

0291 1 no 6  
Konnarock, Virginia  
January 1, 1950

Dear Margaret,

While Mozart's concerto for flute and harp is echoing down the stair-well, I must try to answer your good and long letter of last Thursday. It gave me much food for thought, and the anxiety which it betrayed made it all the more meaningful. But anxiety, as you know, is contagious, and your letter has made me worry more over you than over myself. I shall come to see you in New York on Wednesday, and I hope that neither my coming nor my going may be more difficult for you than for me. But that it should not be easy is only right and proper, for what would it mean if it were easy?

Many things have happened to me since I last saw you; I must talk with you about all of them. I have been admitted to the Univ. of Penna. Medical School. - From Harvard I have not yet heard, but the future is frightening. Pastor Hewitt has offered to write to his friend Harry Byrd concerning my Fulbright Fellowship. If he is as good as his word, the results may well be decisive. PMLA has asked me to rewrite my Lou Salomé essay; there seems to be a good possibility of getting it published. It would be a good thing.

I should not write too much now, because when you read all this I shall be somewhere between Washington and Philadelphia already. I will take my suitcase and my violin to Germantown, and take the earliest possible train to New York. Probably I will arrive about 1:45, and will come to St. Mark's Place about thirty or forty minutes later. Everything else I might say now I shall save until then.

Good-bye until this afternoon.

John.

- If you would rather meet me somewhere else, - or if you want me not to come, you can always call Alex and ask him to tell me when I get there.