

Monday
Oct. 2. 1950

Dear Jochen,

Thank you for telephoning me.
I do not know whether it is
tiredness, or the badness of the
compositions that I have been reading,
or something else but I feel so unhappy
and restless this evening that I
can hardly work. I will stop now,
take down the trash, mail this, and
read a little; perhaps that will
calm me. Everything that I want
seems so simple and so impossible.
Forgive me. Sometimes I cannot be
good and patient. Tonight I feel
tired and miserable and I ~~do~~ am
so naughty that I do not want
to be anything else. Ich ^{wäre} ~~wäre~~
~~et~~ ein bisschen Iphigenie lesen.

Gute nacht

Deine
Margaret.