

5 Apr 81

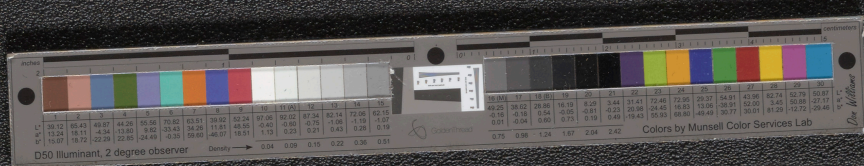
Darling my Beloved Boston Bride-

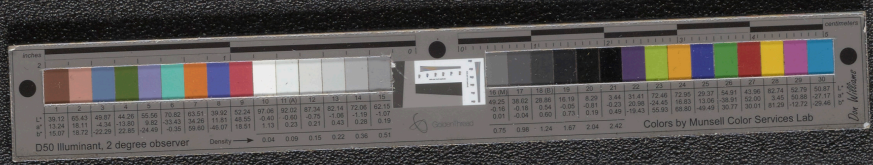
Your letter of 3/3 was so damn brilliant in chunks that i could not bear the idea that it was lost to you forever. (I feel that about so many of yours.) But this one had literary and inter-sex observations and witticismx which are, so to speak, part of your business life, and it seemed to me that you might have lost in effect a notebook entry, or some idea you might want to look at again. So--- MIRACLE!

This asinine stepson of mine, age about 60---Ting had 3 kids by a GERmanic millionairess, the Merck fortune; one oldest son the classic hard-hearted desperately-fit over-achiever, now head of the Medical Department at McGill U., a daughter who suicided in her 40s a couple years ago---poor woman, anyone could have predicted ~~it~~ it. Among other things she, like them all are rich as Texas (My wife is sick, quick, buy me a hospital---a tremendous load off our minds and purses.) Anyway, she went, or was murdered, a few years after coming into her money and incidentally marrying a Chinese jewel-smuggler in Hong-Kong. Everyone is blaming him; I feel sorry for him, though he may be guilty. A weakling.*But he did get a couple million out of it. ...We're our own poorest relations. ...Oh, I forgot to mention, since I'm doing thumbnail biogs, that the Chinese was a homosexual. Audrey wasn't a "sexual" at all, I think. just crazy for adoration, no self-confidence, at least 6 cosmetic operations, frantically afraid of age & losing looks, enmeshed forever in the "love" of a remarkably mediocre, mud-souled broker whom anyone could have told her would NEVER leave his family....And yet she did some nice things, once for a time bicycling thru NYC streets to teach classes of kids---something like carving and metal-molding, I believe. But a life which can only be described as one each spectacular mess. So frightened beneath her haughty-naughty manner she lied continuously, almost as a form of communication. (You can see from all this how much more the ♀ MEANS to me!)

Anyway, re the miracle, this ^{1st} son who after various slightly exotic adventures in extreme youth---something I was never clear on involving retrieving him from a yacht in the Aegean full of dead and druggly international faggots---has for decades settled down ~~down~~ parsimoniously(except for his collecting---he has about 15 bank-vaults etc.),

** By "weakling" I don't mean macho stuff, I mean the thing you find in women too. Lost and sad-eyed in an alien culture and a truly terrifying woman on drugs, drink, crazy iron whims. And, oddly, a true aesthetic streak, but not practical---the sort that builds zillion-dollar houses without bathrooms..I refer here to Audrey; I scarcely knew the Chinese caught up in this whirlpool. I hope he took his \$2m back to the wife and kids he left to go Yanking.





a life in Maine (Year round!) with an English Army-Officer's daughter wife whom he treats atrociously, two children, the oldest is a girl with a squint, a most disconcerting defect---and a good deal of pain from unsuccessful back operations, heavy-duty arthritis and the like. (I think it's real.) He teaches, or taught, a very nice art and Hist. of Art class at a little local college---I saw his office and notes, and visual aides---he seemed to come all alive and human then---sad. The back etc. is from actually snow-plowing and digging out his own roads---I suppose a 10¢ psychologist would say he was showing the world that the fat little youngest boy could do physical things too like that insufferable older brother, who treated him like an SS jailer the day before the Reichstag fire. I kid you not---Ting saw them interact ages 40 and said, "Skip was like a Nazi!" (Yet Ting has a weakness for the Nazi who bears his name....)

