

New York, May 22, 1951

Dear Mrs. Meyer,

When I talked to him on the telephone this evening, Jochen promised to write to you. However, although there is very little that I can explain, I will try at least to tell you why he is depressed, why he needs to be alone, away from me as well as from the strain of the work this year.

Do you remember how I was when I first came to Konnarock two summers ago? I do. And so does Jochen, and sometimes I seem to him unchanged, or changed only in superficialities. I believe that he is wrong, but sometimes it seems that nothing I do, or try to do, or am can persuade him that I am any closer to him. It would be convenient and easy to explain that he is very tired, that the tension of being so far apart geographically exaggerates our difficulties, that... There are so many other explanations that could be made. But beyond all these explanations is the fact that I still seem very alien to him and that the responsibilities of taking care of me are too great. My life seems to mean more to me every day. It is far more beautiful and also very difficult, and I do not find it easy to bear the difficulty and to behave with calm and restraint and patience, all things that are very necessary in marriage. So it seems to me and to him very possible that there will be no marriage, certainly not for some time. We must wait until I have found more serenity and resignation and until he has found something in me which he can love.

This explanation seems almost too clear for the confused state of my own thinking, but I am rarely too clear. The affection which you and Dr. Meyer have shown for me means more to me than I can say. At the same time that it seems to me clear that I may not see you this summer, it also seems to me impossible that it should be so.

Sincerely,

I should have explained about Bethlehem. I do not believe that Jochen is unhappy that I went without him. I went to hear the music and to try to find more in it than I had found before. At first Jochen was afraid that I was only going to "appease" my family. We have gone so many years as a family; I have been so strange and distant to them this year. Although I have often gone home to escape being here, I have not often gone home to be with them. They do not talk about the fact, but they know it, and it is very hard for them. I think it is even harder for me. At first my reasons for going were these, to do something with my family which they wanted me to do and which I could do. But in the end, when I finally went, these were not my reasons. I went to hear the music, and that made it easier to be good to my family than if I had gone for that purpose. I have too much of a tendency to play with the things that might have been, but if he had felt that he could spare the time, he would probably have wasted less time than he has by remaining in Cambridge and being hurt by Alexander's confusion and brutality and by the thoughts he thinks of me when I am not there.

The past few days have been very exhausting for me. Only the music which I heard over the weekend shines through them to give them any meaning. The worst thing is that I cannot concentrate on my work. Every day more piles up on my desk. Tomorrow the examinations will begin to come in. If I could do my work better I would write you a shorter letter, but I keep hoping that in the letters that I write to Jochen and in this letter to you I will be able to find some expression for my thoughts and feelings which will lessen my fear and anxiety and make it possible to concentrate on what must be finished.