

Sunday,
September 13, 1950
Germantown

Dear Jochen,

Mother has chased me away from the dishes because I am so weary that I can hardly stand. The Third Harpsichord and Violin sonata is holding me together while I write to you. When the letter is finished I will go to bed and read for a while. I spent all Friday packing, and Saturday Alex and I drove to New York. He spent the afternoon and evening with Janet and Bob while I washed and painted walls and floors in my apartment. When I arrived at Janet's and Bob's apartment, I knew that I had had a much nicer time than Alex. There was a party, a few people "having a good time." By the time I arrived a good deal had been drunk, and the conversation was becoming coarse as well as trivial. Alex and I spent the night on the day-beds, had breakfast, and left to finish the work in my apartment. We also saw Joy and Marty, whose simplicity and niceness made us feel much better. I like Bob, but his wife and friends bore and disgust me.

New York was more depressing than ever. I shall have to work very hard in order to make myself safe from so much ugliness.

Aside from my tiredness, disgust at myself for having wasted so much time this summer and the bad taste of New York, I feel much less depressed than I had expected. I am glad that we were both so good Thursday night. I do not feel "independent", but I feel much less empty and frightened than I often am when I ~~miss~~ miss you. I thought of you a great deal last night, and felt very grateful that I was so unembarrassed by my detachment and separateness from the scene. It is much easier for me to be myself than it used to be.

Now I am so tired that I can think no more. Let me go to bed and read and think of you — and write more tomorrow.

Sleep well,

Deine

Margaret