

Thalassotherapy Treatment
1985

Kate MANHEIM

Departure from Paris - 8.34 am
Arrived at Roscoff - 2:47 pm

July 23, 1985

Voila. The general atmosphere is pretty much like that. The most athletic person I've ever met spends all his free time watching artichokes grow. Thalassotherapy is beyond imaginable. It takes up much less time than I would have hoped, so this morning I took the bull by the horns. I got up at 6:45 in the morning and went to the "Center" to do 300 meters of breaststrokes in the panoramic pool with a view of the sea, which is 13 meters long, that is to say that I crossed it 23.076,923 times, which is simple, it's a whole dilemma: do a few meters, not more or less, etc.) nor satisfactory (in any case, this is an unclear & uneven amount of meters, which bother me...) Afterwards, I had to cycle a good five kilometers + 2 km on foot on wet sand accompanied by a grandmother and her grandsons. The four of us also crossed a large forest - a national reserve, actually!

I then drank water on a terrace in Roscoff, unsuccessfully making eyes at an Englishman, not bad at all, like Peter O'Toole. I had lunch and went back to my hotel to take a hot bath in the hope of relieving my groin, which is no longer used to cycling. Afterwards, I went to the "Center" where they put hot compresses on my sore spots (it was quite sinister: next to me there was an octagenarian who looked like me getting treated bit away from me) and then I was given a "massage"*. It was as if the skinny little girl with glasses who was standing next to me had set forth an army of crabs all along my spine and then made it radiate faster and faster along my right side and then my left side. "Did we warn you that it could hurt a little the first 3 or 4 times?" Is something they said before they started, then asking to perform a sort of Saint Vitus dance on and around my cervical vertebrae.

I couldn't take anymore activity, but these twin tireless beasts of my legs started galloping along the sea, back and forth, fluttering repeatedly. My right leg took the brunt of the ache. When I got up from the massage table, I felt so glamorous that I almost fainted.

We waited a few moments for it to pass, then she plunged me into a bath of seawater in which floated an unfortunate little bag of seaweed. I had to wait for an hourglass hanging on the wall to elapse so I could get out of the bathtub. The water wasn't hot enough, so I readjusted it to the halfway point of the hourglass, and the attendant came in. She pressed a button behind the tub - which set off a whole system of jets and bubbles. It was like one would imagine the inside of a volcano crater, but at least this was warm, thankfully. Now imagine that one of the most powerful jets carefully placed in a way that it brushed against my clitoris at a 60 degree angle. At first I thought, "Oh, it's not bad. They can do anything here..." but I quickly became disillusioned. The jet was so powerful that my clitoris was puréed completely to mush — it was almost bleeding. To avoid this accursed jet I had to contort myself in the bathtub so much that I found myself in one of the positions that Phillipe Clay did in *French Coucou*. I only got out at the very last minute just barely at the elapsing of the hourglass and the entrance of the supervisor.

Coming out of the "centre," I was still wound up and set like clockwork, so I went back to my room and started to lick & leaf through a Boileau-Narcejac which I bought at the bookshop-tobacco shop-bazaar-stationery-merchant of Breton souvenirs and clothing-confectionery etc. I almost fell asleep - I tell you, I was wound up, but wound up like a — well, I ended up falling asleep and I got up at 6:45, ticked off like a cannonball — I ran my bath (it's a bit long: I'm on the 2nd floor so it meant a good minute of a headache for the hot water to come). In the interim I made the first part of my breakfast. Get this, the owner of my hotel is a complete alcoholic who drinks so much in the evening that she can't get up in the morning (again, I'll point out in passing that this seems to be the case in all of Roscoff. I've never seen a village that gets up so late!)

At the hotel doing sit-ups in my hotel room which, by the way, is very good (you can see the very beautiful church rise above

everything, which is better than all that mud by the “Centre”). Then I went to have an early dinner (liquefied langoustines + grilled steak + rice pudding + fairly spicy crème caramel too... I grumbled about the langoustines but seeing that everything was like that + quite salty I told myself that the cook was having his thalassotherapy treatment too in the kitchen and had made the vase overflow in my garden...At the same restaurant, the night before, the food was very dry and salty...quite mysterious and bordered on gum - I won't go again]) I went to dinner made so I could see *Mr. Verdoux*. In the lounge of my hotel the TV is even bigger than at home and the picture is very clear.

The passages with Martha Raye are the most memorable I think, along with the teacup thing. At the beginning of the day I hadn't yet found my rhythm, so on Monday she brought me breakfast in bed at 8:15 a.m. on Tuesday (so yesterday - I started writing this card again today, Wednesday...) she brought it to me at 7:15 but she scolded me like a rotten fish without any pretext that I was “still in bed” - that I should already “be up to be at the pool at 8” - that she wouldn't get up for me anymore (the idea of her getting out of bed to then find me in mine didn't seem to please her) that I should just go downstairs etc. I said “but yes madam, you are right, it will be much better” — you know you have to know how embrace the day — and with this in mind, I realized that we have many foods around: for example the first day, Sunday, it was late in the evening, so I went to buy my little 0% fat white cheese sandwiches to put in the kitchen fridge — you see, so she brings me one of these in the morning instead of the classic bread, butter, jam (but worse in Brittany because of the humidity in the air and the iodine or whatever God does which gives the slices the appearance of a pumice stone with much bigger holes, which means that everything crumbles as soon as you take a bite...the crumbs with mayonnaise are not bad, but apart from that...)

To come back to what I told you above, I made myself “the first part of my breakfast” in my room because, in fact, I can't do

anything about the effects of having eaten certain foods. Luckily I wasn't totally out of it. I made myself a grapefruit juice, please, so I could get my vitamins. I made myself some black coffee with my little electric heating element (which, as a daughter, had also given me a hard time with my boss, but I made myself some black coffee with my little electric heating element (which had also given me a hard time with the madame, but...I'll spare you the details. I'll tell you about it in its full white trim in Paris) and then, with my coffee, I ate one of my "Bioson" biscuits.

Afterwards I took my bath - a little sad because I heard on the radio that Rock Hudson was in the hospital with inoperable liver cancer, and next a little perplexed because the meteorologist Albert Simon announced this weather report, and me, obviously knowing how to look out the window — this morning he said it was beautiful everywhere and I'll tell you right now, from my window, it was nothing of the sort. Finally, I did everything I could by bike. I dried myself off and got dressed. I grabbed my things and went downstairs to get the rest of my breakfast: there was nothing in the dining room. So I went down to the kitchen where the madame, who was all backed up, was struggling with coffee pots, cups, saucers, trays, all in the middle of a large puddle of spilled milk that two little maids, who I had never seen, were trying to mop up. "Hello, Madam!" "I'll come up right away." "Yes, Madame...I'll wait up there! This is our new system, isn't it? It's better this way. Glad you thought of that!" I went to sit in the dining room where a couple sat and chatted casually at a table. "Good morning, gentlemen. Is it very nice out? Huh?" "Oh, but it's about to get better!" "Are you all having therapy too?" "No, we're just passing through—that's all." "Ah."

One of the little malnourished maids arrives with my tray: another black coffee, my cottage cheese and get this: a hard-boiled egg presented upright with the top end removed like a boiled egg! "Is it really hard?" "Yes. This one - it broke while cooking with the others so we presented it like this..." "That's

good! It looks nice.” I say to you now: hard-boiled egg shells fall out like a hair in the soup...where does that come from? But this boss didn’t clear it out...wow! You see, I forgot to explain to you that on Tuesday when I came back from the “Centre” I did some shopping: fruit, raw vegetables, etc. (I’m even more constipated here than in Paris: apparently it’s the iodine. Meh.....) and then I bought some eggs, thinking I could cook them in my room with my little heating element, but I quickly gave up, my duck turned out to be too small. I said it would take me several hours to cook all 6 eggs.

