

Dear Don,

Wed May 24, 1967

I wish I knew how to make you understand how important Ernest was as an early friend and how unimportant in my life as it developed - except as an under - influence. It was an emotional involvement as a dear friend - but not as a romance. He was wonderful companion ship - never to be forgotten or duplicated companion ship. He remained a friend in spite of everything - and would still be could he walk in today. He may have been the most important influence in my life.

Yes - the letter did hurt me as only a child can be hurt who doesn't understand when someone trusted seems to turn. Yes - it did make one change toward Ernest and I became less trusting of everyone including myself. I began to grow up. Communication hit a snag and didn't return until years later. But it did return. It didn't keep me from going on - loving dates - dancing people - fun - learning. I probably was a nice person without the self confidence E - shook up. So both of your versions are right. I have had a wonderful life - untouched by ~~the~~ unpleasantness of Ernest's departure from it - but the good memories were never eroded or forgotten - as he wrote me they never were far from there were lots of people who could have written Ernest - better now dead. There is no other logical explanation. From his viewpoint he wanted to hurt me. He even wanted to hurt me and in turn I wanted to hurt him - He won on that score just as he did against others - by his pen. He wanted the world to see me as rejected - but at least he didn't write the important good things - and he distorted my true picture. Consciously I forgave him. Who knows about the subconscious part. We can't put things in little boxes. Should I make a diagram of my life - I would put down three emotional involvements - one wonderful companionship - one soul and spirit

(He didn't tell you about him except indirectly)

stuff, and one physical. Fortunately I was married to that one. All are now dead. I say that - for Sidney has been dead actually - for more than three years. So E. was important - but not all important. Yes - it upsets me to think about him - but it upsets me to think about the others. It upsets me to think about Susie. I am an emotional coward.

Think I have given you a wrong impression of J. L. He is a fine person - almost a combination of the three qualities. Everyone speaks well of him - Sidney liked and admired him. The protective antinotes are out in fear of more emotion. Denotation - asking nothing in return is hard to refuse. I will never accept anything false or uneasy. Phone calls from 1500 miles away are safe.

I believe he wants to help me over a bad spot. I will have to admit it does. But I am in too much of a state of confusion about everything to be certain of anything. So I am glad of the desk job. Everyone is so extra good to me. The chef brings in my breakfast on an extra hot plate. The creepy head man in the dining room gives me extra goodies -

For such a square soul I have some pretty grand people around me. For such a square soul some very strange things happen to me. I think it is good that you are not wanting to write now. Time - Time - Time - I think of you as one of the extra goodies life has given me - but not without a price. Love Marie

Dear Bob,

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