

Tuesday, October 25
11:30 A.M.

Dear John,

The time and the place are unsuitable (I am supervising an eighth-grade study hall) but I feel better and more cheerful than I will later today when my tiredness leaves me good for nothing but correcting papers. My schedule is much too heavy. My complaints are receiving attention but little else. The insomnia of anxiety complicates the matter.

However, my weekend was good and my classes are not in the awful state of disintegration and apathy which characterized them last week, a week that ended in tears that washed off some of the mud of the morass of self-pity. I feel better now; I have accepted, at least for the moment a working day that begins at about 6 AM and ends at about 12:00 M. But within a week or so They Must Do something.

This is me and little more, a besieged city. During the week I work, as efficiently as I can and try not to feel anything; I do not have to try very hard. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday I am somewhat more myself, the bad and annoying as well as the good.

I am glad to be coming to see you this weekend, and also afraid because I feel so terribly incomplete.

This is not the way you feel - I know - but I like it and it speaks to my condition though it does not describe it.

The Unknown Sea

FOR most men the road of life is a dead end, leading nowhere. But there are some who, even in childhood, realize they are moving toward an unknown sea. At the very beginning of their journey they are amazed by the bitter violence of the wind and taste the salt upon their lips. On they go, until, at last, when the final dune has been surmounted, they find themselves in a world of spume and blown sand which seems to speak to them of a passion that is infinite. That is the moment when they must choose their path. Either they must take the final plunge, or they must retrace their steps.

François Mauriac, in "The Unknown Sea," translated by Gerard Hopkins. (Henry Holt & Co.)

I will try to take a 2.00 train from
Pens station which arrives at 6.45. This is very
much later than your concert would be. I know
the way and would be just as happy to be
unmet.

I may go to see the Cinnings
Friday evening. There are some other people
whom I will probably see Saturday morning.
The rest of the time I would like to spend
with the Graces, Alex, and you.

The flowers mystify me. I do not think
that I told anyone but Enge that I
was ~~planning to go~~ to Cambridge last weekend. It
is not an Enge-like gesture. I am
very glad that they ~~were~~ were
beautiful for you.

My busy ~~study~~ study class is beginning
to feel very hungry, but they work very hard. It
is a serious aristocracy. I must put this away
before they come to ask me questions and
to look curiously at my work.

Margaret

οἷδε μὲν γὰρ οὐδεὶς τὸν θάνατον οὐδ' εἰ τυχεῖ
τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ πάντων μέριστον ὃν τῶν ἀγαθῶν.