

## Walker Winslow correspondence

### Section 20, Pages 571 - 600

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)

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TOPEKA, KANSAS . . . . .

FOR PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT.  
..EDUCATION, AND RESEARCH

Monday Aug 26/51

Dear one:

The letter that came from you today sort of put wings on me, lightened my heart as they say. It was like that time I came home in Pleasanton and there you were. You express what I feel, but better you express you. I wonder why other people seem such empty vessels, so unrounded, so incomplete, so unrounded. I'm not aware that I'm taking their measure by you. I forget that I'm measuring something that aint by something that is. Then when a letter like yours of today comes I see how greatly right I am. When I was reading your letter today I felt tears running down my cheeks. I was moved not by sentiment but by the recognition of a great and valiant spirit. How great few people but me can know. I had to do my novitiate before I could see all of you.

Without you, I know that the world lacks half of its reality. I know too, that other people have no inkling of the sort of reality that we seek and refuse to stop short of. I have a hunch that the most idiotic thing we do is feel insecure about each other. Sometimes I wonder how much we are each others creation and then I look back and realize that for all my years I was moving toward what we were and are together. I don't think there could have been any answer to me but you. That I suddenly realized that I had had a visitation when I left Santa Fe after that first little interlude show me that I had been directed to you somehow. Certainly not by anything that Kathryn said. I thought that the widow Lewisohn was an old lady. Sure we had to shuck off a lot of old willfulness and confusion and that has been painful. Perhaps neither of us really believed that we could have a companion for the journey we had to take. What was hard to learn was that we weren't fit for our destined journey until we had found our counterpart, our witness. Without you I would never have known what I sensed I had hidden from myself. Only through each other did we come to know ourselves. And our knowing hasn't yet reached its end. You'll be chipping flaws off me until I am dead. I know I would slip if I lost my vision of you for an instant. In this tottering world we were meant to hold each other upright. I'm not sure that I would recognize what compromise meant unless I had you. This much is sure. We have to know that we can depend on each other.

When you go back to NY we'll figure out how much I can give you each month. I'll be \$70 per month richer on the advance than I was on the salary. Perhaps I can get a V.A lecture once in awhile. They're \$100. I can't even try to write articles anymore. I just sit in front of the typewriter and go snowblind looking at the paper. There's one other thing you should know and that is that you can come to me whenever you wish. I never live anyplace without having some way of telling as drive in whether or not you're in the house waiting for me. That seems to be a game I can't do without.





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I would love it if you could come to me for thanksgiving or christmass. I think we should see each other, naturally, unplannedly. The first of the month, our month, sept., I become a full time writer again. What I have been working toward has happened.

By the way, I would like very much to read a copy of IF A MAN BE MAD but I haven't one and it is out at all of the libraries. Do we have any extra copies in Rochester?

Where you spoke of writing and learning to write, of learning to use all of yourself directly, deeply and electrically, I wondered why I was puzzled and then I realized that it was because I had just been reading a letter in which you did all of those things. We are never selfconscious in our writing to each other -- only careless at times, and I am the most careless. But as we write for each other so should we write for others if we respect them. I don't imagine the style in IF A MAN is much different than the style in my best letters. Maybe once one accepts their limitations as a stylist etc, and just settles down to work with what they have there is no longer a problem. Certainly we write to each other on every level of consciousness. Just so we don't pose or become affected we have no stylistic worries. I know we both have identical aims. We only want a language that expresses the total of life and a few things beyond life. I always want you to write with the same clarity you have in your eyes when you look at me with a beautifully grave perception.

This business, Cruddle, of discovering and elaborating on the little things you think other people have discovered long ago, and quite unexcitedly, is part of the material of which genius is made. A genius is a person who discovers the world as if for the first time. Other people glance, relate the observed phenomenon to another that has been half observed, and really see nothing. Convention and habit restrict them and blind them. Old C.F. Menninger has a quite wonderful speech about this. He uses the parable of the burning bush. Truly the person who has time to stand and stare is in the presence of God. You and I will always be sort of discomboobered by the wonderful learning of others. I have only to read the worst detective story to see how ignorant and uncultured I really am. As you say the bright women writers know everything. But not one of them has an experience that goes deeper than her pancake makeup. Cultivated sensibilities, yes; sensitivity, no. When something really breaks through in a book it is amazing how simple it is and how near to the very commonest experience.

It just occured to me that our difference in seeing people is that you always see them standing one step behind what they could be and that I try to take the step for them and put them one step ahead of themselves. I confabulate where you illuminate. The other night I was with some people and got to telling stories of people I know. Someone said, "you know the most incredible people, where do you meet them?" An honest answer would be that I can't stand it for people to be just credible. You give people a vision, I give people history. In all of your writing there is that one quality -- impatience with or compassion for the unfulfilled person. I want to deal only in giants; you want to unleash the wings of the earthbound who have a touch of the Angel in them. Your closer to right than I am. Maybe someday I will become patient enough to let men travel before they arrive.





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Y It's strange that I want so much verity in some ways and am so devoid of it in others. For all of the havoc that it has wrought, I suppose that it was a good thing that I had to live up to the text of "if a man be mad." There is nothing that I confronted others with in that book that I haven't been confronted with myself. It's a good thing that the verity in it was morereal than seeming.

I think that if you don't doubt me you'll doubt your writing less. You're right that we would have been published daily had we been in France in the early part of the century. But the fact that we aren't doesn't make what we write any less valid. Possibly it is more valid. I think we simply have to write as if we would be published each day. We need to be as responsible as we would be if a million readers waited for us. But that's hard to do even though it must be done. When we can do that we will have dropped our last fear.

46  
44 I've come to recognize a peculiar aspect to my making people more than they are. I think that I did that with Karl and that I was tied to him more by the fear that he would expose himself as less than I made him than by any other need or thing. He continually proves to me that he was more than I made him. He doesn't need my support and I realize that I don't need his so long as he doesn't let me down on what I made him. God knows that I couldn't add to his eccentricity or incredibility. Karl completed himself when he got to the place where I realized that both you and I could recognize him. For all of his crazy flaws he's pretty much what we both ask of man. We can be quiet about him and know that he is working with us. The only other person I know who we can say that about is Uncle Mike, or perhaps Henry. I, at least, am more enslaved by people's failure to live up to my idea of them than I am by their success. That is with external people.

You are internal as well as external. I can't separate my bones from my flesh. As the bones grow so will the flesh affirm them. You are pretty much my bones. We won't have any jealousies once we really recognize that. It's terribly hard for me to see where I am doing something separate from you. And I really don't want to do anything separate. There's not an event that I don't want to report to you at once, or feel that it has been reported by merely occurring.

