

## Walker Winslow correspondence

### Section 16, Pages 451 - 480

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)

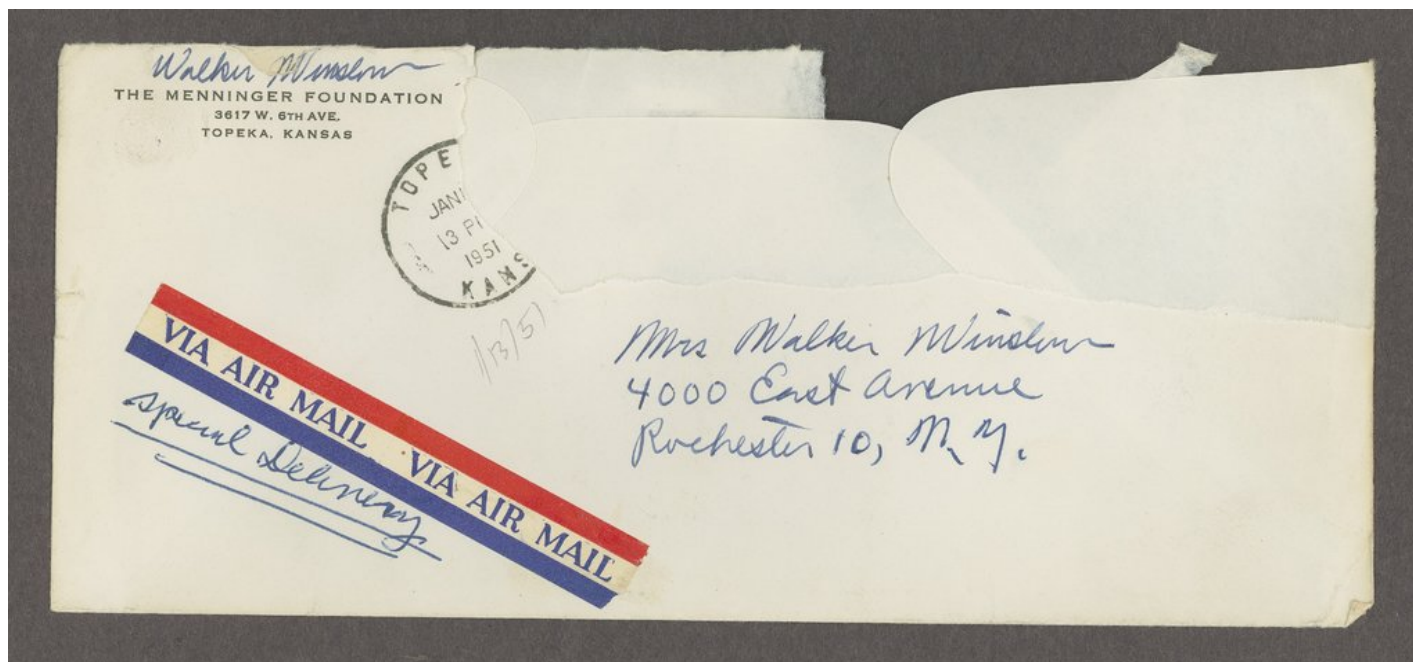
Callnumber: Menninger Historic Psychiatry Coll., Winslow, Boxes 1-7

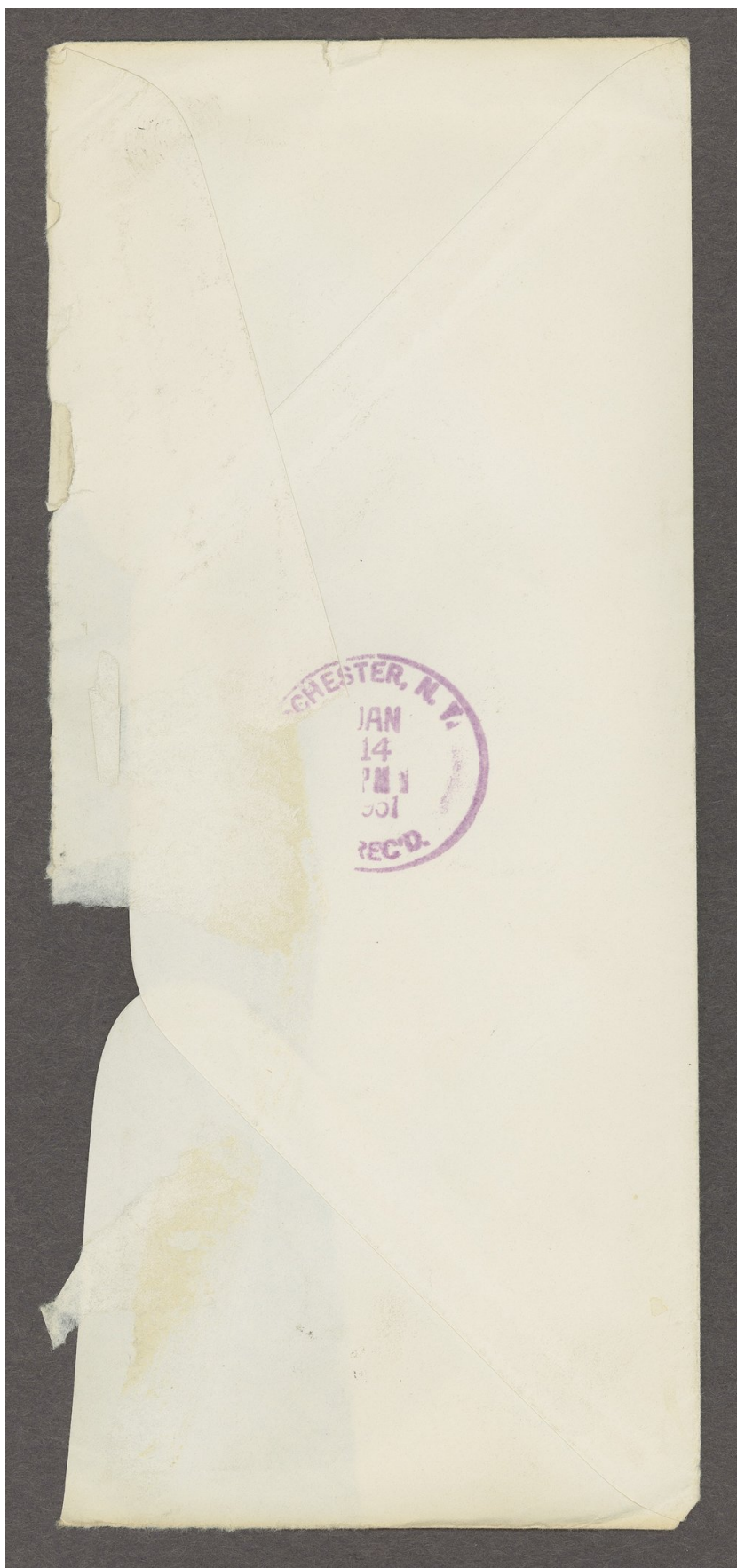
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## Walker Winslow correspondence









## Walker Winslow correspondence

Saturday Night - Midnight

Dearest one:

I haven't yet had a chance to digest the letter that came today, wondering as you were just leaving Buffalo. I'm here on the go ever since I sent the special delivery this morn. 1st. The school - a special concluding session, the writing of a 2000 word nomination for the rank of the year then tonight a party for the new class starting at the aid school. I spent hours there and have learned as I was I sat at a table & felt both old & younger than anyone there. I'm sure you know what I mean - so much more has happened to me, but yet with less striking effect, you & I have a youngness - it's in our lives, even in our confusion but it's something the 25 year olds lack - they don't aspire high enough to be confused, or so enough.

