

SUPPLEMENTS

Hotel Bel-Air

701 Stone Canyon Road, Los Angeles 24

Dear Lee,

I'm embarrassed to start this, but thank you for understanding and having changed my life - even though you changed it I still am lost - I mean I can't get myself together - I think its because everything is pulling against my concentration - everything one does or lives is impossible almost.

You once said, the first time I heard you talk at the actors studio that "there is only concentration between the actor and suicide." As soon as I walk into a scene I lose my mental relaxation for some reason, - which is my concentration. My will is weak but I can't stand anything. I sound crazy but I think I'm going crazy.

Thanks for letting Paula help me on the picture she is the only really warm woman I've known. Its just that I get before camera and my concentration and everything I'm trying to learn leaves me. Then I feel like I'm not existing in the human race at all.

Love,

Marilyn

Note: It is very likely that this letter was written at the beginning of 1956, during the filming of Joseph Logan's *Bus Stop*, when Paula Strasberg worked as Marilyn's coach for the first time.

Dear Lee & Paul,

Dr. Kres has had me put
into the New York Hospital - psychiatric division
under the care of two idiotic doctors. They
both should not be my doctors.

You haven't heard from me because
I'm locked up with all these poor
nutty people. I'm sure to end up a
nut if I stay in this nightmare - please
help me Lee, this is the last place
I should be - maybe if you called Dr. Kres
and assured her of my sanity and
that I must get back to class so
I'll be better prepared for rain
over

Lee, I try to remember what you
said "once in class that ~~it~~ it goes far
beyond science"

And the same memories around
her I'd like to forget - like accusing
women etc.

please help me - if Dr. Kres
assures you I am all right - you
can assure her I am not
I do not belong here!

I love you both,

W. J. ...

Do forgive the spelling - and I have no idea
to write on here I'm on the dining room floor
it's like a cell can you imagine - several blocks
they got me in here because they had to me
about calling my doctor I got amblyopia and the
pathology - don't know so I broke the glass part
out of the window and I'm in the hospital

Dear Lee & Paula,

Dr. Kris has had me put into the New York Hospital—psychiatric division under the care of two idiot doctors—they both should not be my doctors.

You haven't heard from me because I'm locked up with all these poor nutty people. I'm sure to end up a nut if I stay in this nightmare—please help me Lee, this is the last place I should be—maybe if you called Dr. Kris and assured her of my sensitivity and that I must get back to class so I'll be better prepared for "Rain."

Lee, I try to remember what you said once in class "that art goes far beyond science."

And the scary memories around me I'd like to forget—like screaming woman etc.

Please help me—if Dr. Kris assures you I am all right—you can assure her I am not. I do not belong here!

I love you both.

Marilyn

P.S. forgive the spelling—and there is nothing to write on here. I'm on the dangerous floor!! It's like a cell can you imagine—cement blocks. They put me in here because they lied to me about calling my doctor & Joe and they had the bathroom door locked so I broke the glass and outside of that I haven't done anything that is uncooperative

Note: *Rain*, adapted from a Somerset Maugham short story, was a TV project that Lee Strasberg hoped to direct. Marilyn Monroe and John Gielgud were to have had the main parts. The film was never made because of a disagreement between NBC and Lee Strasberg.

December 19, 1961

Mr. Lee Strasberg
135 Central Park West
New York 23, New York

Dear Lee:

This is an important personal letter and please don't start to read it until you have the time to give it your careful thought. This letter concerns my future plans and therefore concerns yours as well since my future development as an artist is based on our working together. All this is an introduction; let me outline the recent events, my ideas and my suggestions.

As you know, for years I have been struggling to find some emotional security with little success, for many different reasons. Only in the last several months, as you detected, do I seem to have made a modest beginning. It is true that my treatment with Dr. Greenson has had its ups and downs, as you know. However, my overall progress is such that I have hopes of finally establishing a piece of ground for myself to stand on, instead of the quicksand I have always been in. But Dr. Greenson agrees with you, that for me to live decently and productively, I must work! And work means not merely performing professionally, but to study and truly devote myself. My work is the only trustworthy hope I have. And here, Lee, is where you come in. To me, work and Lee Strasberg are synonymous. I do not want to be presumptuous in expecting you to come out here for me alone. I have contacted Marlon on this subject and he seems to be quite interested, despite the fact that he is in the process of finishing a movie. I shall talk with him more thoroughly in a day or two.