The idea of doing them one by one seemed impractical to me, a waste of time anyway. I took my courage in both hands and went downstairs to see if the Madame could cook them for me. She was at the reception desk towards the elevator exit on the right of the lobby. She gave me a big smile when she saw the eggs. I shyly explained what was going on. “Oh, yes, of course! I’ve a bit of a demeanour to me, don’t I...You’ll get it one day... How many do you want? All six at the same time...?” “No way! But if you could cook them one by one a day...” — “Okay,” she replies, “one a day. For me, if an egg isn’t fresh, it’s not an egg, really. Gotta be fresh...” (She already smelled of alcohol) — I didn’t know how to stop this deluge of “it’s not an egg if it’s not fresh, etc.” From time to time., I’d try to chime in: “But a hard-boiled egg when it's hard...” She wouldn't listen. Thank God, *Mr. Verdoux* started and she gave up. Phew. To get back to my herd, I finished breakfast and went to the “Center” where I had new treatments to undergo: shoulder rehabilitation in the pool at 8:30, an intestinal cleanse at 9:30 then gentle gymnastics at 10:30.

It made me upset, each treatment was only about 20 minutes, so for the most part we waited or got dressed or undressed. Luckily, while I was waiting, I met the doctor who had given me my medical examination. I was very firm with him. I told him that his “center” was a joke, that I had called my rheumatologist in Paris, that I was going to slander his “center” as fraudulent to the

editors of the city paper and any other publications advertising this place. He told me, "Yes, just as well, you should tell your doctor everything, he's like a priest, Madame Manheime." In response, he told the secretary that I was to do groin rehab every day instead of 3 times a week, the lumbar gymnastics 3 times a week. In addition to the gentle gymnastics and also if I wanted the total gymnastics course, which unfortunately is only done 3 times a week. It seemed to be the best.

In the afternoon I went to St. Pol de Léon by bike. I lit all the candles in the church (If I put all my assets in the wash I'm lost) On the way back it was hard. The wind was blowing very hard, it almost sent me backwards. I had a sucky dinner again. I hope all this gives you an idea of what my days are like. Little by little I'm opening up more and more. It's going well. It's really going well.

And yourself?

Kisses
xxxx
Kate

Note 1: I actually met her on the Corail train. She's Swiss. We were both alone in "The" First Class car that goes to Roscoff. She gave me cookies and chocolate. She's only 18. She lives in a studio. She can't swim or ride a bike so it's not easy to meet up with her much.

Note 2: The only time you can go to the pool without finding yourself in the midst of forty old people splashing around is between 8 and 8:30 a.m. The sea is still very cold.

Note 3: Roscoff is FLAT. St. Pol de Leon is steep and taller.

Note 4: I later learned that the masseuse's technique was called a "pincer-roll". Which proves that my image of crabs was spot

on. The "roll" must come from the crabs rolling on the DOB laughing when they hear the patient scream.

Note 5: Actually my room overlooks the sea but I don't see it. It's the corridor that leads to my room that overlooks the church. As my room is at the other end of the corridor I see the church a lot.

Note 6: Her name is Madame DARDE

Note 7: As you must have noticed

Note 8: I played VERTIGO while watching the 171st walk through the Kreisker Chapel and I signed a petition to help repair this same tower which was apparently in a bit of a state. I had a lucky escape.

Sigh. Listen, I'm trying to go to bed.

Rereading, or rather trying to reread, all this, I realize that all the mud must be going to my head. Well, generally I type and not write by hand, but there are passages where it's worse than B. Lefort's handwriting. I hope you can manage!

Kisses, dear friend

xxx Kate

PS. Don't worry, I'll keep you posted.

To R. Foreman July 25 1985

Well here I am

1. FIRST STEP
2. WORK IN PROGRESS

3. WHAT ARE WE AIMING FOR.

Dear Richard,

Really I'm having a fine time 20 km of bicycle a days — lots and lots of laps. My sea therapy is a little weird. Most of the people are over 65. The most athletic person I met is a stout lady from Switzerland who's only 55 and who's favorite sport is watching the artichokes grow. You might enjoy that... This is the largest fig tree in the world, planted in 1625 it covers 600 square meters of ground so it needs these pillars to stand up. It grows up to 400kgs of figs a year! I was told another one exist somewhere in South America but tat one grows upwards. Must be something! I am also going to a lot of churches.

The gargoyles, skulb, & monsters of all sorts are much greater than I thought. I am lighting a lot of candles in case the seaweed doesn't work. Better be on the safe side. Looking forward to seeing you. Maybe if you could manage Francis' luggage and pack your stuff inside it and then you could take back our large luggage in the other direction... I'm fine for money but might need some toward September. We'll have to figure out a rational system. We'll have to figure out a rational system.

Love + Kiss
Kate

July 25, 1985

My dear Muriel,

I received your message from my answering machine. I'm in Roscoff for my thalassotherapy treatment. It's strange. All this mud... I'm really having a blast. I bought your book from a Minuit

machine. I didn't take it with me on vacation. I don't like this knuckle-biting kind of feminism at all. A kiss for you...

Kate Manheim (I stopped at the A.)

July 25, 1985

Dear Edouard,

I got your message from my "answering machine." Keep me informed of how things are going, I will receive your messages. My thalassotherapy is nothing to be jealous of. It's a mess! But I also have my bike and I swim around a lot, so that about saves me. I also light a lot of candles in Breton churches.

Today one for you! Love KM

July 25, 1985

Dear Dad, A MUDDY MESS!!! You know what I mean? That's pretty much what is. The most athletic person I've ever met is a little Swiss woman who spends her time watching artichokes grow! I've developed a quite epic relationship with the landlady of my hotel, who is called Madame DARDE. It's especially in the evening because she's dead drunk, in the angry, obtuse way.

Xxx
Love to Julia
Kate

July 25th 1985

Dear Stephen, I am sorry we are so unlucky. I got your message through my “interrogation à distance.” Well — here I am in Roscoff for a while bathing in seaweed and iodine. I am doing a “cure de Thalassotheapie”...which I quickly found out was rather a mistake for me but it's quite colourful. The most athletic person I met is a rather stout Swiss lady who's favourite spiiit in watching the breton artichokes grow...I'll call you when I get back. I hope you get better. Do take care.

love
xxx
Kate

(Stephen Wendt)

July 25, 1985

Dear Elke, sending some waves your way...

See the final card...

xxx KM

(...7 postcards of the ocean for Elke Bessfi ex Neut ex Wayoun)

As for me, where I am is more like this: muddy. The most athletic person I have met is a small woman who came expressly from Switzerland to do her thalassotheapie and her favorite sport is... watching artichokes grow! Thalassotheapie is for snails! And they still have yet to pass the finish line...Anyway, that's enough of this farce—I called Paris to yell at Illouz. We've patched things up a bit. I'm doing a lot of cycling and swimming — so it's fine. I haven't gone all fringe yet, but it's good: it gives me one more

activity every morning: choosing what to wear. The hotel owner, Madame DARDE, didn't appreciate my cooking equipment (a spare heating element) at first, but I won her over. I really hate not being able to operate the typewriter here... I bought some more batteries, but doesn't appear to be the problem. Maybe I'll find someone in St. Pol de Lèon to assess the issue.

