

BEAUTI - FUL



3-19-90

Hello Paul:

I'm no spring chicken either. I'll be 70 in August.

Well, if you're in writing to make money, it's tough. But if you're in writing to keep from killing yourself or somebody else, or to help you face the next morning, then that's better.

I know, though, when you read the so-called accepted writers and see how thin and pretensive their stuff is, it makes you wonder pretty damned hard. And then when you have to face the same juiceless draining job each day... it rather wrenches the fucking guts, especially when you note your co-workers accepting their death-in-life without a struggle, without question.

I began to think about holding up banks but I didn't have the guts. I ended up in tiny rooms, drinking and fighting with insane women.

Your adaption, I think, is a damned good bit of work. It's even rather Eugene O'Neilish without the poetic bullshit. Thank you for sending it on to John Martin. I have an idea that he'll like it.

Don't jump off any cliffs yet, Paul. o,k.?



12/3/91 12:20 AM

Hello Paul:

You're right, it's the toughest of the Ages, man drawn dry. The Atomic Bomb and Aids arrive within 50 years of each other. Nobody can think of ten years ahead of time. It's just today, tonight and hope you make those.

Yeah, it was easier to be a bum when I was a bum. You more or less chose that and now it choses you (or me). You just got to be lucky. Talent has little to do with it. Many fools are making it because they fell into the right place. That's all. They are interlaced into the sections of our society which haven't fallen apart--yet.

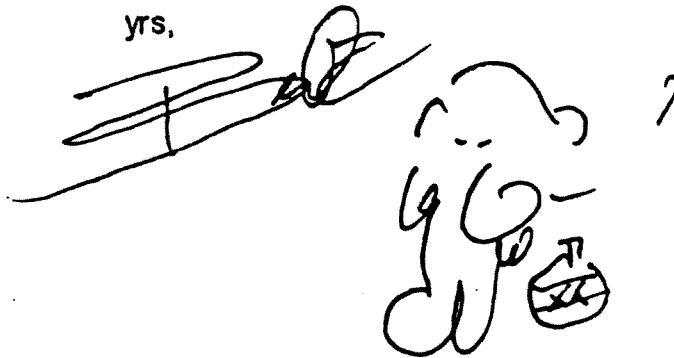
When I was a bum I tried to stay in the warm weather parts of the country but I miscalculated once or twice and almost went under, notably in a place called Atlanta, Ga.

But you've got some hope going. Your day work may be sickening but at night, lo, you become a Prince, watching the work you helped create unfold. That's some magic, Paul, and not many men get it. Concentrate on that part and the other will not close in so badly.

Thanks for enclosing the fine reviews. I think we got something over on them, they picked up. Our simple language to the gut of the matter. My notes, your arrangement. On technical facts of things, those people naturally screw up. Like I don't have TB. Did have. Other matters. But who cares? Some people are going to get what we are saying and they won't feel quite so alone in the world.

Well, I've got a bad hangover, turning in early. Old farts like me have to pace themselves, right up to the edge of the fucking grave. It's been a great fight, Paul, and I intend to fight some more. You will to. Oh==tell the cast and the set designers and all attached that I thank them plenty for their great work. Yes, yes, yes, oh yes!

yrs,

A handwritten signature consisting of several horizontal strokes followed by a more complex, cursive-like flourish. To the right of the signature is a small, simple line drawing of a person's head and shoulders, with a question mark above it. The drawing is very sketchy and appears to be a quick doodle.

10/16/91 8:11 PM

Hello Paul:

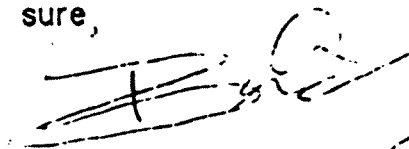
Thanks for the poster, looks good to me. No, it doesn't glorify alcohol or alcoholics, it indicates subject matter. The lady who claims that you're "in denial" sounds like she's been playing ping pong with her shrink. As to the fellow who claims he doesn't understand what a man means when he says, "I feel like a can of sardines" well, he's just never felt like a can of sardines or even opened one and looked in there, or if he did, his only response was that there was something to eat. Sometimes I feel like a lamppost with a dog pissing on it. Maybe he would understand that one. Maybe.

You are always going to get people chewing on you because they only understand what their mothers told them or what the books told them or what their bosses told them, etc.. These people are flattened into a strict nothingness. They talk but they don't say. They project their dullness. People walk away from them but they soon find somebody else and they begin their lifeless chatter all over again. The world is full of boring, identical and mindless people. They vote for the mayors, the governors, the congressmen, the president in their likeness--that's why there's no leadership, no hope, no juice, no life, no understanding.

Sorry you lost your job at the bar. Having a boss is like having your head in the guillotine. You just don't know exactly when but it's never a surprise when your head rolls. And the worst thing is when you get a look at the guy who replaces you: a subnormal boot-licking patsy. I had problems too. They told me, "It's your attitude." What was I supposed to do? Feel joyful because they were buying my life-blood for pennies?

Well, I hope the Live Bait catches some fish. I thought you put together a good script. It runs and bounces and screams and says some things. And you pulled it together in a sensible fashion. It should go well. The fact that it's being put on the boards shows that somebody somewhere had some guts. Thanks for your work and struggle with this. I am honored. May the walls roar and pour it to them.

sure,

A handwritten signature, possibly "Paul", written in black ink. The signature is somewhat stylized and appears to be written over a horizontal line.