

Cambridge, Oktober 24, 1 a.m.

Dear Margaret,

Today is Monday, your bad day you call it; it is also my busiest and most disagreeable day, and I should be in bed now, resting before the ordeal, instead of writing letters. The reason for this letter is simple, let me explain: I have had a very satisfying and peaceful weekend, and if I may judge from your last letter, you were feeling neither satisfied nor peaceful. But by my theory of justice, I cannot have a peaceful and a satisfying weekend, while you feel unhappy about yours, and so I must tell you about mine, and my letter may help you forget your hard Monday, and in the retelling my weekend will seem twice as good as it was in actuality.

One of the determining factors was a bouquet of flowers, sent to you at this address, without the donor's name, but with a ~~maxim~~ mild smell, and with beautiful orange and yellow and red blooms. I think they were some kind of aster. The flowers were really quite small, for the effect they had on me. I put them on the dining room table at which I was working, - the Grace family had gone to Milton for the weekend, - and while I was sitting there, writing on my seminar paper, they blossomed forth, and grew larger in size and more beautiful, and before I knew it, the room was filled with them, and it was like a promise of spring.

I finished the first and very rough draft of my seminar paper. It interprets a very beautiful poetry cycle of Goethe, and the poetry diffused among the flowers, and gave meaning to them, and the flowers wreathed the lines of poetry and made their beauty more real. I must tell you about the poetry; it bears the title of Westöstlicher Divan, and tells the wisdom of an old man who has fallen in love again. He knows that the personality must change, if it is to grow, and that in sacrifice alone can one attain the highest joy. Sacrifice of the individuality ~~represent~~ is metamorphosis into a higher order of being.

But love on earth, physical love, is love for God. Earthly beauty is the manifestation of divine beauty. In the physical beauty which we see with eyes of the body, the eye of the soul sees heavenly, eternal beauty. If this is so, then we can have a foretaste of paradise here on earth. Indeed, we must find an earthly paradise before we find a heavenly one. Goethe once said, "Les paradis est pour les âmes tendres: et condamnés sont ceux, qui n'aiment ~~rien~~ rien." - It is terribly difficult, this love which does not distinguish between God and men, but I think that it is very great, and good, and beautiful, perhaps the greatest and best and most beautiful achievement of which we are capable.

You see, the flowers which came for you Saturday, ~~they~~ will wither, but that is irrelevant. The worth of them remains, it cannot wither with them, because I have seen something much greater in them. The poem which I used as the theme of my paper is entitled: Suleika spricht. "Der Spiegel (mirror) sagt mir: ich bin schön. / Ihr sagt: zu altern (to age) sei (subjunctive of to be) auch mein Geschick. (fate) / Vor Gott muss alles ewig stehn, / In mir liebt ihn, für diesen Augenblick." Do you understand it?

present imperative

Good night,
Jochem

P.S. - Whenever you come this weekend, - if you come, - I will be happy to see you, but if you - (That can be left unaided.)