

Series 1, Box 5: Miscellanenous publisher and personal correspondence.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], [s.d.]

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March 10, 1983

Dear Eric Gould:

I appreciate your invitation to have my work appear in DENVER QUARTERLY. At the moment the only unpublished poem I have is the one I'm enclosing. You're welcome to that.

With best wishes on your editorship,

Dear Eric Gould:

I have made a slight change in I WAS LISTENING TO JEWN REDPATH and am enclosing the revised version. Also another poem.

Do you have an issue of the Denver Quarterly coming out before the November all-poetry issue in which you'd like to have a bit of prose from me? It would be partainf my COLLECTED PROSE (aphoristic) which is being published by the University of Maine/ National Poetry Foundation and is scheduled to be out this November for my birthday.

Cordially,

Dear Eric Gould:

Would you mind letting me know right away if you'd like to use the enclosed two poems along with the two you have? These are poems which CONJUNCTIONS was holding for publication and will use if you do not.

Dest,

Helas Making an Apocalypse

I was Listening Holpan Ralpath

Heads

Kilroy was Here

Dear Eric:

Before I send you the prose, I want to make sure you understand that by the first issue in 1984 it will already be in my COLLECTED PROSE, which is supposed to be out by November 6th. You'd be reprinting it, therefore, and would have to give credit to the publisher.

Best,

9 Feb. 1986 Dear Liza Bernstein: I'm sorry I have no new work to send you, and I am so behind on chores and unfinised projects that I can't even answer your questionnaire. (incidentally, you will not get an honest answer to question 5). If I ever get out of this backlog, I'll keep RXMGER FIVE FINGERS POETRY in mind. Best wishes,

9 Oct. 1985

Dear Mr. Tejada:

The enclosed is the only poem
I have now that has not been published in
this country.

With best wishes on your issue,

7 March 1984 Dear Peter Craven and Michael Heyward: Thank you for your joint invitation and the enclosures. It's heart-warming to see the excellence in EXXXXX SCRIPTI. Unfortunately I don't have any unpublished work at the moment. However if you wouldn't mind using poems that have appeared in magazines but not books. I could send you a group. Or better yet, if you wouldn't mind using things from books, I could make up a probably more interesting group. Whichever. From reading SCRIPSI I get the notion that you might also be interested in an essay on my work, and/or an interview. On the first, there are two possibilities: one is to use an essay by Michael Heller which will be one & part of his forthcoming book, CONVICTION'S NET OF BRANCHES: Essays on the Objectivist Poets and their Poetry (Southern Illinois University Press, Jan. 1985), and the other is to use the Postscript, a 19 page essay which Burton Hatlen, the editor of %XCKXRXEB SAGETRIEB, wrote for my COLLECTED PROSE, which has just been issued by The National Poetry Foundation at the University of Maine. Both are first-class. If you want to pursue this, you can reach Michael Heller at P.O. Box 981. Stuyvesant Station. New York, N.Y. 10009 and Burton Hatlen at SAGETRIEB, The Ntional Poetry Foundation, 305 English-Math Bldg., University of Maine, Orono. Maine 04469. As for an interview, it might be fun to have /ask George Evans and/or August Klienzahler to conduct one with me. See if they can stump me. With best wishes, Carl Rakosi 128 Irving St. San Francisco. CA 94122

8 Aug. 1984 Dear Michael and Peter: (hope you don't mind the familiarity. Just too awkward to use all those names in a salutation). SCripsi 4/2 is full ofinteresting things. It's a pleasure to see how much you are able to do. George Evans has just written a solid and very perceptive review of my COLLECTED PROSE, which I imagine he'll be sending along for Scripsi. This, together with the twelve Meditations, which I am enclosing, will be a better introduction to my work to those in Australia who don't know it than a group of new, unpublished poems would be. The interview is coming along. Cordially,

20 Oct. 1984 Dear Michael and Peter: Here's to the next SCRIPSI then! You're undoubtedly right in wanting an introduction of some kind toXRX Oppen to go along with my piece, and I have just the right one for you, I think. It was written by Jack Marshall shortly after Oppen's death for Poetry Flash, a local calendar of poetry events in the Bay Area. It's an astute, carefully thought-out analysis, the best thing on Oppen, in fact, that I've seen. Why don't you ask to see it for SCRIPSI? Tell him I suggested it. His address is 1056 Treat Xxex Avenue, San Francisco, CA. Very best,

28 Nov. 1984

Dear Michael and Peter:

Michael's essay on Oppen is quite adequate as an introduction. It is both true and fair. I doubt whether you'll need Jack Marshall's article too.

One small correction: Zukofsky was, as you say, "a guiding light" to Oppen, who was five years a younger and just beginning to write when he met LZ, but he was not that to Reznikoff and me. We were already established and were not influenced by him. His relationship to us was that of discriminating critic and appreciative reader.

All the best,

Dear Peter and Michael: Variant actions of Scripsi Bad News. I did not anticipate that Mary Oppen and George's sister, June, would feel deeply pained and agitated by my piece on Oppen, but they do. We must not publish it. therefore. You might still want photographs to go with your piece on Oppen, therefore however. In that case, write to her. Her address is: 968 Tulare Street, & Albany, California 94716. Sorry about this last-minute foul up.

Dear Peter and Michael:

20 Feb. 1985

How very understanding your letter was! But the situation is quite otherwise. Far from Blaming myself, I feel outraged. Mary Oppen's furious objections were due not to grief... not at all...but to fear that my piece would tarnish George's image, and she scolded me ************* in a rage like a self-righteous school teacher for being insensitive, et al. So you see the ladies don't need comforting, any more than Margaret Thatcher does, and I have no stomach for doing another piece on George. The best thing I can do is forget the whole thing. But I'm not going to forget your very understanding letter.

Carl

3 August 1984

Dear Ms Cornwell-Robinson:

You are welcome to reprint my poem, The Experiment with a Rat. That comes from my book ERE-VOICE, published by New Directions. They are not my publisher any longer, however, so you need not get reprint permission from them.

I am enclosing two other poems about animals which may be equally suitable, perhaps more so, for your anthology pf contemporary poems about animals. To a Collie Pup comes from AMULET, also published by New Directions; and Ginger comes from SPIRITUS, I, published last year in England.

When you have found a publisher, I assume you will let me know what the financial arrangements will be.

With best wishes,

Grade 10 Carl Rakosi 128 Irving Street, San Francisco, California 94122 22 June 1984 Dear Ms Rose: You have my permission to reprint my poem, The Experiment with a Rat, in the revised book, ENGLISH, WRITING AND SKILLS. I would appreciate knowing what the payment will be. Sri Politable all 1853:200 r. Phyla 1853:200 r. Wall Johnson

W.W. norton due. 500 Fifth Ave. n.y.C. 10110 22 June 1984 Dear Kathryn Anderson: I am writing you at the suggestion of David Wilk to ask whether W.W. Norton might be interested in publishing my COLLECTED POEMS, a compilation from previous volumes: AMULET (New Directions, 1967); ERE-VOICE (New Directions, 1971); EX CRANIUM, NIGHT (Black Sparrow, 1975); DROLES DE JOURNAL (Toothpaste Press. 1981); HISTORY (Oasis press, 1981, London): and SPIRITUS, I (Pig Press, 1983, Durham, England). The manuscript of the book comes to some 400 pages. The National Poetry Foundation at the University of Maine is interested in doing it (they have just published my COLLECTED PROSE) but they are inexperienced in distribution and access to reviews, and if Norton were interested, I would prefer to have them do it. Sincerely, Carl Rakosi

28 Nov. 1984 Dear Mr. Simmons: Thank you for sending me a copy of Michael Heller's book on the Objectivists. You can quote me on it as follows: "Accurate, illuminating, scale and proportions just right. You can take my word for it as an Objectivist." Sincerely, Carl Rakosi

Carl Rakosi 128 Irving Street San Francisco, CA 94122 9/5/82 Dear Mr. Green: It occurs to me that I neglected to respond to one point in your last letter, that I might be interested in having someone write about me. Yes, I would. I have in mind two possibilities in England: Andrew Exexises Crozier at the University of Sussex, who is at the moment writing a piece on me for the DICTIONARY OF LITERARY BIOGRAPHY, and Eric Mottram at the University of London; and three possibilities in the U.S., all people who have already written about my wx work: Martin J. Rosenblum at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee, Michael Heller at New York University, and Paul Auster. How long an essay-pamphlet do you have in mind? With regard to an original contribution by perhaps we should wait until you know know how much of a grant you'll be getting this year and how much you'll be able to publish for sure. I wouldn't want my mss tied up for a many length of time on an uncertainty. With best wishes, Carl Rakosi

Dear Jim Green:

I suggest a five year lease for the British and Common-wealth markets and to leave the other open for the time being. The Collected Prose is not quite collected, as I'm still working on one section, but I'll send it to you as soon as a part of the new section is finished.

I've forgotten which poem I sent you for the poem-card. If it's the one beginning, "One time in Boot Hollow" please substitute the following version:

AMERICANA

One time in Boot Hollow

Little Ab Yancey

challenged Foggy Dell

and his companions

Homer Bullteeter

and Slappy Henstep.

Crowing like cocks

they accepted the challenge

and flappedpthese Wings

Then up rose Ab

and neighed like a horse,

crying, "I'm the yellow

flower of the forest,

all brimstone

but the head

and that's aquafortis"

and rode them

down like lightning

through a crab-

apple orchard

and rose to

Chairman of the Board.

flapped their wings.

Dear James Green:

Herewith is the COLLECTED PROSE,

not quite complete, as I'm still working on a few
other sections in Scenes from My Life, but it will
do for the time being. If I counted right, it somes
to 94 pages.

Please acknowledge receipt, so I don't have
to worry about it.

Cordially,

Dec. 14, 1982 Dear Mr. Green: I've written a foreword and some additional pieces for my COLLECTED PROSE. The short pieces go into the section, EX CRANIUM, THE POET, and An Incident in the Life of Louis Zukofsky follows DAY BOOK. These pieces incorporate parts of A NOTE ON THE OBJECTIVISTS and make the rest of that piece unnecessary, so will you please delete A NOTE ON THE OBJECTIVISTS and destroy it? Incidentally, the book will have an American publisher, so if you're interested in taking on instead of Publishing it yourself, European rights and joining in the print-run, write Carroll F. Terrell, PAIDEUMA, University of Maine at Orono, Orono, Maine, O4469. I don't know, of course, what Mr. Terrell will think of this. Season's greetings,

Dear Mr. McClung:

I know that the University of California Press publishes very few books of poetry, but its recent publication of Zukofsky's A prompts me to inquire whether it might be interested in bringing out my COLLECTED POEMS as a companion piece, in view of our close association as fellow Objectivists.

This association began in the February, 1931 issue of Poetry, which he edited, where my poems led off this Objectivist number, and continued in THE OBJECTIVISTS ANTHOLOGY, where he referred to me as "the aristocrat of this section devoted to what I prefer to go by the tag of the epic." We also corresponded at some length and during the five years I worked in New York were in constant contact with each other. In a letter dated 2/13/42 he wrote, "Rakosi's book is out at last and he's one of the few poets alive I give a damn about."

For your information, here's a quick run-down of my publications. My poems first appeared in Ezra Pound's THE EXILE, and in THE LITTLE REVIEW, where Joyce's ULYSSES and the early work of Pound, Eliot, Hemingway and Wyndham Lewis was first published. Then came my first book. TWO POEMS (The Modern Editions Press), and subsequently, SELECTED POEMS (New Directions, 1941), AMULET, (New Directions, 1967), ERE-VOICE (New Directions, 1971), EX CRANIUM, NIGHT (Black Sparrow Press, 1975), and MY EXPERIENCES IN PARNASSUS, Black Sparrow Press, 1977). A new collection of poems is ready for publication. In addition, a critical study of my work by Dr. Martin Rosenblum is soon to appear in the Twayne series on American writers. Of some relevance also, perhaps, is the fact that I have received three National Endowment for the Arts Awards, have lectured add given readings at over twenty universities here and abroad, including Cambridge University, University of Antwerp, University of London, and at the Library of Congress, the 92nd St. YM-YWHA in New York, and before the members of the PEN club in Budapest; and that my work has been translated into French, German and Dutch.

If my books are not readily available to you and you'd like to peruse them to see if they would be suitable for the University of California Press, please let me know and I'll send them to you.

Sincerely,

Dear Ms Schwartz:

First, the addresses you asked for. The last address

I had for Frederick Thomas Sharp is 911 Arnold Way, Menlo Park, CA 94025 (phone 415-329-0988), but he moves around a bit and you may have to reach him at Stanford University, Department of English. The title of his dissertation there is "OBJECTIVISTS" OF THE EARLY THIRTIES: A CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE WORK AND ASSOCIATION OF LOUIS ZUKOFSKY, WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, CHARLES REZNIKOFF, CARL RAKOSI, EZRA POUND AND GEORGE OPPEN. Martin J. Rosenblum's address is 2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211.

I was mistaken about Rosenblum's dissertation. It has lots of bibliographical references but no complete bibliography. I have, therefore, brought the one I have up to date for you. Hence the delay. Could you have it copied at the office there and return it quickly. The dissertation you are welcome to read at your leisure.

Cordially,

11 Dec. 1986

Dear Mr. Stuart:

I have over the years had

letters (no diaries or journals) but these now

are in libraries or about to be there and I no

longer have access to them to send you for

consideration. There have, however, been a no.

of interviews, and I am in the process of

writing my autobiography. Perhaps something

could come of that?

Cordially,

9 Dec. 1985 Dear Chris Bristow: Thank you for your invitation to read at Chico State. At the moment, May 15th is open for me and I would be glad to do it at that time. I must tell you, however, that my fee for an out-of-town reading in the last few years has varied from \$200 to \$500. Would it be possible for the University to come up with the minimum in this range? With best wishes,

17 Jan. 1986 Dear Chris Bristow: OK, I'll be there, May 15th. Exactly where and at what time of the day will the reading be? I assume there'll be a reading stand and a good mike available. My social security number is 477-34-1002A. Glad you could come up with the extra amount. Cordially,

9 April 1986

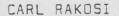
Dear Chris Bristow:

Thanks for sending me the time and place of my May reading. In case you have some last minute message on May 14th or on the day of the reading, you'll be able to reach me at the home of Dr. George Rawley in Chico, 343-9547.

Although the room and the audience will be small, I still would like a mike, not so much in order to be heard but to give my voice enough backing to reassure me that it's not going to thin out.

With best wishes,

COPY



128 Irving Street, San Francisco, California 94122 12 Feb. 1987

Dear Ms Bourdette:

You have my permission to reprint my poem, THE EXPERIMENT WITH A RAT in your revised ENGLISH: WRITING AND SKILLS—FOURTH COURSE, including transcription into braille and large type. The fee as before will be \$100.

Sincerely,

Carl Rakosi

Long lines of poetry tend to give a flowing, melodic effect. The following section of a poem by Diane Wakoski uses long lines to create the effect of someone so enthusiastic about the subject that she goes on and on, flooding the reader with images.

ode is a poem of se.



[from] Ode to a Lebanese Crock of Olives1

for Walter's Aunt Libby's diligence in making olives

As some women love jewels and drape themselves with ropes of pearls, stud their ears with diamonds, band themselves with heavy gold, have emeralds on their fingers or opals on white bosoms, I live with the still life of grapes whose skins frost over with the sugar forming inside, hard apples, and delicate pears; cheeses. from the sharp fontina, to icy bleu, the aromatic chevres, boursault, boursin, a litany of thick bread, dark wines, pasta with garlic, soups full of potato and onion; and butter and cream, like the skins of beautiful women, are on my sideboard.

—Diane Wakoski

The preceding poem uses long lines to convey an overflow of praise for its subject. What other subjects would fit into long lines of poetry?

The following poem by Carl Rákosi uses a different effect. Instead of varying the length of the lines, the poet separates some words from the others. As you read this poem aloud, pause before you read the words that have been set off.

[from] The Experiment with a Rat²

Every time I nudge that spring

a bell rings

and a man walks out of a cage assiduous and sharp like one of us and brings me cheese.

How did he fall

into my power?

INC. —Carl Rákosi

ssiduous means diligent."

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¹From "Ode to a Lebanese Crock of Olives" in Waiting for the King of Spain by Diane Wakoski, Black Sparrow Press, 1976. Reprinted by permission of the author.

²"The Experiment with a Rat" by Carl Rákosi from ERE-Voice, New Directions, 1971. Reprinted by permission of Carl Rákosi.

Carl Rakosi 126 Irving Street San Francisco, CA 94122 22 Feb. 1988 Dear Ian Hamilton: On the chance that you know my work, I am writing to inquire whether you think The London Review might be interested in reviewing my two recent books, COLLECTED POEMS and COLLECTED PROSE, published by The National Poetry Foundation at The University of Maine. As you may know, I'm the last of the Objectivists. Now that my work has been collected, it occurs to me that it might be a good time for someone to analyze it for British readers and relate it to the work of the other Objectivists, Zukofsky, Oppen, Reznikoff and Niedecker, in some kind of a historical, critical overview. If you think there would be any point in sending you the books for such a perusal, or any other, please let me know to whom review copies should be sent. Sincerely,

Wednesday March 28 8:00 PM in Room H-203 Free Admission III

DISTINGUISHED POET CARL RAKOSI WAS ONE OF THE "OBJECTIVIST" POETS OF THE 1930S WHO STOPPED WRITING FOR TWO DECADES TO BECOME A PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER. SINCE RESUMING WRITING IN THE MID-1960S, HE HAS COMPLETED THREE BOOKS AND WILL SOON EMBARK ON A LECTURE TOUR. THE PROGRAM WILL BEGIN AT 8 P.M. IN HUMANITIES ROOM 203. ADMISSION IS FREE AND THE PUBLIC IS INVITED.

MINNESOTA WRITERS' FESTIVAL

featuring

Robert Bly

Meridel Lesueur

Thomas McGrath

Frederick Manfred

Carl Rakosi

Kate Basham Carol Bly Michael Dennis Browne Emilio DeGrazia William Elliot John Engman Kate Green **Keith Gunderson** Pat Hampl Phebe Hanson Margaret Hasse Susan Hauser Bill Holm Lou Jenkins Mary Karr Michael Kincaid Wendy Knox Sr Galen Martini John Minceski **Jim Moore** Joe Paddock Nancy Paddock John Rezmerski Barton Sutter Cary Waterman **Charles Waterman** plus many others

FOR INFORMATION PLEASE WRITE

Philip Dacey Literature, Language & Philosophy Dept Southwest State University Marshall, Minnesota 56258

April 24-28

Southwest State University

12 April 1986

Dear Mr. Perkins:

If you have to pay for it out of your own pocket, forget it. No fee.

Best wishes,

Perkins. 9 March 1986 Dear Mr. Brawner: I do control the rights to my poems, Extracts From A Private Life and The Old Man's Hornpipe and am willing to have Professor Perkins quote them in his A History Of Modern Poetry, including future editions, translations, and non-profit special editions for the viewally impaired. He may also have non-exclusive world rights. As I'm unfamiliar with Professor Perkins! name, would you kindly tell me where he teaches? Also, what Harvard University Press will be paying the authors of quotations. Sincerely,

19 Dec. 1985 Dear Sam: Thank you for your PATHWAYS TO THE HUMANITIES. Its cogency, logic, rich references, and good writing are very impressive. I'm delighted. I get the impression that others have included the humanities in their professional view but that you are more or less alone in giving it such a large place in the curriculum. Thanks too for the Commentary article on Ginsberg. When we see you next, I'll tell you what I think about it. All the best to you and Evelyn for the next year and all the years to come. Love,

The Living Writers Series Presents

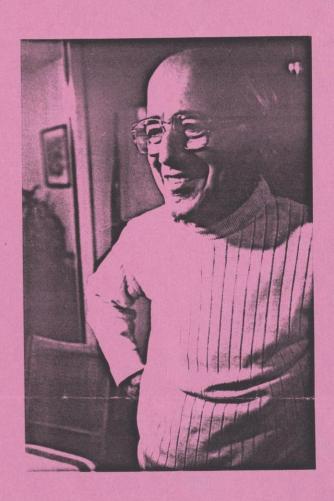
-Major American Poet-CARL RAKOSI

Reading from his own work & the work of other Objectivist Poets

Poetry

Its nature is to look
both absolute and mortal,
as if a boy had passed through
or the imprint of his foot
had been preserved
unchanged under the ash of Herculaneum.

- Carl Rakosi



7:00 p.m. Friday, May 8 The Back Door

(Aztec Center, San Diego State University)

Free Admission All Welcome For more information call 265-5443



DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH AND COMPARATIVE LITERATURE COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY SAN DIEGO CA 92182

THE LIVING WRITERS SERIES PRESENTS CARL RAKOSI

(619) 265-5443

SIMPLICITY

O rare circle, you are not in favor now. Not much is written about you. Perhaps not much is known about you. But when I hear this, "I am just a widow woman. What do I know?"

and when I see the father of many children hurrying to the polls in Saigon to pick the candidate whose symbol is the plow

and when I hear an eighteen year old tell the judge "So here is Tom Rodd.

I wanted to go to Selma and Montgomery but I didn't.

I wanted to go to Washington and confront the President but I didn't.

But this war is too much for me to say I didn't. So I'm prepared to go to jail.

I have no beef against this court.

I drink beer and I play the banjo."

O rare simplicity,

 $\qquad \qquad \text{when I hear this,} \\ \text{I know I am in your honest presence.}$

--- Carl Rakosi

CARL RAKOSI, the major Objectivist poet, will read from his work & the work of the other Objectivists (Louis Zukofsky, George Oppen, Charles Reznikoff & others) this coming Friday evening at 7 pm at Aztec Center's The Back Door. One of America's significant poets, Rakosi is a splendid model of an anti-formalist whose work is at once complex & accessible—— a poetry full of humour, high spirits, intelligence & social consciousness. For anyone interested in the development of contemporary American poetry & the work of its current masters, this reading should prove an exciting event. It will be, as well, the final event of the Spring '87 Living Writers Series.

Please urge your students & friends to attend this event.

CARL RAKOSI AT THE BACK DOOR... FRIDAY, MAY 8, 7PM free & open to the public.....information 265-5443

The Poetry Center at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago Columbus Drive and Jackson Boulevard

th Season 1984-85

Friday, October 12, 8:00pm

Gerald Stern

A celebrant of Jewish mysticism and nature, Gerald Stern is a Lamont Poetry Selection winner and author of several volumes including *Lucky Life, The Red Coal*, and *Paradise Poems*.

Friday, November 30, 8:00pm

Paul Carroll/Alice Notley

Chicago poet and former editor of *Big Table*, Paul Carroll is the author of *Odes*, *The Luke Poems*, and *New and Selected* Poems. Alice Notley, author of *How Spring Comes* and *Phoebe Light*, among others, was a 1983 winner of the prestigious G.E. Award for Younger Writers.

Tuesday, December 4, 8:00pm

Elizabeth Hardwick

Distinguished critic, novelist, and lecturer, Elizabeth Hardwick is a founder and advisory editor of *The New York Review of Books*. Her most recent book is *Bartleby in Manhattan and Other Essays*.

Friday, February 8, 8:00pm

Ted Kooser/A.K. Ramanujan

Ted Kooser's Sure Signs: New and Selected Poems was praised by Karl Shapiro as "a lasting work, comparable to Frost in his richest vein." A MacArthur Prize Fellowship recipient in 1983, A.K. Ramanujan is author of four books of poems in English, and several volumes in translation from two Indian languages.

Friday, March 15, 8:00pm

Joe Brainard/Paul Violi

Joe Brainard, the noted artist, will read from his poetry and prose, including the legendary *I Remember*. Paul Violi, a 1980 NEA Fellow, is author of the well-received book of poems, *Splurge*, as well as *Harmatan* and *Baltic Circles*.

Wednesday, April 17, 8:00pm

Annual Benefit for the Poetry Center James Merrill

Winner of the National Book Award, Pulitzer Prize and the Bollingen Prize, James Merrill is author of many books of poetry, two novels and several plays. His most recent book, *The Changing Light at Sandover*, was published in 1982

Friday, May 10, 8:00 pm

Carl Rakosi

First published in the 1920's by Ezra Pound in *The Exile*, Rakosi's poetry also appears in the famous 1931 "Objectivist" issue of *Poetry* magazine. He reads from his many books in this rare Chicago appearance.

The above events are supported in part by a grant from the Illinois Arts Council, a state agency.

The Poetry Center at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago Columbus Drive and Jackson Boulevard Chicago, Illinois 60603

Schomalet 31 Jan. 1986 Dear Jack: Now that you've published Niedecker's selected poems, I wonder if you'd be interested in doing mine. The situation is this. All of my books AMULET, ERE-VOICE, AND EX CRANIUM, NIGHT ... have gone out of print. The one exception is the little Toothpaste chapbook, DROLES DE JOURNAL. which should also be running out soon. Last year the National Poetry Foundation published my COLLECTED PROSE and this fall they're bringing out my COLLECTED POEMS, some 430 pages in length. Because of its size and cost, and also, I'm afraid, because Terrell at the National Poetry Foundation simply doesn't have the set-up or the connections or the know-how (or is it interest?) to market the NPF books in bookstores, I am certain that my COLLECTED POEMS will wind up nowhere but in university libraries and that so far as individual buyers of poetry are concerned, it will be, in effect, as if my poetry had disappeared. There is, therefore, it seems to me, both a market and a literary need for some of my poetry to be available in bookstores. What I had in mind was a book of about 150 pages. If you're interested, call me (566-3425) and we'll go on from there. Best.

Walker Art Center and St. Paul Council of Arts and Sciences Poetry in the Schools Project present

POETRY READING

Alvin Greenberg Carl Rakosi

Sunday, 26 March 4 pm

Walker Art Center Lecture/Information Room

Tickets: \$1.50, students \$1. at the door

Book Review polis Star & Toribune
13 July 1987 Dear Dave Woods: Following Barbara Bawley's phone contact with you, I've written my publisher. The National Poetry Foundation, to send you a review copy of my COLLECTED POEMS. However, since the NPF is connected with the University of Maine, the personnel at the NPF office might be away on vacation, so if you don't get a review copy of the book in the next few weeks, please let me know and I'll send you an extra copy that I have at home. I'm enclosing a few reviews that have already appeared. Although I've been /living in San Francisco in recent years. I'm essentially a Minneapolitanlived there from 1945 to 1978 (and would still be living there if it were not for the winters) and my daughter and her family and many old friends still live there; I've given readings at Walker and the U and at colleges throughout Minnesota, and after John Berryman's suicide, I took over for a time his seminar on the American character...et al. Because of this connection, perhaps a review might have special interest for readers. With best wishes, Carl Rakosi

Dear Jesse Glass:

Your warm, enthusiastic letter made my day. Yes! Thank you.

As a rule, I'm reluctant to read the work of someone unknown to me because it entails having to respond with an opinion that may have to be unfavorable and then I'll be stuck with how to respond without hurting the person's feelings. It was no differentw when your batch of poems dropped out of your packet and I was trying to figure out what to do. Then I began to read IN WINTER. The second stanza began to be interesting and by the third stanza I was caught by the strength of your imaginative build-up in "as Mercator...." and I continued to be held to the end. Then in quick glances at the other poems I saw both a careful craftsman and a solid intellect at work. Welcome aboard!

Case Rakosi

Merget is margery that ime's tour daughter whom she rever saw because she died in chiedbirth March 21, 1983 Dear Margot: I wanted to call you on Sunday but founc there was no phone listed under Margot Latimer. Apparently it's under your married name, which I don't have. I just wanted to know how things were going with you. Did you know Blanche Matthias passed away? In view of your tight finances, I do hope she left you something. My piece on Margery is now tik with my publisher and will be a part of my COLLECTED PROSE, due some time in November (for my birthday). It's about the same length as what I sent you but with some deletions and additions and some tightening up, necessary because the original piece was intended only to give you and Nancy Loughridge information, not for publication. I'm going to be visiting my daughter in Minneapolis between June 5th and June 19th. Any chance of you being there at the same time to visit your cousin? It's obvious we're not going to have a correspondence but if you'd like me to call you from time to time, send me your phone number. All the best. P.S. Did you get AMULET?

