margaret
Dear Margaret,

No gift could ever begin to express our thanks for all you've done for us in the past two years. Have a wonderful summer and lots of Duke next year.

Love,
The Ballacs of St. Mary's
23, Compayne Gardens
Flat No. 5
London N.W. 6

30 Jan. 48

My dearest Gisela,

it seems to me - and I am a fool - and I must seem so -
deal ashamed to think to you. Even more -

incredibly long since I have written a

proper letter to you! Instead of wasting

both our time with explaining why I did not do so I shall

tell you why I can all of a sudden really,

peacefully sit down and write a letter:

no matter how long it feels like putting,

as I shall have enough time to go on
and on! A wonderful feeling and so rare!

You know, I hope, as there is no trusting

me to tell any of my nearest people

even the most simple facts and

whereabouts of my existence - that

I arrived here from Germany on
5th November. I meant to spend up to a fortnight with the Busing at Hemley, about a week each with Sittel in Cambridge and the Delands in Ramsgate and immediately after Christmas I intended to start a course of shorthand + typing. Well, right from the beginning it did not quite work out that way. After less than a week at Hemley Busing's mother who lives with them and in spite of her 73 years helps a good deal fell ill and as it turned out had to stay in bed for nearly 3 weeks. As Erika has no other permanent help with her children and no room to put anybody up either (I sleep on the diningroom couch whenever I am there) I stayed on for over a month and helped her. I then went for a few days only to Cambridge and Ramsgate.
little in comparison with the impossible prices usually asked for rooms for
furnished rooms, and strike is one of the best balanced and most
easily-to-get-on-with people I have ever come across. As I myself I am
now far from answering the above
description and as I have known
their characteristics in E. for a long
time I simply jumped at it when
she asked me if I would like to stay
with her during those 3 months.
On Monday also I started the above
mentioned shorthand (Pitman’s) and
Typing course. I love typing and
thoroughly mistrust + dislike shorthand!
But - if (I dare not write then) I ever
manage to finish the course there will
be one more thing to be put on paper
whenever I am asked what I can do,
besides baby-minding! And that
I feel it all that matters for just now.

There are of course, Sinclair, other matters that matter a great deal, things that I keep on pushing back into the very furthest corners of my drawer of consciousness, so far to the back of it that I forget they are there at all for long stretches of time and only find them in times of general muddled tidying up as the present moment, ever since I came back from Germany, to be correct, proves to be.

I mean of course above all the question of "settling down", with its underquestions of where?, when? how? who with? etc. etc.

And, as I believe I already somewhat hinted at in my last letter, I feel it is high time we two discussed these
things together once again? You agree, don't you? If, of course, you were at this moment sitting next to me in the empty chair in this really more likeable - comfortable room - as by all rights of heart if not of reason you should... well!... you are not, and we have to go on for the time being with the pretending-game that ten years are no time at all and that an ocean between two sisters is really no distance worth talking about.

I had of course to give my pride a good push when I discovered that my wish and very nearly decision to return to Germany did not stand up against the plain facts of reality there and that my sense of self-preservation after all seems to be stronger than any sentiments. It was not exactly comfortable to have to admit this to both myself and other people.
But I did; and although I don't know what I shall feel about it in the more distant future, for the present it is a fact that I have, though admitted-ly with not much enthusiasm, to accept. The lack of enthusiasm, of course refers to the two remaining possibilities which are now left open for me: 1) stay in England and acquire British Nationality, 2) come to live with you e.g. go to the States. If possibility No. 2) consisted of the first part only, I certainly would not have to think about decisions and there surely would be no lack of enthusiasm! Whether do that tomorrow than next week,oublesum! But the second part of the sentence does follow and the mentioning of the word America alone, connected with me living there
It seems to put up a whole row of defences; quite possibly they are all imaginary and entirely unfounded, but here they are and I have no tools in my mind or head as yet to fight them in any way. I cannot imagine myself fitting in in America, I anticipate homesickness (to which home, can you tell me that ??) and antagonism from my side. I am afraid of starting all over again after ten years of unsettled living and again feeling no more settled and "belonging" than I have done here, which might be a bit more than other people in my position, but precious little if looked at objectively. There is another thing, which at the present moment I feel I must say so as to get things really clear and straight: Stele, in contradiction,
to the pretending game: 10 years are a long time, much longer still if lived in two countries so far away and so different with a constant and conscious effort on either side, both yours and mine, to accept the respective countries and yet assimilated to their way of life and living. I am, even if I ask myself that question quite honestly, not in the least afraid of you, although I feel that you should be more than a bit afraid of me and living with me! I don't seem to be the same person anymore who some 34 years ago reportedly has said: "Heb's ja ha laubt!" I don't let people pull my hair anymore without pulling back in some way and I don't trust myself even whether I would always be able to make an exception with you.
Not that I can imagine you now to want to pull my hair! You seem to have changed in the opposite direction, but the fact seems to be there that we have both changed a good deal and have not experienced tight, strenuous every-day-life together in this changed condition! Although I am unbelievably happy since I have gone through this change and sometimes even think it's what you wanted me to do when we were both children, when you disapproved instinctively and so very rightly to my "Goodness" — I feel very strongly now about not wanting to be a burden to your mind and of course not to your purse either!!

