

New York, October 10, 1950

Dear Jochen,

That I have so little to say is not because I spend little time thinking of you. It is rather because my thinking is not thinking in the same sense that yours is. I hold the same moment or sentence in my hand for a long time, turning it over and around if I can, but usually just gazing on it. I can rarely make of all the things that happen to me in a day a unity. Whatever unity there is, is to be found in the fact that everything at which I look quietly and steadily brings me again to you.

In a few minutes I must go to bed, though my work is not finished. On reconsidering, I do not think that 90% of my studying time is wasted. Perhaps sometimes it is, but tonight it seems to me that it is the abundance of clerical details that burdens me. I have spent almost three hours typing three lists. So many unimportant things take so much time.

Tomorrow afternoon and evening I must be at Joy's wedding and a dinner party afterwards. Do not worry, it will not be a drunken brawl, and I will be good. I may have too much work to do and be too tired to write tomorrow evening, but I will write again on Thursday.

Now I must read a little history. Then I will get into bed with my book, our book, and think about the beautiful things in the pictures, most of all, you.

Deine

Margarete