

Wednesday

Margaret dear,

I strongly feel the urge to write after after this happy weekend we spent together. I know that we both have a tendency to analyze events and perspectives, sometimes ad absurdum, and I would like to indulge in it for a moment, while thoroughly aware that only time can settle the questions that were inevitably raised in our minds.

I told you on Sunday that I felt that this was the most rational thing I had done in ~~the~~ a long time. By this I didn't mean, of course, that my moves had been in any way calculated but rather that the background of our relationship had provided a healthier basis for the future than had ever been the case in the past. Ever since our acquaintance began, I have felt as comfortable as an old shoe in your company. Never before, in a relationship with romantic tinges, has there been on my side so little distortion of the object and such a high degree of ease, companiability etc...

So far there has been no reference to the tall blue flame. Indeed it has been absent for all practical purposes. In the two times in which I have felt it, it has ben fueled, saturated with anxiety, with a feeling of distance from the love object. Because these feelings have been absent in our relationship and are not likely to crop up, I am really going into it feeling as much of a novice as you possibly do. This is the reason why, like you undoubtedly, I am not building any expectations on it. This is something new for both of us and only time can decide.

All this is worded rather clumsily as I look over it. You will forgive me. Am rather tired as I only just returned from Cambridge where I took out citizenship papers and had a busy time seeing old cronies. It is far from my intention to sound negative about things; I do not feel that way at all. You ought to be in Pocono by this time, but I am not sure that you are staying at your parents' address of last summer, so that I am sending you this to Phila. I look forward to seeing you soon and meanwhile do write.

All my affection,

Leo

P.S. I was tempted to use the word love. I didn't because twice before I have used the word's name in vain. - Want to give it a chance to summer, ~~this~~ this time.

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P.S. ² It might be a good idea not to communicate latest dev'ts to Janet.

From what I know of her psychology, this is the sort of thing that ~~will~~ ^{might} arouse in her unadulterated hatred, at least at the moment. - This would be an uncomfortable and unnecessary per se if our relationship solidified. - The decision is for you to make, however.

...compatibility etc...

...far there has been no reference to the fall blue flame. Indeed it has been absent for all practical purposes. In the two times in which I have felt it, it has been felt, associated with a feeling of distance from the love object. Because these feelings have been absent in our relationship and are not likely to crop up, I am really going into it feeling as much of a novice as you possibly do. This is the reason why, like you undoubtedly, I am not building any expectations on it. This is something new for both of us and only time can decide.

All this is worded rather clumsily as I look over it. You will forgive me. Am rather tired as I only just returned from Cambridge where I took out citizenship papers and had a busy time seeing old cronies. It is far from my intention to sound negative about things; I do not feel that way at all. You ought to be in London by this time, but I am not sure that you are staying at your parents' address of last summer, so that I am sending you this to Philip. I look forward to seeing you soon and meanwhile do write.

All my affection,

Leo

P.S. I was tempted to use the word love. I did not because I have never used the word's name in love - I want to give it a chance to be in love, but this time.

TOP SECRET