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Title: Letter from Marianne Moore to John Hunt

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Mr. John Hunt, Senior Editor
(Speaking Out)

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Dear Mr. Hunt:

You are over-trustful, Mr. Hunt. I may be no asset. My ideas being distorted by pressure that will last too long to save, I hazard a specimen or two.

I detest injustice - all kinds.

Needless noise: inane humming, though I like a brave tune whistled in passing by a drudge; and like a brass band.

noisy child and noisy dog, injustices resulting from neglect.

beating time with foot or hand at a concert.

I detest the egotistical irresponsibility of a person who must have a cat or dog and turns it ^{out} to starve before departing to enjoy a vacation.

I detest ingratitude that also is an impropriety - civilians with no knowledge of statecraft, explaining to the President that war is a bad thing, and that the best way to stop it is to ignore it. Ingratitude of this kind, calculated to hamper the initiative of a man who is bearing the burdens of ~~all~~ us all, is hard to witness. Not to mention accepting hospitality; then circulating a protest against the person dispensing the hospitality one has accepted. I recall a minor example of hampering the person who incommodes himself to do another a service. A frail man in a car with scant fuel, transporting household goods to a California town on the coast, with no piston-rings, and no towline, was bogged and rescued by my brother - who presently felt a drag on the engine, as he towed the stranger; went back to investigate and found that the man had put on the brakes, - explaining, "You are going too fast."

I approve naked South Sea Islanders or sun-bathers on a roof in the city, but am not refreshed by the sight of an obese woman in long tight slacks which appear to constrict the whole body.

I deplore a letter written so carelessly that it can scarcely be deciphered; and in a public address, consonants so blurred that "party" is pardy. and "plenty" is plenny, with failing emphasis at the end so that the closing sentence is robbed of a significant final word.

I relish cliches of incapacity, but not the cliché of indifference, chosen to save time.

I detest greed, which prompts one to get something for nothing - a grand piano or vicuna coat or the bribe of notoriety, a penthouse, or billing on a show if one consented to digress from a task that needs to be done.

I detest - M. Moore . 2 .

I detest waste, a dripping faucet, a perfunctory present" ; ^{needless}Needless
innovation^s in clothing when what one has is becoming and novel enough.

"When a man finds a becoming block" he keeps it, wears it from then on,
so London asserted in a copy of ^{What}~~what~~ the Man will Wear.

I detest excuses. I should like to see the person, who possibly^y contributed
to damage done - or a misunderstanding created - raised to a dizzy altitude
of felicitous peace, - who says, "I did it, should have watched myself. Blame me."

M. Moore