If I couldn't have written you and known you were getting my letters these last weeks I feel sure I would have gone crazy. You actually are the only affirmation that there is any reality. I'm that entangled in you; that little entangled in the rest of the world. My interest in or ability to talk about psychiatry is zero. You've sensed the rise of the creative juices. Even though I have moaned and howled and yipped and yeped, I've been doing it on the right side of the fence. My work has been using less and less of me. It's a little like quitting drinking. You fight and fight a habit or a need, then when you aren't looking it deserts you. For a little while there is a horrible vacuum in which one uses the word betrayal too often. Actually there is a terrific non-use of myself. And then there is only one person on earth who knows how I should use myself and who I am. No wonder you've





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gotten tired. You've been carrying a 200 lb. man around on your shoulders, feeding him with your inards, and keeping him sane with your sanity. May I do as much for you sometime!

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I have to fix something to eat and I don't feel like fixing it just for myself. Yesterday I realized that I couldn't write more to you until I had heard from you so last night I made a pot of potato soup. I rarely go out to dinner with anyone anymore. If I do I get restless in ten minutes. If I start out to call on anyone I usually change my mind before I get there. But I will have to go to Jack's and get THE WHITE GODDESS. It's rough going but rewarding. Perhaps you can do what I did. Skip through and pick out the parts you need. There is one attraction at Jack's. His boxer bitch has pups. They are the damndest animals I have ever looked at. At one month they appear to be five thousand years old and to have experienced everything. You feel that all of the wisdom in the world must be folded into the wrinkles on their brows and that the bags under their eyes carry all of their memories of the wild nights of an ancient youth. Their mother looks young and innocent beside them. I'd like to have one but they are \$150.

It's raining and cooler here. I wish I could drive you over to Laurence for a steak. I'd like one but there is no one else in the world who I want to eat with.

Darling, I understand the madness you felt in New York. That it is upsetting to other people doesn't bother me. It is good for them to experience someone who is alive and feels it all over, who has extended herself beyond all of their understanding. When they say, "Relax it's only life," they're talking pretty much about a world of theatre tickets, names, literary experiences, etc. etc. Probably they have ventured all they have to venture. They recognize all of the well arranged restrictions of "maturity," which is to say, they have stopped venturing anything much. Their glands have a nice relationship with their intellect, the ganglia carry only the proper voltage. If either of us felt as they do for just an hour we would ask for extreme unction. If we arrived in flying saucers, had shrubbery instead of hair and lashed them with our antennae we could seem much odder. All they can do is prescribe treatment for us, not knowing that we have been through all the treatment and have come out on the other side. Our ailment is being mortal all over and having had a hint of immortality. This doesn't make it less painful for us, but in retrospect it gives us a laughing point. They live at an address; we absorb a city. We can't even give the world a galaxy number and abide on it. (Very appropriately at this point sirens are blowing. I feel as if I should go out and scratch the city's ear). Well, anyway, neither you or I are going to be contented with contentment. I guess the world we know will have to settle for that. The most ridiculous thing I have heard yet is that lesbian thinking you would become dependent on her and look sweetly up at her and call her mama. In two weeks you'd have her in Bellevue. Homosexual insensitive sensitivity is the god damnest thing in the world. How alert they are for any use they can make of that wonderful "sensitivity." I'm sure your friend ditched that letter about Barbara and Ellwood. Too sensitive to send it. I think that Gladys is the only decent homosexual that I've ever met. That's why she takes such a beating.





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All that sensitive girl wants you to do is give up your soul#  
and feminist that she no doubt is, she also wants you more  
subjected than any man would. Every night she would recite a  
little ballad on the cruelty and insensitivity of Man. She'd  
know her neurotic little soul around your throat and strangle

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you. I'm going to put a homo in a book sometime. They have done  
too good a job of glorifying themselves. Last week I could have  
murdered Bud Hall. He's as homo as they come even though he  
probably isn't active at it. His self-centeredness is colossal  
but not unusual. What gets me is that he gets up before classes  
and teaches such a beautiful game of caring for the mentally ill  
while he's driving the kids he teaches nuts and is totally insens-  
itive to them, especially if they are girls, or older or married  
men. It's too long a story but he nearly made a girl break up  
last week. Jack and I happened to find her when she was looking  
for help at the clinic and it is a damned good thing we did. This  
19 year old had a crush on the great Dr. Hall. He showed her. The  
insensitive heterosexual Dr. Dunigan had to clean up after him.

I still haven't eaten. So I'll quit for now. Good night beloved.  
Did I ever tell you that I love your face and body too, and  
the drift of hair, and your warmth. I wouldn't swap one whiff of  
your temple for the seven foolish virgins or for their wiser and  
unvirginal sisters.

5 hours sleep - my usual ration a wind awakened  
me. There have been two days of rain. I of this  
sleep it. Tuesday a.m.  
I just read your letter. You don't have to  
write often if you just want to let that once  
in awhile. I don't write to other people. It's a pain  
to write business letters. I feel a need to let myself  
go when I write. That's not only dangerous  
to other people but something they can't understand.  
I haven't anyone to whom I can write more  
than casually & I'm not in a casual mood.  
The pain, the craziness you felt in N.Y.  
came from a sort of final recognition. I feel. It  
was a time when things had to be sorted out,  
values unmasked. The bill of it is that once  
nerves become the scales, spirit wanted respect  
from us as badly as I have or more so - you  
wanted to clear the way for yourself. Fights &  
sounds & laughing companions a good diet & of friends  
free expression love & swift recognition - these  
seem so desirable. Then that feeling of being  
emptied, of impending doom, the inner terror &  
the outward overdoing, the not daring to stop.  
Something that seems to have no nature is  
missing. There are the dozens of discoveries  
of what one is not, the horror of being left  
with what one is. This I think, is an ordeal  
every creator must go through - possibly more  
than once. He or she must be left with only  
themselves, maybe forgotten & unrecognized. There's  
no explanation for this but creation. That

up - creators

best  
starting  
point



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was the missing ingredient all this time, you & I are perhaps a little more fortunate than others. We have a witness, a mate, a beloved whom we've rejected as mine rejected our painful selves in favor of another trial run at the world of the numbeled & easily known ones. Our protests of love for each other make no little sense to them as our complaints. We're left with only ourselves to talk to. We know what we mean when we talk to others but we don't convey it. That's left for the times when we can sit down at the desk & shape our world so that others can recognize it. Or not to try to shape ourselves to their world. We get the kind of understanding you get from the helian or I get from people who think I share their & envision vapors.

The next phrase "So you're right & the world's wrong" is supposed to put no in our places. And likely we are right & the world is wrong. Abraham Maslow points out in a little section on creators that their personal insanity is what prevents them from being normal. They wouldn't get along with normal people, he says just read a history that reveals what those normal people were doing & putting up with & then turn to the work of the prophet. The creator was not only a prophet but a mover & maker. He was abnormally normal. Too much so to endure the rot of a dead normality.

The inscription of this country proving what we always knew. Mind outlined our prophecies & insights, cloggers of times. We want to be fools of today in order to be fit people for tomorrow. But sometimes being today's fool is a warning, painful almost too much to bear. But we're forced to go forward even when we try to go back. Life only requires double the strength from us that it does from others. We're so excessive that we try to live today & tomorrow both. (both are really contemporary - by tomorrow I mean our own special, creative way of living today - today by our values.)

