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**GRAND CENTRAL
ARTISTS' MATERIALS INC.**

45 Vanderbilt Ave. New York 17, N.Y.

March 31, 1954 - 8/27/57

Traveling journal

Earl says I ought to sum up each day in one lyrical phrase. He just suggested for today, "introspection, confection, evocation."

I told him that he ought to keep a journal - he's a natural.

Seriously, the difficulty of keeping the journal on trips has heretofore proved insurmountable, and since I hate to catch up - the moving finger having left moves on - so trips our travels have gone largely unrecorded. I will just try to capture

The sparks evanescent,
sparks of reactions which
tantalize me unless I write
about them.

New York always makes
me aware of how fundamental
is my pleasure in the well-
groomed life. I like to feel
the relaxation of being
appropriately and harmoniously
~~dressed~~ arranged from ~~head~~
~~to toe~~ to ~~to~~ pinked
toe. I enjoy ~~every~~ anything
I do ~~more~~ far more when
I am satisfied with the
material that touches my body,
the swirl of my curls, the
fit & blend of my clothes

Picture of "Frau Cow"
having Breakfast in
bed in Washington.

Wednesday, July 28 - The Belmont

West-Harwich-by-the-Sea
Cape Cod

see

In early morning yet and I am alone at the foot of the sea. The horizon comes in fronting me in a perfect arch. The sky is uniformly veiled with an ephemeral layer of clouds, transparent enough to allow hint of the sunlight to behind like one heavenly dominant second chord so close to resolution: whose vibrations tingle so close to home to resolution, to the shining sun.

The beach is decorated with yesterday's sand castles, slightly battered, ~~sap~~ ~~runnels~~ misshapen, crumbling, forgotten castles. The children, are not up yet to build new ones. I long to watch them when they do. The

is an intensity of concentration and pleasure on their faces that always seemed to me to be one of the necessary ingredients of genius - the feeling that nothing on earth could be more important and or exciting than the work at hand. But genius is a word used by outsiders, who are missing most of the fun - I think.

We arrived here yesterday after a drive along the missouri coast. Dalila and Bunny had so worked up a good appetite for the "masses" - words of fat, sloppy tourists who have set up their flop houses & tinky eating places so close together that there is hardly room to breath, much less drive. When

I am on vacation I like wide open spaces and beautiful people - unless I am exploring a new place as I would read a travel book with no sense of identification. But I wanted to like the coast as a possible place for summer vacations and so was irritated that so many ^{many} ~~strange~~ people that whose looks I do not like ~~had~~ set up their claim before me. We stopped in Newport. I had always wanted to see that fabulous place where such strong men spent so much money. I was almost bewitched by the magnificence and felt like an architect seeing for the first time the master's castle. This is an odd reaction for me because I have a lot of money. Yet I rarely think of myself as wealthy.

which seems like a terrible waste of money! Earl says that since I have not in general associated with people of great large fortunes, I have ~~not~~ absorbed many of their attitudes towards money. Some of the wonder & curiosity about it. I often feel relieved when we left Newport like waking up from a faintly frightening dream. We spent the night at Riverton at the Shore Inn which looked save me the feeling of a brothel which had been only recently aired & repainted. The proprietors had looked unsavory - as though they would steal from widows & hot small children. We had a delicious lobster dinner which made us eat up the ^{for everything} proprietress ^{came over & said, "What do you want?"} minute I sat near the water my appetite grows. I smell ~~food~~ as we drive along and pick up delicious scents way up the

out from the smallest nor
dog stand. The food at the Bel-
mont is excellent. Yesterday we
arrived about an hour
before dark. We turned off
the main route at the
junction or a small sign
saying Belmont Hotel. We
passed the usual series of
packed ~~box~~ houses that look
like the tourists' suitcases
rather than homes, and then,
ahead, shone the open sea.
Directly on the beach, surrounded
by gardens, stands the Belmont
and its adjoining cottages. We
drove to the entrance which
gleamed with fresh paint - were
escorted inside by two bell hops -
The place is elegant and I liked
it on sight. It's like the Travelling
First class on the Queen Mary.

There is a stiff breeze which
cools me, but occasionally
the sun comes out in
full strength. The way it ^{way}
warms me is much like this.
I am warmed lying close in
Earl's arms on a cold night.
The sheets are ^{cool} as is the breeze.
Earl's warmth
is not sudden like a radiator,
but expansive like the sun's.
~~It warms~~, and intimate. The
sand or the water do not
seem to respond to the
warmth as directly as I do.

Thur. July 29

Earl just read me a description
of Faulkner which fits himself
to a tee - "he likes friends,
but he ^{shove} ~~sure don't~~ don't give a damn for makin'
them." I have been telling Earl that
if I had to think of one perfect
fortune for why I would have
him spend one week at

a resort hotel as the "host"
greeting and introducing people,
and amusing them with light
witty conversation. I have
noticed that Earl will walk
100's of yards out of his way
to avoid talking with someone
with whom I have had
a brief conversation or he
will stay in the water
rather than
hours
for
return to our
is a would-be
near by. Last
an informal
Belmont. I said I wanted to
go — and Earl agreed as he
always does if I clearly state
my wishes unequivocally.
I felt beautiful and like dancing —
two feelings that usually go
together with me. We went

to the cocktail lounge to have
a drink before dinner. Earl
told me ~~that~~ he began to feel
nervous being away from his work
so long - especially when he ~~thought~~
~~thought~~ he might
have to meet some people.
"What's the point," he said with
a boyish grin, "we wouldn't
talk about anything interesting.
If I had my choice, I would
have made Earl just a little
less bashful. There are times
when I enjoy having a group
of people around me. When
I am with Earl I have
double difficulties to achieve this.
First of all, I don't like
meeting strangers and almost never
take the initiative, secondly,
I know that if I do make
any acquaintances, Earl will do
his best to avoid them. Unfortunately
there is something in my nature
which reacts to a new group
of people like a child night

to a center of various candies —
he would want at least 6
taste each kind. I am not
comfortable living in the presence
of new people, passing them in
halls, sitting next to them at
meals and at the beach, brushing
by them on the dance floor —
and not knowing them. Each, on
the other hand, is not comfortable
if he has to know them. This
is perhaps the biggest difference
between our personalities. But it
does not amount to a
chasm for we both respect each
other's temperament and make
concessions with our own, concessions
which amount to a pleasure,
since they make us aware of
our own closeness.

