

1917?

STUDIO

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My dear -

You really mustn't.

When I tell you there is nothing the matter I mean it. I'm not trying to put you off. You know you share my griefs and joys.

At the present moment I'm only going through one of those arid stretches of frozen glooms which I told you all about in the beginning.

They don't hear anything at all.
I'll emerge presently. But
don't, don't waste your
sympathy and affection on
me when I'm in this horrid
state. I don't appreciate
it, I don't need or deserve
it, and it only hurts you
terribly when I don't respond.

If you really want to help
me just be your normal,
cheerful, wholesome self. Treat
me like a playmate, get
mad at me sometimes, scold
me, make fun of me, but
don't love me too much, 'cause
it'll just make me miserable
than ever during these times when
I can't respond - Bless you -