Your thoughts on Scott & Terry I've have to study. I really have thought very little of Terry since I wrote him that letter. Perhaps in full competition - he sent me a copy of the new Clinic report signed with the compliments of the author. Probably I'll have to do more thinking as writing before I understand his role in my life. It seems to me we no longer have much of a role unless sometime I oblige him & use him as a character in a book. Right now I don't feel that it's imperative to be so much associated & distorted material to be put in its proper place. I feel that the placing of each other in the proper relationship to each other as we are doing, is the all important thing. Possibly you are placing me where I belong in your life by writing about Scott.

However much of him you had assumed, I think that mostly I missed the real you, taken from things you told me about yourself in your pen. Scott placed me & related to you as you were when we came together. It's possible too, that you were the stranger of the two you & Scott - & that you assumed what you were asked upon to give, you may have been delivered by a demand on your strength more





## Walker Winslow correspondence

them by an effort on your weakness  
all this is conjecture, you must continue  
to work often & some & keep your back clear  
for yourself & myself. I think that if you  
feel a surge of love for me you'll give  
that in your back also. We mustn't understand  
each other as threats in that way.

Our own maturing & acceptance of our destiny  
is all important. We both recognize that at  
this same time it seems to me. I wish  
we were together now. I'm sleepy & must  
say goodnight, a real close to you goodnight.

Sunday a.m.

slept until 9<sup>30</sup> again! you'll be surprised at how shunning  
I am. I'm paid in flesh for some of the things I  
learned.

I just reread your letter. I think that you've done  
some very deep ~~that~~ thinking on the Scott, Terry  
business. At all times to me thing doesn't it - a  
drawing together of all of ourselves for each other - a  
death of the idols & a birth of reality? Our work moving  
out from one center, not attempting to converge  
upon a center from disparate points.

How I've looked on you & Scott is a little  
confused in my mind. at times I've separated  
him as a paragon from his fine creation he  
is in your books & I've envied that creation  
certain of his qualities without being jealous.  
I really suffered for him for his first book & feared  
for him for some of the fine passages in his  
last books. The only times I felt jealous were over  
some of the letters that totally disregarded me &  
over his visit to you - I no longer have any  
negative feelings about either of those things. I did,  
however, see the tragedy of disintegration & integration  
that was making it a desperate thing for  
you to hold an idol in place. you had integrated  
yourself a great deal more than he had. I think  
that a few times you tried to let go of your integration  
in order to be closer to him - and that were  
points where he was no longer capable  
of even simulating what had been in you.  
He was terribly, terribly lost from himself at  
times, as we all are. I think I could end  
a story of him, as Conrad ends *Fort Jern*



## Walker Winslow correspondence

by simply saying, "He was one of us." Perhaps  
a peculiarly blessed "one of us".

As writers, I felt no competition between us.  
We are totally different & his could have  
probably been the greater gift, had he been  
capable of transmitting this power in paper.  
As I see it now, his weakness wasn't one  
of talent - whatever that means - but a thing  
burned into his being & really not a weakness  
at all. His long struggle for life became in him  
not a struggle at all but eventually a wonder-  
ful series of sermons, tacitly & almost magic  
delights. So far as struggle was concerned he  
felt so much older than the world the sea  
could afford to be eternally young & as wise  
as the young - playfully - serene almost. And  
yet he wanted greatness as the reward for the  
struggle. But the terror there was that he never  
put his own heroic struggle into his applications  
for greatness. He thought a hurricane or a war  
would do, where actually his inner seas had  
been greater than either. But above all this, he  
knew for a little while that the reward of his  
victory was "life" & that in an inspired moment  
he shared with you. Perhaps your own greatest  
capacity for life came after your own struggle,  
when you were quenched & he was sated &  
"greatness-obsessed". From you were built together  
I am sure all too easily. But there is still much  
you'll have to explain to me through your  
books. Maybe you'll tell me that your capacities  
for love were greatest when his own  
inspiring capacities for giving no longer existed.

The difference between you & me as  
writers is that I am one who has to fight  
with his demons he was not. Poverty or  
loss of friends' faith aren't my reasons for writing.  
My reasons always have been self doubt & a  
need for self discovery. I put dozens of books  
aside, then I had with "a man" before  
I wrote it. I had book was blessed with  
an abundance of faith.

I think that I'm ready to write - to  
come to grips with things, slowly, perhaps,  
but surely. Togetherness between us is certainly





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no enemy of my work. Ambivalence is. I have to be wholly committed and so, I think, do you.

I am sure that we need space in which to do our writing but I can never see the sense of separate establishments, of comparing of being half used. When we love & respect each other wholly we can be together & sustain each other. We only need to be separate because we do not do that.

Coming together now should be an enlivening force for both of us. When have to quit looking at each other as crisis demanding an immediate settlement & start living with each other as the most constant & select part of a long creative problem. I would never start on any novel that lay away from you with real conviction. That's why I'm coming to you if you really want me & things are right for my writing. I'm not a very busy week ahead of me spring ready - one season excited week, but also one in which I will be moving in surety in a direction I've chosen.

Late Evening

I've done dirty things today & this evening half expected a call from you. I hardly dare go out, as I did not, for a pack of cigarettes. I got the reading *Waldman, What of the Night*. There are some bad sections in it, but also some amazing sections, far above average American writing. Things I could only have written with you. We both had a good period while we were writing together - that's how we belong together. I still can't understand Max & Burke's reaction to that book.

I've got an idea for another book will talk about, or maybe I'll just write a little at a time. There's such a lot to write if one doesn't get confused. And if one learns to write. Will not to devote ourselves to a great deal of work - perhaps more than you.

I'm sleepy now & have to really get going in the morning. I'm watching the weather & hoping it will hold. It's perfect here yet. I hope storms don't hold me up. I've got it fixed so that the new nurse coming in Feb. will take my apt. - Bud Hall is arranging that since she asked for a place.





## Walker Winslow correspondence

you'll still have time to answer me. I hope you  
will assure me that all is well for me at your  
place. I'm sure your folks want me, but they  
may fear reputation or a scandalous son in law,  
which they'll have for awhile at least. I think  
good on this.