The closer I get to creativity & then don't create the crazier I get. Right now I know that nothing but creativity can save me. Yet I'm a little fearful because I know there is no other escape. I can't separate you from creativity or from my destiny. Other people are a form of non-use too. And non-use of all of ourselves is for either of us madness.





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What stupifies me the most is that other people should wander into our lives and presume that they understand us or can subject us to their needs, whether through love or some occupation that they offer us. You're right that we should write them warnings for each other, and right too that they wouldn't understand the warnings. There are two people here who think that I should join them in a research project that would last two years. Jesus! They take my refusal as a temporary fit of temperment. They even have a psychiatric explanation for it. They are as crazy as your lesbian friend.

I see our seperation as a necessary detour around a bit of broken road. We'll join on the highway ahead, believe me. We'll realize of what little things most of our differences have been made. I think we are both pretty near the end of our rancor and scapegoatism. I think we are no longer deflected by little cravings and urgings or the need for outside understanding. You're right that we need new friends and a vacation from the old ones. I have already been taking the latter. Mike offers you analysis in an ultimatum, people offer me a work I detest now and which would only further confuse me.

If you still have business to finish in NY I will help you all I can. ( a special delivery for Miss Dr. across the way. Apparently she has another boy friend other than Mr. Dr. next door.) If you should want to visit me and see what happens, that would be wonderous. Some friends are trying to get a good and much larger basement apt. for me. I have faith that you will do what you have to do to complete the detour and that you will recognize in both of us the time for joining. I'm not going to force any issues. I am a writer again and the first of the month will be through with psychiatric work. Soon I'll know the joy I have been resisting for so long. I draw closer to you as I come close to my writing. and I approach this writing humbly and gratefully. I even accept its restrictions as a sort of a Karma. If I can write this book I will have written away my fears. and yours as well. Maybe the mere act of writing will do that.

There's so very much to answer in your letter. Later I will tell you about Dave Kennedy. I'm glad Sally remembers me. She is a nice kid. I'm sorry for Virginia. I wish I could help. But I no longer harbor the idea that I can spare people very much of anything. Perhaps its even better that I spare them from my extraneous concern. The best way of attaching myself to confusion is to throw myself back into others confusion. It's all right for you and I to play around with each others # troubles but that should be the limit. The only way we can help anyone now is to show them that we can create a world out of what they have thought to be our chaos, a world that they'll be better for having seen and known. We only have to prove to ourselves that what we have lived is worth something, that what we have done to and for each other is on the side of God not on the side of destruction.



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I have to go to a conference with D<sup>g</sup>. Will about the book. We can still foul it up but I think that he won't.

Don't let anything about your health go -- like that infected foot. Eat and sleep good and feel secure in me and for me. I love every precious part of you, nimbus to core. We've so forgotten each other's bodies in this mixup that we will be new lovers when we meet again.

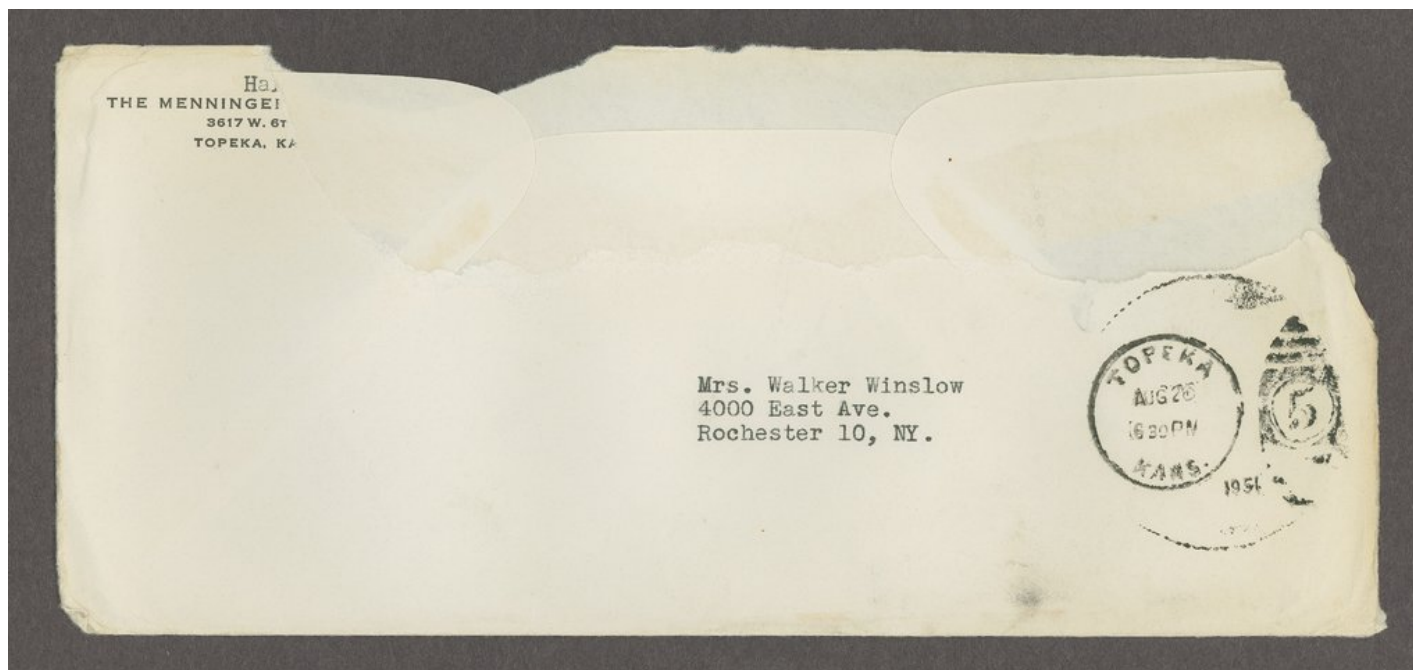
A tub awaits me. My old abrasive texture s almost entirely gone.

Give my love to your family.

Yours  
Walker  
X X X X



## Walker Winslow correspondence





## Walker Winslow correspondence

Aug 22/51

Dearest one:

I was made happy by the good letter from you. Before I could even tell that you were reading my letters.

I agree with everything you say about the Menninger book, especially that you would make the best collaborator in the world. Have you read the Menningers' book? It sounds as if you have. There's no doubt that she should & will be one of the biggest characters in the story & that I'll need a woman's point of view to do her well.

Yesterday morning I talked to Karl. He felt the same as I did about the Ethics business but he was for turning it out with them right now. Telling them of my method of writing & how much he was & will read the book. My next step is to stay clear of self-appointed champions of the family. I've made out an outline of which I'll send you a copy. It's not much of an outline really - mainly it is a statement of intentions. I know just enough of the story for that. When I write I want the material to come to me as fresh as a new experience.

