

Konnarock, June 26.

Dear Margaret,

This my letter to you is my thrid and last literary effort of the evening, the two previous ones being a friendly letter to Vietor and a boring letter to my grandparents in Berlin. And now my tired mind can recall only a few of the many things about which I wanted to write you during the course of the day. For dinner I had to go out and my stomach is so much the worse for wear. I went to church and managed not to hear a word of the sermon. I played violin until mother pleaded with me to stop, and then I played some more. Now it is almost one ~~nx~~ o'clock in the morning and all the frogs in the back yard have gone to bed and mother and father are just in the process of retiring. The roses on my table are losing their petals one by one, and the moon is setting in the West, ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ behind the black branches of apple trees.

You must be ~~xxxxxx~~ asleep long since. By your time it is already an hour later; your time is ahead of schedule. I hope you are well. I have worried much about you and in my tiredness I feel very insufficient and helpless. Please write me soon and tell me that you are well, or if you are not, tell me what I may do to help you. As for myself I am quite capable of submerging myself in the few books about me and in my music. Mother says I am unbearable in my behavior, very much worse than ever before. If that is so, I am not aware of it. I do not feel very lonely because I find you in everything I do. When I listen to the Passion and follow the score, you are there, like the angel in Rembrandt's painting of the Evangelist, looking over my shoulder. When I take a walk and look at White Top half veiled in fog, then also you are with me. And even now, if I turned around, you would be there and we could go out and walk into the night together.

You must not fear that I should be angry with you. My mind seems very dull to me and does not know how to separate old and new impressions. I understand so little and when I write you concerning my doubts, it is not to criticise, but to express uncertainty and fear. Thank you very much for your letter. It helped me more than you might think. Mother continues to suggest that you and Alex come to Konnarock and, or, that we take a trip, somewhere, perhaps out West together. That would have to take place in July, since in August I ~~xxxxxx~~ shall be guarding Mrs. Jarden's vacant house. It would be good if you could involve my sister in any plans you made. As for the trip West, \$50 each would take us a long way. But you must decide, and you must talk to Alex and make plans with him, because I do not want to make plans of any kind. Whatever you decide will be good, and if you decide nothing that also will be good.

The petals of my roses are ~~doping~~ falling faster now. Why must they die so soon? Could they not live a little ~~xxx~~ longer? Tomorrow I shall be twenty. I would like to be always nineteen, every year again to learn to come close to you and to look in through the windows of your soul. But I am also happy to be growing older and all the more able to take care of you.

Dein,

Jochen.