

Sunday Sept 6, 1969

My dear Don,

Am wondering about your trip to Michigan - Did you go, and how was it.

Sid came down to be with me for over two weeks. We had a great time. Don't know whether he is my age or I his - but there is no strain of generation gap. He spent most of his time fishing ~~for~~ with an old pal. Whenever the tides were right they started out - 3 - 4 - 5 o'clock A.M. No - I didn't go.

He asked about the pictures and I told him that when you are finished with them I will fix up the album. I will be leaving here again the first of November. Am reading and enjoying Mishner's Iberia. Was interested in a reference to Ernest. In describing the meaning of the word duende - a word used

much in Spain — including mysterious and
ineffable charm — or someone who is
one with the spirit of a place.
quote —

"When Hemingway was younger in the
first blush of his exploration of ~~B~~ Pamplona —
he had duende. In his last crumbling
years when he was trying to retrace
his steps, he wasn't even close."

I think I can say when I knew
him he had duende.

Am writing from the hospital
where I tend the auxiliary shop
each Sunday. Business is slow today.

Have decided to go back to Monterey
this winter for reasons too complicated
to describe. Georgie's husband
continues to make trouble — so
she says she would feel better to have
me at the house while she is away
teaching. I am constantly surprised by my
own reactions. I thought I wanted to
stay put — but I feel stimulated and
happy with plans to be on the move.
Love
Marge —



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