Friday, July 30

We are sitting out on the beach - the only ones to brave this grey, windy ^{morning} day! Our beach chairs are nestled under the fluttering wing of our bright umbrella, which protects us at least a little from wind & blowing sands.

Yesterday we bought two books, "Sweet Thursday" by Steinbeck for me, and "Of Whales and Men" by Robertson for Earl. I read only a few pages, but under Earl's leisure questioning as we walked along the blaches, I learned a lot about the American housewife in general. "How are you enjoying the books, darling?" Earl asked.

"Very much - you know I think Steinbeck is like an old time preacher - his dialogue is filled

with one moral after another.
He is does as much moralizing
as any author I've ever
read - and I like it."

"That's interesting that you
like should like that sort of
thing," Earl said -

"Well I guess I do because
I'm on his side - I agree with
most of his morals, + think
~~it's very simply~~ he seems to be
pointing out that even taking
into account all the injustices
in the world, the kind, open
people have a better time of it
than the shysters. It doesn't
matter whether the setting is
a brothel or a convent, the
rules of the game are pretty
much the same and so are the
prizes. He doesn't think that the no. of "types" you have
make much of a difference in who happens who isn't
a lot from Steinbeck's dialogue
& character - but he didn't
learn about the clarity of St.
~~the~~ eye. I think Bellows

believed everything sordid he
heard about prostitutes, & pimps,
and was so shocked & repelled
by it that his whole view
of the ^{rest of the} world, as well as of
prostitutes & pimps, has been
so warped ever since. Whereas
Sternbach is not thrown off
by the name of the occupation,
& so catches the infinite
numbers of human appetites
& similitudes which exist
in any walk of life. And
to the way he can ~~describe~~
give to life a unique 3-
dimensional character in a
few phrases is a real pleasure
to me. Now that I am writing
a bit myself, I know how
very hard that is."

"You've begun to use
other authors the way I do other
painters," Earl said. "You know
enough about what you are
going to know what you
can use from their work."

"That's so - and it makes reading so much more fun, you know - all the while I was reading Steinbeck, I was struck by a similarity between his way of breaking down an idea into simple words and my father, Daddy's, way of talking. They both like the ~~superficial~~ simplification of an idea - rather than the process of complication, as do the French for instance. I think this is one of ability to talk about ideas, which the Europeans previously handled in complex philosophical terms in short common words + sentences, is an important American contribution. Steinbeck is doing this kind of thing on every other line, and we believe this simplifying

fits in with our traditional
view of exaggeration - for what
is accurate exaggeration but
also a way of simplifying,
of picking out the substance
and making it easy to see.
Come to think of it, Hemingway
has been doing the same thing
it has gone so far as to
try to handle the universal
subjects with a yeah, a nope,
a good-god-damn and a
maybe - personally I think
Hemingway's dialogue tends
towards oversimplification. It
always seemed self-conscious
to me. Steinbeck's talk has
a much greater ring of authenticity.
But both of these men seemed
to have the feeling that the
only way to speak clearly ^{is}
is to speak roughly - as if a limited
vocabulary, poor grammar and
~~profanity~~ oaths were a guarantee of
sincerity & straightforward thinking - I
have only to look at Thoreau
to know this is not so.

It seems to me, Earl, that you
are working on ~~taking up~~^{the next}
American literature -
step - towards a less elaborate
& fearful simplicity - You
are going to use the ~~best~~^{kind}
of beauty that Frank Lloyd
Wright and Alexander Calder,
and Robert Flaherty & Robert
Frost abashed from the
world around them - a rich,
fertile, smiling and strong and
joyous beauty that tall bespeaks
of growth with gladness
rather than with fear - as that
seems to haunt Hemingway & Steinbeck.
Change always means two things,
life and death. You instinctively
gravitate towards the life part.
But to get back to ^{contemporary} American
novelists, I think their greatest
significance will be their way
of simplifying what the Europeans
& the Victorians is imitation

at the Europeans, so complicated by
this sense. However modern
authors are in the main
stream of Americanism. They
are using the same methods
as our big business men, our
scientists, our engineers

Sat. July 31

The rhythmic lyricism of Steinbeck's
dialogue is as beautiful to me
as any poetry I can think of.
His use of proverbs is descriptive
rather than ejaculatory. I
certainly don't agree with the
critics who called Sweet
Thursday a sort of comical frolic
with old Steinbeck favorites. He
is writing about love & need
and loneliness & friendship &
honesty. Any critic who missed
that misses one hell of a lot
as my friends on Camryn Rd
will put it.

Earl and I have been doing
quite a lot of rescue work

white on our daily peregrinations we discovered that the little green sea weed tails that mark the ~~the~~ wet sand are attached to tiny buried crab-like creatures. Just pull on the tail, and out of the sand you see get a despondent crawling creature crawling through this air in a desperate attempt to get buried again. However, occasionally, they get twisted up in their tails, and are left stranded on the fast drying sand. Earl tenderly ~~leads~~ picks the casualties up by their sea weed tails; and rolls them by pulling them through the water. When he feels they have regained sufficient strength, he drops them into a sheltered wave and we watch them burrow under in one swift gesture, leaving their flailing manners to undulate to

the rhythm, the gentle surf.

Sunday, August 1

This morning Earl and I went to the Belmont's garage to see H. L. Cantine's Wild Cat an experimental sports car put out by Buicks. There is only one and it cost around \$30,000. Next to the shining blue Wildcat was a ~~steel~~ regular Buick Road master. There seemed to be no difference in the quality of craftsmanship between the hand-tooled and the mass-production models. Tears almost came into my eyes at the thought of the superb quality an American industry is capable of producing. We have an artistic tool in our hands whose power & scope has not even been touched.

Last night we went to the formal dance at the hotel.

The highlight of the evening was my dancing with Fran l'Esperance and Earl's reaction to watching us.

Fran and I glided across the large ballroom laughing and enjoying the movement of our bodies. I wasn't thinking about anything but the pleasure of dancing. When I went back to Earl, his eyes were "shining." You are so beautiful, he said. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Your ankles are so slim - your figure is perfection. I want to learn to dance with you. I was a fool to worry about

myself. If I'm dancing with you, no one could possibly be noticing me."

