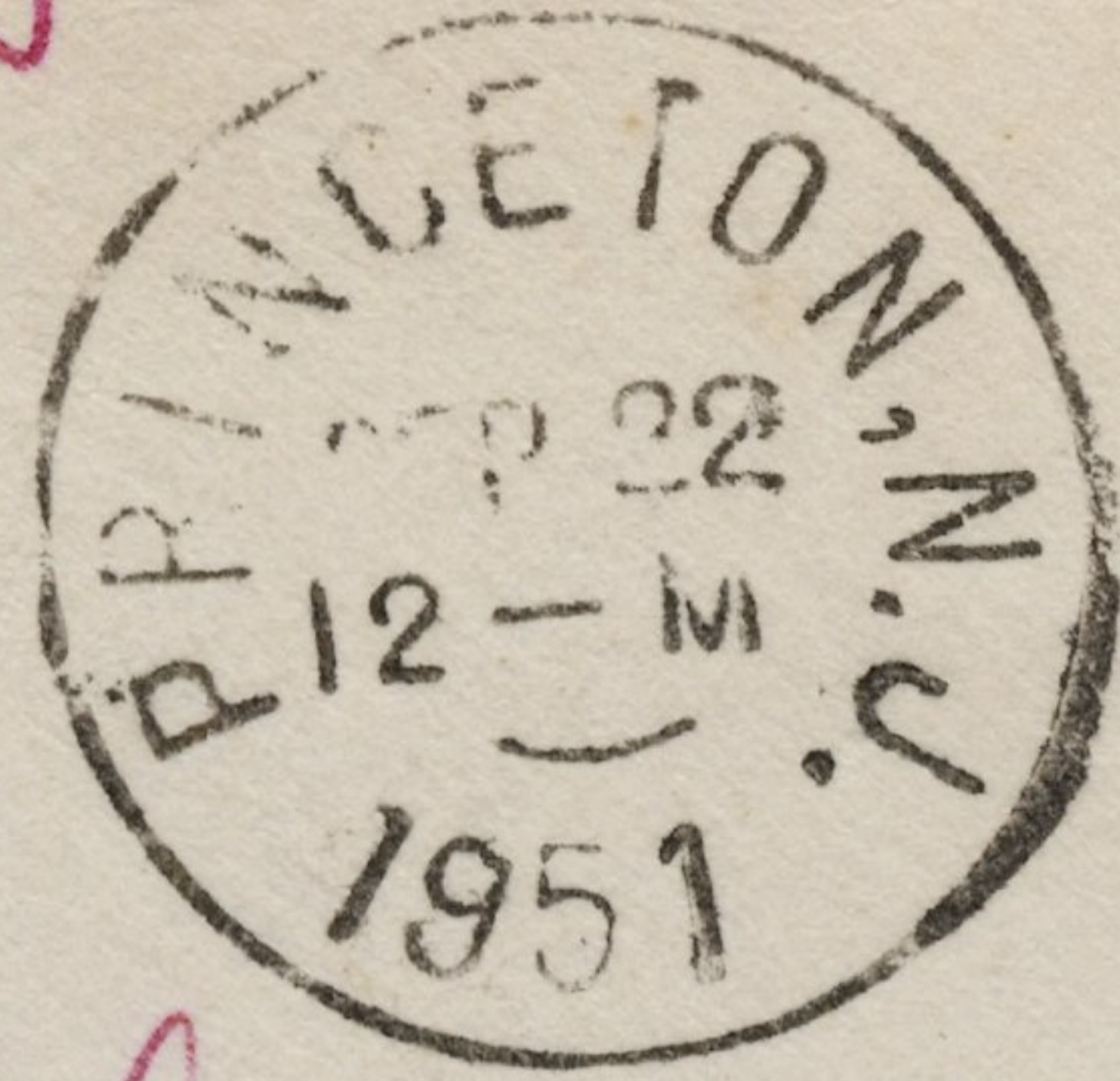


Air Mail



~~Schrad~~ ~~for~~ ~~good~~  
~~College~~  
~~stamp~~ ~~house~~  
~~house~~

Veroffener 6

Miss Mary von Schrader  
148 Emerald Bay  
Laguna Beach  
California

copy  
Little Friend  
Louise

Fanny

.....  
|||||

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Saturday morning, 10:15

Beloved, beloved:

I was very lucky last night - I got you a little Friend little Friend in excellent condition, and after I've copied all the changes into it and written a dated neutral inscription in it, off it goes. I was in a house that had all three of the books I've written, and I opened <sup>the house holder</sup> ~~them~~ a leavely inscribed 7-league Catches in exchange for little Friend. (Notice stars on cover - they had a premonition of us, but didn't know about moonlight.) Played tennis with the guy too, and then they had us dinner; he wasn't much food, but it felt wonderful to be playing tennis again. On being informed I had a

packaging at the postoffice, I crushed them  
with a spoon, and felt awfully silly  
trying to eat the tennis shirt Margaret  
Green had returned. If hobos have  
eaten my honeydew, gee Gods, what'll  
I do to them!

