

PHILA, PA
OCT. 9, 1946

DEAR MRS. CROSBY:



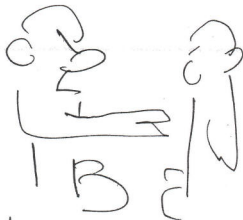
I WAS WORKING IN
A PICTURE FRAME
FACTORY



AND DRINKING,
WHEN YOU ACCEPTED
ONE OF MY STORIES



IN THE LETTER
YOU SAID, IT
"WAS PUZZLING
AND PROFOUND.



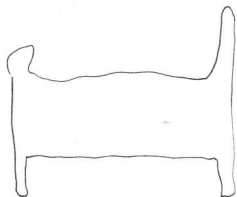
I LOST MY JOB,



MY FATHER BOUGHT
ME A NEW SUIT
AND SHIPPED ME
TO PHILADELPHIA



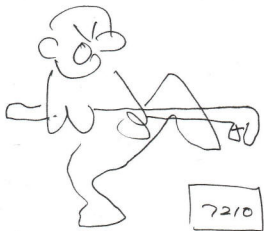
I LIVED ON SOCIAL
SECURITY, HAD TOO
MUCH TIME TO THINK
AND DRINK -



I KEPT WONDERING ABOUT PORTFOLIO.



I WROTE DIVERS CONTUMELIOUS NOTES, LOOKING UP FRENCH WORDS IN THE BACK OF MY DICTIONARY. I WANTED A COPY OF PORTFOLIO, WITH MY STORY IN IT. I HAD THE CRAZY BLUES, THE SUICIDAL MANIA, THE WINE DREAMS. I NEEDED A SPIRITUAL LIFT. I WAS ENTHUSIASTIC IN MY DEMANDS. AFTER SEVERAL INTERCHANGES, I GOT IT (PORTFOLIO)



I AM NOW WORKING IN A TOOL WAREHOUSE -



AND DRINKING



YET I KEEP WONDERING. WHERE ARE THOSE STORIES AND SKETCHES I SENT HER IN MARCH 1946? IS SHE ANGRY? IS THIS HER REVENGE? DID SHE BURN MY THINGS? DID SHE MAKE THE PAGES INTO PAPER BOATS FOR THE BATHTUB? OR DOES HENRY MILLER SLEEP WITH THEM UNDER HIS MATTRESS?

I CAN WAIT NO LONGER.

IF I RECEIVE NO ANSWER, I'LL HAVE MY ANSWER,

Truly,

Charles Bukowski

603 N. 17 TH. ST.

PHILA, 30, PA.