

New York

October 12, 1950

Dear Tochen,

Tonight, when I have reread your letter, I will send it back. Except for one or two sentences in the description of the Diner woodcut it is easily translatable, though you warned me of the "difficult German." I need the letter very much; in my way, as much as your parents need it in theirs. I had been looking at the Diner the night before and trying to understand what it must mean to you. Now I know better and also better what it means to me.

The radio is playing ~~and~~ Corelli's Christmas Concerto. I should be studying for my five classes and getting ready to go to school. But there is so much preparation unprepared that it is better to be quiet for a few minutes and think only of you and the things I must tell you.

②

Joy's wedding and the social ceremonies surrounding it were difficult — mostly because I was conscious of the waste of time, of my desire to be here alone, or with you. Since Joy's father did not come I had to stand ~~beside~~ ^{behind} her mother under the wedding canopy. Mrs. Rutland was very much distressed and I feared that she might burst into sobs at any moment. I did not know whether to lay my hand on her arm or not. I could see only the side of her face, the ~~old~~ old and kind rabbi, and the slightly smirking face of a boy who held one of the canopy poles. He is a anthropologist friend of Marty's — also an acquaintance of Leo's. I had met him once before one evening when Marty brought him along ~~me~~ to divert or distract me, I think. His conversation is strewn with

3

obscene jokes, the more so when he senses dislike, as in me. Marty insists that, nevertheless, Tom has a heart of gold.

I could do very little for Mrs. Rutland. I think that Joy was very glad to have me and Marty too. He came to me so anxiously after the ceremony to ask me whether ~~the~~ it had seemed frightening or barbarous to me. The rest of the afternoon and evening was indifferent and unimportant—except for the fact that I was somewhat ruder to Tom than was really necessary. I was a little surprised myself. I think it is you that teaches me such manners. Thank you.

Now I must say goodbye to the Divers; ~~which stand~~ the book stands open on the piano. I will be very tired when I come back, but the pictures and your letter will still be here.

Deine Margaret

New York, October 12, 1950

Dear Jochen,

Here is the carbon of the letter to your parents; I have kept the part that belongs only to me; I need it. I have played a great deal of Bach this evening as I worked. It does not help me to concentrate, but it shuts out the radios of my neighbors and makes me think of you. I hope that you are less anxious than you sounded over the telephone. You make me feel very helpless and useless when you sound so. Were you, are you, worried over what troubled me and what I wrote to you (Tuesday?) I try not to think so far into the future. I do not think that you should. Remember that you once rebuked me for thinking of the distant future, telling me that my attitude was not religious. I think that we should hope and pray only for the strength to bear what we must now and be anxious over something ten or twenty years away—when we may one or both be dead.

I just now beginning to realize clearly the differences between my work this year and last. The children themselves are less docile and well-mannered. I am going to spend part of this weekend thinking about them and inventing dtours around the difficulties they present—or counter-attacks. The burden of preparation is much less. Even so, my classes are not nearly so good as they should be. No matter how carefully I plan something in advance, I forget an essential step, or slide over it. And I explain the simplest things in the most round-about manner! On the whole, I think that I speak more simply and lucidly to the eighth-graders. With the older more self-conscious and poised girls I become horribly tangled. I need a course in elementary logic. Will you give me one some day, or do you think its no use?

Friday

I am not very well prepared for the day's work, so I must leave in a minute and spend the time on the Elevated thinking about Beowulf. Tonight I will be at home trying to be good and calm and cheerful so that no one will worry about me. I do not think that it will be as hard as it has usually been. I have a great longing to walk in the woods somewhere among the rustling leaves. Perhaps Papa will go with me. I will think about you a great deal. Will you have time for me next weekend, here or there?

Deine

Margaret