



From: Alvy Carraldo, West Babylon, NY

To: Tess Loxantz of Eileen Gald, Lawrenceville, KS

Date: July 13, 2002

Tess -

Where are you? Where are you? Haven't heard a fucking thing, not a word out of you for a year now. Things are shit here. Just shit. Are you seeing the date I'm writing this on? You swore to me, PROMISED ME IN FRONT OF GOD AND EVERYONE you'd always be here for me. And WHERE ARE YOU NOW?!

You fucking liar.

- A.

From: Alvy Gekhaldo, Geneva, NY  
To: Tess Lonantz cp Eileen Codd, Lawrenceville KS

Date: October 19 2014

Tess:

Want to apologize for the last letter. Everything had hit rock bottom on the island and in the metro area.

Riots, Papa's wine tour business had gone under, of course (not that there was much wine then, anyway), there was hardly enough food to eat here, and people out starving in the city, no word from you.

Still none.

Moved to Geneva this spring. Things improved about last year - most folks are somehow on their feet, enough food to scrape by - but once Papa died I couldn't stand it anymore. He had a good connection to one of the wineries up here, so I'm upstate for the long haul. I'm a glorified fucking day laborer, but I do mostly supervising and at least there's enough to eat and drink at the end of the day.

The whole thing is still some ass shit, though. Like these guys I'm working for, they turn Rieslings by the boatload, I don't go for it all that much, but again, beggars ain't choosy, so they have all this white, and with what doesn't sell OK isn't the best they make brandy out of it. I've been there when they're doing this. The brandy turns out OK, right, but they've tried making moonshine or some shit out of it. They tried it once. Once they get their still rolling and it was pumping out stuff that was 100 proof or above, the weird shit happened. The booze condensed in and rolled into this gray sludgy shit. It backed up the

still and almost blew up before we got it off the fire. That would've been the end of me, at least. But instead, it's just the end of trying to mag make grape whiskey.

Seriously, what the fuck is that stuff?

Still missing you, T. If you get this, come back to New York. I've got a little credit with these guys and can spring - in bottles of Riesling and Pinot Grigio - for your trip. When you get to town, just ask about Wilson Creek Vineyard and Farm. We make plenty of deliveries into town, and can pick you up there.

- Amy

P.S. Say hello to your aunt for me -

From: Amy Grimaldo, Geneva NY  
To: Tess Loran + Eileen Erol  
Leavenworth KS.

Date: Sept 29, 2017

T.-

You wouldn't believe it. fucking  
tired, fucking tired. said  
I was drinking too much  
and was no good laying around  
biting the wetbacks too to  
hard.

Those squarehead fucks.  
Wasn't my fault hamrist  
failed. No shit fucking  
Nain this year. Every  
thing day as bones.

Show them. So don

I'll burn it all down.

pisson it the ashes.

Fuckins & wastheads.  
The'll burn.

When I'm coming  
for you.

A.