

Margo Venti

March 20/67

Cara Margie:

Questa è il mio prima
scrittura a italiano. Abbastanza!

The time for departure is rushing
by like an express train. We have had, for example,
our last Sunday night in this land. Can
you imagine life without Ed Sullivan? Doesn't
that make you a little jealous?

I am inflicting this writing on
you because the old mill (house or expression
formed by a mutual friend) is at the stationers
being cleaned and conditioned. In other areas, we
find ourselves living like campers since we are
inclined to get all packing out of the way. I find
myself unpacking half of the time. It is all
very uplifting in some strange way, although I feel
inundated somehow by this enormous act and I
have little forebodings when I look at familiar
objects. Very melodramatic. Of course I think
of the plane splashing down in the Atlantic, but
at age 54 this does not seem quite as
catastrophic to me as I might have made
it a long time ago. I would like to finish
or at least put into surmountable form this
"Margo business" of mine. I am carrying that
part of my file in my brief case. Mean-
while our good friends have been giving us
a few free meals and drinks to take the
place of a ship board B'nai voyage.
I am very sorry not to have
thanked you or acknowledge your answers.
They were simply great and are very very
much appreciated. In haste
Mm, Mm