Goodnight darling one. Wait warm.

Monday a.m.

Dearest me:

Your voice - just like that! - out of a deep sleep.  
It was wonderful. I was so disoriented that  
I had no idea what time it was - it's still dark  
here - also a streamliner train was making  
like a fog horn on the bay. I could have been in S.F.  
I didn't even know where the lights were. I was  
surprised when I found one that was on a  
wall in Topeka, of all unlikely places. When I asked  
you where you were I wondered if you'd gotten  
lost & awakened in Topeka too. Only your voice  
was very you - your morning voice. It's real  
deliciousness got into me more after you'd hung  
up. Maybe it's a good thing you awakened me.

I've developed a lovely, night owl habit of  
reading until 1:00 in the morning & then oversleeping.  
Now it's light out - a real dawn at 7:30.

I'll be wonderful to meet you in Batavia.  
The idea makes me want to take off this morning.  
But I'll try to do things a step at a time, make  
duty calls on people, clean everything up - all the crap  
that I feel so little like facing, especially at this hour  
of the morning.

Karl gets back the end of this week or the 1<sup>st</sup> of  
next - his visiting his daughter in L.A. There's  
no use talking to Wally. I haven't any other tools.  
They may insist on the extra ten days as per  
the agreement but I think I can talk them out of  
that. Maybe I can write a report after I get to  
Rochester & get 10 days extra pay.

But I'll be with my baby. That's what's important.  
My wife may head it humming with the cheerleader  
of the day - ten people in all & only so many notes.  
But I'll get there at 8:30 for a change & really get  
going. One poor guy has been sleeping  
on me to get him out all the time I've been  
of - poor guy! \$50,000 a year!



## Walker Winslow correspondence

I'm going to put an end to this bleeding  
hearts club people have been making of me.  
It seems to me I've just cut me poor guy  
his leg for looking around with his life.  
But that's a long story - a short story.

Your saying "I'm just going to my desk"  
made me very happy. I'm going to mind  
too - but the wrong kind.

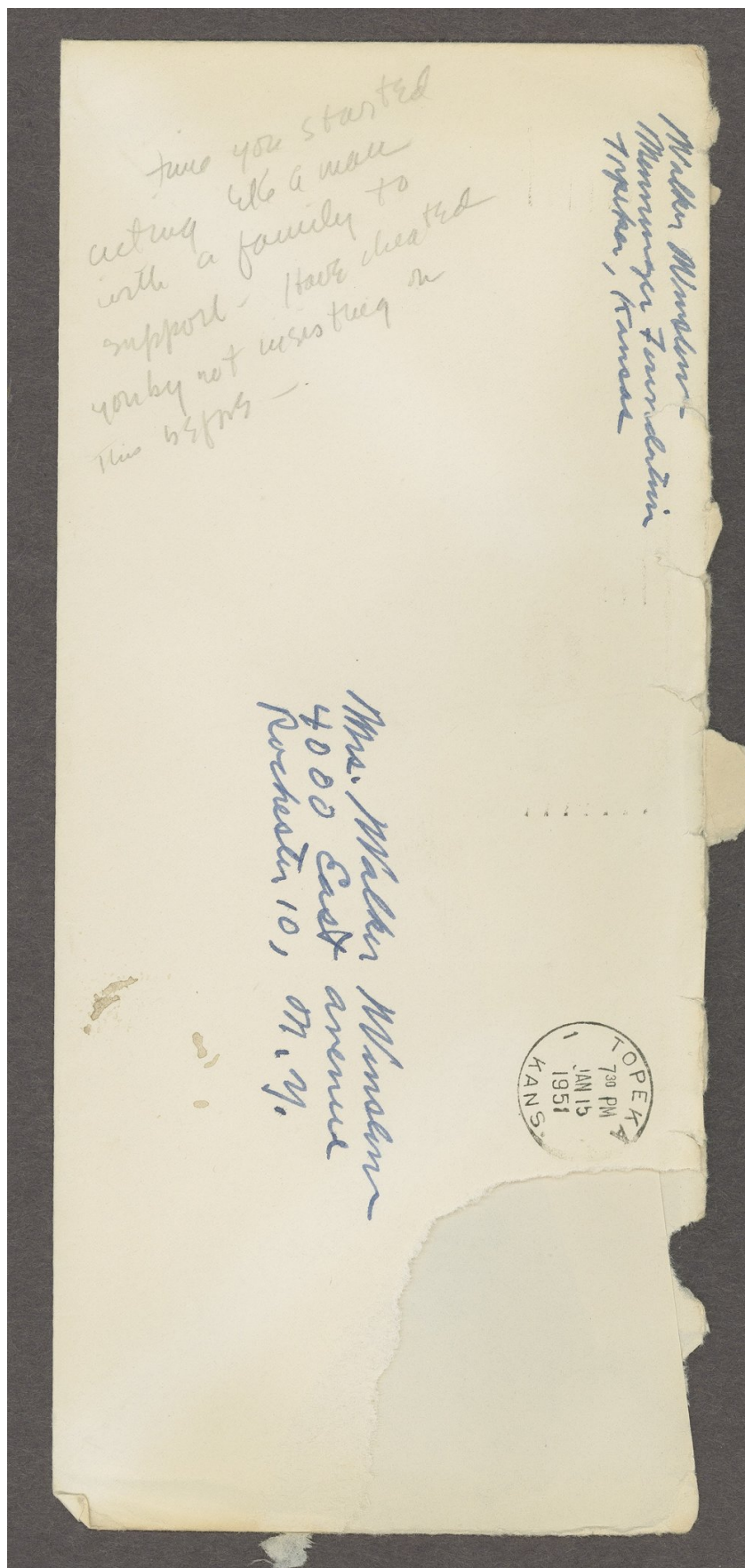
Goodbye for now. Love me good until  
I get to you & then you won't have a chance  
not to.

your

Wally

xxxxxx  
xxxxxx







## Walker Winslow correspondence



PINE ACRES

Dearest Emma & Cradell:

Between Furling &  
Van Wert, Ohio  
Thursday noon

I'm writing in the car at a roadside park after a big lunch. That would have made you proud. I have to feed our courage. It seems to me that our feet will around on this continent like a pair of dice - and that we always depend on each other being the winner. I'm trying to be a thoughtful, efficient man & have thought as strongly as I can in that direction. But that we more securely believe to each other than ever before - that there isn't much of anything for us unless we have each other. That thought warms me - it needed to. This parting was one of the saddest of my life, such dismal defeat after such strong hope. But will come then.





## Walker Winslow correspondence

I've been snowed out of the way &  
I'm detained at least an extra 100 miles.  
The roads are simply destroyed in some places.  
Last night I stayed in Kent & didn't write  
my getting up letter because there was no  
coffee. The cars are so full.

