

Konnarock, am 18. August

1951

Liebes Kind,

I have just finished a fifteen minute perusal of "Life", Mrs. Shumate is cleaning somewhere upstairs, mother and father are very busy explaining to one another how awful I am downstairs, and the two day orgy ~~from~~ at the prison camp across the street has just begun. You see, it is a weekend atmosphere in Konnarock. Now if you were here, you would be fretful and nervous and irritated because you had to stay inside so much, because you could get no work done, because I spent so much time downstairs (where I haven't been in two days) because you were worried about your parents or for any one of a number of reasons. And still I wish you were here!

My parents have been having a great deal of trouble with me, trouble whose psychological roots are so multiple and involved that I cannot go into detail in a letter. Yesterday I was very depressed and at one point told mother to go away because I didn't want to see her. That was very true, apparently also a great crime, and has now been inflated into a cause celebre. Father really has no cause to be angry with me, though if he looks hard enough he may find one soon. At mother's suggestion he has been very angry with me, and the situation promises to last indefinitely. At first I was much ~~disturbed~~ disturbed by it, but I have consistently tried to indurate myself, and this morning I find that I have done more work than I have in a long time, - all about pelvic tumors, - and this makes me very satisfied. I have also been reading in a very fine textbook of philosophy which I obtained from Saeng.

Your last letter, which I got this morning, does not sound very confident the one yesterday, about the rose, was very beautiful, and as fine a letter as I could have hoped for. I wish I could help you, but I am sure I cannot from this distance and I fear I might not even be able to help if I were with you, - but I could always try. I am looking forward to Cambridge more than ever before, and somehow I am confident that a solution to ~~our~~ our problem is easier than either of us suspect. For my part, at least, I do not worry much, and the only thing that occasionally disturbs me is the question of how long you will be satisfied and happy with me, being as bad as I am. And I am blacker indeed than this new typewriter ribbon.

You must pardon me for not writing a nicer letter today. Perhaps tomorrow. But for the present domestic crisis my feelings are quite adequate. The more indifferent I am, the less it hurts, and it could hurt almost to death if I would let it. Now I shall go downstairs, venturing ~~between~~ under my parents forbidding gazes to get envelope and stamp for my letter, which I will then take to Green Cove with Mutz. Sei gut, hab mich lieb, und bleib gesund, ~~xxxxx~~ und ich will immer bei Dir sein.

Dein

John.