

Cambridge, March 27.

Dear Margaret,

About my plans for going home I am no more sure now than I was when you left. You must pardon me for my indecision and not let yourself be troubled by it, nor be disappointed if I do not come. I am very much confused about many things, - I played with the children for almost two hours, then called up Alec ~~and~~ ~~and~~ to be chided for not wishing to accompany him and Sadjia to Bethlehem. Just now I was trying to answer a letter from Margrit, who will be in New York Saturday and wants to see me. I groped for words and could find none, so I gave up. Tomorrow it will be "too late" to write.

My paper is finally finished, but I have many other things to worry about. A pain in my leg and a remnant of food in my mouth, symbols of the all-pervading consciousness of insufficiency and impurity make it difficult for me to concentrate. Sometimes, too, I think of your visit and feel very guilty for my own inadequacy. I would like very much to be calm, but while there are past and future, how can I be?

I need something to do which will absorb both past and future, in which I can lose myself as in a fairy-land. The story of the frog who turned into a prince has long fascinated me, but as time goes on I realize that in me the reverse process takes place. Your visit did something to me which I think was a very long step in the wrong direction. It was not your fault.

You remember how afraid I have always been of hurting you, - my fear has grown and grown as if it were about to reach some precipice. I wish there were something which I could do to change, to make or break myself, instead of sitting as I do only complaining of my weakness. But I cannot do any thing.

Please do not be hurt by me. I know of nothing else that you could do for me. As for myself, I shall continue to do for you what ever I can. But you need someone not to do, but to be something. And I am nothing.

Good night.

John.