On my walks, I visit every church I see and I light candles while there because I don't think I can fully count on my thalassotherapy.

Kisses

xxx

Kate

July 24, 1985

Dear Odile Lesourne,

I wanted you to know that I left Paris.

I plucked up the courage and went to the stonemason. I told him I wanted to change the location of Mom's grave, put it in a better place, a path with trees, etc. He explained to me that it would cost practically nothing—just a small amount of paperwork. But that I would have to contact the conservatorship if I had a location that was more to my liking. We made an appointment right away and ended up finding a spot I liked much better. Along a larger path (not huge, just the right size) with beautiful trees, which also leads straight to Maupassant. So people will have more opportunity to read the poem I plan to have written, and I'll be able to stay longer than 15 seconds when I come to place some flowers down, etcetera (because of the shade). We went to the office. I signed everything.

Mom will be moved mid-September. And we'll all put together the slab with the poem and everything. You can't imagine how relieved I am to have moved Mom. It made for a big weight off of me. Note that it must not be quite there yet, the poem, but it's about going down Boulevard Raspail to go home, I was singing the American Military March, "Stars and Stripes Together" and then immediately after The Wedding March: "Here comes The Bride" etc and it's this song that has now replaced "My wife is dead"... and comes back to me all the time.

That said, I left as planned on July 21st. My hotel is run by an alcoholic owner, which encourages me to stay on the "straight and narrow." The thalassotherapy center, on the other hand, is as muddy as you can imagine, the average person being roughly about an average bike run to get to the "center."

I hope you're having a great holiday.

See you in September!

Best wishes
Kate Manheim

I met a woman who came from Switzerland and whose favorite sport is looking for artichokes. Otherwise, I rent a bike and I ride around for miles and miles. I visit churches - I walk on beaches, forests, I swim for meters in the sea water pool (very warm by the way) of the "center" (there is only a bit of an arithmetic problem: for example to go 200 meters you have to go 23.076923 times the length of the pool.) That said, they're not as clean-cut as I'd have liked. Otherwise, again, I visit a lot of churches and light a lot of candles. I'm not sure that going it alone with the therapy will work. Gargoyles and the other Breton monsters I've heard of fascinate me more than before.

Well, listen, I'm going to put the plow in motion and head out.

July 27th 1985

(3 cards)

J.J., I, I'm taking a thalassotherapy treatment in Roscoff

1. The initial stage
 2. That's it: we're on the way
 3. The Goal. The ideal to achieve
-

July 27

Nora
= RF

Bill, P, M Macguire -> spelling?

Thank you for your card. As you can see for yourselves my sea therapy is a great success. Lets be in touch

Love
xxxx
Kate

27 July

Dear Uncle Richard, Catchy, Amy

Here I am in Brittany having a great time. Seaweed therapy can you believe it? Well, time will tell. My thoughts are with you as always.

Love
xxx
Kate

Ex Sands / Bianne

July 27

D. Carol, D. Jean,

This “thalasso therapie” is sure working wonders I tell you! Clt’s so muddy!!! Luckily I have my bike and I swim a lot.

See you soon.
Love Kate

Dear Mary (Gugenheim)

My “thalasso therapie” is not quite what I expected...But I have rented a bicycle and swim a lot to make up for the lethargy of it all. I’m fine. Doing me good. Healthy life. Love xxx Kate
See you soon I hope.

Leslie -> RF etc

July 27

Dear Claude (Regy)

This Thalassotherapy isn't quite what we thought it would be. But you see, I'm having a good day, aren't I? I rented a bike, I ride for miles regularly. And similarly, I swim a lot as well. With all the candles I light in churches, this note must be sticky...

Kisses
Kate

July 27

H. Mathews. M. Choix

Well here I am
in thalassotherapy...

1. First steps
2. Work in progress
3. What are we aiming for

It's all too muddy out here, but I keep myself centered with cycling, swimming, and lighting candles in every church I go to.

Kisses
Kate Manheim

July 27

-ex hawkins -neiderkorn now

Dear Yolanda, Bill

Well....

Here I am doing my seaweed therapy in northern Brittany. Works wonders, I tell you! How are you? Write me in Paris. I'm going to have to get out of this somehow. How? Only God can tell at this point. What are you doing this summer? Do you have work? I am a little better. I changed the spot of my mother's grave. It's going to be a nicer spot under the trees & all. It makes a big difference to me. Hope you're ok, Love to you and to Bill and everybody
xxxx KM

July 27th

Phillippe + Brigitte Sy

Dear friends,
Here I am in Roscoff, enjoying a thalassotherapy treatment.
It's fantastic.

Kisses
Kate

& a bigger kiss for Louis, who I'm sorry I've neglected!
WOULD LOVE TO CATCH UP!

RF just call 16H
Visa card
Can get it till Sept 22nd

July 27th
(horses by the sea)

Dear Jérôme (La Perrousaz)

So here I am, receiving thalassotherapy treatment in Roscoff. The treatment is quite mucky but I cycle and swim regularly. It made me happy to talk over things before. Meanwhile, I changed the location of my mom's grave. It's better for her beneath the trees.

Listen, heres a kiss for you. I hope to see you soon, you know, with that family of yours you don't recognize...

xxx KM

July 27th

(1. First steps etc 4. At the end of the day (new card tonight)

Dear Daniel Andler,

Well, here I am, thalassotherapy is not at all what I thought it would be. It's an unimaginable mess, really. Thalassotherapy is for the snails. I would like to organize a grand finale but I want to avoid being followed too much. The most active person I've met here was a little Swiss lady whose favorite sport was watching artichokes grow. Well, finally I called up Illouz. I tore him out. He did what he said he would, but it was a losing battle for him.

The "center" is mainly made for those over 65, don't you think? They have doubled my mail so it's only been 20 minutes. They say I'm a real character (????)...So I made my own schedule: renting a bike, riding 15km a day. Lots of walking + swimming, at my convenience, the sea is cold and + the rain + lots of mud + and the heated swimming pool in the "center" is 13 meters long & wide!

So you see, to do 300m you have to do laps for about 23.076923 times, approximately. This amuses me. As you see, I have try to have a good time. Salute to you & kisses, Kate

July 28th

Dear Maria, (concierge)

I hope all is well. The weather, where I am, in Brittany, is awful but I swim often, in a heated pool too (filled with sea water!) My phone number is _____ if anything comes up!

Thanks for everything xxx KM

July 28th

Dear Gaspard (de Charagnac),

Thalassotherapy is great!
I look good, don't I?

Kisses
Kate

July 28th
(horse + man)

(Jacques and Suzanne Chary)

Well, my dear friends...

...Here I am, back to work! Thalassotherapy is not at all what we thought it was—at least not in Roscoff. It's a "mess"! That said, it's pretty hilarious and I quite like it. I rented a bike to ride and I

swim a bunch (in heated pools of sea water). The weather is bad, I don't like the look of it, but it varies a bit....

Have a good vacation
Kisses
Kate

July 28
(ex de Chavagnac
Henri + Helene FARA)

Dear friends,

Here I am, doing thassalotherapy. Well, you didn't tell me it was gonna be so muddy...! Most here are over 65. The most athletic person I've met is a little Swiss lady who's only 55 and spends her time watching artichokes grow. I didn't let that get me down. I rented a bike, I ride about 15km a day, I walk, I light candles galore to try to exorcise the grief inside. Amidst all this mud. I swim a lot. To do 300 meters, I have to cross the 13-meter pool from the "center": 23.076923 times. It's a great workout. Oh, well! Anyway, I'll push on. This could make a good novel. How are you all?