Dear Margot:

Although your mother was heart and soul into writing, she would have attached equal value to the work you're doing. I know that from her big-eyed wonder and excitement when she heard the about my first job at Family Service Society in Cleveland. So it would not be stretching things to imagine on your work, like a guardian angel, with her great smile. There is another thing that I know she would be beaming at, that we have found each other!

Lovely to have Michelle's and Philip's pictures. His is too outgoing for me to I can suspect why Michelle, as you say, "loathes" hers: it's quite studied. But there's a mystery in that pose that captures my interest, and for a moment her mouth and wide-open eyes remind me slightly of Margery.

I'm enclosing AMULET, **** the book that's closest chronologically to Margery. It's that phase of my work that she would have known, and known me by. When you've had a chance to spend some time with it and would like another, let me know and I'll send you the next later book. And so on.

My reason for needing to read THIS IS MY BODY quickly is curious and unexpected. My book of collected prose is being published next year in both this country and England. A section of it is called Scenes from My Life, and for that I need to know again how Margery perceived me, and that's in her novel. So if you could do something to get it back from your friend right away, Iw would appreciate it. I have a deadline. My memoir of Margery will be a part of that book.

Which reminds me. Nancy writes despairingly that you won't reply to her letters and has, therefore, asked me to ask you to write the Feminist Press, if you have not already done so, to request them to use my memoir. If she makes the request, she thinks it will put her into too weak a position. She's probably right. Will you do it? I wouldn't want anything to stand in the way of their publishing Margery's stories. Don't worry about Nancy's psychological misinterpretations. I can correct them.

One other thing. I've been reading Margery's letters to Blanche. They're high quality....maybe the best things she's ever done. But there are not enough of them for a book. I need more, especially her letters to Meridel?, Are they in your father's mss. collection of her letters?

Affectionately,

Dear Margot Latimer:

I have no doubt that you've been waiting eagerly for my written recollections of your mother. I'm sorry, therefore, that it's taken so long, but there were long breaks when I couldn't work on it. Needless to say, when I was writing it, I had you in mind, even more than Nancy Loughridge....you, Margery's mystery child, whom I never say, whom I wondered about, time after time: what were you like? where were you? Did you need anyone's help? Was there some way I and Maxgax Margery's other friends could help you? Not knowing your father, however, or where he was, there was nowhere I could take my concerns. Now that I've found you, I hope you will satisfy my great interest in you by telling me about your life, particularly your adult life. I'm interested in everything that's happened to you, big and small.

Any chance of your coming to San Francisco some time to visit us?

All the best to you,

Dear Margot:

I was delighted to get your season's greetings. I hope 1986 brings all the best to you and the children.

Yes, of course I have seen the new Guardian Angel. I sent for it as soon as I learned that it was out, and was delighted at its physical appearance (more attractive than anything Margery was able to have during her lifetime). And the Feminist imprimatur will brings her readers which she wouldn't have otherwise. Although Margery was too absorbed with other things to have thought in feminist terms, she was always searching herx own nature, which was intensely feminine, and in that sense could be regarded as an early feminist, walk worth looking into by the present generation. The three pieces at the end of the book did my heart good. What remains now is for Nancy Loughridge to complete her biography. I hope you will cooperate and that she hasn't lost interest in doing it.

Again all the best,

Dear Margot:

When I wrote you my reaction to GUARDIAN ANGEL, I had not yet read the three Afterwords. Having the read them now, I must say that I find the pieces by Meridel LeSueur and Louis Kampf quite distorting. Of course anything that brings Margery's work to public ****** attention and respect is to the good, and it is understandable that Meridel would think it necessary to locate Margery in the feminist mould in order to persuade the Feminist Press to print her, but she goes much too far. She is of course warm and affectionate in her *** recollection of Margery, but there too she gets lost in a mushy mystique. Pretty soupy stuff. The point is that Margery was a pure individualist first, last and always, and was against all moulds, even the feminine. That was one of her unmistakable traits and one which set her apart from others.

On the other hand, Louis Kampf, a well-known Marxist in the Modern Language Association, puts Margery into his camp. According to him what Margery was doing, by means of her sharp observation and artistry, was to reveal the desperate nature and unhappiness of people in small towns, which is to be expected under Capitalism. Another mould, not to be believed of the real Margery. The fact is that her work was nearly always autobiographical, and the unhappiness and boredom of her characters are nots social observation for the purpose of revealing the consequences of Capitalist society but projections of her own unhappiness and a desperation and boredom in Portage. Of course readers are free to project any interpretation they need to make on a piece of writing, but this one is simply out of character for Margery.

That leaves Nancy's biographical note. I found it to the point and believable.

Anyhow, you asked. Now let me know what you think.

Best,

Dear Nancy Loughridge:

I was overjoyed to learn that you intended to do a piece, on Margery Latimer. Nothing could be more overdue. I'd better write out my recollections of her, and that will take a bit of time, but in the meantime I can dispose of a few other things. Leon Herald, whom I'll bring into my recollections, passed away a few years ago. So did Horace Gregory, who was on campus at the University of Wisconsin at the same time as Margery; but his widow, Marya Zaturenska, who was also there, may still be around. Her last address was Palisades, Rockland County, New York 10964.

Alas, I don't know what poem I promised to send Margery on the birth of the new baby nor what became of it. Nor do I know the whereabouts of Lula Vollmer, whom Mrgery mentioned from time to time but whom I did not know, nor Harold Hartley and Perry Goldman, whose names do not strike a bell with me.

I should add that some of Margery's letters to me are, if I'm not mistaken, in the University of Texas library in Austen, along with correspondence from Fearing and Louis Zukofsky to me. I don't know how they'd be catalogued there, possibly under my name or Zukofsky's or all four. Which leads me to ask whether there is a group of my letters to Margery at Fisk, since you speak of "a lest letter" from me, and whether there is any way to read these other than at Fisk itself. I didn't realize that Margery had kept my letters and that they might still be around.

With best wishes.

No, I didn't know that the Feminist Press was considering reprinting Margery's stories. Did Meridel have something to do with that? The reason I ask is because she's become a great mother-figure for young feminists (no one deserves it more) and told me a few years ago with great assurance, which I longed to share but could not, that someday Margery's work would be reprinted and appreciated. The day that happens, I'm going to celebreate.

I'm a little bewildered and touched by your offer to substitute my piece for yours. Of course my heart tells me that it belongs with Margery's work but would the Press go for that? Furthermore, perhaps it should be an introduction, not a postscript, and you should write a postscript of a different sort, based on research, analysis, etc. and on what other friends and relatives have told you which are not in my account or differ from it. In any case, I wouldn't want the Press to brush you aside, no, no.

I welcome questions. It might help me to fill out the memoir. Incidentally, your "take" on Margery as having a Blakean innocence answers a question I had about her work, of which I now have only a wisp of a memory, and that is, how expressive of her was it? Apparently that side of her came through.

Margot called me last Sunday and we had a great talk. She had a dream the night before she received the week an memoir in which, amidst much sturm und drang, a voice, or whatever, let her know that I had decided for some reason or other not to do it. The next morning, after breakfast, her son (?) brought in the mail, and there it was. She burst out crying.

Would you believe that Margery's niece lives only seven blocks from where we used to live in Minneapolis? What a shame that we didn't know!

Cordially,

CARL RAKOSI 128 Irving Street San Francisco 94122 9/23/82 Dear Nancy:

The mystery deepens, not surprisingly. I am afraid that your interpretation of Margery's mother goes much beyond too far beyond the evidence. Why do we have to pretend we know when we don't? We can't even make an educated guess, there's so little to go on. I assume you have evidence for saying that she viewed her husband with contempt and treated her daughter Rachel abominably. I don't know about that/but those are strong words that would need to be supported by an unbiassed source. In any event, if the evidence is Margery's letters to her mother and what I know about Margery and Zukofsky's one-time observation of the mother, then all were can safely say is that the mother was a dominating, unyielding force derogating, undercutting and probably subtly sabotaging Margery. from which I conclude (as a clinician) that Margery may have been an unwanted child and that the mother protected herself against feelings of guilt over this by evading the whole issue of mother love and putting the relationship on the basis of mother-approval and disapproval, convincing herself that this was what a mother was supposed to do. This gave her tremendous power over Margery without needing to be confronted by her own basic deficiency. On this basis her disapprovals were much more frequent and felt much more deeply by Margery than her approvals because they were triggered and motivated by the mother's affectional rejection, the tone and coloration of which would permeated the disapprovals.

If we follow this scenario, which unfortuately is all too familiar in the human family and accounts for a large proportion of the neurosis in the population, much of Margery's behavior falls into place and becomes understandable. It would go like this. Margery realizes at an early age that she can't bet true mother-love and full acceptance from her mother and that the acceptance is going to be partial and impermanent, depending on her mother's approval and cut off without notice if her mother is not in the mood for it. This substitution of approval for love is a very bitter pill but swallow it she must. After that it's a matter of trying to live unscathed in a relation-ship in which all power is **weested in the mother to dispense or withhold the necessary approval.

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The matter is even worse. The dispensing and withholding of approval is a powerful instrument for making a child comply and be what pleases the

mother, and this mother, who is nothing if not strong-minded, uses it in a strong-minded way. Under such circumstances, a child would have to be a "model" child, compliant and submissive in all things, in order to hope to be able to get the mother's approval....and then the chances are that this mother, feeling the way she does about a child, would disapprove because the child was compliant and submissive, for this kind of mother has to disapprove no matter what, because approval and love go together: no love, no approval. So it's a no-win situation for poor Margery, but she couldn't have known that, she had to try. But even if she had known it, she couldn't have lived with it, it was too painful to bear.

But you and I know, of course, that Margery was <u>never</u> compliant and submissive, and nothing on this eart could make her be anything out of character. So the mother is up against someone as strong-minded and un-yielding as she. You say you think she was manipulative. She probably was, but no more than most parents. She didn't have to be; she had the power. Margot remembered her as jolly, loving and happy. I assure you she could have been all those things....to a granddaughter. After all, she (Laurie) was not the one who was insecure, she was in control. She could afford to be jolly with a granddaughter. And she could be loving too....sure, with a granddaughter. Why not? Rejecting mothers are often loving grandmothers. And "happy" too. By that time in life she could have been, if not exactly happy, as she seemed to the child Margot, at least viewing life with a certain amount of equanimity and good nature, which might have been true even during Margery's childhood. There is nothing incompatible between that and her deficiencies as a mother.

Going back to Margery, the most galling thing about her relationship to her mother must have been that she couldn't fight the thing out openly or confront her with it. A child can't do that without risking all. all approval and acceptance. She has to go at it in a disguised way. And Margery did that. Her letters to her mother are made up of endless complaints: she's Dored, she doesn't feel well, she's lonely, she doesn't have enough money, etc. Always the message is, "I'm miserable, I'm unhappy. You're the mother. I need your help. Do something. Help me." The complaints are desperate calls for affection, in disguised form, since Margery knew perfectly well that her mother couldn't do anything about her loneliness or her boredom or her physical ailments. And of course the mother doesn't do anything, except the one thing she can do, send her a little money occasionally. It's not in her to give the primal affection Margery is really seeking.

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I suspect that the effect of these letters on her mother was simply to confirm what she had come to expect of Margery, endless complaining, and that her response was pretty much the same as when Margery complained, during the Zukofsky visit, "Mother, this coffee looks like mud," and the mother answered, "Well, stir the mud and drink it." In other wx words, shut up and get on with it, and don't be such a baby...a response which, of course, was no response to Margery's calls for help and forced her into repetitive ritual complaining, to which the mother did not have to pay serious attention because the complaints were so disguised.

One more thing about this scenario. On closer examination it leads, for Margery, to a sick, subterranean agony, the agony of not being able to suppress her need for her mother's love....no one can do that...and of feeling, on the contrary, metathetize and its claims become more desperate and insistent, and eventually unreasonable. You said in your letter that you felt that Margery"never managed to separate herself from her mother, never cut the cord." That wasn't quite it. What she couldn't separate from was her need for her mother's love, and since that need went with the mother, she did hold on to the mother, but not because she was not grown-up and couldn't take responsibility for herself and do things on her own and be her own judge, etc., which is what we ordinarily mean by "separating."

Growing up in this mother-child gestalt in which she was disapproved, poor Margery deeply believed there was something wrong with her as a woman, that she was unattractive, dressing accordingly, that her voice was wrong, that her body was a strange, distant thing. Not so in writing, however. In her powers as a writer and observer, in her prescient intuition, she had limitless confidence. She knew she could create confidence for herself there.

The parts of this scenario hang together very well and are convincing, but that is only because they replicate the elements of a conventional diagnosis If you use it in your book, you would have to add a disclaimer to the effect that we have no direct eximpered evidence about the mother and that basing a portrait of her entirely on Margery's behavior is very risky. In any case, whatever she did to Margery that caused anguish and difficulty was not done out of malevolence but out of her own situation and needs at the time. In other words, we are not dealing with a monster.

Going back for a moment to Margery's exacerbated affectional needs and expectations in a relationship, to a man, I was very much aware of this, as was everyone else, and remember thinking what a great relationship it would be if a man were up to it, if he could just forget everything else and give himself to it, all of himself, unplumbed depths that he was even not aware of.

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But it would mean that he'd have to be willing to let himself be enveloped by it/her, which was the last thing Kenneth was willing to do. To break out of such a relationship in which she talked about marriage and children, which she longed for, Kenneth used strong ww words. They can be found a story, Portage MONDAY MORNING, which she wrote in the summer of1929. The story is dedicated to Blanche, in whose files I saw it. When I read those words, I instantly recognized them as Kenneth's and remembered Margery's coming to me after the event, looking downcast and confused and a bit dazed and mangled and repeating Kenneth's words, as if to ask me, her friend, what did I make of such strange behavior? I was a man, I would understand. I did understand alright but what could I say? That this ending was inevitable, this was the way Kenneth was? I could not tell her I was not up to such an intense, full-throttled relationship either. I said something, I think, about the harshness of the words but was at a loss how else to relieve her knot of injury.

In the story Margery corrects the injury. In it she fantasies that she has a loving husband and is carrying his child, doing all the necessary domestic tasks while the husband goes off to work. She is utterly content. Into this Eden, however, come flashbacks of what is recognized as Kenneth's last words to her, although the speaker of the words is never named.

"I won't let you lock me up. I won't. No. You can't. Cry then. Cry all you please. No, I'm Not a monster."

"Today I don't want a million babies, Margot (mine: isn't interesting that Margot is the name she gave herself in the story and alsom to her real child?) I'd kill them all. You bore me. I want to go a million miles away from you, amgle angel. I'd soon choke you and the kid as well. I'd murder you after six months. I'd be in the penitentiary and you'd be bringing me cigarettes and stale cookies. Don't talk. Every word you be said one million times. You bore me. Keep away. I haven't anything at all for you ever.

No, you've got me crazy. I swear any woman in the streets has more than you. They have bodies. They have senses. They don't hang on a guy for love all the time. Oh, shut up for a change."

The words are Kenneth's but the way she put them together is not the way he sounded. Somehow she has them sounding mushier, less incisive, less idiomatic. This is partly because she has them coming through an emotional haze, but also because, at this time, she had not quite got the hang of man talk. You might say she was feminizing it. Thus when the voice in the story says, "I want to go a million miles away from you, angel," in the mouth of Kenneth there would be deadly sarcasm and a drop of vitriol at the end of that word, angel.

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It's convenient for me that Florence Howe is away from her office, as I have had my re-union with Blanche Matthias and another meeting with her in which we checked out each other's memory of Margery, and I know from this that a few things in my memoir will have to be corrected, and a few things added. In addition, what I wrote was intended for your use, not as an introduction to a book. If it's going to be used that way, some changes, of course, will have to be made. I'll hold off doing anything, however, until I get the go-ahead sign from you.

Is Margery's cprrespondence with Zona Gale in the fisk library? These should be enlightening. From some letters I saw at Blanche's, Blanche may have been Margery's closest writing confidente. A whole archive of Margery's letters to Blanche are in the University Library in Madison. They would be a counterpoint to her letters to Zona. Have you seen them?

Blanche too asked whether I heard a resemblance in Margot's voice to Margery's. I heard some, I guess, in the up-beat liveliness of Margot's voice and the suggestion &s of a slight laugh in it, but not more than that.

How are you coming along on the biography? I notice that the Feminist Press has come out with Margery's GUARDIAN ANGEL. Did you have a x hand in that? I hope so. I hope too that you've been able to restore a working relationship to Margot. That's a bummer.

My COLLECTED PROSE is out but I'm embarrassed that I can't send you a copy becuase the publisher hasn't sent me any, despite repeated requests, for distribution to friends. It's annoying. If it's important for you to have the book, with the piece on Margery and the others in its final form, it can be obtained from The National Poetry Foundation, The University of Maine, 305 English-Math Bldg., Orono, Maine 04469; or on order from a bookstore. If you'll be writing the Feminist Press regarding your book, you might let them know that the piece is there. Otherwise I'll do it.

If there's anything I can do to help you with your book. please let me know. I mean that.

You must not give up on Margery's biography bacause Margot hatted year the essay. That wouldn't make sense. You're not writing it to please Margot, after all, however much we may all want her to be pleased. All you can do as a writer is to be careful, thorough, conscientious, and as perceptive as you can. That's quite enough. Relatives oftern hate biographies, for obvious reasons. Do you know what Mrgot takes such strong exception to? I can tell you what she told me over the phone: she felt you were hostile in the essay, which surprised me because in everything you wrote me you were so warmly and enthusiastically identified with Margery, and that your psychological speculations about the family seemed to her far-fetched and ill-grounded. In my overdue response to your long letter I'll have some things to say about these speculations but in the meantime, you must not lose heart. I, for one, am depending on you to do the biography, and I'm sure Blanche and Meridel are too. I have a horrible feeling that if you don't do it, it will never get done.

Would you like to send me the essay to get my reaction?

Best.

Dear Nancy: Joughton Jetimet

Yes, Margot is very slow to write. I had almost given up hope myself that she would respond to my second letter, but she did, so you may still hear from her. I wrote her yesterday to ask, as you requested, that she approach the Feminist Press about the introduction but I don't know whether she'll think it's her place to do it.

I'm very uncomfortable about your saying, "My pride wants to salvage something from the last four years.""I don't understand what has been lost by you and what pride has to do with it. I happen to have known Margery, you didn't, so how could you have made her come alive as I did? That couldn't have come from books or letters, and to todowngrade yourself for not having as I did done it is unrealistic. Whatever you did in research and thought is still intact, not affected by what I did. Isn't it all going into your biography of Margery? Furthermore, my memoir, probably somewhat abbreviated, is going to appear next year in a volume of my collected prose, so there is no necessity for it to appear also in a volume of Margery's short stories, although I agree that would be a good place for it. You could still use your introduction if you felt the loss was there. I really wouldn't mind, as it's going to be published anyhow, although not for the same audience. Anyhow, do we know that the Feminist Press is even going to use Margery's stories?

Got held up in my reply to your last letter but it'sl be coming.

Best.

I have read your piece on Margery twice and it much better than you led me to believe it was. In fact, it is more appropriate as an introduction to her book than mine, and I would be opposed to substituting mine for yours. I say yours is more appropriate because it covers Margery's whole live whereas mine deals with only a small a part, and because I have things in mine that are only tangentially relevant to Margery.

You say you find your piece flat. I know what you mean, but that tone is not uninteresting. It's the tone of restraint and a measured pace. It's a perfectly appropriate tone. If, however, you think it needs more fleshing out (I don't, since the stories will speak for themselves) and you think you could flesh it out by adding from her writing, I wouldn't hesitate to do it. It won't overlap what Louis Kamp does. He has quite a different purpose and that will make his piece atogether different.

Is this the writing that Margot hated? I don't understand.

A few small points. (1) How do you happen to know such specific details as you have in paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 1? I'm not saying it wasn't that way, but how could you know that it was? Perhaps your sources should be given. (2) Gurdjieff is supposed to have been Bulgarian. Did Toomer or Orage say he was Russian? (3) Kenneth was not Semitic-looking, unless you think Walter Matthau, the actor, looks Semitic (their faces look a little alike; identical noses). Kenneth's hair was black but it was fine and his complexion was not dark, so that he really didn't look dark. People didn't really see him physically as Jewish. (4) You write, "Kenneth's gods were Karl Marx, Edwin Arlington Robinson and H.L. Mencken." It's true he was quite taken by Robinson, and influenced by him, and he did admire Mencken's spunk and lingo, but Marx was quite outside his orbit. Kenneth had a few radical friends in the Village but he himself was totally a-political. These friendships and the profound pessimism in his poems, the devastated city scenes, made the Communists think he was one of them, but they were mistaken.

My reading of your introduction convinces me that you must not be let yourself be deterred from writing the full biography.

With best wishes,

last

There's only one possession that's worth having and that is the capacity to feel that life is a privilege and that each person in it is unique and will never appear again.

Margery Latimer to Zona Gale, 1928 1

Margery Bodine Latimer was born on February 6, 1899 in Portage,
Wisconsin, the second child and daughter of Clark Watt and Laura
Augusta Bodine Latimer. Her parents had met and married in Mansfield,
Ohio in 1890 and her father, a traveling salesman, had chosen to settle
in Portage because of its good rail connections to his Upper Mississippi
territory. The town of Portage in 1899 had not yet been put on the
literary map by Zona Gale's phenomenally popular Friendship Village
stories.

Laurie Latimer was a beautiful, gentle woman, low-key in manner, who loved books, music and comfortable surroundings. Clark Latimer, a large, handsome, noisy man whose impeccable dress verged on dandyism, held conventional views and his tastes were uncultivated. He adored Laurie all his life and worked extraordinarily hard to provide his family with the finer things, but it seemed, when he returned from his long road trips, that he was almost baffled by the three females living under his roof.

From the moment of Margery's arrival, she became the center of her mother's emotional life; the six-year-old Rachel, a robust and gregarious girl, fell into alliance with her father. Laurie Latimer sensed immediately that there was a special, other-worldly quality in her youngest child; Margery seemed to possess a sixth sense which enabled her, even when an infant, to "know" things inaccessible to others. She seems never to have grown a protective social crust; wise and vulnerable at once, Margery would face life with the directness and intensity of a Blake vision.

Margery's early resolve to be a writer was strengthened by the example of Portage-neighbor Zona Gale, though the two did not become acquainted until 1917. One of Margery's short stories, printed in the local newspaper, caught Zona's attention and she immediately summoned the young author to tea at her elegant columned home overlooking the river. At 42, Zona Gale had already achieved financial independence and fame through her writing and had returned to Portage several years earlier to live with her parents. Her finest work (and the Pulitzer Prize) was still ahead of her at the time of her meeting with Margery.

Zona was enchanted. "There is a wonderful child here," she wrote to a friend. "She is one of the most exquisite centres of intuitive experience imaginable." 2

For her part, Margery was cast under a spell which would not be broken for 14 years.

Margery entered Wooster College in Ohio in the fall of 1918 but seems to have been terribly unhappy there from the start (homesickness, mainly) and she withdrew at the end of the first semester. The following autumn she entered the University of Wisconsin, only 40 miles from Portage, but was not much happier. The impersonality of the huge campus, the emphasis on football and the rah-rah spirit, the brassy social life revolving around fraternities and sororities — all repelled her. A fellow occupant of Barnard Hall recalls Margery at that time:

My first impression of Margery was that on the whole she seemed somewhat remote, intentionally. It might have been a mask for shyness. But when one got a little closer one found she set a lot of store by being not different, exactly, but distinctive.

Everyone agrees that Margery was a strikingly attractive girl; the word most often used to describe her was "radiant." Above average in

height (about 5'8") and large-boned, she had a mass of golden hair, variously described as honey blonde or strawberry blonde, large, piercingly blue eyes and perfect skin. The poet, Carl Rakosi, recalls Margery vividly:

She wore no make-up, no lipstick, no high heels, no frills of any kind and only the most plain dresses. Her walk was unselfconscious, very straight and direct, without being masculine. What struck one immediately was her radiant presence. Blake would have described her as a cloud of gold. ... In a long life, I have not seen her like.

Academically, Margery performed adequately but she could not learn by rote; the canned lectures seemed only to skim over the surface and left her bored and restless to find deeper connections.

In May of 1921, while Margery was preparing to leave Madison "for good," Zona was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in drama for Miss Lulu Bett, the first woman so honored. The play had opened in December and was still attracting standing-room-only audiences; Zona was earning enormous sums of money and was the most sought-after figure in New York.

Margery arrived in the city in June and signed up for a summer playwriting course at Columbia. The class was a disappointment but Margery
found a friend there who more than made up for it. Blanche (Mrs. Russell)
Matthias, an extraordinarily lovely, wealthy, sophisticated woman in
her early thirties, was intrigued by the "glorious looking young woman"
who was indolent and impertinent in the classroom and so wonderfully
alive outside it. Blanche soon became Margery's closest friend, confidante, and supporter.

One of Zona's many letters of introduction finally paid off for Margery in October when she got a job in the fashion department of the

Woman's Home Companion. She promptly moved into a charming studio on West 23rd Street, bought a typewriter on the installment plan, and began her first novel. Zona wrote her from Portage that Mrs. Latimer marveled at the courage her youngest daughter was showing but Margery's brave new world didn't last long. She was fired from her job in the spring and, chastened, returned home to Portage. She wrote to Blanche: "If it weren't for Zona, I would feel like Nothing." 5

Margery re-enrolled at Wisconsin in the fall but this time as a special student, taking only those courses which appealed to her. Money, as always, was a problem. Clark Latimer's earnings in the first nine months of 1922 amounted to only a little over a thousand dollars. Zona responded by initiating the Zona Gale Scholarship Fund which would grant to the winners the incredibly generous sum of \$70 a month. The scholarship terms were hand-crafted for Margery's benefit and Zona made certain that she was the first recipient.

Margery's third year at the university was a complete turn-about from the first two; she blossomed. She made friends with Kenneth Fearing, Carl Rakosi, Horace Gregory, Marya Zaturenska, and others in the literary group and her contributions (essays and reviews, mainly) began to appear in the Literary Magazine. And there was the excitement of Zona's visits to campus, which were frequent. Margery's feelings for Zona were intense, almost overwhelming. She wrote to Zona about this time:

A new sense came to me as Miss Conklin sat there talking of you. I was filled with you ... I thought I would like to serve you, serve you, belong to you. I feel as though now for the first time I am bound to beauty.

At the same time, Margery's friendship with Kenneth Fearing had gradually deepened into a romance, to the astonished delight of their friends. Two more opposite people could hardly be imagined. Kenneth's

looks were dark, frail, Semitic, unprepossessing; he was appallingly grubby in his personal habits. Kenneth's Gods were Karl Marx, Edwin Arlington Robinson and H.L. Mencken; he deplored the romanticism of Margery's novel-in-progress which he blamed on Zona's influence. His upbringing had been very unstable (his mother was about to marry for the fourth time and would have seven husbands in all) and perhaps because of it, he played the role of enfant terrible to the hilt. His brilliance and talent were unquestioned, however, and though only 20 years old, his poems were already attracting notice in New York literary circles. The Latimers were vehemently opposed to Fearing as a suitor; Zona was not charmed by him either but had the good sense to base her objection to the match on the discrepancy in their ages.

Margery decided, in the summer of 1923, not to return to college but to live at home and concentrate on her writing. Her novel was now finished and Joseph Hergesheimer, at the height of his fame and influence at this time, had appointed himself Margery's unofficial agent and was trying to find a publisher for it. She and Kenneth visited back and forth between Portage and Madison but a shift of power in the relationship had occurred and Margery now found herself the pursuer, not the pursued.

Partly as a way of getting Margery's mind off Kenneth, the Latimers agreed to underwrite a combination holiday/writing trip for her the following summer. Zona recommended an artists colony in upstate New York, near Rochester, where she had once stayed and where good friends of hers would be spending part of the summer. Margery boarded the train in July, expecting to be away only a month or two, but it would be almost a year before she returned home. She worked hard on revising her novel (the Knopfs, after showing strong interest, had finally turned it down) and exultantly wrote her mother in September that it was finished and that Blanche, who was visiting her, was lending her the money to go to New York to make the rounds of publishers.

