

Nov. 8, 1967

Dear Marge:

We have completed our move to Taormina from Rome but we are not yet established here. Così, our temporary address is:

Fornio Posta, Taormina, Sicilia.

That is the designation for general delivery here. As I perhaps mentioned, we came to a place built somewhat like a series of concrete pillboxes stepped steeply down the valley - called Cascata. It is a fine, magnificent view of the sea and the shoreline, the wonderful mountains reaching into the sea, and even the Calabrian underside of Italy on clear days. Enough to make you cry. But there are 84 steps for Danny to negotiate on those poor loved legs of his. That is the main thing. Then it seemed very cold to Ruth and (grudgingly) to me. We found out we were on the part of the town which the natives call the freddi. The sun slips behind the mountains after 10:30 and after that it can become bleak. Another complaint was that the place was geared to the sun tan tourist set of quick trippers and there was no real place for us to store the impediments of seven plus months, namely 3 trunks, 5 satchels and assorted hand bags. So we up and found ourselves a dreamlike Villa in the heart of town which, because it needs to be furnished, won't be ready until 20 November. It is great though - a huge, rambling, many terraced garden.

(2)
for Danny's special delight (and for me to leave the
responsibility of keeping watered) completely and
soundly walled, with an electrically operated
gate. [All we need is a moat.] The Casa has been
newly plastered and painted and looks out on
mt. Et na and the sea. Beyond all this, it
is 2 minutes from the post office and stores
and affords a wonderfully quaint view of the
lovely little stone buildings of the town
around us. My friend [and Hemingway's]
Harold Greb will be staying at the Casa,
having put down a deposit. He has a
youngish English wife and together they should
prove good friends to be near on Xmas —
although as you may recall, I have never
met either one of them. He plans to write
here too. He said use his Hem letters because
of the Liddee Hemingway's elict. Re Hem letters,
I got a copy of the London Times which
carried excerpts from some written in the 50's, and
now Mrs. H is giving that paper. Can you imagine,
though, a supposedly dear friend of Hem's selling
his letters. I can't, but that's what happened. My
God I remind myself of Westbrook Pegler, that
polemic N.Y. Journalist who, no matter what
subject he started on in his columns, always
wound up blasting Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Our trip down here, through Positano, was
very fine, and Danny was okay. I particularly loved
Positano which is a marvelously preserved Greek
town south of Naples. All love to you, Don