

Monday May 29

Dear Jochen,

I spent most of Sunday working very peacefully, rather slowly and in a daze, on the correction of exams. Then Sunday night I came to with a sudden jolt to realize how ridiculously much work must be completed by Wednesday. So this must be a very short note, only enough to let you know that I am all right and that I think of you a great deal, in spite of all this work. Thursday I will try to write more.

All of my time since Sunday morning has been spent in judgment and appraisal of the work and personality of my my students. One would think that this process of judgment and appraisal would extend itself also to the time I spent with you; and yet it does not. I feel strangely peaceful and accepting, unable to wish that I had said or done anything differently. I do not suppose you feel the same way. Your thinking is more logical and analytical. In spite of my own mood I prepare to brace myself for whatever you may write.

The only "perspective" that I have on the two past weekends is the realization of all the unasked questions which are postponed for the right moment. Sometimes they are answered without being asked. The ones that remain range from absurd details, such as how to weight examination questions (details on which I have wasted confused hours) to very important ones - most of them half-framed in awkward German: Wer haben die Grossen Fremden Gedanken the weekend spent? And have they now entirely displaced

Monday May 28
me

Dear Mother

Dear Margaret

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sharply and in a daze, on the concept of exams. Then Sunday night
I came to with a sudden jolt to realize how ridiculously much
work must be completed by Wednesday. So this must be a very short
note, only enough to let you know that I am all right and
that I think of you a great deal, in spite of all this work.
Thursday I will try to write more.
All of my time since Sunday morning has been spent
in judgment and appraisal of the work and generalities of my
very student. One would think that this process of judgment
and appraisal would extend itself also to the time I spent
with you, and yet it does not. I am strangely peaceful and
accepting towards to with that I have said or done anything
different. I do not suppose you feel the same way. I
think I am more logical and analytical. In spite of my own
need I began to have myself for whatever you may write.
The only 'proposition' that I have on other
two past weekends is the realization of all the needed questions
which are postponed for the right moment. Sometimes they are
answered without being asked. The ones that remain longer
than a hand details, such as how to write examination
questions (details on which I have wasted confused hours) to
very important ones - most of them half-formed in
my mind. When have they now entirely displaced
the weekend spent? And have they now entirely displaced