

Kennaroch, July 6, 1950

Dear Margaret,

If mother and father knew that I was still awake, they would be very much surprised. But father was snoring so loudly that I could hear him in my room, and that ~~the~~ usually indicates that mother is asleep to you. It is one o'clock in the morning, - two o'clock by your time, and probably you are snoring too. I am sitting in front of the radio, listening to Bach's ~~For~~ Ascension Cantata (#11) and writing to you by the light of two candles. It is a beautiful cool and calm night, by far too beautiful to be slept through. I wish you could be together with me to enjoy it.

The cantata is very beautiful - do you remember how we listened to it together in Cambridge. Its opening chorus is reminiscent of the Christ-mas Oratorio, and the recitatives are both lyrical and dramatic, expressive of the awe and astonishment at the miracle of the ascension. There are two arias, one alto, on the same theme as "Agnus Dei" and one soprano with flute obbligato. The part which I like best is a single recitative which expresses the wonder of the disciples at Jesus disappearance and like the Durer and Schongauer woodcuts in which only the feet are visible through the clouds, - it expresses

the gradual comprehension and with the ~~com~~ - understanding of the miracle a triumphant note enters the music, - just as in the Christmas Oratorio. Do you think that when I am in Philadelphia we could go to look at some drawings? I feel very acutely how many things there are still waiting patiently for me to come to them and learn from them and learn to love them.

It is very difficult for me to concentrate on any one thing while I am at home. I did not touch a piece of paper or open a book all day, for it was spent repairing radios. Tomorrow I must go to Bristol to get some parts for the refrigerator. At the same time I shall try to get parts from which I will build a good phonograph amplifier. If it turns out as well as I hope, I shall give it to Alex for a graduation present. - You need not tell him about it, though -

Think: ~~on~~ I have been maneuvered into a hike up to Mt Rosen on Friday. I think mother derives a secret satisfaction from my predicament. Still, it will be an interesting group: Pastor Ludwig, a certain Mr. Anderson, from Yale Theological School, a certain Mr. Highmyle, sociologist and statistician from the Polytechnic Institute at Blackburg, and I myself. The contrast in character is certainly worthy of a novel. The sociologist, - British by birth, - is very

very charming and interesting, though somewhat inclined to boast. He tells me that sociology is no science, - but that he is trying to make his work as scientific as possible. He rejoices in paradoxes. He told me that sociology is merely a kind of history, - and I can think of no better defence of the subject. We shall probably talk further on that matter. Still, I would prefer to be left to myself; I must be very good for father's sake. Mr. Hightengale is manufacturing a reputation to order for him. The sociologists at the Polytechnic Institute have been concerned about medical care in rural areas, and they are more than mildly interested in what father has done. Last year one of them mentioned father's example to the graduating class at Virginia Medical College. What can I do but be as friendly with Mr. Hightengale as possible. Besides he likes me, because of my judgments regarding the sociological conditions at Komarov. —

The cantata is long since finished, and I am listening to the first record of the Passion. It is very, very beautiful, all the more because I know almost every note, and especially since I am all alone, except for you. I like to think of you in terms of the

women in the New Testament whom much was forgiven
because they loved much. Do you remember the last
line verse of the 5th - or 7th chapter of St Luke. I am
often troubled by my own hardness - external hardness -
toward other people. It is not a sign of arrogance
but of uncertainty and poverty. But if I cannot
be kind and good in this very direct and simple
way, then you will be all the more diligent in
~~that~~ ~~in~~ this way of love, in order that when the
final reckoning is made, your wealth will com-
pensate for my insufficiency. ~

It is two o'clock, but I am not at all sleepy.
I shall sit here for a few more minutes ~~then~~
listening to music - and thinking of you, and
hearing you speak to me in the music.

Dear
Jocheb.