

Thursday
April 10, 1969

My dear Don,

Mails seem to get here almost before it is sent. Regular mail makes it faster than an air mail stamp.

All the things you say are so true, but you make it sound so complicated. Of course I have only the memories of the things Ernest said, and later very chance remarks made by people. I don't know too much about his life and never met any of the people involved in his later life. I did know his mother and father, and as parents go, I would consider them above average. Everyone has to face certain disappointments in parents as they seem to fall from the pedestal of our ideals. I don't agree that the rejection theory applies that much to all of us. We don't imagine it or ask for it as he often did. Georgie says she understands it. Her birthday is July 22, and she says it is a true Cancer trait. Wouldn't it be nice if we could explain everything away because of the month ⁱⁿ in which we are born. But it is interesting how often we follow the pattern. What month were you born? I don't agree with you that all the Victorian things needed rejection, or the Puritan for that matter. It will only be a question of time until the pendulum will swing again, but of course with the whole slightly advanced as in a spiral. I don't get upset with present things, perhaps because my favorite subject is history.

I agree with you perfectly that our minds are not to be trusted. If we can get a line thru to the big pool, and know enough to listen, we can't fail.

I do believe what Loeb says about the wound, mostly because E. didn't talk about it. E. was shy in those days, but not so much shy, with me, as considerate of my lack of worldly experience. I can't imagine what he might have written to G.E., objected to by Baker, but to me he never said or wrote an objectionable word. G.E. was more mature at 15 than I was many years later. I never spent any time with her so I don't really know what she was like.

I don't feel that E. had a sense of superiority about being one of God's chosen. But he did say many times that the only thing he wanted to do was to write. In one of his letters I remember the words, "As you know, the only things I have wanted to do in my life are to write and fish. These ~~I do mostly~~ are what I do mostly."

We would have a good time batting things around, and would probably argue a point here and there.

Time to stop.

Love,

Marge

Wed.

Dear Don, I always like to answer your letters as soon as I read them, to get down the thoughts that come as I read.

No, I hadn't heard from Ernest for many years when he came by. I used to laugh and say that I seemed to hear between wives. It couldn't have been that he was at all interested in me especially, for he always had the next wife chosen. I couldn't have been more surprised than when I heard him say, "This is Ernest Hemingway."

As I remember, I didn't say the expression in his eyes was wonderful. I think I said that the only thing about him that seemed the same was the nice expression in his eyes. I had the feeling that he wanted to say something special to me, but it didn't come out. He asked if I could understand Spanish, and I said no. He just may have thought he could talk easier in another language. I didn't give him any ~~oppor~~ opportunity to talk confidentially. He didn't seem to want to leave. I didn't talk about his writing or ask him to sign any books. We looked at the old kodak books and made cracks about the pictures. In one he was looking at me. He remarked that he looked like a sick cow. He and Sidney talked a lot about his new book, not finished. People always told things to Sidney easily. He and Sidney got on well. Sidney even joked about suing Ernest for writing about me. E. said fine, it would help publicity and cut his tax. Ernest was the only male to like me that S. didn't seem jealous about. I wrote E. once that jealousy was my biggest problem with Sidney/. I remember his answering words. "I am not an ever on the make guy, so he won't need to be jealous of me." He wasn't. He met the children and seemed to think they were fine. Bobbie looked quite a bit as I had except dark eyes and hair.

I had three letters from him after that visit. He told me about Martha and about his coming divorce. I never heard from him again, I heard about him from Ursula and I know his feeling about me remained friendly. Ursula would tell me things he would say in showing friendly interest. I may have remained a nice dream to Ernest, but I was only a dream, and a dim one. I have the feeling that you over emphasize me.

I am sorry that Baker's book has the tone it has. It seems a final rejection.

I plan now to fly home April 28th. Have given up Mexico until summer. This last flu bit has been the type leaving digestive things churned, and one thing needed in Mexico is equanimity of digestive things.

I love these bits and pieces we toss back and forth. You better come back for some Florida sun. This time of year I could probably get you and Ruth an apt in the same building. It is an easy walk to the beach. Do you play golf?

By, for now.

As ever (another favorite Ernest ending.)

Marge



Mr Don St John
Francisco
New Hampshire
03582

Mrs S. Muni
2030 Via Loma
Monte
Calif.
93940