

December 13, 1950

Dear Jochen,

I was too tired this afternoon to do anything but come home. The records will have to wait until next Wednesday when I have an appointment with the Placement Bureau at Columbia. I spent most of the evening cleaning the apartment and me. We were both very dirty. Dorry will be here tomorrow night. I am not looking forward to the event. Even when I was much fonder of her than I am now, I found her very exhausting. I hope that the cleanness and neatness of the apartment will keep me from getting too depressed and confused. I am afraid that I will be here tomorrow night talking with Dorry instead of at the concert.

I have thought of you a great deal this evening. I have been over a great many hills with the music of "Du Bitte Israel". I have thought too of lines of poetry learned long ago. Many strange things suddenly emerge from my mind as I scrub floors and forget some of the puzzles and problems of my homework. Do you remember Donne's Hymn to Christ At the Author's Last Going into Germany. The desire to belong only to Christ, to be entirely separated from all that was formerly loved ~~always had a strange~~ ~~and beautiful~~ ~~and~~ expressed in the poem had a strange and beautiful meaning for me even when I first read it hardly understanding it--in 10th grade, I think. Its meaning is as strange and particular now. I think it has always been for me a poem of personal rather than religious love. (I do not mean to make the separation between love for the divine and love for another person so sharp) ---I am really too tired to say what I mean. I must go to bed.

I will try to write again over the weekend, but I may not be able to since I am going to try to spend as much time with my parents as I usually do with you. Please go to bed earlier. Six hours of sleep is not enough. I feel awful.

Deine

Margaret