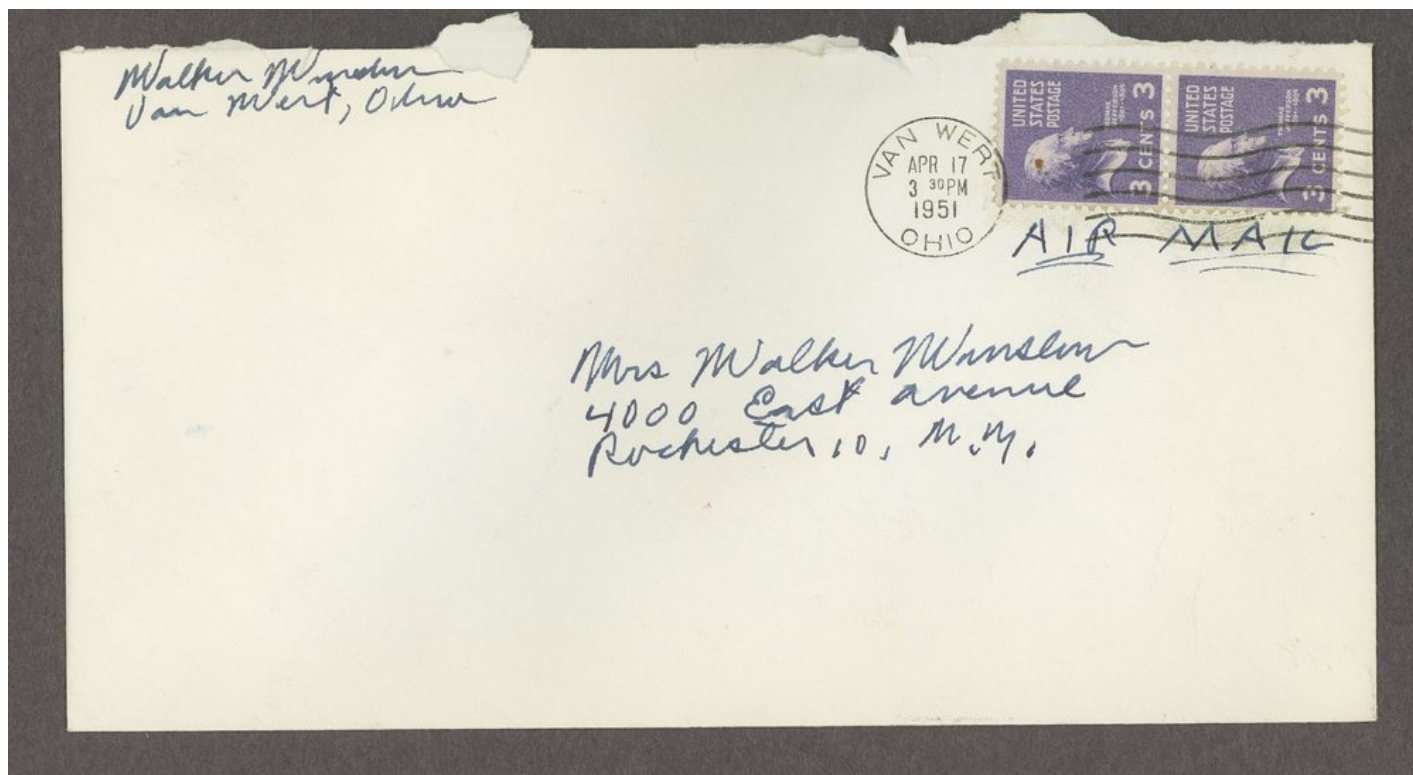
I was going to take a snap. But the  
weather has cleared & it's better to take  
advantage of it. Give my warmest love  
to your folks.

your eternal

From the mileage I'm half way <sup>Wally</sup>  
in before tomorrow night (Wed.) probably.



## Walker Winslow correspondence







## Walker Winslow correspondence

Topeka  
Thursday a.m. 4<sup>10</sup>

Dearest Stu:

I got in late yesterday, using much more time than I did in coming to see you, but I'm terribly tired - the condition of the roads, the sameness of my thoughts & the blinding snow flurries no doubt. I had to take two seconds to put myself to sleep. Then just awakened with a wrapping just which is now smeared, Charles to Dr. H.

You know what I think. You're a brave & wonderful girl. You gave me a stomachy feeling about myself by being so. The going away was terribly difficult for me. We were ready to be together for ever both in pleasure & need. Moreover we were real friends.

I'm too tired to write much that makes sense about the immediate future. Today I'm going to try to read & rest & sort of clear the desk for action.

But everyone seemed glad to see me. Hugo had a certain supercilious air & childlike like. It was at once reproachful & sure. He went to sleep with me but his gone this morning. He's a very handsome cat & fully aware of it. But was out last night so I had the evening alone in sort of discharge my tensions. I was so peeped that I couldn't read & remember the first sentence of a paragraph when I finished the last. I do remember that both Bud & Dr. Brown were crazy about your water color.

Things will work out well for housing. The rest of Mary Bud goes away for a week & asked me if I'd stay with Hugo. That will give me time to get everything done in the article line. The Psychiatrist as a Catholic is already in the bag.



## Walker Winslow correspondence

Together, climate & soil, seems to put itself out for me. After all the miserable weather on the trip it was pure spring here - not as good as our wonderful fine acres spring, but a day of flowering sap & smug earth & the good smell of burning leaves.

I wanted you with me & at times was glad you weren't. The road would have broken your fusion. Then would come the discovery of a new & beautiful town. and I saw a sample of the dumbest houses - no mansion in the wilderness - rather, four stories - that spoke eloquently of a past. "I thought of C. A. Robinson's time" as if the story of a house were told - or even could be. Then there was what appeared to be another Winchester House - a place of a hundred rooms - sprawling architectural caligraphy. as always there were places that worked especially ours. I got more of a feeling of continuity & immortal purpose out of some of those mid-western towns than either the towns of the East or West - more closely interlarded with the earth & space.

The old Pope - father never missed a lick - \$2.45 for the trip for gas & food for food & rooms. I slept in the car Tuesday night & made up for it by having a stand \$1.25. People are chattering the wiffle, even at truck stops, so I went easy on wiffle.

I stayed up late enough Tuesday night to listen to that whole Mr. Arthur nightmare. amazing, America's need for a hero father... and pitiful that they should try so hard to make something of a man who has been a sort of an unchallenged dictator out of his life. Not even the radio men could work up the pseudo enthusiasm that comes so easy. They were scared, nervous ~~by~~ because they'd become involved in a public act more phoney than their own. Mac, sounds so rehearsedly dramatic. I wouldn't be surprised if this doesn't result in a swing back to Truman eventually. The public can at least say of him, "he is one of us."