The next ten months were among the happiest and most exciting of Margery's life. She and Mavis McIntosh, a friend from Madison, shared a room at the Old Chelsea on West 16th St. and the "Wisconsin Gang" made it their home away from home. (Horace Gregory would celebrate these days in his first book of poems, Chelsea Rooming House, published in 1930.) She was dating the painter Walt Kuhn, among others, and there were dinner and party invitations from Anita Loos, the Carl Van Vechtens, the Hergesheimers, and Carl and Irita Van Doren. Georgia O'Keeffe (who was from the Portage area and who was, in addition, a good friend of Blanche's) was coming into prominence through Stieglitz's group shows at the Anderson Galleries.

Piqued, perhaps, by Margery's happy letters, Kenneth arrived in New York in December, eager to resume their relationship. They went to the movies (still silent), to the Provincetown Playhouse and to concerts, when they could afford it, and simply walked the streets of New York when they couldn't.

No matter how hectic her schedule, Margery, at Zona's urging, tried not to miss A. R. Orage's Monday night lectures on the Gurdjieff philosophy.

Like many other Americans in the post-war years, Zona Gale had become deeply interested in Eastern mysticism and this interest had intensified after the death of her mother the year before. Gurdjieff's movement had become famous (or infamous) in 1923 when writer Katherine Mansfield, a recent convert, had died at his Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man in Fontainebleau. Zona's credo was that "life is something more than that which we believe it to be" and she sensed that the mysterious Russian, Georgei Gurdjieff, had a clue as to what the "something more" might be. Margery herself found Gurdjieff's teachings impenetrable but she was drawn to the charismatic Orage who soon became her friend and literary mentor.

Margery needed all of Orage's support and encouragement (he predicted that she would one day surpass Katherine Mansfield) as the new version of her novel had met with a cold reception. Originally entitled Lilac Castle, it had then made the rounds as Pink Flamingoes; Margery concluded that it wasn't publishable in any color and scrapped it. At the same time, she followed Kenneth's advice - or perhaps a nudge from Orage - and abandoned her highly romantic, almost inflated, style (although it would peep through later in This Is My Body) and employed a sharp, minimal, effective prose for the short stories she was now writing.

Kenneth soon began pressing her to live with him and in the spring, restless to get out of the city, Margery agreed to share an apartment with him at Fort Place in St. George, Staten Island. They were, on the whole, happy together but neither was getting much work done and they agreed that they should part for the summer to concentrate on writing.

Margery arrived in Portage in June of 1925, intent on writing a novel with Zona as the protagonist. A month later she wrote to Blanche that she had finished 70 pages and "Zona ... thinks it very good. There are parts that I shudder to read to her and when I have finished I feel that I can't go en but she sits there beyond emotion, poised, remote." Margery was quite right to fear Zona's reaction. The central figure of Hester Linden in We Are Incredible comes off as a cold, sexless, domineering creature who ruins the lives of all those closest to her. Later, Margery would insist that she had not meant the book to be an indictment of Zona; rather, it had been a call for help. If so, Zona didn't answer it.

The novel was finished in December but before returning to New York,

Margery accompanied her mother on a long visit to California. Kenneth complained, justifiably perhaps, that the Latimers were trying to keep them

apart. However, when Margery rejoined him, it was Kenneth's idea that they

share their apartment at 62 Barrow St. with a friend of his, Leslie Rivers, whom Margery disliked. It was not a happy menage. Kenneth was notorious, among their friends, for his sloppiness and he was now drinking more heavily; the added burden of cooking and cleaning up after Leslie was the proverbial straw, as far as Margery was concerned. She felt that her own writing was being sacrificed in order to advance Kenneth's career, which was now in high gear. Even though, in 1926, two of her stories were sold and the following year Van Wyck Brooks chose two other stories for later publication in his prestigious American Caravan anthologies, Margery felt that her writing career was becalmed.

She had a sense of urgency also about getting on with her personal life; she wanted very much to get married and have children but Kenneth, after almost two years of living together, was still adamantly opposed to both.

Looking back on this time, Margery would write to Blanche: "I tried to discover what he needed and I did but I can't live that way any more. I had to give everything - my peace of mind, my whole self, every kind of attention, and expect nothing." 8 In the spring of 1928, she made the final break with Kenneth and returned to Portage and to Zona.

Margery was unaware that Zona's life had taken an entirely new direction. She had, six months before, quietly assumed the guardianship of a homeless two-year-old girl, Leslyn, whom she hoped to adopt legally. The second turning point in Zona's life was a chance encounter in California with an old Portage acquaintance, William L. Breese. Breese was a wealthy manufacturer and banker, Portage's civic leader, and a widower just a few years older than Zona. The friendship deepened after each had returned home and Breese began a discreet but persistent courtship. It seemed, on the surface, an ideal match but there were deep differences between them. Zona was a feminist,

a pacifist, a prominent supporter of La Follette's Progressive Party, and she had given up, long ago, on conventional Christianity. Breese was a conservative Republican and a Presbyterian elder, entirely traditional in his thinking. Will Breese was in love; Zona's reasons for accepting his proposal of marriage are not so clear. They were married in a quiet ceremony on June 12, 1928.

Neither Zona nor anyone else had the courage to break the news to Margery; she learned about the wedding only the night before it took place, reading the announcement in the newspaper. Convinced that it was a mistake or a joke, Margery ran in a frenzy to Edgewater Place to demand an explanation. Zona kept her waiting for over an hour and then cooly told her that what she had read in the paper was true.

Margery saw Zona's marriage not only as a personal betrayal but also as a refutation of Zona's lifelong beliefs. In particular, her "failure" with Kenneth had finally convinced Margery that Zona had been right all along -- that a woman must choose between the life of a creative artist and that of an ordinary married woman. One couldn't have both, Zona had always said. There was also the uncomfortable realization that if Zona was not uncommon, not a unique superior being, then what was Margery?

Her breakdown was so disabling that the Latimers considered hospitalizing her; even the publication of We Are Incredible, and the excellent notices that followed, did not lift Margery's depression. Surprisingly, Margery was writing her most accomplished stories during this tormented time and these, along with earlier stories, would be published in 1929 as Nellie Bloom and other stories. The volume was reviewed widely and the chorus of praise was overwhelming. Most critics commented that the promise of her first book had been more than fulfilled.

Returning again to the story of her own life, Margery worked through-

out 1929 on a novel, This Is My Body. She intended the book to be both catharsis and communion; a way of reclaiming the girl that she had been and a plea, mainly directed toward her family, for understanding. In a state of exultation while writing it, Margery came back to earth with a thump when it was finished. "I have read half of the galleys and I am shocked and horrified. It isn't good the way I thought ti sicj was." When the book appeared in 1930, the reviewers agreed with her and though she had anticipated their reaction, Margery interpreted the reviews as a cutting personal rejection.

Still, in her words, "on the rack" about Zona two years after her marriage, Margery tried once more to exorcise Zona's ghost through her writing. The result was a long short story, "Guardian Angel," whose central character, Fleta Bain, is an even more damning portrayal of Zona than was Hester Linden. Friends begged her not to publish it but when Scribner's chose the story as a finalist in a \$5000 Short Story Contest, there was no question of holding it back. By the time the story appeared in the magazine's June issue, however, Margery had already found her release.

The appearance in 1923 of Cane, a hauntingly beautiful prose-poem about Southern Negro life, had established Jean Toomer's reputation overnight. Cane would be cited later as the harbinger and the highest achievement of the Harlem Renaissance but by that time, Toomer was no longer identifying himself as Negro, which was only a small fraction of his ancestry. In the 1920's, he had become an enthusiastic follower of the Gurdjieff movement, traveling several times to Fontainebleau to study under the master, and in 1931, at the age of 36, Toomer had succeeded A. R. Orage as the senior Gurdjieff teacher in America.

He had assembled a loyal group of about forty pupils in Chicago and it was at one of their meetings that he and Margery met.

If there is such a thing as love at first sight, Margery experienced it.

After dinner Lane played the piano and Toomer sat down beside me. Every one seemed to 'observe' us, for some reason. He said, 'Now, I'm going to hold Margery's hand if I may, Mr. Lane. I couldn't stand it for more than a second. His hand seemed moving inside and mine got perfectly static. I had to take it away and he said, 'You're protecting yourself. You've heard things about me. Of course I hadn't at all, except from Georgia O'Keefe, who thinks he is simply great, much finer than Walde Frank. But as I sat there not saying anything something quiet seemed to rush from my hand downward and I felt more quiet than before. I seemed to lose all memory, everything was washed away. I left early and suddenly as I said goodbye to those three - Lane, his wife, Toomer, I couldn't bear to go. ... The next morning when I woke up I thought, I was washed of my evil. I was washed clean. Now I can choose.

What Margery might have heard about Jean Toomer was that he had a formidable reputation with women; they adored him and continued to do so long after he had lost interest in them. He was tall, very handsome, charming, self-possessed, a superb athlete and dancer, a gifted musician, and had a "hypnotically beautiful" voice. Toomer had never married and he had openly cautioned the many women with whom he had been involved that he intended to remain single.

It had been Toomer's dream for years to establish a permanent community for his students, modeled after Gurdjieff's Institute, where they could live, learn, and work together. Margery immediately thought of Bonnie Oaks, a summer compound about ten miles from Portage owned by her friends Harrison and Mildred Green. The Greens sometimes rented the hired man's cottage to vacationers and though it wasn't suitable as a permanent base for the Institute, Margery thought it could be a starting point. The "Portage Experiment," as it came to be known, was wildly misconstrued at the time (outsiders thought it a haven for Communism, free love, and nudism) and Toomer's ex-

planations of his aims often were so layered in Gurdjieffian jargon
that they only added to the mystery. Put in contemporary terms, the
basic idea was to live simply and naturally, to get in touch with one's
feelings, and to begin the long process of integrating one's personality.
Margery loathed many things about the Experiment - communal living, manual
labor, compulsory games - but the worst part, perhaps, was not having Jean
to herself. One evening, as the group sat around the campfire, Margery
lost her temper over a seemingly trivial incident and the next morning she
was gone. Jean dashed into Portage to persuade her to come back (she did)
and it was probably during this interview that Jean declared his love.
She, usually so adept with words, could find only one phrase to describe
her feelings. Over and over she wrote to her friends, "I am miraculously
happy." 11

The wedding on October 30, 1931 in the Episcopal Church was a large and lavish affair by Portage standards and the reception which followed was almost a community festival. The Toomers honeymooned in Chicago and lingered there for a month before taking the train to New Mexico, still searching for a permanent home for Jean's Institute. His Gurdjieff lectures had been well received in Santa Fe five years before and Mabel Dodge Luhan had, in fact, offered her ranch in Taos as the site for a Gurdjieff community. Mabel was now bombarding the Toomers with telegrams, inviting them to stay with here. They arrived in Santa Fe in late November and rented a charming old adobe house in the foothills overlooking the town. New Mexico was colder (and more expensive) than they had anticipated but the month that they had together there would be the happiest of Margery's life.

Jean was working on a nonfiction account of the summer experiment

(entitled Portage Potential, it remains unpublished) while Margery began

a novel based on the same events. For some reason, the planned visit to Mabel Dodge Luhan's ranch did not take place, to Margery's great disappointment; she didn't mind missing the formidable Mabel but had looked forward to meeting Frieda Lawrence and Dorothy Brett because of their connection to Katherine Mansfield. Nor did Jean succeed in reviving an interest in Gurdjieff among his former students.

Zona had arranged for her daughter Leslyn and the child's governess, Evelyn Hood, to spend the winter in California while she and Will traveled. Evelyn now entreated the Toomers to join her in San Diego where they could live rent-free in the large house that Zona had leased. They were pondering the pros and cons of Evelyn's offer when Margery learned, to her great joy, that she was pregnant. Jean was ecstatic.

Jean and Margery arrived in San Diego just before Christmas and during the six weeks that they stayed there, Jean completed his Portage book and Margery made good progress on her novel, now called The Ship.

The people of San Diego appeared oblivious of the Gurdjieff movement, however, and in February they accepted an invitation from Margery's aunt and uncle in Pasadena to stay with them. There were many Gurdjieff adherents in the Los Angeles area, especially in Hollywood, but none were able or willing, amidst a deepening economic depression, to pay for Jean's instruction. They were, however, buoyed by the news that Smith & Haas had accepted Guardian Angel and other stories for publication.

Jean was beginning to realize that the Chicago group, still loyally sending contributions every few weeks, was his best hope for the founding of an Institute. Both he and Margery wanted to visit San Francisco before heading back, however, and a Miss Bulkeley in Carmel (who had been valiantly holding together a group started there by Orage in 1928) promised them a warm welcome.

They thought they had fallen into paradise. Miss Bulkeley had found them a magnificent redwood contemporary overlooking the ocean; it had four bedrooms, two baths, and a view from every window. Also through Miss Bulkeley, the Toomers became acquainted with the Lincoln Steffens, the Robinson Jeffers, photographer Edward Weston, poet Orrick Johns, and others in the Carmel art colony.

To stir local interest in his lectures, Jean granted an interview to a reporter from the weekly Carmel Pine Cone. The risk of rekindling the scandal which had raged the year before seemed remote. (Two of the Portage Experiment participants, married but separated from their spouses, had fallen in love and run away together; the tumultuous publicity which followed had cited Jean and his "free love cult" as the instigator.) Jean opened up to the sympathetic reporter and talked idealistically (and naively) of the day when there would be no racial, class, or economic distinctions in this country - there would simply be Americans. A Hearst reporter in San Francisco spotted the interview, pieced it together with the scandal of a year before and added some lurid details of his own to produce an outrageously malevolent story which made headlines from coast to coast. The Portage Experiment was portrayed as the first step, with Margery as the first recruit, of a sinister conspiracy to "mongrelize" the white race. Time magazine professed to be shocked that the Toomer's marriage was actually legal. Reporters and photographers beseiged their house, cars filled with gawking sightseers caused a traffic jam on Ocean Drive, and the Toomer's mailbox was flooded with hate mail and threats. Portage was in an uproar and Margery's parents fled to Rachel's home in Montana.

Holding their heads high, Jean and Margery waited in Carmel for the storm to slacken before beginning the long drive back to Portage in June.

It had been a shattering experience but Margery was more concerned about her family than she was about herself and the baby she was carrying.

"I have brought suffering to you all - the one thing I have most feared." 12

Jean rented a large airy apartment on Division Street in Chicago; there were separate bedrooms for the nurse-midwife and for Laurie Latimer, who would be with them for the baby's birth. Margery had, from time to time, expressed great fear about childbirth but as the date approached, she wrote to Zona:

We expect the baby about August 12th and I look forward now, to the event, with such excitement and such eagerness that all thought of my inadequacy in pain and in life has entirely left me. It seems like my one supreme date with reality.

Exactly what went wrong will never certainly be known. Margery probably contracted an infection for which, of course, there was no antibiotic. She remained conscious long enough to know that she had delivered a perfect baby girl. She died the night of August 16, 1932.

The day before Margery's funeral, Zona wrote to a friend that she had had an intense mystical experience sitting in her garden that afternoon.

It was not until some time had passed that the meaning came to me suddenly (as in spring one will become abruptly aware that he has been hearing a grosbeak). It was Margery with whom I have been sitting - Margery, among her new flowers. Margery lies over at her house, by the fireplace, in a world of flowers - so beautiful, so incredibly adult. It is as if she had lived a life time in one year - so beautifully, so surely entering, l4

WHS The State Historical Society of Wisconsin

UW Rare Book Department, Memorial Library, University of Wisconsin - Madison

P Private collection

Fisk Jean Toomer Collection, Fisk University Library

- 1 WHS
- August Derleth, Still small voice; the biography of Zona Gale. NY, Appleton-Century, 1940. p.172.
- 3 Mrs. Frederick Knowles to author, Feb. 25, 1982.
- 4 Carl Rakosi, Margery Latimer, unpublished mss.
- 5 [August, 1922, UW
- 6 n.d. P
- 7 July 4, 1925 UW
- 8 [1928] UW
- 9 Letter to Blanche Matthias Christmas, 1929, UW
- 10 Letter to Blanche Matthias [May, 1931] UW
- 11 Letter to Meridel Le Sueur (October, 1931; Fisk
- 12 Letter to her mother (April, 1932; Fisk
- 13 [July, 1932] WHS
- 14 Derleth, p. 225.

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Dear Eileen:

There is no question that I'll read at St. Mark's in May but I can't tell you yet just when during the month because, as I think I wrote you, Michael Heller is trying to arrange a reading plus dialogue with me at NYU and if he gets dept. approval, it would have to be shortly before May 11th, when classes end and exams begin. He'll let me know as soon as he knows, but in the meantime you might want to call him yourself to find out. In fact that might be good to do. The last note I had from him was dated Oct. 5. Of course if he can't get dept. approval, a later date will be all right.

It will be fine to have Steve Levine read with me. I've had to turn him down a couple of times recently here in San Francisco and it may have seemed to him that I was disinclimed, but it had to do only with my not wanting to read just then.

With best wishes,

Poetics Institute to give a lecture on *** Objectivist poetry and will be glad to do so. The date, Monday, May 13th is fine and the honorarium of \$300 is acceptable.

I would much prefer to have a dialogue with a couple of discussants than questions from the floor, although we could perhaps have a little of the latter too, as my lecture will not be long.

I'm sure you'll want to include Michael Heller in the dialogue because his new book on the Objectivists, as you know if you've read it, is both illuminating and accurate. Another good person in the N.Y. area would be Paul Auster (the last phone, I have thim is 212-858-1143). Also Donald Davie, who I understand is on your faculty now. And if somehow you could get Burton Hatlen from the University of Maine to participate, we'd have quite a show. Hatlen did a very sharp critical postcript on me in my COLLECTED

with best wishes,

PROSE book and is working on a piece onmyy whole poetry for Contemporary Literature.

Dear Art:

The third Friday in May would be perfect. Let's set it for that date. I'm relieved.

Incidentally, can you use some recent brief eulogies of my work in publicity for the reading?

Also, was would you do me a favor and let me know if you don't get a copy of my COLLECTED PROSE in a week or two? I asked Terrell, my publisher, to send you a copy and also the other people on your list (for which many thanks) but I can't will be sure that he follows through. He's dreadfully remiss in his correspondence.

Fondly.

Carc

Dear Art:

Of course I remember you. How could I forget the loving way in which you and your friends treated me, the high excitement and enthusiasm of the audience...you had told me you had great audiences at The Body Politic but I put that down to local pride and didn't take it seriously.... and that lovely young woman with dark hair....who was she? I was crazy about her...who after the reading came up to me, her face beaming (I think she may have been the wife of one of the poets, herself not a writer?) and full of emotion, and hugged and kissed me, at the same time pressing the evening's receipts into my hands, greenbacks all over, bulging out. You bet, I remember everything.

I'll be delighted to read at The Poetry Center, Art. The best time for me would be as late in May 1985 as possible. If this is too late for student attendance, or too late for other reasons, I would accept a late April reading. The Center's terms of \$400 plus transportation to and from California plus one night's lodging are fine.

Now, may I ask a favor of you? My COLLECTED PROSE has just been issued by The National Poetry Foundation at the University of Mayne. The Foundation is non-commercial of course and does little more than publish books and bring them to the attention of the academic community, primarily the readers of Paideuma, the magazine devoted to Ezra Pound scholarship. Anything beyond that, I'm going to have to do myself. Hence my question: do you have any ideas as to how best to get the book reviewed in the Chicago papers?

Santé.

Dear Art:

The problem with April 19th is that I won't be able to combine it with a visit to Minne-apolis to see my grandaughters; they'll be away at college then. I'd have to make a separate trip from San Francisco to see them. I have to ask, therefore, whether a reading in May on a different date than for Merrill would be possible. Or June. Or at any rate, April 26th rather than the 19th.

Thank you for your offer to review my

COLLECTED PROSE, Art. I'll have The National Poetry

Foundation send you a copy (and also the others

at the Tribune and the Sun-Times). I assume that

Terkel talks about books occasionally on his

program? Shawkdxhaxyatxaxxopyxafxthaxbookx.Sure,

if he'd like to interview me, that would be fine.

Live could be done the waxt morning after the

reading, or just taped, whichever.

Fondly,

16 Feb. 1985

Dear Karl Gartung:

received an invitation which I could not turn down, of being one of the readers at the 1985 Poet's Corner Ceremonies for Poe and Melville at the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine in N.Y. on Sunday, May 12th. This will not affect my reading at Woodland Pattern but it means that I'll have to fly out of Milwaukee the next morning. Under the circumstances, I'd better domicile with Martin Rosenblum, otherwise I won't have a chance to discuss his book on me with him. I don't know when on Saturday I'll be arriving...it depends on whether Studs Terkel will be interviewing me...but I'll do everything I can to see that you and I have some time together too.

Cordially,

4 Oct. 1984 Dear Mr. Shinder: On August 13th Eileen Myles at The Poetry Project at St. Mark's, where I shall be giving a reading next May, wrote that she had talked to you on the phone and that you were "very enthusiastic" about my doing something at the 63d St. Y too. I wrote you a letter of inquiry after that, but I can't find my duplicate of that letter, so perhaps you never received it. In any case, this is simply to let you know that I would be available and would appreciate your letting me know if you would be interested in working something out. Sincerely, Carl Rakosi

24 Sept. 1984 Dear Art: I can't tell yet whether the 4th Friday in May is going to be all right because %Xm NYU and Louisiana State University may also want me for a reading and interview and if they do, a date to go with May 24th would be too late in the school year, I think. Perhaps the thing to do is to keep both the 4th Friday and the 2nd Friday in May open until I know. If some day other than Friday is possible, perhaps a different day than that could be scheduled that third week. I understand about the review, Art. Best.

26 June 1984 Dear Mr. Gartung: Thank you for inviting me to read at Woodland Pattern. The terms, \$300 plus rooms and meals, are satisfactory. I can't tell yet whether yet whether the evening of May 18th or the aftera noon of May 19th would be best because I don't know yet the dates of my readings in Minneapolis and, I think, Kansas City, nor whether Studs Terkel plans to interview me on radio on the 19th; so I'd appreciate it if you'd keep both dates open for the time being. With best wishes,

7 March 1985

Dear Karl Gartung:

Picking me up in Chicago and driving me to Milwaukee is far beyond anything I expected of you but if you're really willing to do it, I would appreciate it very much, as I'll be carrying bags for a four week trip away from home. So as soon as I know where I'll be staying in Chicago and when I'll be free to leave, I'll let you know.

I understand there's been a change of plan now and that I'll be your guest for the night of the reading after all. That's fine with me and, I hope, with you too.

"They are remarkable in their steadfast attention and courage," you wrote. Truer words were never spoken about Michael and Mary Cuddihy.

Best.

30 Jan. 1985 World's ache -)
(1) Meditation ("What's this world sache -)
(2) Walker Passing Earl Object In The Park
(2) Walker Passing Earl Object In The Park Dear Karl Gartung: I've enclosed two poems, one for the broadside and one for the announcement. Eager to see what the broadside will look like. As for tapes of my readings, there are three that should be accessible (there are others but I haven't kept a record of where they were made): 1. the most recent is a commercially available cassette, obainable from Rebekah Presson, New Letters on the Air, University of Missouri at Kansas City, 5346 Charlotte, Kansas City, Missouri 64110; 2. another is obtainable from The Poetry Center at San Francisco State University; and a third from Keith Anderson/ Cape Island Video/ Box 383/ Cape May Court House, New Jersey 08210. (Master tape 477). This is the famous 1973 National Poetry Festival in Michigan devoted particularly to the Objectivists. Zukofsky did not come but Reznikoff, Oppen and I were there, holding forth, along with Duncan, Rexroth, Dorn and Ginsberg. I forget now what you said you were going to use the tapes for. Keep me informed about the poems. Cordially,

18 Dec. 1984

Dear Jason Shinder:

As I mentioned over the phone, staying in New York beyond May 15th presents dome problems for me, but I am willing to consider it if in addition to the \$200 fee, I would be reimbursed for the additional expenses I would be incurring for the two days. I figure this to be at least \$100. I hope you can manage this. In any case, please let me know quickly.

No, I have no objection to reading with John Allman and Peter Glassgold (I didn't know Peter wrote poetry).

The season's best wishes,

1

16 At Fareful And Interest of the State of t

Sure, \$300 for round-trip fare will be fair enough. Just give me a check for that amount, along with the fee, at the time of the reading. Because of the time difference between here and Chicago, I may want to flyxx in on May 9th, the night before the reading, so that I have a little time to relax between my arrival at the hotel and the reading. Since I'll be leaving the next day, I'll need two nights' lodging in Chicago, therefore. Will you be able to provide that?

Incidentally, will you tell me where I'll be staying? The owner of Woodland Pattern in Milwaukee is going to pick me on the 11th and drive me back to Milwaukee, and I have to tell him where I'll be.

See you shortly,

Case

7 June 1985

Dear Josephine (may I?):

I thought we were being recorded, but apparently not, because when I saw Haberman a few days later, he said someone...and now I know it was you...had suggested that my reading should be taped, but now that the event was, whose chores had exhausted him, was over, I saw he was not up to doing anything more; nor did I think he had the equipment for it. But I feel the same way you do, a bit shocked that no we audio record exists of our readings. Especially since the event was historical in nature.

Any chance of your getting up to these parts any time in the future? If you do, look us up, will you? I mean it.

Cordially,

Kamenetz 26 April 1985 Dear Rodger: Another time, yes. I'm sure you'll come again. In the meantime, these observations on the runaabout your book (which is hiding from me in my library just now, so I can't refer to it by name, but it's your Jewish mishpohah book): "no striving for effect/ what a relief!; a book of a natural man, i.e., observation, memory, humor, wit, compassion, thought in natural proportions; people brought to life in few words/ remarkable; so unpretentious, you've got to believe it, hence disarming and winning; simple as a good fable; glows with gentle sentiment but no trace of sentimentality, almost inevitable in this genre but, in this book because the experience passed through the mind of a natural man and came out with all the ambivalence, shrewdness and humor that goes with actual experience." Feel free to use the above. tonolly Carlly

Dear Eileen Ward:

Michael M.L.
Michael M.L.
Heller and Rosenthal for the dialogue will be just what the doctor ordered, I think (yes, I did mix up the two Denis'es).

There are a number of people in the New York area whom it would be good to invite to the lecture. All but one are friends but not close friends, so please don't feel that you need to invite them to the party at your apartment afterwards. Do it only if you want to. I'll be there, of course, and also at the Grand Ticino, unless something happens in the meantime to prevent it. If I can't make it to the Ticino for some reason, I'll let you know. If you don't hear from me, I'll be there. Otherwise the arrangements you've made sound just fine; sound, in fxact, like an Event, and stir up quite a bit of excitement in me.

Back to the people to invite: David Ignatow, P.O.Box 1458, East Hampton, N.Y. 11937; Armand Schwerner, 30 Catlin Ave., Staten Island, Y.Y. 10304; Louis Simpson, P.O.Box 91, Port Jefferson, N.Y. 11777; Allen Ginsberg, P.O. Box 582, Stuyvesant Station, N.Y. 10009; Eliot Weinberger, 234 West, 10th, 5treet, James Laughlin, Norfolk, Connecticut 06058; Harvey Shapero, 175 Clinton St. Geoffrey O'Brien, 200 East 15th St., Apt. 7-0, N.Y.C. 10003; George Quasha, Station Hill Press, Station Hill Road, Barrytown, N.Y. 12507; Bradford Morrow, ed. CONJUNCTIONS, 33 West 9th St., N.Y.C. 10011; R.B.Weber, English Dept., Southhampton College, Long Island University; David Wilk, Box 261, East Haven, Connecticut 06521; Leo Hamalian, English Dept., City College of the City University of New York, N.Y. 10031; Rachel Blau DuPlessis, 211 Rutgers Ave., Swarthmore, PA 19081.

So all I have to do now is write the lecture or see if it would be better not to write it but to wing it.

Cordially,

P.S. I don't need to ask but just to make sure: you will have a good mike at my disposal?

