

Walker Winslow correspondence

Section 12, Pages 331 - 360

This collection of papers largely consists of handwritten and typed correspondence between Walker Winslow (also under the name Harold Maine) and his third wife, Edna Mansley Winslow, the bulk of which dates from 1948-1951. The letters can be chatty and newsy, providing details about each of their daily lives and activities, what they were reading or music they were listening to, their work (his writing and therapy, her writing and painting), and other related topics. The letters could also be very self-reflective and analytical regarding their relationship to each other, discussing their sexuality and concepts of fidelity, relationships with others, their health and various injuries and illnesses they each had, money, their mutual loneliness, Edna's drinking, and other topics.

Some of the letters were written while Winslow was working at and writing in Topeka. They were also written while the Winslows lived separately in Santa Fe, New Mexico; various parts of California (especially Big Sur or Oakland); various parts of New York (especially Rochester and New York City); and in Kansas. The letters document the rise and fall of their brief and intense relationship.

Also in the materials are a few of Winslow's typed manuscripts and poems, many with copy-editing marks and annotations or corrections, including a copy of *If a Man Be Mad*, as well as two published versions of the book (one in French). There is also correspondence with friends and relatives of Winslow and/or Edna; Winslow family photographs; some sketches Edna drew, with her handwritten notes on the back, perhaps for letters to Winslow; a letter of recommendation from 1889 for Winslow's father; and extensive correspondence between Winslow and Dr. Karl Menninger. Some of this correspondence regards articles and the book Winslow wrote about the Menninger Clinic; there are also interview notes and transcripts from interviews Winslow conducted with Dr. C.F. Menninger. Topics of Winslow's writings include Henry Miller, psychiatry and life in asylums, and the Synanon Foundation.

Creator: Winslow, Walker, 1905-1969

Date: circa 1943 - 1969, undated (bulk 1948-1951)

Callnumber: Menninger Historic Psychiatry Coll., Winslow, Boxes 1-7

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Walker Winslow correspondence

⑧ I can tell you, darling, that unless you go to Valmura you are going to have the expense of hotel keeping & your father will learn what it costs to keep his daughter. I'm not going to try to tell you where to go or how to do it. This has to be different than that Big Sur separation. I'll respect your need for the peace in which to write - or search - or whatever you have to do.

I think the best thing we can say to each other is that we are together in this. Maybe out of creation & search we will find each other. But only if we leave each other alone in the search - I mean if we don't try to direct each other. Will hang on to each other with letters. Will learn where the need really lies.

Felonious isn't going to accept this easily. But he'll have to learn that he and Puka are attached to desperate mechanisms that can't let simplicities be.

You said that it might be that there were others who could feel us - give us more than we have now.



Albert Hotel
65 University Place,
NEW YORK 3, N.Y.

STUYVESANT 9-7711

I think, even as you face the
forlorn shadow of a lonely
future you have this hope.
I think that you should either
fulfill it or exhaust it. I've
held you too much of a captive

When we come together again
it must be with the certainty
that we are people without
alternatives, no matter how
hard that may be on our
arrogance. I can't be free now
& at the same time be jealous
& neither can you. We can't
become sure of ourselves through
being unsure.

I have a spine in the
loose feeling about the
months to come - my mate
is taken from me. But only
too truly become my mate
I hope.

You say you'll be on your
way around Nov 1st. - not
long. I'll probably be here
for two or three weeks. Long
enough to know where

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you loved & if you want me
near you if it is possible &
won't make you feel constructed.
This doesn't mean you have
to plan for me ~~as~~ adjust
your plans to me - that
wouldn't be any way to
start to live each other.

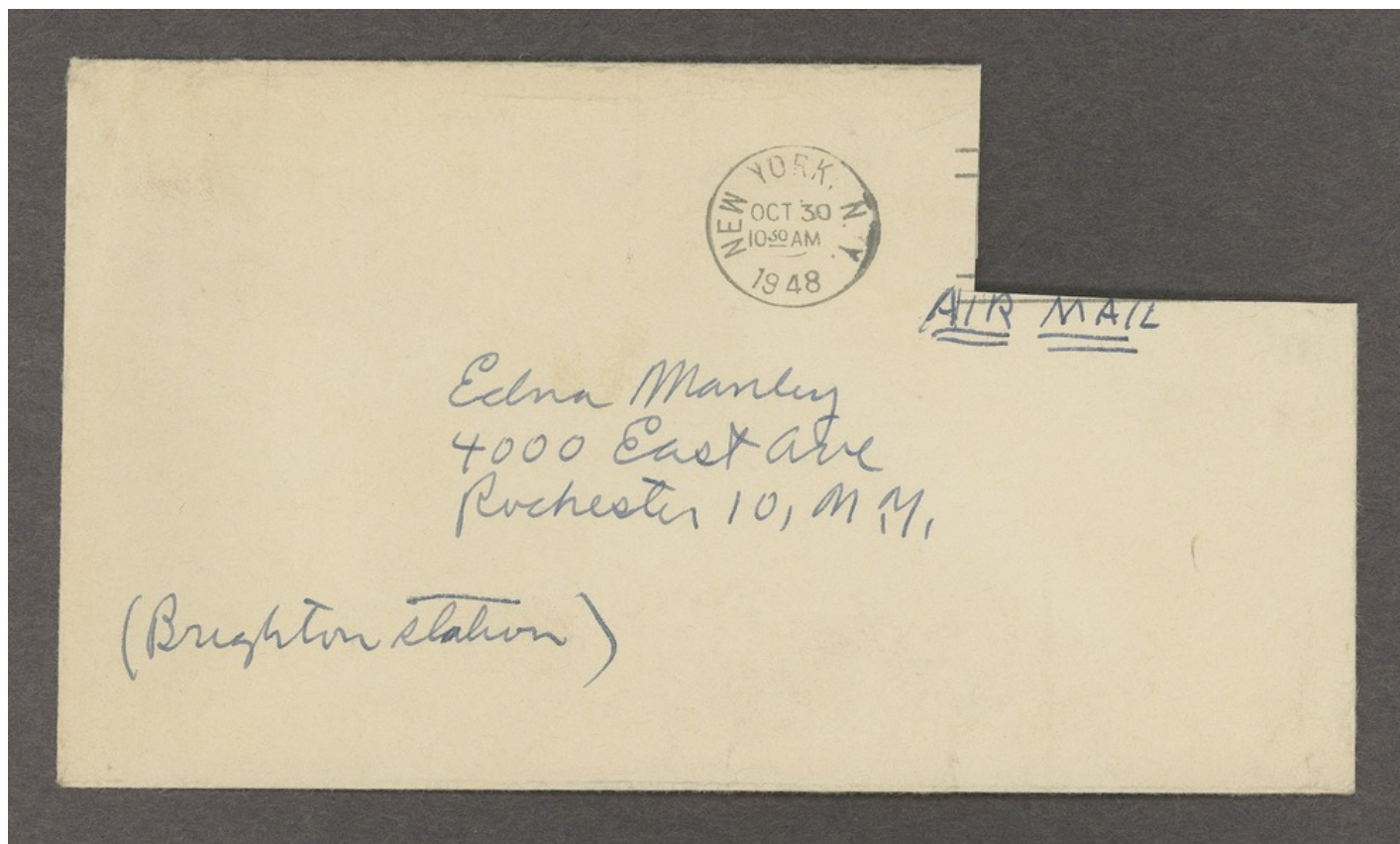
Dearest one, I feel good about
you & us. I'm strong enough
to wait - strong enough to
manage. We are giving up
nothing but uncertainty.