Furthermore, and this must be kept confidential for the time being, my attorneys and I are planning to set up an independent production unit, in which we have envisaged an important position for you. This is still in the formative phase, but I am thinking of you in some consultative position or in whatever way you might see fit. I know you will want enough freedom to pursue your teaching and any other private interests you might want to follow.

Though I am committed to my analysis, as painful as it is, I cannot definitively decide, until I hear from you, because without working with you only half of me is functioning. Therefore, I must know under what conditions you might consider coming out here and even settling here.

I know this might sound quite fantastic, but if you add up all the possible advantages it should be a quite rewarding venture. I mean not only for Marlon and me -- but for others. This independent production unit will also be making pictures without me -- this is even required for legal reasons. This will offer an opportunity for Susan if she should be interested and perhaps even for Johnny. And Paula would have a great many opportunities for coaching. As for you, Lee, I still have the dream of you some day directing me in a film! I know this is a big step to take, but I have the wish that you might realize out here some of the incomplete hopes that were perhaps not fulfilled for you, like Lincoln Center, etc.

So I don't know how else to persuade you. I need you to study with and I am not alone in this. I want to do everything in my power to get you to come out -- within reason -- as long as it is to your advantage as well as mine. So, Lee, please think this over carefully; this is an awfully important time of my life and since you mentioned on the phone that you too felt things were unsettled, I have dared to hope.

I have meetings set up with Marlon and also with my attorneys and will phone you if there are any important new developments. Otherwise, please get in touch with me.

My love to all of you,



Dear Dr. Greenson,

I'm having May Reis type this because
it's not very clearly written, but I have also
included these notes and you will see what I mean.

M.M.

March 2, 1961

March 1, 1961

Just now when I looked out the hospital window where the snow had covered everything suddenly everything is kind of a muted green. The grass, shabby evergreen bushes -- though the trees give me a little hope -- the desolate bare branches promising maybe there will be spring and maybe they promise hope.

Did you see "The Misfits" yet? In one sequence you can perhaps see how bare and strange a tree can be for me. I don't know if it comes across that way for sure on the screen -- I don't like some of the selections in the takes they used. As I started to write this letter about four quiet tears had fallen. I don't know quite why.

Last night I was awake all night again. Sometimes I wonder what the night time is for. It almost doesn't exist for me -- it all seems like one long, long horrible day. Anyway, I thought I'd try to be constructive about it and started to read the letters of Sigmund Freud. When I first opened the book I saw the picture of Freud inside opposite the title page and I burst into tears -- he looked very depressed (which must have been taken near the end of his life) that he died a disappointed man -- but Dr. Kris said he had much physical pain which I had known from the Jones book -- but I know this too to be so but still I trust my instincts because I see a sad disappointment in his gentle face. The book reveals (though I am not sure anyone's love-letters should be published) that he wasn't a stiff! I mean his gentle, sad humor and even a striving was eternal in him. I haven't gotten very far yet because at the same time I'm reading Sean O'Casey's first autobiography --(did I ever tell you how once he wrote a poem to me?) This book disturbs me very much in a way one should be disturbed for these things --after all,

There was no empathy at Payne-Whitney -- it had a very bad effect -- they asked me after putting me in a "cell" (I mean cement blocks and all) for very disturbed depressed patients(except I/^{felt I}was in some kind

of prison for a crime I hadn't committed. The inhumanity there I found archaic. They asked me why I wasn't happy there (everything was under lock and key; things like electric lights, dresser draws, bathrooms, closets, bars concealed on the windows -- the doors have windows so patients can be visible all the time, also, the violence and markings still remain on the walls from former patients).

