

APR 28 REC'D

April 18, 1942

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My love,

Let us fervently hope that Mr. MacSweeney is a tolerant and understanding person. I discovered he was on the Boeing that came in the night before last just as I was about to go home after working since nine. I was very tired, it was eight thirty, it was a great surprise and pleasure to see him. For a few minutes I talked to him, then all of a sudden I remembered that you had said he would be staying with you in all probability, whereupon I was forced to do one of two things: either disgrace myself publicly or disgrace myself privately by running away from the scene of action. Not being very courageous, I took the latter course and dashed away without even saying goodbye, and just made it to the stillness of the mail-room in time to borrow a handkerchief. How anyone with a modicum of sanity could be so consistently ridiculous is completely beyond me. I have probably disgraced you for life, my love. You are mortgaging your future by sticking to me, my poor innocent William, because I habitually fall down in crises. I should so have loved to talk to Mr. McSweeney (take your choice of spellings) for a long time, and given him a note to take to you, and above all taken his seat on the plane. Instead I borrowed a handkerchief from one of the boys ~~xxx~~ who kindly bought me a dinner, listened to my complaints, and drove me home. I hope the new Vice Consul thoroughly understands that while it was bad enough as it was (to go off without a word in the middle of a conversation) it would have been even worse had I stayed just one second longer.

Anyway I'm glad I know what he looks like, so that when you talk about him in the future I'll be able to visualize things better. He seems like a good type. Apologize for me, please. I'm awfully sorry.

Until you tell me not to I'm going to keep on loving you. That's final. It isn't human to expect me to wait for you for years, but that's what I'm going to do because I'm incapable of doing anything else and because I want to. I want to be yours so much that I have almost ceased to be myself. In one way I have ceased: I prefer living a monastic life to flitting around, until the time comes when I can completely give up both unpleasant existences in favor of the one I want so much. Not that I don't go out and make a stab at enjoying myself, but it's always with people who know exactly how I feel. Poor dears, it's a wonder they stick by me, considering how I must bore them with my single-tracked mind and single-tracked heart. But I always make noble efforts to talk about something else, and place small bets with myself as to how long I can go on without referring to you. Do you remember the elderly mental case in "David Copperfield", Betsy Trotwood's feeble-minded brother, who was perpetually writing a book and perpetually starting over again from the beginning because he could just get so far- and then oops! He'd refer to Charles the First, which was taboo for some obscure, slightly insane reason? He and I are pals and birds of a feather, and the only reason I know I'm not quite as light-minded as he was is that instead of starting all over again from the beginning the moment I start talking about you, I go right ahead and talk away to my heart's content. Or am I more so? After all, when you consider things in a rational light William Laurence Krieg, the love of my life, is a man like other men (aside: What a lie!) and there are an enormous amount of what are probably excellent young men wandering around who are just as good as he is (even in my most rational moods I won't admit that there are any actually better men) I daresay a psychologist would analyze this monomania as a psychotic condition in an otherwise normal brain, and all I can say to that is that if the psychologist will please come around again in twenty years he'll find the same little old psychotic condition still going strong, and still popularly referred to as love, and still inexplicable but very, very powerful.

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They have given me a ten-dollar a month raise. Considering how I still had twenty five dollars left last pay-day, I feel pretty good about things. The answer is that I have very few expenses, eat very little and quite often get invited out for free meals. I blush to state that I have been indulging my favorite vice, that of buying new dresses instead of saving up for a rainy day or something. It's so lovely to be able to do so without reference to any one's conscience but your own, that I felt like releasing all my frustrations and going to town in all the size twelve racks in the Miami stores. I ~~must~~ curb those urges and start thinking serious thoughts. Speaking of money, ~~that~~ that you sent me is still ~~xxx~~ keeping cool and dry in the sock, and I will happily wait for further news on the inherited ring situation. As you can well imagine, I should like something like that much better than a new one without any memories.

The sample of pidgin English you sent in Letter No. 11 (which arrived today) was most interesting. It seems to be a product of very primitive minds indeed. Is there any grammar at all in it? Or is it too new a development to have acquired an orderly set of rules? I kept wondering what they meant by "way" and "sitimar", and whether the people that spoke it were as childish in their thoughts as they seemed to be.

I got three hours sleep last night and worked from six till two this morning, with the result that while I'm not particularly sleepy, I'm ghastly tired. God I wish you were here with me, my dear love. Or that I was there with you. Or that we were together in Nome, Alaska ~~or~~ Pondicherry, India. I'm tired of seeing other people and not you. I feel as if I had seen you ten years ago at a public reception. It's hard to remember that we actually were together and walked from the Consulate to the Praca do Comercio deciding that life was possible but highly improbable without each other. As far as I'm concerned, we were quite right. Living without you is possible, but it's a fantastically unreal, ersatz sort of life, where people talk to you and move around and are really only ridiculous wax dolls all the time.

Dorothy Love and Marjorie Powers worked with me for about two weeks. Dorothy and I had one thing in common. She came here to get a divorce; and has finally gotten it, by the way. I don't know Dick Carlson, but one of the men who are on the Traffic Counter with me at Dinner Key is going to Africa in about a month, but he doesn't know where. His name is Jerry Smith, and when you see him give him an extra good stamp on his passport.

You know I'll remember and love you always, without being asked to. It's the easiest thing I do, and I'm becoming highly proficient at it.

Goodnight, dear love,

*Phil*