

Sat. *March* ^{1st} - '67

Dear Don,

I love your ramblings. Don't stop.

For gracious sakes, skip the Marge. Everyone now calls me Margie. The Marjorie Main now means to me the actress. Marjorie Bump is O.K.

I am probably all mixed up on the Lawrence. So many things are confused from the days I started on my reading kick. I made opinions that had to be changed and I put the wrong writing with the wrong writer. I should have just said, until many writers made observations on sex fashionable. *I didn't mean innuendo exp.*

The thing I believe about Ernest is that while his lack of education didn't matter as far as his becoming a top writer, it did matter in his maturity. It takes education to gain the maturity to survive the experiences of fame. Feeling the lack and inadequacy in himself, he had to pull others down.

I don't believe Dutch knew Ernest as well in those old days as he lets you believe. I was with Ernest so much of the time, and I don't remember Dutch being around. Ernest was with the people my age, and a few years made a big difference. Dutch wouldn't have been caught dead going with me. While Ernest was the leader in things of the mind, I was the leader in what we did and where we went. I am sure he didn't have an affair at the party. He told me about kissing Lena Green. He went into how it was possible to kiss someone and hate them at the same time. To go on about the consciousness of sex, what I mean to say is that I am sure boys as well as girls were taught to keep their thoughts of this subject under control. Of course there had to be exceptions, but it wasn't until a lecture in college that I heard that men, and girls too, could be taken over by passions. It all sounded pretty silly. In the stories that Ernest read to me, there were no four letter words, and nothing I call ugly. I don't wonder it is hard for you to imagine the Marge and Ernest of those days. I could forget the stories ^{about me} and block them out because the Ernest I knew would never ~~had~~ have written them. He was my dear friend and he was the one who had said one must forgive friends to be one.

Chuck Bailey was younger.

Kate could not be called really a friend. She must have been about 28, since that was Carl Edgar's age. I was more than ten years younger, and the other "rabbits" still younger. She was insufferably, or is it unsufferably, patronizing. She was mean to Carl, and that made her our enemy. We all liked Bill, but never felt easy with him. I remember how surprised we were when he came to go swimming with us one day when there were none of his friends around. We were flattered enough so that I remember it. Carl was probably the most humanly normal guy in the group. We knew he enjoyed being with us, but he remained an adult to be respected. He was so good to me when I visited in St Jo. He took me to dinner at a big hotel. I didn't have the remotest idea how to order, or what to order. He helped me without letting my ignorance show. I don't believe he liked Ernest and I seem to remember that Ernest didn't like Carl. Kate probably talked to Ernest against Carl, and influenced his opinion. I am sure Ernest found Kate fascinating. She was small and cute and had such unusual eyes. She couldn't help flirting with all males, and had many scalps on her belt. Ernest used to tell me about her too. He characterized so many people for me, and of course for a long time I adopted whatever he said.

I seem to remember I called Ernest, Stein, on a few occasions, but it was usually Ernest. I wasn't one to follow the crowd. I wanted to, but couldn't.

Yes, I guess we do have "simpatica, tho I don't think

The End of Something is a good story. But then I can't read it objectively

Perhaps I will some day be able to read Hemingway as Hemingway, and not my friend Ernest. You will probably always find it hard to believe that it was the feeling of having lost a friend that hurt me in the clean slate letter, not the loss of a boy friend. That was the hurt I never got over, because I never understood it or knew why. I seem to remember something in a Hutchinson Book, If Winter Comes, that covers how we will all feel when we get the answers to all the Whys. (I probably have that author and book wrong too.)

Have been trying to read Ulysses. Can't make it. I don't get shocked if stories are about people I might meet and like.

I, too, could go on and on.

Basta, pero no terminado.

Margie —

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