ANYWAY---poor plump Peter and I have struck up a strange "loving" relationship made possible and painless by the distance from DC to Maine---we never meet if I can help it---and because of events connected with my having to write important letters by hand in the woods last year---remember my fight with Fairfax Country over the License to Write thing? It's still going on. Unfortunately my chief Congressional champion lost his seat and is too old to come back. But it goes on. They're waiting to scan my tax forms for writing income and I and my stodgy lawyers are waiting for them to try to put me in jail.... So Petey conceived the idea that I needed a copier---he of course did research, and has Nothing but the Best---and after a small scrap about Too-Expensive Presents, suddenly arrives this hyper-cultivated black man with a huge crate containing a SAVIN copier---\$4,000 +++ and I grumpily set it up in a corner which seemed made for it, and found to my dismay that it is a Jewel, a Wonder, Useful as a third hand and prehensile tail---Christ I love it. (So do all my friends and the house-sitter.) SO I duly shoot off thank-you cards to Petey every time the creature helps me out of a jam. (Oh god do I LOATHE carbons!)...And here is the latest:

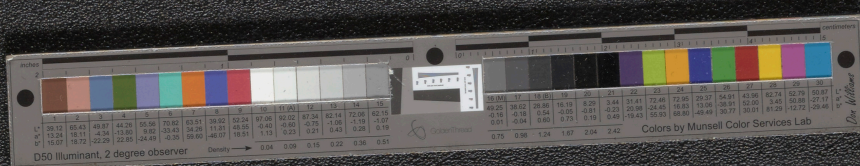
Your letter, for you.

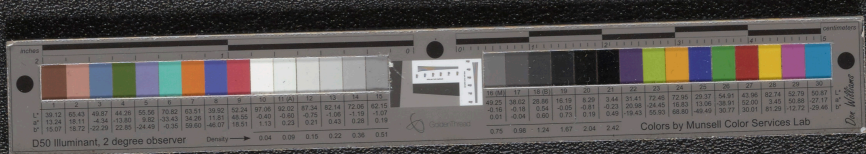
I may send you more of those in my possession, ^{but} the early "Tiptree" ones admonishing me on How I Misunderstand Woman are in those 11 great cartons Jeff Smith kindly squirrelled away in Balt.

Couldn't resist putting in an attempt at reproducing the gorgeous Black Joanna Swan. The original is much lovelier---I keep it, protected, where I see it daily (Yep, the bathroom) and I've got to make sure you get it before I pass out. I think Singapore Airlines published it originally.

Now dearest I was going to write you an enormous letter arguing ---or really, howling in chorus ---with you. While I seem to have indeed writ a vast one, it has nothing in it of all I wanted to say.

So I'll just temporise with one item---I've ordered Surpassing





The Love of Men --(wouldn't "man" have been worth considering?.... No. "Men" better.)--the day your letter came. Looking forward.

Listen---in New Zealand did I send you word of two books which have intoxicated me? Janet Sternburg, ed., a collection of pieces (16) The Writer on Her Work (Norton, also Canada G. J. McLeod, Ltd, Toronto.) Surely you have it, but if not, Quick-quick get. Several black women, one self-announced lesbian---if you read the bios in back. Oh---1980.

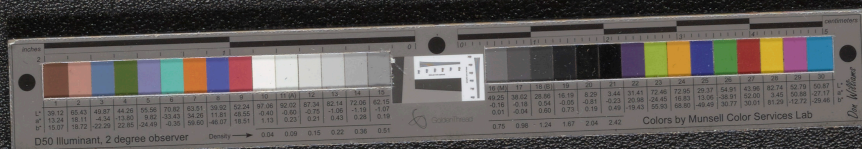
The other is Wayne C. Booth's The Rhetoric of Fiction U of Chi. 1961 with an unupdate or 2.