I answered: "Well, I'd have to be nuts if I like it here" then there screaming women in their cells -- I mean they screamed out when life was unbearable I guess -- at times like this I felt an available psychiatrist should have talked to them. Perhaps to alleviate even temporarily their misery and pain. I think they (the doctors) might learn something even -- but all are only interested in something from the books they studied -- I was surprised because they already knew that! Maybe from some live suffering human being maybe they could discover more -- I had the feeling they looked more for discipline and that they let their patients go after the patients have "given up". They asked me to mingle with the patients, to go out to O.T. (Occupational Therapy). I said: "And do what?" They said: "You could sew or play checkers, even cards and maybe knit". I tried to explain the day I did that they would have a nut on their hands. These things were furthest from my mind. They asked me why I felt I was "different" (from the other patients, I guess) so I decided if they were really that stupid I must give them a very simple answer so I said: "I just am".

The first day I did "mingle" with a patient. She asked me why I looked so sad and suggested I could call a friend and perhaps not be so lonely. I told her what they had told me that there wasn't a phone on that floor. Speaking of floors, they are all locked -- no one could go in and no one could go out. She looked shocked and shaken and said "I'll take you to the phone" -- while I waited in line

for my turn for the use of the phone I observed a guard (since he had on a gray knit uniform) as I approached the phone he straight-armed the phone and said very sternly: "You can't use the phone". By the way, they pride themselves in having a home-like atmosphere. I asked them (the doctors) how they figured that. They answered: "Well, on the sixth floor we have wall-to-wall carpeting and modern furniture" to which I replied: "Well, that any good interior decorator could provide -- providing there are the funds for it" but since they are dealing with human beings why couldn't they perceive even an interior of a human being".

The girl that told me about the phone seemed such a pathetic and vague creature. She told me after the straight-arming "I didn't know they would do that". Then she said "I'm here because of my mental condition -- I have cut my throat several times and slashed my wrists" --she said either three or four times.

I just thought of a jingle:

"Mingle - but not if you
were just born single"

Oh, well, men are climbing to the moon but they don't seem interested in the beating human heart. Still one can change but won't -- by the way, that was the original theme of THE MISFITS -- no one even caught that part of it. Partly because, I guess, the changes in the script and some of the distortions in the direction and

LATER WRITTEN

I know I will never be happy but I know I can be gay! Remember I told you Kazan said I was the gayest girl he ever knew and believe me he has known many. But he loved me for one year and once rocked me to sleep one night when I was in great anguish. He also suggested that I go into analysis and later wanted me to work with his teacher, Lee Strasberg.

Was it Milton who wrote: "The happy ones were never born"? I know

at least two psychiatrists who are looking for a more positive approach.

THIS MORNING, MARCH 2

I didn't sleep again last night. I forgot to tell you something yesterday. When they put me into the first room on the sixth floor I was not told it was a Psychiatric floor. Dr. Kris said she was coming the next day. The nurse came in (after the doctor, a psychiatrist) had given me a physical examination including examining the breast for lumps. I took exception to this but not violently only explaining that the medical doctor who had put me there, a stupid man named Dr. Lipkin had already done a complete physical less than thirty days before. But when the nurse came in I noticed there was no way of buzzing or reaching for a light to call the nurse. I asked why this was and some other things and she said this is a psychiatric floor. After she went out I got dressed and then was when the girl in the hall told me about the phone. I was waiting at the elevator door which looks like all other doors with a door-knob except it doesn't have any numbers (you see they left them out). After the girl spoke with me and told me about what she had done to herself I went back into my room knowing they had lied to me about the telephone and I sat on the bed trying to figure if I was given this situation in an acting improvisation what would I do. So I figured, it's a squeaky wheel that gets the grease. I admit it was a loud squeak but I got the idea from a movie I made once called "Don't Bother to Knock". I picked up a light-weight chair and slammed it, and it was hard to do because I had never broken anything in my life -- against the glass intentionally. It took a lot of banging to get even a small piece of glass - so I went over with the glass concealed in my hand and sat quietly on the bed waiting for them to come in. They did, and I said to them "if you are going to treat me like a

