

January 24, 1962

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19 West 76 Street, N.Y. 23, N.Y.

Dear Faith,

This is a letter of Hello and Smile. Albany. Albany, Georgia. It must be cold there now. And the comforts which are laughingly accepted as "there" in the affluent North, are, I suppose, bravely missed where you are. But in New York, to most of us, to those that have met the McDews, and the Jones', and the Sherrods, Albany Ga. does not exist. Even to me, who has worked in this city and has been to its jail---even I must prod myself to remember of the existence of Albany.

But it is there. It is there with all its stretched and tensed evil and it is there with its little grain of progress that makes suffering worth its own toll.

But how do you fare, beautiful sister of another beautiful sister? Your mother tells me that you have lost some weight. Not too much, I hope.

I had the opportunity of staying with your family for a week and I have never spent a more peaceful and enjoyable seven days. I hereby formally adopt you all.

I am living alone now and hope you will note my new address. I have a nice room, just one floor under Per Laursen. I am still trying to weather out the newspaper strike in this city. Nice thing, unemployment insurance. I hope that the strike will be over in a short while--I need employment so I can return to college. Ah, what a petty problem!

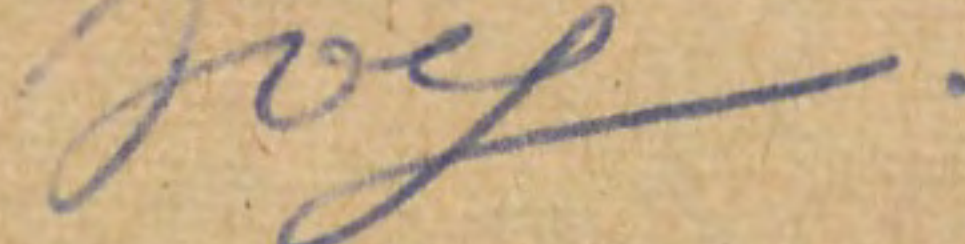
So you are in Albany, Ga. There you are. Roger's Faith, Shai's Faith, Joey's Faith, all your friends' Faith. There is glory in the work you do. But you will never share it. It belongs and will go to the people for whose dignity you work. All the loneliness that is generated in a task such as yours finds no displacement---because of the stringent and ascetic conditions you function under; the conditions that are necessary in order to perform properly and effectively. And so, though you have your fellow-workers, your job is essentially one that is a lonely one--that must be worked out in your own mind and with your own conscience. If you speak to a group at a mass meeting you become most aware of your isolation from both your friends and those whom you are trying influence. Enough of this!! Avaunt---begone such tripe!!

Ah, all those Persian princesses flung far and wide over an erupting Americana!

When I mail this today, I will see whether there is anything I can do to insure that this letter gets to you, but more important, I will see whether anything can be done to see that your (I'm being optimistic) reply will get out of Albany.

I suppose there is not much in this letter that is overly fascinating or interesting--but it is a communication and I did want to contact you. Hello, Faith!

With much love and affection,



P.S. Per sends his love. He was just given \$500. from an organization which remained anonymous, for his work and book on the South. \$500. with no strings attached. Pretty good going. He deserved it. He'll be coming down to the South in mid-February for appraisal of his book.

P.P.S. I will try to call you soon.