I would hold you & kiss you
very tenderly.

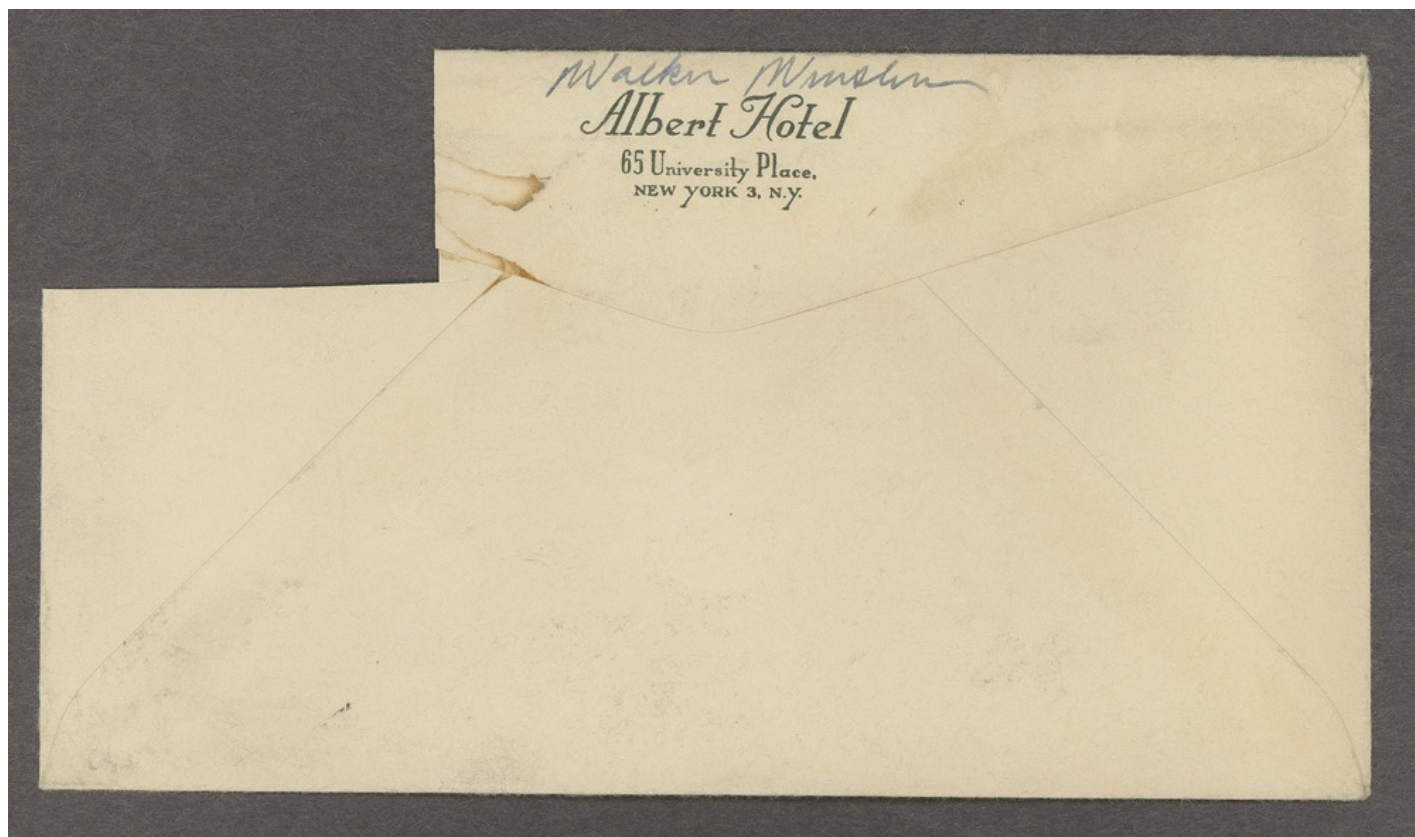
Yours
Walkey
Lax

Let's be quite with old justifications
& accusations. We can give each
other something then. I want to
mail this on the chance that you
get it Sat. Most of it was written
very early Friday a.m. It is
only 7 now. I was awake at
4:00 mightily upset toward you
physically out of a dream. I
was wild & throbbing for his
mate

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Sunday a.m.
Jan 8/50

Dear Bison City:

I'm still recuperating from your surprise call. When the phone rang I thought either the house was on fire or someone was dead. I then when I couldn't find a light I decided I was in the wrong house. Only when I got to the phone & heard "Rochester Calling" - that's what they actually said - did I realize my phone was calling & at about 3³⁰ in the morning 1³⁰ here.

If my voice sounded funny it was because I haven't slept over 4 hours in four nights - just over being excited about you. I stayed at Jack's house night before last & he gave me something to make me sleep. Last night he came by at 10³⁰ gave me more of whatever it was. Anyway it left my tongue as dry & roughly the same texture as a Gila monster. So far as I could tell it had no effect on my celebration. I never did get back to sleep after your call & I knew that if I got started writing to you I'd never sleep.