## Walker Winslow correspondence

Whatever sort of mess you & I may seem to be, we at least have the dignity of a purpose beyond our time. This country is sick. We shouldn't, of course, be smug about that. We should cultivate our health & I particularly should quit being at all moved by what anyone thinks - so long as they're thinking attaches itself to values that are not our own. Our integrity is probably equal - but you accept yours better than I do.

I was thinking about what you said when I said you ought to write a book about your siege with T.B. You said you hadn't accomplished anything, that you had to have something to show for your recovery. I'd want that you should finish your second book - present - but the accomplishment that counts would be intrinsic in your story. The question with the reader - whatever your successor lack of it, would always be "is it terribly important that she get well?" You would make that seem important & at the same time make "life" seem important. We have too many people who speak only when they have a "right" to speak, which is to say when they've returned to the very things that make them sick. How you haven't returned is a greater story - yours goes on in a special way.

I hope your mother & Dad got back refreshed & with rejuvenated spirits. I feel close to them & concerned for them. They deserve so much more than they get or allow themselves.

Karl wants to see me right away but I'll wait until I'm rested & sharp. I want to state my case clearly, if I get a chance to. Right now I can think & feel with you but with no one else. I wouldn't unscrew my thoughts for another living soul.



## Walker Winslow correspondence

you ought to call this room. The size of  
the Pendergast library, it ~~the~~ has enough furniture  
in it for three rooms. The glasses from a  
party are still all over the place, not to speak  
of my stuff & Bud's dirty laundry. It looks  
as if it had been lived in. I'll try to restore  
some order - at least with my own stuff  
today

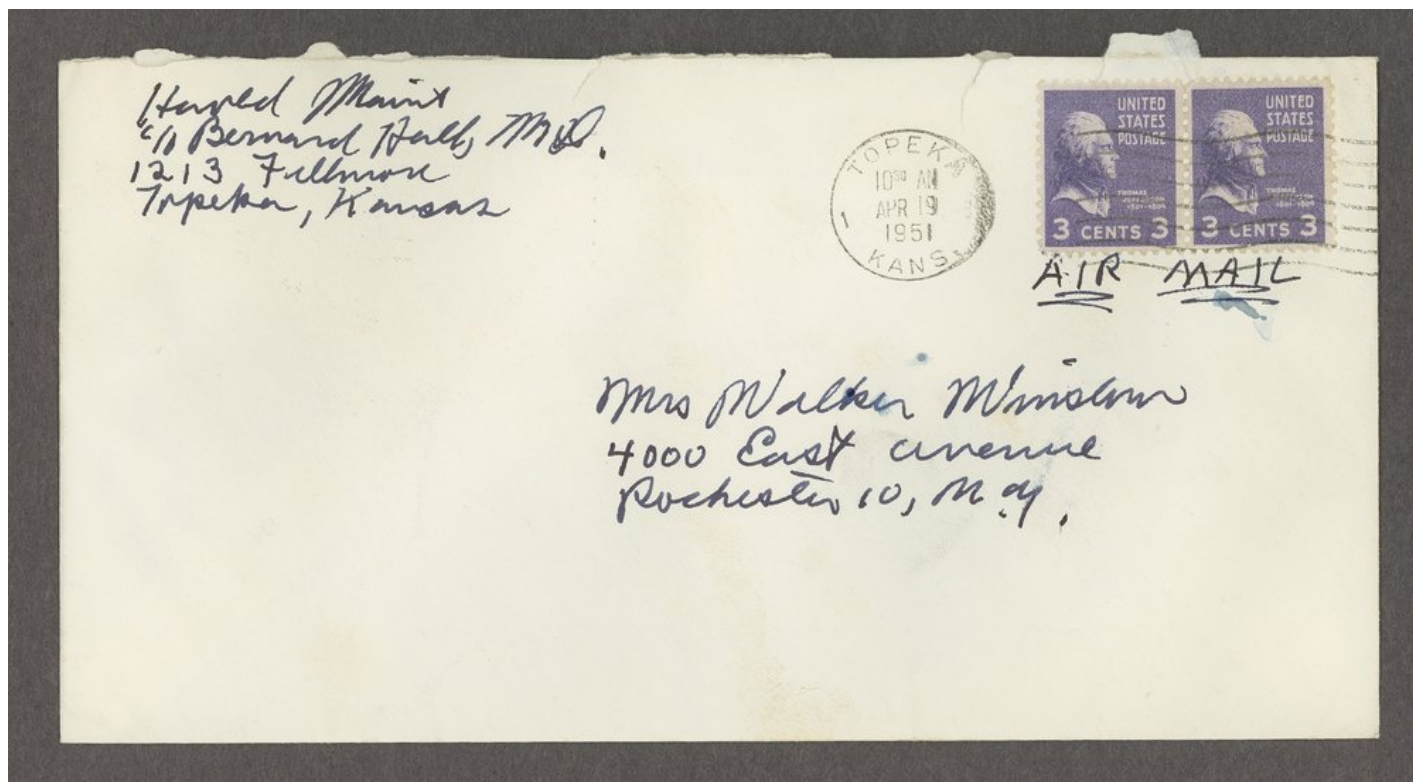
I'll have to stop this & try to sleep a little.

Your man loves you & respects you, I hope  
you do him.

your  
Walker  
x x x x x



## Walker Winslow correspondence







## Walker Winslow correspondence

Saturday 5<sup>30</sup> a.m.

Dear One:

I wish, I wish I had just arisen drenched in your warmth & sure of your nearness. As I get rested I miss you more & more - I have more strength to miss you with I guess. But I have your company in my reveries to get something done & yesterday I began to stir myself. The result:

At 9:00 today I see Karl, Jim Matt, the dr. who is getting 20-30% royalties with allegedly deteriorated pts. has agreed I can do his story. You thought it was the best of all in Topeka & I agree. I'll spend a whole day with him. I'll see Jim when I go out to see Dr. Karl & Jack Dunning sometime this weekend. Also Pete & Maxine as soon as possible.

See Magazine said the U.S. wasn't their type of story. But the U.S. is dead. I haven't had any other types of mail, especially not the little note I wanted from you. Maybe that will come today.

I'm not able to sleep well yet & I'm getting rested mainly from just being quiet. There is a mourning dove right outside the window opening off his or her muted bell tone. Nice in the still spring morning.

The activity around here is rather intense. Bud is having conferences all over the place & had the faculty here last night. I must keep quiet but I'm going to sit in there evenings to all friends at that I don't leave with people feeling slighted.

I have my watercolor up & it gets more wonderful all the time. Everyone makes remarks in remarks on it, and why not? It's a great painting. For me it has you in it. I can warm myself by it.

I'm going to finish this after I've seen Karl & know more. I want to write to a couple of magazines now even though my tendency is to stay right with you. I'm getting strong, maybe. Words will with me & just scribble, one little note.



