

My dear Don,

I am constantly surprised by the way your mind works and your ability to probe you understand the artist's mind as Georgie does - I can see that art isn't photographic and that often distortion pictures a feeling better than beauty can. The point of observation changes the object viewed - You are gathering many views as you talk with people with different points of observation. It should make interesting reading.

How impossible it is to recreate a just and a person as they were as separate from what they became. How unbelievable is the simplicity of my friendship with Ernest as viewed from the knowledge of the complexity of his life. I feel that in betraying Ernest was betraying his sisters - not a lone. I may have been a sort of transition belonging in both categories - but who would believe that there were no advances for me to resist or discourage. How could I be called a "Christie" when there were no temptations as he grew beyond me - of course the companionship with me wouldn't have been for any more. He may have built me into something in his imagination, for we had genuine regard

you each other. But I was no Salita.

He may have felt anger toward me because I couldn't grow as fast as his imagination.

Perhaps that is why he wrote as he did about me and about people he felt failed him as they were not able to live up to his mental image. I am sure ^{an} anger had to have something to do with it or he couldn't have twisted the knife so effectively in the places most vulnerable to hurt. Perhaps he needed to hurt down people as he needed to hurt and just and go to war. I remember the gleam in his expression when he hit the head of a live fish to be used as bait.

My memory of him is vivid because for me he died the evening he walked down the hill whistling. The man and the famous writer don't exist for me and so have never clouded the early memories.

When you first asked me about Ernest I hadn't thought about him for years. Because of you I let those memories spin up - and gradually I have grown more objective. I find the early hurt has vanished with talking about it - and for that, "Thank you".

Marge Baum & Petrosky died as surely as the early Ernest and perhaps at the same time. I will keep in touch as my plans

develop -

Love

Marge.

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