

Friday. June 9, 67

My dear Don,

You are so right. You do see things pretty true. I had no wish to sound sharp - but when I feel the frustrating knowledge that I will never be able to make anyone see a world that no longer exists, with people whose pattern of life and thought no longer exists, I get exasperated - not with you but with myself. You can't see an Ernest whose basic qualities were as fine and true as the best writing he ever did. He created someone different - but I will never believe the true person didn't remain. When I saw him in '39 I knew he was still there. I am sure he knew I knew he was still there. I never saw or knew the person he created.

As you say - our friendship had to break - for we were headed in different directions. The odd thing it was for me couldn't last any more than childhood can last. I don't know what it was for him - but that couldn't last either.

I always essentially come back to the subject of Ernest for you - as you know - but I can't seem to do it at will. It comes and it goes. I will give you anything I can and you may use it as you wish, but at the moment I seem empty. You are a doll - and the most understanding discerning person I've ever met. How did you get that way!

This whole thing is so strange. This is the first winter I would have had time to try to remember her. My life is full of emptiness. When Sidney says Margie is dead, I can believe it.

I get more and more involved with the hotel life. I am back working part time for someone who is ill. Mr. Heikman (Manager) has asked me to help him as secretary for three weeks in July. Not because I am trained - as I am not - but because I seem able to deal with difficult people. I see them as drama - and enjoy the challenge. I wish I could write - for the life in a retirement hotel is full of humor - pathos - romance - drama - ugliness and beauty. Perhaps your letter gives me another list of questions.

I can't remember much about the things Ernest wrote. I felt certain they were good and that he would surely be a great writer - not because I was any judge of writing but because that was what he wanted. He talked as he wrote - leaving much to the imagination of the one on the receiving end. I knew nothing of art - but could feel the qualities I now know - is art.

Can't wait to find a viewer for the slide. Will return it after I do. Do you have one with Denny?

Don't know how to tell you what a richness your letters have given to this particular spot in my life - which, if nothing else, is a transition. Don't know who is about to evolve - but I believe it is to be a happy person.

Love

Margie -

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