It's sort of nerve wracking to be right on the edge of a thing & not be able to make a decision. And things move slowly. All the people I should see at the clinic are on vacations. I've waited 10 days for Karl then have to do this outline. Then I may have to wait for a decision of the board of ethics. This time I'm holding up the publisher not the me. But the time will be useful if it works out all future trouble.

I really don't feel any animosity toward your parents. What I said about money people in previous letters doesn't apply specifically to them - possibly less to them since I know them as people. I want to be liked by them. Quite possibly I don't exhibit my failure before them. They like me as well as they would any broke, impractical person. When I pour out a little bile about the money governed world it is toward the world not toward two people who are victims as much as you & I.

Just as I got this D.D. after I am again threatened by bill collectors even though I pay out all I can. Now what should I do - keep my credit rating with God or with the merchants. I can earn almost \$500 per month in an aircraft



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factory I shouldn't have<sup>2</sup> contracted the debts. I shouldn't have married. I'm short I should be a contented literary bum. Daily I see dozens of living demons with millions. I think very little about this. But I do recognize some of the facts of life. One thing that makes this place bearable is that most of the drs. are dedicated & hence grossly underpaid. Relief will always be expected. The millionaires never breathe in ask me for the only thing I have time, I'm simply not to become as ruthless as they are. But this closes the subject & I'm not blaming your people for a situation that has existed since money was invented. I'm grateful for the money that helps you save & for the love that gives it. I wish it were my money & my love - you can understand that.

You said some very good things about writing biography in your letter. I hope I can send you parts of the book as it develops without cutting into your own work. And I hope you'll send me parts of yours. Your right that between us we feel out the whole - perhaps because of our knowledge of each other will always be collaborators.

Darling, there's one thing you've never been able to grasp & that is that - man can follow through with the work he has in this world & still have a wife. In my way I spoke of going to the mountains I'd gotten my last check from D.D. I couldn't sell anything. I was extremely nervous. You were ordering me out one day & showing me with love the next. I said I gave you no consistent plan we could follow. That was my great fault. I'm sure that had I taken a job without ambivalence you would have been with me. But we'd dreamed me way a things worked another. That only profound truth I see in my aspiration is that I didn't do one thing & stick to it. It appears now that I'm being given an opportunity to break free of this job which I don't want. I won't believe it I only accept as being better than drabness or emptiness. It doesn't feed me in a deep sense; it has ceased to be experience.

The most awful torture of the past three years has been the knowledge that nothing I was doing was right. Except for brief periods I've been half-hearted about everything. I've been weak & you know it. Weakness is less becoming to me





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strong man. Moreover, turbulent is maddening, it places him on a competition level with his inferiors. I don't like to look at my own decadence. I know appears to me that both of us had to rise up certain weaknesses before we could know our strength.

Even if I have the most successful year of my life right now while I'm separated from you I'll never credit it to your absence. I continue to feel that it'd be stronger if you were with me. In a sense I have to know what were our weaknesses. They weren't vicious. I can see quite clearly now that I feared getting trapped in the world of psychiatry. I avoided success. I can see too that I didn't trust writing until I was clear for it as I knew I inevitably would be that I'd be left with nothing else to do. I haven't a dream or phantasy left that can be fulfilled by anything but writing. I don't expect you to believe this anymore than I do people to believe that I was through with my incessant drinking. Two, three or four years from now my life - my surveillance won't be very believable. I've never been very consistent in my weaknesses.

I know that is we deprive ourselves of each other as scapegoats we will also discover each other as true sources of inspiration.

I've never been wholly able to accept the loneliness of writing, the lack of immediate response. Now I have to. I'm committed to the only way of life the present holds for me. But the present does hold the companionship of my beloved working in another room. I hope we can keep that.

Thursday a.m.

The last two nights have been cool enough for a blanket - the days just right. That lonely feeling of mine was mainly from the fact you never tell me just how you are. You didn't sound very good in the last letter back from New York. Something that wasn't good happened to you between that St. Louis room & Rochester.

Yesterday I sent my outline around & as I did it I determined to do this book in whatever way I have to & trust my ingenuity to get in what I want. I'm only losing that can stop me is an absolute "no" from Will & Karl. I'm simply not to become engaged in a life & death struggle with



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writing. These days get me down. Fatally  
there hasn't been enough to do to earn my  
pay. But I have to hang around & look  
effective. There's no value in anything  
but the simple things like short smoking  
& rolling cigarettes. I find that I can't read  
biographies no matter how much I try. They  
are dull.

I'm picking the most difficult of all  
biographies. Dr. C.F. doesn't have too much  
color in the popular sense. He wasn't the  
country Dr. or the salt old physician. He  
was an apparently conventional man in  
a super conventional town. What he had  
was an insatiable curiosity. Flo, his wife,  
was the center of energy, the magician,  
who would change dreams into reality &  
everything about her. She came up from  
rough beginnings. You're right that she  
was the power. She taught herself to put  
C.F. through medical school. I must have  
taken a lot of understanding on her part  
to let C.F. go away to study almost every  
year, for she was a money making woman  
& he was studying life saving & that  
money making subjects. But she was a  
woman too, & had an artistic understanding.  
I'm sure the boys & C.F. got a great deal  
of their sense of life from her.

But it's going to be a job getting hold  
of the readers imagination during the last  
part of the book. I want the book to read  
like a good novel. I want especially to give  
a feeling of time & change & at the same time  
a deep sense of timelessness & changelessness -  
a biblical quality. Each generation's dream  
can only go so far until it is rejuvenated  
& changed in the next generation. In spite of  
his heroic struggle to keep up with medicine  
the father was behind the sons when  
they came out of medical school. But he had  
for them ~~just~~ those things that only time  
& life can teach.

I was a pretty heroic thing for C.F. & Flo  
to accept Karl's psychiatry & psychoanalysis.  
Karl would never have written his books  
if he hadn't had much to explain to  
the family & town. Certainly he had reason  
to understand the power of love & hatred  
which he wrote best about.



## Walker Winslow correspondence

Will's struggle must<sup>5</sup> have been even greater than Karl's. He wanted to be an internist. But the Minnengers were already in a state of siege when he returned Will's role was to show that analysis could be normal & even unconventional. He had to join the family & protect them. Karl always been the one who cared most about what the town thought & who did the least about it. & the most to infuriate it.

Will's quiet heroism is often overlooked. It's a loyalty that has been solidly tried I'm sure. Karl never thinks before he acts - someone has to get him out of trouble. He's made all of the past months that have made the clinic possible. Will has carried the burden of running them through. Between them the two men have genius & character. Oddly enough Karl remains the healer. Therapy has been slipping at the clinic, the personal touch has been replaced by two much trust in the group. Now Karl is doing therapy again. Respect for him has grown immensely during the last two months. But more than ever Will has to carry the administrative load. It will be difficult to write of this inter-plan. I wonder if Karl is unconscious that everyone protects him, cleans up after him & explains him to those he's offended.