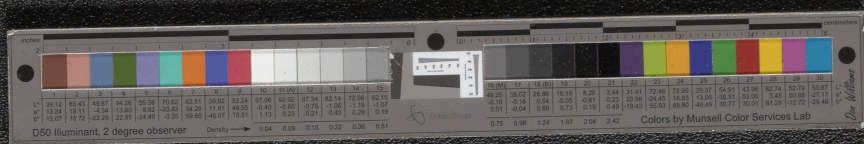
("Intoxicated" isn't right---and certainly not in the sense of "poisoned.") The effect of the 2 of course quite different. The Booth as a whole is a permanent treasure, and has forever liberated me from the only thing I thought I knew about writing---Person of narrator. Oh, love that Booth! He dwarfs Wilson, except a few of those uh immortal lines in Axel's Castle (Every five years I find out whence that title, and every five and $\frac{1}{4}$ forget.) ...Many of the women are disagreeable, or trivial, a few are heartbreaking, (I haven't read it in order, or read it all) and Sternburg herself turns me off for reasons I haven't analysed, but may be as simple as that she's a clunk---but a clunk with a damned good eye for quotations.

Oh dearest I wish I could now really write to you ----don't know what came over me except that Stuff has been going on in the house which brought all that to forefront of mind, and couldn't reach into backfront until I got rid of it.

I could say one brief thing about the Evil Lesbian, though. Don't be too quick to discard her. Of course she isn't you or me--- I'll give you a rundown on my attempts to be a Practicing Lesbian, or Genitalised, or whatever---the first day I get time. (It'll take time, it's ludicrous.) But I love the Evil Lesbian, too. It's the one mythic persona we have, you know---men have millions---and ~~and~~ while maybe it irks the real loving lasbian, save ^{that} old Black Domino and Mystic Jock-strap in the back of the icebox somewhere, we might need her. As for the non-gentilised Lesbian---castrated?--- age has dumped me into that class willy-nilly, and maybe somewhat to my relief as you'll see when you get the Tell-All letter. (God I'll have fun writing that, but it'll be work, to get truth. And make memory function

The real truth---Truth---I think about me is that I just love . I love you. I love you. And I am blessedly free of jealousy or loneliness---^{except} only if you really went away dead. I can just love. It is great. (And I commend to you the thought I uttered in something I wrote for Jeff Smith's rag, the heat between the legs is nothing compared to the heat between the ears. 24% of the oxygen of every breath goes there. It can make you as faint with love as any physical love-touch I've known. The only thing is---it doesn't end. No orgasm and then rush out and play 20 sets of tennis....Is that a defect?)





Darling this is just a PS to explain the peculiar appearance of this letter---if you're as visual-minded as I, you have been wondering why Tip/Alli isn't appearing in the usual blue ink and roman face. The fact is, I have this ancient Olivetti Editor 2, with a history all it's own I'll spare you, and I used it for Raccoona's stories. Then it sat idle, and deteriorated, and ran up \$300 worth of obscure defects, (including the misfortune that the keys are set too close together for the Golden Girl's incredibly perfect long pink nails---she's my very part-time typist who doesn't know how to type) Ting found her in a travel agency, now she's with United Air, enduring the slow personnel lay-offs there---really, you know, though you and I ignore it betwixt ourselves, things are pretty parlous. (I just turned on the TV to hear that 50 professors with tenure have been fired somewhere, Darling my dear watch out.)

So I decided to start using it again myself for personal stuff ---the mss and commo to strangers will still be on old Smith Electra 210---unless you mind fearfully. You see, Olivetti Editor ribbons are NEVER blue. Damn.

Oh----! In New Zealand the first thing I read was your book ON STRIKE AGAINST GOD!! b Whee, wow, more to rap over.

I love you

("Stamping with tiny pink feet against God")

Want a nice tiny pink foot massage? By hand, no electronics---though they have their uses.

By the way, there is quite a piece to be written on bidets. It is my theory they are the only reason Frenchwomen can stand French men.

And another MAJOR piece to be written on the design of toilets, as respect females pissing. Or don't they splash you? Thank god you aren't old enough to recall what they had in Pullman cars....

WOMEN, THY NAME IS DOORMAT. We simply Do Not Have to Put up With Some of This. When Freud asked, What do women want, any sane respondent would have yelled, TOILETS THAT DON'T SPLASH BACK!!! For a start. Love you,

m