After your long letter I'm glad that you took your baggage by the nose & got out of the parental home for a little while. The end of your letter was so excited it had me worried, you wanted a secret

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of life & you were in² a trap. I hope Virginia is good fun & that her husband isn't too difficult, But Buffalo, schmufalo you were closer to Topeka.

I think you had a few drinks aboard when you called me, but for that I can't blame you. The only thing they do is nurture strange ideas, such as ^{that} I don't love you. Do you think I've been awake for 4 nights because I dislike you? ~~Do you~~ Or think of you more hours a day than I do my work? Or get so infatuated with the little piece of your writing you send me that I feel like Moses discovering the ark of the Covenant. Or take all the films in the house to have developed because I think you'll be in some? Or find every excuse I can to talk about my wife?

you excite me all over.

Could it be that last night, ~~you~~ you didn't want me to love you?

When I ask you to come to Topeka I do so with everything in mind. The possibility that pine acres gets too oppressive, for one. Another is that mid love neither in a hotel or a hospital, (this apt is over a mile from the closest Menninger institution). This would be a beautiful room to work in while I was at work - plenty of light & sun, good heat & on a good walking street. Also I rarely if ever have a caller & no night demands are made on me. You could meet just those people you wanted to. There are two or three women here I'm sure you'd like, also there is a wall safe in the bath-room for your jewels, bonds, etc.

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and I go with all of this. It would even be possible to rent a single room within a block or so.

Another reason I know that you'd looked on the Tom when it was Collins was the old theme of my marrying you for your store; your house; your library; your cat; your fortune, etc. Oh, no, & what did you marry me for, because I could cook, might have had a best seller, & knew funny stories?

Look, my ingenious one, both of us married for reasons far beyond stores & cooking. I wish you'd come so I'd have the incentive to fix a good meal. If I came to you, it surely wouldn't be for your ma's store, or your pa's Cadillac.

After your weekend is over, think all of this over. I want you to do your book. I'll put up with separation so long as that's the reason. You say the book will explain a lot to me. I know it will. As I wrote you about the novel, one may know many things but it takes art to bring those things into the immediacy of experience.

Maybe I'm conducting the 1st 1951 meeting of the Edna-Walker Mutual admiration & Benevolent society. But it seems to me that when you hit your stride in writing there is an authority - a personal disciplining of words - that stands out. Once in awhile I find it in myself - the good, ringing steel of English. I wonder if we both don't befuddle other people by keeping

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our subjective writing⁴ as lucid & firm as
objective descriptions, you are a real
writer, kid

What you said about Henry bringing
us together has some truth. We'd been
in a negative, mutual examination
hinge & here, suddenly was something
that lifted us out of ourselves. As for my
loving you because you have some
of Henry's qualities, that is screwy. I love
the quality of you that can see what
I see & bring greater illumination to
it.

I think you were too excited over your
trip to read the Screwtape letter well.
As for the long one, my answer to that
will, I hope, show you how I feel.

Good lord, darling, if I could fall in love
with the superficial things you think
I am, why wouldn't I fall in love here
with all sorts of competent babes who
must have stove etc. I could go my
own unmerry way & pick up all sorts
of accessories - mix-masters, whistling
toasters, chintz rooms.

Somewhere along the line it's going
to occur to you that I love your
beauty & that I've never met your equal
at perception & bravery. The way your body
fits against mine in the night is as
wonderful as all but the very latest
model stoves. For for for your the finest
woman I've ever encountered.

Now I hope that your taking one
drink didn't get you into trouble.
But after your recent months you were
entitled to a sip of something.



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That Long Island outfit wired, phoned & even asked Karl for a recommendation. The latter brought this first note from him. "You don't want this job, do you? We want you here!" I can see why. Even with Friday off, ^{this week} the fee charged for me payed a whole months salary. I've got two \$25 per hour boys daily.

Now I'm supposed to start a creative writing class for pts this week & train someone to carry on. You want the job? I'll bet there is a job at the Clinic if you want it.

As an added, but not guaranteed, inducement we have brought sunlight outside. The weather man said we were in for a severe storm.

And if you think for a minute I'm afraid to come to Rochester for you, your teched in the raid, as our celebrationists say.

I'm going to try & sleep now. I could still be talking to you on the phone if your better reason hadn't prevailed. It's a real nice voice you have Mrs. Winslow. I must be intuitive. Jack wanted me to go to his place last night & I refused for no good reason. He has a couple of real leprechauns of boys.

Speaking of leprechauns did you see James Stephens' old picture in Time. That guy was not of this world. I'll enclose if you tell me what you think.

I did the preface for our special limited edition of The World of Sex. I'll send you a corrected carbon. Everyone was pleased with the introduction I did for Sam Esken's new album. I have no copy, but will get the album.

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^{#c}
I like doing writing like that. As fragile
as it is it makes me hum inside just
the way reading your writing does.
I've got a book review to do today.
There's a writer cranking something in
me waiting to spring. If you & I will
just work as we should we'll capsize
the stars.

There are so few good books that
our responsibility is enormous. I know
you're still sleeping so I crawl in beside
you in your hotel room. Sleep or no
sleep I'll bet we'll talk for two days.
Soon, as soon as communications get
straight again, I'm going to dress
you in some poetry words

until later. your Walky lover
x x x x

Monday a.m.
"Well!" as your mother says, I got some good sleep.
What started this present cycle was strange. I'd
gone to sleep the other evening & was awakened
by what seemed to be an internal earthquake.
I was shaking like a leaf. I'd been excited by
you but I was reading something good when
I went to sleep & that made me feel you
snuggling & hating. At first I thought I'd
had a heart attack but my pump wasn't
reacting strangely. I couldn't have had a seizure
or I'd have bitten my tongue. Did you commu-
ate something frightening to me? Was some
personal danger striking us? I'd like to
know the events leading up to the Buffalo
trip. Whatever they were I know you
needed the trip. I'd like to go on one
myself this a.m.

When I finally got sleepy yesterday after-
noon, the people would brand I was sick
started calling. But I did get to sleep at 9:30
& sleep until 5:30.