I must say that all this made dancing with Fran a double pleasure.

I am sitting in the liter writing room at a table covered with a vast unassembled puzzle sit-

Enio Pintzic and his family. (I think). He strode into the room in a light yellow shirt brown trousers new moustache, horn-rimmed glasses and sat down. ~~began~~ without saying a word. Some little man just so came in to say good-bye to him. "I want to take you out to dinner some night when we get back O.K.?" "O.K." grunted Enio

without looking up or smiling
with his touchy rich voice.

He seemed very grumpy - without
a pleasant word for anyone

Mon. Aug. 2

Last night at dinner, I suddenly
felt faint. Perspiration broke
out all over me, my heart
began to pound and I
had a nauseous feeling at the
my stomach. Earl walked
me out on the porch - it
was a very warm evening.
"You're pregnant," he said
flatly. My mind had not
worked that fast, "Don't you
think so?" he said without
much of a question mark at
the end. At first I rebuked violently
against the thought. Mainly
because it undermines our confidence
in our ability to control pregnancy.

We use always use contraception
but perhaps not early enough
in the evening.

Also I have recently spent
many happy moments in
revering ~~about~~ making plans
for my winter activities
& my winter wardrobe.
I was going to go to Carole's
theatre ensemble &
for a one ^{her} decidedly feminine
tweed suit. While the servant
problem also flashed through
my mind. It is too soon
to build our new up-and
to go with 3 children. I'll
need more than just myself.
Maybe a cleaning woman
5 mornings a week. But the
house is not really big
enough for this. For it
^{would be} difficult to have any privacy.
Earl ~~also~~ interrupted these thoughts.
After we've had four children,
I'm going to be sterilized. Damn

J. I can't stand this lack of control."

I told him I thought this was a terrible idea. We might lose some of our children in an accident & want another, or I might die & Earl remarries & want children by his new wife - anyway I don't like the idea.

But I have been wanting a baby recently. I have dreamt about it so vividly that till the whole next day I felt the excitement of having holding the new baby in my arms. So my disturbance is more geared more towards future pregnancies than towards this one.

Dec. 6, 1954 - N.T.C.
Waldorf

March 30, 1955. Train to Wash.
He's no longer the fair-
haired boy.

Traveling South ^{in March} is like
moving forward in time
~~rather than space~~. The
mist of green about the
trees in Philadelphia has
deepened + colored with hints
in Baltimore. The grass
changes within the hour
from straw to lime to
emerald. ~~March~~ ^{Spring} is a
time of year where
changes show. Change

is in a continuous process, but
at Spring & Fall time at
birth and death, change
becomes a celebrity, and
we wait upon her
slightest gesture.

Things on the face -
we might hear some news
from the Whithneys about
~~now~~. An invitation to
compete for their annual
group show. 75% ^{the} show
is by invitation, 25% by
competition. But I do not
see how Farl can fail
at least to be asked to
compete. If he is not,
and if his work sometimes

to be rejected by people in
a position to help him,
I shall find myself
more & more,
growing
Scornful of their opinion.
I have attached my life
to Earl & his work and
I am not going to be
beaten down by opinions
even if they be from
the head of a very simple
gallery & museum in the
country. I know I like
the work because I
have lived with it,
and once had
the joy of possession
nobody's opinion can

Take it away, the joy
away from me. And the
fact that they do not
share my pleasure is
their loss, not mine
by God.

When we picked up the
paintings on Tuesday there
was no sign of any kind
about ~~whether~~ the staff's
opinion. We took them
from the Whitney to Aunt
Rose's for the night, &
then the next morning
at 9:00, we dropped off
the four paintings at
the Graggenheim where

Sweeney will look at
+ hear at his convenience
within the next two
months. This is a better
he performs for any artist
who cares to avail himself
of it. He does not write
a well his opinions, though,
which will be some satisfaction
in contrast to the blank
~~W~~
response at the

Whitney.

The same day we
happened to go to a gallery
called Pandoras ~~Gallery~~. — ~~or~~ a
tiny room a few blocks
in an unattractive business
building. We went to
see Gerassi's paintings

which had been featured in
Time magazine. There was
only room for about 6 or
7 paintings in the narrow
room. A fat woman sat
on a couch, ~~and~~ after a few
moments after we arrived
her ~~large~~ daughter came
running in and greeted
her mother affusively. The
daughter was college age,
~~gross~~, pimply, oily haired
baggy sockinged, warm ~~and~~
hopelessly unattractive. A
woman who evidently had
some time to do with the gallery
asked us to sign her
sure to sign the guest book
before we left. She

stood next to me as I
concrete and I congratulated
her on getting her first
into Time, she asked me
if I painted and I said
no but my husband does.
~~so which~~ She Her response
amazed me. "Let me
introduce you to my husband."
She said. Earl and me.
~~He was~~ Short, smiling
~~and~~ that looked like a
little Jewish tailor. What
kind of painting do you
do? Modern? We have
mostly modern.

"Wolff," said Earl slowly,
as he hates to call his
paintings anything. "Wolff... -

"Yes, I guess you'd say
modern. Yes, ~~they're~~^{they're} modern.

"Do you have a gallery?"
asked the man.

"No, that's what I'm
looking for said Earl,

"Would you like to
bring in your work
& let me see it?"

"Yes, I would," said Paul,
"I'll bring you in some
color shots."

"Mr. Govassi is coming
in in a minute. Won't
you stay to meet him?"

The wife asked us we
chatted with her for a while.)
How long have you had

the gallery, I asked her, "only since September." "Well, I think it's amazing you've done so much so quickly," I said. "How did you happen to get into this work?"

~~St.~~ She smiled and told us how her husband had always loved painting and dreamed of having a gallery and wanted it for him; she went on, "So we left a good business and started this. You can't make any money with a gallery, but he loves it." We left with the promise to bring in hot soup.

