

Konnarock, July 10, 1950

Dear Margaret,

This letter will get to you a little bit later than usual, and I hope you will not have become impatient in waiting for it. The reason for the delay is that the statistician ~~for~~ from the Polytechnic Institute came for a visit, and we became involved in a philosophical discussion which I could not leave half finished. I went to bed at one thirty and got up this morning at six thirty to help paint our house. For the past five hours I have been standing on ladders and putting window panes and getting more paint on my shirt than on the house. Since I am being paid for my efforts, this is the long awaited opportunity to earn a little bit of money. It is a very dull job and I delight in the emptiness of my activity. I have much time to think about other things which seem to me to be more important.

for

Thank you/apparently taking such good care of my sister. It is very difficult for me to understand her and I feel guilty about ~~the~~ my inability to bridge the distances that seem to be between us. I hope that she will not come too often or get in your way or in your mother's way. Apparently she told the Jarden's about my being in Pocono together with you, - or something else that has made Mrs. Jarden angry. I have not yet heard from her just when she wants me to come, and if she fails to answer at all I can, of course, not stay at her house. In that case I should try to find some other place to live, though I am not sure where. At any rate I shall do my best that we can see each other in August.

I feel very strange, when I think how far away I am from you and very strange to think of having been together with you. I have told you before, I think, how I am never acutely conscious of what it means for me to be with you when I am away, because otherwise the separation would be very difficult to bear. My emotions, it seems, have laid themselves to sleep, and I fear nothing more than that something might wake them from their dreams. For that reason, your letters leave very incomplete patterns in my mind, and it is usually the words which tend to separate which impress me. But I will not let my mind worry in channels which are so dangerous for both of us.

You must tell Alex for me, that I am still planning to write him, although this particular letter seems to be very problematic for me. I do not think that you should encourage him to come to Konnarock even if he should go to Washington to see Sadja. I must write to him concerning your apartment next year, since your aunt wrote me to get out by the 11th and school does not start until 10 days later. . . . But now it is time for me to go back to my painting. I shall write again soon, perhaps tonight, but it is better that many things should be unwritten.

Dein John