write me here: THE GORHAM HOTEL
136 WEST 55TH STREET
NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

November 8, 1964
New York City

CABLE: GORAMTEL

My Darling Marianne,

I turned my manuscript into Viking and I'm in a hotel room waiting for an answer. It is curious, but I always seem to be in some public room waiting for an answer. The Reading Tour is over. I don't think there has ever been a nation which has been bombarded with so much news about poetry for a week of its existence - newspaper, tv, radio, movies - all the power of the mass media focussed on - poetry! I am famous and empty. I've come to New York to begin the whole process again, to turn over some blackened pages and seek approval. But something in me has changed, something has frozen over - I don't care too much how people take me or my work, and I find a sharp axe in myhand. I find my armour very xxxxxxx thick and very strong, and I'm ready to meet anything. There is only one soft point in my protection, only one area I cannot guard - and that is you, Marianne. Only through you can a world which hates flight, sink its hooks into me and bleed me into weakness. I want to believe that you will not invite the world to do so, but a very fresh scar warns me to be careful. The sexual atmosphere of New York is confusing. Men and women are at work on each other with razors. All eyes are wild with betrayals suffered or performed. I can survive xxxx alone here, I could be a great loner, but I do not want to exist in combat, I want to live with a true love. We have been apart for a month now, and you will have had time to examine yourself and your behaviour. Please do not invite me back into another Paris. I ask you to be generous enough to tell me truth even if it is brutxal, because I can stand being hurt but I cannot bear being tricked. I can stand being betrayed but I cannot stand being fooled. So tell me, darling, if you are my woman, and if you are not, tell me that too. You know what I need, but only you know if you can be that woman. In the past few weeks, I have had extatic glimpses of my direction. I have sung out in visions of glory, laughing, stopping traffic. Only one question made me cautious: Is Marianne with me? I want you to be with me. If you can't, I want you to tell me xxxxxxx that you can't. I'll be in New York another week or so, waiting for your letter. I hope it is a letter full of truth. I have told you this many times: it is only the lies which destroyed us and poisoned our house. A lie is the gravest insult, and very close to murder, because it is a xxxxx device to ignore the being of another person. I've missed you very much, and I have many plans for us, but I want to hear from you who you are, and the kind of world you want me to live in. Write me quickly and tell me what you have been doing and thinking.

All my love,

Leonard