

Cambridge, June 2, 1950

Dear Margaret,

In a few minutes I must go to bed and get a good night's sleep before my Greek examination. Soon it will all be over. I like examinations: they are all miniature last judgments, the laws are mysterious, the judges arbitrary, and we are all condemned. Though I have worked moderately hard, I have been less concerned than usual. I glory in my detachment and indifference like that bad student of yours of whom you talked to me. The summer beckons like a wonderful relief, an opportunity to heal some of the hurts which the past four years have inflicted on body and soul. I hope to find time for a great deal of work and nothing else, but it will be work of my own and work for myself. At last the imaginative, - and if you pardon the extravagance, - the creative part of my endeavors will come home from the disappointing school of objectivity. I hope the separation between me and my work will heal, and I hope it need never ~~xxx~~ occur again.

Tonight I ran away from Lakeview Ave. again, this time before supper, which had been delayed until 7 o'clock because of a cocktail party somewhere else. I did not like the prospect of being nervous about my Greek and staying in the kitchen until 8 or 8:30. Widener was very calm and quiet. Only one other person was using the German Library, and I had a whole room to myself. When the library closed, I put away my work, and went to see Alex and Forster. Two ~~xxxxxx~~ students, both of whom I dislike, had come in, and there was much mild obscenity, although my protests blunted some of the enthusiasm. It was a very Friends' school-like atmosphere. I went away convinced of what I had already known before, that most people at least never change.

I thought of you and your fear that next year my criticism of Alex would put you in an impossible position. You must not fear: words can never change anything, neither for the worse nor for the better, and for the moment, at least, the contradictions, of which I am more aware than ever, have assimilated themselves into the stupefied pattern of my thought. I sometimes as myself where you are. I cannot see you. Either you are so close and good to me, - like very well fitting clothes, - that I cannot even feel you as something separate from my own experience, or you are so far away that all contact has been lost. I hesitate to say which. I only know that for the moment at least I do not feel torn between you and myself.

I wait for your coming very patiently as if it were a wonderful present not to be opened until Wednesday. Thank you very much for giving it to me. I often think back to the past two weekends: you ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ were very good to me, and I shall never know how to thank you. But I shall try as best I can.

Dein

John.

Du schreibst "Dein Margaret." Das ist falsch. Du müsstest schreiben "Deine Margaret." Dieser Punkt ist ungemein wichtig, denn darauf allein kommt alles an..

Declension of possessive pronouns:

Meine Margaret  
meiner Margaret  
meiner Margaret  
Meine Margaret

Dein Jochen  
Deines Jochen  
Deinem Jochen  
Deinem Jochen

Unser Glück  
unseres Glückes  
unserem Glück  
unser Glück..