

Tuesday, February 7, 1950
7:25 A.M.

Dear John,

Priscilla told me that she might be away Saturday night but that she would be there Friday night and Sunday night. So shall I. I will take the 3:00 train arriving at 7:25. If it is convenient for you to come to meet me, that will be good; but I can easily make my way if you cannot.

I should be working hard. I am not at all ready for the three classes that follow breathlessly on each other's heels this morning, but I can't concentrate. WQXR has easily made the transition from The Messiah to Ravel. It is more absurd than the mounting of those etchings.

What we talked about yesterday just before you left still disturbs me very much. I do not know where to stop in my explanations and I know that nothing I can say will make

understandable ^{for you}, what is incomprehensible
for me. And yet, not incomprehensible; that
is the worst part of it. Though it disturbs
me very much, I would rather have
you ask me about it than keep silent
because you are afraid of hurting me.

I must stop. I am sorry this is so
confused. I am. But it was very good to
have you here, and I am better.
Work hard, but sleep, too. It is not good
to be tired. I think all my mistakes
begin in tiredness. If you sleep perhaps
I shall be able to also. Remember
my chameleon-like, imitative nature. Take
care of me by taking care of yourself.

Margaret