

Cambridge, May 14, 1950

Dear Margaret,

Just now I came back from Lowell House, I wish I knew why. I was strangely restless there and I decided that the time had come for me to go back. ~~XX XXX~~ Now I am trapped.. Where can I go now? I have so much work which I feel I ought to do, and yet know that there is no real reason for me to do it. ~~XX~~ What difference will my marks make? and I am not even sure that my constantly working does anything to improve them. Probably the knowledge that there would be a letter from you waiting for me induced me to come back. There was, and I have read and reread it, but it will not come alive and only makes my longing for you more acute.

This is a terrifying thing for me, that for hours at a time I feel as if we did not really know each other. Then I ask myself, - as I did yesterday, - how it would make me feel to know that you and not your sister were getting married. At the thought that it might some day be so a heavy feeling of responsibility seemed to lift. I knew that I was very much alone, and loneliness like a shadow of the soul followed all my steps. Then I came back, finding your letter. Your aunt grunted at me; she had expected me earlier and she had lost her keys. She explained that she had planned to save some supper for me, but decided to give it to Brandy. I went upstairs and read your letter and became ever more aware that you were not here and that you would not come in a few minutes. I stretched out my hand, but you were not there to touch it. I cannot speak to you for fear of the echo of my own words which would be my only answer. I wish you could come and never have to go again. But the terrifying thing is the contrast, which is almost strong enough to be physically painful. Is such a contradiction sane? The conflict paralyzes me and makes me helpless, ~~I~~ I can do nothing, neither come to you nor go away. That is why so much depends on you.. Why are you so far away?

At the moment not even the knowledge that I will see you in four days helps me. It will only make it much harder to be alone afterwards. And yet I would not mind even that, if only the schism inside me would heal. Sometimes I fear that this is the way people get sick, and I become very much afraid. If I knew of anything I could do to help myself, I ~~would~~ would, but I can only be patient. I thank you and will never cease thanking you for having liked me..

Dein
John.