## Walker Winslow correspondence

Sunday a.m.  
I've just let it go out & his trying to pick a  
fight with a large yellow cat, much to the  
amusement of everyone in the neighborhood. His war  
cry sounds like the whistle on a steamboat.  
I got your short, good little letter yesterday.  
you sounded strong & clear. I'm glad your  
folks were understanding. I thought that  
they would be.

I saw Karl yesterday a.m. He was a  
little dubious about the money raising,  
but sure something could be done. He wanted  
me to give him ideas & then tell do the  
work. The Ford Foundation, which I don't  
understand, is being pondered. He asked me  
if I'd like the public relations job here.  
I told him I doubted that I could handle it.  
But it would pay well. To take care of the  
immediate future I have some lectures on  
electrolysis for which V.A. will pay me.  
He's asked his assistant to help me with  
anything I want. He thinks the outline I  
sent American is just the story to do here.  
Jean has been trying to get someone to do it.

So -- there's nothing clear cut but there  
is hope. The cash for debt is still the way.  
I saw Jack Dumas last night. He's willing  
to use his name on the medical  
economics story.

Paul wants to see his family so I'm all alone  
& glad to be. I'll try to do something this  
a.m.

It's odd that I don't hear from True Experience.  
What I'm striving for is a rest for me.  
Bud is going to the Congo with the people  
across the St. The 2nd week in May & I can  
go with them & ease the mind.

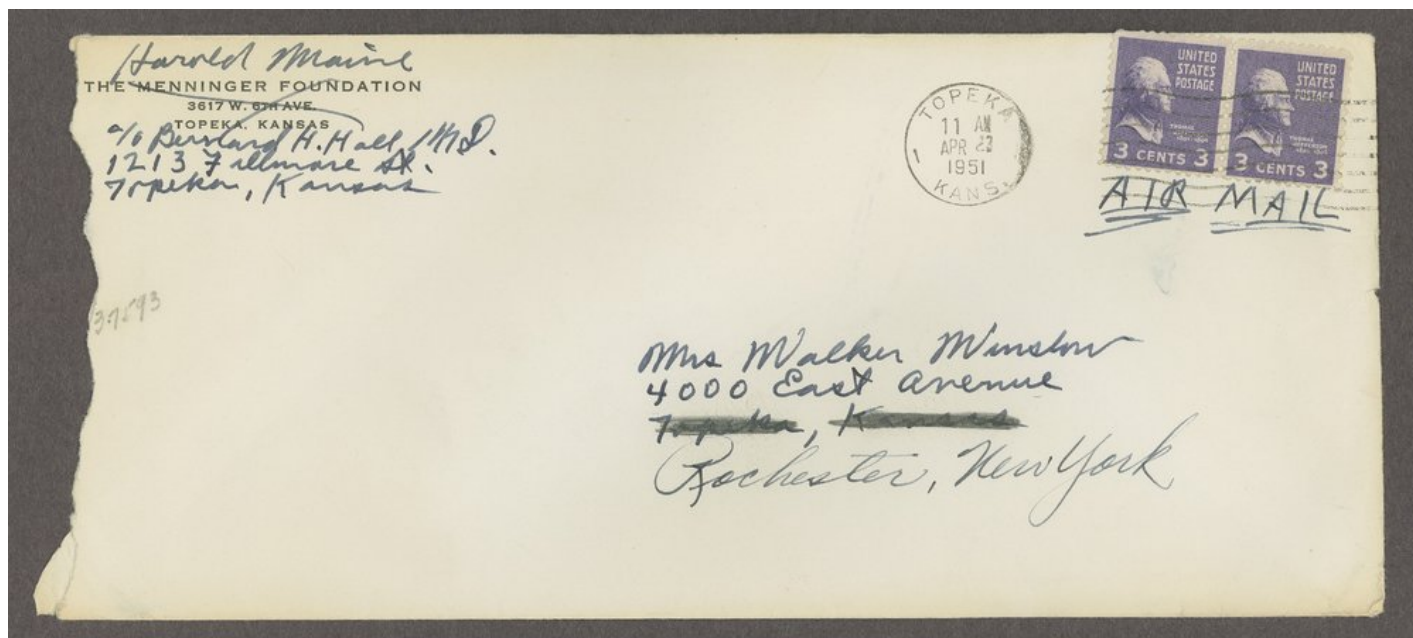
I'm working with you credit. Maybe this  
time will come to something. I bank to  
believe it will. Left is too punch when we  
won't have all of each other & our own little  
ways. I kiss you

your  
Walker





## Walker Winslow correspondence





## Walker Winslow correspondence

Tuesday

Dear one:

As you curse me for not writing we might examine a Frenchman error on my last letter. I addressed it to Mrs Walker Winslow, Topeka instead of Rochester. The air mail drapatcher from the P.O. called yesterday afternoon & I told him to make the change. It would seem I want you with me, which I do. It's a nice blowing seashore morning here.

It's too bad your mother had to come right back & be sick again. She should have an enforced rest & a long one. Maybe you can finally convince all that a maid is needed full time & that your & my being there has its allumatic, essential side. The high attitude on a happier latitude is just as essential for you by Fall too. I've known that you got tired too early in Rochester.

That was a happy lot of repetitions, though not unexpected. The check was some compensation though I must say that \$50 for the fifteenth article isn't impressive. I'll hold the check uncashed unless you need it right away. I have no way yet of telling how soon the V. Will pay. That outfit owes me still another check on another article. The Daggett business arrived as if she were cooling considerably. But that too, is as I expected. I'd think her this a con-

I've come to a conclusion from stock repetitions etc. that I'm still really an outside example, as was I. Other people are asked to do prices. Although they don't use his stuff Mike Gorman is drawing a good return from Reader's Digest to cover that field. Deutsch & Marsell have similar arrangements. I've heard to see where I fit in Karl. has just become aware of this. He thinks I'm the best & fighting a closed corporation.

However, the Jim Mott story is one of the most exciting in my experience. I spent the morning with him. And I saw what loving care really means. His chosen the hopeless chronic, averaging 16 years captivity & is making 30% of them. To them his a son brother & everything really but



## Walker Winslow correspondence

a doctor. He has time for everyone. I'll send you  
wipers of my outline. Whit's remarkable  
is that in order to prove his point he  
ask for nothing fancy & no more personnel  
than could be found in a routine state  
hospital. His list relatives & interested people  
give things. His old ladies bake pies & sell  
them & earn money they need.

His personnel however is zero compared  
to 70% for the rest of the hospital. His the  
guy who was sitting on the edge of the  
tube in the S.E.P. to try S.E.P. first. I have  
another project for the I.H.J.  
The next day will be busy. I'm  
stayed away from the clinic so far. and  
I have rested.

You sound good about your book.  
I know you won't force it too much. If  
you could get it typed or I could read it  
we could talk about it. I don't eat the Ben and  
section too much & feel all that you eat.

