

Dear John,

Thursday 3-9-50
6:45 A.M.

I wanted to write to you last night, but when I got home and sat down to work and to write I just couldn't. I was numb and dazed. Your letter made everything a little better yesterday. If only I could par myself out completely each day. But there is no such completeness in classes that limp along, work that is well conceived but executed haltingly. I have tried to cut down on the work that must be done, postponing some, eliminating other items, but this does not remove desperation and anxiety. I thereby create small pauses in which to rest and breathe but they are also taken possession of by anxiety over what remains, what is postponed, or ~~postponed~~ sacrificed. The underlying and pervading anxiety must be replaced by something steadier if I am ever to build anything.

I went to church last night to hear Dr. Buttrick talk about the last phases of Christ's ministry. He was also terribly tired, and I think he was suffering from the current 'flu epidemic. He spoke well in snatches, and then came pauses and searches for words and thoughts, and little errors and mistakes. I could hear myself again in all my classes for the past two weeks.

Perhaps today will be a little better. In a minute I must make myself short outlines for the classes. We will not do anything difficult, only simple, easily explicable things.

There have been a few good things about the week I must think of them too. Joy has telephoned to me from time to time to report on her convalescence from 'flu. She has said that she was sorry to

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me alone so long. I have tried to answer politely and not too insincerely, and, to save my conscience, have attended to the housekeeping with scrupulous care. Tonight I will make supper for her. It has been very good to be able to be quite calm and relaxed here. I have played over and over Mozart's concerto #5 in ~~A~~ Major.

I am glad that my letters are a good substitute for me - though I do not like to send you always these notes that complain and moan about my difficulties. I only send it to you, to send you something so that there will, be, as you say, "some form for your worries".

For me, your letters are rather different. There is always some anxiety in the reading and understanding. There are many things in them which we should talk about when we are together; yet this seldom happens. I have made up my mind and am quite determined

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that next time that I come (next Friday perhaps;
we will talk about them and that you will
read things to me and that we will go to
museums, etc. But I know quite well that
this depends completely on you and that if
you say No! and that all of this is
a background which exists for you anyway,
nothing on which I had determined will happen.
You must not put me off with such explanations
- or tiredness. We are both the poorer for it; I
shall again lapse into silence since I cannot
discuss even our relationship to each other without
reference to other facts and symbols.

I am afraid this is badly expressed
because written in such haste - and probably
much too vigorous - save of the vigor which must
be pumped into my four classes. Forgive the
spill-over.

Margaret.