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Bud brought my mail. Manas is publishing, at once, a shortened version of "The Hour of Man". What it uses in one way it gains in another. Reader's Digest might find it more comfortable now. Though some good points are lost it is a little less questionable. It's down from 14 to 6½ pages. Manas seems to me to be our magazine - a place where we could both publish some of the important things we have to say. I wish to be separated longer I'll subscribe to it for you.

A note from Henry tells me that for sure the births are my only chance for immediate housing in Big Sur, but that if I hold out a month or so, something will show up.

You insisted the other night over the phone that you were my only flaw. How lucky both of us would be if we had but one big flaw. In the sense of what you meant, I'm also your only flaw. Here we both are trying to make some sort of decision & at the same time trying to hold off the hour of decision. This is, as mine probably said many times, the emasculating flaw in both of us.

Your going to Buffalo & my getting sick at precisely the same minute is an example of what happens when we work each other up to a high pitch & then aren't together to counterbalance each other. What is given in one letter is often retracted in another. No wonder we get drier & drier.

You don't want me to be jealous or suspicious of you - you say that it cramps you. Equally you don't want me to be indifferent. I would throw myself into a work over your Buffalo trip, not because you suddenly went away for a few days, but because you felt impelled to call

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me & try to assure yourself that I didn't love you. It seemed to become terribly important that I didn't love you, and just before this, as if you were having a premonition, you were warning yourself, through telling me, how dangerous it was for you to take one drink with strangers or even friends. Believe me, baby girl, it's more dangerous to make promises like that, and then break them with yourself. It does something to the morale - makes a drunk taken a key to all sorts of serious things. I'm never asked you to promise me you wouldn't drink & I'd much rather you didn't. There's no point in creating needless flames in our armor. Or needless doubts about each other.

The frenzy of your long letter told me that you needed me to hold you. You baffled asking for a freedom I'm not sure you know how to handle, or even what it's for, also gave me warning of the precarious place you were in.

Now I hope for you as well as for me that this trip worked out quite harmlessly & that you come back from it renewed rather than emotionally depleted & depressed. Look, I don't put good about my own personal let down. But it taught me that drugs won't even give me respite. If I had to continue to be alone it would really be much more preferable that I took some girl who believed in me, however inadequate she might be in other ways. If I did, I'd straight away tell you. But don't let it harm, there is none in prospect

20 more days here unless I weaken & stay on. If I had \$100 I'd leave this a.m. I could stand never seeing that clinic again. I wish to be together & it's got to know it quickly - not that you have to stop your work or move an inch, except in mind making up.



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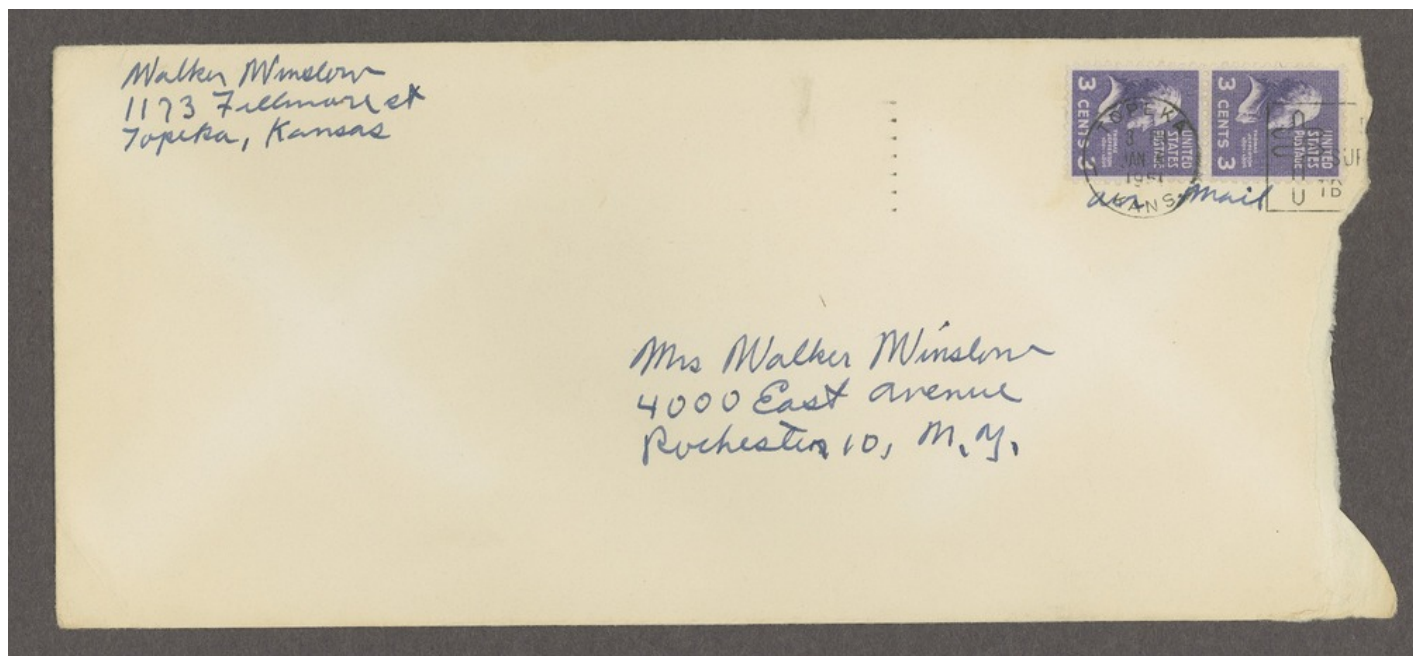
I've got to be off. My stomach is still shaky
just otherwise I'm in fair shape I hope.
I know now that I won't hear from you
until the very last of the week - a long
time. But I'll get this off to you.

Call me again & tell me that you love
me & let me tell you that I love you.