My social security no., 482-56-3425.

the way the two senter - 7 March 1985 Dear Dave: So nice to get your warm, thoughtful response to my brief presence. A part of me is still in Baton Rouge, I'd have you know, and it too is warm I couldn't agree with you more t when you say, "The poem is an object (I would have put the italic under object) and itsm performance is incidental to that." Absolutely. it's not like music, which is mute until it's performed, but more like art, which need only to be seen. In other words, when a painting is finished, the painter is finished and leaves. There is no further need for him....or anyone else. Whatever magic or power there is in the painting is now there to be seen by anyone with eyes who has the sensibility, and the action is strictly between the looker and the painting, not between the him and the painter. But in perf-po the action is almost not at all between the listener and the poem but between him and the poet-performer. This exposes the performer to all the temptations in a performer-audience relationship, the temptation to inflate the poem and to shade and accent it in such a way as impress the audience, and to entertain, excite, shock, titilate, etc. and make himself admired and loved in order to satisfy his alltoo-human ego and self-esteem I try to protect myself as much as I can against this sort of thing by never looking at the audience when I'm reading. There's quite enough theater going on between me and the poem on the page from which I'm reading. At the same time, it is also true that poetry which does not depend on depth or meditation or the magic of word associations....narrative poetry, satire, dramatic dialogue....actually seems to become more animated when it is performed. So, as you say, the subject is slippery, and it is quite possible to feel elated at Ed's folk-lorish wit and satire and to atShange's good ear for black speech and black experience (wasn't that prose that she was reading?). My first reaction to your offer "to create a groundswell of support" at

My first reaction to your offer "to create a groundswell of support" at the University for my nomination for a senior NEA fellowship was that severab people had already nominated me, that the March 1 deadline was past, and nothing more could be done. But on second thought, I might actually need others to support the nomination because there will be "senior" writers competing for these two fellowships who will be far better known to the panel of judges than I, people like & Robert Penn Warren and Stanley Kunitz. My one chance of

persuading the judges lies in the way the two senior fellowships in literature are described in the Guidelines: "Individuals who have made an extraordinary contribution to American literature over a lifetime of creative work" and "who have expanded the boundaries of our literary heritage in work that has taken place at the vital growing edge of literature (italics mine). Their continued presence on the literary landscape is invaluable to younger writers. "If you and Andre and others in the English Department, either as individuals or as a group, could testify from your own epxerience that my work satisfies those criteria, it would do my nomination, I am sure, a lot of good. The address is Literature Program, National Endowment for the Arts, Nancy Hanks Center, 1100 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506. Thanks for getting such a thing started, David, and I'll see you in S.F. maybe this summer. If you don't have a place to stay in town, we could put you up.

Best,

10 June 1985

Dear Aileen:

The Grand Ticino in your company and the gathering in your apartment stay in my mind in a pleasant glow. Something like the memory of a reading I gave in Monterrey years ago at which a well-dressed, middle-aged woman sitting quietly in the front row, her eyes lowered to her knittong, yet obviously listening hard to me, broke the silence after I had concluded, by simply saying, loud enough for everyone to hear, "Don't stop, don't stop. Go on!" To everyone's surprise and to my eternal astonishment.

That's what I'd like us to do too but I don't expect that to happen unless you come to San Francisco and visit Leah and me. Any chance of that happening?

Carl

4 Feb. 1985 Dear Roger Kamenetz: I take it from your letter that there is a direct flight from San Francisco to Baton Rouge and that you'll be sending me the tickets shortly. About the Kxxdxx reading, if there ase two of us, I assume you'll want about thirty minutes from each?

Dear Doug: 23 April 1985 Before it slips my mind, I'd like to tell you that Richard Caddel, a fine young British poet, whose work Creeley admires, will be visiting S.F. early in November and that it would be an asset to the New College program id he could read there. His work is original, nimble, compact, quite interesting, and altogether unpredictable. If you think you'd like to have him, let me know and I'll have him send you his book, CICELY. Or you could write him directly: Pig Press, 7, Cross View Terrace, Neville's Cross, Durham, DH1 4JY, U.K. Best,

Sorry but I don't at the moment
have an unpublished poem to send you for the News- The Poetry Project of (n'y')
letter. However, I can give you the names of five
books read this past year with antiKundera's THE POE Kundera's THE BOOK OF LAUGHTER AND FORGETTING; SELECTED LETTERS of James Thurber; THE DIARY of Virginia Woolf, vols. 2 & 3; Katherine Anne Porter's COLLECTED ESSAYS; and Christopher Smart's JUBILATE AGNO, ed. by W.H.Bond.

Congratulations on cleaning up the appearance of the Newsletter.

Dear Bob: Holman St., manks 8/18/82 You're a man of your word. The cassettes came, as you said they would. Much obliged. I haven't heard them yet but Duncan has a cassette deck and I'll listen to them there. I assume that you're back from Paris full of Gallic wit, and refinement (but no Gallic airs, please). How did it go? By the way, do you know Daniel Haberman's poetry? I came across it only recently myself and was caught by his fine lyric ear. Guy Davenport, who, as you know, is a meticulous critic and not given to throwing praise around, wrote of his poetry: "Phrases shaped with classical exactitude, the unexpected but perfect adjective, the image in motion....quintessential poetry....his lyrics sings, his epigrams bite." I agree, and I think you should invite him to read at St. Mark's. The lyric poet is an endangered past these days.....not many around....and people should have a chance to hear him before the breed disappears. I've never heard him read, so I don't know whether his voice can measure up to his music, but it would certainly be worth trying. The book of his I read was THE FURTIVE WALL. He came to my reading and gave me his address: 433 East 51st Street, N.Y.C. 10022. Carl

Dear Susan Broadhead:

Yes, I'd like to be a Mentor in next year's series.

The program sounds good.

That rescal, Andre, never did show me his translations. I knew he had done a group for some avant garde Dutch magazine, and they did come out, so far as I know, but he never sent me a copy of the magazine. Then he said he was translating a group of my poems into German for a German publication, but that's as far as I heard. Years before, a young German who was finishing up his doctorate in Chinese literature at the University of Berlin had translated all of AMULET into German and, on the recommendation of Eva Hesse, Pound's official translator into German, who had read the translation, had found a good publisher for it. I thought I was all set, but at the last minute the publisher was bought out and all the editors sacked. So I haven't had good luck with German.

Would it be of any use to the committee on the selection of mentors to have the up-to-date bibliography of my books? I'll give it anyhow.

Two Poems, The Modern Editions Press, 1933
Selected Poems, New Directions, 1941
Amulet, New Directions, 1967
Ere-Voice, New Directions, 1971
Ex Cranium, Night, Black Sparrow Press, 1975
My Experiences in Parnassus, Black Sparrow Press, 1977
History, Oasis Books, London, 1981
Droles De Journal, Toothpaste Press, 1981
Collected Prose, National Poetry Foundation, 1983
Spiritmes I, Pig Press, England, 1983.

With best wishes,

Dear Rebekah Presson:

signed, plus some biographical information, which should perhaps be sent to Minneapolis and San Diego, and if they have public radia, Orono, Maine, Chico, CA and Santa Barbara, CA. As for music, I do have some ideas: for lead-in, Eric Satie, or Ernest Bloch's Proclamation for Trumpet and Orchestra or Aaron Coplands Fanfare for the Common Man; for closing, Satie or a quartet by Dvorak or Copland's Quiet City or a nocturne by Chopin or Faure.

You'll be making a new tape, I imagine, with the accompanying music. If you do, will you please send me two copies? And you will send back my tape when you're through with it, won't you?

Cordaally,

Dear More. Rakone, Aug. 5/1968

Dear More. Rakone, Aug. 5/1968

Dear Rellooi has just closed the doop of his debun & is ready to most to for on the first day but In fraid the formal the formal types of types of the formal types of types of the formal types of He will be 7 4 in nov. & lets you Know it They have moved oft of N. Y. inthe Park, X. J., inhor to light by been from my. Pat ila pulting in a Japane garden & Swimming food fortell back, which is Keep Patt preoccupal just

Enough to prevent before gettiler Phi D. They were glad to see me flat Pat lad 1 reached the stage of stanling up to Sol and not yelding an inthe and Sol was fishing perfecuted as usual when their soft of thing happens, and I was not rujoying the spectasle. How come yout & power figlet? Anylon 20 2014 & fulfethe 7 am de monday since it's impossible for me to regotiste 3 bad my seff on a hundle bus like that Jones. And the two of us can just make it. In the Post Butlanty Bldg, where people pout out and in I un soon distriction, lit's even worse. Timelles & get ans settled on my lone to Saspetoga fand make the fetal mistake of smilify Kindley at a very old lady who looks lonesome. The topon that ! moment on & what proy until & theat of the old Pafkooi dodge of pretending to be polacy. It would So will that & fall Valorp I had forgotten bow Kovily of N. Y. Saratoga anyon Know, inthister

middle alex 1. Tracationera. But the moment the cab terned in at the Yoldo gate we were in another world. It was a forest with narrow, curving ropads, with three lakes, and the tires so tall and close that the sun hardly penetrates. In a small clearing stands my cabin. I shall at last Knowt what it's like to be alone in a forsat at night (but first I have to spick of a flashlight Heat's in the Grat Mannon next to me sa Raja Rao, a famous Indian philosofflees & festion writer. But & recome to the End of the paper & must stop. The no Rate than five weeks.

Deel Mra. Rakon, J. 6 19/68 believe) Thy coloni is about 15' by 35' with a good working Itable but Solvation Army Last right of the Solvation Army Last right It had possibilities but the So De thought D'd work a long tothe, which has

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to work in mine. Just knowing that there's somebody breathing & moving around next door is to be avoided.

I sleep in CALLMAN RAWLEY, M.A., M.S.W.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

TAYLOR 4-6022

I sleep in West House, which must have been one of the servant's quarters. The estate is about three miles around, with three lakes, a tennis court & swimming pool. This sounds lush but the Trask family lost its fortune and the interior is sadly neglected. There is not money enough even for paint & screens on all the windows. The m Mansion, where we eat, is English baronia; with the kind of pictures one finds in a seedy Italian museum, but, again, some of the furniture is absolute junk.

Last night we ate in state, with Polly & me as the guest of honor because I was the newest arrival. We walked in stately, were served stately, and spoke stately. Except when the young man who had come toxxx sit next to me and who reminded & me of Andrew Crozie a bit more cheerful, but otherwise very much alike, even in physical appearance...leaned over to whisper, "I want you to know I had heard you were coming and I was looking forward to it. I know your work and like it."

Very much. It was William Barkson. When & complained that to Amulat had the ignored by all the literary journals be thought reviews will still appear. But I't doesn't matter "le Baid "all the young socte have your 'book park fill it." Kaja Rao's typewriter is Selent now, but & Know he's in there, breathing, and his very bright and very clever me ft Ja diandountage, are beginning to get on ofy norves. I must essage to my cabin and ofigure poet my frationalist for not being beef productive there must be some Love Car

WEdnesday Dear (what wasthat made?) 968 In quot a but doubt as a write the When & came in from my cabin for lunch & foundfa note from Bill Best Jon, with whom It am forming a despening friend slup infiritions me to lies room at 5:39 for frinks to west Philip Islaton, the painter and his wife musa a pakt. After that we were to sit Hyther at dennet in the real left alcove table." And we did . Bill land invited a few painters, among them a tall young fellow forthe a narrow de hal great talk together.

Alos marven (or Malvin?) Brown, a regro painter, very sley. Guston apparently thes won the Home award but it gute Hobest. Looks like a masculine faces Wilde with a flored face & an Eastly Tunor. Galenas & really Colled Why is at & always take to painted. + aftests? I've gotten to know ploollysses lay the Renderg negro scomposed in the conting, a very grattle man in lies suly fiftees; Bill trans who teadless Hillow they at Princeton but is here working gova novel, and really wort of the Jothers, but & can't remember their trames just now. Tomosrow after dinner Base 4 Caul Friedman are trading from their from. Beskson is unging me to give a reading before he feates in 10 Idays. But that & too soon. that &d life to do is real at the end of my stay provided & produce.

Prespons wolft is going fast. & finished a freget more of less, on presday. Hoday What a job to organize that! Two large folders in my attacke case are full of notes & clippings for it. But I get a

Frankelable Start. Hastherday to somplete the organization of think it then and then let myself go on it intuitionly. If I can finish that in he five words, s'll feel worth front. of can't tell you hare Truck I've come to the my cabon in the fine forest nothing seems to much to tackle that I'm there by 9 and work straight there tof 5, with only a for minuted for lunch. no human voice of sound of any Kindduring that role time not a single ! moment of hang-up of any Kind for me yet. And the pine forest Ding reedles are beyond description. By the way no sign of the way it comes on me at 8 + cs.

Friday Deal Boopsie, Aug. 9/1968 10 Wheat no latter from you yet? What gives?

I felt this way yesterday

young past the letter table

not finding amything from you with So what do for Know. were drifting in a strange eity last right with the stopped of & got out to hat the well sown out you were supposed to sock me the but drove off I waited Waited & then that to find ety bout back total Cowing flastifice, or subsumptyming of amything 4 robody to talk rie 1/2 was frantis and any and finely restlied you didn't

really care and that of not leave to divorce you. It wolle with a very leased feeling of 2 & suddenly realize & don't Know what day this is ! & misto a calendar. Aughor the day before yesterday was in the chose of reviewing out offanishing deaft. yesterday, however, & was if my coloin Cop 8:30, however and word it it hard until 5:45. A good day. The new poemwill be pelled Help Enemy. The shape of it is beginning never frostled so much by plan before But maybe after & liave fittall after &'Re Italle it sport and startage over again with the pieces pleased. I'm Idetermined to stick with it. The other night Roll Diana Kurz a good representational painter, said yalls was like the Magic Mountain and Spo beginning to safe why Although robody talks Idening the day, the talks at night is so intensive with people whom you select to talk to talt it las the unnatural over-life of Hagie Houtin

To example, flead great talk with Haffinast on & sit last right F with Best son on poetry. After that there was a big party visced In fact, there small party Every Evening, it seems, it a different person's studio setwien & and 6. My time is oming soon, & SEE. Hoe is me! The idea of bruging all that legued in town, getting the if & mixes, sending put the distations, etc. appallame. raybe that's west the draw was eff about: you werent lieve. Of all those here, & like religioner Kay, the negro composer lept. 1 Fork Carl

Monlay, Aug. 12 Dent Poopore Mel dear; I cent complain. L've ben Care squentaya now and 2 De written two new frems completely reworled and old one that was no good, and any about one third through on my long formed Vietnam Hen sold oue One rach from somed to spring filly shooped to my A very short one of course cotto may be too feet. friely the view get a

busa from me for it. Troniglet of lave to washing socks, ate. Wilnesday from 5 to 6: 20 & Entertain Myssen / and Barbara Kay, William Hasa the roveligt the writtes also for The New York Review. A real broken. Witter) , Bill BERKSON, and Nancy Sullivan, also a poet, in my exambera, with there bottle If Spotal Bourbon and Vodka which & lead to drag bere from Spratoga. & learned today about a colony in Taos, New Mexico where conting month and stay as long as they like How about It for this coming Jamary & Falomaty? Sateling's tracket and the father of Kerpwriting.
/Love Care

Deal Booksie Heat a gotat day! I Kneet at was going to befolest when & 90th soft. my head was clear was reformiglales slot out and allowing support the while details of the little for the will be befored to a fittle special will be befored to as a first special will be befored to as a first special will be befored to as a first special will be a fittle of the special will be a fittle of Something in the middle station finally phished and I Ket making the the and bitter with the looked of sounded right They took a three mild like (one Scent really like there, It's the state of the s

dozed off, and seddenly lead the Ending Vin my lead in the form of just two or three words, more or less wes to west their developed quickly, special inner misis which the the first seven lines but worth the whole Stay in Jaddo! The great thing about Yadds, et occurs to one, is that you know if you don't make it one day, the next day will be yours to work on it and the day after that, nothing outside of your wifely balt you or dwest you or flight uf your time with little business Battia really new for me! That's a men sief intime; læne (& lope) in silf altho so far & have toped any greater depth here than at come an fait & subject & might do better instially at lame. But this is great for confileting work. It suggests, in top after December first (with your leep, dear). I will would trepple I would like you to know top my dear hiso. Rakon, that my party for very ssea Kay alio wife, Bill Betkaot Nancy Sulligan, the brilliant Hm. Gas and Raja Rão was a great success. We

are friends forever. St's strafage. He all Rele Each other spruch here Everyon bas such an exquisite regard for the other perfor's time and Serma so gold if when you've had a gooff day! I would have Experted the opposite. It does not seen possible that I've been here only ten days! Love Carl

Aug. 17, 1968 Deal Bookse afe & put in a land. deyon The Eveny; it's moving, it s morning. Afford two thirtes through not. It read three sections of it to Bill Ballson this afternoon of could tell from Kind fare, et that he was deeply improved. The because I felt too effore to it too After dunner dul good toll fa croquet gand with my forward, Paul Declaritée Affaitist as Cot-lanted for billing Delight State of Sur.

Tomorrow plas, Wysses & Babara Kay leave. It'll be desolate without them. I feel the way & felt when Denise Levestor left, puly frost so, sauce were been together fuch longer. Today a new aftest provid Abby Goell (?) a loffglit but hard-looking blogde; just sand from Spain. Also, of very good young poet, Stopliet Sandy, back from at 1 Tulbright in Japan ! Sandy comes originally from mineapolets. His preats still levy for Kenwood Parkway. He was brought up as a boy on 41st Bill Has in the author of Inthe Heart of the Hart of the Kart of the Country, which got supert right now. I don't Know whether the's rufte intelligent than I am but he's far more learned and bas a beautifully disciplined mind from lie styldy off philosofly (he teaples Plato and Apristotle perduet). you can imagine went a time we have together at didner. Two Slays ago Barkson started to have a mad Explosion of writing: 10 poems (short) in 1 day! Five Hoday! 18 Hels read them to pe. They're difficult because like zulofsky, he leaves out connecting words that frould guide the reader! But he's talented and very bright.

Here become very good friends. This evening he Tryas oft Looking for me and slipped me an envelope. It boutained a Joen dedicated to me! Nice? Love Carl P.S. Am & glad & brought work with me! It would be hard to initiate anything here. Hass and I have come to the conclusion that a mouth is about all one can take. One is too removed From things (Experiences) that are meaningful. Gaen troote

8/20/68 Des Booksie inexpressibly sleepy, but & must destithis off. Today & sandle and another two short poents and worked out The short pieces came very Spices & have done lieve. They are more of less by-product of the Enemy. I had intended to live them in the long the both but radiced they had been independent life of taxis our Ouk & defiled this they became quiste different and poems of the thorn Sal the confit to a of now in

five poons completed, The Every Hoo-thirds done, and another from half-done, all in 15 days. As Isoon as the Every is finished, & m going to give a reading. The way it's done frage you simply foot a notice, sive drinks shightest pressure of expectation but to do it that will tell your something about how I feel about them. Last right Bill Beff (son gave a reading. He was dressed in der Elegant long, Italian porduroy jacket and looked the way a joring post should. the party afterwards was a hundinger.

Everybody but everybody who
some fine for other. Even Wm. Caloo Willis
was here, in Nancy Sullivan's room in Wrot House whele I am. There are two men here whose family back grounds are similar to Tochinkel the france of learned comes from Yugo slavia, but with the strange combignation of a Slovenian mother and a father who was one of some 50,000 Hormana living in an Herman Euclave Yugo slaviff. During World War 2, the patipank drove all the Vormana out of they may only they

" were in various countries until he came here at the age of 14. 3Not too dissimilar is Hieflas Roussakis a composel, Horril father was I died when he was 4, and an Esthonian nother of Berman Extraction, she was Iserman this time from the USSR. He too came afre at about the same age. His Studio is a magnificent tower on one of the Rakes, reserved it is almost a mile from where the rest of ust are. Sø it goes. Love Carl

Dert Boopsie: Thursday, Ang. 22 1968 Late last night & finished The Exemp. & look to. & had become boredporth it & tal Knocked two sections when & reslight Suddenly that they would reduce the impact and that like two earlies ones They had a life of their own and shoulf be expertely. They ex somewhat in the there of my American Joens and & rall them Americana and to 7 & think there se 5 m Amulet). That leaves The Enemy 7 Jagra long - still a long frem. Except for the last page, which is Ryfisal, & don't like it much Apparently only the lyrical really Alesses pl effogithet. But & b Stoo close to it / to Know right now. I may get some pull or it when & read it here later on . This Sunday , navey Sullivas the poet and Joff Milliams a short story & writer will read . & 14 take the week after, & think.

Another very successful novelest ia here, Pauly Marshall, a West Indian regress, young & very attractive - a helieva hard worker I mished a novel leve, bet fouth, Itlink Today & awold with a big besdache and later on bal the ouns. So & decided not to work! MUNICIPAL & had ramed a rest. After all, & wasn't doing a job. It was summer, the suff wals out. So & lay to a chaise longue byttle Swymming pool in mist swifening suit for a dryle of leousa, chapting with a few others ples were stralfing temp out, walfed around the lake, which is so much riches in Tous and bushes and so much more virgin pul interesting looking than Lake Harriett that your cast speak of the rights said breath.
And so love case Eve run out of statemery.

Friday, Aug - 23, 1968 DEN Boopsie. novalette which appeared first in northwester frienwrity's new literary journal, Has just been beaned sollier lof its iflestrations. So the instantly became a course publisher, sta (will be Hiterinewed for it for the u. f. Jimes, & Heink). While there he tried to fick up a copy of Amulet for himself on the strongth of Richard Wilfel's recommendation and one for the Dell' (After reading the book, Dick said It hade him feel life starting all over again, and jokingly be implated lions be superfied the spages for lines the could will be What a tribute the He & going to mines graph two of the Americana poems and into selection Jorth Whitman poly original historical fraterial in a course on American & States studies). Anylow, Basa wint to five book stores without being able to get a copyt. In new york! Lant that terrible? I want heat terrible? I want neglighence on Lefuglilin's past. I rushed off a letter to lin right aways asking him And send put fout plothe popies one for Nancy Sullivan poles wanted part tod (sled teacher at Rhode Island university & leas a book of Joetry put by University of Missouri press and Jone for the yaddo selbstary, which will be the jouly one & part for my self. Doema. Paral started work for tho new Thing to do is rittle rush it.

At right, it gets rather sad & lone some here. For some researe & have no interest in going to town with the others for the consects

Photose races & shows that I when I was your Nobely works here at night. Nos do Similus Linney!

New morter sarrived. Romalus Linney! Has been here before, More slick and mastfel in a WASP manner than the others. Has two novels and a Broadway play under his belt young.
Smooth Best of Hall & liked the Kayen next,

Dist of Hall & Riked the Kayen next,

Dist of Hall & Commission them Deak Waber Paul Tseluntel the Sloveman; thef Deck Weber, who under a slow uncertain manner is a viry gentle soul and as homes fun as a country grove.

Prifl Bellson comes in as a son-like figure to whom I have an attachment in I different way. (clirist, be o clever. 2t'll ruin den) al copy of my next poema to myself in higher. just for case. Please don't off the envelope.

That until they're toped, revised, ste.

It ill be afterat seeing you again, Carl

Saturday 8/24/68 Dens Bospaie: Dt: Dit's understandelle that you would be beginning to feel a little mersy. But it worth be long now. You've done very will a place life yaldo to realize what real productivity is Today, for example, & finished the Joen & prationed in my last letter 212 Jages! Roughlus Linney resolined at dinner last right that The last time he was here the finished a whole roos in two worther! And so on. Everyone lare turns out Stuff Rile red. They don't waste a thinute, setleough they are quite relaxed and good-retured. Their work in life to them, and & court affeld to let mine be less. be less. West seems to do the trick have in & (1) being in a community involving exitify

(2) the rule of phrodute silence (3) not szeig surjour until lite afternoon wheen one for work is done (4) the working schedule which the community lead set ! I court, of course reproduce (1) at lione not (4) / Except a self-resposed schedule, which is all very different thing from a community / schedule / Hethough it wd. befagreat bely to way with (1) if you were to work at your sitted (2) and (3) however) can be imposed at home, but you must cooperate and infact. Rethins custodian, the vorty
Poely Hansen in the office time!

protects sall persons privacy:

of you don't you will fork

things up for sk & sort offeet to do much after Det leave with Dec. 1. heapy be nothing. But what an experience This las loger lege to show what's un me I & don't think & can really be quite the same again.

not quite there monthes at the office shoulfut undo brusher. Il Sunday my deal friend Ischrife is leaving. & cantl stand it. Algo Vaul Friedmen, a fection writer of who's going on to the university of Allifora, from where Spealrefully invited Clan. He may traft wa, As the group gets getting smaller, it's like al La family stronking Very painful. Topiget & leaved Biffe Proha To be terfible. & Ellhave to give my reading Twenday night. I aus plysical supportion in very much with fie Indeed it bottom L. C. 1. S. Ann's son shelaw wed be studying under Dembo if he's in contentionly Remember: I lawe for N. Y. portle Adirondack bus line (not Greylound) at 12 selver of Saturday, 9/7 from here and should arrive about

Three hours later. Be sure to mest me because its impossible to manerver my three bodgs by myself in the Port Authority Buildings There are two Adironlyck lines, fire going out West and the other to explicate new Gost Austher name for the line new Golf Huston name no Trailway.

Acy. 27, 1968 Draf Bookene: & must report all this before it Slips my minde so that you pair share it. I beal typed uff ten completed poems on Sunlay. What a dragtthat was ! It forth me pelday! Nancy Sullifair had asked to see them before the raping, as she said she couldn't get really get a found Except visually. So & gabe her poffereds, as fast payment for bforowing the typewriter next than & Expected lest to say something at the dinnest table but, she proided selfprention of fit. I was getting more and more nervous, as these points of their soundresse direction for me and I wasn't sure of their soundresse & seemelt to have look my critical self-judgment Sesmeth to have look my critical of and legit couldn't was so briang putting out. Finally a westless. Stand it any mose and blusted out, How were they?"

"Oh "she said "Israt!" I sod, you had me scared, "I left said "which you didn't say anything." I left a note with them," she soft, " and fleft the postus outside your door of the soft. outside your door." The "note" its suched nancy lesself is no slouch as a frost. Her work affette in the same magazined mine to Hurterly Review of Literature Massachusetts Review, its Don't 18 throw ther "note" away (not my letters). Wait, there's more Raja Robo who had been listening to the the previous poetry readings with more and more impatience and disinterest as Ked For SEE Amulet before my reading. Raja, & had since learned from him had

his first book published by new Directions and subsequent ones by macmillast. The lives part of the yeart in Southern France but mostly in Andiaf. He for an old friend of Henry miller, Laforence durrill of St. John Perse the affect French poet. The forts he loves are yeats Riefe and Vallery all as You Know, July vestletic joets, Henge his impotione Firth the voladings. Well, It found him in the Kitchen the morning after & gabe lum Amulet bearing lies ryes spakling and ready to dence with exectement "Look", he said "I m only likely through, but wery form is different, as a spect experience. That i extraonic Decences been so restationally for words. I haven't been so marvelous sensibility for words. I haven't been so Excelled by poetry in mapy years. Fook and be quited a fleraself from I an Earliff Goen "-" . Fleath's wonderful! Life jewifle, Otte. & translated one into trench and it sounds broutiful." And he chowed me his penciled translation. At did sound as if it could have been written in French. He wanted me to Sand a copy of Amulet to your Bonnefory a Prench poet polistias just beten translittell into Eight by Galway Kinnell (the poet who as said he tried to Apach me for supla.). He had just one criticism of my work. It had the same Kind of mestery (of poetis language that Rieke and Valery have that it did fot fleave their philosophical depth would have liked more philosophish but like was would have liked more philosophish stade that marvelous pritinism & said and water that & had just never had time to expand into the philosophical. Will that explains their brinty The said. If you do Expand, you will be Something wonderful, ubusual!

Wait there's more! He Evening of the realing approached and & was getting more and right apprehensive in spite of these unantial pited bonanges. I tried to fortify my self by volla but nothing happenend! & lidrable sandthest slug, but still nothing, trimely the moment arrived. & Hated with my long from The Enemy (about Vietnam). Fliese Was to floc an intermining star that. He was a finished, the there was a forment of silence and then progreat burst of populause. Bill flass rushed forward to shake my land part tell me lion monted lie was. The second left of the program were lyrical prieces. There were sight afrel Exclamations after the more personal ones affords

I finished In a Warm Bath, the poem about George

there was a thunderclap of applause. It went on

and on. And when Definished the whole series they all stood up and applanded and applanded. & Gad really touched their hearts. Bob Islinas the atist first grabbed my hand and looked into
my face Ifor a long tioned without saying anything.