This last thing mentioned leads to the second side of the whole question, away from the more psychological aspect of it to the practical one:
How would I be able to live and to earn my money? - without having to rely on you for longer than a short starting-off period. America,contents and purposes, means "efficiency" and I am not efficient, not in one single thing! I am still fairly good at managing children, I can do a few houseworkly things not too badly. And there it already stops.
The very only thing I seem at worst times to be really good at is the art of enjoying this strange thing life" and making the best of it in most of its - if not all - not always glorious shapes. But that is nothing anybody can earn a living with, is it?
The thing I would be very grateful if you would do for me now is this:
Write a letter to me as matter-of-fact and provincial as this one has turned out to be mad; telling me as precisely as you can at the present moment how—assuming we both decide that I came to you—this would look to you. How much of a help, how much of a hindrance would I be to you, whether you are still in the middle of your studies or in the beginning of settling down to a new job afterwards. How would I be able to earn money soon? how would we live? what would you advise me to do or learn while I am waiting (besides shorthand & typing which might of course come in useful), would I have to be very careful with my savings here and bring with me all that I shall then be allowed to bring (which would mean that I would
have to take a part-time job now as soon as possible?) or rather take it easy, spend a bit more money here and spend more time as well on preparing myself? Also, and this is terribly important, please say quite openly if you feel that any of those fears and 'Hemmungen' I have and wrote about before are to your mind justified and enough to be taken notice of. Another thing I am afraid of — and I shall most likely have to put up with it for food if I stay in this country — is to have to live to the end of my days in big towns! I don't belong there and I have never been out of them for any length of time. But it is a thing
that worries me now, and always has worried me, although I would not now let it spoil any decision that we might make.

This, my dear, dear little Sinelein, is the letter, that has been wanting to be written for I don't know how long! I believe it is already too late for air mail. But I hope it won't take too long before it reaches you. There are lots more things to say, i.e. how ashamed I feel that I did not thank you more heartily for that lovely parcel and I believe not at all for the Sweet Christmas Card. Please don't send any more parcels to me though; I do have everything I need and shall ungratefully always consider it a bit of a waste of precious money! Please don't be
angry with me for this attitude. I am so grateful that you are sending things to Fabi; I am looking after Brigitte as far as that is possible from here and those two as well as a family of newly made friends in Offenbach with a small twin boy of 4½ years are the people that matter most to me. It is not much more than Trocken and den heissen Stein, but it also helps and besides makes them happy. I feel we are not forgetting them now that it is their turn to suffer and suffer undeservedly. If you can ever spare a bit of money to send Brigitte some coffee occasionally which I am not allowed to send, you are doing me a great personal favour! High time to go to bed as you can imagine.

I love you very, very, very much! Yours, Isbel.
203, Station Rd.
Hayes, Middx.
21-10-44

My dearest Eucel,

I hope you got the family letter from Quinton in the meantime. I really had a very nice week. Lotte is getting nicer and nicer, I believe she is getting more and more herself, that's why getting rid of complexes and other bogies has changed her tremendously. At one time I felt I was ahead of her where consciousness is concerned, now it is definitely she who is leading the race and.
she is helping me a lot whenever
rather seldom unfortunately—we see each other. When we wrote
the letter to you we read each
other's bits and she kicked
me off (that's slang for 'blamed
me') for not writing any facts
in my letters. I did not realize
before that—at least to you—
I usually write impressions,
emotions, thoughts, feelings—
but never facts, happenings.
I think Lotte is quite right and
I am thankful to her for
making me see it. I promise
you though, that you won't get — from now — matter of fact letters exclusively!

I am at present reading "Physiology of Sex" by Kenneth Walker and liking it rather.

I saw, recently, 3 films that I liked; the first one was "going my way", with BIng Crosby. I thought it was lovely & amusing.

The second one was "The Story of Dr. Wassel", which as a war picture I thought was a good one.

