

New York

November 30, 1950

Dear Jochem,

I began a letter to you last night, but I was so tired that it came to nothing. Your telephone call worried and depressed me so much that I almost called you later when I was alone. Was your confusion in part due to having Joy answer the telephone?

Joy asked me how I liked living alone and I understood again what I often forget through lack of examination—that I hardly "like" or "dislike"; sometimes I hardly feel my own difficulties. My life here is merely an interval, not really life at all. Even the moments when I sit down at the piano exist in a vacuum and hardly affect all the other moments. I wonder whether it is good that I became so anesthetized; I certainly could not work at all if I felt always as I felt Sunday, and yet my life is so terribly unbalanced.

WMYC is playing the Jupiter symphony. The reason that I write to you

so early in the evening when I should ^②
be working hard is that I cannot correct
notebooks against the music. I can
write to you, and the music is
the least painful way for me to
lose some of my numbness.

My classes today were as good as
they were bad yesterday - very good.
I feel so much better that I could
even sit down to write the letters to
the schools if I had not so much
preparation and correction to do.
Bryn Mawr has sent the names and
addresses ~~of~~ which I needed. I will
write this weekend, probably while I
am at home.

Janet has telephoned to ask me
what Mother wanted done about Christmas
and what she could do. I shocked her by
telling her that we hadn't discussed it
and that I had no intention of doing
any shopping. She was certainly surprised,
but I do not think that she was angry.
She will have to assume the burdens
just as she did last year. I was a
little surprised myself at my firm
negativeness. I hope she will not repeat
me verbatim to Mother who might be hurt.

Janet promised to write a letter to ^③ her friend Miss Stedman in the Radcliffe employment bureau. She really seems to be trying to be very nice.

I have so much work to do. In addition to the tests that I have given are notebooks which take literally hours to correct. Whether I will get home this weekend becomes doubtful. The siege will last until Wednesday when the reports are due, and then there will undoubtedly be something else. If my classes go well I think I can get through it without trouble.

December 1

Last night I read the few selections in my prose anthology from Luther's translation of the Bible. Do you remember the 90th Psalm?

Deine
Margaret