

Tuesday
March 14, 1950

Dear John,

I feel very peaceful and happy tonight in spite of the discouragements of bad teaching and a long, complicated day. I thought about you most of the way home and hoped there would be a letter here. And there was. And WNYC was kind enough to provide Mozart's Symphony #40 as a background. The music and the letter didn't quite fit; the music was as gay and joyous as St. Francis, and your letter was not; but your letter is only one aspect of you. To see this impatient and protesting side only reminds me of the others. So what I thought about when I read the letter did fit the music.

Now WQXR is playing a Vivaldi Concerto Grosso. I wish that I had not so much work; but it is at least good to have this music to give form to my happiness - which might otherwise evaporate if it could not thus be mirrored. Is this one of the functions of art? Do you approve of this kind of happiness? I always feel troubled by the word, especially when I use it in speaking with you. It has not the perfection of serenity, for it knows that there is still much anxiety and confusion to come. It is rather a resting and breathing space - and yet something more.

Please do not be troubled and anxious that my presence and your work will find themselves in conflict. Though I need very much to see you and be with you - I have been terribly tired and have felt quite helpless - I need also to do the work that will make things easier for me after vacation - and to be alone and quiet and to walk and think by myself - and sleep.

Good night,

Margaret