

Dear Jochen,

New York, October 30, 1950

I am so disheartened that I do not know whether I can do any of the work that must be done. One little girl almost wept today over her "Failing". Everyone seemed to be annoyed or restless today. The Teachers' Meeting that I had thought took place today is tomorrow, so I left school early to return the records. A new pressing will be out next week. Will you give Alex the enclosed receipt. Since I was near the agency I went in to see Miss Watson. My desire to leave the Brearley and New York makes her view me suspiciously, but she said that she would do what she could for me. She says that there are no jobs to be had in Boston ^{schools} except "By politics" but that the Newton schools are good. At the moment "my plans" seem to me as impossible as they do to you.

After that I went to have supper with Aunt Mamie--- because I had a little time this week and because it is easier to do things one doesn't want to do the first time one is asked. In spite of the way her children are brought up and the way the house and her life is run, I am fond of her---I do not know why; but I am never happy with her and tonight was awful.

I shall dress and mail this letter and then I shall try to work. Perhaps you are even now shaping my words "I do not know what to say to you" into an elaborate scheme. But the truth, which is that I love you and need you, is very simple and very hard for me. And I hate telephones. Why did you call me up? To tell me that "my plans" are impossible? or to ask me for help?

So far as "my plans" for the weekend are concerned they depend on you. If you want me to come I will. If not, it doesn't really matter where I am.

Deine,
Margaret

Brahms, Prokofiev, Wienawski, and I² didn't listen but thought of uncomfortable things out of the past. The music was a good background.

I am to have dinner with Aunt Lois on Tuesday. At first I allowed myself to be invited to a play too, but then I wiggled out. I am still feeling pleased at my escape as well as annoyed at the initial stupidity. Except for such interruptions the time between tonight and Friday is a dull continuity of small clerical jobs. I know very little what the content of my classes will be; I only know of the many conferences I will have to have with girls who have written bad tests or who simply can't write sentences. — But I am so tired everything seems grey. Good night. How much I would rather spend the afternoon listening to you play the violin — and watching your grimaces.

Deine,
Margaret