

New York, October 30th, 1960

Dear Tochen,

It is past my bedtime but I have more marks to average up and a few Special Reports on new or "weak" girls. I am so tired that I really can't add at all, so that I will leave the rest for 6 A.M.

It was good to hear you so happy last night. I have misgivings about this work - partly because I feel as if I need your time - and because you work to exhaustion. I know your answers to both of these points, so it isn't necessary to ~~discuss~~ discuss them. I am glad that you are happy about the work.

The concert and its aftermath took time and a little energy. It was, so far as I was concerned, a meaningless gesture. I do not know how the music was. It was mostly

Brahms, Prokofiev, Wieniawski, 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