

Feb-3 1967.

Dear Don,

Did you ever have any experience with E.S.P. or automatic writing? I have some of both and it scares the living daylights out of me. Off and on all thru my life it is as tho a shutter opens in my mind and words come faster than I can write them. The first time I/w/ it happened I couldn't have been in more than sixth grade. We were to do a story and give it orally. When I finished mine, everyone clapped. The teacher wanted me to give it before some visiting principals, but decided I was tooshy, and it would be torture. She told me she was going to keep it always. I was very proud. It was about the life of a seed, told as though it could think and speak. I remember yet the strange feeling I had as I wrote it.

It didn't come back again for many years. When I was about thirty the automatic writing started. The first words it said were, "Teach the little ones the word of God." I threw the pencil and said "My God."

It was a growing thing, not spiritualism, for there was no prophesy, and no one person wrote. It taught about spirit, the soul, the conscious, subconscious, and the superconscious. At first it was in the language of thee and thou. It seemed to want to be very gentle with me, and not go too fast. It came only when I felt physically strong. I still have samples that I like to read over. I told Sidney about it and one friend. Then I knew I must not tell Sidney any more for he was telling people who were not right to know. It would leave for several years, and would then be back. Gradually it changed into my mind and the crowding words. I knew it wasn't a thing I should dwell on too much, and I didn't. Then when I was about forty an historical novel started. It wasn't memory for it was in Rome during the time of the Borgia pope. The descriptions were wonderful, and there was a humdinger of a murder. Then the scenes became too intimate for me. There was one of an incestious nature. The open shutter of my mind was making me feel in another world. I didn't like the feeling, so I burned the whole thing, about eight chapters. I am always burning things that I don't want to face.

I am telling you this because the things I have written for *usual* you have the same sort of feeling. It is too clear for straight memory.

If I ever get anything else that *isn't* seems good, I won't burn it. I will send it to you. Once *long* ago the automatic writing said I was to do a book called, "Hearts to Live." It was to be a white book with red lettering. No one close to me now knows anything about this. It will probably never happen, because I don't feel I have the stamina to take it. I don't know why I tell you this. I used to wish I could tell Ernest, but there was never an opportunity. I probably won't be able to give you any more about Michigan, at least as clearly. I feel as tho something has opened its hand and let me go.

Do you wonder I get scared?

Maga.

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