Kisses
xxx Kate

July 28th 1985

Dear George: (Ashley)

Here I am undergoing seaweed therapy. I Think I finally found out where they get the ingredients to make thicket from but they send all the stuff to the USA before any of us poor workers can

get out hands on any so dear dear I think I'll be needing some more around September. Maybe some could go with RF when he goes to Isreal and I can stock up if I come to get my visa. Sorry I didn't write before. I think of you a lot though. How are things with equity Blue Cross and what not? I have no news... RF is not very good about that stuff.

How are you? Hot I bet. Sure ain't hot where I am. It's most often COLD WINDY and RAINING but its supposed to be the healthier spot in France. I'm lighting a lot of candles in all the churches on the sly though because I don't believe it. Better safe than sorry. Give my love to Jane and Mimi and Jeff and all the others.

See you soon!
Love Kate Manheim

July 28th 1985
(M.C. + Laurent de Brunholt)

Dear friends,

I'm here at Roscoff doing thassalotherapy.

1. FIRST STEP
2. WORK IN PROGRESS
3. WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR
4. AT THE END OF THE DAY

Kisses
Until September, I imagine...
Love Kate Manheim

July 28th 1985
(Sobel)

Dear friends,

1. FIRST STEP

July 28th 1985

Here I am, doing my thalassotherapy treatment...It's unimaginably muddy but hilarious. The most active person I met was a little lady who came straight from Switzerland! Her favorite sport when she's not at the "center" is watching artichokes grow.

2. WORK IN PROGRESS

July 28th 1985

Anyway...I rented a bike, I'm putting a lot of miles on it and I'm lighting candles in as many churches as I can to help with the effects of all this mud & dirt. I swim too. That's more complicated. The sea, when it's not full, can knock me down into the pool of the "center", which is 13 meters long!

3. WHAT WE ARE AIMING FOR

July 28th 1985

To travel 300 meters you have to cross it 23.076923 times, that's not a lot of meters. It annoys me. The average age is around here 65...Kisses. I am entering the first part of August

4. AT THE END OF THE DAY

xxxx Kate Manheim

July 28th 1985
(Jack Smith)

Dear Jack,

Here I am in Northern Brittany undergoing seaweed therapy.

1. FIRST STEP

I sure hope it does me good. Most of the people doing this here (in Roscoff) are over 65...

2. WORK IN PROGRESS

I think of you often. I am sorry our paths did not meet more often.

3. WHAT WE ARE AIMING FOR

In New York. I think I'll be back to get me visa in September or end of August maybe. I hope you are well, Jack.

4. AT THE END OF THE DAY

Still is in Paris my address still is
8 Rue Huysmans Paris 75006
Tel: 222-6477 All my love Kate Manheim

July 28th 1985
(MANGOLTE)

Me dear Babette,

So here I am, on vacation. I'm having a thalassotherapy treatment in Roscoff! Everyone told me it was great but no one told me that it's so muddy! I look good! The old mug. I rent a bike, I ride around a bunch. Between the seaweed compresses, I feel fine. A kiss for you. Did I find a job? xxx Kate

July 28th 1985
(Illouz, my rheumatologist)

Dear Doctor,

Well, have a look at the general atmosphere. Basically, it's this: muddy. The most active person I met was a woman who came from Switzerland. Her favorite sport is watching artichokes grow.

I know you called Dr. Audouard and I thank you for that, but you know there is a state of mind here I'm assessing as — well, there is no other word for it but “backward.” I've got thoughts on this. I'll tell you about them when I get a chance. Dr. A was very courteous and signed me up for more sessions...

Finally, I get by a lot by my bike rides or walks and swimming (That's less convenient, the sea here is cold or difficult to find because of all the mud...but I manage with their heated 13-meter swimming pool [!!] — with my calculator. (Examples = 300 meters = 23.076923 traverses, 350 meters = 26.923076 traverses etc.)

I'd like to also think that the candles I never fail to light in all the churches I come across. See you soon then. I'll keep you abreast.

Best,
Kate Manheim

It got a little tricky there with your going away and my grief. I managed to get my mother's grave switched to a spot under trees which is a great relief to me. I hope you are well and having a nice time. I think I'll be back at the end of August or beginning of September for my VISA. So I'll see you. Lotsa love! Xxx Kate
Love to Stefano!!

July 27th 1985
(Maryette Charlton NYC)

Dearest Maryette — thank you for all your postcards. Sorry I did not answer before. I have been in rather in a bad way — not my health — but SAD. I finally found a way to change the spot of my

mother's grave. She will be moved to a shady spot in September. The other place was very hot and dirty. It bothered me a lot.

I am now vacationing in Brittany and having a nice healthy time. This is the largest tree in the world. It was planted in 625 by monks. It now covers 600 square meters of ground. Some branches have made roots that need to be held up by these pillars. It yields up to 400 kilos of figs in a year!

I am undergoing sea and seaweed therapy which is too weird to go into right now. I'm also bicycling and swimming a lot. How are you? What's up? Give my love to Kirk and all. xxxx Kate Manheim

July 28th 1985
(Jonas Mekas + Hollis , Horse + Man)

Dear Folks,

Here I am undergoing seaweed therapy. It has existed since the 19th century here in Roscoff (Northern Brittany) and it's supposed to do wonders. Well. See for yourself. I've never felt better. All my love, see you soon xxx Kate Manheim

Dear Alexandre,

Well, as you can see me thalassotherapy isn't going quite like I imagined it would. The average age here is over 65, but no one's in shape. Anyway...I got a bike. I ride around a lot. I walk, I swim a lot in the "center's" pool (the one that's too cold or too muddy). How are things going? Not too difficult, I'd suppose? xxxx Kate

July 28th 1985
(Horse + Man)

Dearest Lilian (Kiesler, NYC)

Here I am undergoing seaweed therapy. This was in in the very early stages. This is what I look like now: see other side (artichoke) What do you think? Not quite done though...I'll let you know how I turn out. xxxx Kate Manheim

July 28 1988
(Snyder NYC)
(4 horse cards,
1 different than all others,
man with red shirt)

Dear Scotty

This is something you are going to have to try some day. In French it's called "Thalasso" Therapy, from the Greek "sea" I suppose. It goes back to the 19th century here in Roscoff in Northern Brittany and has spread to many sea resorts all over France. It has become quite fashionable.

My resort is not at all fashionable so I thought it ight be better. So did my doctor. As it turns out its not so great. All this seaweed rather turns me off. but I have rented a bicycle and swim a lot and stuff on the ride like lighting candles in the beautiful breton churches. Scotty I think of you a lot. Give my love to Budd. What are you up to? You take care! Love xxx K

Le 28 Juillet 1985
(Dan + Martine Dally)
(Man on Wagon with Red Shirt, 2 Cards)

Dear Dan + Martine,

As you can see I am still on the wagon. Dan you traitor. I know all about the 13th...If I can do it in Brittany you can do it in Ireland! There is even a direct boat from Cork to Roscoff. Are you near Cork? Probably not....oh well...this thalassotherapy is really something. I didn't expect so much seaweed. I can't even find the ocean most of the time. Anyway it's cold as far as I can tell so I stick to the pool in the club.

Have a happy holiday!
Love xxx Kate

An attempt at automatic writing on a piece of restaurant tablecloth. I had to do the gender column first, then the center column, then the right column. I don't think it reads horizontally. The last 4 words were in the family dice.

It's not over yet.

1967? I think...

