

Thursday June 1

Dear Jochen,

Were you really troubled because you had no letter from me yesterday? You should not have been. It was simply that every moment had to be concentrated on getting the examinations graded and the marks into the office - that in addition to all the regular things and the distraction of a Bryn Mawr "friend" in the apartment Monday and Tuesday and Marty were a great deal. It was a very hard week. Today was the last day. What remains to be done is cleaning out the files, checking maps and ordering books for next year. I shall have plenty to keep me busy. I spent most of the afternoon going through some of my own papers. At five o'clock I realized that I was so tired that I was throwing away almost everything; so I decided to stop.

About what can I write? I am so tired that everything that has happened blurs together. I would like to be lying quite still in the hot sunshine just listening - or almost asleep in a cool room with only the sound of wind in trees or running water. Tomorrow I shall go home for the weekend; perhaps then I will be able to rest. I hope I will come to you well and rested so that I can take care of you. But don't over-work yourself just to give me something to do.

This letter was interrupted for an hour-long
serious conversation with Joy. I think that she does not
at all look forward to spending another winter with a
person who withdraws and makes her feel constrained as much
as I do. Perhaps I shall have to find another place
to live. I do not think that I will become nicer. If only
I could be alone here.

I will write you again when I have more to say.
It seems a very long time since I last saw you and until
I will see you again.

Good night

Margaret