

Germantown

September 5, 1950

Dear Tochen,

You will probably have left Konnarach by the time this letter arrives there. I think of you so much and wonder what you are doing. Probably you are reading-or listening to music as I am. But whatever you are doing, there is less confusion around you (or in you) than there is around me. I would like to go to my room and read, but Peter is playing the radio in the kitchen and it would distract me. The wire recorder has suddenly become silent, so I cannot even erect a barrier of sound.

In the midst of all the irrelevancies the music is very beautiful. I wish that I could hear it so completely and know it so well that everything else would fall away. But I am so helpless. Like an empty pitcher I wait to be filled and what falls in from time to time, leaks out quickly through the cracks.

Soon the last record will be played. I will go and try to make Peter go to bed. Then I will read a little of the Theatetos. Finally I will lie in the dark and write the last and most important letter. There seems to be little to write in it tonight, except the things that have been

so often written. And still no answer. On file
with your petition, perhaps? I seem to be
as naughty and childish tonight as I was
my last night in Kinnarock. I need you
here to rebuke me and to laugh at me.

Deine,
Margaret