NOISE
MIGNARDISE
REVERIE
WRITING
CONFLICT
MUSIC
NEUTRAL
ATTACK
GOVERNMENT
PRESTIGE
POMP
FUNERAL
MALIGNANCY
INCEST
ADULTERY
CHILDHOOD
DIVORCE
BREAK-UP
CRITICISM
CENSORSHIP
PATERNITY
CHILDHOOD
THOUGHT
DEVOTION
SCIENCE
PROGRESS
PRINTING
PRIESTHOOD
SPOORING
SOUL
CHIEFISHNESS
DECEPTION
WISH
HAPPINESS

GLORY
DESTINY
EVIDENCE
SALVATION
REASON
FREEDOM
SIN
CHOICE
CREATION
GRACE
SPLENDOR
LIE
UGLY
DAMAGE
MISFORTUNE
SUFFERING
WORK
LAZINESS
TREASON
GREEDY
ENVY
RAPACITY
MEDIOCRITY
AVARICE
LUST
PRIDE
WICKEDNESS
CHANCE
CATHEDRAL
CAVE
SHADOW
APPEARANCE
BEAUTY
GOOD

INJUSTICE
COWARDNESS
PASSION
INFIRMITY
DRUNKENNESS
PARALYSIS
ECSTASY
MIRACLE
REVOLT
FORNICATION
INFAMY
HATE
INSULT
FEAR
TERROR
HORROR
TORTURE
DEATH
ACTION
SHAME
EFFORT
HYPOCRISY
ART
YOUTH
DEGRADATION
LUMINOSITY
DREAM
PREPARATION
METAMORPHOSIS
TEMPLE
SACRAMENT
FIRE
COMMUNION
REMINDER

REALITY
JOY
PARADISE
DEVIL
REVELATION
PROOF
POSSIBILITY
IDEA
VERIFICATION
PLURALITY
MULTIPLICITY
IMAGINATION
MAGIC
TRANSFORMATION
MIXTURE
SYMBOL
SIGN
SPELL
VAULT
SWAMP
QUAGMIRE
QUICKSAND
MUD

JUST
STUPIDITY
SCANDAL
SHOCK
DEPTH
PURITY
AWAKENING
DEPARTURE
FLOW
FLIGHT
INVISIBILITY
SEARCH
QUEST
CURSE
FATE
AUGURY
NUMBER
SPHERICITY
ELOQUENCE
MAXIMUM
TRADITION
EMULATION
EVOLUTION
CONTINUED
ETERNITY

COHABITATION
SEDUCTION
COMMITMENT
ENGAGEMENT
PARTY
CELEBRATION
POLITICS
NEED
CONSUMPTION
PROFIT
BENEFIT
PRICE
CURRENCY
EXCHANGE
TRADE
TRAVEL
VIRGINITY
SENILITY
SERVILITY
SLAVERY
PURPOSE

K.MANHEIM
RUE HUYSMANS 8
75006

July 27th 1985
tel: 222-6477

Dear Paul (Sharits NYC),

Here I am undergoing seaweed therapy in Northern Brittany...I tried calling your friend lots of times wit no luck. I'll try again when I get back. Hope you get to Paris. How are you? Love xxx
Kate Manheim

July 28th 1985

Dear Lia, Dear Pierre,

The thalassotherapy is going unusually slow. But as you can see I'm still on the wagon, I breathe in, I breathe out, I ride my bike, I walk...the weather is terrible but anyway...it's a change for me. A kiss for you, and I'll give you a hug when I get home. xxx Kate
Manheim

July 28th 1985

My dear Domenika,

I got your message from my answering machine..I am working on my "thalassotherapy cure" in Roscoff. I mainly cycle, walk, and swim. 'The cure she received is of an unusually muddy nature.' I'll be back in early or mid-August. I'll call and send you a big kiss. (I heard from Lesli that you were sick.) How are you decorating for Résy? xxx Kate Manheim

July 28th 1985
(Coupole)

Dear Friends,

This thalassotherapy I'm doing in Roscoff is quite muddy. The weather is rotten. But I'm breathing fresh air and riding my bike a lot. How emotional this stick-up you all went through must have been! I'm sorry and I'm thinking of you.

Love in September!
Kate Manheim

KATE MANHEIM
8 RUE HUYSMANS
PARIS 15006

July 27th 1985
(Plegnet)

In the end, I decided to do thalassotherapy in Roscoff. From time to time you came to mind. You never explained to me what those initials were. Write to me in Paris instead. I'll be back in a few days...Kisses Kate Manheim

My watch has been
false to me since
I got here, damn!

July 27th 1985

Dear Bernard, when I came home last night, I counted the windows in my hallway. There's a lot of noise. Which is much more problematic than you thought, no? All this to explain to you that I have a really good view of the church. Today they're planting fiber crops, & the wind is so strong, my bike refuses to move. So I continue to write postcards & be regaled of traffic

jams on the highways and roads. It's a big day for the August and July crowds. I've obviously done all my morning exercises and I'm heading back to the "center" this afternoon.

Riddle: What time is it? xxxx Kate

July 28th 1985

Dear Stuart, (Sherman)

Here I am
undergoing
seaweed therapy.

1. FIRST STEP
2. WORK IN PROGRESS.

Could you please send me Lola and Susan's address. I only have their phones.

AT: 8 RUE HUYSMANS PARIS 75006

3. WHAT WE ARE AIMING FOR.

Tel 222-6477

4. AT THE END OF THE DAY.

How are you?
Are you coming to France?
Love + kisses
Kate Manheim

July 28th 1985

Dear Nora,

As you can see I'm still on the wagon. The weather, which has never been attractive to me, is becoming downright discouraging. Lots of rain and wind. I'll try to hold on anyway and go to Beg Mail next Sunday. Not being in Paris, the iodine does me good. But I feel lovely and it's still Brittany, so many memories come back. It must have been back in the day when we used to collect some pretty creepy little things for Mom's birthday...There are so many moments when I forget that she is no longer there and I say to myself, "Hey, I'm going to call her to tell her this or that..."

It was afternoon (Sunday the thalassotherapy center is closed, thank God) I went to a place 18km from here in the bad part of the world. I had lunch at a very nice little inn, the only good, cheap, family-run summer restaurant I've encountered so far. But I cried all through lunch looking at the piles of mismatched napkins, the kids on Sunday putting ice everywhere and everything...

Besides, I'm rereading *The Little Thing*. If I'd packed less, I could go directly from here to Cork by boat...Richard will be returning to Paris around August 18th on his way to Israel...(works on Rue F. Starting August 16th) I've been looking after your Karen Blixen for a long time. I gave Mom a big book about her. I'm going to eat a crepe. xxx Kate

July 29th
(Bernard Lambert)

MACROPIPUS PUBER
(Crustacean Decapod Brachyuran)

The magnificent red eyes characteristic of the crab allow this crab with very fast movements and sharp pincers to seize agile prey as flattened ending the legs of the last pair in crustaceans of the genus Macropipus allow them to swim over short distances: the Latin name puber given to this species alludes to the dense and short hair similar to a grayish velvet which covers its dorsal surface: the crab is also the largest species of the genus on our shores and its pincers are generally tinged with a very beautiful blue. This crab with delicious flesh is found mainly under flat stones resting on gravel bottoms in areas fairly sheltered from the shock of the waves.