Appin Roll Bass rubbed forward, embraced me,

Weased me on the based and exclained, "I want to

touch you!" He was planted priging. promally ofter a reading, there is desulting chit chat profil sinking. Third time they were quiet and the telk was about maturity, the great to alle of it it it les seemed to be that what & had done was to combine intelligence. and Emotion and bumanity, and this to Themward maturity, that rare thing, Will I Can more be said? Could lang one ask for more Incidentally, In has is writing the relitor of the New York Review to suggest that he ask me to subject the Enemy to them.

This room &'m baving Lunch with Franville Hicks who's coming as a quest of Richard Weber. Remember Kicks, the great liberal of the Depression? He still runs a column in The Saturday Review Joema. Raja by the oway, is studying my new Joema. Although the a too was moved by theon, he felt that & may have sacrificed some of my formest verbal selicity for subject matter, and he worked hate to see that, although the acknowledged his bias for pure literature. literature fleich does not del with social problems (he is a Brahmin, with some diadain fortile masses) But he said be couldn't be sure with let had studied them undoubtedly & have a sacrificed some of the varbal in order tof Express the bumah. & think George might like this letter. Why don't you let bein freal it?

Saturday Aug. 30, 19/68 Veal Bookse, Ever since that damned reading, I havent been able to get going on anything Else. The adulation put at stop to afreything. And now that & Know & have Apply a fell mose days here it's another obstacle. Shaffrefti ! (Polish for Blood of a pig!) Hould be in N. Y. of course when this reaches you, and lapping fit up while I stew here at pry table, immobilized. Det that anti-polaming of yours working, loney, boney, bridentally, this stepped that be a common for specially put off readings of showings until the fery send of Bob-Thurstley right a freed of Bob-Islands, a planenso and consert espectarist, played for us here inthe misic room, which is heartly Granelled both on pailing and walls. The sound dame out with a rull millowness & have never beard. Ravisling! the office. I thought you were taking that week my telephone at West House is Area Code 518 - 584 - 0526, if you want to call me. &'n usually in my room of the 8 p.m. Remember to fiel me for at the Post Authority Bus Depost. BER you store. Carl

Dear Georgeant : 6/10/69 m. reporting in . It turned out the runway in Saratoga was too short had to land in Albany and from theren cal- /to Yaldo Can your enogine rollet devil sufy careful took for me top seed out \$15 for a cab? hy god, west have I done I / Jan want out of he way to be pleasant & the family of John s reistomed weited delightful. Also the farmle the price were right. So it was a bosege. Lovely more later. Este Sat regglag lean and langing

Deal Boofroie: June 12, 1969 I had every intention of writing to you fast night But & / got way laid by Wong May (not its not/a mistake That is half name) who wanted my operson of het new work Her book Cappens to be one that Sovensen Had sent me for review, so & had some asphantance with het work. A very sly, fearful young woman, bord university of Singapore, where she learned Syglish, and the U of Lower Writes place in Chinese, policel somes so Early to her that she doesn't think it ! fai mother is apparently a well. Known clinesed writer Wong perhaps because she first so inserve is so heavily made up around the eyes and so heavily

Jestuned that she doesn't Issum quite real.
These great pine forests again! The birds wolle me at It this morning, but & didn't mind & felt sleft out. my new wooking cabin is smaller than last year's. Actually nose suitabled for one person. The cabin it so Enviloped by these grant trees that the sun sent has no chance to overheat it This morning, in fact, I had to light a log in my small wood stove to drife out the & sled. never have taken that pal from Albany that opened the Shires, The day and \$ 5 on xintal of a tape-of writer! Now! St's got time!

More later.

The first day was productive.

Towe

Carl P. J. Let me have John's Watt's number. He told me I cd. use it to let you Know when I want to get pipeled up inny blile & son Aldring this, a copy tate a tate, is there? And tot & change my mind & wed have to Reall you more than once, wouldn't A? now what &? (yea, I'm drunk unfortunately on my our boozed Norf!

Valdo, Spring, N.Y. Jule 13, 1969 (writtenduring a sluggich interlude carried Offy constipation) Dres Boopne a talked too quielly about the cool of the forest and all that Romantee Snolle. Well, yesterday summer come and week at light! & sat where in my cabin in nothing but a joel straff. Strange, flying outs (8) tank) fight the place de count's er where they or coming from, but for Every jack-aut 1 that & rail, Athere take this place. you shed. Have son me gesterday leaking from Beren & screen and dealing out instant death with my fly swatter The floor was A battle-field strewn with all this, & saw one carrying his companion (Jestiapa outfloodad)

off the battle feeld. to/a moment & was touched and wondered, What have & done? You remembed last year the person & liked but here was la composel, Whysses Kay? Well, this year's it's a Lovely passon. Two other Ramales, who will like a hardead homo, and Richard Wilson who has a striking resemblance to the way Louis Bullofolly way to lack and petts the room next to mine and since the practices on the piano there & have no choice but to use my colon. Would you believe that ? he has right prescription druges in the medicinal cabinet and that he is terrified of maggintos and waspes? not bothered by them, terrified. As for the pointers, there's not a single abstractionist here

their time. I don't know whether this indicates a trend of merely the selections of the Admissions Committee Albo, the group of a whole part the painter older, broth in their 400 and 500 and a few in their saxties, Janagent thet! Vood Elizabeth Amely seems badley deteriorated since last year & and pool me, & I usufly get stuck with her fat deinfelt & (dann my sympathetic face). Of the poets there are five As & So don't Know theer fork and I don't Know to (Except for Wong May whether they Known mehl (and & cantfask), we sit together like dummies tinally of feel like soring a man about a horse but asf it there's a thunderstorm outside my cabin, & cout get to a Holet. What happens when

Vaddo-Geretoga Springa, 1.4 June 15t, 1969 Deal Boopsie: Gradually getting Not much to say . Lonely saperily now, Sunday offett St 5 the cold total the food tower team bun very good & no bannet, to my suffride. The last Heree Evenings have been filled with poles but & on going to have to stop & sont sleep well after a gome and a sich an ticel sen not going to waste my days berd in groggy state. Softlie Evening Whiththe boys were getting together & said pro going 150-50. not boad but not good

Vaddo, Saratoga Springs Friday (date,?) June/21, 1969 Den Boopsie, It bothers me that your all alone in the house you. But George's top to Europe came after my dates for yaddo were Confirmed & It Could no longs cleange them. nevertheless / L'on sofry It's hard, & Know. Hopwiever will to be at least it will break up the foneliness. it's impossible for londing sometimes Richard Wilson plays Schubert on the piano, but that's only until & right, and by that time every body's scooted off to some oppointment and again & malone. & don't

- think there appointments near anything. I suspect they're just Eschips from the londinesse but for some orason that & travel yet figured out, &m not a fat loft it. Biggest well flower you goed soul. That's me I Tonight Governed, & intervened. Joel Confarrae a bell of a nicet spent from the University off Pennsyletguja was thinking out lough about going to a W.C. Fields movie of tet dines The was offering to the Janet trans, the fiction writer from hat I but never thought to ask me. So & just invited my selfin Port way sidn't be ask not ? les must be my fault because le liles not creative people are reelly very sweet in an atmosphere ell this. In the poter game the the start foris a small a small endish pointer in the late lifties from

"reit york was bitting on a very strong liand against / soll were that almost an good a Hard, but hais the " Way didn't, "On raise?" we roteft the sweetest Smile, '& had the bitter hand. & wouldn't do that "Amusing little man with a thick, grey mountage who trudges down the road to his cabin ich pants too big for him in the seat, looking and by he right have a load in them. nobody & re become attacked to here yet, lile to Bill Bell son and ulyises Kay Rast year.
Portty goodf day tollay.
Love for Case

Yaldo, Santoja Sprij N.Y. 12866 6/24/69 Coeled you tonight.
No prevent. Vill try again I tomorrow. Deal Booksie Please ack John whather he can arrange to have the limousine pick fre up at 5 p.m. on Iriday, July 11th. If it can be that late, & can -ran out to Perkellell early in the morning to see Lowenfele and be back intime to be pulled up. Let me Know. & should Know the low to get in Lough with the pilots in n.y., just income I have to be late. As you Know, &'el be at 147 East 150 St. Plaza 5-5883. there. In astonished to find & ve written 9 poems in a work, at least

there months now at home. So it's worth while. But Hod low lovely it, gits here at night! And & of beginning to get tight Karl Korte, whom & lite so much, is apparently an important composer. A second of his, which he played for us on take, is coming with on the CRI Gabil. Very Exciting. Has some of the thythanic vitality of Stravinsky. Used to be el got it. Shyp that's where 1 Also, Reclard Welson has born playing brantiful music for and of the pearly after dinner. 18 recome to like aintoo. Very SEnsitive, creative young man. Prople are leaving one after the other now. Sold. Alle losing gome one myour family. Beaides, it's before dold and rainy all but two days, Except for the of everything

is fine. Love Carl

Yaddo-Santoyelfrig N.y. 12866 July 1, 1969 Des Boopoie: Don't send me any more letters after you receive tella, pa mail gete to me very slowly here and pleasures aref, 22/be gone by the time & had Either 14 of 15 point finished and a big one (in subject of subten shoot done. So this (stay will have been as productive of last summer when I also turked out one big one and an assortant of small of medium sized onco. I see now that it's the big for wowy & court do at home: I then too fractured and interrupted (8" been at this big one for fixedays now without intersuption Hoself breaking word).

best his week-ind we were down to only sox people; the familial facely writted leaving. Whole rew drowd is pouring ent today and to tomorrow & There el be 125 of us. One who laft was Grask Caley, a fection writer and a big slight in the feare movement. Very down to settle Lovalde woman. Reminded me of Mother Blook. Teacher at 1 Sarak Faurence. Enthusiastic about two of her steedents: Carol Schorfing (Sid's daughter) and the daughter of Prof. Poech from the Edepation Dept. at the W. Remember we sand lest the one time we were at their house. Frais terille the BECK ger se Simply prodigious; Carbo talentel (in hospitaling) show but not so Of Bill Berkson Cost his apartment all of a sudden. Devact

"medent commerced & Bell and to find a space wither a day of tubo. De down in the Vielfge I'll trave an Essel schedule ru n. y . than Ithought. Wort be able to see topvenfela after all. The time & Gedfree, ele & working.
Att All for nord.
For fore Carl

Yaddo Faratoga Springs N. 4/12/8 66/ Welmerlay, 7/2/69 -----Deal Boo pail: V your undoubtedly wondering what 1) subo scall / was alfut. It was to sound me out on my integest in being poet-in-residence for the country Semester at the University Af Hisconain. It would impofice helping some theirty students with their own poets, for louse a work, \$ 8000. The hext day the lead of the department polly to make the invitation official. But & lad to reside the madeson, & couldn't commute. & didn't see how & could do that, but & wanted to show lim & was giving the natter a decent, Consideration and so & told him & would discuss it withe your and let Ein Know right afterwards.

Soget ready topiaces. It's still melles aparto wate a Riving. What I wouldn't have girent for such a break, years Hould you believe & ve Lone 17 Spoems in Exactly 21 days? (my big one & broke into staro; more solid this way) I may have another booth now, so & le have something practical to talk about 1 When & SER Laughlin. & So, SEE MOUNTSOON. 1 Love Boopsie the Hale

Dear Boopsie: Rouley 7, 1969 The last night have and it's very sad. Live formed warm friend slipe! Painful to theave Very painful. That night & rial the focus & had written time, to all the greato, some 26 now. They were deeply moved. Today that 's all they talked alfort at brokfast. Tonight to my great emborassment / they're thopwing a big farewell posty for me-ruft, sesfined to place them very clock to me. D'elget very little speep tought, I can see that. Del be mailing this from H. Y. as soon as & Grow What I plane of Del be taking book SER your Soop. 1 Love . Carl (. S. - my plane is coming intriday Exclose for you outside the Entrance,

Dear Boofoie: Semla, Sept. 15,1969
Please deposit \$200 in "the sheelling account right away, so that I'll have fromen to fort a chell meane & tipue to pay a mostle's vent son phobase somewhere Elne. Il Explaint Sturday. Cerl

Sunday Dear Boofines Arrivel. I pour now in the Claridge. Out home is a palabe of the Doges by company Just a reconvited old Coulding apprine Salvation Astrung no dauges of becoming contraminated By luxury lieve! When IT jaw back into flace 75 frontle climan of the Dy ofter 8 pm. So & salling See Case to stay the until Stunday / me you believed have no place in ruly room? Physichooth influe hall! Cerc

At. 15, 1969

Deal Boopoil: Jackson Springs you put on me followed he deethe way there. In Buffalo it was little pritches. The plane to Albany was so small & could feel the through now they re forecast a sloom warping for Statoga Si cut het out already I haven't met apyone yet I am on my way to dennes. Love monday, 7/20/70

(no stationery yet). Deur Boopsie. It & Seema & come with the wrong clothes. It's chilly here; has brendle Summer, according to Polky. Very little seen She ascribes this to a charge in the climate resulting from pollution of the whole world going to pot. I Last bright and this morning It began my friend fliss with a few of the juesto.
Lean I fiskell, a writer from the University of Journal of Exchanged membres the University of Texas, whereflie had gotten his Efforing man in his forties, with a breastly self. Keap. He took it offonce of his students his ged lim & dout Know whether he's here to do creative of scholasly work, Will find out (and let you Know immediately!) Then there s minna Citron a very hofel-Known faintes in her 70s. Seems to my dive seen refroductions fres work. Can you blace her? Also frichel tougeses, a thrench novelist, at present traching at larnegie Tech, Very Lively and simpation And Octavid Locke a notelist published by factout Brace Twhose face Alooka as if it lift been washed and scribbed whipses hay, the negro composer whom I littled for much from lost summer his also lieve without his wife this time. Then a writer, whose name & don't Know yet who is actually as big around as a tent but whose bace is ata fresht and bright as a seventeur

Before & Sign off, & must plas report. that last night well had fresh raspberttes and bluebrisies from the Jackdo gardens Calong with leamburgers !! ; that must rooms are where of thought they were, and that on making my roughs around the lakes outlie extate, & spen into two body o catching rock book Exchtable despite a lunge sign, notone de Allowed Beyorfs This Isate. But what do little boys can about Love

Dear Booksie track of time)

Losing (I think! I'm

Losing track of time)

July 26, 1910

There I shall I Start 3 my work which is paramount to me here has just tot budged yet, but today of felt the wings of spmetlefing. So maybe It s pay own defen fault too & threat my self all hours of the right - of rother I was toofweak to resist their company (steproful to be alone here attright). He ve tall great talks rifley great, And I dive seen the new Most City Ballet in two engrospeny petformences one and all-Stopping petformences and the other a not yelf fourthed choreography by Jerope Rolbins on Machia Itoffalberg Variations. Tracket are expensible but we bright & 2 general plansing talety policely sittle pour to sit on the lawn and unnoccatly doubte one by one into the \$7.50 sentit

offere tadat taken them. des bren style of the chief bellevies a couple of themes a week. See's a friend of Polly & , for whom retry their stops he coltre ballet Compate Safetoga & Soup I don't care much for ballet , but it isut true & guess &ts the pleasecal ballet that bores The week and in approaching and Everybody in begintilling to scatter. D'elle alt plonelagain my quarters are Enormotion I light my own bathroom. my bed from has two four poster beds, a sittee vituo insufficient of wavers and lamps of small tables, all of which are basely mough, thefroom is so big . Dry studio is the next room, rufell smaller, but it also has a couch. So the trustees of yadde slave seen to it that other is place for me

sculptors pue a young Englishmen from Thereaster Extremelly developing and senetrating. He startfolkeit las a disciple of Heavy Moore world in martile for many yours then your this rife entirely for shings leavent seen his wolf yet out De bet it's very great. Two of the profile one in the rifle of a phycliathery and one is the day liter of a famous surgeon in cleveland, a Dr. Crile Dolo founded the Clevelen Clinica where I used to take well lave dealt with life. T She by the way is a former student of lat Adams . And the who I said was built like a tent and so discerning, turns out a tobe a singest from the rictionally A psychologist could have a hey deep here with these

but not four bearge of the little porte valo we bearing Mo And KEED those letters Consing & Cavent lead one from Toma Colifornian leve that Toos In a bout 1 8000 fact up and that the terrain is fruite life or the colorado Rockiels. So & quesa. that sout for the wrater We also the found of the coler a Set of the second of the second Vi - 192- Asia charact with a fire . " The forther way as a forming Stanlish the Color of the Same of the time - To Co a sing of from the sutton. with a second of the second of the The second of th CONTRACTOR STATES OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPE

July 27, 1970 Dear Boopsie: I We letter from your get! That's not nice. It called you Sunday night but there was to prevent. Dele try again after I funcal this letter ! to move. The last topo days have been good; but land work. Id my relieved when 4:30 pomez and it time to relax. you have to watch yourself though . Too many postunities tot stay afevary from from for work by the Kingflott reading). but then I don't strangent & don't dopujtleing but lang around like fa zombie. The riply bright one in the bunch young letels Ruddick, an English Sculftor, left for a week, so four talk is duller. Remado me slightly of Andrew Croxer. I ve gotten into the

downdest situation. worth When anyone with a problem tolks to me, 12 slep into a telping role without realizing it, and flepare & Know at the evening is shot. I just don't seen to be able to relate in any other way when a person sticked problemender my none Looks as if sill be fable to a reading of the University of Louisville stad pt Somerset Callage in Long Island . Leon Drickell Heads (roled is here) thinks he can arrange out at the former, and Duck Weber, my old flowed from last seement rotof stoffed by a for a few minutes to trust me Somerset to fing ging to be in Philadelphia in October, sol there wont le much transportation cost. What do you thenk I fthat? Shows you got to get around.

Deaf Boopsie : Jely 28, 1970 - I de Drivish now you had written theas that I weapout of town and would reply after My return. The letter threft me oft of Kieter and sel & could do was flag dream about it allday It had yaddo burying too Everybody marvelled at the break. be good | either way: it go be interesting if we got and if rue don't pe elle spiral the fain of a six months separation of Prom file gires Right? contries going into other South American Buenoa Agrada. Wow! I d'wrote Heas right peway to prefit (on the basis also to say that we cont stay Inove that six months and that I didn't speak fiddish. That might

Kill it, but & part-help that I dilled Learna's letter very much . I liked het calling you! mom (and was amused at litt). I liked the way she gets ought in and makes for fittends the own In fact, I liked Everything about it . I wish only that she had said more about theorge yes, & thent she will be godd for them the sony welves I Know so much about one believe how much they tall me. Some of it & would tother not Know of A very congenial, Knolly group this time. I Love Dor Service of the property of the service of the servi

Draf Boopsil: 1976
1976
Would you believe & finished a 102 line from yesterly Oile bundred and two lines! That's like writing The Iliad for me. There morning Myses Kaly offered a of course & didn't institute the tostes - ple those scrape of paper that seem to have the polit blisch litte my deall at home. There is also prother from & wrote when & first came. If I had the time and the atmosphere of nyaddo, it seems to me that the notes & tare now could be turned into ten Cook! Well, you see I'm in an Expensive mood, Policle will dissipate him the Every-day life , Soon to an the hiddle of my stay & monly been liberated from the prison of laboring over my long foem for another preson begin to look.

middle touget there out to be Jawish (born no lars) Original family name Casher So Vancestor probably surgestion 2000, than of course there are no bitte to es) in hot House library Quite good The discussion of torworld was lively but a bit too enterely & thought Beatly hot reglet by the that It lighter about the only cool rooms in Jadden Locke Atalian Myral to a fam payeletherapist of our women egist last a let locale brother mi Rome of to whom she had a lite simulat relationalists to what you have to bearge outle some day that she got news of her best she seatly she lafted from her sister that her negligit, he Started Johns Hop Mana , had been stabled and love objects An incedent with without teen ages a which they attacked and then stabled how as be board managed to pull energy

into and stagged acray loctoria xx a lovely, Kand womand, in the 40 s. Stafted out as of painters then realized she didn't have went face (but not the feary beauty) of the woman who brought us out Great fast in Rome Inflereding all flow of lest sisters married Janta, and her grand nother is bured in the provide gliette in Rome So they think she man leave been Jefvish Come to think de fit the Obtother vleo died who Conflications sensue because the latter has stepulated in Certice that she want tobe buried with the novel state of the first luston was faville for I that do you know ? how much the young novelests draw on their personal bures that the major of a good affect. April Isoit goes in motor

Deat Booksie. Aug 1, 1970 from Jun Laughlin, not just the quite a lift, and since we're Hel like offe family liese, and showed it to some of the others and they too got a lift However & figured out of a get fabout \$1.27 the house goes goes goes the sounds grade but the farlest thing is Espering up with my adeas, they come so fall * slip of vay before & tavela clause toff jot them down of a form out of their is bloody world slow world. The strong of thing think I'm going to. Some stray fancy wanterd in pul & on off to a different have roce the place druking a little from time to time in the afternoon & & can't tell whether to bot ster me or to calon me. Then when time comes to get ready for dinner, & take a

good shot so as to be able to sates the dining room Jacyly and Kanpup a's centillating Jacyly Conversations & After dinner to a dragging of time and fackling of the source thereof of the source thereof of the world to tell you but they of the with that apaging feeling. michel Hougeres and Octavia Locke left today. Hard to see Octavia put myo to the last There was no Usign of lest tragedy, although & Know she fold deeplof. Pat Alamo calue yesterday. Lesten to this, she told not the Times review of her show brought in Jeople and she sold about the deales got & food and the cost of contrato paints equipment, the cost cet about \$3000 so she wound up with almost nothing don't that wild ? On monday of Dorotley Phillips writer from California arrives so fautastic that its conceivable this will be the last letter you

will get from me before & arrive dettoright & will write again arriving Tuesday, Aug. 11th pn molfack flight 183 at 8:19 pm and Expect to see your pretty face waiting for the when of get there so that we can rush right tome and I can again be four DOM Material Protect of the Colot of Theory lowfully of the harm easing yesterday The state of the s menough a state of the state of the that with land with a thing hat sales Bulled with Lapron of your you fait a titlet it concernable make sold to the lost later for

ally in mona iki . Aug. 3, 1970 Deal Booksie: It solvious this will have to be my last letter, so anything I write you after this would + never traffer you before Seget back. In fact the mail being as it is, this may not make it.

A got from you was postwalled July 131, So & Plade Gren getting the way to describe my evenings here, of you suggest Otisal desperate Effort of to Kerp from
ferling & desolate . If I don't join
what is going on & ferl too
what is going for my from shore
what you must be ferling no use
what you must be ferling no use
both of was suffering yes
yaddo forming after inflesting was
much but at the time of armyst
it, the plan was for you to go to

Calefornia of new York . Resember Anybor & ll be forme soon Im sorry to se ward to hear only one day Im Eager to hear of report on that & the boy friend one of the laked at yoddo. I riel they be bleased! Like my other poems, it starts off with one thing and then works into something different and works ifto something different and more complex. Anylow they the be pleased and & was pleased to be able to pay off a debt. I'm talking afo fif it's already finished, which may put the curae on it. I bright idea the other day: to make out a book of selectifus from Pound's Cantos. It would be a contribution to potential found readers, but Q Sout Know whether Langhlin will go for it. He's Pound's published too X's been lost and burned leve too, but at night at's cool Enough in my room to sleep, the day time beat , however, las however defeouraged me from walfling pround the latter Incidentally the Cutter's Insect Repellant workla!

Execute against deer flows, and vere so vorasfores it didn't deter their Awfully discouring to hear about Awfully discouring to least bout the invidents on St. Rouis. So Cooks as it it's going to be a bad year flor poor I bedrage. See I you soon, I deas. morning the same and a second of the and thing last line is a level of the loves hopen and he from not from notice of the solver, were sont it the the catter-6 grant There is not in the

Aug. 5, 1770 DEal Proprie. Del talk a chance on their Fracture you before & do. has fifty lines. About another ten to go, Hoddamit & have to finish it tomosfort. Too many other things I'm ragel to get to of Know what the Rigidle with be - but not low Stepted out simple, naturalistic, but became axtoaoddinapily complex Everything one story both more than anfinatent becomes so downed conflex and subtle! Two new people here: mrs. Dorothy Phillips, a middle agrid footens from Colifornia roles her kees any insects or bugo in her house and mand morgan a painter in her 700 who sounds antersting The other night in four of his that a shorting argument out the new Left: Tyl. Adderson, a very blust and liteable black company of Polish ancestry, on the select every King

of limited militarry of freet out agel Pat Adams and Wattallany the lunatio aspects. He were stally shorting and gestilculating & But at Ended perfectly friendly Dajorsible Hot pul cold now it's does again, my rooms are freezing to I served have both brought som long sleeved suits and nublentimes One Titling leas pleasaged mudel Hanville Hits Hicks: he dockt have to went coats to denner. I like him by the way. Je las the names a sta les England grutleman, but vety sweet He comed to diener red in the face and with the fork of a mand the arry leaping but trying o let to show the runer the influence, I'm afraid His wife Horothy is delightful company they must be in their tos because they have a grand son in allege They will be succeeded life in the winter by curt Harnack and lie wife, Hoftense Calisles be the executive. They were here one right

· but they were at a different table and I didn't meet them How mee, that Leanne referred tome pa Dad Juston Kitter I beauther thinking about what I would be drong this South America. & point Knofer enough about their presseas operations to be able to great of they use my administrative Experience lit would be one thing; if they made my case worth Experience, it would desting with government official This Enda the letter of from Yaddo. and In the interval I'll have to chole with my own news mine of the Carlo they have a production on to day with him in the success of the we will the something the limit the real him Sing in the second of the seco

(Stat me my deutal thereaders) Monday, 1972 DEar Bookse: Just a note to let you know I've arrived, and have tettled in to loth my bedroom & studio have been to topon to gettingaler and looge withe Yaddo Istate of bagon, and an waiting row for 6 35 to clome 30 & can great in to dinner, Dre Some a little work already but havent met the questa fit. One & Know though maked Cowley He's liese for three werks. He fe de can stalk loud Enough for their to bear me. Polly was delighted, as always to seed me and foot my time to let me Know that she lead been pleased to hear that I had toller for the spring for plus Bery man but that I was a much bitter poet than he much better the bufatrip was pleasant Took my tirlet when he should Albany where there's a fifteen winter of Istop, the driver returned

him took the other helf of my round trip tectet (& for to show it to feen to get back on the been and left me only with a stub. That Aldut sing right and the more & thought about fet I screwed the coverage and talle to the driver of the first be contained to the driver of the first but something over for lien . Telega the problem was to locate the first drover be had disappeared. Hongolebute de was finally found as you can imagine confested his zoros and & got baffe the ticket that should not have been taken from me, but without apology But I was applaused log the passengers for front who had been of like the middle of winter here & shire shire shire shire shire shire shires that shirt s how cold it I is I Tought it's Expected to go down to the 2015. Shakrefte. bagas! I head to rush into the winter like this? But Polly says we'll still have Indian Schumer. Duly two days ago it was warm lesse

but the rain storm yesterday. cloughed all that. Bigwirds now very/ ling. Little me gonna traveto. soulgale in teeper tonight and draw on my body best and that pent good forwarde & You Know that, not much to draw on from if you were light my room is small but adequate my steeled, in another building fra about the same size but very gology & Know already that & shall form The tow bruch more do your want? & just got here. is 518- 584-07 46 il you have to love cleats, however, have the West House number 518-584-9509. Call directly any Evening between 7 pm and 9 Apm (your time) but let me Know Exactly what time you autend to call stand on what day so that I can arrange to be in my room and want for your call Otheriface of might be cleating or playing scrabble

in the believery above the garage where we Est, of playing pool intile both louse I, which It just ded with the those other men feere band, a British composed and biographer of Lives, Bill of painter, of the collen Cowley (a prach shot at pool). The others flere pre all workey writers 3 of them plus Polly . Softhere are Englit pt table. The Konversition stoles we good - I held forthe on the American Scaracter and inflooding told some pary Juny stories be just finded of Root for the literary figures of World War I, which I do for intent to wife is a faminy story). Food proly good ! To get book to phoneing field a time of dodge that we convenient for you for billing and coming to the truth is that the ride up have deplete the brilliant foliage along the last bundred miles was fruite melandiply pud the bleakness of the wind and coff further being carried further from withver very melavelesly to rush now to tend to Coloreder Car

Friday Oit, 12 Dras Boopse. The spore, papf today, in two freems of medium length and about Apage borda halft of throse aphorismes. Everything its leaning the lengthered, experially the prose, but I am determined this line to malle some Kind of abreall-through in the prose. Heretofore & re always given up roben they going got tough which means given and when the from the find itinging to the head of the found of lifting it from the find it is much fraint for me to do it soctory. But ever in poetry it's hard their time. I was swalle all last night for instance with a problem in one of the focus. I fittally worked it out but remained in one of the focus. I fittally worked it out but remained provide. They required is breakfast at 8; work in my studio from 9 to 1; lunch; a short walk; a short more than 1; lunch; a short walk; a short more than 1; lunch; a short walk is a short more then work fintil 5:30; then clean pand a bottle blook drink; dinner; ofter-painer clief then a little rading and letter (sometimes) to beal. And that's the day of for folly gave me good news of two of my follow friends: Ulysself Kay the regt composed which the alformation of time by the regt composed have got a windfall follow position as Distinguished Professor of Junice att a salar of \$30,000 a year; and Raja Rlao hat had something similar flappen to been - a sinecere at the Smith sometime Inditate where he may if he wishes give a lecture of two a year; otherwise, all the has to do is go on with his with Polly of jots he's break guite productive, his health (he) Byttle way & started reading his "The Serfent author Rope, which Poley recommended. The novel moves along as light as a breeze and is quite poeticed. E. M. Forster called it the brothnovel in English to come out of dedia to the made a foint of ditting rext with me at dinner tonight. We falkal Ensiles Ropolifon. Atthink last year she herself fray have felt foundsought but I don't paymuch attention to lit. The weather hat been lousey.