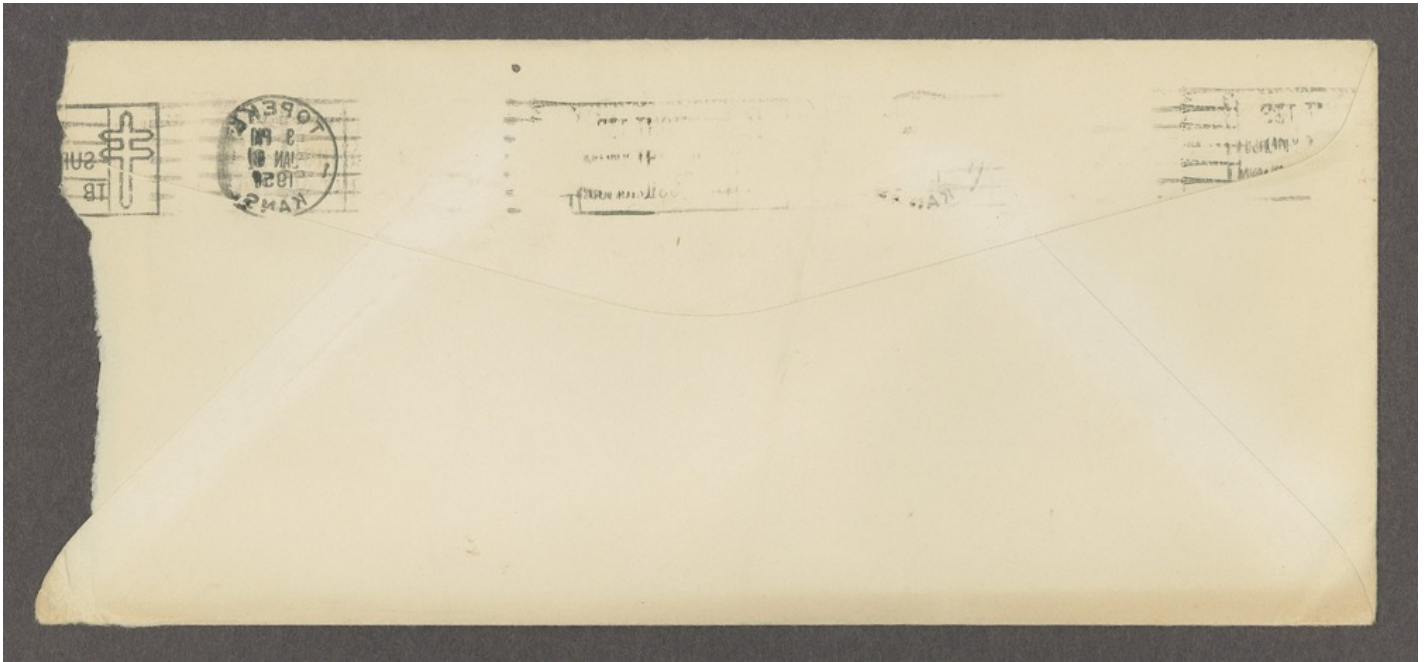
your
Walker
xxxxxx



Walker Winslow correspondence



Walker Winslow correspondence





Walker Winslow correspondence

THE MENNINGER FOUNDATION
TOPEKA, KANSAS

FOR PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT.
.. EDUCATION, AND RESEARCH

C. Bernard Hall M.D.,
1213 Fillmore St.
Topeka, Kan.
Saturday

Dearest:

If they have a Fair in this town I'll get one. I hope the ideas aren't too near alike. Maybe your father can spread his enthusiasm over Denison's. If the Packard book was good I know he could. I always remember your father for his garden enthusiasms. We have people selling their packets mail order? Manufacturing is cheap here we could do that too - or find jobbers. Don't let Guy forget the branding iron. There's money to be made in something. Enough to support us in adjacent warm spots.

I've been procrastinating & waiting for a phone call. The job here at the clinic is more for a 3 month trial if I want it. Dr. Robinson was going to try & send out today just what they could pay. It would be part time. How well I was able to keep out of trouble would be up to me. asked \$250 for a half day - but that's more than the spring dr. got. So I'm still continuing in here just as if I were going to move in this coming week.

Doc writes that places are now available in Topeka - due to dust storms, but that there is little work I could do. I've written Tom Ferris. He met a Dr. from here & wanted to know why he & Helen didn't hear from us. Bud Hall is in the o'garbs this weekend & I'm going in. I don't all about things there. I wish I was a better panhandler.

But probably the logical thing to do is stay here for three months & work on the future during that time. However, I dread it.

I had lunch with Lucy & she said I was a bore not to bring you along. She also told me someone else had just been elected head of world federalists of M.M. in Bluefield's place. I hope that's something he, himself arranged.

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I sort of skirted around the edge of asking for a little subsidy from July. She skirted but wants to see me again. I think that if she asked Karl he'd say okay.

Weather's sent the Ben profile to R.D. but not too hopefully - more hopefully he sent the report from Williams out. He liked it, also he thought my idea of getting Todd into Belknap was good. He wants an outline on that. For a paid assignment I'd come back to N.Y. for that. We picked up a couple of possible things here. I haven't given up yet.

I think my seeming, or real bitterness, was at myself more than at lack of appreciation. The time I'd wasted since April. I think too, that I was very fed up with helping people & always having the knowledge that there was no one I could turn to. I had of course said true either. I got myself used. It's happened here. I saw the report I wrote with someone else's name on it. I heard them congratulated for this beautiful work. On the other hand Karl gave me credit for more than I do. But what difference does any of this make? Manly I've been kind - and damned fool, starting with letting you leave me in April - a mistake I recognized in 30 seconds. I think it's a good idea for me to flail myself for a change.

And I don't like you being in the dark & cold or alone or anything wrong. I just wish I were more right for you. I have but a great deal of love & friendship left for you & concern. One has to believe when things are that way.

As I perceive it now, most of my struggles have been in the wrong direction & foredoomed. I involved you in things that you should never have been involved in. Then was & is some way of taking care of this struggle to live quietly. Without the car & the consequent debt things would be quite simple.

I must not be, as they say, narcissistic. Certainly I'm involved here & the work I did with that old school has paid off nicely. Work I'm doing now will bring results that which I have made almost worthless. I'm organizing "controls" for word management. But I now do these things like a carpenter.

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THE MENNINGER FOUNDATION
TOPEKA, KANSAS

FOR PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT.
.. EDUCATION, AND RESEARCH

I've been moody all week - not depressed exactly, but rather deeply feeling with things even in the midst of minor distractions. I share things with you even without writing. You & I really haven't much left but each other. Things that were big and have grown smaller because of what mine had. One starts with nothing & on a great plateau. Sometimes I feel that you & I must be the vainest of egotists to so value each other & ourselves. But humbleness doesn't add to the status of others.