Did you know that I LOVE  
you? Beloved, beloved, I miss you  
so and love you so.

OK For a couple of weeks will you  
write me even more and longer  
letters than you do? I've no real  
friends here and not even a  
routine, as yet, and I feel lonesome  
and depend on the letters completely.  
Some subjects I would always welcome

pages about are: the Little People; life and the house  
at Laguna; memories of the younger Mary von S.;  
the Ladies; memories of Colorado; making love. There!  
haven't I been a help? (You write so much and so  
beautifully it seems extraordinarily unexpected to  
ask you more - but it's just like asking you more  
kisses, I figure you'll be rather pleased than not.  
I love thee and thy letters and thy photographs  
more than anything that ever was, as thou knowest. ~~My~~  
Beloved, I feel I haven't anything except you, that  
I would die without you; I feel like a sort  
of heaving vacuum waiting to be filled with you.)

Just down the street there's a church,  
old, with a rectory ~~off~~ or something in the  
yard; in the yard a giant black and white  
collie ~~was~~ was sitting, looking the other way.  
I said something friendly to him, indicating  
that I wanted to pet him, when I was  
two yards ~~or~~ away. He was so delighted  
at the thought of being petted that he looked

at me wide eyed as if I'd been a giant steak,  
and jumped on me and almost knocked me  
down. After a couple of minutes of petting I  
started to leave and he ran eagerly to the  
door - apparently he thought I was going to  
visit Master. (the lonely man)

I'm awfully pleased that you're reading  
A and B Moby Dick; it's the best book  
ever written by an American, I think, the  
nearest thing to an Epic anybody's written  
in hundreds of years.

"Good boy" is impossible to say in German  
to convey information to a dog; it's Gute  
Knabe, four syllables and <sup>3</sup>two guttural <sup>seemingly</sup> as  
can be - the poor Schatzel would think that  
you were growling at him. I suggest what  
one says so constantly: Schön, schön: tell  
the children to say ~~shun~~ shun, shun like  
a Southerner ~~that~~ melting-into-no-classes-and  
in-love-with-the-whole-idea. You can say it like  
an awwado.

Talking about astronomical — as I wrote the  
word avacado the door opened and the postman  
placed on the floor my avacado — honey dew melon  
package. Joy, joy. Beloved, beloved, you're  
my own dearest leopard.

My LOVELY package! I've put the walnuts  
in a bowl (several were already cracked — good  
old Bolton, there isn't a logg bone in his  
head) and am going to eat an avacado  
this afternoon [I'm playing Verklärte Nacht and  
it — really — it's come to the moonlight] and  
have put the letter-on-the-melon in a safe  
place, right next to the passport case in  
my pocket — I look awful, worse than  
awful. Really I've put the postcard there  
(by the way, did you know it's a Federal  
offence to write on a melon ~~set~~ sent by  
parcel post? — you have to take off the  
written-upon rind and send it just —  
clean, to be legal) and am about to ~~be~~

eat a date and gee, I feel good. If I had  
my way I'd never be much farther from you  
~~that~~ than a few inches - dearest one, sweet  
beautiful Mary, my own beloved, ich dich so  
lieb, so lieb.

100  
This house certainly is nice - it even  
has a box in its little side-yard. And talking  
about a varied library: the two books directly  
before my eyes are two volumes of Zoroaster and  
his World, by Herzfeld, whoever he is; a  
few inches away a biography of Hoffmann, a  
history of Norway, and Rudolf's collected Poems.  
And so it goes.

I remember so incredibly well the  
first time we listened to Verklärte Nacht.  
Walking to back past this morning I started  
remembering a string of places, beginning with  
a sort of log-cabin Chevrolet and ending with  
a Duff-like hotel room and the Denver  
airport - remembering made me very happy, as  
you know. I am thine forever, I love thee, love thee, love thee.  
Yours my own dear beloved wife. Your Pauline