As we ~~wandered~~ walked back to the Gotham, I told back, that no matter what part, that no matter what developed, I had been vastly impressed by these people who ~~seemed~~ spoke openly of their pleasure and boasted ~~the~~ ^{the} people who came to see them paintings as human beings instead of as objects, in the manner of the more high-toned salaried. Our plan is ~~for me to~~ take excellent pictures in black & white, color & stored (with new camera) of the paintings, cut-outs & sculptures and then go to make appointments with every gathering that interests us.

to show them the photos
of Pandoras Box last night
I want to know as much as possible
about terms & the extent or our bargaining power
before we approach the one gallery in all of N.Y.C.
that has appeared eager to
see new paintings. I am
soon to start taking pictures
the minute we return
home from Washington.

we had a lonely time
with Span & Bill in N.Y.
seeing two "shows" "Witness
for the Prosecution" &
"The Bad Seed". Whenever
on my infrequent theatre
trips I always realize
that nothing takes the
place of the theatre, for

There is no substitute
for the live actors. That is
a difference — that

thus: Aug 11, 1955. Chas

Chautauqua - Hotel Munice.

Last night in the large
cream-colored Amphitheatre
I stood & sang "The Star
Spangled Banner" for
the first time in a long
while. I was so moved
I could hardly sing. "What
a stroke of luck to belong
to the right country at
the right time — when
she is riding up to the crest
of world power, economically,
scientifically, socially, & culturally. I rolled
down upon the singing

audience and felt a strong
kinship with these Americans
who shared the glory with
me, whether they knew it
or not.

The program was a "pop"
concert - all Cole Porter. We
sat in the choir loft
facing the conductor,^{Walter Head}
watched him control his
orchestra + the chorus with
gestures so powerful that
the lifting of a single
finger evoked a soaring
~~tone in the~~ ^{the} lifting a soaring
movement of his arms.
Wrought forth a swooping
ascend, + then he could stop
them short as a pin prick,
by a downward slice - &
threw his hand.

I was magnetised by these
gestures as by loving
hands, where each move-
ment, ~~each~~ counts. ~~with~~
~~with~~, the music of
Cole Porter seemed my
music, far more than the
Sibelius we heard the
night before. Porter's
music is mine in
the sense that it evokes
my favorite memories
and dreams. I am always
surprised at how glittery
they are: ~~whatever~~ ~~I~~ feel
particularly good, glamourous
involved somewhere. Danced
in Satin gowns, ^{without} ~~with~~ ever
having a home or other

experience, but ~~had~~ Traveling
widely & well, and always,
writing, & having written
and being praised and
feted & listened to by
~~among~~ everyone and being
on close terms with those
I admire ^{instead} ~~rather~~ & always
on the outside of

After the concert I
mentionned to Earl how
I hoped some day we'd
live really beautifully off
china and silver & frosted
cocktails served by a maid.
He ^{laughed} ~~went into~~ dull, &
one-sided conversation
about the omniscient servants
problem and how we might
live this way every once

in a while for two weeks
if we traveled to Europe, but
that he couldn't foresee
it was being an every day
thing.

"Oh, Earl, you just
like the thought of
seeing me out in the
kitchen till my dying
day. Other people manage
to live graciously with
servants, even today."

"Not many."
"What difference does
that make - not many people
have ever lived well.
That's no reason why I
shouldn't."

"Now, you remember
what Frank Folsom said
(Pres. of R.C.A.), he wants

to get rid of all his servants
all his servants out of
the house on weekends
so he can relax.

My mood was destroyed
in depending it. Earl was
light in a picky way, but
I felt in my heart that
he has had a certain
dangerous background that
he'll never get over, soon
as his imagination does
in other fields.

At moments like these
I always catch the
phrase, "Thank God for writing"
repeating over & over in my
mind. As if my
writing is my only hope to
make me accepted easily as an
equal with people, like
Bromfield for instance &

I met him today. I'd have
to be given a lot of time
to establish a personal
relationship with him.
But if he knew my
works, he would immediately
have a ~~bad~~
rapport.

But what was really
irritating me was not
that we don't have
jobs or servants. It
was that I wanted in
my life something like
what Daddy has in his -
when he goes somewhere, he
is immediate contact with
leaders & parties and
gets the best of food & shelter.
He is special & he carries

his specially with him.
Earl and I do not have
this. I know it takes
time & ~~luck~~^{work & good fortune,} etc., etc.,
but, damn it all, I cannot
stop myself from thinking
for it right now. (This
happens to me on every
vacation during the first
few days. after which
I invariably relax + enjoy
myself.)

Friday, Aug 12

Suzanne & Stephanie are
at school. My ~~too~~
two little girls are at school.
I have just begun to be
used to them as part of
family life, and they are

already beginning a life
of their own filled with
people & activities unknown
to me. This vacation
it is bringin' up us very
close as a family.

We are stayin' up at the
Minicie Hotel - The only
spacious thing about it
is the view onto vast
Lake Chautauqua. The
two bed rooms are
as Suzanne calls them
"baby rooms", filled to
bursting point with the
beds, the rocking chairs,
the dressers, our clothes &
suit cases, ^{and two plastic dolls} the bathroom is
so tiny that Earl cannot

Sit down on the toilet without leaving the door open, ^{for his knees}. The sink is in our bedroom, & the front towel rack over it is strung not only with towels but with underwear & the girls pajamas.

They wet their beds. This morning I heard two voices calling to me - "Mummy," one said, "I 'spire."

"Mummy," the other said, "I 'spire, & it's alright, I 'spire."

I knew immediately what this meant. They had not sputtered; they had

wet their beds.

I went in to check &
so it was.

"Wanna be good,
wanna be good, wanna
kiss you." Stephanie
said, trying to scramble
hastily out of her wet
pyjamas.

Earl sat out of bed
& came towards us.

"Did you wet your
bed?" Stephanie?

Her lips began to tremble
& tears filled her eyes

"Wanna be good."

Earl gave her hand,
cold bottom a resounding
whack. She screamed and
cried audibly.

Then Earl turned to Suzanne.

"Did you meet your bed,
Suzanne?"

She was hidden way
down under the covers. It
took Earl a few moments
to un-turst the ~~the~~
bed clothes to fit + remove
play her met pajamas.

Another resounding
whack + another scream.

Then we went back
to bed. So within a few
moments, they were playing
happily in ~~at~~ their room,
making beds on the floor
out of pillows.

