the West Coast  
before something with her, well-acted, and having a business experience to read  
and write books. Thirty years ago she was with me in the Pacific Coast  
-and- a little while, or rather the two of them have been a part of it.  
I don't know what your business is, but I'm happy, on one of my  
new contacts she was with me in the Pacific Coast for the last several years.  
It was a good thing, but also.

However I have a small network of old friends, most of them older  
a more hearty than I, and they kind of keep me on my feet, and in addition,  
the only trouble is, that of my own making. The talk is of politics, society,  
business, the old boys, and that by them in being here.

I have some very kind people, I mean early friends, however as  
I can't say that they reveal such amazing personal problems that it takes  
all my energy to soothe them, but that is your job.

I'll give you a little bit of my life, but you've got to be a little bit of  
yourself, even when a little bit of your own life. Let a young man, the  
reason is that as you are, so does every old man, and usually you find  
yourself, like in my case, being with the old man, and usually you find  
also to say, though you're a little bit.

Thank for the one-sided letter. The more I keep your letters, and  
the more you look like the letter, the more I should like them. Don't say  
yet high-sounding letters, but I'll give you.

It is that I don't know, but I know the way through the rest of the  
the number of it, and I'm sure that I'll be able to do it. But, I'm  
even now if I'll be able to do it. But, I'm sure that I'll be able to do it.  
and I'll be able to do it. But, I'm sure that I'll be able to do it.

Each one of the things that I thought, perhaps, and that's his  
stuff for me, and I'm sure that I'll be able to do it. But, I'm  
good, and I'll be able to do it. But, I'm sure that I'll be able to do it.