And, as fruites would say this is the End of Love, Cash

In Elwaday Oct. 18,/1972 Dre Boopsie: Tuesday and Wednesday were golden dags for me ; golden. I shall not sæ their like again. Taiesday morning & wrote the loveliest poem & there ever writtely. I Short, only 15 lines, but it casts a spell on me. I want to read fit jove and over. In the afternoon I stated another poem and got well into it. Wednesday I finished it. It's 95 lines long. Windy five (It's) in the same class as the first & could beek who to worthwhile & couldn't liefe written sither from at home, especially the long one. That required a whole werk of other softing before a could be flevelof the sustained consentration for it. Also would note believe a finally finished my prose piece on B orges of m not a good Enough judge of firese to be sure of it as but I think it may be good, In any case that's as much time as I'll spend on it up more rewriting it I have also completed a some two pages of approximations and there proposed other focus All in a trume working days! I don't see low & can't keep up this pace, but maybe &'ll be heekly. Keep your finger It filled me with joy to heat in your letter that Barbard and George have began to look and talk to rach other for real It is very important to me.
There is something outfully bleat about a brother and sister not ferling a boild. Atlat was a warm letter from Engane Heldrof lein a rote from here to asknowledge it.
Evenings, we clust here of the demness by
Raya Rao, astrolly his autobiography. I can just hear him talling in the main clearacter I Alpo, leave us not forget, Mall, that's it, honey Love

Yaddo lest 24, 1972 Der Boopsie: Tuesday, Oct. 24th . That was a play Put that down on your calendar. & stated to my stredes relicitantly. A little after 9, & was through Abrushing my teeth and was at my dock and looked over Some notes for a poem and started to work our them.
Then & families the poem and hooked at my wotels:
10:30. Disel & expouldnt stop the and califit a
day: So & started on somothing she, worked, worked wolfled and finished another form! I looked at my wotch: it was 12:30. I sould thelieve it!
Two poems in a morning! But I clut quit yet
It was only 12:30. So & Ithought I'd just sit found
I was suff & couldn't db augmore, so I just sit
and looked over some of their notes; then Istarted
to work and worked, worked, and out came a
third bound worked, worked, and out came a third foem! & was hilarrous by that time. Here poems in one day! Unlearl of! Thetime was then 3 o early the crases fidea flashed therough my mind: maybe & could fivrite a foutly poems before dinner! I had never hearful of their happening, but maybe it could be done. Fraybe. So & stated with no pouledeince, on Something Else and finished a fourth poem boys o'clock of So helprik! But leaving problems with theft work. They hate me leaving problems with theft work dear that you were not being fergotten by Barbara and Befrage and sout frifulls and that this absence of fine is grat softard on you. until my synthonis from Harry; also Juntil & Know whether nedicare pays moderal bills in mexico. and if they do what frestrictions and conditions there are is o you might get this information from the Social

Security Office, dear, while were waiting ourste Darbark and freorge and Leanna. I do & deal vistuous. Last night we went to hear Haroff Rosenberg and philosopher historian Benjamin nelson speak of At and Technology at Skidmore College, in Saratoga Very stimulating! Scar & Say? The weather has been not at all bad; the trees and lakes lovely as ever. I adop little walking but not and much on I used to become of my Eye days.
There you have the story of the last food days.

Don't forget, dear, & come back on nWA 1229

on now. 4th at 10:33 pim. Wont that be nice. Carl

may 14, 1973 pado - Saratoga Apring 11.4 Draf Booksie. you know, of course, your very very unfact At Expect noto write if I want letter from you of a speedle only besidese I'm so good retured - and went flatters from you Map, Q've got to see your friendly transmitting. very witty and intertaining as forfore. Then there's Etta Blyn af very swest woman about my oge rologe first book pf froms published in 19 \$ 7000 got lover Spraise from Novelove Stevens, Caros Williams, the and who she did not of Sight, pettional she did not of Sight, pettional she did not of Sight 1950 when she stop witing altogether as I dethe until 1950 when she peans began to have pieces in magazines there and there. Her work is first rate. She has runigh pendiches Lucting to each her with dan bester. Inchattely the a grand nother stoo with four grand children. He hunder want a yiddesh poet and short story writer who died a few years again there's chinary ung a Camboda composer, from whom & learned gente a first about the Dunier of the S. I the S. I the Dunier of the S. I the S. I the Dunier of th the music of the East, put Tomash Suleman, a young Ungo slav fort of very great promise, Becourse of high Jane & alled then If he was pewish. He said betting so but be wasn't sube because in Slovenia in the days of his grandfather and before four the writer to blive and theorefore disquisely their ideality. He writer a very original Kind of surrealist footry I volviely is a mazing for a Communist country. He teld me he was in jail I blive day to be a forty or a forty. Jail for blive days for lies first book because of what the Centora calked his l'hooligenism "but l'intime the Centora called his bloodegants wow a Kind of show they got used to Cis style and the is more a Kind of show the forttlesen, translated into Itan languages the pointer whose work we tried to sex at the matter gallery & ted a line of plaining when I had it servit, she find she

Know we lived there. I and was in town but die The weather leas been lowery; cold and very rains Things seem & be teld in a Knot in my the the I work but I'm not pleased with which I'm doing nolift to any of it. So concentrate, honey and Vexercise fjort Genevolent influence. Don't forgat to talle care of the medical answay forms and also if there's a fleat from the upper. I will we will was in this sinker of last, in which chie see if you can get as copy of the book review foge - I from the paper if Isotgel, Babara, the doubt have it. I It's agreat comfort to have your photographes there with me in a drefver, when & open furtively every once in a volule to tall a Love Care The state of the s

3 1 lu. may 1/1973 Deal Boopsie: Well svery room is taken now and every Seat of all four tables aid occupied. Againmonally large refuber of young composers, five in all. One of them thenry millione of most sure of the habe proste the muste for beautiful flag of the Polapol (for also a wonderful existent of the n.y. Opera Company a wonderful existant per of the n.y. Opera Company a wonderful existant per of the n.y. Opera Company a wonderful existant per cleap the spent olic runnel of hugher and honest, open cleap to be spent of michael Language. Sound loves it. Her great rappet for michael Language. Sound loves it. Her great rappet for michael Language. loves it. Has great robbet for mideal Lingborn. Sould relative neighbords from Lough the Best leaving a trought of wife painters, and also here. He'll be leaving a trought of wife painters and also here. He'll be leaving a trought should be the sould be the stand of the painter of the proper that the first wife day we've had track at was up of counding the foods. Has all x was up of counding through the foods. Has all x was up of counding through the foods. Has any first good and any of whether the same have been my first good and when he should be there is storight down his leavy sheets it tween whather our working. I didn't tell you about an autotropy working a negro writer whose prior child an autotropy was a regro writer whose prior child an autotropy was a squadron a feet years ago. To grybody svery was a squation a few years ago werylody Evel I Commentary, raved plotest it. Wold, the theray that is ritere tengalout him sa that he was a delinquest of the age of 11 and was sent away to a reproducted that age of 11 and was sent away to a reproducted treatment equiter up state where the director owns a but treatment equiter up state whose name & had seen a created and seen and the second of the last of the

Characters in the book were took and the beall the character in the book was his mother! I very vehile Something retter exciting and happy to me this work to me this work to me the sure of him to both in the grand from the form two both in the grand two focus of mine in cheksen (my two both in the goald two focus of him apparently) galvos estates the goald blook of the goal of showing to show and the goal of the books, so I wouldn't be able to get the books, so I have the wouldn't be able to get the books, so I have the wouldn't be able to get the books, so I have of fered to 32nd thear to line there I Wall you study have seen love sected he would show them. He let be for Strandlations from the English So there you suffered to Slavenian poetry of a constant of formal of the second of It's 6:200 pm fand I hear sounds of revolved for the down I must be fore denner. So down I formed by Care

Dest Passpore Joshy many a good last supply to the Cropen ple tixed as of notes still around the lakes twice oure before breakfast which put some zip into me one once in the pafternoon when I was a fried to stay our an my room for fear of cataling presenting hespetteless though went wife It got a first ghip on price that st started two years fand have brand fitting off, to the prone the straight rotures of search and prose as & go along of Hard because it is said to get sloppy about this soft of thing without realizing at I Part skotythering & in doing these days seems to be hard. One suffered by I am herely two of the most and &'ll have world it a forth. Once & fally Excelled produced become seally Excelled and no longer procrastinate. I've gotten A Kubur the Berfords (from Down City a little better and to some find them keteresting. I ungine will be sering them when he tagling show in reply , as & plan & invite them before & leave. I told Tomash the Slovenean poet of my desire to trait Hungary and Sarael of I could shind the money with light in Jugoslavia too this face lit who pul wheels immediately began to turn. He could get the return of Writers to cover my expenses in Slovenial in return for sponething &d day energie talk to the young foods. They knew sworight English, sould then it we went for Budakest he'd give me the name of a friend into found foot put me he'd give me the name of a friend into found foot put and be put out to with the other in Voudaprit and be out contact. And on and on. Wouldn't that be something? If only traderation came through midentally, he was tot difformed that that I Hungarian of gamination never howevered my letter Meat's the way Communist bureaucrasies behave: They down

To the first time in my experience, Jaddo has great that everybody backs off from. She is a young compositionated aggressible presumptions, unbruding efteral, unrelease It an over powering bore Unliappy the tablowless se sits down to sat. Teople stop talked and one by one slep away. One day & made the whotake of telling her 18 dislifted Paralings. What was the matter with me? she demanded. And yet the poor woman is desportely serling friendship and Jacceptonee. From Chinary Ving, the Charlodian & learned that Cambodia and Vifetnam - have nothing rally in common The Vietnamese are originally and higherically a climese for Their means that cultifully to they are entirely different. The Combodians are mologysian, little the Thath, the Lot and the Indonesians There's no Earthly reason why they and the Lass and Vietnam slid be one country. They west were until the French conquered them and satablished and other Their language by the way in large part is Sanskrit, the ancient Anguage of India — not the transver. There seems to be no saithful tradown, therefore for our being in Cambridge and different military adventure.

St's a Separate and different military adventure.

Ching out the way the the former theader fringe Sile Chinary, by the way Knew the former theader, Prince Silvan Her problem was that he couldn't delegate responsibility had to do everything timoself and bottle under it - I now the present Readership if het rejected by the studenty the only leadership in the country but there is no one to talletheir placed. We was pensionistic of the tablechter of a few things. Remember to pill up the tablechter at the landry Allange the oil and great in the car (at's impostant, Overduck) and call sup an air conditioner maintenance service to clean and service our air conditioner and they're too busy to come out on a small set home job. The pittures & stool with me continue to reflerial me and Krop me from becoming lowerous. Lature Carl

Wednesday, may 2 1973 Val Booksie. Well, lightning struck today! & wrote two and a balf poems and of stately of tough prose I told you the Something to de with western today it was warm and summy of maybe with webody said the morrow is Russlay already's Search client fored & gotte get wing! & & dideft reglest walling either. I went would tick Ralles twicel sitting with Etta Policon and Rith Herabberget a well-Known of low foot and we were talking about Jarol and is low foot and it can be about Jarol and how for romantic Etta and & felt about the country Etc. Rath wasn't saying a word, Vso & said Don't you feel romantie babout it? "no sistercally! So Etta freder reaching for out, asked sent you formale no, laughed Rethe, I'm just Amist, English - Everythering both privile the Etta and & were looping sakley. Who'd theat somebody with a name like Reith Heighberget wast Jewish Apparently it's Pransylvania German. Quiedentally, rotion Slot come, she looked drawn and old in her party sixties, how she looks efter two weeks here, readed about 40, which is probably her actual age. That's what rounds does to new yorkers. She's watten a brot soller book of forms Glenn Kraube, the painter friend of the Scheier's, showed me the world he had done there Remarkably existerant and joyous. All the more since a strolle to left his whole fright side and reglet eyes paralysed and he what to switch from the right hand to

the left. When the paints trees they're all in though Every force of them He's a big heatly mon. Here he last the story the last the story and a confirmation with there aprove soon all steeling and a confirmation for Ed's School. If not we'll sign the mexical ty for the winter. Jules Feiffel is fremmy pool sharp - life lua pastoons. He solvasting on a report, which I have a bunch is a mistable. His medium is the blang. The for dinner calls, and & go Love > Col

The Burslay, hay 24 DEAS BOODSIE: Another great day for me forty you Again the weather favored it fleforefrend waren Before Deferget it, Duniet tall you that a group of probles in n. y. are govering a pactory readlety there as part of a public can paigh to save the tree of & the Kin Washington Squared. They're using Joens plout trees of Ja couple by maranpel moore and Lying in Red Bil on Sunday ragoning, the first pour & wrotte ofter I stopped writing, the out you like spounds Frefalling, isn't fit? Though when these things lugten tiky don't seem plogether real, yet a while telle me that if they're tending me on a public occasion with Marianne more, I are made it But the firling, plas, wout last. Tomorrow & le in the Mansion is that you can hater to the need another Tevent like that. Slonograph after denner That Kerps me from getting. Hoo landsick Interesting that only the foots little. The painters never Occupational Sufferdue, &'d Expert the pomposers to leaten the best they seem to do it only when they want to consult prostom fine for theif own use when they're composing. I don't want to give it a remark of thought for feat of blocking my front, Car

Deal Proofisie Wetter He Port Authority in good time is fact ead time to I elegic my logo with a forter of buy returned food find call of it before getting on And the call fore was hot the bus flad it is another the bus vides as usual the slovely. on hour sont of new york and f your felt cealaset () turns out to be the one I tend Very slegant. High the gular the affiche triangle for which of regiona long black for claim elandeliet for could and mormond Ted stone Afreplace level in look cases and cabinets the walks parelled in fine oal and may cold think) from an age prior to plywood dorned windows

learning in Sleage, a great halogra dest la bust of Brutus per al mantel believed up and two nagrificent bronze could stacks (alas, shouldn't have firsted one up to. Examine it. It turned out to be hollow - a friece of junt which someone after the regitte of the Tracks must have substituted for the real thing) Apparently the was the marker soute, for one massive doot locked with a foot long won slidebolt which might be special hundred years old, leads out to a seingt balcomprober Trank is supposed to lafe brought lux mostresses Raja Rao Duy Indean admired is tiere again. Akso, Douglas richol a joet, and susan Crile Ithe Halle haves from Cleveland, to ja painter whom It Hold you about used to be a heavy drinker In avalgais rine ofthers here so the group in not too small. Among them is Jules Feiffer with with a baby-like face

I identified who from among the other rul nontras because his flaces looks a little like him. When & told him be grouned and Exclaimed, "Olivo! well, it's too late to do ampling about it. " Weather darkioli and rainy I haven't forgotten to write George & Fearing. the rest of your stay. If I warried Carl

Dear Mrs. Pickwick: & doct Know roly & should call you that & have no reason yet to be in high spirit. my work light gone that will. A feet little things completed, but & havent gotten a strong strike get & theil that's the way it went last have Loo Though this time it may be different of for the things, Den working in prose and & find that more difficult & week to longuage to me when In flooking at things forteally ?; on prose which & put committing defin it good Enough); and the lodgings may be glegant but theye not wasty and good for working as the studios in the words which & have had. much hardet to shit their out here been wit and coll. I we had to sleep under a blanket, So I ve walked if

the woods only once the Rosen who is as famous for this deares of his life in lator as for lea music, of which I have one free at lione rip coming shortly. Also England & best poet that higher the last book book course one of the batch Sorensen sent me for feeling that book will win the rational Book Award this year teffer is pretty much like the pulse teffer is pretty much like what you a Expect him to be from his castoons plowarp a tumorest ; p bit of a clown of ite outgoing and yet Ideaply involuted at the safe find. He Is flore working on movie flags. Imagene, le was ifranalyses fort ten years Apropose of ruly repeal that be booked liked but plusters the said this plagues all catoonists. Steinberg for Example looks Exactly like hild figures. I who free longly here at night the

otherselecter together, druft and run off to the novies. I tried to do some work ofter dinner but it was impossible . my babit is to do something different . So & went down to the music room to listen to records twas OK I haven't written to the girls yet now that I'm not in the broods & don't lave outling of enterest to say to theat. Mis dimension of Love Sill and A leas than Ebulliest Japan Jack Coul maple of more that at the suffer tend. he de the san western our morne player smarped, to new the windlesse for the was speaked to properly of south start that has had led little and plugarities, the and there was an Controller. dentery the example , looks exectly all and fragues. I The duty was set the only one who falled condrig the stranger the

July Saturday & Saturday & Solling & The Cal How stiff with before full inner the drinks but no effect. blaged the form with and sounding strong and rebrant as Rubenstons Le got a brogland. He's literand have been special but be least and road. I would good the least and look to be sould good. new Coses from School to Florida of and lead of the sound of the standard was junte Trackon peusments Astreated to les netty perceptive foll of few and faited untile before fold son style the supposed Everithing the medicate fublic performances be writer and allustrates eleldren & Goodse I har's redo had vie s But les lere for roue of these things: be's

Fifteen fort on painting of the steen of the braid last presy rest part on the twenty years younged than he for the has teen per languter a there's always one foream at yadds you let a batt; he was that a warm sundy la gand to hy work too finally got going In excited & we done some good that Aug fast arowed maryo seturnil undergradorates in anadison. She's a poeters, the wafe of Horace Fregory madgery hatimes coseff to late her to shell theed to take Kenneth from he and was kind of sneatings & derent the sucounter of remember has a skinny little foullet desperate for attention. She docate of course Know that In leve and my cleanged looks will be a shoft one

I fenally got off a letter to the gerla but it wasn't Easy. And of I had to do pnother affort Kabres whither & could.

All for now.

Love

Cal The first of the f was trong and substituted to a find the water with Fither which is the sent to pro-The terms of the the second the others and freeze the contract the late of the la grape an emigrane way to promise the matter from the of the of head wing faithfull an other left fold some stad the guy down every their of the most over the The form the second of the sec But the live for none of these thought is

Deat Booksie The watery has been gory so wellthist my pen and my demonts to like two larger racing spect and with and coming for together. I mechanisted a water of hoving and not the deliferation and selections that come later Said and then to was related to take the time out & a Kank of metroso. Anything will soft me of a word and a record of septility and here with a set of the se talk, Holk Roboly from Grallen & mea Just that Faree thee & cought my off Just have few and a great tolich off Supposed to be the before of some combacule that & thought were fewer strug but never got any fifther because of a souldn't get of lafter that I govern and her first works no first a Harrise the seem Executive standing

with ma, swan & always Envied him He was so brilliant in philosophy." I was astounded to be remembered for that because that is more tout & rewember myself at the u, although the Allowally professor we bottlesso did fire all the remember that now he was Brilliant. Anylow after that exchange, it was one stronger honologie Slid of formed fulities placed winner and highlight shed a interesting to be with because she has loton by memories of Eliot and formed and commences of Eliot and formed and many other inflion the part the fairle All Horace Hegory to winner of the worth during all these years. & abolition she talke lateratife in an intelligent informed way. So its break trade of the talk one way ride the talk of much topical he talk of about he the poor soul lies had temple problems for twice she was told not to come to the lookatel because Romande see las to mysee and the source She havit

She spys, because they can't go anyever and reten when they have byceds in, because she opening in the Kitchen And that's not alf. She's had a trast removed and all that goes with the lungs which makes her gast as if she prope going to sie . Shell go der. We have been so hucky! visiting Zulofoly and by way of wholeton tellingslien lik Knew an ofel friestof his Case the part how much de admited Amulet the pud suddenly realizing that home didn't want to lifer this Vall Louis said shortly that he Knew was me and that was the end of it. Raja felt he had made a mistake to praise the Heat do you think of that ? Exactly George of fen's Experience for & begin to fulltant. The mension de not so lonesome at night po West House more for the around to chat with pud until the there's music of some Kind partie pleonograph soft of there isn't dean put lit on hevertheless it's cheering Ho lieve those little snapshots will me. Love The same of the sa

--- June 7, 1974 monday Dear Boopsie: I was furioux about Max Hold bothering you of the calls again, you must not dot what you did, let him talk on sed . When you do that be gets in deaper and deeper and can't stop, and is tacitly Encouraged to call your again. I don't think the will but if be done, tell lum firmly that he for not to call you and the moment be identified limself Grang up! Don't let him got started on anything. That's a bitter way to deal with his Jaranous thank to listed He won't cold you bright back if you lang up. The latter from Jennifes and as refreching up. I'm doing in snatclike in the Evening of if I'm bored po at odd moments during the day when have to take of breather from the Oncentratione to they give fever plooly Ose here a lift too. I blen Krause the painter volose bright side in Jaralysed,

hargone It's sad at miss an Well become so a foul of rush other level of rush of rush of the Arcome every day at 4:30 to the mise rooms and open in one of the grand france of there foul folly withhis left hand, and that will will contemplative music Joured forth with the full forces

Aff Dalbenstein I trape soluted

Affective though at someled

the the thought and of Rubinstein

this appetit for lun to forth huself rato it that way and to lear it comony out so two by cards. The report of life clips on but not quite and I want beef the went of its bulgather in the mission room to be lien land as a Kind of testimonial and & dolld lim at the power between pieces whom he was slagging, it counted like confin Was it I the affirmed broadly as he like to its and said not just below gest been to was introveding, own morning was were that the

moved. He salls humself then an Distinguisher ham from the work he did when he had two heads and so used his full name. The fainty are pointilliste and sould like, not as interesting or Expressive as his improvising This flow ming many told me the E. E. Cummings link visited found in ofter a perfectly satisfactory cleat on elterary by elsterary matter, Pourfel bestoned tum be overlight by any attribute and which period the met, don't you think milton (le leited juitton was a lyit? maryon in faill of little aspectates like that the think! In glad & said What & thought of ship surthe Contemporary literatific Anterview Mill, Kack & work at a surete between I green want and the grandest who can feel as the P.S. Ol yea, Marya Said that be on heal and led Horace a just a chuple of years ago to help to mysticism for al project to study

June 8, 19.74 Tuesday Dear Booksie: Involetters of yours live yesterday bout yout questions Pay the bibes (do the Good Keeping). John can put the screens in the on Endl, you be find faint Roman munerals of them front I to I, The think from the left. About the act conflictioner, northern States no longer carries ficters, sp &m pfraid it fill have to be serviced, bethough and orlanged to franch at opening it up for and if you don't want to wait

the affith that services you (

the tell them it head of keaning)

the servicing and a version filter

when I was their if the seam came

rooted what he did and come

any set that he did and on't suyself the next year, but you reflect fit be about to write Cal saly and slept through the

thunder and Registering that the others say should the building; then some to riftle mildle of the water & andle peacefully at my leaf and worked for and worked for and worked for and the content of the part this mother may eye are bridged working for at top feel for the In Dire Gran leaving interesting talks with Paja The conditions! he set for worthing are moneste but his young wife doesn't seem to wind; it seems to fill test need to The Down of Know from the way the pretitive process flows for me here at shell a bleep bevil that it needs absolute quiet and concentration and that I must discipline rugs of to protect my self. The bregeness of in Going to try therefore which is necessarily of course, potetial no get up serty on the not maybe but shore / Cust suce & paper during that) have breakfast, don't wend the paper hand work all morning, talking to some

answering no showe trading 20 mail -+ with the study, fafter in lieach & Al do the other thereof that need to be done I Will your -alphaer has the soul find Uso back to work, work, work. The written has gitten but, Markey of the State of the property of the state of the s bound shirt all of more than my long and a grant of the second of the sec A Comment of the comm Destrict the state of

Dest Booksie & could weep when you depresente yourself and 394 you're good only In Off. Hell De Som seresal symmeso now out the only difference between you talent and theirs in that they Krap at it wel never let up. St don't tall bout not laving it. Nouve got to for gorgeonof too! the new falout clistique + Roefle is frightening & suspent what deappeted is that Judy Joan caught be pushing as to find for maybe to make form it ferosef the floor faced were probably front the group of young people while be Extraordinary of their lad to have less back . But it is referd, all right Strange goddamn joings on all fround.

I was not pleased to least that Roth had been of the opinion that Brabera might not leave dad endugli class. This Kill of information & Jean do without but fighting they influence if their the threateding to put lim out of the will a mould it be welled to say to bet if the asked of my former on to ly the marriage liad broken all that it with Cocacion Barbara del notto have Enough class? midentally when slie spys that she sait yelle to sering the children attruight the just that the cost struct shape emotion to come playing with them and being affectionate & man that it might be a massive Emotional repression for the their scallowness. we el flave new friends there for Halliania, the short story writer whole an one of the gaddol snopshota sitting with me on a copiel, and Evic vol Solimidt, the graph in so crass about here Eric by the way barely made it through likely school be safe to restless. Learned everything limself

He was one of the founders of the Urban Blues School of wester single Bob Dylon learned from lifer . Eric does do I much performing any more, partly because the youngest affects there developed much more vistuosity on the guitar them the last, dut mainly tocause he prefera book ellustrating. He smarred thoff an ornithologist and las teen age Anaglitero. Shap's just finished a books on terns, which the is illustrating He says hell take us into fath fally intensting a boat which fork nese & Danned ruginious there Jeffer The pills cound had give the SER you sand landy Carlos of the same week with the set of with with the set of th in with one coper, and one int the property of the safe of th

Thurs. United 4 59 thinks # 385 MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY Oct. 1, 1974 Faculties Apartments Building 1703 Apartment 205 Draf Boo soil: mercless wind bleef theroughfall my clothing; It was dask & gloomy Theen the apartment without drafes cashet, potures There was not a sangle hauf in the place of or original fix ture not a single that hanger their desperate. On top of that distances here, without a cas, are mornious. It is one mile to the closest grovery store, a one mile to my class room, and two priles to the Englishy Deft. and pel the rating places, the bank, ite If the weather were wife I & wouldn't rund it but the Kidsare all wraning heavy ski jackets (it's begun to snow), so you can imaffer how fenetrate bet blackets and pillow Heer & spened the poor, there she stood with those of her three children all carrying something. They had brought me a few dishes, cutledy! dish clothes and almost a whole apple fre! That did it! Douglas Lawder the young writer who picked me up at the air fort 3 poke with admiration of the first of the air fort 3 poke with admiration of the les great energy despite the fact that she's married (to an executive at Poutise) and has all the responsibilities of a large family. She struck me as a pleasant, good-ratured volumen will as a first day of class wint off as will as a first day of class wint off as an ideal number, just enough to be livily and not too mitights first free and furtheried.

The first day of class wint off as too mitights for first enough to be livily and not too mitights first free and furtheried.

