

All of this is
justified, so read
it as soon as circumstances
permit. Scanning it Thursday evening
to begin with reveal October 29, 1964

Dear Patricia: the topics —

As usual, I much enjoyed
the pleasure of your companionship at
dinner at Paolo's last evening. The steak
wasn't up to standard and I've a mind
to tell the management and why — at
least if I'm tempted to order a steak
there again. The filet Mignon doubtless
would have been better and if it had as
high a percentage of fat as our New York
(?) cuts (They didn't seem good enough to
be New York cuts) we'd have needed three
supposed 16 oz. to get the right amount
of meat. A good prime rib roast would
doubtless have been much better than
our New York cuts.

The reason I asked if you would
wear your hair down & wear the
dangle earrings next week (Fri. Oct 6),
when we go to my niece & nephews,

is simply that I think you are your loveliest that way. On the other hand, if you want to appear more nearly your age by putting your hair up, it will be fine with me. In any case Barbara & Woodrow Williams will not have had a more beautiful guest at any time.

I think you'll find them quite acceptable company, though a bit more formal than some you know, as both were raised more formally. They have been mellowing a good deal since they were married, in spite of their responsibilities with two children and a third one on the way. Whether they'll ever become as casual as you (and I) ~~are~~ (am) accustomed to being, remains to be seen but lots of good people never attain that state. It calls for a measure of independence in thinking that most do not attain and also a somewhat broader sense of humor.

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Incidentally, recalling you need occasionally for an I.D. card brings to mind the fact that Amadou Bandé told me today of a solution to the problem. He didn't know he was doing so as he was talking about himself. You weren't mentioned, and it would have been impertinent on my part had I done so. I encountered him sitting on a bench looking over an examination folder he had gotten for an exam in his cultural anthropology course - in which he has a test tomorrow. I decided to talk with him a few minutes for this is what he & the Guinea boys want in order to gain proficiency in English. I told him I'd bring the big atlas (that I loaned you) for our next conference this coming Tuesday A.M. so he could tell me more - in a meaningful way - about life in Upper Volta. He mentioned the scars on his face again & said that, during the years of the French protectorate (close of

World War I to 1960 when Upper Volta
got its freedom, the tribal marks (scars)
on the upper voltans served as their
I.D. cards. Wherever one of them went
in the country, there was no mistaking
his tribe for he always had his I.D.
card on his face. Being Muslims they
had no problem of buying cocktails,
but it was important to know their
tribe and that, they couldn't conceal.
The practice of scarring the faces is
beginning to lose out but he said
it still is being followed largely
because of the weight of tradition.

I've tried since to conjure up in my
mind a scar pattern that would
serve your I.D. card needs but I
seem to be short on imagination.
If you want that kind of an I.D.
testimonial, perhaps you'll have to
figure it out yourself. Personally,
I like you the way you are & wouldn't
have you changed for the world!

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I've been thinking a lot about your idea of applying for status as a Playboy Bunny and somehow I think there should be a better way to accomplish your goal. I know that it is the salary (+ tips no doubt) that you are toying with, but I can't escape the feeling that, if you are to accomplish anything in the dramatic world, being a Playboy Bunny would lessen your opportunities. I keep thinking of my brother, Ted, the music arranger turned inventor who also gave a lot of thought to ways of earning a lot of money ~~as~~ quickly as possible. He too couldn't escape the realization of the imposition of poverty which has been too much your mother's lot in recent years - and which has worried you a good deal.

Ted tried several things he thought

might be short cuts to wealth
or at least financial ease that
would make it possible for him then
to devote himself to his beloved music.
He (with a friend) tried general contract-
ing which, in the late twenties and
thirties called only for imagination and
nerve, with both of which he was liberally
supplied. However, jobs - contracts -
didn't come as easily as he had
hoped so his bank roll didn't
grow very rapidly. Then he transferred
from S.T. State to Stanford & began a
career in law. He was sharp enough
but the things a lawyer has to do
bothered his conscience and cramped
his style as an independent thinker.
He'd have had to regiment himself
unless he was willing to become an
unscrupulous lawyer - and he
couldn't stomach that.

