

Dear Marge:

Sorry, but I've sent one too many letters to Calif. I guess. Perhaps Georgianna will forward it to Fla.

Also, sorry I've displeased or upset you in some way. I don't know exactly what it is and perhaps it is not one single thing but just my overall all obtuseness in approaching the Hemingway story, and of course if it is the last there is really nothing I can do about it. I suppose it is par for the course, though, for third parties not to get things just right, although it is not something that evokes love from the parties of the first and second parts. If what has upset you is something more specific that I have said, I am sorry about that too. I suspect what has made you sad are my not always flattering allusions to Hem's parents; As to this all I can say is that it was decidedly undiplomatic of me to do this. I can hardly believe, though, knowing your own inclination toward honesty, that you would respect me if I misrepresented my feelings about Hem's parents. If these feelings are erroneous, as you believe, all I can say is that my impressions are based on the reports of the Hemingway children themselves as well as many others, sometimes including the parents themselves in letters. I cannot agree that these two people were waints. And to make Hemingway responsible for himself, detaching him completely from his producers, does not seem the greatest logic in the world to me, although I am sorry to have to say it. I do not by any means despise the Victorian values in toto. As a matter of fact I find Mrs. H. far from a typical Victorian, and I myself have often said that Hem's rebellious and productive spirit could in great part be attributed to this trait in his own mother. Let me put it this way: I would probably have loved your grandmother, but I doubt I would have been much of an admirer of Mrs. H. She was really every bit as much of an egoist as her son. Another thing that is odd. I think Hem really loved his father and that much of his dislike for his mother was based on what he deemed was her mistreatment of the doctor.

I wonder if you have started reading Baker's book yet. If you think it has been a mistake to talk to me perhaps you will change your mind when you read Baker's hateful account. Another thing, Marge, in fairness to me: you have read practically nothing, I take it, of the Hemingway studies, and so you probably do not know how really wrong some of this material is. There is nothing that I can say that will do other than moderate these distorted images. Perhaps we had to take a vacation from Hemingway. Which is too bad in a way because I wanted to ask your impressions of some of Baker's work, particularly one section in which he reports that you and Connie Curtis "worked" as waitresses at Dilworths at the same time as an older waitress. This last, Baker quotes Mrs. Wesley Dilworth as saying, was the model for the poor gal done wrong in Up In Michigan.

If anything happens to our friendship I want you to know how personally meaningful it has been to me - completely apart from its Hemingway colorations. Love