

Thursday 11 P.M
2/16/50

Dear John, been

I have been writing letters to schools and other people who might help me to a job almost steadily for four hours--very fluent and straightforward and well-organized letters. And now, as I had anticipated, I begin to fumble and stumble over the keys when I try to write something which approaches more closely to reality.

My life is so incredibly badly organized. Sometimes I think that I could sum up my most terrible mistakes as the results of no plan, or a badly organized plan. I plan so much more work than I can possibly accomplish; that is the central fault of my classes. And yet I think this bad organization is only the mask for something else.

The weekend must be spent in steady work. There are reports to write, teacher's meetings to be prepared for, and Mother, and classes. Oh yes, and one of my favorite students has asked me to dinner. She is so nice and so shy that I am quite afraid of her. All of these hazards in addition to the usual hurdle of too much work.

I have written to a Boarding School at Natick which needs a head for its history dept. I almost hope that they say they need an older and wiser head, for I fear that the resident duties might be very tiring and limiting, and, on principle, I disapprove strongly of boarding schools. And, yet, if I could get away fairly often, it would be good to be so close and in the country.

I have told both the agency and the school that I will be in Cambridge the 25th. I will, if they want to see me. I will have reports to write that weekend, so if I come you must make me work harder than I did last time. By any one else than myself I can be easily disciplined.

I have carried your letter around all day and have read it several times. Some of it puzzles me; it is good that it is in English. You should not be troubled by my sadness on leaving you. Would you have me gay? --to cover my fear and apprehension. I know that I should find my life more meaningful and beautiful. I have known that for a long time. It is a question of learning to love. My terrible curse is that I can find even in my quietest and most beautiful moments with you a source of fear and anxiety. So long as I am like this, every cup to which I put my lips, will be poisoned. Make clean, first, the inside of the cup. (I am sorry--my ears hum, and I am afraid I become incoherent. I must finish this; I must finish something today.) The problem still seems to me first a religious problem. If I could love God, or rather, Christ, I think I could love you and everyone else without fear and limiting self-consciousness.. But I do not know. You think I

should approach the problem by loving first the specific individual. Perhaps you are right. Certainly, it has always seemed impossible for me to understand the abstract except through the specific and immediate. I don't know, but I have often mistaken a love of myself, or its reflection, for a love of others.

It means a great deal to me that I could spend so much time this past weekend not working, though there was so much that I should have done, and simply waiting to see what you would say or how you would look from moment to moment--and all without the least sense of "time wasted." I do not ever remember being able to do this before.

Tired as I am, I am sure this makes no sense. I must try to do a little work and then go to sleep. Tomorrow, while you are at your concert, I shall be at Don Giovanni. Then I shall work all weekend, I hope, except for Church. It will be peaceful. Joy has gone to spend a week with her family, and though I was very nice to her, I was glad to know that I would be alone.

I will write to you when I know what I shall do next week.

Sleep well,

Margaret