

1-10-51

Dear Jochen,

It is almost three o'clock and I am still unable to sleep. I have tried to tell myself that I can work all night and that that is what I should do, but I am depressed; I want to sleep, and my working becomes a mere turning of pages. I do not know why I am like this. Perhaps because Papa gave me a shot of B₂ to make me feel less tired. I would rather be exhausted and sleep.

I read some more Rilke tonight, but then cats began to howl, and I felt so lonely that it was unbearable, so I began to read King Lear. But I was too tired for that too.

My work is going fairly well. I have written no more letters. I am waiting for the answers to the

letters already written.

Are you all right? Or were you depressed tonight? I wondered when you did not call. I hope that you are now sound asleep, lying very still and peaceful.

I think of you very often. In spite of this silly sleeplessness, I feel quite calm and unworried most of the time. But now the week-ahead and the months ahead seem so long. Ich bin geduldig, aber ich bin auch sehr müde. Ich würde schlafen.

Deine,
Margaret