

Cambridge, May 12, 1950

Dear Margaret,

If I were writing to you from Lakeview Avenue tonight, I should probably be very much discouraged, but as is, I am happily settled in Lowell House, listening to Alec's records of the Mozart Concerto for harp and flute and writing with Forster's deluxe silent typewriter. I shall be here all day tomorrow trying to work very Hard while listening to as much as I can of the semiannual Harvard Radio Network Bach-orgy, which lasts for twenty-four hours. Probably I shall accomplish a great deal, since the music will be very soothing, and my work had been inhibited more by restlessness than tiredness.

Whenever I get away from Lakeview Avenue I feel as if suddenly I had been made free from something very oppressing, and I am very happy, arelaxed and thankful inspite of my tiredness. I could tell you about a great many things, the dead bird which Danny brought home from Milton almost a week ago in a candy box, which he stored first in the refrigerator, then on the buffet in the dining room, and finally amid his cookies in the kitchen, where it still is. Today he brought back a lizard from the circus, and he asked me to help him build a cage for it. But I categorically denied his request with the appropriate explanation. It was mainly the consciousness of the lizard in his matchbox which made me leave tonight. In time it would have made me very sad, but now the Mozart is so very beautiful that the poor lizard does not seem nearly so real. Besides, as soon as his novelty has worn off, I shall liberate him some evening, - if he is still alive, realistically tearing a hole into the box where he "chewed" his way out. You see, if only he will be patient, even Danny's poor little lizard will be able to leave Lakeview Avenue, and doubtlessly he will be as happy as am I.

Thank you for your letter. Your patience with me always makes me feel very much indebted to you. You are very good to me when you write me such kind letters after I have written so many things that must have hurt you. Does it mean anything to you ~~for~~ when I thank you for being kind and patient? I often think that this is the strongest bond between us, and yet I know it is not mutual, and I feel very much indebted to you. But then you are the only person, - besides my parents - to whom I do not mind being indebted. It is very good that you can come to Bethlehem in time for the Christmas Oratorio, because that was the occasion when I first saw you, four long years ago this spring, It is very strange to think how those four years would have been without the idea of you which lived in me and grew until last year it blossomed into flesh and blood.

Dein
John.