

Konnarock
July 15, 1950

Dear Margaret,

It is good that I waited until this morning to answer your letter, since last night I would have been far too tired and would have forgotten half of the things I must say to you. Early this morning I had a frightening dream to the effect that you had come to visit me in Cambridge, had suddenly disappeared without telling me, and Alex knew nothing but an address on Commonwealth Avenue where there was a formal dance. The substance of my dream was the attempt to find you, or rather, the impossibility of my going, pain and despair at not knowing what to do. The fact that your aunt had probably arranged the cursed thing for you occurred to me only after I had woken up.

I do not intend to make this dream the theme of my letter, as you might fear, but rather the opposite, to use it as an example of how I must not think. I do not think that I can afford such extravagances of the soul and I do not believe you can afford them either. The unhappiness and depression which speaks to me out of each of your letters is more difficult for me than you might think. It makes my attempts to be patient and to work seem inane, useless, and unreal. You should not conceal your states of mind from me, but you have no reason to be so troubled. Will it not help you to think that in less than two weeks we shall see each other? Then you can tell me what troubles you and we need not be unhappy except about having to part again. You are a very naughty little girl to be so impatient, and when I see you I shall give you what all naughty little girls deserve for their naughtiness, the kind of spanking which did so much good before.

Your letters do not always make it easier for me. Why do you write me as if you had no understanding at all of the unhappy love which binds me to so many people without their knowing of it? Or why do you tell me that your mother urges you and Alex to take a trip to Canada, and the only reason you do not go is because Alex does not seem interested, when you and your mother and Alex know very well of the invitations to Konnarock that have been extended ad nauseam? Yet even these things I accept, although they are the causes of dreams such as the one last night. What can I do to tell you of my love and affection for you which has displaced so many other things in my life? I cannot be either dramatic or sentimental. What can I write that will explain it to you, if you do not feel it? Is it bad that I try to let reason lead me around the precipices of emotion from which we might long ago have fallen and brought ourselves much unhappiness?

Please be good and patient and try to do some work until I come. (If you and Alex decided to come, that would still be alright. If it would help you, by all means do come. All you would need to do would be to ~~exit~~ telephone me (Damascus 2705) and tell me when you were coming. Then we could go back together.) Margrit has asked us to call her at your house on Thursday. I am afraid to try to talk to you then. I would rather wait until I see you, and even then I am afraid of the other people who will make it difficult for us to be alone. Now you must let me close my letter before it becomes too difficult for me. I shall not proof-read it, not because I am indifferent, but because I do not want to read what is so weak and inadequate to the situation.

Kennarock
July 15, 1950

In Gedanken nehme ich Dich so fest in den Arm, dass Du Dich nicht mehr fürchtest, und verlasse Dich nicht, und bete zu Gott, dass er Dir helfe und dass er uns führe, wie es für uns am besten sei, und wie es ihm gefällt.

It is good that I waited until this morning to answer your letter, since last night I would have been far too tired and would have forgotten half of the things I must say to you. Early this morning I had a frightening dream to the effect that you had come to visit me in Cambridge, had suddenly appeared without telling me, and Alex knew nothing but an address on Commonwealth Avenue where there was a formal dance. The absurdity of my dream was the attempt to find you, or rather, the impossibility of my going, pain and despair at not knowing what to do. The fact that your aunt had probably arranged the cursed thing for you occurred to me only after I had woken up.

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Please be good and patient and try to do some work until I come. (If you and Alex decided to come, that would still be alright. If it would help you, by all means do come. All you would need to do would be to write telephone me (Damasca 2702) and tell me when you were coming. Then we could go back together.) Margaret has asked us to call her at your house on Thursday. I am afraid to try to talk to you then. I would rather wait until I see you, and even then I am afraid of the other people who will make it difficult for us to be alone. Now you must let me close my letter before it becomes too difficult for me. I shall not proof-read it, not because I am indifferent, but because I do not want to read what is so weak and inadequate to the situation.