

Dr. Eisenberg -
Would you please
return this to me
when you have a
chance to reply. Love

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after Amman's
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after David
left July

Saturday Afternoon

David Darling, where are you? It seems such a long time since I heard from you. I wish we were together down at Jimmy's, drinking cognac and coffee and. Today has been so queer. The early morning was stormy, almost cold, but now the sky has cleared and the sun is out. I walked around the lakes. Do you remember those beautiful poplar trees, planted in pairs---they are such a beautiful silver-green.

During the past few days I have felt very much alone. Often the old terror comes back over me. I know that I can never get rid of it. In such times I don't know where to turn. I need so much. The few who can love me must have so much patience---I wonder if anyone ever will have this patience and understanding. I need so much. I realize that in temperament and emotional stability I am like a child---and whether it will ever be different I don't know. The craving to be reassured, the terrible need for love. But oh David I won't go on.

It has been such a long time since I heard from Reeves. I worry about him.

Yesterday I read Havelock Ellis's "My Life". His wife was an invert, and there was so much in her situation that is exactly my own. What a great man Ellis was! But even he could not help her at the last, and she went mad.

I think about Annemarie often here, I shall ~~annexxxxxxxxx~~ always love her. I play Mahler and Schubert. I wonder if ever a woman will love me, and ~~annexxxxxxx~~ answer the part of me that so needs ~~annexxxxxxx~~ to be answered. But I ask so much, and expect to give so much—~~annexxxxxxx~~ I am so deadly serious about such things.

S unday Morning

Someone knocked yesterday as I was writing to you. I went down town with Harvey Breit, Gerald Sykes, and Newton Arvin. ~~xxxxxx~~ We wandered around Saratoga—as usual I drank a bit too much and stayed up too late. Then this ~~xxxxxxx~~ morning Colin and I went driving. The day is bright, clear, and cool. The country around here is heavenly—the pastures are a silky green, and now there are patches of cornflowers, Queen Anne's lace etc.

How is the ballet coming? And when are you coming here?

Must get to work now. See Your ballad goes very slowly these days. Maybe there will be a letter ~~annexxxxxxx~~ from you this evening, or in the morning.

Love,

Carson