

[about July 10, 1939]

Dear Nathan,

In comparison to you, I appear to myself to be an epicurean, an egoist, and generally a miserable sinner. But I do believe you're pushing the holiness too far, that you don't grant yourself any rest and comfort at all. If I could, I would drag you off of that dreadful treadmill by force.

It is entirely fine by me if you speak with the lawyer and try to arrange it so that my precious ex-wife manages the building on her own again. You could perhaps also summon her over, in order to give her a picture. But for this you need not tie yourself up, like enthralled Odysseus in his encounter with the Sirens; you'll already realize that yourself then.

All best wishes and hoping to see you again as soon as possible,

Yours,

A. E.

[ALS]