There's one thing about my writing this book that no one has thought of. I'm anti-analytical. I wouldn't get in the psychodynamics of the family if I wanted to. I block even on psychoanalytic terminology. When psychoanalysis comes to Tokyo in the book it will be as much news to me as to the reader. I'll have the advantage of the sons trying to explain it to the old folks. The N.Y. critics will have a picnic with my naivete. Or is it? I'm incapable of psychological thinking in writing about people except in articles & that's never worked.

A couple of times lately you've mentioned semi-seriously that we might be - this or that if we were analyzed. God knows we are both probably immature in many ways & probably immature in others. But where the analysis I've seen does any good at all I suspect that it does so because it is a sort of disciplined meditation & gives one a little dispassionate company in which to meditate. I'll still bet my whole life & works that most of the theory of analysis is sheer bleg & will in time be proven so.





## Walker Winslow correspondence

6

That sexuality plays a large role in the lives of all of us I'll never deny, nor will I deny that inhibitions are sometimes bad. The oral & anal stage has validity only because eating is a big factor & elimination follows it. Since this stuff is all hard to grasp it has some appeal. Since it also explains things in fairly basic terms it makes the uncomfortable person who starts with creative discontent, cosmic yearnings etc. love his primitive drives the way Santa Feites love Indians. To me the whole thing is an elegant system of denials of the questing, suffering human spirit. In a world that thinks it no longer needs spirit & quest - psycho-analysis has a place just as castration had a place for the odd men who had to be kept around Harlems.

Psycho-analysis is of a piece with the artist who draws thousands of little rings, or Jackson Pollock becoming a genius because he discovered that you can trail droppings across canvas. It's the bread of the King, the wine of the barren.

I guess I have a big streak of the puritan in me. Even while I've sought easy solutions I've always had an idea that I'd have to take my suffering ram (masochist!) & make my own place with God. So have you. We've never quite gotten caught up in the marxism - Freudian - aboriginal trinity. Sure we've listened with polite interest, graciously learned a few words. Oh yes, there's another new thing added it seems, the pseudo-science, other words business. We have some here. It's easy to get our thoughts thought for us, our dreams broken into id-eo-calculus, or primitive impulses named & tagged our love labelled & made immature & thus worthless etc. etc. But here am I in my little apt. & there are you in Rochester still maintaining that we have individuality & unexplainable licks & drops of the heart.

One thing that recommends this place over N.Y. is that most of the analysts are leaving here for N.Y.

It seems quite certain that man & woman as such have gone out of fashion in the arts. It's obvious that the Day are pretty much in charge. I was barred from that Huntington-Hartford foundation because I was hetero-sexual.





## Walker Winslow correspondence

The current genius at the clinic is a guy called Eddie Gordon, a ~~concert~~ pianist - as gay as a lark & twice as snobbish as Mrs Astor. He's surrounded by a coterie of young guys whose parents have sent them here to get their sex back. Now they're all the elite of the clinic. Strangely enough there's little quietly among the docs.

Right at this point all the young women want boards of children & they marry anyone to get them. It seems they are trying to stabilize the world - that they intuitively recognize that its future is in them. The whole damned spectacle is getting like the last days of Rome. With passing time when every wife felt it her obligation to have her man a sexual failure. What rebellions & awful power the perverse partner holds in her hands. Now it seems that the boys have become patrons of this prerogative & taken over the passive role. Woman is damned near totally emancipated. Now that she's decided she wants a man to give her children & a home there isn't no more. The virile ones are overseas fighting for the land of the free & the home of the gay.

What an archaic survival Henry is a D.H. Lawrence. Or, worse, the guy like me who wants only one woman. I'm not genetically mature - you must really be my mother! I wouldn't by chance be anything simpler like a man loving his mate. Mates aren't allowed - went forward that sort. I was careless with a precious thing & hungrily took too often what I should have only had with the deepest desire - I was spindlin' thin. Now hunger isn't enough only desire will do. Abstracted from your sex becomes a charade. Voluptuous women, bright women, feminine women, all women, all are attractive yet none can give me that deep & profound ache & surge of desire. I'm stranded on the rocks of a broken dream. But you still is near as words - for awhile & I have an idea you aren't going to let that anarchy be too long. So let's pretend that I feel this way because my mother rejected me - that makes it so much simpler. If you fall in love with a youngster will know it's because you need a son. But let's never admit that love is love. That's treasure!

now really seem living



## Walker Winslow correspondence

Friday a.m.

We had a wonderful, rainy stormy night  
here & I had dreams of disaster. Bad associations  
with the rain & thunder before the flood I suppose.  
But I slept very late which is good.

The latest plan for getting the book cleared  
with "Ethics" committee is to phone the  
chairman & say I'll let him read the book.  
I won't say that I'll change it. That's my  
responsibility not the Menninger's. This whole  
thing is Kafkaesque - laws that aren't  
law & write without jurisdiction - and you  
know how I hate censorship.

I'm enclosing in sort of outline I wrote  
for the church. Maybe it doesn't make  
much sense taken out of its surroundings.

When I start the book I must need new  
clothes which are really a problem. I can  
get some blue jeans. That nylon shirt  
was the smartest idea I ever had. It's  
just as good as the slay I bought it.

Write me good when you can

your  
Walker





## Walker Winslow correspondence

THE MENNINGER FOUNDATION  
TOPEKA, KANSAS . . . . .

FOR PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT.  
..EDUCATION, AND RESEARCH

Dear Sir,

I'd like to see the outline of the article you mentioned in your letter. It seemed as if you were writing about Capote, et al. Someone should write about current writing & its values, looking at what we've had in our time. The Ford generation. The proletarian novel; the social problem novel; the regional novel; the psychiatric novel; the topical novel. The blood & guts war, & now the homo sexual novel. This latter seems to be a trend like the proletarian, with roots in all the tough places. It's out of date with M.G. But the influences like Henry James etc are all, it seems to me barren. James a man of vast income & with social connections could cultivate a precious sensibility that is only given to his prototypes in the present. The Homas are usually able to make good social & economic connections, live in exotic places, & put a premium on cleverness & insensitivity. It seems to me that a woman like you should write a book "Somewhere a man..." Where is a man, what is a man, you're kind & seem to have features, including me, to define a man, for surely a whole woman is man's best definition. We've had too many torpid exhalations, as in the shattering sky, Capote, Peters, etc. etc.

a simple story with belical strength could be written of a woman's search for a man. But it would take tremendous honesty, such as you are capable of. at 40 (or is it 26) you are cut loose in the world, betrayed by the man you've had. your quest is a story, especially if that quest contains some balanced self-examination. I'm sure that some of the eternal verities would show up in such a story. I sense that a new sort of woman is coming & that here will be a better time for artists. Perhaps she is charged with giving men back their manhood, maybe still just being the present enigma with all the looks of negation on her side. As I look around me it seems to me that the american woman's role is to nag, to never let her man get a sure footing on anything. (I'm not writing about you) to never let him bring a gift or make a gain without saying "Why didn't you do this when..." Naturally this woman was produced by a certain kind of man, a hatched up puritan who felt that everything was a little wrong,



## Walker Winslow correspondence

It seems to me that a lot of the new generation of women have reached a non-marrying stage. They don't have to put their men on the dependence & keep them there. I note a vast difference between the young couples I see here & the older ones. There is less tendency for the woman to want a career to compete. But the men are still frightened of women, still retreating to godly love & the boys at the club. But when a man & woman get together more children come than ever before. In the 1930's one intellectual couple produced one half a child - here they average 3 in the 30 yr. old group. I presume that this goes everywhere. But it seems to me that there are many more desperate girls now wish to give up a career for a house & children.

