

Konnarock, three days after
July 14, 1950

Dear Margaret,

7
Mother and father are sitting with me in my room, thinking that I am probably writing you a warm note of thanks for going to Canada with you and Alex after Alex gets through at the dentist's. I don't think they could understand my letter if they read it, I am sure that you will not understand it, and I ~~myself~~ am not quite sure whether I myself know, although I am conscious of the mental struggle that preceded it. It is strange how several persons may be together in one room and still know nothing at all about what the other person is thinking. It is even stranger that we who are ~~physically~~ geographically so far apart should even have presumed to know one another's thoughts.

If there were anything which I could do that would make this the last of those letters which my typewriter stutters so stupidly and yet so diligently in the direction where I presume you are, I think I would do it. ^{But} It is of no use to attempt to do things over which one has no control. You will not give me back that part of me which I once gave you; you will play with it and tease it, until some day you find it taken from you. Until then, I must be patient.

You see, I shall even come, presumably to go to Canada with you and Alex. I cannot look that far ahead. Besides, whatever I said would merely give Alex's new-born irony, - you say, that it is the result of my influence, - ~~something~~ a welcome object, and at least so far as I am concerned, Alex is as shameless with his irony as the newly rich are with their money. It is heart-warming to know that you would neither be hurt nor angry if I didn't come, are you sure you would even be disappointed?

Do you expect me to believe your explanations ? They sound so pointless to me that I neither believe nor disbelieve them. "I do not really want to go unless you come, but I think I must." Must you really? Tell me, why must you? What is it that compels you? You think you must ?! - For God's sake go! go! go! *and stay...* But why did you ever come? Could it have been that "Alex and mother concocted a trip?" "You really did not want to go, but you felt you must. Was it a fait accompli to which you were both docile and appreciative ? In German "fait accompli" is "Ausgemachte Sache." ~~_____~~ "

It would be better if you had not invited me at all. Why did you anyway. You seemed to have no inclination to do so in your ~~previous~~ letters, though they told of plans that were well underway. I do not really want to go. But I cannot stay here either; my parents would become even more worried about my

state of mind. And then I would have come to Philadelphia anyway, and our comedy would have continued.

I think it would be good if you were angry with me now, and told me that Alex could find someone else to help him drive so that he could enjoy more of the scenery. - (Was that your rationalization or his ?) Perhaps then your departure for Canada would become symbolic, and ~~xx~~ when you came back nothing would be left but to write a short epilogue to the ~~xxxxxx~~ book. This I could do without your help.

Unless you want to amuse Alex, you need not tell him of my indecision. Do tell him though, that if he wishes to leave the U.S. even to go to Canada, he must have written permission from his local draft board. I shall get to Philadelphia either late Thursday night or early Friday morning. I hope that the first thing I will do is to ~~xxxx~~ talk to you. Then everything will decide itself, ~~xxxxxx~~ If something goes wrong, I would come Friday night, though as good an answer as any would be if you had already left.

Gute Nacht.

Jochen.

Befiel du deine Wege
und was dein Herzge kränkt
der allertreusten Pflege
der der den Himmel leucht.
Der Wolken, Luft und Winden
gibt Wege, Lauf und Bahn.
Du wirst auch Wege finden
Da dein Fuß gehen kann.

Paul Gerhardt.

P.S. Thank you for telling me that
~~you were married.~~