

16OCT2016

1739h

Dearest Bean,

I am your brother. I love you. I have a deep and abiding familial love for you that will not disappear. That's the fun thing about family relationships that I'm thinking about lately: we're stuck with each other, and that stuckness allows us to take a long-term view of the ways in which love changes shape and is expressed differently through time.

As for the emails and the donation, we both sent mostly mean and nasty letters to one another via electronic mail. I would be surprised if you were "sorry" for the note you wrote me in which you referred to Jose as "not the neediest beggar" on the fund site. I am likewise not sorry for the email I wrote you in which I referenced your whiteness and what I think you should do with some of your money. To me, this reaction on your part was mostly an outgrowth of what is aptly termed "white fragility." White folks do not like to be told that their position in society obligates them to do or think anything differently, especially not with respect to folks who have less money, supposedly due to their disastrous choices in life.

I read your email to me and my head felt immediately dizzy. I wonder how you felt when you read mine. I think you mentioned something about your choice to declare yourself not guilty, or not willing or interested to admit or feel guilt.

My initial reaction to this comment on your part was to quote James Baldwin--whom I'm sure you've actually read more of than I have. ~~One great thing about~~ He has a lot to say about so-called white guilt. You may have read this, in fact:

We are guilty until the day we die. That is codified.

Accountability is hard.

And action is even harder.

So i'm not interested talking about my "respect" for your lack of guilt. We're "guilty." Our privilege has positioed us such that we have benefitted greatly from economic systems of exploitation and the money we have now is mosly drenched in blood. If you disagree with my flippant and metaphoric characterization of our guilt, fine. But if you deny a truth to the notino of white guilt--even if you "dontwant to feel it"--You have your head stuck inthe sand. You've read way too much to be running around pretending that you're somehow a neutral floating person who has no poart in the suffering and explotation that currently consumes many folks. Maybe this letter can help you unseat your head that is buried in the sand and start on the "accountability" part. That's hard--I think Baldwinis Right.

I am bewildered and mostly enraged by the contradition involved in your self-Identified role as a "slum lord" and the way you seem so enraged by my "donatin request'" email.

I rememver your sign off on that email was "you're welcome." If you do not remember the lines from Michael Clayton well, I encourate you to watchit again and then re-read this letter and yours to me. When Marty handed Michael the check for \$80k during the flurry of the settlement, michael said nothing. As Marty was walking out of the room, he turned around and snarkily said, just as you did to me: "you're welcome."

Some context. Marty was paying michael, in effect, to keep the lid on the events surrounding the U-Northcase that Artur Edens had uncovered and nearly (to marty's knowledge) disseminated, costing Marty lots and lots of money and profssional shame. Michael had indicated that he was thinking about what Arthur said and that he "wanted back on ~~the~~ litigatin team." He said to marty (at marty's house): "How manytimes-hsve manytimes have i asked you to put me back on a litigation team?" Marty's reply him ^{rhms} sarcastically retorting: "When did you get so fucking delicate?"

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So i was inclined to ask you, once i read your "not the neediest beggar" reply:

"Since when did you get so fucking delicate?"

You don't, in my book at least, have a ground for calling yourself a slum lord and talking about providing housing to low-income folks as a money-making endeavor (8% returns!) and then turn around and claiming that I wrote you a mean email asking you to donate money to some mexican guy you've never met (with a shattered femur). I called mom and dad tonight and they said you told them that i sent you a "mean" email. I'll bet you didn't tell them that you referred to Edgar's friend as "not the neediest beggar" on gofund me. Until you're willing to own upto how deeply revealing your use of this racist phrase is, I will not admit that my tone and language choice in my "ask" email was "too mean" or harsh or something.

We screamed at each other over Brunch, in front of Chris. You and I both understood one another more. I understood that in effect you do give lots of money to the government in the form of taxes and this is something that folks who pay a lot in taxes use to justify not giving any other chunks of their money away to other causes. (Especially given the fact that the recipients of the government aid are mostly needy because of poor choices.) I am not the moral arbiter of your money choices. I have thoughts about them and I'll share them, and since they relate to race, I'm going to say so. You have yet to make even the slightest most minutest of actual engagement with the suffering of others incident in part to the money that you and I enjoy. I am not particularly concerned with your feeling "hurt" or "antagonized" by something I wrote to you in an email.

So you and I should just say what we have to say when we want to say it. My turn!

I think you should try to be a nicer person. Just go and do nicer things. For folks like you and me and Dad and Mom, we cling to money because we think it makes us happy. So we should give some of that chance for happiness to others. clearly, somebody can be perfectly "happy" making less Money than you and mom and dad make/made. This is a nice thing to do, and you'll feel better in general when you do it, but that's a nice perk.

You are not a very nice person. This is idiom for "you are not a nice person." You don't show much care or regard for others feelings--this is what I mean by "you are not nice." You don't express--key wrord: express--very much care for others' expeirences of hurt or sorrow or self-frustratin. "Not the neediest beggar" remark comes to mind.

When i read that, i was inclined to say "how would you feel if you had a broken femur because of an attack from your boyfriend and had no money to pay for bills let alone cope with having to relearn to walk and experience pain for years to come?"

