

Nov 9 / 50

Dear Margaret,

It is 10 o'clock, and although I have worked all day, I still have a great deal to do. My work for Victor is going well and somewhat ahead of schedule, but it demands much time and energy in itself. Tonight I felt a little bit hot, but I have no temperature, and I suppose it is merely my bad conscience for working too much, which bothers me. Sometimes I become very much depressed, and then I cannot work well until I have looked at some good books for a few minutes and thought about you. This afternoon I looked into Jakob Bohme and Theologica Germanica. I wish I had time to read them. I have a great longing for good and beautiful things which makes me melancholy and a little bit unhappy.

I found a quotation from Schlegel's Gespräch über die Poesie which seemed very personal. Perhaps it will give you something to think about.

"Daher geht der Mensch, sicher sich selbst immer wieder zu finden, immer von neuem aus sich heraus, um die Ergänzung seines innersten Wesens in der Tiefe eines fremden zu suchen und zu finden. Das Spiel der Mitteilung und der Annäherung ist das Geschäft und die Kraft des Lebens, absolute Vollendung ist nur im Tode."

Tonight Alex is worried. He does not quite know what to do and my advice does not seem to be able to help him decide. The problem is that next term in physiology, Porsanger does not want to work with Kahn and for that reason has signed up with someone else. Kahn does not want to work with me because I have already indicated that I will not do any of the experiments on myself or on living animals which seem to me to be wrong. For this reason Alex does not want to work with me either, but is too cowardly to tell me to my face. He wants to work with Kahn and is trying to find an excuse. I think even if he should now change his mind I would refuse to work with him or Kahn. The situation is very queer. I wish I were more independent. I decided long ago

that next year I will room by myself.
I hope I will be able to carry out my
decision. - I know you do not like
to hear about all this, & which I write
to you because I know it is merely a
rehearsal for what you may tell me
some day. It is very painful for me, and
I wish I were all alone.

Now I know nothing more to write,
except that I think of you very often without
knowing what to think, I need you very much
without knowing why, and I like you very
much without knowing how.

Dear
John.