This afternoon, driven by the storm to my limits, I visited the famous Roscovite Aquarium. There were a lot of people but curiously there was a "hole" in front of the window behind which were piled up dozens of Hermit Crabs (*Pasurus Prideaux*) covered with their inseparable anemone (*Adamsia Palliata*). I stood there for a long time looking at it. The caption read: the anemone, by covering the shell, surrounds the Bernard, a strictly commensal organism, cannot live without this hermit crab. I didn't have a dictionary on hand, so I didn't understand everything, but it's definitely something you should take note of if you haven't already. Unfortunately, there was no postcard of the Bernard.

I also liked the *Puber macropipus*, especially in photos, and I think this "Groudin" looks a lot like a dead mom, doesn't it?

I'm starting to get fed up with all the crippled, twisted, and deformed people around me. The smell, which I've tried to avoid describing so far, is also very difficult to bear: it's like poipourri, sewers, and a swamp all rolled into one. Cold sweat. We felt it especially in the "center" but also on the beaches covered in polluted mud that surround Roscoff and then it sticks to the skin and clothes. I can't wait to get my washing machine back.

Another thing: since I've been here I've had increasingly pronounced dysentery. I've mentioned it a bit here and there without insisting too much, thinking it was the "change of air." I also have terrifying headaches. The pharmacist I spoke to at length this morning finally admitted to me that the tap water in Roscoff was not drinkable and that its high nitrate content could cause all sorts of problems.

Me, who drank 3 liters a day! I immediately went to buy mineral water for my room. Oh, we'll see what we'll see, but I don't have much hope before I'm out of here forever because in fact, I hurt everywhere. My crotch, specifically, which isn't very used to cycling. (You were right when you spotted that little photo in Jane Fonda's book - you know? The cyclist!) (but everything else is going from bad to worse) I told the doctor. It's very Sioux their truth. He told me that it was normal: that the treatment awakens the pain and that, in turn, it's only several weeks after the patients return to their natural environment that the "benefits" are felt.

I insulted him. He kept telling me just as he did on the first day that I 'was a character' and moved on. I think they will be very happy to be rid of me at the "center." I am merciless with their delays, their indifference, their prejudices, their reactions. They are all the more suspicious of me because the other day a CRS officer in a swimsuit came to arrest me in the "center" waiting room "centre" in front of everyone! He said that he had seen me walking on the beach, that he had been watching me for several hours and that I corresponded exactly to the description of a woman who had committed repeated thefts in Roscoff and the surrounding area. He talked about my purple pants (which were actually brown), my blue bath towel (which was actually green), and then he took me to the beach station where I had to wait for his "superiors" for a good half hour. I did my best to joke around, he even gave me permission to wash my sandy feet in a sink that was at the back of another room, saving me precious time: I

wouldn't have to wash my feet at the "center" and that would be an added bonus to avoid being late for my next session) - but in fact I wasn't feeling very good and I had trouble holding back my tears because it was the day when there was a lot of talk in the press about this woman who had spent a year in prison for fines. Finally, three uniformed "superiors" arrived. They told us everything, from

July 30th 1985
(ZOZO Michèle Lambert)

My dear Zozo, I have heretofore gone away for a thalassotherapy treatment. It's a normal, muddy place, I fear, but not without its spice. There are thunderstorms, rain galore, my knees and back are all burning from the hot seaweed compresses they put on them but they are completely covered in plastic, I cycle a lot, I walk + I swim in the hot water pool and my morale is pretty good, what's up with you? All phone calls have been cut off...kisses
Kate

8 Rue Huysmans
75006

August 2nd 1985

Dear Tobias,

Here I am in Roscoff, receiving thalassotherapy. I have a message on my answering machine about something I've just returned from New York. I'll be back soon. You can call me if you like.

Kisses
Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985

Dear Francis Bostock,

Here I am, undergoing thalassotherapie in Roscoff, North Finistère. It's very beautiful here, but oh so muddy! I'll be back in about 10 day or so. RF is bringing your luggage soon I believe — the 18th I think. I'll let you know. Forgive me. I've been too sad to be sociable. Love to you + Paki xxx Kate Manheim

Aug. 2nd 1985
(Tillman)

Dear Lyn,

Here I am undergoing seaweed therapy in Northern Brittany. The hardest part in finding the ocean. How are you? Let us be in touch. I'll be back in Paris any minute now.

Love Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985
(Brecht)

Dearest Stefan, Even though our just about last encounter was most hurtful and quite baffling to me I didn't want to let you go unaware of this even more baffling episode of my life: thalassotherapie in Roscoff, Northern Finistère. Look at me! The really hard part in finding the ocean. Well, actually its beautiful here. Healthy and all. Lonely though. The script me we spoke about didn't look that different to me...but I'll send it along when I get back to Paris. I've been in hell up till now.

Love Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985
(Ackerman)

My dear Chantal,

So here I am at thalassotherapy in Roscoff. It's much muddier than I imagined, but that doesn't bother me much. I'm coming back between August 9th and 12th. If you're there, where's Noa's last name? Will you leave me a message on my machine? Tell me what you're feeling, how are you? xxx Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985
(Pollock)

Dear Matthew,

Here I am undergoing "thalassothérapie" in Roscoff, North Finistère. It's very beautiful here. I have received several messages on my Paris machine from Katy Veil. Couldn't reach her...left message on her machine...She said she spoke to you... See you around. Xxx Kate M.

August 2nd 1985
(Clover Breuer, godchild)

Clover dearest,

I am vacationing for a few weeks in Roscoff, Northern Brittany. How are you? I am sorry I didn't see you again before I left New York. Write me a line sometime. Let's be in touch. I am undergoing seaweed therapy here. Quite something. Give my love to Ruth and Lee and Lute xxx Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985
(Pesle)

My dear Benedicte,

So here I am in Roscoff, getting thalassotherapy treatment. It's unimaginably muddy, but there's no shortage of salt for seasoning. I'm coming back on August 12th at the latest. RF isn't on August 18th at the latest for a few days. If you're there, what's your address? I saw the article about you in Librè. Congratulations. Kisses, Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985
(Bernard Lambert)

Help!

It happened to me suddenly, overnight. I don't know how I'm going to drag myself to Beg-Meil next Sunday. Pray to God for me. Kisses Kate

August 2nd 1985
(Lisa Segerman)

Dear Lisa,

Here I am in Northern Brittany undergoing seaweed therapy. The latest hit in France! It's supposed to do wonders but after 14 days of it I'm beginning to wonder. I hurt all over. They say the results really start appearing 4 weeks after you're home! I'll let you know. How are you? Do write! LOVE Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985
(Phillipe Sollers)

Well, you see, I decided to do thalassotherapy treatment in Roscoff. It's pretty muddy I fear, but not without some salt for flavor. The hardest part is finding the sea. Kisses, Kate

August 2nd 1985
(Eric Frank)

Dear Eric,

Here I am undergoing a thalassotherapie in Roscoff (North Finistère). The hardest part is finding the ocean but it's quite funny and I am doing a lot of bicycling on the sly. Love xxx Kate Manheim P.S. I'll be back around Aug. 12th

August 2nd 1985
(Chantal Thomas)

My dear Chantal,

I'm spending a few weeks in Roscoff, having a thalassotherapy treatment, not for nothing. I'm almost at the end of my treatment and I'm really hurting! They say that I only really feel the benefits of the treatment 4 weeks after returning to Paris...what'll be is what'll be. But in my opinion, they say that because once in Paris, they're so happy to be rid of you that when you're back home for that long you'll be too used to being home to want to go back for more. What are you up to? I'm coming back roughly mid-August to get the family apartment repainted, etc. I imagine you'll be very busy with your book, which I can't wait to get my hands on.

