

Sunday,
March 19, 1967

Dear Don,

The things you say about yourself I had pretty well figured, but I could never have expressed it so well. The writing has said that it is combined love that gives us power.

"The spirit within you is the greatest perfection which you have ever attained thru your love of others and theirs for you. Your power is in proportion to as you have lived true to those loves."

So, since different types of people love each person, there has to be a variety of influence in the realm of power. Our common bond is a very complex being. I gladly pass on to you any influence I might have, if any exists. You handed me some first class haunting, and now I will give it back. What you can give me is more objectivity. I have classed you as a combination of being coldly calculating and warm at the same time. When I knew Ernest he wasn't unlike you. He couldn't be any more a Hemingway Hero than you could.

There is so much to all of this than meets the eye. The fact, alone, that you are going to Italy, Rome in particular, has undertones or overtones that tie up to some mysterious things.

In working on the Italian I find myself remembering the way Ernest would pronounce certain words. He took delight in saying things he knew I wouldn't understand. Now, after so many years, I am finding some of them.

I am sad that you are leaving because it will be the end of a rich, incredible experience. The chances are that you will disappear from my life as you appeared, and that will be that. But it will always be nice to know you are there with your wonderful way with words. I will be choosing the Belly man, but you are lucky to have the Head man around. I don't exactly know what is meant by existentialism, for it seems to me that people who want an excuse for being off beat say it is because they are existentialists. Think I rather be an old fashioned transcendentalist. Does that mean living by inspiration? The past is just as much tragedy as future, so why should we not accept the present as tragedy and learn to love it. I never loved Sidney as much as now when he is so tragically helpless and beautifully ugly.

So here I go. Thank you for your letter. You must have a very special circle of influence in your orbit.

A- 1940-- Beneath existing things there lives
The thought to bear us on,
Where love comes slowly from ahead

To live in thought prepare the on.

Beneath existing things there lives
The past to hold us true
Where past love comes to heart us strength
To pass the love we have in soul.

You love the past to love the future.
Where past be troubled on must draw
To things to hold great love in dream
To beauty you have troubled seen.

~~You here prepare__ your past in love.~~
You here prepare your past in love
You here prepare your dreams to be.
You never are quite here in now
For past and future merge in dream.

Love

Marge

