

Cambridge, March 14.
1950

Dear Margaret,

I just escaped from Lakeview Avenue and came to Widener to work, and unless my coming is to be a parody of its intent, I must make this a short letter. Whatever you plan and wherever you will stay when you come, will be satisfactory with me. I see no objection to ^{your} coming to Lakeview Avenue, except that I have the impression Aunt Priscilla considers you a nuisance. Probably that is too strongly put, but certainly she would not be looking forward to your coming. — It should be, — and is, — a matter between you and your aunt, — I forget how much of an outsider I am, and it ~~is~~ is hard for me to conceive of any thing in which she and I have similar tastes. Hence I cannot see how she would like you. —

It is none of my business, and an incongruity which I do not understand. As I went out I saw a special delivery letter from your father lying on her desk.

When I hear from you to the contrary, I shall be at South Station at 7:25 on Friday. —

Aunt Priscilla is in a very ill mood tonight, perhaps because of the guests she is expecting, and the kitchen work: they will be spaghetti, - it needs no peeling, - fried mushrooms, roast-beef and Sauterne sauce. The contrast of all this with my empty stomach drove me to where I am now. -

Here it is beautifully quiet, - all was dark when I came and the click of the light switch as I turned it "on" echoed and reechoed up and down the deserted hall way. No one is in the next room either, except for the many authors resting resignedly on the shelves and the stern and mild portrait of Goethe (by Stieler) looking on from the wall.

Today - most of today I spent reading a very good PhD thesis in the archives called "Shafterbury and Herder. Tonight I shall take notes on an article called "Der Prometheus Symbol von Shafterbury ~~zu~~ bei Goethe" - all this for a seminar paper

which I shall be writing while you are here.

It is good that you will come, - I like to wait for you. I should like to spend all of my life waiting, as one waits on the sand in that moment of silence before the noise of the next waves' breaking ~~carries the ear into~~ ~~the deep and~~ ~~endless home~~, - That is what I would like my life to be like, the moment of silence before the breaking of a wave.

In that sense your coming is like a climax, an end, a dissolution, an uproar, a turmoil and a conflict, a resolution and fusion of the personality with something better, - a kind of death. - Hence your coming is also a microcosmic redemption, a moment of happiness and wonder, a foretaste of paradise. - Did you ever think that you could mean so much?

Bein' forken.