

German town May 5, 1951

Dear Tochen

I am alone here with the third violin and ^{how} romantic! harpsichord smata. Do you think that we will ever be ^{us} able to play anything so beautiful and so complicated together? Sometimes when I sit at the piano I think of the music as a symbol of our lives. ^{pleasant} I play so slowly and so ^{reluctant} stumblingly - and often fall down. Perhaps I would become completely discouraged and give up if I did not know that I must learn ^{not meaning} so that I can accompany you. You believe that the beauty of the music should be enough to make me play, but it is not, since the sense of my incapacity is so great that I often feel unable to ^{hear?} see the beauty. I hope that someday - soon - I will feel differently. But now I do nothing, see nothing, except in anticipation of being with you. Sometimes when I am unable to tell you what I have seen and done you are afraid that I have nothing? or that I am indifferent or reluctant, but that is not so. Everything that I have I want to give to you, but I become more and more afraid that you will be disappointed.

This has been a difficult day. The evening was the hardest. I tried to work but I could not concentrate. Sometimes there was a bird that I wanted to hear. I went out to listen, but the brightness of the sun made it impossible to work. You would be amused by the papers that I must correct, and your amusement would make it easier for me to do the work. When I look at them by myself all the mistakes and inadequacies seem to be my fault.

Papa and Mother have gone with Elena to a movie. They wanted me to come. At first I said that I would. Mother seemed depressed, and Papa was trying so hard to be good to me. But then I realized how empty the gesture was and that my reluctance might poison us all. I remembered the trip to Canada and all the impossible things that my own weakness has forced me into. As I went downstairs I felt almost triumphant, ^{every inch?} so much freer than I had been five minutes before. When it was said everything was terrible again. ^{again} Mother said very little and Papa still tried to be calm and cheerful. But Peter told me how hurt ~~enough~~ everyone was, and I felt ridiculously ~~like~~ ~~as~~ ~~for~~ like my sister about seven or eight years ago. The crystal was shattered and I had done it. The ^{fact} that sometimes there is no right choice to make is one that I have come to so painfully late. If only I could be and feel more loving ^{toward} ~~for~~ them. The necessity always to protect myself makes it so hard. — Listen again tomorrow at 2:15. —

Perhaps by the time they come back the music and the solitude and thinking of you will have healed ^{me} enough so that I ^{can} be more loving. If it is not too hard ^{for} you I think that I will go to Bethlehem ^{the first weekend} ^(this weekend?). I think that my parents would accept the fact without fuss if I did not come but I think that I should go. I am most afraid of feeling so lonely that I cannot control ^{the} my emotions. Someone else must sit "on the side of the angels". ^{one's enough} If only you would come — or ~~if~~ if you would tell me what to do. No!

Now I must correct my papers so that I can spend a little time with my parents tomorrow. Bitte, schreib mir wenn Du kannst.

Deine
Margaret