Before we're done with life it seems to me that you & I are the world books that will tell our story truthfully. We can see some of the mistakes of our time. You are a powerful woman in your writing & seeing. Possibly we'll find out that the discovery of love was our most frightening experience - that if we were to have any validity we had to negate it somehow. What we had dreamed been things we believed seemed all wrong. We were a strange mixture of experience & innocence & still are. Our experience nagged our innocence to tatters & yet I believe the innocence to have been right.

I believe the key to Helen's & Kate's marrying boys & your liking to be around me is an attempt to impute an innocence that might once have been equal. I believe this functions on a double level, something unspoiled & untouched by equal experience & at the same time an erotic starting over. This is something I'm protected from by all girls immediately wanting children. But I do know I look for innocence, if only to watch from a distance. It exists mainly in two year olds.

I'm going to have the privilege of experiencing nearly 100 yrs of family life & three generations. Maybe I'll learn something.

My agent is sharp. The contract at \$300 for 8 months is ready & so is the money. Only ethics is in my way. I should love Doubleday for this innocence. May I live up to it. I wish some publisher would do the same for you & take care of your living problem in N.Y. Have you submitted your apt. to someone? I have my eye on a basement apartment where I could write



## Walker Winslow correspondence

THE MENNINGER FOUNDATION

TOPEKA, KANSAS . . . . .

FOR PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT.

..EDUCATION, AND RESEARCH

without bothering anyone. I'm a nice  
cardinalist district. I'll have to get right down  
to work. I send in copy at 3 + 6 months  
for approval. I hope to have the final copy  
at six months. If I'm real this time  
I'll be able to go right on writing. That  
is, I'll have enough subsidy left to start  
another book + investigate discipline to do  
it. you haven't any idea how good I'll  
be to drop my last job.

I've been more or less promised a couple  
or three \$100 lectures for the U.S. that will  
get me off the hook + maybe enable me to  
send you some money before you go back  
to N.Y. I don't have to worry so much about  
clothes now. Writers are supposed to be  
eccentric therapists now.

Now for my bath!

your  
Walker

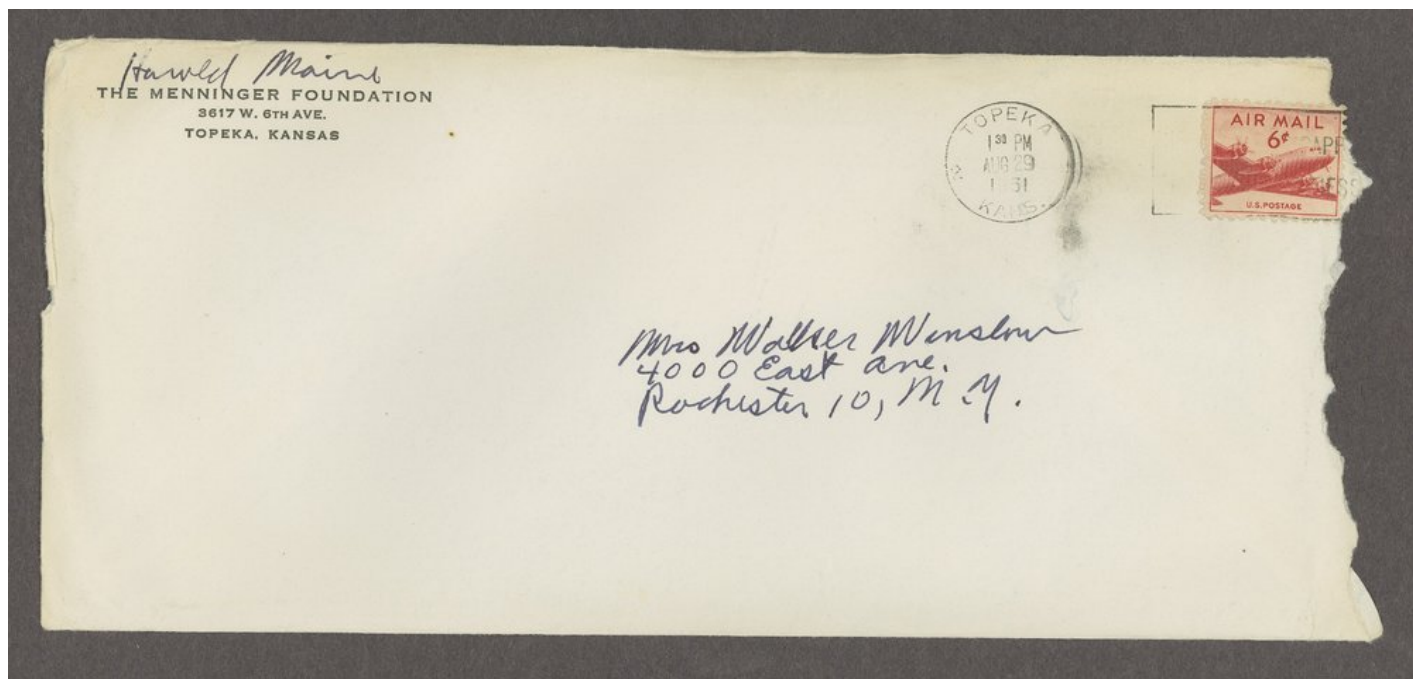
RISING BOND

HAS CONTENT

USA



## Walker Winslow correspondence







## Walker Winslow correspondence

THE MENNINGER FOUNDATION  
TOPEKA, KANSAS .....

FOR PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT.  
..EDUCATION, AND RESEARCH

S ept. 7/51

Dearest:

Just had a terrifi~~x~~ night with insomnia. Why, I have no idea. Maybe I'm worried about your going to NY as nervous and exhausted as you are right on top of that last experience and with so little money. Had I been able to sign the contract for the book I could have sent you a hundred. You say I always make excuses. This isn't an excuse this time. I'm helpless unless I can borrow some money for you which I will try to do. I had hoped that with my last pay check and the check from DD I would be able to send you at least fifty and maybe \$100.

Since I'm helpless there is no use of my complaining about other people who love you letting you go to NY to live on \$150 per month. And I can't understand the desperate need that is driving you to NY right at this moment when things aren't exactly favorable. But maybe you'll explain that in your next letter. Of course I'm with you in whatever you do. But I do wish you were really rested and well and had let that last experience settle down a little bit.