A year from now I'll have a good book finished & so will you. That's the embrace & peace that will bring us together. I believe that, and I believe that so far as personal dedication is concerned I am dedicated to you.

Now I've got to go buy Hugo some food. He wants a dove & stamps his feet because I won't let him have one. You know Hugo is in you. I've never seen a cat before who wanted to put you face with his paw - a reincarnated sculptor I guess. He's very gentle & sweet about it.

you
Walker
+ A

Sunday
Had a good evenings sleep on the davenport with Hugo beside me. Then awakened at 2:00 & came into bed. Hugo didn't approve of that. When I looked him in the kitchen he started throwing pots & pans. Back in bed he wanted me to play with him. He has another odd habit when you pet him he chews on the end of his tail like a kid sucking a thumb. We would have a lot of fun with him & his crazy

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over riding in the car - the difficulty in that
is that spirit got to keep the windows up,
you can tell your mother I miss her meals
& the sound of her in the kitchen. I eat
here & there. I've been invited out - but but
since I could be alone, some this week
I've declined most invitations & here one place
I can get fried chicken for 65¢ Restaurant
food is a lot cheaper here. It is not from
what I've seen. Too bad the weather
doesn't do better.

Henry says I could have felt like home at
Big Sur. But I find myself having the same set
of requirements you have - some place where
there's space in a sun - Colorado, Arizona.
and I'm writing Emil Schaubert & Ben about
the south. But all the while I'm thinking
just as if I had money. If I could get these
debts off my back I would take care of myself
& write. So pray for the articles that
are left & the Pocket Book.

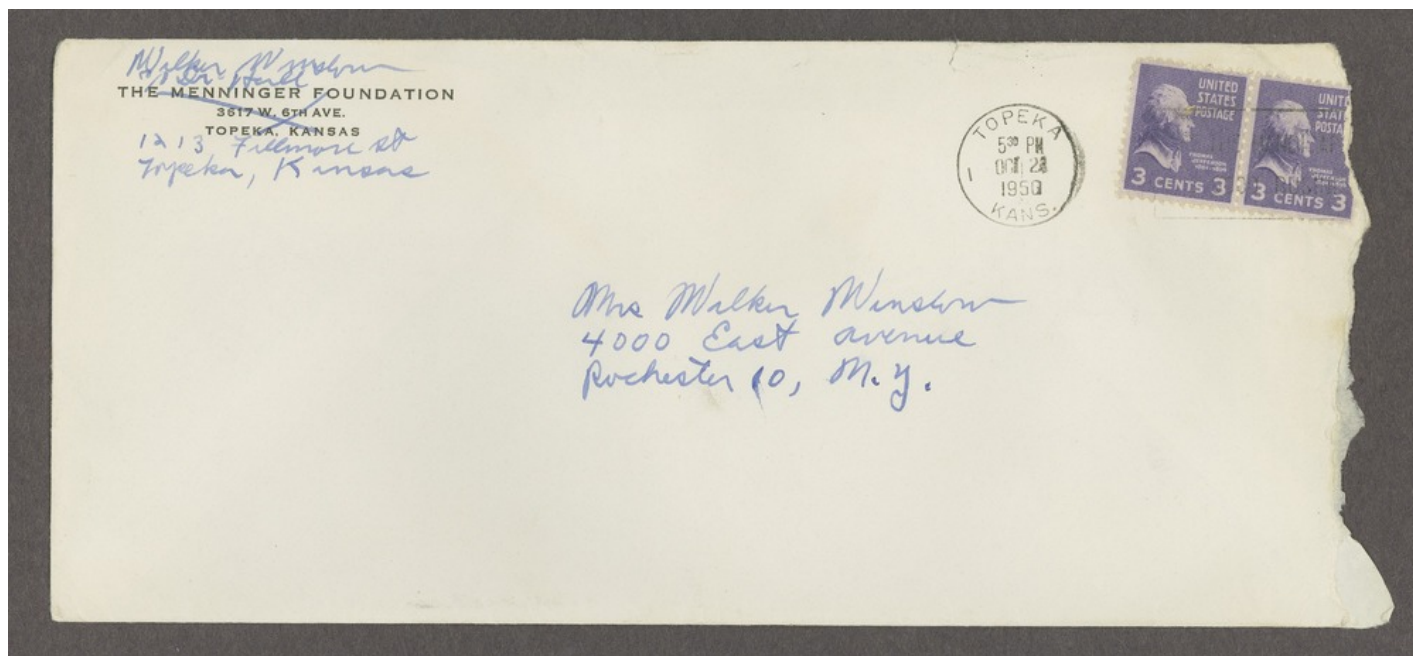
I won't get a chance to write again
all week so you'll understand why I must
have these few words with you. If you
think it's bad for us I'll stop.

If I go to work at the clinic on this
new plan I have some extra afternoons left
I'm going to see if I can't get paid for having
a writing class - sort of occupational therapy -
or a course on poetry & the word. Maybe I
could create a creative atmosphere. I simply
can't think poetically as a steady diet.
Maybe I could get some of the Dr. & this
might be for me evening class a week
by charging tuition in advance pay something
on my debts. You want to join? Or teach?
No word from your book yet?

Hugh is asleep. Maybe he'll give me
a break
I thank you for the clothes. I need them.

with love
you
Walley

Walker Winslow correspondence



Walker Winslow correspondence

Oct. 28 - 1950 Friday ~~Saturday~~ Evening
from Topsyko.

Dearest!

Your note made me sad & touched me - the darkness & that you could remember that I once shimmered. But you were & are the golden one - the sun child. I've wished for you every day, for the weather here has been superb. You would have soaked up the sun.

I'm moved temporarily in a room in a port home. Very nice. Its equal in a hotel would be at least \$10.00 per day & I pay that per week. But I'll have to get a small apt where I can write. I have in act in the paper I am assured will bring dozens of answers, since the Clinic is the address.