The first day of class wint of a livily and not for the plant of the first for good wrather propose. Therefore the first for good wrather propose. The fore the fo

They 5, 1975 Dear Boo prie: Just arrived in Yaddo (3:30 pm) no one visible but folly sil a solitary walker wrapped in thought. It have a large from with 2 balls, 4 tables, 2 dressess, 1 clifformer (theil) and a supert view of the ground of This will be my study too, Down the ball is my own bath room, which is almost polarge polary bed room, with built-in ward robed to. All what one can expect of an old mansion.

Speak a relaxed Saturday pfterwoon with Solf & Pat. This vision is so byld now (cataracts) that he has to be led much of the time by Pat, She's extraordinarely grutled and patient about it all. I wish & fed. vaythet Stout George & Alona They were very expland to rachother. The attackfroere loud and furrous and on the most senseles things. nu a bas a side room. Daly some twenty to people, but very attentive, All writers! #Att Couse out on like in San Francisco. cost of a fraid the collection for me wel be saleing

but it wasn't. It came to \$47, mostly in singles, quarters, dines & nickles. Amusing. must rush this off for 4:30 mail. Love Cal

VEducaday, May 145) Dear Boopsie: noy 14, 1975t How lovely to hear Ennifer's asking you to spend the night so that you wouldn't be alone when you've not will in sorry I couldn't have been there to hold your hand will that their letter will track your after it I all gover. I hope to was noworse than Try apperience, which tried my o patience but was I That was good news about neurenberg being willing to ser you pt \$ 10 p session. & le 1821 my fingere crossed Incidentally, we must find puralves and leave to vial it. & Alma & too had a moment of saissonfort story reed more patience and tolerance. I Very good workingday tolan Very good workingday today very good. The Eventings too this year are not be not so lonely. Somebody's always around to talk too, and the people are very sociable and Died you fend out whether & got my April cleck (\$ 85+) from manufacturer's Trust 4 they # 250 April check from John Hancock ? Also, ded your fiel up the lower mower? maybe he Il deliver it

if it's too hard for you to wheel it back. If it's not jucked up attis feft outside the store! must get this into the bastet before 4:30 when the mail is picked up. Love, Carl

rber (my grand dughter)
23 April 1985 Dear Jennifer: After each of your letters I vowed to sit right down, before I was distracted, and write you a long letter in return, from the heart, as yours always is. But each time I put it off a day, then two, then three, until finally so much time had gone by, I could no longer make connection to your last letter. Grandma is much better at this sort of thing than I. Anyhow, now I write because I'm going to be reading my poetry at The Woodland Book Pattern Center in Milwaukee (720 East Locust St.) on Saturday, May 11 at 8pm, and I have the crazy idea that you might be crazy enough to want to hear me. However, I don't know whether it would be feasible because you might be studying for exams or because the reading is at night and how would you get back to Madison after it, etc.? Whatever, I had to let you know, honey. And we'll be seeing each other soon, tra-la-la. Grandpa

bir Jaged 2 just token a job the summer.

She had just counselo for the Summer.

28 June 1985

Dear Jennifer:

My turn to answer your letter. Grandma wrote last time. I promised to do it but didn't, so just now, as I was sitting at my perennial desk, she stuck your letter under my nose without a word, but not without a slight look of reprimand. So here goes.

First, your great bubbling enthusiasm and sponteneity, and the full, natural way in which you reveal what is happening to you (I wonder if you realize how rare that is!) is a thing of joy to us....always! Yes, it's wonderful to have you as a granddaughter.

What is obvious from your letter is that you have been forced overnight to become an adult.....your mind, of course, told you that you were but I would be surprised if your feelings told you that too...and whether you were ready for it or not, the only way the girls would, or could, relate to you was as to an adult, and that's the way only way they, and the camp personnel, expect you to respond. So there you are, willy nilly, in adult shoes, expected to act, not only as an adult but as a quasi-social worker kind of an adult, who knows more than they and has had more experience, and who has responsibility, in the absence of the parents, to lead and help them through an experience. That means, of course, as you have already discovered, that you can be rejected, challenged, even disliked and ganged-up on, not so much by them as individuals, since you are altogether personable, but by them as a group, since it is when they are together as a group that they feel your adult, substitute-parental authority.

With regard to those girls who didn't want to be in the camp in the first place, you have intuitively taken the right attitude: it's their responsibility to work their way out of that problem and join the others. Fun, as you say, can't be forced. You can only be yourself and trust that that will be a model to them. And I think it will. In fact, by the time this reaches you, it may have happened already. The constant spectacle of the other girls having fun will be a hard thing to withstand. In any case, the xadultx shows we can see from your account that the adult shoes in which you're standing seem to fit you just right. Bravo, honey!

Our return flight from Minneaplis was not without adventure. We had United Airlines tickets but United was on strike, so we had to find a carrier that would honor our tickets. Republic would but they would not give us reservations: we had to be on stand-by and take our chances

and that could not be known until all the passengers who had reservations had checked in. Although we got our names on the list of stand-byes the day before, there were six others ahead of us. So with some trepidation we waited at the check-in counter until all the passengers, one by one, checked in. By then it was almost time for the Reams plane to leave, and it looked as if every seat would be taken. Even if they weren't, I dan't see how there could be seats for us after the six on stand-by list had been seated. Tension mounted. I told mommie & grandma, laughing, that I had enough books with me to wait it out in the waiting room for the next three days, if necessary, without becoming bored, but I was just having a nervous reaction. Finally all the reserved passengers had checked in and the ticket agent started reading off the stand-by list. We held our breaths....although very little was at stake. Name no. 1 was called; no answer. Called again; no answer. He went on to the next name; no answer. Name no. 3; no answer. At that point the impossible began to look possible. Name no.4; no answer. Yes, possible. Name no.5; no answer. Not only possible; maybe. Name north We looked at each other, smiling. Name no.6: this time there was an answer, and the lady checked in. We were supposed to be next. Would we be? The ticket agent looked down on his list:"Mr. and Mrs. Rawley," he called, and clutching my our tickets nervously. I leaped up and rushed to the counter. And so we hurried down the ramp, beaming as if we had won a great victory, and waving good-bye to your mommie. Which goes to show that you don't have to go to Timbuctoo to have high drama in your life.

But our troubles were not over. It was a very long plane and we had seats in the very last row, which had less leg room than the others. Apparently these had been the last two available seats. Grandma's seat was at the window, mine in the middle, and the aisle seat was occupied wedged by a very surly, fat young man, who magen me in like a sardine in a can, and who took his time to stand up and very reluctantly and with distaste let us max by. Then he began to smoke and blowing in our nostrils. all through those three hours we were trapped with his damned smoke in that rages.

You can imagine how we felt about that fatso! Thus ended our travels from Minneapolis to

Write soon, honey, and much love,

from & + D (grandina and grandfor)

began to shake, but the next runder was not 5 Oct. 1985 at 1985 Dear Jennifer: worked and we would adolf with \$5000 the title to be the What a joy, as always, your letter was! Grandma and I wrettled to see who would get to read it first. She won. She was beaming as she handed it to me, and after I read it, we looked at each other with a big grin on our faces, and a warm glow penetrated us and we felt as light and young as you. tinkets but our winning street went no Turther, and be left, quare I'm not surprised that you got a kitten. Much as I love puppies, I'll have to admit that kittens are equally delightful. But alas, as you well know, kittens grow up and what they were as kittens becomes only a distant memory. But in the meantime, here's to Nanook! Your courses this semester sound interesting but, with the exception of American History (Cultural Pluralism in Education, I take it, is part of the required courses for a sequence in education), aren't they rather peripheral? I'm thinking of three subjects absolutely indispensable to an education...philosophy, psychology and, to a lesser extent, anthropology. Philosophy I found, to my surprise, exciting, irresistible, for there I first discovered what my mind was capable of and how to use it deeply and precisely. So enamored was I of it that I would have majored in it if I had not been a writer and equally enamored of literature. In any case, a course in the history of philosophy, a course in logic and a course in ethics seem to me fundamental, and you'll miss something exciting and infinitely rewarding, it seems to me, if you slip through college without them. As for psychology, I don't need to say anything about that: the need for it a good measure of that is obvious, especially for a would-be teacher. Ethics, incidentally, is a far more subtle, complex subject than you would imagine from just the name. Events in South Africa are made to order for the Madison campus, and in my imagination I'm marching and demonstrating with you down State Street and up to old Bascom Hall. Grandma and I splurged yesterday and bought five lottery tickets in the new state lottery, which opened the day before and in 24 hours sold 21,400,00 tickets. Considering that, we didn't do badly. Each ticket has six numbers concealed under a thin coloring which is reasily scraped with a coin. The same three numbers on any ticket entitles you to the amount of that number. So we started scraping off the coloring. The first number

that emerged was \$5800. The next number was also \$5000. Oh, boy! My hand began to shake. But the next number was not \$5000; it was \$1000. And the number after was also \$1000. All right, \$1000 wasn't bad either. And we still had two chances and we could still win \$5000. But the fifth number was \$100 and the sixth a lowly \$5. A close shave, however.

Tickets number 2 and 3 were pretty much like no.1, lots of close shaves. Then on ticket number 4 we got three \$5's and on ticket number 5 we got another three \$5's, so we were \$5 ahead. So we decided to buy five more tickets but our winning streak went no further, and we left, quite satisfied at having played the game without any cost to us.

Your exultant memory of your camp experience, your feeling fulfilled in it, "every day so exciting and rewarding," your missing the experience of being needed and helpful, caught my particular attention because that was exactly the way I felt on my first social work job, in Cleveland (your camp experience was a form of social work, make no mistake about it, not teaching) when, interestingly enough, I was exactly your age, 20 (I was two years younger than my graduating class). But it will take too long to get into that now. I'll save it until you visit us during the Thanksgiving or Christmas break, the prospect of which makes our hearts lighter. As grandma probably mentioned, George and Leanna and the girls will be here for Thanksgiving. I myself have no preference about the time. Whichever would be best for you.

All our love,

Dear Jennifer:

I can't tell you how the words, "Greetings from MADISON" on your envelope flooded me with nostalgic memories and what a good feeling I have about your being there. I don't know why that should be, since not all my experiences in Madison were pleasant by a long shot, but it's as if a circle had been closed and you and I were in it and now had something in common which we didn't have with anyone else. This may be becausenmy feelings about myself and my experiences when I was a student there are ambivalent, as you know if you've read Scenes From My Life in my COLLECTED PROSE, and you somehow are going to make them right, as my granddaughter. In a quite irrational way I feel as if I'm having another go at university life in Madison through you and that my youth there, which in fact is over, in some small, abstract way is not over.

Anyhow, when you mention Bascom Hill, the first thing that comes to my mind is flying down that long, icy slope on my shoes in January and as I picked up more and more speed, not knowing what I'd do when I got to the street below, maybe smashing into a car and dashing my brains out. And later, much later, when I was Writer-in-Residence on campus at the peak of the student rebellion against the Viet Nam War in 1969, when the National Guard was called out and soldiers in helmet and gas masks stood at the entrande to each building, bayonets on their rifles, staring straight ahead and never speaking, for they had strict orders against talking to students, an incident happened on the Hill which I can't forget.

Many students had become quite redicalized by this time and had rendless meetings, planning strategy, primarily against the police, and stirring up each other's passions, and the police knew this and were pretty careful not to make things worse. On this particular day I remember I was on my way to a nine o'clock class. There was the usual slow movement of students up the Hill, to their classes, They were jabbering away like always. I wasn't aware of anything unusual until some students up ahead stopped and looked over to the right. I followed their gaze and saw a police car in the middle of the street and two officers walking down the other slope towards it with three students in tensely. Immediately everyone stopped and waited to see what was going to happen. The atmosphere was electric because there had been some nasty clashes with the police and some members of the radical left had talked openly about retaliating and killing a few cops. So everybody stopped talking and watched

anxiously, expecting the worst, that the three in tow, who were being taken in for picketing and obstructing entrance to Bascom Hall, might be hot-heads start a fight and **xx **x **xxx** and that the cops would lose their heads and start to beat them, and then all hell would break loose because then the students would have to do something. Everybody was **x quiet.**** **** ***** ***** We seemed to be in a frozen movie set, waiting.

But the walk down to the police car proceeded without a hitch, unobtrusively in fact, so much so that at one point the fige figures disappeared from view in the crowd. And when they appeared again, being excorted peacefully into the plice car, a wave of relief seemed to pass through the students, and I thought to myself, "At last, things are under control again, back to sanity. Maybe the newspapers have been exaggerating." It was at that precise moment that the incident which I said I couldn't forget, happened. Out of nowhere, it seemed, a youngish man appeared, bellowing like a bull-horn. His face and eyes looked terribly agitated, his hair practically on end. From one side of the Hill to the other he ran like a crazy man, shouting, "The cops are beating 'am! The cops are beating 'em!." We looked over to the police car. Nobody was beating anybody.

Our gaze was now fixed on this mad-man, spellbound. Nobody knew who he was or had ever seen him before. They were suspicious. What was he up to?

Nobody moved a muscle. Seeing that, he redoubled his efforts, shouting, "Didn't you see it? Are you going to stand there and let 'em do it?" Then, as the students still didn't move, he suddenly disappeared, as mysteriously as he had appeared, and the students resumed their climb up the Hill, asking each other who he was the transfer and only encounter with a police spy, an agent provocateur, than whom nothing in this world is more vile. What he was obviously trying to do was to incite the students and flush out the ringleaders so that the police could find out who they were and arrest them. Dictatorships use police ***page** of course, but Madison?!

All this came to me in a flash when I saw <u>Greetings from MADISON</u> on your envelope. I hope I haven't gone or too long about it. From your last two letters I feel that I have not only a dear granddaughter at my alma mater but a mature friend with whom I can talk.

Dear Julie:

When I heard about your experience with Seventeen magazine, how you were chosen from applicants to be among the top six and how you survived an interview to be one of the three finalists going to New York for a final selection, I did a little dance of joy in my mind, a dance of celebration. That you have a pure kind of physical loveliness, a bit sad but all the more program for that, I have been aware of for some time, but it's great to have it confirmed by others who are better judges than grandfathers. That the judges chose you to be one of the three finalists after an interview fills me with particular delight, for obvious reasons. It is at such moments that I realize with a rush what tends to get dimmed by the distance of our physical separation, how much I love you.

I must tell you, in passing, that a number of years ago I wrote a poem called SEVENTEEN. It is my perception of the loveliness of a seventeen year old girl, no particular girl, just an ideal composite of many that I have seen. I couldn't have had you in mind because it was written long before you were, or are about to be 16, but the astonishing thing is that I perceived that girl as pretty much what you have grown into. This is not to say that this is necessarily what you are, just what I perceive. The second part of the poem has her aging in a particular way for purposes of dramatic contrast. If it turns out that you age in the way that the girl in the poem ages, I'll begin to think that I possess powers of prescience.

Love.

Grandfa

nu grand daughter Julia: 1/8/81 Dear Jennifer and Julie: It was fun getting your presents because they were both suprises. We'll brew the coffee as soon as we have guests (much too rich for our blood for daily fare). Then when they taste it and exclaim, "Say, where did you get that great coffee?" we can say, "From someone with exotic tastes" (I don't even know whether you drink coffee yet but it'll make a good story). The Guindon book also was a pleasant suprise. If a present is meant to give pleasure, then yours certainly succeeded: I got lots of laughs and chuckles out of it and will keep it on our coffee table for the delectation of our guasts friends. Thanks much to you both. This is the time of year when we get long letters from old friends recounting all the good things that have happened to them during the past years and to their children and grandchildren and cousins and aunts and uncles and nephews and nieces (why don't they ever narrate all the bad things that happened?). Not that we have ever encouraged our friends, God forbid, to tell us that much about their kinfolk, but they partake of strong spirits at this time of year and feel so benign and loving towards everyone that they can not even imagine a friend not being as interested as they are in family particulars. Nevertheless, I was going to write you one of these year-end, summarizing letters, but I couldn't remember what happened during 1981. December 31, 1981, yes! March 13, 1962, ditto! But not the whole of 1981. You ask whether Mom and Dan behaved themselves during their visit here. I am sorry to have to say that they did not. They were constantly looking into each other's eyes and smiling and kissing. I tried to restrain them but to no avail. San Francisco has that effect on people, even on grandmother and me. I'm sure you know from Mom and Dan by now how fulfilling it was just to be together with them, how lovely the weather was (the day after they left. it turned cold and wet....but of course when I say "cold", I mean around 45), how much fun we had just (alking (and eating), and driving down to Chico on Christmas day to visit George and Leanna and Joanna and Miriam (who get very excited when the discussion turns to the two of you and can't wait to see you again). And finally when the time came on New Year's Day to part at the airport, we all felt weepy and sad; for which there is only one remedy, to see you all again as soon as possible ... which will be in mas

Letter to Barbara from Michigan State University
Oct.2, 1974

Dear Barbara:

I must tell you about my experience with Mommie on Saturday night before I lose track of what happened. I think she brought up the subject, although I'm not sure of that. Anyhow, we got to talking about her inaction and I was pointing out her low self-esteem and the connection of this to the care of her body, as well as to anything creative. It turned out to be more than she could bax take at leasts from me, despite the compassion I was feeling. The whole thing became monstrous. Everything was turned around by her to seem as if she was a failure ---- the opposite of what I was saying and feeling, since I was working from the presumption that she was creative and was merely blocking it herself that I was dissatisfied with her. which I am not....etc., until it became unmistakably clear that she was withoutany hope for herself, at which point she walked to the bathroom. saying, ""I don't want to live!" She had the water on and for a few mad moments I was afraid she was actually going to take her life, that is how desperate and low I felt her to be. It was a nightmare the reality of which I had never even remotely suspected. Bear in mind, I had not been aggressive or critical, I had just questioned her defensive defenses against creativeness. It's clear theat I can't ever talk about this with her again because she sees it as critical, no matter how I put it, but she did say that when you talked to her, she felt you were trying to be helpful. So it has to be taken from there. Could you and George get your heads together on this? I'm heartsick over it, and frightened because, for once, I'm helpless to do anything about it myself. Perhaps my absence will be a stimulus to her.

My phone is 517 (area code) 355-7804 in case wyou want to reach me.

Love,

Dad

P.S. You'd better destroy this letter to make sure no one else sees it.

Jan.3.1975

Dear Barbara:

We never did get the Galinson address in San Diego. I'd like to write to tell them about my reading there on March 5th. Also, would you be kind enough to call the Social Security office for mex and tell them I was working during the months of Oct., Nov. & Dec. and was not getting benefits then and that mx kxmxfixx I'm not working in January and that my benefits should, therefore, be resumed as of Feb.3d to cover the month of January. My social security no. is 477-34-1002A. I'm listed, of course, as Callman Rawley.

Did I get a \$25 check, or thereabouts, from Michigan State University? That was a deposit that the green supposed to be returning to me.

I was awfully glad that you suggested my seeing a doctor in Kansas City. I had thought of this myself but the idea was just floating in the back of my mind and your suggestion turned it into a resolution. Of course, when the urinary obstruction occurred the next day, my practical choices were reduced to either returning home or seeing a urologist in K.C. on the chance that it was not as bad as it looked (on the phone even the urologist thought I would have to go back). The gamble paid off. The cystascopic showed that I was in better shape than could be expected of someone my age and that I was just suffering from an infection. I was one relieved, grateful homre, and the urologist, a very friendly, interested man, was very pleased to be able to send me on myw way to Mexico with the good news and a bottle of sulfa pills.

The little cacita we live in is charming. We are not the only occupants, however. We share it with the medallion-shaped, tropical spiders which neither spin webs nor bite humans; and probably with a scorpion or two, which have not yet wandered into view. Because of them, I always shake out my shoes in the morning before I venture, my foot in. But the trees on our terrace are full of tiny, yellow warblers, and we have hibiscus and many tropical flowers whose English names I don't know, with a little garden in which lettuce, tomatoes and Swiss chard grow, which we have been eating.

Poor Mommy was struck down suddenly yesterday afternoon by some flu bug, it seemed to be, which brought on violent retching most of the night. She's better this morning, but weak and not able to eat. She was ** lying in the sun until a few minutes ago, but I see she's back in bed now, sleeping.

We had a delightful letter from Jennifer, which you must not have read, since it was sealed. Her comment about Nanna Ruthie was hilarious. You must get her permission, however, before I can tell you what it was. Confidentiality, you know.

We spent * New Year's Eve with the Scheier's, making shish-ka-bosh over

over an open charcoal grille on our terrace and toasting each other's health and yours and the girls' and all the Rawleys.

We are beginning to miss you all, yes.

Love,

Dad

P.S. Thanks for forwarding the mail.

Yes, I did file an annual earnings report for 1973, so you don't have to do anything. But I've run out of blank checks. Would you please send me six? My checkbook, as I wrote earlier, is in the middle drawer of my desk.

That invitation to read at the Museum of Modern Art in N.Y. had a special interest for Mommie and me: it would give her brother George and Alma a chance to participate; also some of my old social work friends in New York City. I couldn't, however, accept the invitation because the fee was too small to cover transportation, but if I can get the date changed to coincide with my going to Yaddo in May, we'll be in business.

Guatemala Mommie left a few days ago with three other women for in a Volkswagen). They'll be gone ten days. You should have seen how chipper she was. It had to do with her doing this without me. She was all smiles and excitement. They left before dawn.

I'm so glad you & the girls will be visiting George in March. Their going is a great wrenching of the relationship that was beginning to form amama between you and which could have meant so much, but visits and phone calls may be able to keep some of it alive. Distance might even enhance some things, who knows?

Fifty hugs for you and Jenno and Julie.

c/o Scheier Apdo. 672 Daxaca, Dax., Mexico Honey:

Honey:

To what have these, slightly sarcastic, probably

unpleasant, poems, at least let me help you with some of

the references. Numbers 2 and 3 refer to the boundless

egotism of young poets and their efforts to equal Walt

Whitman, who was the first to write about all of America;

unpleasant, poems, at least let me help you with some of the references. Numbers 2 and 3 refer to the boundless egotism of young poets and their efforts to equal Walt Whitman, who was the first to write about all of America; 5 refers to the over-intellectualization of a great deal of contemporary poetry and to its long-winded character; 6 to the a succession of absurdities in modern poetics; 7 to the self-dramatic grandiosity of some poets; 8 to the pious conservatism of T.S. Eliot; 10 to the over-abstract poetry to the French poet, St. John Perse; 12 Sessible fuss made when my friend, Louis Zukofsky, was able to write a sestine, an Italian verse form considered too difficult to do in English; 19 mocks poetry itself and the fact that it usually takes a couple of generations for people to recognize the significance of a great poet.

Dad

Dear Barbara:

About a month ago I wrote Jonis Agee (at the College of Saint Catherine), who used to be in charge of the poetry readings at Walker, to ask if she'd like me to give a reading at Walker in May, when XXm I'll be in Mpls. No word from hereyet, so would you want to call the chap in charge of the over-all program at Walker, whom **x* you say you did call before our last visit*, and find out if he's **x* interested? The latter part of May would be the best but is not a must.

Mommie's birthday party was like one of those loving, wonderful, family parties in a Dickens novel, everybody truly glad to be there, a real heartwarmer. I thought I was in on the surprise but I was mistaken. When we entered with the other couple we had come with, the Hofers led us into the living room. Mommie noticed an awful lot of chairs there and wondered about it. For a moment I thought she would catch on but she didn't. We chatted for a while and then settled down, and then in burst all our friends, embracing and kissing her and congratulating her, a whole multitude of beaming people. Only mommie. I thought, can draw such total, genuine affection from her friends. Anyhow, when the commotion finally settled down, there, all of a sudden, stood George, grinning, then Leanna and the girls crowding around her. Well, I was not in on that surprise, and Mommie and I just stared, and then I realized that my jaw had dropped (as the novels say) in astomismostx astonishment and that my mouth was open. Mommie's too. Then followed a great toast by David Jenkins, the former Longshoremen leader, whom, I think, we've told you about, and a spirit of joyousness in everybody that made mommie's cup flow over. Indeed, all that was missing were you and Dan and Jennifer and Julie.

Jan. 21, 1976 DEAMBarbara: Here, oh where is all the Execting mail & vi bern respecting from all over - like last year? Have we look fatof with our correspondent ? Don't they care any more? I the Duck use postal service befried out pail somewhere while they go out for their siesta? Anyhow, all you've sent, so feet, eve those first two letters - right? Incedentally is the air-mail postage to marice still 13 cents of blasit gone up to 17 cents, along with the mail to other countries? Last pronday was a historic day for mounie She went on a 36 level fast, I along with the with some trepidation as to lits effect on fear. It was my idea and & did it too to make sure she would dof it. the results were surprising, He felt no lunger poins and except for some lond of thep and manuale & forling Veold at night, who fifthe monnie felt particularly good the riest morning, lots of Joff and sperklef, and she was all realy to fast nother day, but & thought that would be too spally without meffical approval, (so she didn't do it . Towards the End, I my hadds began to be a bit unsteady and my snergy very low, so next time around, & fel skip ogely troff mefals, but a now theat we know what the Effets are, monday will be fast day in our The wrother here so fet has been a great disappointment. never in the memory off Oaxaca-ites less it breen so cold - strong winds from the Worth and lowe of 43, with highes of 170 from 11 am to about 4.
Post & think it's about to warm up. of course, were not complaining. If it's cold here, we can fringing what polar midery you're going through!

We miss you a lot, dont. And the girls.
I trags and Kidses to you all. Dad

Dear Barbara:

I hope, I say I hope that you haven't joined the conspiracy that seems to be underfoot to convince me that I'm beginning to lose my hair. Not my own daughter, no, I couldn't bear that. Despite this, I love you and the whole Rawley/Nordby/Ebin clan.

redeemable anytime mound Round trip ticket to Iside) or the European City of choice Leah Jaffe Rawky FAUNIVERSARY TRIP. compore redeemable on yeine unwinning Round trip ticket xo Israe) or the European city of Choice L.P. the Rawley family lineage

Tod,
I couldn't resist

This!

hove you, B.

Wizard of Id/By Brant Parker and Johnny Hart







Dear Jennifer: my grand 19 Nov. 1985 a pleasure your birthday gift was. I head heard Dora Neale Hurston's name mentioned before as one of the important fore-runners in Black literary history, with a decided personality and talent of her own, but had never read her. And probably never would have, there being so many other books of large import toread, if you hadnot enrolled in Black studies and sent me this one. Now I must try to get her autobiography. Thanks, dear. The only new thing in my life since I talked to you last is my new compact disc player and the wonderful sound coming out of the new laser discs. It has discombobulated me slightly. Grandma is waiting for me to settle down. She's more sane about this. Your coming during the Maxx New Year holidays has also discombobulated us. We're counting the days. D (for grandfa) Gordon (a former 23 April 1985

Dear Henry:

Your letter caught me on the run, as I have a couple of appalling deadlines to meet: one to finish a long poem in time to get it into my COLLECTED POEMS, which is being set up at the printers right now as I'm writing (a National Poetry Foundation book), another to write a lecture on the Objectivists for presentation to The Poetics Institute at New York University early in May, at which time I also have to give readings at five different places in Chicago, Milwaukee & N.Y., so I can't do justice to the surprise and delight of hearing from you, I can only acknowledge it, and after Leah and I get back to the city on June 3d, after a few minutes to catch our breath, I promise to give myself to answering your letter properly.

Love,

Hofes Coged 18) 12 Nov. 1988 Dear Jennifer: Thank you for your lovely birthday note. Since we are old friends, I can not lie to you: I am not really 85. I am, I regret to say, 105. But nobody would believe that, so that some years ago I changed my birth date to avoid confusion and awkward questions. I have another confession to make: I'm a committed fan of yours (ever since you beat me so badly in games) and when I hear about your goings-8n at Brown, excellence after excellence, I can't tell you how cheerful it makes me feel. Who would have thought it would mean so much to me? You're right, we're old friends, going all the way back to Caxaca when you were all of two years old and would come running as fast as your little legs could carry, when you saw me from a distance as if you couldn't wait until you got to m me and was picked up and hugged, but you would never make it. For some reason which I could never figure out since there was nothing in your path to stumble over, you'd fall, collapse, drop just

before you reached me, and become shy. What did it mean, that the idea of

too much? We'll never know because you don't even remember these episodes.

being embraced looked great from a distance but the actual reality was

Anyhow, let's promise to remain friends until I'm 175. What do you say?

