

My dear Don,

Oct 7 - 1967

How wise you are. I am always going down dead end streets and either turning back myself or being thrown out. But there is always some gain, and I feel more dramatic having tried on another life or personality. I love being dramatic. That is probably another characteristic I shared with Ernest. I wonder now how I ever stood the Issena or working behind the desk, but I wouldn't cross it out for anything.

I love my apartment and the beautiful view. I don't stay in it too much, for I haven't yet learned to like a place without other people sharing it. Always there have been children, g- children, people, parties. I may be back to that, for more and more people come and I am accepting more invitations. Can't quite decide to go socially with mixed company. My friends thought I was wrong to refuse to go to the club with the man living next door. But it didn't feel right. On the other hand I did go to dinner with John Leonard, down briefly on business. I didn't feel at all guilty, probably because he was a friend of Sidney's and he reminds me of him in many ways. He is now on his way around the world. He goes every fall. I may give him your address.

I get along much better if I don't think ahead or plan. My brain can't compute all the pertinent facts. Perhaps my subconscious can. I feel less and less smug about my own powers of deduction. You have made me realize that Ernest was important in my life and I have always taken him with me in some capacity. I suppose he did me, for it was an unusual relationship. I am only sorry it couldn't have ~~been~~ continued as happy as it began.

Wouldn't it be fun if we could all meet in Cuernavaca. Love that place. You didn't mention moving to Sicily. Is that still your plan?

Have been reading about the floods of Florence in the National Geographic. What havoc is wrought by nature. No wonder man is impelled to go to war with a similar impulse.

All my reluctance to hear about Ernest has left me. I look at the pictures in the magazine without pain. I may even begin a sort of translation. I may even read some Hemingway stories. See what a miracle you have performed. Thank you.

You probably better use the P.O. box number. Uncle Sam seems to be confused about my address. Your letter today finally landed in the box, even with the apt address. Code no for the box is 32020 but for the apt 32018.

So Marge it is. If I ever get a passport it will probably have to be Lucy, for that is how it reads on birth certificate. Perhaps I am a mixed up character because I have so many names. Anyway, since you like the Marge, I will remain that for you.

Love to you both and Danny,

Marge -

Sat - 7th



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