

German town, November 11

Dear Jochen,

An hour spent with the dentist this morning was the last of ~~the~~ the series of unpleasant but necessary appointments with which the last few days have been crowded. Now I can sit quietly and listen to the Passion and look at bright marigolds on the table in front of me or at the bright fire behind me. First, I must write to you - quickly because the mail man will soon here.

I came home late last night after the meeting of the Academic Committee. I was so tired that I said very little throughout the meeting. My inability to express myself both in my teaching and outside of it is sometimes very frightening, and ~~when it~~ the ~~sense of~~ struggle leaves me very tired.

Thank you for your letter. If you had telephoned instead of writing it would have been like your telephone call of a week ago Tuesday I think. I do not know why

you feel so much on the defensive about your difficult relations with Alex, why you feel that I will surely judge you to be wrong in your feelings and actions in making arrangements for the physiology laboratories. So far as the rightness of the experiments themselves is concerned I cannot now judge since I do not know in what they consist. Even if I did perhaps I could not judge. Since I have no knowledge of medicine I cannot easily know whether the things you are asked to do ~~are~~ are necessary evils or not. I know how hurt and troubled you are by the necessity of actions that ~~are~~ are ugly or sinful. If you explained these things to me I would try to judge, but you should not expect me to judge without knowledge of the facts or their meaning.

Apart from the experiments themselves and your feelings about them, why should I judge you harshly for wanting to live alone,

to be independent of Alex and others, ⁱⁿ when ⁽²⁾
you ~~believe me~~ find misunderstanding. Is that
different from the difficulties which I had
in living with Jay? If I had had to work
with Jay as you work with Alex it would
probably have been much worse since I do
not believe in "progressive" education and she
cares little about many things which are
important to me.

You are able to hurt me in many
ways (Though you do not seem to believe it and
always to be so surprised by the tears) but
hardest of all is your anticipation of misunderstanding.
At the end of your letter you tell me that
you wish that you were all alone, that you
think of me and like me without knowing why or
how. I do not believe that feelings can be
reduced to the certainty and clarity of formulas
but your expression of your feelings makes me
feel very much as if I represented to you
a difficult external phenomenon — not
part of you — and something from which you

would free yourself if and when you could.

Perhaps I misunderstand your letter, but even if I exaggerate your feeling I think that I do not wholly ~~am~~ misunderstand it. If you choose to be alone you can be; I cannot reach you no matter how hard I try. My strength and ingenuity are certainly limited - not because I wish them to be, but because of the depression and inertia into which I sink like a quicksand. Perhaps some day I will be completely swallowed. If you do not wish to be alone you can make it easier for me to come close to you. Please help me; I need you more than you can now believe because I am not now there beside you crying.

I wish that I could send you one of my marigolds, or, better still, the two roses which Mother put in my room last night. Do you want me to come next weekend?

Now it is time for the mailman. I will spend the rest of the afternoon washing my hair and struggling through Der Arme Spielmann ~~on~~ the Wörterbuch.

Deine Margaret