This business of waiting to find out if and how I can do the book isn't fun. I've gotten steamed up about writing and can't start anything until I do hear which may be weeks. And all of this has pretty much taken the heart out of me for doing the Menninger book. It will be hard to get back the interest I once had. There's no justifiable reason for keeping me on at the clinic. Things are slow and they are economizing because of the increased cost of everything.

I'm glad you got the stuff from Mrs. Cassidy. I'll get mine somehow. Dividing it seems sort of final. But I guess that I'd better accommodate myself to the finality of all of this.

Had a card from Ben Jackson. He and Esther are living on Staten Island. Do you want their address? I don't know why they are there except that Ben is sick.

Today sent me a huge questionnaire for the publicity dept. Too bad they didn't do this with If a Man, about which they now wax eloquent. "Why shouldn't we have faith in you when you write such a fine book," ect. I've reread enough of If a Man to know it is far beneath what I want to do. Given a chance I will do far better.



## Walker Winslow correspondence

I won't write any more *long* letters until you are settled and I know that you want them, But if I can raise a few bucks I will send them along. Please let me have short letters letting me know how you are.

I hope the your aunt pearl comes out all right. I took it that you were leaving before you could see a doctor.

I hope you can rest for a few days when you get to NY.

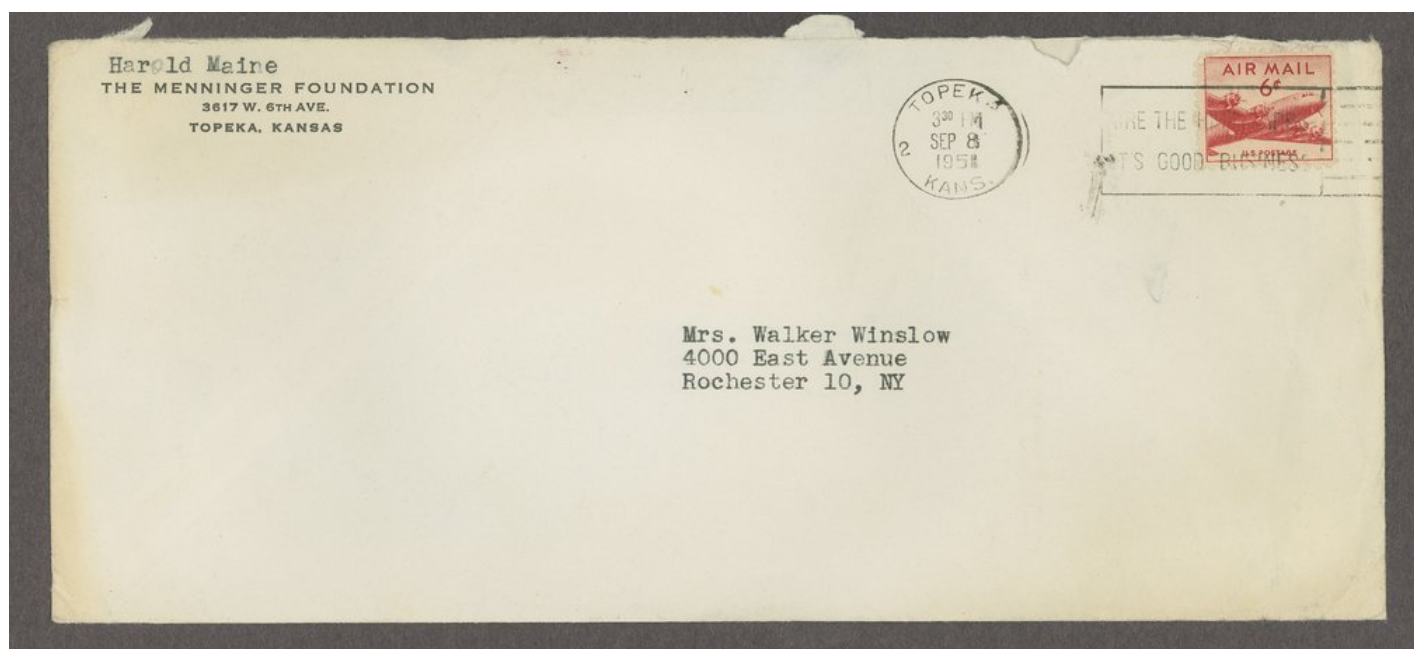
Try to save one little atom of yourself for me. There 's no earthly reason for your getting tangled up with that lesbian unless you really want to. I can't believe that but if you do that would be the supremest irony of all. The only time my faith weakens is when I know you are going into anything with only one-tenth of your strength. God couldn't cope with N<sup>1</sup> that way. Forgive me for being worried and try to unworry me.

your Walky

*Walky*  
*you didn't tell me when you were young  
to try or when to write you.*



## Walker Winslow correspondence





## Walker Winslow correspondence

THE MENNINGER FOUNDATION  
TOPEKA, KANSAS . . . . .

FOR PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT.  
..EDUCATION, AND RESEARCH

September 18, 1951

Apartment #10  
537 Bellevue  
Topeka, Kansas

Mrs. Walker Winslow  
4000 East Avenue  
Rochester 10, New York

Dear Edna:

This is the first time that I ever had to dictate a letter to you, but until I can get home and make full use of my genius, my right hand is really knocked out.

I got a broken shoulder in a simple and foolish fall off a high curb. The big bone in my right arm broke in two places. I have no idea how long it will be in a cast and yesterday when the doctor found out I was living alone, he decided to keep me in the hospital for a while.

I wish you would wire me if you are going to be operated on, and let me know after you are operated on so that I will know that you are all right.

The Blue Cross and Blue Shield numbers are F928405; the Group Number is 0007; the type contract is 7F.

I think you are right to get that operation at this time and I think it will be very simple and easy, and it will be a big relief to you.

That was a wonderful special delivery letter which I got over the weekend. I will answer it very soon, and I think I can learn to type with one hand.

