

New York, September 26, 1950

Dear Jochen,

I am very tired, and though my apartment is still very disorderly, I must stop and sleep so that I will be able to think about my teaching problems tomorrow. Thank you for telephoning me. I would have worried tomorrow when I found the mailbox still empty.

I seem to have spent my day working laboriously over meaningless details, mostly red-tape items. I had promised myself that all of that would be finished before I wrote to you or went to bed tonight, but I am very far from the end. Perhaps if I had fewer of these little things to worry about, I would be more anxious about the teaching, my life here for the next nine months, and all the other things which can only be met by more patience than I have.

I wish that I could say something to you to help you, but I know so little about what you are doing and why it is hard for you. Everything that I try to say seems ridiculous, and so inadequate that the typewriter refuses to write it. I should be close to you tonight to cook your supper and wash your dishes and rub your back. I think that I could do almost anything and everything that had to be done, but now I am so tired that I can think and say no more.

Deine  
Margaret