

CARSON MCCULLERS letters to SIDNEY ISENBERG  
(copied by p.d.y. 23 Feb. 1974)

I: addressed to Sidney Eisenberg MD  
Medical College of Va  
Hospital Division  
Richmond, Va.

fr. Carson McCullers  
131 S. Bdwy.  
Nyack, N.Y. (addressed by her mother)

postmarked March 9, 1948 (no date inside)

text:

Dear Sidney Isenberg,

sweet

Thank you for your ~~letter~~ letter,--coming at this time, it ~~was~~ was like a handclasp in the dark. The same post brought a letter signed I. Tennessee is in Italy where he wants me to join him. Don Wyndom, by the way, was visited me out here on Sunday.

For a long time I have felt like a broken doll that a spoilt child has thrown into a closet corner. For one thing I have been ill for many months. I ~~collapsed~~ collapsed last autumn in Paris and had to be flown home. I am much better now, and I hope to recover altogether. But it is so long and miserable. I am a very bad invalid.

Oddly enough, I first met Tennessee by letter. He wrote me when "The Member of the Wedding" came out and asked me to spend the summer with him at the house he had rented in Nantucket. I took him up and we worked at the same table for many happy weeks. His play turned into "Streetcar" and he helped me with a dramatization of "The Member". We would work all morning, then stop ~~off~~ off to take a swig from the whisky bottle we kept on the table between us. Then swim in the afternoon. It was a good summer. Tenn has been like a brother to me. I wonder if you have read "The Member of the Wedding"? If you have not, I will send you a copy. It is my favorite book, because it cost so many pains to write. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ (5 yrs of work).

That play is now the cause of a commotion. When I was in Europe my agent gave it to a "collaborator" and, after much persuasion, (those 3 words crossed out) very foolishly, I signed a contract. It is a wonder to me my name is not signed to the Constitution, it seems to be signed to everything else. I have got into such bizarre troubles signing my name.

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The "collaborator" is now threatening a lawsuit ~~because~~ because I can not use his awful work. 3 lawyers wrote me. I was so terrified I pulled the cover over my head and howled like a banshee. I could hear the Black Maria and see the (drawing of jail bars). The Theater Guild, who wants to produce my play has called in their lawyer (he's supposed to be the best in town) They tell me the man has absolutely no grounds for suit, and that there is nothing to worry about.

Please excuse this writing ~~as~~ as my left hand is paralyzed.

Thank you again, dear Sidney Isenberg, for your kind letter. I would like to send it to Tennessee. So please write me another to replace it. Write me about yourself and your work.

Yours,

Carson