The last one — and the one that is beating the lot —
saw it twice in my holiday week!) was “Lady in the Dark.” If you get a chance and have not already done so, do so and see it, please! Really seeing — in pictures — the thing that you talk about in an analysis and often fail to get quite as conscious as necessary, has helped me more than you would think a film could do. Of course as it happens — some of the problems coincide with mine and it was wonderful to sit there look at the screen and feel: “My! so that’s what you are...
doing (or not doing). The little scene (in case you’ve seen it) in the Hotel where the other girl comes to talk to her bag and Charley says: Dark lady, cannot you take it? I thought it was marvellous in the way it puts the finger right on the zone spot!

There I am, Stewel, going off “facts” again—as usual.

In order to get out occasion only which otherwise I never do I have last night started to
go to some lectures by the Workers Educational Association, evening classes. I have started hearing Sociology, and will probably do Music appreciation, as well.

Your hot water bottle is a blessing which you can hardly imagine!Bethie of course feels the same about hers.

I'll finish for now, Susielein. I've got a few more letters to write yet, Bethel, Mrs. Behrend etc. Trika is still in the country with her children but she might come back soon. All my love for ever! Frehel.
Friday, July 22, 1988

Susie, your license just came in the mail—I thought you might want to have it with you. I kept another copy here—just in case yours gets lost.

It was nice hearing your voice yesterday. On Sunday I am going to a show & picnic with Min Scalin & the Sanretta! Hope it won’t rain!

I love you. LF.
Susieleinchen, here are your cards back, and thanks for returning mine.

Yes— I got your lovely photos. They are beautiful! Many thanks—and I am sorry I did forget to thank you for them. Some day I'll see it again. I'm married. Love always.

I have some real nice news: I will be supervising both of our graduate social work students in the fall. I am glad and scared. Who wouldn't be?

Did I tell you I will go to Smith College, Northampton, Mass., in July for 10 days seminar. One of them is supervision.
ERICH KUNZEL, conducting
JACQUELINE DU PRE, cellist
Friday, November 13 — 8:30 p.m.
Saturday, November 14 — 8:30 p.m.

The British cellist, Jacqueline Du Pré, at a very young age, is already established on the international music scene as one of the extraordinary instrumentalists of our time.

get another one (and try to get them together) if you let me know as soon as you can. Usually Music Hall is by no means sold out — but who knows.

All is well with me.

Love you a lot.

Frebel
THOMAS SCHIPPERS, conducting
ELLY AMELING, soprano

Friday, December 18 — 11 a.m.
Saturday, December 19 — 8:30 p.m.

Dutch soprano Elly Ameling is well-known for appearances in Europe and performances at the Spoleto, Edinburgh, Amsterdam and Montreux Festivals. She made her New York debut this past season.

Elly Ameling

MARGARETE A. HIRSCH
3864 READING ROAD, CINCINNATI, OHIO 45229

9-11-70

Insieleinen,

on Saturday, November 14th.

Jacqueline Du Pré is playing in Cincinnati. Do you want to come? I have one ticket, will get another one (and try to get them together) if you let me know as soon as you can. Usually Music Hall is by no means sold out -- but who knows.

All is well with me.

Love you a lot, Preetel.
7-29-69

Dear Susieleinchen,

have a very good birthday, and many more, please! I’ll call on Friday—if you are not home, I’ll try again.

I am so glad you are there, even 500 miles away!

All my love, yours festel
Mein liebes Susileinchen! 12-21-71

What a beautiful, beautiful Christmas package! For the fatter-
ing part I should spank you—but I won’t—and it is delicious!
I love the pocket book! At last the real thing, where even I might
be able to keep things in some semblance of order.

Do you remember the transparent, and did you know it still
existed. I found it just now in my box of 11 valuables when I hunted
for a card for you.

I am very well—will have a
nice Christmas with Kay Pemberton
and am looking forward to my va-
nation in January.
Be good to my Sesi!! I love her!

yours prebel
Suñelein,

“I want to love you—without clutching;
I want to appreciate you—without judging;
I want to join you—without invading;
I want to invite you—without demanding;
I want to leave you—without guilt;
I want to criticize you—without blaming;
I want to help you—without insulting.”

If you can do the same for me—
then we can truly meet,
and enrich each other.”

Virginia Satir.

I want to love you—because I do;
I want to appreciate you—because you’re you;
I want to join you—when you open the door
---and sometimes knock it off!
I want to invite you—when I need you---
without guilt;
I want to leave you—when I don’t need you---
without guilt, too.
I want to criticize you—when we are no longer
afraid of each other;
I want to help you—when you ask me---
and sometimes when I need
to help you!

I love you,
and you are doing the same for me. Gretel
From: Me
To: You
Happy Thanksgiving!

747-5020