



Nov. 19th.

My dear Jack.

I had to take some time to write this letter to you. I was so sad about what had happened lately. I didn't know what to think of it. If I have been unjust to you, please forgive me and destroy that awful letter full of nonsense. After we met in Birmingham I had the impression you considered all a vulgar affair, so much the contrary of the idea I had of you. It made me so sad and bitter, I thought I could never forgive you.

Then another blow the other night. It was awful, incredible. I was terrified, I really thought you had gone crazy. Sad, angry, desperate, confused, so upset was I, that I went straight to Domingo and told him everything. Knowing you, he said I should forgive you. I left him, uplifted, but could not forgive you yet.

Then your letter next morning, asking for the photo. I thought: No, not until you had begged my pardon on your knees.

But I have been thinking a lot about everything and have come to the conclusion not to have the right to judge you until you have told me all the details of the reason of your attitude.

Why do you find the world so awful, especially in 1951? Why haven't you ever spoken to me about it? We were a whole afternoon together in L.C. and you didn't say a word about it, at the contrary you said everything would be arranged in a fortnight. How different is everything now. I can't believe it. If the world is so awful and you love me, why then do you leave me alone?

[Carta] 1951 nov. 19 [a] Joaquín Edwards Bello [manuscrito]
María Hagenaar (Mary).

AUTORÍA

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