Love from your best friend of all, Leah, and from me,

Your old friend,

Carl

Callman Rawley 128 Irving St. San Francisco, CA 94122 415-566-3425 March 9. 1986 I'm sorry, deeply sorry, to be the bearer of bad news, but I have to tell you that we learned acouple of weeks ago that Leah has lymphoma, a cancer of the lymph glands. It is in an intermediate stage. Treatment will begin in a week or two. I should also tell you that since your last letter in which you indicated that you did not want to hear from her again, she has been afraid to approach you for fear of being rejected. She still feels that way. That is why it is I and not she who is writing this. But a lot of time has gone by since then and perhaps your feelings have changed. If they have, I know she would get some comfort out of hearing from you. If you still have those feelings, however, it would be best to leave things as they were and say nothing. I'll understand. In any case, I hope all of you are in good health. With best wishes.

1 Sept. 1988 Dear Al: 1 me in any more of page 12 fm. The woods he fam exchang only spinish. What a happy coincidence, your running across Donald Davie's piece in The Threepenny Review. I can guess how you got to my daughter in Minneapolis but how did you know Callman Rawley was Carl Rakosi? I thought that was a secret, until a year or so ago, that nobody in social work knew. In any case, the Davie review was of special and extra importance because he's an older, distinguished English critic and poet who's very choosy....in fact, cranky....and praise from him is quite am thing. My pravious books had always gotten admiring reviews in the N.Y. Times and the Village Xxxx Voice from young, avant-guarde writers...and this time was no exception...but to be praised so perceptively by such a conservative, and mature curmudgeon of a scholar was an altogether different matter and one hell of a bonanza. All in all, this past month has been a fortunate one for me because,, in addition to the Davie. I received a \$5,000 award from The Fund for Poetry for my "contributions to contemporary poetry and was notified that in October the National Poetry Association, a Bay Area organization of writers, would be giving me a Distinguished Achievement Award at a big shindig, along with Maya Angelou. You wrote that you assume that I would remember you. Well, I remember the name but I can't remember the person that goes with it. So help me out. I seem to remember your being on the tall side and having a rather wax pleasant relationship with you, but that's all, except for seeing announcements of your printed work years later and thinking to myself, "He's certainly a go-getter!" My. my. St. Louis. Brings back memories of Frieda Romalis, a woman of some integrity but rather hard to take left-wing political rallies, parties, dances....the birth of my daughter, Barbara and the death the same day of my dear little dog Jeff...a surprisingly Southern atmosphere in the city, amiable, friendly, almost lazy. After St. Louis I went to Cleveland to work for Bellefaire and the Jewish Children's Bureau, and finally, as you apparently know, to Minneapolis. I retired in 1968 and we moved here ten years ago to get away from the winters. I can well imagine what you went through after losing your wife

because for the last two years Leah, my wife for 49 years, has been fighting lymphoma. How lucky you are to have your daughter with you.

Fill me in mon more of your life. It would be fun seeing you again.

We could put you up if you came for a visit.

Best,

fieldet man H. Dit 25 Feb. 1988 Dear Jim: Leah's lymphoma has put me far behind in my correspondence. Hence, I am late in thanking you for going to the trouble of copying the references to me, etc. I don't know whether there is enything earlier than the 1944 Gomberg you refer to. My impression is that there might very well b. The place to look would be The Journal of Social Work Process (ed. *Taft & Robinson. Pennsylvania School of Social Work...or where they already a part of The Unniversity of Pennsylvania?...the early numbers), where the first explorations into family case work were made. I/can't resist commenting on the quote from Robert Frost. What he says about the metaphor is quite familiar to poets and would be regarded as true by them and by artists in general. It might also be true in atomic physics because that is not a world of observed facts but a theory, a system of conjectures about the nature of the sub-atomic universe and, as such, call for the same kind of creative imagination that the poet uses. I don't know where else in the physical world that's true, however. And when he extends it to thinking itself, he doesn't know what he's talking about: thinking precedes metaphorical formulation. The error lies in confusing metaphorical formulation with the creative imagination. The two merge at some points but they are not the same thing. The biologist who wrote the letter was merely advocating using more of one's creative imagination. I have no doubt many scientists do need to open up more and do that. Best wishes.

Callman Rallev there who do not one you . 18 Sept. 1987 for netired social work Exele Dear Joe: Harry Freeman's observations in the July Ex Exec strike a fresh note and tell it as it is. My own experience with aging since 1969 when I retired, started out with what I know now is the usual response, the discovery that nothing whatever had changed. My faculties were the saem as before. Hell, I was not limited in my interests to social work. I had started out life as a writer, interested in art and music as well, and when I retired, I simply went back to writing, with great gusto and pleasure, under my pen name of Carl Rakosi. What was all this to-do and concern in social work about the problems of the aged? Of course, this is not the usual case, and I realize I was lucky. On the other hand, nowhere among my contemporaries did I find anyone wasting away in a rocking chair, not knowing what to do, as the situation used to be pictured. No, everybody seemed to have some creative or intellectual interest, which he had not followed before for one reason or another, into which he with remarkable ease, moved after retirement, as I had done, to his great surprise, and it was almost as if he had just been waiting for the time and the opportunity. All the horror stories were a myth. At least for a decade after retirement. I can't say that I ever disliked old people, as Henry says he does, but I paid no particular attention to them and tanded to avoid them when I could do so without giving offense. Their world of irreversible horrors was not yet my world. I was not one of them. And if for a moment I let myself think that I was, I was sure it would be all over for me. I'd be finished as a creative person. So for me the first decade after retirement was a breeze. But after that, events began to jolt my equanimity. Little things, like a young woman giving up her seat to me on a bus. Good God, did I look that old or was that just something that k she had been taught to do with elders? Or the pointed. kindly smile I get as I walk by a young woman on the street, not unlike the smile I myself give when I see a toddler. Unwittingly she has put me into the same situation and there is nothing for me to do except to bear it and smile back. Perhaps, I console myself, she had a particularly loving relationship to a grandfather, and that's all that means. But I am not sure. But there was no mistaking what happened the other day. As I drove up to a service station, the attendant, a man in his 60's, whom I was surprised to see there because of his age, called out, "What can I do for you, Pop?" That beat all! I just stared back at him angrily. But this sort of thing happens only now and then

However,

and does not seriously affect one's sense of well-being. And it does show that there are people out there who do not see you as you see yourself, and that, God forbid, they may be right. And that is momentarily unsettling, but not more than that.

These considerations ceased abruptly a year or so ago when I learned that Leah, to whom I have been married for forty-eight years, has cencer. From for which I was not prepared, that moment on, I was inside a totally different reality, an underground cave, it felt like, not accessible to outsiders, a cave of terror and despair, despair for Leah and the ending of our whole adult life together, and terror at the sudden confrontation with my own mortality. My biological clock had suddenly caught up with my chronological age and I would never again be a nonagenarian. In this state I was not fit for human company and had Henry come to visit me then, he would not have liked me, for pretty much the same same reasons he did not like the old folks whose plumbing he was fixing. All I want to say here is that when old people are self-absorbed and whiny and immobilized in depression and all that, I know now that the chances are that there's a damned good reason for it. Which doesn't make them any more attractive. It's just an existential fact. Anyhow, Leah is in remission now and I am again fit to be in civilized company.

While I am on this point, let me recommend to those who have not read it,

The View in Winter by Ronald Blythe. It is a collection of interviews with
old people in an English village, men and women in their 80's, who pour out
their hearts and minds at great length. It is a rivetting, astonishing book,
astonishing because one would not have believed that the testimony of people
living alone in the very last stage of life, who wave every passing imaginable
physical and social loss and disability, could be so rich and cheering, even
therapeutic, without departing one tittle from reality.

Writing this, I have become aware that we need some new terms with more accurate associations, for the plain fact is that there is as much difference between men in their 60's and men in their 80's (or men in their 70's whose biological clock is set in the 80's) as there is between a six year old and a forty year old. They have almost nothing in common, and it's futile to talk as if it were all one generic age. In fact, I wonder if it's even possible for people in the first decade of their retirement to be as good friends with people in their second decade as with their own contemporaries. The problems

of the former are not theirs, and the relationship, I'm afraid, comes to feel like something of a drag.

What does this make me? I'm willing to concede that I have a chronological age, to which I feel totally unrelated; that somewhere I have a biological age and a biological clock, to which I don't have to pay any attention because I don't know what they are, and nobody else does either; and that maybe, maybe I am elderly, but I'm not sure.

With best wishes,

Callman Rawley

P.S. Will you please use my full name, Callman Rawley, Joe, if you wish to use this for EX EXEC? My close friends do call me Carl, but others will not be able to identify me, I'm afraid, unless Callman is used. Also, a change in address, from 128 to 126 Irving St., Sa Francisco.

Callman Rawley

Maurice Praslstein

12 June 1987

Dear Moish:

How nice of you to send meyour congratulations and your wellwishes for Leah. Since you heard last from Bernie, we have had good news:
she is in remission and for the time being is off the chemotherapy. So you can imagine how different the world looks to us just now.
Our spirits are positively frisky, especially since it coincides with a
two week visit to my daughter and granddaughter and old friends in Minneapolis and the purchase of my archives (letters, manuscripts, working papers, etc.)
by the University of Wisconsin library.

It's a funny thigg, I remember very clearly what you used to look like, your voice, your jokes, etc., but I can't for the life of me remember where I used to see you. I left New York in 1940 after working in JFS in Brooklyn for five years. From N.Y. I went to JFS in St. Louis, then to Bellefaire in Cleveland, then to JFCS in Minneapolis (not St. Paul). The name Carol Langsnes rings a bell but nothing clear comes to my mind. It seems to me I might have known a social worker by that name, and a good-looking face is associated with that memory, but it's all in a far-away mist. Was she a social worker, that you ask? I know from Bernie that she's been very ill and your heavy concern with that. Alas!

You ask about reviews. Ordinarily books of poetry, because of their tiny circulation, are not reviewed at all in large circulation newspapers and magazines. The few that do, get reviewed because they've won some prestigious prize or some important literary criticarassed pressed for its review with the editor, or because the book review editor, or more likely the paper's customary poetry reviewer happens to be familiar with a particular poet's work and thinks highly of it. But since there are so many tastes and styles in contemporary poetry, it's to a large extent a matter of happenstance and luck. So don't expect to see a review of my book in the N.Y. Review of Books. They have almost no interest in poetry, despite an occasional poem in their pages, and when they do run a review, it's by Helen Vendler, who doesn't care beans for my work. The Nation, however, is another matter. I have a long association with them, going beck to 1924 when they published one of my first poems. They may still do a review. If they don't, it'll probably because they have so little space or because they've changed editors.

Wish you could have joined Bernie & the gang on my last N.Y. visit.

Good, good health to you both,

126 Irving St. San Francisco, CA 94122 Callman Rawley 8/21/87 Dear Dick: How glad I was to learn from Joe McDonald of your 50th wedding anniversary. All the best, the be very best, to you and Frances from Leah and me. When I think back on my life in social work, which is really not often, since, as you know, I've been into another life as a writer since my retirement. what I remember with the greatest pleasure was my association with you and Dick Brown and Art Kruse and Earl Beatt and Sid Berkowitz, when we were pleefully cooking up a storm, formulating the rationale for certification of family agency practitioners and working out a program for family agencies that would have professional distinction. We made one hell of an effort to break out of the box we were in but there just too many of the others, the milk-toast characters and the weak sisters. But what fun that was, what excitement. For a moment it looked as if we were going to break free. So I remember you with a bit of a glow. I only wish we lived close enough to visit. By the way, I did see Dic Brown in Milwaukke a few years ago when I gave a reading at the University there; also Art Kruse in Chicago when I gave a reading at the Art Institute; and Earl I saw here briefly last year at some FSA meeting. Sid seems to have disappeared into lotus land....succumbed to the soft life and the sun of Florida. And here Leah and I have been for the last eight years, I in good health, Leah not so fortunate. Do write if you feel the impulse. And good health. P.S. Jok wrote that you've been hunting for my books in libraries. How nice. On that score, only three now are in print: COLLECTED POEMS, published by the National Poetry Foundation at the University of Maine, which also published my COLLECTED PROSE two years ago, and DROLES DE JOURNAL, published by the Coffee House Press. The earlier books have either been sold out or pulped (too expensive to keep in warehouses).

Callman Rawley Ruleard Stock 1 March 1988 Dear Dick: It was sad, very sad, to hear about your braces and nervestimulator. Like always being in a tight cage, I imagine, never free. I've been lucky to escape that sort of thing but Leah's relentless cancek has had me locked tight too into a vise of enguish and feer, and only worse ahead. The goddamned thing just has to be endured. I, too, often think about old working group of Midwest executives, the best in the lot. Do you keep in touch with any of them? We were at our peak then, but we were up against slow-moving freight. Always women, apparently. They always seemed to be our adversaries. Where did these characters come from? How had they gotten to be a executives? I had the feeling when I was with them that they were fiercely guarding their turf and that there was something indelicate, something I should be slightly ashamed of, about our strong, new ideas and that if we had been brought up right, the way they had been, we wouldn't have such ideas. I'm glad they're gone, though I don't know what's in their place. Anyhow, I have the impression that the present administration at FSAA are live wires and would have snapped up our ideas.

Leah and I have a son and a daughter and four granddaughters, none of them living here, unfortunately. My son and his family live in Chico, about 175 miles N.E. of here. They come down for a visit every other month or so. My daughter we see only a couple of times a year, not nearly enough. She still lives in Minneapolis. But how dismall, utterly dismal, our lives would be if we didn't have them. How could one face the future? Now, I imagine, is when your large family pays off. Does one of your children live in Reseda?

I'm intrigued by your finding three references to Carl Rakosi in something you read. Wish you could remember where. Doesn't Frances remember either?

Best.

A journalist relevant

A journalist relevant

Sul your sul the gist

Wolf

Danny: 15 July 1988 Forgive me for being so slow to come up with my suggestions for poets to read. Here's the list. For poets of my generation I suggest Charles Reznikoff and George Oppen, also & Hugh MacDiarmid (Scottish), Samuel Beckett (he wrote only a few poems but they're very, very good), and three fine Greek poets, two of them still alive, Cavafy, Yannis Ritsos, and Odysseus Elytis (all available in good translations). Also in this generation three French poets, Francis Ponge, Pierre Jouve and Philippe Jacottet, one Ecuadorian, Jorge Carrera Andrade, and Milosz, who as you know, won the Nobel and deserved to. In the next generation are the Americans, Thomas McGrath, Robert Duncan, Robert Kelley, James Wright, Charles Simic, Frank O'Hara, Anselm Hollo, Philip Whalen, Kenneth Koch and Jonathan Williams. Assuming that you know how to enter the imaginary planet of poetry and enjoy being there, you will find the above very lively and interesting and moving and sometimes profound. We are all agog here at Michael's new prospects on Senator Bentsen's staff, the opportunity to be on the inside of national politics at the very top. What a break! We're delighted and waiting avidly, as you must be, to see what happens next. Her bushand, michael Levy, a political scientist, is sent to Bentsen's chief administrative aid. School

Dear Ed and Mary:

I don't get the impression that Helen is either helpless or senile or even bady confused. She strikes me rather as someone raging with anger and torn by powerful conflicting impulses. Hence her bizarre behavior, which seems irrational and self-destructive, and is, but is the only way she can express this rage and conflict. She has something to be furious about, of course, in the amputation of her leg, but I have a hunch that she was seething with anger long before that and that the two of you are not exempt from its orbit: the operation simply brought it to a head.

I suspect the idea would add to her rage. Is there anything you can do?
You can be sympathetic and ask if **** she'd like any practical help from you. For the rest, I'd stay out! There is nothing you can do to prevent her rage and conflicts from being self-destructive. And bear in mind that she has several assets: she's intelligent; she's headstrong (yes, that's an a asset; that's why she's not helpless); and she has a history of strength, of surviving. So there's no sensible reason why you can't relax, even when she's off on some wild whirl.

We miss you.

Love

Dear Sol:

The photograph of you was just what the doctor ordered to reassure me that you were still "working (?), dping (a gallant phrase, under the circumstances), thinking" (could one give up?). There you were, the familiar physical you, the eyes pitted against the hard light and not quite able to master it, the lips slightly parted, showing perhaps a little shortness of breath,....and what is that? an unmistakable bulge in the bowel....but there you were, unmistakably thinking and undaunted. Swell.

I remember your vivid description of your 80th birthday party. Well, I had mine. Or rather I had two. Ordinarily, I dislike birthday parties for myself and never have them. What is there to celebrate? But this birthday was a biggie, and after some internal questioning and conflict, I gave in to the feeling that I had a social obligation to acknowledge it. So Leah gave a party, a Sunday brunch, for my writer friends and their spouses, which was pure fun. Then a friend gave a big party for our non-writer friends, to which my son George and his family came down from Chico (CA) and my daughter Barbara came from Minneapolis. All I can say is that my age was thoroughly impressed on me. I hope I'll recover. These messages from the outside are insidious, all the more that they are well-meaning. The mind likes to think that it is quite able to keep them at a distance and go about its business as usual, but the body apparently has listpened and has its own time-table for unexpectedly confronting us with its irreversible response. But you know all that better than I.

Although a small book of my poetry has just been published in England and my collected prose should be out a any day from The National Poetry Foundation at the University of Maine, my productivity has fallen down alarmingly in the last six months. Part of it has to do with my feeling sleepy often during the day and part with a reluctance all of a sudden to undertake new projects. I find myself reading, playing the phonograph...everything but sitting down to my desk and getting something going. Need I say more? But don't count me out yet.

As for health, Leah and I have been fortunate and blessed. She has high blood pressure and arthritis but under good control, and I don't seem to have anything wrong with me (due, I like to think, partly perhaps to an exercycle which I've been using for over a year and which has become as indispensable as brushing my teeth, but George, my doctor son, assures me it's all

genetic) except a recent attack of diverticulitis, which sent me to the hospital for a few days but which I didn't really mind because I didn't \mathbf{x} feel sick and had a good time with the young nurses.

Anyhow, stay well and have a good year, both of you.

Dear Fellow Nonagenarian:

You and we both know that birthdays after 75 should be left unobserved, but that is not the way of the

You and we both know that birthdays after 75 should be left unobserved, but that is not the way of the world. There are times, however, when this disclaimer is not appropriate and this birthday of yours is one of them. So we join the multitude who have a great regard for you in sending our joyous greetings.

Affectionately,

Cal & Feal Fallon

Bacon

Dear Sidney:

Leah and I have pondered your extraordinary offer and could come to only one conclusion, we have to decline. You will understand why. To accept help from a friend when one is in need and can not help himself is a blessing in friendship and has a moral base, but a trip to England is not a necessity, only a pleasure, and we can find no moral base to it. What threw me off momentarily when we were talking about it was that I could see that you really wanted us to accept and that you would get pleasure out of it if we did, and for a moment I felt confused, wondering if that might not have itw own morality; but it doesn't;;t would simply be a matter of our taking advantage of your generosity for something that is not a necessity, and that has no moral base and might, in addition, encumber and skew our friendship. Better not. But thanks for the most friendly offer possible. If we do ever really need your help, we'll know where to turn.

Hope you and Fredelle come back soon, real soon.

P.S. I'm sending the novel I mentioned, Joseph Roth's JOB, by separate mail.

Nissman et French Panial Kabernar

Doubly

Doubly 18 July 1985 Dear Barbara: Doubly deer for remembering to send us the Ginastera. There you are on the record jacket, looking up at him, expectant, irrepressibly buoyant and joyous, and he, surprisingly soft in feature, considering the classicaa tightness of his work. Stravinsky, at least, looks classicaa and tight. But Ginastera has tender, reflective moments which Stravinsky never has....he is too self-disciplined, too pre-occupied with structure and style...and these moments, as you write in your notes, are a thrilling counter-experience to his great kinetic bursts. As you perform them breathlessly on the piano, when the soumd, in response to his feelings, shades off more and more quietly, it brings out goose-pimples in me. No point in saying the obvious, that you have brilliant technique, but it is worth saying that you're wholly inside the music. Nowhere can one hear your technique, as such. So you've given Leah and me great pleasure. The only thing I regret is that Telarc didn't do your record. You've made me want to hear more Ginastera. Which of the records in Schwann do you recommend? And when are you coming to Stanford? Will you be able to stay with us?

Dear Fredelle:

Would you believe that the moment my disparaging remark about Milton left my lips, I knew that I had made a mistake. What had got into me to say this to someone who cared enough about Milton to have done part of her dissertation on him? But I wasn't thinking of you at all when I made it. I wasn't even thinking of the inherent qualities of his poetry or his place in the Pantheon. What I had in mind was the situation in English and American poetry when I began to write and what we needed to learn from the past in order to continue it with fresh, original work. High on the list were the Elizabethans, the Metaphysical poets, Chaucer, Blake, the Scotch poets, Herrick. But Milton? Nyet! Something about his Latinate, neo-classical language and temper was simply incompatible with modern man. You might say he was a terminus for that style. You couldn't go anywhere from it. If you tried, you'd wind up"dead". That's what I meant by his deadening influence. However, I haven't read him since college. And I must remember that he was a guiding light to Blake, who stands next to Shakespeare in my pantheon. So who knows, one of these days I may investigate Mr. John Milton with my present perceptions and needs. I have the great three volume 1890 Macmillan edition to do it in.

But my real reason for writing you was to tell you what a kick I got out of your review of Irving Layton's book. Wow! I take it, it came out in the Toronto Globe and that the newsprint was slightly singed from the heat. Seldom have the unclean been taken to the cleaners more thoroughly and decisively. We are unaccustomed to such things in literary circles, madam. You must prepare us before you blast off.

Thanks for the mending wool. With it in hand, we gaze in astonishment at the gape in the sofa and watch it getting wider and wider by the minute.

What a week this has been/will be: The Dance Theater of Harlem on Wednesday, the Symphony on Thrursday, The Yiddish *** theater on Friday and an opera by Allessandro Scarlatti on Saturday!

From us to youse, love.

21 July 1984 Dear Nat: Thank you for letting us know about Ida. It's sad. How we wish we could "drop in" and be with you, but as an axed 89 year old friend of mixe oursliving in New Jersey wrate recently, reflecting on how his children and grandchildren were scattered from one end of the country to the other, "Everybody is so far away, so far away." Stay well, Nat, and keep in touch. It would be great if you could visit us. We have a spare bedroom and bath, waiting. Love.

Edwin Scheier 3/21/83 Dear Ed: Sorry to hear about Mary's brother. you visit him on your last trip East? I can't tell you how pleased I am at the turn of events. Max When you say, "There was a long while when I seemed not to be able to do anything that gave me real satisfaction" and "I have been making some really good pots, which makes me happy", I know things are going right. You're not one to use the word "happy" hyperbolically. The long absence may even have done your ceramic imagination some good. I'm so glad you found John Levy good company.

But I'm afraid it won't be for long. He's planning to spend a year in Greece with a friend, a young Greek-American poet who writes in English. He's pretty good too. John'll be teaching English on one of the islands.

I finally finished my book of prose. It's scheduled to be out in time for my birthday in November.

We mish you both.

Mousiel soul work of filed

Borning of the soul work of t 21 June 1985
(by Ronald Bhythe)
THE VIEW IN WINTER is everything you said it was, Dear Bernie: and I have become its addict. It's not just a book, and one is not just its reader: one lives it. Of course it's not comforting but like life itself, one feeds on it and grows stronger. Over the years one forgets how hardy and resourceful a person is, not in an imaginary mixuation crisis, where the imagination seems incapable of rising out of a deline of helplessness, butww when the real one comes along. In any case, if I were stranded and alone on a desert island, this is the book I would want with me. THE FIFTY FIRST DRAGON is a different kind of gem. I had forgotten how well Hewwood Bround write. This thing is like a vaudevi le act: you think you've heard the denoument but it's only a decoy ... the real one doesn't come until the end. When Broun was around, we thought of his as a very good journalist, but he was more than that. Wish he were here to enjoy a literary reputation. You see how beholden (an old-fashioned word from a not so old-fashioned gent) I am to you. Love from Leah and me.....and please visit us in San Francisco. Carl

Dear Pat: Adams

This time, by gar, I'm going to make it (to your show). I'll be in New York the week of May 3 for some lectures and readings and will we most definitely stop in (any chance of your being there then?). How devoted the Zabriskie is (are?) to your work! Tell me about them. And how did your Parishshow go? Ruth K. Meyer's comments about your paintings seem accurate enough but, of course, an analysis has little to do with the visual life of a picture.

I'm surprised et how little first-class art there is in San Francisco; or theatre, for that matter. Minneapolis has it all over S.F. in these arts Nevertheless, S.F. is a great city, so I guess a city can be great without them. We do not have an artist among our friends here except Jess, who seldom leaves his studio. His N.Y. dealer is Odyssia. His friend, Robert Duncan the poet X(I leave out the comma after Duncan because it's impossible to conceive of him as ever not being a poet), who has become a close friend, has just gone to Paris for a month to write the text for a book by Phaedon Press on Kitay, whose paintings move me profoundly. Do you know his work?

My writing comes in splurges. There are weeks when I'll be in a semi-catatonic state so far as writing goes, and then out of the clear a day will come when almost anything I think of will turn to gold, and I'm off, flying. How can one understand this? Anyhow, no one can accuse me of working obsessively. I become activated only when I sense something interesting in the making.

Very hard to go along with the fact that your boys are now old enough to be in college. But then I already have four granddaughters, one of them in Senior High.

Did I tell you that my archives are now in The Houghton Library at Harvard? So if there's enything you'd like to add to it, send it to Rodney G. Dennis, Curator of Manuscripts.

I've given up on ever seeing you again, so it's nice to get an occasional note from you.

All the best.

Maurice Brinstein 18 April 1985 Dear old friend. How sad your letter was, and full of heart, as always. We could have wept. But what can we do? what can we do? The only consoling (small) point is that Esther ended without long pain or anguish. A greater genetic gift I can't imagine. In the meantime, you have filled the void with very interesting experiences. I can't wait to hear more about Tanzania & the ambassador, and the other things. Leah won't be arriving in New York until late Monday night, so she wont be able to join us that day but we'll be going to museums, galleries and just plain bumming around during the day after that, so perhaps you could join us and be with her that way. In any case, I'll be seeing you soon. Love,

no review Potory Times Dear Mr. Bruckner: Would you be interested in having my COLLECTED PROSE reviewed in the Sunday Book Review? If you are and need suggestions as to who to do it, I have two: Michael Heller, who has a chapter on me in his new book on the Objectivists, and Paul Auster, who would do an equally good job. Michael's address is P.O. Box 981, Stuyvesant Station, N.Y.C. 10009; RMXXX is 18 Tompkins Place, Brooklyn 11231. Still another is Cid Corman (Fukuoji-cho 80, Utano Ukyo-ku, Kyoto 616, Hapan). I am sending a copy by separate mail.and writing you directly because Harvey Shapiro thought you would know my work and be interested. Sincerely,

pelot 19 Aug. 1984 Dear Steve: Glad you'll be do having my two books reviewed. Let me know who'll be doing it and I'll send him the books and I'll get a photograph over to you. Cordially,

Dear Steve Abbott:

Would you be interested in having my two latest books, COLLECTED PROSE end SPIRITUS, I, reviewed in Poetry Flash? If you need suggestions, I can give you a few in the Bay Area who know my work and whose judgment I would trust: Michael Palmer, Bill Berkson, David

Bromige, Jack Marshall. I think Stephen Rodefer

also knows my work, but I'm not sure.

With best wishes,

20 Nov. 1984

Dear Mr. Fogel:

Your invitation with respect to the position of program director came as apleasant surprise....very pleasant, very surprising. Alas, it comes at a time in my life when I am unable to consider it. A stint as visiting writer, however, would be a possibility, and I would be willing to consider that.

I don't expect you to check up on my academic degrees but if you should have to, please note that I changed my name legally to Callman Rawley in 1925, retaining Rakosi as my pen name. Thus, my B.A. is made out to Rakosi and the other two degrees to Rawley, which is how I was known also in my positions in Austin and Houston. All the other items are under Rakosi.

I have thought of two people who would, I think, do a bang-up job as director of the MFA program, Anselm Hollo and Ed Dorn. They have the talent and the know-how and are truly innovative and creative. Whatever they did would be out of the ordinary. To some degree this would be true also of Anne Waldman. A more conservative but thoughtful and perceptive fourth possibility would be Hayden Carruth.

With very bestwwishes,