

May 15, 1950

Dear Jochen,

I am very tired and tense so this will probably be a short and bad letter. Your letter has been one of the few good things in the day. I struggle and struggle and accomplish nothing. This evening has been particularly bad. Joy makes tentative friendly remarks to which I make little or no answer. I would like to be all by myself in a sound-proof room. I do not know how much of my agitation and anxiety is due to the pills I have to take to control my hay fever. But I have seen and heard so many things today that made me feel hot and cold and nauseated that I think that much of my emotional instability must have physical roots.

Thank you for the affection and appreciation expressed in your letter--though I feel so nasty today that I can hardly imagine that it concerns me.

May 16,

My tiredness and excitability is somewhat less tonight--I guess largely because I am alone here --and the weekend is closer, though I still feel very uncertain about that. In addition to all my other worries I am threatened by the possibility of a visit by Radcliffe's President Jordan to my dullest and most difficult class. So after three or four hours of correcting notebooks, a job I loathe, I will try to think of something to say that will stir my class out of their usual bored inertia. I can count on the fingers of one hand the number of times that I have succeeded in such an attempt.

The victrola is playing the Mozart Concerto which I love--and which you would not let me play on the grounds of its incongruity. What would I do without such incongruities?

This does sound like a disagreeable letter; I am sorry; I hope that I will be nicer this weekend. I would like to blame it all on the anti-hay fever pills, but I think it is more than that.

Margaret