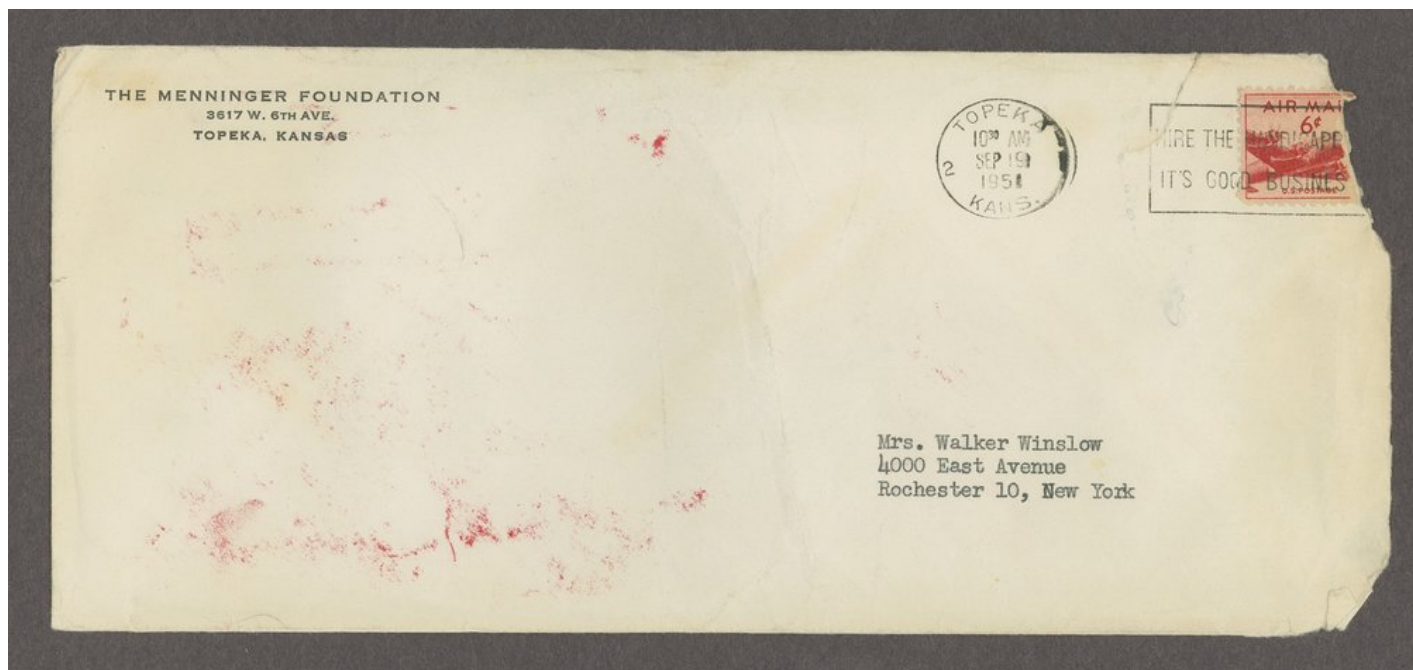
Love,

*Walker*

Walker Winslow *sk*

WW/elc







## Walker Winslow correspondence

Mrs. Edna Winslow C5

THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER  
**STRONG MEMORIAL  
HOSPITAL**  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

*For the  
Health  
of the  
Community*

1	SEP17-51	LAB'RATORY	★ 10.00	★ 10.00
2	SEP18-51	PHARMACY G★	3.00	
3	SEP18-51	PHARMACY ★	3.50	
4	SEP18-51	OPER.ROOM	★ 35.00	★ 51.50
5	SEP18-51	AN'STHESIA	★ 22.00	★ 73.50
6	SEP19-51	PHARMACY G★	3.00	★ 76.50
7	SEP22-51	CARE	★ 96.00	
8	SEP22-51	R.H.S.INS.	★136.50	★ 36.00
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DATE	DESCRIPTION	CHARGES	CREDITS	LAST AMOUNT IN THIS COLUMN IS BALANCE DUE
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EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS

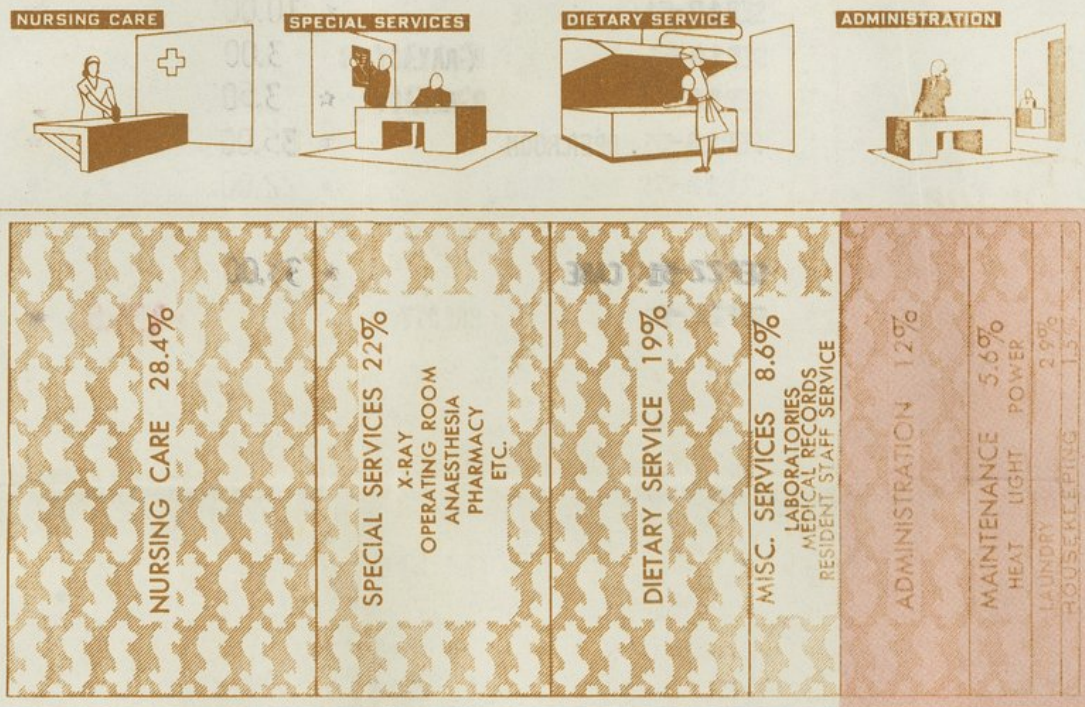
A - BASAL METABOLIC RATE	E - OXYGEN
B - ELECTROCARDIOGRAPH	F - ORTHOPEDIC
C - TRANSFUSION	G - STREPTOMYCIN
D - PENICILLIN	H - G. U. TREATMENT
J - SOLUTIONS	

MCBEE, ATHENS, O. C14527X  
FORM NO. 236



## Walker Winslow correspondence

### HOSPITAL CARE AND THE PATIENT'S DOLLAR



It is difficult for the average patient to understand the cost of hospital care inasmuch as there is no other comparable expense encountered in everyday life. The patient's dollar as portrayed above shows graphically the various elements making up hospital care. It should be noted that strictly hospital functions, such as *Nursing Care*, *Special Services*, *Dietary Service*, *Miscellaneous Services* make up 78.0% of your hospital payment. The expense in the hospital comparable to room charge of an ordinary hotel is outlined in red and amounts to only 22.0% of the total hospital cost.

STRONG MEMORIAL HOSPITAL



## Walker Winslow correspondence

RECORD OF PAYMENT

SEP-22-51 1269 — A — 36.00

RECEIVED FOR  
ACCOUNT OF Edna Winslow

FOR \_\_\_\_\_

THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER  
STRONG MEMORIAL HOSPITAL  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



## Walker Winslow correspondence

### STATEMENT

MONROE 3014

T. B. JONES, M. D.  
176 S. GOODMAN STREET  
ROCHESTER 7, N. Y.

October 1, 1951.

Mrs. Walker Winslow,  
4000 East Ave.,  
Rochester 18, N. Y.

FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES:

\$150.00