

Lieber Jochen —

German town am 16 Juli 1952

As I sat down here at the dining room Table with dictionary and grammar and Schweitzer playing preludes, the mailman brought me your letter. I had very little to write to you. There were half-sentences of German wandering through my head, trying to tell you of the rain, the formlessness of the day, and of my reading. Now I think I will abandon the attempt at composition in order to write to you as clearly and simply as I can and then to return to my work as I should.

Your letter makes me feel even more ashamed than I was already — and also happy. I cannot altogether explain my depression to you either now or later. It is fed by so many sources; many of them should not be spoken of. At any rate, I am much better now. Why I did not come to Kannerock seems very ~~clear~~ clear; I cannot explain more than I have already. If you decide to come to Canada with us I shall be very happy. If you decide not to, I hope that you will not blame me. I do not want to go without you, but I must go, whatever you decide. If you understand this, it is very good. If not, I am very much afraid, in spite of the promise at the end of your letter.

(2)

I have had very bad dreams too. You are never in them, nor anyone I love, except as a spectator of my shame ~~or~~ or inadequacy. My pain in them is always self-caused. There is something very necessary which I must do but cannot—usually a fire to be extinguished; or, more often, I am doing something disgraceful, conscious of it, but unable to stop myself. These dreams are very close to the reality of my daily existence. I am easily capable of doing the physical tasks which I must do, but at almost every moment of being with my parents I am aware of the terrible contradictions between what I want to say and show and what I actually say and do. Though there have been (and probably will be) terrible misunderstandings between you and me this terrible contradiction does not exist. Do you wonder that I am impatient for you to come?

And yet things are much better. Suddenly the reading that I have been doing for my Medieval History course ~~becomes~~ becomes meaningful. I have begun to take notes, to wonder whether my class can understand this or this. I begin to be sleepless as I was before my first year of teaching, excitedly thinking through the things that I would like to teach and wondering how much my pupils can understand. ~~What a~~ — especially of the importance of religion in the Middle Ages.

3

If you have your Dante with you, will you bring it when you come.

Now Papa is getting up from his nap. In a few minutes he will come downstairs full of exuberance and affection. I shall have to go for a walk or be amiable in some way. Thank you for your letter. I shall think some more about the "extravagances of spirit", but I am very much afraid that I will never learn to live economically.

Deine
Margaret