nut I'll act like a nut". I admit the next thing is corny but I really did it in the movie except it was with a razor blade. I indicated if they didn't let me out I would harm myself -- the furthest thing from my mind at that moment since you know Dr. Greenson I'm an actress and would never intentionally mark or mar myself, I'm just that vain. Remember when I tried to do away with myself I did it very carefully with ten seconal and ten tuonal and swallowed them with relief (that's how I felt at the time.) I didn't cooperate with them in any way because I couldn't believe in what they were doing. They asked me to go quietly and I refused to move staying on the bed so they picked me up by all fours, two hefty men and two hefty women and carried me up to the seventh floor in the elevator. I must say at least they had the decency to carry me face down. You know at least it wasn't face up. I just wept quietly all the way there and then was put in the cell I told you about and that one of a woman one of those hefty ones said: "Take a bath". I told her I had just taken one on the sixth floor. She said very sternly: "As soon as you change floors you have to take another bath". The man who runs that place, a high-school principal type, although Dr. Kris refers to him as an "administrator" he was actually permitted to talk to me, questioning me somewhat like an analyst. He told me I was a very, very sick girl and had been a very, very sick girl for many years. He looks down on his patients because I'll tell you why in a moment. He asked me how I could possibly work when I was depressed. He wondered if that interfered with my work. He was being very firm and definite in the way he said it. He actually stated it more than he questioned me so I replied: "Didn't he think that perhaps Greta Garbo and Charlie Chaplin perhaps and perhaps Ingrid Bergman they had been depressed when they worked sometimes but I said it's like saying a ball player like DiMaggio if he could hit ball when he was depressed. Pretty silly.

By the way, I have some good news, sort of, since I guess I helped, he claims I did. Joe said I saved his life by sending him to a psychè-therapist; Dr. Kris says he is a very brilliant man, the doctor. Joe said he pulled himself up by his own bootstraps after the divorce but he told me also that if he had been me he would have divorced him too. Christmas night he sent a forest-full of poinsettias. I asked who they were from since it was such a surprise, (my friend Pat Newcomb was there)-- they had just arrived then. She said: "I don't know the card just says "best, Joe". Then I replied: "Well, there's just one Joe". Because it was Christmas night I called him up and asked him why he had sent me the flowers. He said first of all because I thought you would call me to thank me and then he said, besides who in the hell else do you have in the world. He said I know I was married to you and was never bothered or saw any in-law. Anyway, he asked me to have a drink some time with him. I said I knew he didn't drink -- he said he now occasionally takes a drink -- to which I replied then it would have to be a very, very dark place. He asked me what I was doing Christmas night. I said nothing, I'm here with a friend. Then he asked me to come over and I was glad he was coming though I must say I was bleary and depressed but somehow still glad he was coming over.

I think I had better stop because you have other things to do but thanks for listening for a while.

Marilyn M.

PS: Someone when I mentioned his name you used to frown with your moustache and look up at the ceiling. Guess who? He has been (secretly) a very tender friend. I know you won't believe this but you must trust me with my instincts. It was sort of a fling on the wing. I had never done that before but now I have - but he is very unselfish in bed.

From Yves I have heard nothing - but I don't mind since I have such a strong, tender, wonderful memory.

I am almost weeping.....

CHRONOLOGY

June 1, 1926

Birth of Norma Jeane Mortenson in Los Angeles, third child of Gladys Pearl Baker, born Monroe, of unknown father. The baby was immediately placed in a foster home, first of all with the Bolenders and then with various other families. Sometimes Grace Goddard, one of her mother's friends, looked after her.

June 19, 1942

At only sixteen years old, Norma Jeane married Jim Dougherty, who was five years her senior.

1945

First meeting and first photo shoot with André de Dienes.

August 1946

First contract with Twentieth Century Fox. Ben Lyon persuaded her to change her name to Marilyn, after the musical star Marilyn Miller, and Monroe, which was her mother's maiden name.

June 1950

First screening of John Huston's *The Asphalt Jungle*. Marilyn received rave reviews in spite of her relatively small part.

March 13, 1952

The nude calendar scandal. Marilyn's career was jeopardized, but her confession, "I was hungry," drew public support.

1953

Henry Hathaway's *Niagara*, in which she had a dramatic role, was a big hit, as was *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, directed by Howard Hawks, which came out the same year.

October 1953

Marilyn met the photographer Milton H. Greene at a reception given in honor of Gene Kelly.

November 4, 1953

Premiere of *How to Marry a Millionaire*, a brilliantly successful comedy.

January 14, 1954

Marilyn married baseball superstar Joe DiMaggio.

February 1954

Marilyn entertained American troops engaged in the Korean War while on her way to Japan. She considered this one of the most important events in her life.