And yet i feel so patronizing and stupid writing this to you, somebody who has read tons and tons, thought deeply about stuff, worked really hard to learn LSAT astuff and learn mandarin and write sonnets to folks. This feels patronizing becayse using empathy to guide what we do is the most basic of ways of relating to other people in a healthy way. You would not have written what you did tome if you were exercising a normal (and expected?) level of empathy.

This is where I write the thing that I imagine is outraging to you: "I think Chris probably broke up with you, in part, because you are not ~~very~~ nice." This is a good thing to learn, though, because being nicer is really easy. The ~~best~~^{best} way I've found to do it is to sacrifice little bits of things that you thought /think you really need to keep and tock upon, Like money. ~~✍~~

I'll use a stupid analogy. I have come to really enjoy growing plants. I built a garden on my roof (which my property manager made me take down on penalty of a \$900 financial penalty) and grew lots of flowers and plants. I really liked coming home and tending to them after school. I'd get all my little pots organized and laid out and arranged just so. I thought begrudgingly about giving even one away, despite the fact that the only reason I was doing anything with plants was because Cathy up and gave me two cool plants. I didn't want to share even though I had benefitted greatly from somebody else's sharing! This is a mini example of an argument against folks who are rich not wanting to share, and it's a lesson in a very practical way of my learning on the matter.

One day, I begrudgingly gave away a flower set to a friend. I felt like I would have much rather had that pot of flowers for myself. And yet I still DID it and then I felt something different afterwards. I had to do it about 5 times until I realized that

- 1) I don't "miss" that plant and
- 2) I actually feel better when I share things I enjoy, because the other folks are so happy to have been shared with--to be a recipient of an expression of care and interest.

So in the case of our email exchange, the lack of willing sharing was about money, and that's a big fucking deal since money is really important and it's really unshared. But the issue of your not being nice extends beyond money. It's revealed in part through your hoarding and "not the neediest beggar" remarks. But it's also revealed in moments like when I called you at about 1030p and you picked up, groggy and unhappy, and said something like "why are you calling me at ten whatever. That's what text messages are for." I don't care who is calling you. Not even the IRS. Folks shouldn't say mean shit and stupid shit like that. You've got a fancy phone--tell it to only make noise for your alarm. Or better yet, use an alarm clock and turn off the phone when

you don't want somebody to call. We don't have to talk about text/phone. The simple fact that I called to ask you about stuff in your life, to share some of my stuff, and you treated me in a non-caring way was enough for me to pause and feel a bunch of things.

You and I know this is not cherry-picking events. You have said mean things a lot. I could list many more. "Mom is below average intelligence." and, to her face, "you don't understand what Eric is saying." (this was in the Indiana house I think).

Whatever; we've both said mean things to mom and dad. The point is you say mean stuff to folks all the time, and should just do that less. You'll feel better, and I think your relationships will be healthier all around. I think breaking up -- and most poignantly--getting dumped--is a very important set of experiences. When Kris told me that he was disgusted with some of the decisions I've made in life and that he doesn't want to talk to me anymore", he was breaking up with me. When Edgar told me to 'kill yourself' he was breaking up with me. Clare told me that our sex was not energetic enough and she needed to find somebody else to fuck.

Each of these people have had profoundly positive impacts on my life even up to this very day. So, if you and Chris have a solid foundation for relating to one another, then whatever you are experiencing now probably has lots of value in the long run to help make a stronger relationship in the future possible. If you actually don't want to be in a relationship--meaning a mutual desire--then there's plenty to reflect on and learn there.

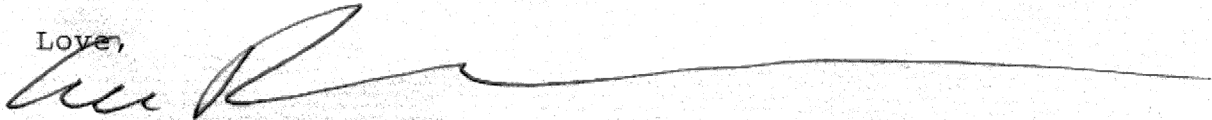
The connection back to money and niceness is that I think you'll generally experience less yucky dumpings in the future if you are nicer, and certainly for somebody like you who spends so much time and energy making others richer and yourself richer, giving away money to folks in a non-obligatory way (i.e. taxes) will

be a really great experience.

I think that's it for now. I've included a return envelope with a stamp and address on it, ready to roll. I don't much care for email since it is great at precipitating charged and yucky interactions such as ours. So feel free to jot something down and send it. I'm very interested in talking to you more. You're my brother, and I'm thrilled that we'll be talking to one another and sending angry and outrageous letters to one another for decades to come. I love you deeply and want you to be really-~~and-meaning~~ happy.

It'd be great to know if you got this somehow, and even if you don't feel like writing anything. ~~You~~ you could just send the envelope back to me, empty, and I'll know not to send you anything else or bother you any more with this stuff. I'm in no hurry.

Love,



ERIC CHRISTOPHER DARSO ~~W~~

albuquerque - burp foil delores means poop kerkshmul ming

OOPS: alb...burp foil-~~delores~~ means poop delores jerkshmul ming?