On the whole, I have
been extremely proud of the

girls' behavior. They enjoyed
the long car drive in
the Sunbeam. The
back of the car, was packed
with suitcases & miscellany;
they could not put their legs
down. Only one could lie
down at a time; the other,
had to lie on my lap in
the front. Despite these
uncomfortable quarters, they sang
and played and watched
the passing scene with
~~enthusiasm~~ enthusiasm. They
commented on
the passing scene and
enthusiastically. They
entertained us and I enjoyed
the trip much more because
they were there. We only stopped
three times, once for ~~so~~ lunch

and twice for tinkle up. It
was the first time the
girls had seen a
public ladies' room. & not
wanting to let them sit
on the toilet - which now
seemed even more filthy to
me than usual, I held
them suspended two above
the toilet while they were
like novices. When it was
my turn at last, Stephanie
kept insisting, "Wanne
hold you up, wanne had
you up, ~~Mummy~~ Mom.,
- would you please call
me, Mummy." I said for the
10th time, ignoring her demand.
"Alright, Mom." said Stephanie
in her loud voice.

when we finally arrived at Chautauqua, the girls were thrilled by the sight of the enormous lake, glistening in the fresh wind and sunlight.

"Look, Mom, see my swimming pool."

"That's not a swimming pool," I said, "that's a lake," I said.

"I Judy," Suzanne said

"I know dear, you're horsey Judy + Stephanie's horsey Sop." I said softly.

The girls were anxious to see ~~the~~ Grandma and Grandpa. Every other elderly man they saw was Grandpa.

Sat. Aug. 13

(Chautauqua)

East had said a long while ago that as the understanding of psychiatry increases, the ~~bad~~ villain will disappear from literature. In place of good and evil, will be sanity & unsanity, health & sickness.

We discussed verification of this in a lecture given here by Dr. Karl Menninger, the psychiatrist. He was talking about crime. He said that there were never any "monsters" once you knew the case. There were distracted, disturbed, bitter heartbroken people, usually poor, who committed the crimes.

Once you studied the undivided
with understanding or with
love as in the case of
a relative or friend, the
horrible monster becomes a
fiction, leaving a sick
person who needs help.

Most of the tragedies
that may force
~~such~~ would be from

Tues Aug. 16

I feel too tired to write,
not having slept well
last night. I had many
bad dreams and awoke
in tears several times.
I was furious with my
father because the
in his off-handed manner

implied that Earl wanted
he accused Earl of _____
my money. When I tried
to point out that this
was utterly untrue, Daddy
brushed aside my
explanations, saying he
didn't want to go into
that . . . he didn't have
the time. I couldn't
make him listen to me.
Every time I woke up
& began to doze off again
I would attempt to redo
the scene so that I
would dominate my
father & make him listen
to the truth. But I never
could. I only broke into
tears & ineffectually,
shouted at my father
that if he felt that

way about the god damn
money, he should take
it all back. At any rate,
I would never discuss money
with him again and he
could do anything he damned
well pleased with it. I
really swore at him &
told him I hated him.

Mon Aug 22

We are not going ~~have~~
today because of the
cataclysmic flood which
has inundated our North
Western Connecticut. We
have tried in vain
for the past few days
to reach telephone, but
all the lines are down.

We have read in the paper
that Salisbury & Canaan
are health hazard areas
food & water pollution falls
village has been isolated.
The destruction in Winsted
& parts of Torrington
has been called part
salvaging. Hundreds of people
have been killed - children
being washed out from
their mothers' arms, and
families losing one another
as the waters ~~rose~~
swirled in on them.

I have an irrational
regret at having missed the
catastrophe. There are opportunities
to become close to people
during disasters. I feel left

out of this closeness which
must have arisen among
those in my community
who shared the dangers.

I find myself day-dream-
ing about how I saved so
and so's child from
a tidal wave at great
danger to myself. I see
all the fragile, Victorian
houses of Chautauqua
covered to the tips of their
~~decorative~~ chimneys, with
women & children clinging
to television antennae. I
am helping everyone.

Tom is up at the Hubbards'
now trying again to visit
Lime Rock. I have a stamp
longing to get home before

everything has returned to
normal.

Lately I have been
immersed in ~~psychiatry~~ ^{psychiatry} ~~psychology~~ via
Dr. Karl Meninger. First
because of him personally
& then through his book,
Man Against Himself.

¶ I heard Meninger
lecture twice in the Ampli-
theatre - and I was drawn
to him although he must be
in his late 60's. Here was
a man I would like to know.
He had the sense what
I call the sense of sig
Significances: he has a
profound view of life and he
^(unconsciously) relates anything that happens
what happens, even the smallest
"insignificant" event to this view

He is also a man of action. He puts his views about human-beings to work. He has ^{is} a practising ~~psychiatrist~~^{psychiatrist} & a leader among psychologists.

I am going to read all his books - and probably other men's books.

I feel I am learning a language which I have needed to know, a language with which to understand myself and my world.

I feel that without a knowledge of psychiatry, there are certain things that will always be in darkness to me. And I like the attitude towards myself & toward others which psychiatry

stimulates in me - an attitude of understanding
which is the way to an attitude of love.

Tues. Aug. 23

We are still at Chautauqua but we do not want to take the children back until we know the condition of health conditions Earl is up at his parent's ^{home}, being for the fifth day to telephone. I am sitting on the Munice porch in an old green rocking chair, ~~I am~~ bundled up in layers of light summer clothing (all I have) topped by a ~~tan~~ trench coat with the collar turned up to warm my ears. My hands ~~are~~

feel awkwardly stiff. I
am facing lake
Chautauqua. It looks as
though it is racing toward
me as the waves roll
flatly in, one upon the
other and the white
caps leap shoreward. The
momentum of the wind rises,
the great eye of the lake
deepens in color; the sailboats
pitch about their tall masts
~~rocking~~^{tall} + cucking in the
wind. ~~the American Flag flutters~~^{the American Flag against the clouds,} a
empty green rocking chair
creaks, back + forth. Faster
and faster, then stops., &
trembles, then rocks again.
It was a perfect morning
for sleeping - on ~~the~~^{100°} ~~land~~^{for}

quite sleep^{ing} up, but lying
~~warm~~
~~close~~ in each other's arms,
in the soft double bed,
listening to the gray winds
blowing & talking whispering
in between kisses that
were sweet & gentle at first
and that grew deeper & more
loving, all on their own, because
we wanted to get up for
breakfast. But we didn't.
There was no ~~conscious~~ ^{conscious} up.