I'm to work 20 hours a week for \$225 per month. Tomorrow I work out my schedule. I already have an office in the Drs. Bldg. where I'll see pts. I really have no idea how this will work out but I have it arranged so that I can leave out gracefully at the end of 3 months. I'm going to make a mighty attempt to keep my time free for writing. Everyone says they understand. But I've heard that before.

Tonight I'm going to the Froelich Folies - They are supposed to be good. I have no other slate ahead & it has taken sheer will power to keep it that way. Right now no one but the personnel dept knows where I'm leaving. That's a good idea too.

I'm going to finish this in the morning when I'm brighter. I just wanted to speak to you & touch you -

sat a.m.

The Folies was funny. One skit - a take of an Dr Frank would have made a hit on Broadway. Naturally Dr. Karl stole the show. In the last act he played the part of a



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your charming messenger boy. He hates chewing
gum with a paranoid venom. But I got the
the man in him got the best of his principles.
One wonderful singer too - a negro house-
mother from Southard school.

What I really enjoyed was meeting Mrs.
Bernstein's parents - old Jews with a delightful
Scotch burr. you could almost imagine
the old man in pants.

Allen Buggy of the Rockefeller Foundation is
here. If I can get him alone I'm going
to ask if they ever give grants for
writing. as a preliminary to that I'll send
him an autographed copy of *I & a man*.

I can't understand the rejection your
getting but I still think a publisher
will be found. Hall takes S.P.T. & in its
reviewer I caught the reflected unfavour-
of the publishers. I think that they're dealing -
some of them. That something new is
needed - something with vitality. A great
deal of faith is being required of both of us. But
that faith, in the end, will be our strength.

We've got to live up to each other in this.
I know what you expect of me. When
you love me enough to wave me about
playing nurse & father I hear you. I hear
me when I ask you to give less time
to writing & put only your best hour each
day into it. The deep part is that I can't
or haven't been your best protector, except
at times. Really, I suffer more for you
than for myself. I can see what an
idiot I've been. My feelings toward you
have never been more tender, but that
tenderness unleashes waves of fury against
myself. I keep telling myself that this is
not guilt but learning. and there still
seems to me to be but one place to get
that knowledge.

The letter I wrote the 1st of the
week & enclose expressed exactly how
I felt. My hope is up a little now. I believe
I can learn to discipline myself.
One great thing that has happened is
that I no longer feel that absolute
wall between us - creativity being burned

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in the face of our confusion. We met each other's eyes. We can't accuse - we can only answer ourselves in silence. When we come together again it must be as new people & we must each recognize each other in a fresh & special way. We have a secret few have. We know that somewhere on earth there is a beloved. We are married to that knowledge.

I don't know how it's going to be - the work here. I only know that I can't whip up any excitement. There's too much to brag about if I were an ancient me. But the idea I once had of rousing out a circle by working like no longer seems too valid even as a rationalization. When did a creator every need an outward event to give his work form?

I'm luckier than you are. There are people here who are interested in creativity & who would rather talk of books than of patients - many people paint. If I can feel that more than the psychiatry it will be good.

This room will be hard to leave. It has comfort without the responsibility of housekeeping. If I find I can write, I may keep it. There isn't room for visitors & if any come they couldn't stay late. The landlady is very thoughtful. Maxine says she will write to you soon.

I was lovely of you to send mother a water color. She loves you. Her life has been troubled & no doubt she trusted me. But I understand that. I still respond with violent revolt when she asks me how much money I make & asks is the job steady. Nothing can give me more impulse to hit the road.

Your family wish me well. I feel that they know it. Maybe they understand too well better.

I don't blame anyone for anything. I'm back at myself where I belong. I'm the least with one name instead of a thousand. I have myself to create. I'm at a starting point & clear & clear of my avoidances.



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If you'll wait a few days until I find
one & it can get to you, I'd like to buy
you a pen. I'll find one soon. So far none
of the stores have had esterbrooks.

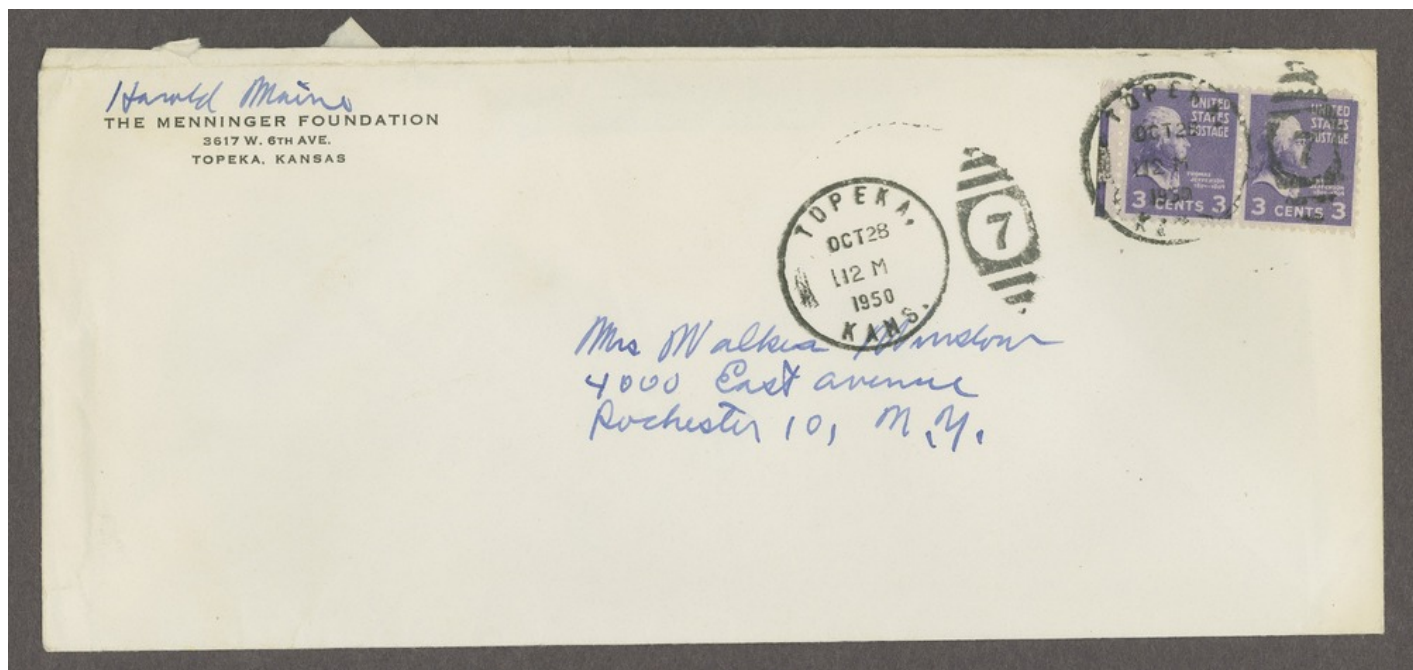
Now I have to get ready for my big
conference.

