

5321 BAYNTON STREET

PHILADELPHIA 44, PA.

August 3, 1951

Lieber Jochen,

Thank you for your note on Motz's letter.

When I am less tired and doped I will write a nice letter to him. Meanwhile I hope he will be satisfied with a sniff of this letter and a hug by proxy.

Unfortunately, I haven't the thought content for a letter either. I spent most of Thursday looking over the American History books but didn't reach a final decision. In the evening Alex and I drove out to the Berners. After running an unexpected gauntlet of family movies we swam for a few minutes and then came home. It was a dreadful waste of time and energy, but I thought Alex needed company and exercise. He works hard but sleeps badly and is very nervous.

I tried to begin the day by playing the piano, but the music cabinet, and in fact the

whole house, was in such a mess that I couldn't stand it. So I started a cleaning up project which lasted the whole day - so much trash that must be culled and sorted. Now the front room is neat and the study is slightly improved.

As you see, this is not a letter, but rather a diary entry. Everyone is so tired or depressed that it's not worth talking about - Everyone but Vicky who wriggles around in her usual sappy way. I am not so much tired or depressed as semi-conscious. I am not being as good as I should. I was really quite nasty about the messiness of the house. My happiest moments have been in reading Mike's letter and thinking of him and you and in listening to music. Do you remember the almost gay "Welt, ade, ich bin dein müde" from Cantata 158. Now I am going to find a nice book and read myself to sleep. Tomorrow I will write you a letter. Deine Margarete