Body to body & mouth
to mouth ~~it~~ ^{was} enough,
except I pressed my
^{leg} & thigh between Carl's
legs to feel the soft
penis twitch at first, as
and then throb insistently
and then stretch, grow ^{hotter}, harder
and searching and ~~stripped~~ ^{stripped} against the
inner side of my leg. I arose
& moved over Carl's body, which

her night gown. I held his penis + played with it just a little, feeling the skin about the testicles tighten + shrivel with passion. I ran my fingers lightly up + down the throbbing penis, while brushing my nipples against his chest as he sucked on my tongue touched + sucked ~~my~~ mouth. We sucked them in and out, in and out and his lips + my lips picked up the rhythm of our mouths all though he still held his penis away from me. Only letting the tip flick between my legs where all was moist + waiting. Then teasing him

+ ~~flaunting~~. I
put the penis in a
little further & then left
my body away. & then
in and then away and
then, at last, in and
down my body sank
upon the penis. "I love
it, I love it, ^{Oh God,} I love it."
Up & down, in and out
I feel the wet, hot
extasy, inside me. I
move my breasts towards
his mouth and he takes
one in. He pulls upon
the nipple, sucks it
to the rhythm of our lips.
We move slowly, sometimes
very slowly, He takes
his mouth from my breast

and raises lift to my body
so he may scratch my
breasts. so he may cup
them in his hands and
play with the nipples
with his fingers. He
takes the pointed nipple
between his fingers, &
he rubs his palms lightly
around & round on the very
tips of the hand. Stiffened
nipples. ~~With~~ my lips
begin to move faster &
faster, on bed creaks
~~Holiday~~ ^{days} other people are
walking outside, how
can I be in such ecstasy,
while other people are

just walking. ~~had~~
wasn't having a

Wed - December 28, 1955 - going
down on the train to
N.Y.

I have not written in
so long that I decided to
take this opportunity -
although I prefer writing
in the suet or the ~~way~~
early morn'g up. The Christmas
holidays descended upon me
in a flurry & tinsel &
Snow-flakes. and I have
~~been so~~ enjoyed myself so
thoroughly that I have not
taken the time to write.
I find that I want
to write about all phases
& my life but one -

I It's one of my favorites -
the social phase, the
phase of party dresses,
eye shadow + men other than
Carl. What I like most
about parties is being
admired. It was a successful
party if I was admired.
it was a dull party if
I was not. All the other
aspects are secondary - conversa-
tion, food, drink, entertainment -
they are lifeless - unless I
find a person to admire me
+ let me know it one way
or another. The glow that
comes after the party is
thinking about the person's
attraction to me, my image

glowing in some one's heart,
and the warmth that has
been generated between us -

But I am rarely
enough interested in the
admirer or our conversation
to write about it. I am
not an ~~particularly good~~
^{acute} ~~interested~~ observer of others
since I am so interested
in seeking out those whom
I want to.

~~never~~ advise her, and when
consequently, if I have
gone through a series of
parties, I find little I care to
write about. It was not until
we spent 2 days at Scarsdale
that I felt the need, strongly,

to write. And with this
need came a deep sense
of relief that the need was
still there. There are certain
needs ~~without~~ ^{these} I hope
never to lose; ~~they~~ ^{these} form
the basis of my life. One
is my need for East; the
other, my need to write.
Our visit to Scarsdale
brought the writing need
to the fore.— It interested
me to note what ~~the~~
~~what~~ I wanted the journal
~~for~~ to help restore
my equilibrium, my poise,
my orientation sense of
direction. The journal is
my beacon a light along

glowing in some one's heart,
and the warmth that has
been generated between us -

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enough interested in the
admirer or our conversation
to write about it. I am
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^{acute} ~~interested~~ observer of others
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~~your path of life is not
helps to bring it back
restore its~~

With Scarsdale so subtly
shakes on its profusion
of things I ^{almost} ~~half~~ want.
I found myself wanting to be
lonely, but instead I was
attacking - I would make
unwise efforts to let Daddy
know I had been right on
some minor point in
a discussion. I would want
to make a nice statement
and it would come out
critical. The worst of it
came during my discussion
with ^{Jesuit} Father Hogan -
a ~~great~~ friend come for

dinner. ~~at~~ He was young & attractive, with well-defined features & pale eyes. "How can he be celibate." I wondered as I looked at him. "What does he think when he looks at me. Is it possible for a human mate to be him to keep his eyes on my face?" It was, and I was watching him ~~very~~ carefully. I felt repulsed to think of him always all imp & lifeless, as though I could scarcely believe this. We were discussing his religion, I thought that since he

he was a Jesuit, I could say what I thought about religion, but I was surprised to find myself attacking him, & to see his eyes burn in response to the attack & "find him trying to attack me,

the fact is the matter was however that my thoughts process was stopping the like that even if I did because more open & more dogmatic in my statements. I saw absolutely no indication on this path of a rest God - the own happiness was proof enough as I saw it

contrasted with the millions
of helpless suffering people.
How could he even talk
of a justice, ^{God} ~~it is how~~
could he explain it? He
said he explained it
by original sin. "Original
sin—" I said sharply,
"you claim that as an
explanation of a suffering
child - What possible
justice or reason could
you see in such an
explanation - ~~why~~ I can't
conceive of ~~any~~ such ~~as~~
~~thing as~~ original sin being
an adequate justification
for what ^{child's tears} ~~no~~ tears
the world ^{say} say
about a person." I continued

at another point in the conversation, "about a person who felt no need at all for a God - who was perfectly happy without a God."

"I would say that person could not be perfectly happy. ~~without~~ ^{at} happiness all depends on what is a difference, you know, between pleasure & happiness, and he leveled his eyes at me.

"Indeed there is," I said, "but there is something else in this world than the material & the spiritual sphere."

"There is?" he said, "what?"

"There is self-realization,
there is the work of
art, there is love & charity
& the joy in beauty. These
things need have
nothing to do with a
supernatural belief - and
since I'm the person I'm
talking about, I can tell
you, I am as happy
with these things."

"There is nothing
you want?"

