

Cambridge, May 2, 1950

Dear Margaret,

Your letter came earlier than I had dared to hope. How can I thank you sufficiently for all the kind and good things you do for me? I wish I could help you a little bit in your unhappiness. I was troubled by your sadness as you left, and I feel very inadequate to do anything for you which is at all worthwhile.

Particularly when I think of my own uncertainty, my desire to change and to grow into something else. If only everything in my life could begin anew each day, if everything which is now and which is past would die. ~~XXXX~~ My thinking and my will seem in continual revolt, and nothing exists for me except in contradictions..

The only thing of which I am convinced is that many of the things which I thought and did this past weekend were very wrong, and I wish very fervently that I might have strength enough to learn from my mistakes. And yet the painful and humiliating process which has now climaxed seems even now to have been inevitable. The decision which I made before coming to Mantoloking could not have been avoided, and ~~xxx~~ its consequences were far more difficult for me than I could have expected.

You must try to help me, if you can, that I might be the kind of person I must be if I am to be able to exist at all. My love for you sought a manner of expression which led me to a very untenable position, and if you cannot help me, please do not make what is already so obscure a way even more difficult for me to find. But the contradictions in my mind demand a resolution. The schism that exists wants to be healed.

I have been playing one part of the mirror fugue. I wish you could play the other, so that it would sound as it should. I have been playing far too much violin, and neglecting the work which I should have done. When I start to think and to write letters I come to such a bitter confusion that I feel I can do no work at all. But I must work, and work very hard before I come to Bethlehem. Alex has told me that he wants to take someone ~~xxx~~ else from here to Bethlehem. If he should decide not to, maybe we could have supper with you the preceding Thursday.

Now I must try to write home, and then perhaps do some more work. I wish I could write you a better letter than this. I know that what distracts me is within, and I must solve it alone, and yet I wish that you were here.

Dear.

John.

Please destroy this letter!!!  
after having read it.