Oh, feel free to keep me updated with a phone call some time?

Oh yes, I invited Nabe to dinner towards the end of June. He's very young, but he's...

Kisses
Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985
(David Warrilow)

Dear David,

Here I am in Roscoff, North Finistère undergoing thalassothérapie. It's pretty muddy I fear, but not without some salt for flavor. It's a riot. The hard part is finding the ocean. What's up? Do let me know. I feel so damn lonely but I am very keen on taking care of my health. Still not smoking 8 months now. And not drinking over 1 month now which is more than I have been able to do in years. I went back to AA in English this time in Paris at the American Church. Sounds better in English than in French, but I just cannot fathom the idea that a person who has been away from liquor for 20 years still gets up and says "I am an alcoholic etc." So I looked elsewhere and found something called

CAP 14 run by the ministère de la Santé by doctors, also free of charge. I tell you something they did, said, clicked. We keep in touch and stuff but a little differently than AA.

Do you think you could write to me?

I'll be back in Paris in no time. Still dealing with mamma's grave. I had her switched to under some trees. It was quite easy really and I feel it's better this way.

I have to pack the Rue Froideveaux into boxes so the painters can get to work on August 16th. (The 17th was mamma's birthday.) Too bad you won't be in the play. Someday, maybe...? Well, love + kisses Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985
(Paul Rotterdam)

Dear Paul,

I am spending a four weeks in Roscoff, Northern Brittany. It is doing me good. My thoughts are with you often enough for me to wonder if you could write to me 8 Rue Huysmans Paris 75006 (222-6477) on to your coming in September. It would be nice to let me know because I might have to go to NY.

It would be a pity to criss cross.

How are you?

Working hard, I bet.

Hoping to see you a little sonner than in 8 years

Yours

Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985
(Gregory Masurovsky)

Dear Gregory,

Well here I am in Roscoff. This thalasso-thérapie is not quite what I imagined.

1. FIRST STEP
2. WORK IN PROGRESS
3. WORK IN PROGRESS
4. AT THE END OF THE DAY

The really hard part is finding the water. I'll be back towards the end of next week or so...Love Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985
(Richard Foreman)

Dearest,

Just a little note to ask you to please bring VISA material with you. I might be able to do something with it at this end. Well, otherwise I'm still here. My seaweed therapy has been something but a ripoff but a riot and I have done a lot of stuff on my own. It's really beautiful here and I've gone to even more beautiful places on my bicycle. Going 30km up and down hills, up and down, up and down, to get to some place new is very rewarding. I had forgotten about that. My knees hurt but still. If we ever go somewhere together again NO LITTLE CAR. Well...sometimes both can come in handy. This coming Sunday my friend Marie Françoise is coming to fetch me midway between here and Begmail to 3 take me there for a four day stay. I will have no phone but you can call Paris. I bip in regularly, her number there

is (98)(areacode) 94-97-15. This crab is from the “famous aquarium” here that took care of about 20 minutes of one of the uncountable rainy days we’ve had here and this next fish rather reminds me of my mother in her dead state. Can you imagine that I was arrested the other day? They thought I was somebody else — a woman who had stolen various goods in the area...I later heard maybe connected with the I.R.A....escaped from an asylum near Versailles...the story gets wilder everyday. It happened the very same day there was a lot of talk in the papers about a poor girl who spent a year in jail for nothing. They got me feeling quite guilty. Well nothing happened and they apologized. Sort of. God the wind is blowing today! Signing off. Bip. Bip. Bip.
xxx Kate

August 1st 1985
(Susan Ray)

Dear Susan, I hope this card gets to you. I often think of you. I was in MCY briefly from May 13th to June 17th. Somebody saved me this address at your loft. I am undergoing seaweed therapy in Northern Brittany for a while...I’ll be back in Paris shortly. Toward March RF went back to NYC: We are no longer living together I am staging in Paris but in the meantime my mother dies (April 15th). I don’t think I’ll ever get over it. My sister had a new baby girl on March 13th and made it over to France just in time to see my mother two days before her death. We buried mamma in the Cimetiere Montparnasse which is right next door to where I live so you can imagine.....Nora (my sister) then went back to her swamp in South Carolina and my father moved to England. God do I feel lonely. Luckily I have found a very good job starting at the end of November. A German play by Boffo Strauss directed by Claude Regy at Chaillet. I have stropped smoking for 8 months and drinking for 1 month. I have so much energy I don’t know what to do with it. I bicycle and swim a lot here when I am not at this thalassotherapy center. I attend

everyday. It's quite a fashion these days in France...I was somewhat doubtful but all of a sudden after 10 days a lot of my aches and pains are incredibly better. How are you Susan? Do let me know. What are you doing at Mt. Boldy Zan Center? Sounds like something I might need...oh second thought I think I'll send all this to NYC in case you have changed places. Seems more central. In Paris my phone is 222-6477 and me address is 8 Rue Huysmans Paris 75006. Love and kisses Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985
(Ron Vauter)

Dear Ron,

Here is an example of what I set to do in my seaweed therapy in Roscoff, Northern Brittany!

I hope you forgive me for not being more friendly in Paris. Tell this to the others too. This period of my life is rather hellish. I thought you were all great in the play I saw it years ago in New York but, as before, the part of me that just isn't American enough (because it wasn't trained to be — I haven't even heard of "Our Town") didn't get it. I think something was wrong with the sound the night I was there. right? The part on the phone didn't sound like it did in NY that's for sure and of course whoever did your translation — I don't want to seem harsh...should be...well no... whoever it was gets to load this wagon 55 times a day for lets say 3 years. I do believe it is better to stick to one language at a time in a show — unless of course the choice is to be muddled that way.

Since I have been rather out of it all these days I do not know what other French people thought. I'll try to find out. Did you hear

anything? Maybe you can write to me sometime. Do give my love to everybody. God I'm sad and lonely.

Love again
xxxx Kate Manheim

August 2nd 1985
(Elke Wayoun Bessifi)

My dear Elke,

I cycled about 30 kilometers before finding this map. The weather is generally quite awful - lots of wind. Cold, etc., but that suits Brittany well. Thank God, my thalassotherapy session ends on Saturday. I'll be in Beg-Meil on Sunday, staying with my friend Marie Françoise for a few days - then I'll be back...Kisses Kate Manheim

p.s. Calling from here is too difficult. The post office isn't open early, and in my hotel they're too busy and grumpy to attend to them.

- Chez Jeuny, Hotel du Centre Sur Port
 - Hotel de Arcades Sur Mer + Annexe des Corsairs
 - Hotel Angleterre Sur Eglise
 - Gulf Stream en Dehors Sur Mer
 - Hotel Celtic á Carantee
 - Hotel Calabardone (modern inside, good cooking, no pension)
-

August 1st 1985

Dear Jeremy,

How are you? I am at the seashore and having a nice time even though it is raining quite a bit, the wind is blowing a lot and there is so much seaweed I can't find the ocean! These are for sticking on SOMETHING SPECIAL. Love + Kisses from your Aunt Kate!
Xxxxxx

August 1st 1985

Dear Jeremy,

This is a lucky bunch of stars from the sea to put up on your wall near your bed!

Love from your Aunt Kate xxxxxxxx

August 1st / 2nd 1985

Dear Nora,

He reminded me a little of the Indian that I hope you welcomed. Physically I'm starting to get really fit. I did a good thirty kilometers of easy walking on terrain that's almost mountainous here...and I feel well, thank God. I swim 500m every day in the pool. Yesterday I went to Carantee and Callot Island (you have to pronounce the "t" at the end). It was beautiful...! How I wished you were here! I was crying and saying to myself, "Shit, we'll never do our famous little trip together again." This island is a bit like Mont Saint Michel. You can only go there at low tide.