If your dad doesn't have any luck with
our invention send me the drawing & I'll
get an estimate of manufacturing costs. Pete
thinks it could be produced cheaply here.

Goodbye for now with love to your girl.

your
Walker

Walker Winslow correspondence





Walker Winslow correspondence

as long as I'm here my name will be bowed
Maine

The Southard School

2200 WEST SIXTH AVENUE
TOPEKA, KANSAS

A DIVISION OF THE
MENNINGER FOUNDATION

Wed a.m.

Dearest:

I'm the last two days wave after wave of
incredible loneliness has swept over me. I feel as
Frost must have when he wrote that his
roomed "the news that he had no one
left but God" and God at this moment is
remote & strange.

I wonder if you don't feel the same
way. I left you in a pool of agitated loneliness.
But maybe you had more of a dream than
I did - in your work. I have or had the
dream of my work but ditched of my own
making not me if from it - a collection
agency, Farmer, or to speak.

These last two weeks have marked the
bottom depths of inertia. I really haven't tried
to get a job here. Every task I've given was
executed with indifference or without
relish. Certainly nothing I've said or done
would indicate that I was worth any-
thing.

and yet people are putting themselves out to
use me here. It appears to be a colossal
trap. There has always been controversy as
to whether psychologists with 8 yrs training should
do therapy - social workers were rebuked if they
tried. and here I am being hired as a therapist -
a capacity in which no one here has reason
to judge me competent. It is as if fate were
saying "will nail him to the cross" surely
my personality can't be that overpowering.
I've broken appointments. yesterday at a
talk I was openly hostile to Dr. Gray. Thank god.

It's only a three month trial. Thank god.
If I can break the inertia maybe I'll get
money from somewhere. I'm only on trial!

Walker Winslow correspondence

Living at my own instance - will make
over \$200 - maybe \$250, since I get \$50 extra
for teaching. Luckily one of the people I work
closely with is Dr. "Native Boy" Dunnington -
I like him.

Now I have to find a room or apt. & that
is what really throws me. I should look
forward to this but I can't. Since I'm a
clinic employee I'm supposed to sit in a fairly
decent place. That I do today. Apparently there
is no dearth of apts.

Probably it would be best to address my
mail here until further notice, unless I'm
able to put an address on the envelope.

I'll swear I feel like a schizophrenic -
withdrawn, isolated, flattened. This, of course
is not your cross, but I have to have
someone to speak to.

I told you that Henry offered me a place.
Tom Feril is looking for something in
Denver. There's of course a job in Oakland.
With my debts paid I can break free & I
even feel now that I should be inter-
social enough to do so anyway. But
I don't like just a victimizing scheme.

It has never been more essential for
me to believe in the final word with
you.

Now for some hunting - writing a brochure -
for which I get paid & trying to believe
in what I'm doing. I should be a
challenge since I'm in open competition
with the finest therapists in the world.
I never avoid from this marketplace sympathy
is too much for me.

Love goes on no matter what happens.
your
Walker

It might interest you to know that
the schizophrenic girl, Boris Abner is now in
Paris painting. Once in awhile there's a
miracle, even in this shambles. Do you hear
much from Barbara? I write P & M - no answer.



Walker Winslow correspondence

Nov. 2 - 1950

A: Please
return -

Harold Main
THE MENNINGER FOUNDATION
TOPEKA, KANSAS

Mad
FOR PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT.
.. EDUCATION, AND RESEARCH

Dear One:

I've had some very strong
"flashes" from you during the last
two days, as if you were in trouble
& calling me. But maybe I'm projecting.
I hope that you're found - writing
something that sustains the rest of
your life & makes it not too bad.
I'm that sorry you're uncomfortable,
anxious of pain across, even with the
dark days.

This is the 1st day I'm wakened
without sunlight streaming in. But
it's still warm. This is the one time
you could have enjoyed Topeka.
Even Hall, I suppose, has a good
reason.

I've found an apartment - \$50 -
living room, fireplace, bedroom above,
kitchenette & shower, but entrance &
quite comfortably furnished. I challenge
to an older, more formal winter, tell
trouble with not many places here
is that they won't take you if you
smoke or drink & reason that if
you smoke you must drink. I'll
move today or tomorrow. I'd stay
here if it weren't for the incessant
bleaching of radon. Two of them on different
stations.

I've been pen hunting. Winter by
promise to have Celebrate this week.
Mum developed a leak.

This job, so far is sort of crazy.
I'm left alone pretty much. Today first
example I have a case conference

Walker Winslow correspondence

at 9:30 that will last an hour. When I get a phone I won't have to times around my office even a half day. I'm only had two consultations so far.

I've been brooding about one thing this week. The fate of people like me. Here I am where hundreds would like to be - people who would settle down in Topeka for a life career. Yet I'm dissatisfied, cramped by the idea of three months even, tickled by ideas of respectability - paying ones debt. No matter how much I pay back to Humanity in general, I owe one the individual & if I keep paying the individual the work that might be done during a life time is lost. I want to shake free.

I/you think I was hurried & restless in Rochester I'm sure that but you & I have the same essential aims, I don't want comradeship. I realize that I won't running from you, but I'll collect & hopelessness. Now for 3 months I can desperately write, hoping a few hundred dollars come. Out of debt, I'll live some - you & write. I can ask someone for the 40 or 50 per mo. I need for food. Someone will give me a check. Then if I'm not the writer I think I am I'll at least have gone down trying.

Without you, life seems to have lost a lot of its point. I don't feel barren - not asked for what I am really give, not sustained by what I really need. I know you must put me some way.

Along with all this comes the realization of how badly I've failed you as a mate & lover - even as a friend.