

Cambridge, February 14, 1950

Dear Margaret,

You left some of your paper here yesterday, and I must send it to you. not all at once, but piece by piece, like this. I had wanted to write you last night, because I was thinking much about your visit and was saddened by your sadness as you left. — But I was too tired to write anything worthwhile, and when I woke up at one-thirty, I quickly went to bed!

It was snowing then, it must have done so all night, — who would have thought that heaven had so much snow in it? — and who would have thought that it would come down last night. This morning a veil of whiteness has covered all of nature's ugly wounds, and everything has been made new and clean.

You see, we have much to learn. You must not be afraid of the sadness or un-

Certainty in your life, because they are what make it most beautiful. And when you are sad and tired, you must never forget that your sadness is but the preparation for something more beautiful, - just as the grayness of yesterday had to precede the snow of last night.

When I think of you now, - and I think of you very often, I cannot comprehend what you, - in your being as you are, - have done for me, - and I must thank you with my whole being. You were, ^{perhaps} ~~very~~ right in your thought last night, concerning the direction which our friendship should take, and we must resolve ourselves to that ideal. But I fear lest it be unattainable either for you or for me, - and I have morbid terror for broken ideals.

I ~~must~~ shall not set myself goals which I cannot attain, - to do so evidences a dangerous pride. I would not aspire to build an edifice without foundation. I would go into myself

and remove all signs of pride and hypocrisy, and very humbly and very fervently try to make all things good, and to do nothing wrong.

You must help me, - please do. Let everything in your life be determined by what is beautiful and what is good. And be not unhappy because of me. Of all terrible things which you could do, this last would be the most fearful for me, who has tried only to help you and to make the radness of your life more beautiful. Do not be unhappy because of me, because if I brought ugliness into your life, then my efforts would have been in vain, I would have deceived myself, - and our friendship would become a night mare and a terror to me.

I must read Aeschylus now. ~~Be~~ Think of your life as of a work of art, which has its meaning and its beauty self-contained, on which you must work from day to day with as much reverence and love as had been granted you. Then ~~perhaps~~, someday you will find that

-4-

your life has become meaningful and worthwhile.

But mine has become meaningful, -
at least for the moment, - through you,
and I pray that God might help me to
take care of you as long as you need me.

Dein
Jochen.

ESP 1 #120