I think I can get my old apartment  
the 15th of next month & wonder if I  
shouldn't if a house is assured that  
until I find some better way for us. It  
is all too apparent that our hopes for  
my writings were a pipe dream &  
and you on but it's even more hopeless  
than before. a weaker or weaker person  
would give up at this point. But I'm  
not the make a way for us now or  
never. In the midst of everything else  
I have to find a way forward to help.  
He wants me to go over every possibility  
with his assistant.

I've slept the last two nights. & he  
next time I catch him again I'll get you  
some personal.

I love you cuddle, did I do. Be with  
me in these painful times & you may  
then be with me in better. I feel that  
you are as never before.

My warmest love to all.

your  
nephew





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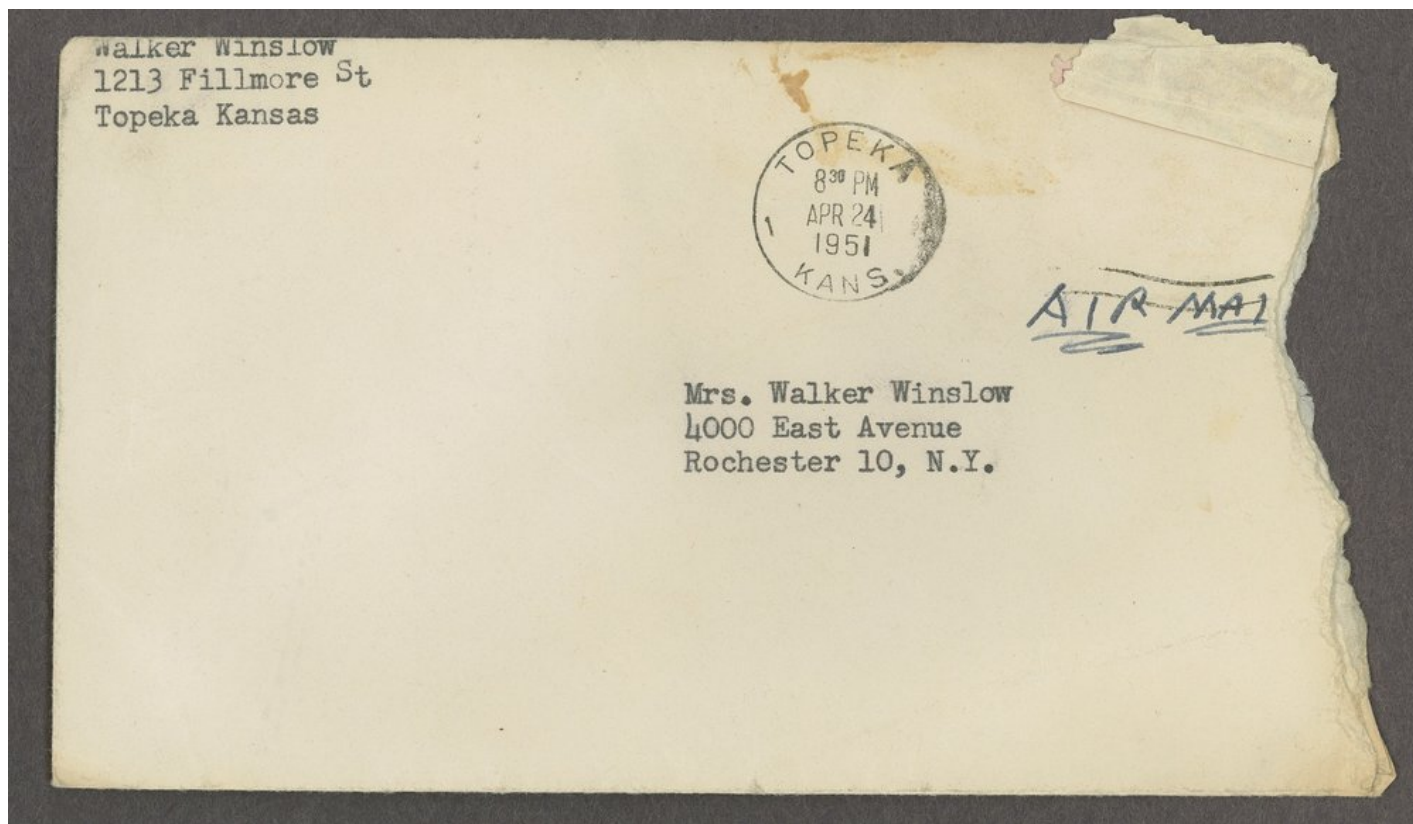
220 GRAND AVENUE  
OAKLAND 10, CALIF.



wanted  
to live the  
union - not  
with out of it -



## Walker Winslow correspondence







## Walker Winslow correspondence

Wed a.m.

Dearest Lady of the Pines:

you'd have gotten warmed here yesterday. It was 78 in the afternoon. Maybe that's what made me sort of inert yesterday. I'm loathsome for you, too. It's just that. But where oh where does the future lay? all the good stories I get become more meaningless & hard to write. I can only foresee their rejection. Not even my great capacity for hope can keep me going forever.

all day yesterday I tried to write for assignments & then found I could no longer seriously play the game. They sounded just as I felt, dubious. I guess I'll simply have to try & do the stories & then chance them on the world. Right now a good agent would be helpful.

I get more ready to do a book when this sort of despair hits me. Then comes the question - how? Maybe the next two weeks will bring the answer. If they don't I'm stuck with a job, here or elsewhere. all the others make it at writing. Quetch has a series of articles in Look. Marshall is in two or three magazines. and you can be sure they've covered the rest with fairness. Quetch also got screwed by Magnum & would have beaten me out in any case. I might make the grade at confession writing but I'd need almost the time it takes to do a book.

Criddle, I can only conclude we're damn well cornered by fate. My ambivalence makes people less & less eager to hire me. and the magazines won't support me. We've got to be extremely realistic. Karl will have to be a genius to find anything that will really help us. I'll see Shuffel, his assistant again today.

This is a delightful note. I'll build it up for another day & see how I feel then.





## Walker Winslow correspondence

Thursday

Dearest one:

My letter of yesterday was really too depressed to send - a second start wasn't much better. My personal feelings about things & the reality of my chances at writing or anything else just don't jibe. The letter you enclosed was a demand for 1395 right now, and there isn't even a fool here that I can earn that right now. I'll raise it somewhere.

Today, of all things, I have to be with Karl when he talks to Mary Mann - and I owe her letters etc. Embarrassing! Also I wanted to spend the day with Jim and work out my story, which I'm going to do assignment or no assignment. I'm taking one thing at a time.

So far I haven't done anything about work here. I just block. I have a couple of releases for subsidies but both involve other work. Easy does it I guess.

I see your mother's illness just a cold - or continuous strain. I know I should be with you but conditions simply make it impossible. You won't be able to go to M.H. with your mother all with you? But you sound happily creative with your books & maybe the trip should come later when you need a period of detachment from it.