"No, nothing important
except to keep on living.
I'd hate to die tomorrow."

"Ah, there you are,"
he said triumphantly.
"Here you are. That's

why you can't be perfectly happy — because it's permanent — "

"Oh," I laughed

"Oh," I laughed, "for goodness sake — you've been talking

"And what about you with your beliefs — can you be happy — you don't want to die, either, do you."

"Of course not — I'm not perfectly happy here, either, but I will be, no one will not die after death."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake —"

I laughed - "you've been talking about after-life all this time. I'd forgotten about that. Well, what about me after I die -

Do I stay cold in the ground, while you live happily ever after.

"Of course not," he said angrily. "^{a question} (It depends) on what state we will continue to live on in."

"Oh, I see - and that depends on my beliefs in this life. How do you know all this anyway -

'The world's ~~true~~ ^{truths} Divine guidance' ~~is~~ ^{is} lying

are revelations - they are
divine truths.

"And you're the
only people who have
this divine guidance.
You're men, too."

"Exactly. We are
men - ~~except~~ without and
third like us except
when at those rare
instances when the Truth
has been revealed to us."

"Well, the rest of us
certainly are ~~but~~ ^{limping} ~~sore~~
along with a big
handicap" I said.

This sort of conversation
went on for about two

hours; at the end of which
he showed, I thought, ~~both~~
~~veiled hostility~~
(not off train - now riding home.)

I have just seen
Patsy for lunch. She told
me that Father Hogan
called up last night. He
said he had been
thinking about me and my
"problems" and that he thought
that perhaps he could "help"
me. He mentioned that
perhaps I could have lunch
with him some day when
I am in New York. This
amuses me - for if either
one of us has problems, it
is the good Father, not I.
~~The~~ The basis of my discussion
with him had been that I
was a person who was

living a full and contented
life without feeling any
~~desiring~~ a need for God.
I could not bear bear to
have lunch with him—
because I'd be afraid it
would ask him the
question about how he
can still endure celibacy
and that would be unforgiv-
able. But I kept seeing
those pale, unflinching
eyes looking up into mine,
never lowering towards
the warm breasts or
the slim ankles.

Patsy had lunch with
me and Eva Louisa, too
After lunch with Patsy &
Eva Louisa, I went down

to the office to see Uncle
Dave. He had mentioned
a while ago that he would
like to see me for a few
minutes. I entered ^{one of the} ~~the~~
~~many Louis XIV co-doors leading up to the~~
familiar office and said

Hello to the 3 receptionists.
Young, immaculately bleached
& powdered, they smiled at
me and I felt their
eyes following me as I
went through the spacious,
haphazardly lit central office &
~~dashed the corner head~~
for showing up top &
etc talking with visitors;
as I turned the corner,
all the heads, from the
many raised from the
grey metal desks, to look
at me. The light made

everyone look pasty. I
felt ~~to~~ self-conscious &
uncomfortable, thinking
that all these people we
~~daily~~ working here for their
bread & ~~for~~ living
were so unwillingly
supporting me. I wondered
if they thought of this
& resented it or not. I
went opened one of the
heavy mahogany-finished
doors. ~~where~~ⁱⁿ Archie's office
where I had been told
I would find Uncle Daug.
There was Archie, sitting
~~bright~~ weasel-bright & as

his ^{large} desk. Uncle Dave was standing up in front of the desk, gesticulating. They turned when they heard the door open.

"Hello, Robbie, you're looking wonderful," said Uncle Dave, giving me a hug and a kiss. "How are the children?"

"Fine, thank you, Uncle Dave," I said, returning the kiss, "how are you?"

"Fine, fine, just fine."

Archie was standing up. I shook his hand and wished him a merry Christmas.

"What I wanted to tell you is that you and I ought to be learning up

about the stock-market - ought
to be reading up these bulletins.
You know, your Daddy
has left most of the
investing up to Archie &
me - well - we won't
be around forever - and
I think you ought to
be learning up about these
things for yourselves.
You've got the time."

I've been trying to get
Charles interested to do the
same thing - without much
success."

"We are very interested
in it, Uncle Paul. But
and I would like to get
some of the material - but

as far as doing the invest-
ing goes - I hope we will
have yours & Archie's advice
for a long time to come."

"Of course, of course
you will, honey," said
Uncle Dave, giving me
another little hug. "But
you should be learning up. I've
been trying to get your
father interested - but he
says either you've got to
go the whole way with
a thing, or not all at all."

"Well, I guess he just
doesn't have the time,"
I said, to be polite more
than anything else.

"The time!" burst
out Uncle Dave, "he

would have the time - if
he did get involved in
a lot of those other
things. He's got the time -
he (and study this week)
going to night-school. I
don't know why he won't
do it."

I was a bit non-plussed
by this outburst - & mumbled
a few soothing words.

"That's all I wanted
to tell you," he said, &
left. I thought what a
wasted trip this has
been, but I saw that
Annie was still sitting
expectant-like, holding a
few sheafs of long yellow

paper with lists & figures
on them.

"I thought while I had
you here, you might like
to see what ~~our stocks~~
you have."

"Yes, I would, Archie."

I said, ^{sliding} moving the heavy
chair towards his desk.

When we added it all
up I have about a
million dollars ~~out~~ in
stocks, bonds and securities,
plus a $\frac{1}{3}$ interest in the business
the income from which was
kept to the bare minimum of
\$190,000.00 last year because of
taxes. My total income
before taxes is some \$15,500.00

After deducting approximately
\$60,000.00 for taxes, I am
left with a yearly income
of \$55,000. I knew all
this and was wondering
why Archie was taking the
time to go over it.

"Did Daddy speak to
you about giving the 4
boys some money?"

"Well, he did mention
that he couldn't afford
to give them anything."

"Yes - that's it," Archie
said, waving a bunch of a
bit in his chair. In order to
take enough out of the house
with the taxes ^{situation what it is} to give them

money each year. He would have to take out so much that he couldn't afford it. Now what would you think about giving each of the boys \$3000.00 a year - that would be \$12,000.00 for the four boys.

"It would relieve Daddy, ~~would~~ a bit. Wouldn't it?" I said. "Now let see - I give the girls \$12,000.00 a year & give the boys \$12,000.00 each. That's more than \$31,000.00. That's more than I spend. Yes, Archie. I'll do it. I think it's the right thing to do."

