

New York, October 9, 1950

Dear Jochen,

I have thought a great deal about you and all the things that you said to me. What you said about the difference in our ages and the possible consequences of that difference troubles me. Always, in thinking of the weekend, I come upon it suddenly like a very bad dream that has been forgotten and then remembered. The more I think, the more frightened I become, so I try to turn to other things which need to be thought of.

Today has been a strange, uneven mixture. One class went very well, the others badly, in both cases the credit or responsibility are mine, I think. One little girl whom I like very much gave me a composition which I like very much and which I think you would like. Perhaps some day I can show it to you. In the afternoon I went to the Museum with another teacher to look at colonial furniture in preparation for an assignment. On the way out, I stopped to look at the Rembrandts, especially the old woman paring her nails. And I bought a reproduction of a Vermeer, a girl asleep at a table. Since I am, as you said, a collector, I will sit here for a few minutes and think about the beautiful things that I have collected today. (Oh, there is one more good thing, a letter from your mother with a few snapshots in it. In all of them you are too far away.) Then I shall go to bed and thank God that He has shown me the beauty of some of the things He has made, and even more, that He sent you to show me the beauty of all the other things.

Deine,

Margaret