However, your own impulses should dictate. Mike would be deeply moved if you came to his show & it would give you a sense of accomplishment too. You might not have a release from Paris even. Maybe some surprising happening will enable me to arrange it.

I got the program for the institute. My part is rather light. Only two panels. Deutsch is the leading figure, as he should be since it has to do with journalism. I'll be glad when it's over & I can get down to my story.



## Walker Winslow correspondence

a week from this sat. And leaves for  
the a.p. for a week. I should make busy.  
In the meantime I'll gather material, see  
about the future, etc.

I miss you in so many ways that  
it isn't funny. I wonder if you haven't  
gotten the big more preferable & less lovers.  
and I want a new kind of love to come  
back to us - the golden truth that  
protects us & sets us aside. We haven't  
a chance (I should say) of finding anyone  
else who is even interesting let alone  
understands us. We have only life to offer  
& what a strange commodity that has  
become.

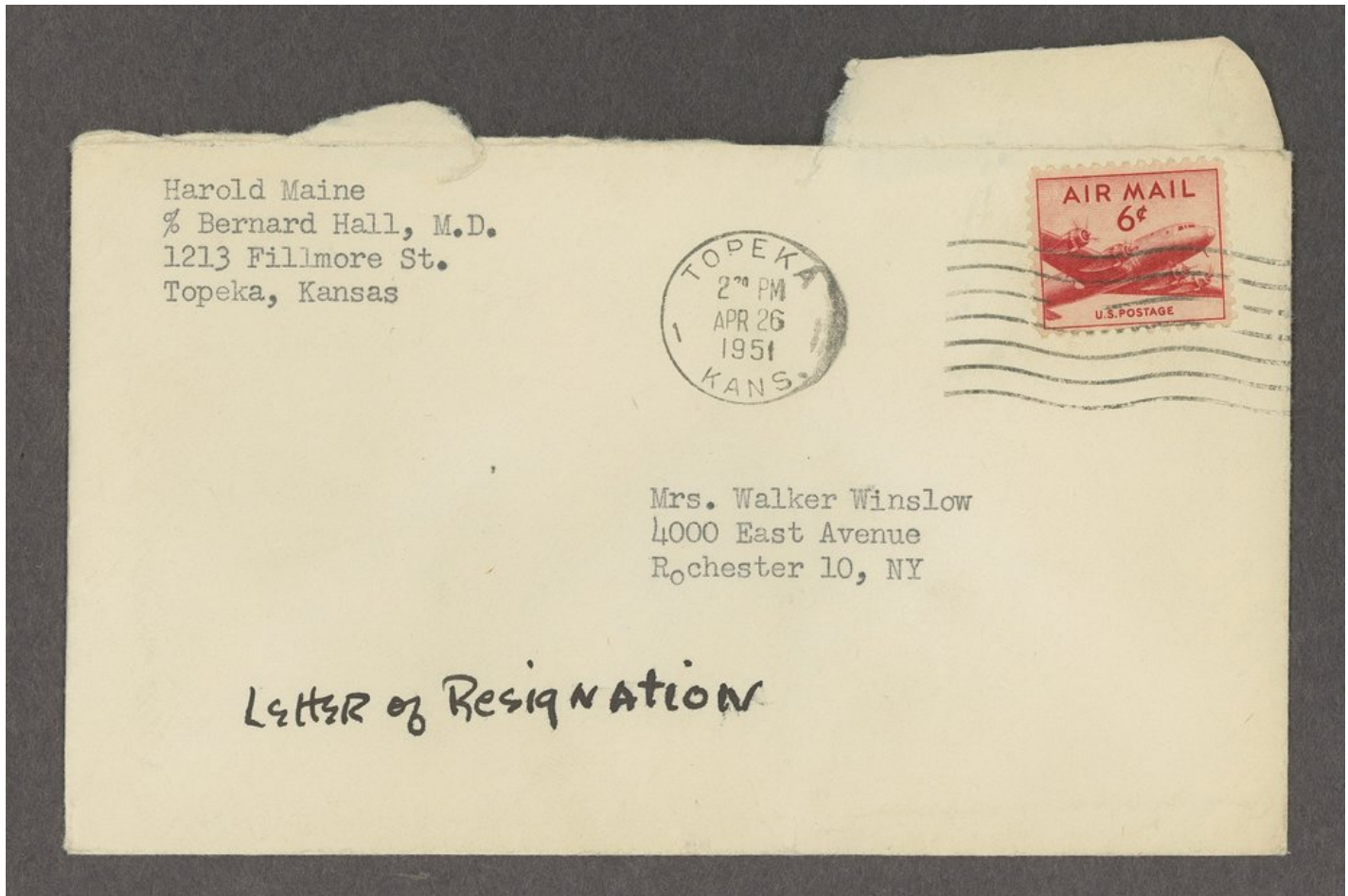
I've got to get out to the hospital early  
to see Mr. M. I wish you could go with  
him. He gives you an invitation  
to life meaning, a strange joy. One  
of the greatest men I've ever met. Another  
tall, unassuming, red head. I saw the old doctor there  
and how little of the doctor there  
is about him. He's really performed miracles.  
Where 75% of these women were lost ridden  
18 months ago, now all are up - 20% released -  
50% can go out of the ward - 25% go to town &  
shop. They make all the profits for the center  
to earn side money, and he lets them out  
just like any bunch of women of similar  
age. This should be a story. But you  
know how it is.

So good night. I'll do as good as I  
can. A big kiss

you  
Malky



## Walker Winslow correspondence





## Walker Winslow correspondence

Sat a.m.

Dear One:

I'm pooped this morning. It was Kansas hot yesterday & I've been given the job of searching Marty Mann, who suddenly moved from appointment to appointment, etc. I started it right & got through at eleven last night. She makes a big impression. But all she knows is about what an expert on alcoholism I am which is a little rough on her.

I've learned one thing from her that may be worthwhile. Her health is excellent & she says she never felt better in her life. She's taking a C.E. I think it might settle a lot of my energy problems &, if there are no contraindications yours. I partially take care of that "stress syndrome" with both discussed. and it breaks the hell out of tiredness. If possible, I'm going to try it.

The job situation for me is in a state of flux. I've been offered the public relations job. Jack Dunagin has an alcoholic project afoot, and might want some one to do a biography of old Dr. C.F. Menninger. Also the Russell Sage foundation wants a study of hospitals done. I'm going to strengthen all of this out after the "Institute", which starts Saturday morning.

I've got most of my material for the Matt article together. No word from any magazines. My book shows one fifty dollar sale out of 32 articles & outlines. Pretty good, huh.

Wonderful, that letter you got from Curtis Brown. They are really for you & will really do something for you. I still believe that fat book will find a taker. and it sounds to me as if you are getting to the finishing stages of the other. I'm eager to read it or have it read to me.

you need a change. But whether or not it should break into your work is a big question. Lord, for a break that would help us together to write. you'll have to decide when the time comes whether