

Germentown
September, 17, 1950

Dear Jochen,

I spent part of today in the sunshine; Papa sat beside me reading about William Penn and tried to encourage me about life and living. He knows that you are not to be blamed for my depression, but he doesn't quite know what to think, wants to help, but not to interfere. And all the while that Mother and Papa imagine that I have sunk into depression in the last few months or more, it seems to me that I have never felt very differently from the way I feel now. But I feel better today. Whether it is the sunshine or something else, I do not know. Perhaps it is the fact that I have managed to do a little work, not very much, but enough to make me feel a little safer about my American History course.

For a while this evening Alex played Beethoven. First, the Ninth Symphony and then the First Piano Concerto. It is a long time since I have heard either of them; I had to stop taking notes and just listen for a while. Alex sat for a long time in the dark drinking beer and listening. Finally he went away, and now I am playing the Magic Flute. It is not a very good background for taking notes, or for writing a letter, but I do not want to hear the radio downstairs, so I let it sing on pleasantly and distractingly.

Mother has just brought me a Morning Glory which is still wide open though it is ten o'clock. The colors seem even more beautiful than they do in the daytime. How nice it would be if I could send it to you. It seems quite ridiculous tonight that I should leave so many beautiful things in order to go back to the ugliness of New York. What it will be like to see you on Wednesday I cannot imagine. It will be difficult because we can be so little alone. Much more clearly I know the beauty of all the places I have been and the things that I have seen this summer; and I feel the pain of separation from them.

Deine

Margaret