

THE ANDREW FREEDMAN HOME

This is the standard stationery of the home.



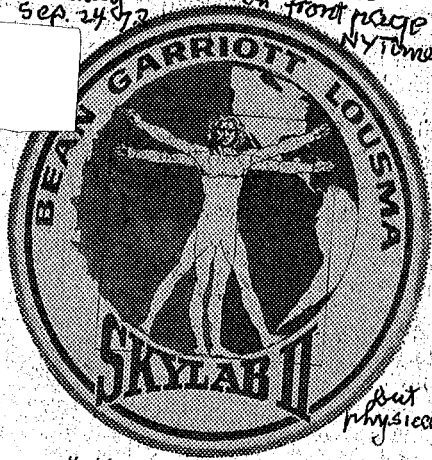
1125 GRAND CONCOURSE  
BRONX, N. Y. 10452

Monday Sep, 24. 73

Still dont know how to address you.

Dear extra Special Super someone?

Monday  
Sep. 24. 73  
on front page of  
NY Times.



of, is: "oh is got an angel  
water brain, "far away"

you phoned and I was  
fired and did not know

talking to you a lot in my  
hard to remember what I

one person of some. Its really impossible to  
describe, because there was a feeling or sensation  
of complete dematerialisation without a trace  
of a tangible body or face. I must have been  
sliding into another dimensional floor where  
it was not impossible for an image to be where  
another one is. (one of the first laws for bodily  
reality: that where one is, the other one cannot be)  
you said nothing at all. also when I mentioned

the family likeness I did not hear a sound,  
I felt like ~~the~~ resting on a couch talking to a  
well trained analyst who does not interrupt.  
I probably made feeble efforts to be entertaining.  
Of course I as a painter of many portraits  
know too well that we all have a number of  
faces and repeatedly I insisted <sup>on</sup> painting several  
portraits <sup>of a person</sup> I was only reporting my reaction to the  
first little picture <sup>of you</sup> I saw after a most abnormal  
period of purely verbal - non visual contact.  
I also don't want you to think that I am making  
a dogma or superstition out of coincidences.  
Naturally, I am extremely interested in all those  
often fantastic experiences which go far beyond  
telepathy or Jung's synchronicity and so far the  
idea of invisible agents is all that's left. At this  
time there is something <sup>upstairs</sup> of a fight going on because  
not all of them are helpers and others are pretty  
effective in the destructive direction. I had an  
example of a mean coincidence yesterday. The  
copy of Edw. Weston's letter will explain how I felt before.  
I wanted you to see all my work and know all  
about me, <sup>now you know more about me than anyone alive.</sup> it is a very strange sensation to have  
another coincidence I can't tell you about. I hope  
you forgive me.

Maybe I should have our phone conversations  
taped. Would be like the White House when a tape  
cannot be revealed. I send you an assortment of  
the many faces I wore; biographical data and my  
farewell to Anuska etc. Auf Wiedersehen!