There was a chapel that has been there for 15 centuries. It is that of the Mother of God. I lit a candle. (Since I no longer smoke, I had to wait for a tourist to show up to borrow a light...). Walking around Brittany (even more noticeably around here I bet - it's wilder, tougher) among the apartments...

This field of artichokes, all this seaweed, these churches very often built like boats and have a strange mixture of paganism and Christianity, in this endless grayness is a magnificence, the sea, the house all the stones all silvery gray - slate gray, grayish gray, this sea that never departs really, always returning,...well, it's very raw, and all that gives one a little confidence...we come to think that God exists and that death is something to make peace with. That's what I was saying yesterday between Carantee and Callot Island, but now in my hotel room I'm not thinking very big...I haven't finished *Le Petit Chose* yet. I'm savoring it, I'd say. I had forgotten so much about everything, and at the same time, it's crazy how much I was influenced by the book. The notion of not being able to grow up—the rebuilding of home, which is still close to my heart despite Mom's departure, right, Mama Nora?

We're not the ones who will be staying together in a small maid's room overlooking St. Germaine de Prés. I had also forgotten that the French used is quite archaic. It's crazy that I don't know (or no longer know...?) the words. The church here is very beautiful - we don't really realize the perspectives and proportions between the houses, the trees, etc. Every night when I go to bed in my room I have to walk along a hallway with eight windows overlooking the church. It's so beautiful, the scene, that I cry every night. It's even better than, say, as if the window of my room were open because seeing something you like when you're moving (not too fast) is better than when you're still.

We definitely don't realize any of it on these maps. I think I'll start taking pictures one of these days. You can see here, seen from a plane, all these jetties that jut out into the sea. There are even

more in real life, and to the left, this very thin footbridge extends much further. All this because the ponds are so low. You know, all this rifle stuff freaked me out. I understand perfectly well that we like living in the countryside, but naively I thought it was essential to have peace and quiet. I lament, the unexpected intrusion of the fox who is going to eat all the chickens except for one or perhaps that of a prisoner escaped from the local penal colony who is going crazy... Having to use a weapon almost every day seems like a bit much to me - and besides, we are no longer in the era of safaris and romantic colonialism à la I. Denison. I don't get it. So I don't understand what you're saying about your 'irremediable exile in your swamps' "in reaction to mom..." Europe is not just mom. On the contrary.

If there was anyone who didn't belong there, it was her. Europe, France, it's a whole part of you, it's me, it's Dad, it's many of your friends and it's above all what you want it to be. Your life is not over, *alea iacta est*, and you don't say anything worthwhile. With Emily so young, it's still complicated in regards to her, one day, who's to say, but it's not because you built your house, bought your land, had your children there that you are rooted there forever. I think it's the parents who instilled this in us: Family = lack of freedom = sacrifice etc. I don't want you do what Sherwood Anderson did, curiously enough, but mother curiously did not only value the magnificent work he left behind, but the way he lived his life, or rather the way he cut ties with everything & everyone around him when he had his breakdown.

What I mean is that you can also take to wing like Edward Lea did (isn't that Rimbaud you mean?) across Italy. Well, you say yourself "as if it were the fault of our marshes etc..." I'm telling you it's part of our ingrained prejudices, our family traumas. We have to try to hope for more independence than we've had up until now and make sure Jeremy and Emily have some seeds to grow the same spirit. Much of this independence is based on having a lot of money. To the right of the point was the small

chapel of St. Barbara which is always closed every time I go there...you'll think I'm on the verge of conversion (who knows?). But I was saying to myself that living in a small place with a beautiful church by the sea enfolds so well with my rest, something you pass by several times a day...it's magical. In Paris I have a bit of that with Saint Sulpice and the fountain but it's not the same.

Say, do you still like the galoshes I sent you? Poor Little Thing. Do you remember the beginning of Madame de Sevigné: "The memories that places give me are one of my troubles; I am struck beyond reason by them." I am attaching an article from Le Monde for you to be sure. It is in this sense that I want to rebuild the family home. In the meantime, it seems to me that we should focus on next summer with all the children, sisters and everyone else + an au pair, and then we should say that we'll both go by bike or on foot to Mont Saint Michel. We shouldn't feel guilty about the help that Dad can give us for that... writing on all the postcards seems to have inspired me... well, I'm a dear one, the phone anyway. Today (the next day) the desire is so strong that it's too much...I went to do my swimming at the center at 8 o'clock this morning, I did my dances & gymnastics, the shoulder strokes etc. and when I got back I walked around the Church several times and then I went to the port. For the sea, obviously, the medical world on the "phobia of vipers". What kind of viper do you have?

Otherwise, I've got everything organized and I'm going to Beg-Meil on Sunday morning. Marie-Françoise is coming to pick me up in Landerneau. She found me a small room "with carpet, but without a sink" at a Madame Kerdenec's house near the Hôtel Bon Aeneil. I hope there will be less desire on my part. I'll tell you about it some time. My thalassotherapy is also a poem that I'll save for a little later. This is the underside of the largest fig tree in the world, which is here in Roscoff, quite simply, inside a convent. Planted next to nasturtiums at the beginning of the 20th

century, it stretches over 600m and produces at least 400kg of figs per year. This place is now a holiday resort for nuns and priests: Roscoff is home for another specialty, a unique invention: Johnnies (hence the name of the street where my hotel is located, etc.). This is what the Bretons of Roscoff were called, who, starting in 1928, embarked on a commercial adventure without parallel in Europe: the green, door-to-door, sale of onions from the Roscoff region to England. They would set off this way every summer, onions in tow. Putting two and two together: these Johnnies and the Roscovites, it seems almost proverbial to me, I deduce that from the first day of the world, you need only mind your business.

I hope a letter from you will be waiting for me in Paris. You're in my thoughts, I love you, kisses, dear sister, and also to Jeremy and little Emily, who is too young to realize that I exist. Love xxx
Kate

Aug. 3 1985

Dear friends,

Here I am undergoing thalassotherapie in Roscoff — thought it would do me good. God. *I a sam*. Lets be in touch. I'll be in Paris around mid-August. xxx K. Manheim

Aug. 3 1985 (Pimpaneau)

Dear Jacques, Dear Angkarande,

I wanted to remind you of the good times... In fact, I have hardly left France since I saw Jacques when you both saw our play.

But my life took a complete turn for the worst, which sadly took me away from myself for a while: Richard and I were no longer together, and my mother died. There it is in a nutshell, but there are obviously tons of ramifications.

August 3rd 1985, Roscoff
(Hebyelke Meslas Treestt)

Dear friends,

This note is to let you know that I haven't forgotten you. My mother's death took a huge toll on me. In the hopes of "recovery," I'm undergoing a thalassotherapy treatment in Roscoff... I hope to see you at the start of the school year. I'll be there by mid-August.

Kisses
Kate Manheim

August 3rd
(Robbe-Grillet)

A souvenir from my thalassotherapy treatment in Roscoff. Kisses. Shall we get in touch each other when I get back?

KM

As you can see, I'm undergoing a thalassotherapy treatment. Apparently, it's rejuvenating. I find it muddier than I'd like, but the

experience doesn't lack flavor. The hardest part is finding the sea. I'm going back to Paris around mid-August. After that, we'll see each other. Call me around then, yeah? 222-6477 (address)

Kisses

KM