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Durbin

August 23<sup>rd</sup> 1916

My dear Roger

I have completely recovered from my attack of the blues + greatly disapprove of myself for having been so fable minded + upsetting. This sort of thing only comes on in fits + its connected with general pessimism + most likely with food + hours + arrangements of that kind. At its darkest moments it doesn't get beyond a middling grey + you needn't imagine that it ever comes within range of comparison with your sort of glooms. I can tell you from experience that it isn't really grave. For one thing, it is still perfectly true that I don't consciously wish that you were in love with me. I sometimes wd like things which probably could only happen if you were, but that is quite different + simple illogicality. I truly don't want you to be, dearest angel. And when I'm imagining things that wd be nice, I don't in irresponsible dreams dream that. I only want you friendly. There isn't any worry about greater flights + as this, strange to say, is a fact it solves the whole situation. As a matter of fact you consoled me the other evening. I'm afraid it was at the expense of getting rather depressed yourself but you needn't stay so for another minute.

You see now for yourself that there is not any reason.

I think all you need do is to set to work at once to readjust your strange notions about my superhuman character & face the fact that I'm just as idiotic as everybody else!

Don't bother about answering this letter, only do believe it & feel at ease about us, you really can. We shan't have any disasters & I shall always be your faithful & affectionate

P.S.