Then, he decided to put all his
efforts into building a superior

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dance band. He was an excellent performer on the saxophone & clarinet and he played a variety of other instruments. He was immediately successful & soon had a notable dance band with all the work they could do. His banjo player has since become one of the Peninsula's expert nose & throat physicians. Another band member ultimately became the principal & controlling owner of the Pet Milk Co. and a millionaire. Ted, however, wanted to study harmony & musical composition & music arranging & this was difficult for a dance band leader, even if he did take trips around the world.

Eventually Ted concluded what some of his friends had known all along that since his talent lay in ^{serious} music — the mastery of musical composition & structure, musical ^{theory and} style, harmony, etc. — that the shortest route

to success lay in giving his music
all he had. So he came back and
in several institutions studied the
musical fields in which he was in-
terested and in a few years was known
as one of the outstanding musical
specialists in the West. He rose rapidly
and so did his earnings. NBC in
San Francisco, then Horace Heidt,
then NBC again in Chicago, New York
& Los Angeles in that sequence and
finally MGM for whom he arranged
most of the music for Esther Williams out-
standing movies, also Bing Crosby,
John Scott Trotter's Orchestra &
many more. Only his deafness that
developed in the late forties put
an end to his rise. I'm sure he'd
say—"Don't waste time on attempted
short cuts. Put your effort where
your talents lie. The results will
follow."

As a Playboy Bunny you'd
without doubt be a complete success

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However, your personal appeal to men is so great that, in spite of all the protection the Playboy restaurants & Clubs can give you - and I'm sure that they do as much as they can for their "Bunnies" - I'm positive that you'd be harassed by a continual stream of Tom Kelly types (moneyed men, of course) who'd subject you to every kind of pressure they know to get you to compromise your principles, your standards of behavior and your ambitions for intellectual development. To the extent that you succumbed to flattery & flattery (at a price - They'd spend money on you & then let you know that they considered, therefore, that they'd bought & were entitled to your submission) you'd be dragged or driven farther & farther from your dramatic goals where your talent

lies until after a few years, your chances of even getting into the fields you love would largely evaporate. I'm talking only in terms of what I know from observation & what I've been able to hear first hand of what the moneyed type of Playboys expect and how little generally they care for the consequences in the lives of those (the girls) to whom they look for satisfaction of their pleasures. Then, too, I'm sure your success would be obvious enough to inspire the jealousy of other "Bunnies" who would not have the dramatic talents you possess.

I'm seriously concerned "my darling daughter" that initial success in any direction you turn might lead you to think you could handle any type of situation that might develop - but from the "rats" I've known with money and polished manners, but without scruples,

I'm sure you could not bring it to pass. At 24 ~~of~~ opportunity beckons to you. At 30, probably tired by the pace you could not avoid, opportunity would be waving you good bye. In your field of talent, success can come to you, though with a somewhat lower pay check ~~in the~~ by the time you'd be thinking of turning away from the Playboy atmosphere. And the rewards in satisfactions - in every area of your interest would be a hundred fold greater.

Incidentally, your idea of an epic poem on insects for your second term paper intrigued me so much that last night I wrote out - as fast as I could drive my pencil the outlines of one theme for such an epic, one that has never been done but for which the time surely is ripe. If it appeals to you - and I've had it typed today

and will give you a copy tomorrow
(Friday) at class, and with a list
of insects from which to choose a
"Dramatis Personae" you could, I'm
sure do a worthwhile term paper.
Later, on a more ambitious level, if you
would consider collaborating with me
you to furnish the imagination, drama
& poetic insight, I to supply the
factual data and the continuity,
the "Epic" might well meet with
favor at the hands of a publisher.
I would take two of us for I don't be-
lieve either of us could provide the
entire spectrum of requirements.
Anyway, I can tell you more about the
theme, you can do a term paper in
any case, and we can talk about
a publishable sequel.

I spoke to Dr. Richter, our veterinarian
professor, about altering the pithens
(Zwischen or Zwischen - now is posi-
tively beautiful) & he can arrange to do
it next Thursday. I'll see you mon
for arrangements.
Now I must quit or you'll balk at reading
anything more that I write Love
Carl