

Feb. 8, 1967
Wednesday

Dear Don,

Thank you for your kind words. When I think of the messy work I have sent on I am ashamed. I have seen errors like roll for role, some real sloppy spelling and many wrong letters hit on the typewriter, but have let them go. When words come so fast I can't be careful. I have seen pictures, not photographs, or correct composition.

The kooky thought comes to me that perhaps you are the one to write the story I was told about. I haven't the physical strength to write much. Just this has lost me some pounds and some nights of sleep. I am too emotional.

It is strange that Ernest wanted to write more than anything in this world, and was able to do it. I have been forced into writing, but don't want to. I have written literally thousands of pages over thirty five years, off and on, but nearly all of it went into the fire place. It was like ticker tape teaching me. I have learned to understand so many things which makes me understand more of what I read. I once wrote in a letter to Ernest that I was doing a lot of writing and a lot of music, but didn't expect to do anything about either.

Here is an interesting fact. As you may know, during world war one there was a big interest in Ouiji(sp) boards. During the winter of 1919 one of my friends and I got out her mother's board to try it. When I put my hands on it, it started to jump around like crazy. No message. I told Ernest about it. He said it was dangerous and to stay away from it. I never tried one again.

Some day I will copy off some of the lessons from automatic writing, while it lasted.

I have a strange feeling that you may be a person with a mission, and I must help where I can.

So be it.

Marge -

Automatic

(~~Never~~ any punctuation)

No living soul can come so near as love that lives within the heart
from those whose souls are past the horizon of live in earthly dome.

Desire lives not where there is no beauty ahead toward which you
must grow. Desire lives to show beauty ahead toward which you
must slowly grow in preparation.

Where we are prepared for the beauties our destiny hold, desire
lives but small in troubled heart.

None can know where beauties are to live but the one to hold
desire, and the resulting peace as they live on toward the preparation
the desire ask.

Semi Automatic

Slowly, slowly is the word
All nature warns us heed.
To force the bud will spoil the rose
'Tis time that ripens seed.

We stupid mortals have not learned
That slowly we must grow.
We glimpse a beauty on ahead
And rush to make it now.

Each life a universe of souls
Surround and all in tune.
The one to hurry loses all —
The star to hurry falls.

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