

I took celery juice to Doris & hamburgers, fries & choc malts for everyone & we had a feed together. Lots of fun!

Monday Evening
Late

Dearest Patricia:

I'm sorry my car wouldn't carry your frames out to your mom's. The full sized Ford would have done it but I wouldn't go back to the big car from the Falcon, even so. The Falcon saves me too much energy. I think it is a factor in my health improvement that is still going on and I have you to thank for it. No one else shows me as much genuine personal interest & understanding as you, so remember, it was you who kept after me to change to a smaller car until I did. I am both pleased and grateful.

Your mom told me this evening the story of your guinea pig - that preceded the big long haired black "kitten" that you are holding in the picture I had duplicated. It is a delightful story - told as it was with your mom's sense of humor and mischievousness. It deserves being written up for publication!

(or two pieces)
One other piece of information in this brief note is that I'm still reading Sartre's "Literary and Philosophical Essays" and his essay (Chap 7) "John Dos Passos and 1919" delights me as much as the first one in the book disturbed & angered me. As he says in his last line "I regard Dos Passos as the greatest writer of our time." His feeling produces such gems

as the following.

"Dos Passos has invented only one thing, an art of story-telling. But that is enough to create a universe!"

The next is a quote from Malraux in "Man's Hope" — "The tragic thing about death is that it transforms life into a destiny." "The lives he tells about" (This is now Sartre about Dos Passos) "are all closed in on them selves. We constantly have the feeling that these vague, human lives, are destinies." "In capitalist society, men do not have lives, they have only destinies." "We are neither mechanical objects nor possessed souls, but something worse; we are free." and finally "Beauty is a veiled contradiction," of course much of the impressiveness of these is lost because they are out of context.

The other thing I have to report is that yesterday while listening to some subdued music on KPFA as I worked, the music ended & dialog began. I realized that something exciting was being said, so I turned the radio up & listened, enthralled, to a recording of a panel of the "Harlem Playwrights Guild" as the 6th (I've missed the rest 5) presentation in a series on What the Negroes really think about America. It was varied, but mostly very forceful, often angry — & who can blame them — & though it supposedly was about plays written about negroes by negroes, mostly it was an angry defense (or offense — as you choose) of the "fortunes" of good negro playwrights (not of all of them) when or as they have struggled through the last 130 years to win a place or merit in the American Theater. The last one was one of the most brilliant pieces of angry literature I have ever heard. I promptly sat down & wrote to KPFA requesting the whole thing (including the 5 in the series I have missed) if available. All the American public should hear this — especially the first (historical) & the last (angry young man). It is necessary if we are to convert America (as the speaker said) into an America for everyone — regardless of color. You'll think to it if I can get it. Love-Carl.