

Wednesday

Dear, dear Sidney,

I wrote you like a hurt, offended child, and now your answer, so brilliant and calm and wise, has altogether comforted me, and settled ~~for good~~ <sup>for good</sup> the "proud and angry deed" that Payne-Whitney <sup>only</sup> had, further disturbed.

It is extraordinary that you should quote Emerson. — I got out his poems from the library a few days ago. I had read the lines you cite only two evenings ago. Such instances make me wonder if there can be some sort of inexplicable telepathy between persons whose spirits are akin. I had read before the Mann quotation. — I reviewed it with a clearer perception now that it comes from you.



Indeed I am overjoyed about Streetcar's Pulitzer.  
 Tenn is still in Rome. I had a cable from him saying  
 that I should Logan, whom I have asked to direct my play,  
 had delivered the latest version to him. Tenn and  
 Logan will talk it over and Tenn will give me  
 detailed suggestions about the script - he and  
 Audrey Wood (his agent and mine) still think it needs  
 work, I believe. The wife said "Script a thousand times  
 better"; Tenn would not have used a comparative  
 expression if he thought the play finished and  
 ready for production. He wants us to have  
 a place together, working in "adjoining trances",  
 where he can advise me on the last work on the play.  
 His comments are invaluable to me. Tenn takes  
 this play as anxiously as though it were his own.



For a long time I did not write Tenn about Paquet. What say.  
 This is not because I would withhold anything from  
 Tennessee, or because I could doubt the most perfect  
 understanding; for years he has been like a very near  
 brother, and the mutual understanding has been complete  
 and unblemished. But you see Tenn's beloved  
 sister has been mentally ill and in an institution for  
 the last 10 years. It is the sorrow of his life.

And I know that in his heart his sister and I are  
 related. So you can understand my counselling him to  
 burden Tenn with that knowledge when he was away.  
 When I was home, I began to worry for fear he might  
 discover it somehow, and I mentioned it in a letter, -  
 impressing it on him that I am quite all right now.  
 It is fortunate that I did, because Tenn wrote that  
 Janet Flanner had seen him in Rome and told him I was



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"psychically disturbed." Well - it's all over now and Tennessee knows he has no reason for anxiety. His last letter is radiant and full of plans. He wonders if perhaps we can have a ranch in Mexico or the West where we can live and work secluded from the world's disturbances. He wonders if we can have his sister with us and assume the responsibility for her happiness. The last reports from her hospital report improvement. I want very much to share with Tenn this responsibility that has weighed on him so long and painfully. I do believe that the tenderness and love we would give her would help in the restoration of her health. But I realize that in any decision involving her we need expert, professional guidance. For years she had the



fixed delusion that Tennessee had set himself  
against God, and was writing plays against God.

So you see, Sidney, unless we are careful the  
situation is not without danger to both her and Tenn.  
I mean the danger of further <sup>or relapse</sup> grief and disappointment.

Now let me tell you some good news for a change.  
The New Yorker has bought a story that they will  
publish later in the year. They are not only paying  
me about \$1,000 <sup>including bonuses</sup> - but have offered me a  
most advantageous contract for future stories.

The contract includes lovely bonuses that  
<sup>nearly</sup> will double the original payment. That is  
really fortunate, as my long illness plus other  
financial responsibilities had left me penniless and  
in debt to my mother. I have a series of stories



planned. I hope to have some pennies in my pocket -  
that will be nice, won't it?

Also, my husband, Reece M. Cullen, visited me  
this weekend and told me he had a job. It is  
his first job in many years, - since the war, in fact.  
We are separated, no longer married except legally -  
but his well being is greatly important to me.

For a long time he was morally sick, alcoholic,  
and most unhappy. Now he has got hold of himself,  
in a way that is almost miraculous. He is like a  
youngster in his bride about the job, - He called  
yesterday to tell me with great delight that he had  
a dictophone and a secretary. Part of my  
temporary breakdown had been due to the



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Nothing is sadder than the death of love, the dark-by-drop  
deterioration of a marriage.

prolonged distress I had suffered in this relation.

I feel that the dark cloud on my life is  
lightening. I am impatient for health. I wish  
some doctor could cure this mysterious malady.

I walk much better and even my hand is  
improving. But I long for bodily vitality  
and confidence.

Forgive me the length and intimacy of this  
letter. My only justification is that I feel so  
remarkably close to you. There is so much I would  
like to talk with you about. I look forward every  
day to our meeting. Until <sup>then</sup> know that I send  
you all the dear happy wishes that you can have  
use for.

Fondly,  
Carson

(over)

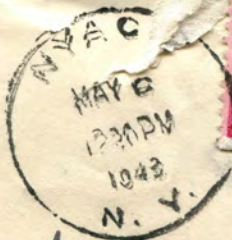


The charming snapshot is stuck in my mirror. I had  
not imagined you as so good looking. Because I  
knew that you are good, I thought that surely the Lord  
had shaped you carelessly. I saw you as a bit on the  
ugly side to make up for your other qualities. It's  
obliging of the Lord to make <sup>you</sup> so handsome, too, I must say.

Write me about yourself - about your contract  
to the army. Let me know about the Washingtonians.



Ms. Sellers  
1313 mtl B' way  
N York, N. Y.



Sidney Deenberg, M. D.  
Medical College of Virginia  
Hospital Division  
1200 East Broad Street  
Richmond 17, VA.