

32 St. Marks Place

November 16, 1949

Dear John,

I have one more large ordeal which must be completed this week: fifteen papers on the French Revolution must be marked and commented upon. Last night I wrote thirty reports. Monday I handed in my own essay which had been feverishly corrected Saturday and Sunday. I came home exhausted and feeling very sorry for myself. Fortunately, Joy was not here so I couldn't make it all worse by complaining.

I have thought of you and written the beginnings of letters in my head. I don't think they said very much; I don't have much to say especially tonight when I feel so drained and yet still so very much under the burden of things which must be done and so many people to be responsible for. I think the lack of a feeling of responsibility ~~is~~ toward you is one of the things that makes it such a release to think about you. ~~It~~ If it could help you to feel happier and quieter I would, and yet there is nothing I can do and so no duty. This is not logical or coherent; I had better leave it.

Your letter was waiting for me this evening. I read it and bathed and washed my hair thinking about you and the letter and wondered whether we were simply reversing our roles of last spring when I was so anxious and uncertain and you told me that

I had to be patient. I have had so little time to think of my own problems in the last two months. I am less conscious of myself in class than I have ever been and my preparation ~~has~~ seems to be done in the same mood. It makes me feel strange and borderless. Where are the edges which I could feel being robbed by every person and situation? Since I did not succeed in having my work diminished, I have simply accepted the situation with the feeling that something will make it easier before I fall apart. There is no worry, only a ~~hopeful~~ fatalism.

I should not write now. This makes no sense, but I don't expect to make sense for a few more days. and I want you to know that I think of you - without being able to say anything more helpful than that fact.

When will I see you?

Margaret.