

New York
September 25, 1960

Dear Jochen,

You are probably just returning from your organ concert now. I hope that you will go to bed and sleep and not lie awake and imagine that I am indifferent. I am very tired and I will go to bed as soon as I have mailed this letter. I spent most of today cleaning and organizing the apartment; there is still much to be done. This is the only neat room. "Melancolia" hangs above my bed, and the pebbles from Cape Cod are on the piano.

It is good to be here alone and to know that no one will come in. When everything is made neat and clean, it will stay that way. And then, one morning, you will be at the door.

Sometimes everything seems so difficult
to me that I think it is impossible,
But last night on the train I imagined
how it would have been if you had not
come to me - or if you had not stayed
with me. I am very far from being
what you want and what I want, but
if you will help me perhaps I can
come closer. I wish that you were
here. My prayers are awkward and often
half-hearted because I feel so confused and
caught in the things around me and in
my fears. Tonight is no exception, but I
am so tired physically that I will sleep.

Schlaf wohl

Deine

Margaret