August 10, 1954

The filming of *The Seven Year Itch* began in New York. The famous scene with Marilyn standing over an air vent trying to hold down her billowing skirt was filmed on September 15 in front of a flabbergasted crowd and to DiMaggio's great displeasure.

October 5, 1954

Official separation from Joe DiMaggio.

November 1954

Supported the appearance of Ella Fitzgerald at the Mocambo club, where it was unusual for African Americans to be booked. Marilyn kept her promise of sitting at a front-row table every night.

Christmas 1954

Marilyn decided to leave Hollywood and move to New York, even though a magnificent dinner had just been given in her honor. She traveled under the name of Zelda Zonk, wearing a black wig and sunglasses.

December 31, 1954

Marilyn and Milton H. Greene founded their own production company, Marilyn Monroe Productions, Inc.

January 15, 1955

At a press conference for the new production company, Marilyn said that henceforth she wished to handpick her parts and included Grushenka in Dostoyevsky's *Brothers Karamazov* as an example. The press seized on this comment to hold her up to ridicule.

April 8, 1955

From Greene's house in Connecticut, Marilyn appeared on a popular morning TV talk show, *Person to Person*, hosted by Edward R. Murrow. More than fifty million people watched the program.

Spring of 1955

Living in New York, Marilyn studied at the Actors Studio as well as taking private classes with Lee Strasberg.

She had sessions with her psychoanalyst, Dr. Margaret Hohenberg, up to five times a week.

February 25 to June 2, 1956

Marilyn returned to live in Hollywood to work on *Bus Stop*, directed by Joshua Logan. The terms negotiated with Fox were much more advantageous after the enormous success of *The Seven Year Itch*.

June 29, 1956

Marilyn and Arthur Miller were married in a civil ceremony; the religious ceremony took place on July 1 after Marilyn's conversion to Judaism.

June 14 to November 6, 1956

Marilyn and her husband went to London for the filming of *The Prince and the Showgirl*, directed by and starring Laurence Olivier, and produced by Marilyn's company. The couple lived at Parkside House in Surrey.

Spring of 1957

Marilyn fired Milton H. Greene from her production company. In May she went to Washington to support Arthur Miller during his House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) hearing.

August 4 to November 6, 1958

The filming of *Some Like It Hot*. Relations with Billy Wilder and actors Jack Lemmon (cast despite competition from her friend Frank Sinatra) and Tony Curtis were tense. Marilyn regretted Wilder's choice of filming in black and white.

1960

The filming of *Let's Make Love*, directed by George Cukor, with Yves Montand (suggested by Arthur Miller after Gregory Peck, Cary Grant, Charlton Heston, and Rock Hudson had all withdrawn). Marilyn had an affair with the French actor.

March 8, 1960

Marilyn won the Golden Globe for best actress for her performance in *Some Like It Hot*.

July 18 to November 4, 1960

The filming of *The Misfits* in Nevada.

November 11, 1960

Press announcement of the separation of Marilyn and Arthur Miller.

February 7 to February 10, 1961

Against her will and following a "misunderstanding." Marilyn was forcibly admitted into Payne Whitney psychiatric unit in New York on the recommendation of her current analyst, Dr. Kris. Lee and Paula Strasberg, whom she called for help, couldn't legally intervene, as they were not family members. Only DiMaggio was able to effect her release. She then spent three weeks at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center undergoing a rest cure.

November 19, 1961

Marilyn met John Kennedy at his brother-in-law Peter Lawford's Santa Monica house.

February 1962

Marilyn bought a house in Brentwood, a fashionable neighborhood in Los Angeles.

April 23, 1962

The filming of *Something's Got to Give*, directed by George Cukor and produced by Henry Weinstein, began. Because Marilyn was repeatedly late or absent, production stopped on June 8. The film was never finished.

May 19, 1962

President John Kennedy's birthday gala was held at Madison Square Garden in New York. Marilyn made a memorable appearance.

June 23, 1962

Marilyn began the long photo shoot for *Vogue* with Bert Stern that came to be known as "The Last Sitting."

August 3, 1962

Marilyn appeared on the cover of *Life* magazine.

August 5, 1962

Marilyn Monroe died at night at her house in Brentwood.