

March 11, 1956

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Dear Doris:

for pillows

After phoning today I realized I forgot to ask you whether you have bought the throw pillows for your sofa. Cuchita ordered the red material to have her foam rubber settee covered, too, and we bought a lot of material, material tinted very lightly, to go with it—if you would like pillows tell me what size—do you like them stuffed slightly or mucho?—I am thinking of making very light ones filled with chicken feathers—I don't like the foam rubber pillows they are too much like soldiers at attention. They will be very plain no buttons in the middle or the like. This will mean no investment on your part—will be something that comes from the blue.

POINT NO 2: Gabriela has shown some interest in a Russian friend of mine (a Jewess) [white Russian refugee from the first revolution—she has lived in France since she was sixteen—but in spite of that could easily be the heroine of a Russian novel, so EUSHEW is she] well this is the point: she is a poet who writes "poesies" (she taught French at the Catholic Univ. for a year in 1950, was homesick for the "smell" of Paris, and decided to abandon Uncle Sam's material wealth for her smells—her English is very picturesque—wherefrom "poesies"). Now she is going to publish some poetry in French and I am taking up a subscription among her friends here. Since gm showed some interest in her, you know gm, one night I was telling her about Lydia (her name is Lydia Debernardy—married a Frenchman who was burned to death in an overturned car toward the end of the war with all the money they had in his pocket—an alcoholic too—her mother was deported by the Nazis and never heard of again—her younger sister committed suicide—there is not end to it—in spite of all this she is a marvelous person, psychic, with a profound intuition, one of the most interesting people I have ever met) to come back to gm, when I told her about Lydia she said immediately, "Call her up." but we were in Washington and she was in Paris. It will mean a spiritual lift for her to have gm's name among the contributors. I am going to send these contributions off this week—with all my other troubles I have not been able to attend to my duties as Lydia's subscription collector in the U.S.A. and I expect to receive a letter soon in which I am accused of abandoning her in her hour of need.

So don't forget—1) pillows; 2) subscription.

Mucho love

M.B.

P.S. I have been reading rather carefully the reports of Dr. White, the President's Physician and he is quite convinced that we are having heart trouble from sitting on our behinds too much—gm should RELIGIOUSLY walk a little each day. When she was here and we were looking for houses (that was the Saturday afternoon I was out with her and my pneumonia—yes it was "walking" pneumonia) she was really trying to get exercise; we would walk a little and then she would sit down... She walks a great deal when she is here. . . when are you coming down?

Polanco has been asked by ASCAP (if that's the name) to become a member. He tells me they are playing in the "shoremen" and at the Madrillos here his song "Pretty señorita" You should get him to promote you Italian song here!

Well, at this point I collapse. Have spent all day on my income tax!

[Carta] 1956 Mar. 11 [a] Doris Dana [manuscrito] Margaret Bates.

AUTORÍA

Bates, Margaret Jane, 1918-

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