

New York, November 8, 1950

Dear Jochen,

Last night I was too tired and discouraged to write to you, and this morning I am so daunted by the prospect of the things that must be lived through today. But I have been a good girl, and I have spent a lot of time thinking. I like reading Plato and I like trying to find the right notes on the piano, but I can tell you very little more than that. Anxiety about my teaching, though it goes a little better, still hangs over me in spite of my efforts. My classes are bored and I feel exhausted. The fact that I must spend an afternoon in a teachers meeting and then go to dinner and to read answers to questionnaires with the head of the Bryn Mawr Academic Committee seems quite impossible to me. I suspect that my fellow teachers begin to find me very strange because I say so little to them.

Yesterday I saw a reproduction of a print (perhaps by Hogarth) which is being shown in the Philadelphia Art Museum exhibition. It was a very unpleasant dissection scene, and I was suddenly shaken by a knowledge of ~~the~~ what you must live through. To know this and to be so preoccupied with my own anxieties makes me feel very inadequate.

But there are other things in the Philadelphia exhibition which we must see, especially the Rembrandt St. Peter from the museum in Amsterdam. Can we go at Thanksgiving?

Deine, Margaret