

Cambridge, September 15.

Dear Margaret,

It is good that I do not know how much time I spent thinking about you tonight, this afternoon, and this morning, else I should probably become very much depressed about my laziness. Just now I took half an hour or more to talk to and to placate Hall, who, I think, feels somewhat neglected in the midst of my self-sufficient activity. I waited for a letter from you this morning, but none came. Mother forwarded the letter which you wrote to her; it helped a little bit. Tonight I read over some of your old letters. I will ~~do this~~ make a habit of this from now on, unless you give me fresher food for my emotions. Here is an example of what I found:

July 5th

Dear John,

Kierkegaard is about to leave for Virginia. Included is a book which Papa wants you to have.

I am half-way through "La Chartreuse de Parme," which I find delightful. I wonder if you are frivolous enough to be as charmed by it as I am. I fear not..

Frivolity - that's the reason I can't concentrate in meeting. How shocked Papa would be if I became a High Church Episcopalian!

It is hot and quiet here - too hot, too quiet; je m'ennuie. But there are also things I love. Alex is gay and affectionate and sometimes frightfully annoying with dogmatisms on history and literature which sound like your ideas watered down. I will prove the value of Cultural Anthropology if it takes all summer.

I am beginning gradually to study, easing my way in by reading some American History to Mother. It is all quite new to her; she had Ancient History five times - never American.

Margaret

In looking back over some of the things you have written, I find the source of much of my unhappiness and of all my joy during the past fifteen months. Strange and queer is the fact that I begin to understand the nature and the necessity of what went on in me. Nor are the dilemmas settled yet; I do not even see ~~a solution anywhere~~ the possibility of a solution..

What makes things more tolerable now, is that I have regained my equilibrium, I think I have, and I think I know what I am doing. It is becoming progressively more difficult for me to be without you, but I will try to control myself. Working will help me a great deal. At times I feel that my present relative peace of soul is only the intermission before the next act. It will begin in time, soon enough.

Please try to write me a letter sometime, telling me how you are and what, if anything, I can do to help you. Be a good girl and don't try to make your life too easy for yourself. Be courageous enough to confess and to ponder the chasms of despair on which our ~~xxxx~~ life is built. "Wir brauchen mehr Leiden, denn nur durch Leiden gehen wir zu Gott ein."

Dein.
John