I left the office,

with mixed feelings. Shamed
that I had offered so
to give a way \$12,000.
to Idella's boys, when I
see her spending Mountains
of money on \$14,000
Lincoln Continentals, fur
coats, the comfortable home
~~to~~ servants etc, But
then I thought, this
\$12,000 is not for Idella
and is not for the boys;
it is for my father ^{He}
_{from Louis & Jackie}
has to borrow money to
pay his bills as it is. He
the one who has earned the
money, and he should be able
to ^{live} ~~have~~ however he likes.
Besides, it would be a

great relief to me to be
giving him something
that substantial. I have
always felt a debt of
gratitude, and this would
be a fine & helpful
way of assuaging my
own conscience. I have
never gotten over overcome
~~the~~ feeling that Earl & I
are vulnerable because Earl
& I are taken living
entirely off my father's
business without making a
penny ourselves. Being
able to give him this
\$2,500 a year to help his
new sons would be a ~~ple~~
great relief. And he certainly
deserves such consideration.

from his children.

I want to mention, before events push me too far past, that Daddy was on the cover of Time magazine last week, with a full-feature story ~~tell~~ telling how he was a millionaire at the age of 26 & was now the Ford of the toy industry, cornering 10% of the market & so on.

Some friends of mine called me to tell me about it - since we don't subscribe to Time. I have ~~ever~~ enjoyed the added lustre immensely.

among our own small circle of
acquaintance. Daddy says
that over-all, he thinks it
is bad for the business
and for him. He thinks
the buyers will become harder
& more demanding, and
that people are likely to
take pot shots at him
personally. I do believe,
however, that he has
enjoyed the whole affair.
I wonder ^{him brief} a letter to him
telling him what I thought
of the article. I was
surprised & pleased when
Idella told me a few days
later that Mike Demarest,
author of the article,
said after reading through

more than 1000 congratulatory
letters that mine was
the best. Later Rose
O'Donnell said the same
thing. I was further
pleased when Daddy showed
me the copy of ^{the} letters
which mine had sent
him, listing those letters
they ~~want~~ wanted to print
in their publishers' box. Mine
was at the head of the list
along with Mrs. George C.
Marshall, Herbert Bayard
Swope, Gen. Lemuel Sheppard
Gen Tunney, Billy Rose,
etc. Paddy showed me the
article - mine was not
there - only brief & quotes
from the letters of famous
& friends - plus a small

copy of the Time cover with
Idella's face in place of
Daddy's & underneath a
comment from a General
at Cruenther that Idella's
face ought to be on the
cover, not Daddy's since
she was better looking
and had the brains to
qualify, too.

^(It) This is the 2nd time
~~in its~~ ^{year} history ~~of the~~ ^{Time has}
magazine that they have
done such a thing - and
~~if it is very rare~~ ^{rarely do} ~~that~~
they devote the publisher
section to letters about a
previous story. They did
so with Daddy because the letters

were of such exceptional
quality & quantity. Daddy
says he's afraid that
because of the popularity
of the

Chautauqua - 1956

Aug. 6 Monday

I might as well
face the fact if I don't
write I feel generally
~~unpleasant~~

When I am not writing
regularly I seem to ~~the~~
lose contact with the world.
I feel ~~untouchable~~, ^{unreachable}
~~touched~~ + insensate. ~~If~~ ^{is} that
through writing
~~feel and bear and see~~. The
~~written words~~ is are my
fingertips to feel with. If
I stop writing, I stop feeling.

I had looked ~~f~~ anticipated
the Chautauqua trip for
many weeks, longing for
the luxury of ^{unscheduled} ~~unplanned~~
days. ~~as~~ + instead I have
felt restless, as I have
been aggravated by petty
and humiliating annoyances -
humiliating only because
I allow them to annoy me -
like such as Mother + Dad
not going up to dinner
often enough and Nancy
telling me, about the parties
she is going to without

so much as suggesting that
we join her & Lee. I have
spent previous vacation hours
thinking up stupid retaliatory
remarks which I never make
when the time comes, knowing
I will never make them, yet
unable to ^{prevent} stop my ~~my~~
ven vindictive thoughts from
obstructing my vision.

I have spent hour upon
hour waiting, ~~that~~ a
suicidal waste of time,
wait for lunch; I wait
for dinner; I wait for
the concert to begin ~~to wait~~
and then for the concert

to be finished. I wait for
bed-time. The only sleep I
do not wait for is getting
up. That always comes
too soon. I do not look forward
to going home. I know
I shall be plunged into a
sea of other responsibilities,
Yours for ~~Eisenhower~~ Eisenhower,
Opinions Unlimited, put out by
for the Music Association
and God knows what else.
The one thing I really
want is a baby. To be
pregnant; to feel a child
growing inside me is what

I want to be complete
and at peace so that I
~~may have time~~ will use
my eyes to see, to understand,
rather than to rush sightless
past my days.

Sometimes, when I have
endless commitments to
fulfill, I feel locked in
out. away from a part of
myself. and yet here I
am in Chautauqua with
no responsibilities, and I still
feel locked away. Earl wanted
me to go up to a lecture
with him, but I said no.
I wanted to be alone to

write in hopes that my
words would light my way,
would unlock me from my
self-imposed chamber of
darkness.

We saw a televisual
movie last night which
brought to my attention the
~~as~~ ^{the} astounding change
in human relations which
has occurred ~~within~~ ^{within} the life
time of two generations.

Up till then, the entire
history of mankind had been
~~acted on~~ Grief upon the
relationship of master-slave.
~~within~~ Suddenly, within the

last hundred years, this mutual bondage ~~relationship~~ has been broken. I do not believe that never again will this relationship be considered inevitable.

It may exist but it will not be accepted as proper.

Take my position for example
Here am I,

What a great change to occur in so few years. ~~the history of the world~~ Despite the horrors of the 20th century, including two World Wars, nuclear warfare, and the imposition

~ totalitarian Communism upon primitive peoples, yet our century may be known as the century when one

man's bondage to another
was finally broken forever.

The movie reminded me
of this fact, the English lord
ran the way an English
lord or his the manor spoke
to the people who worked
for him. He treated them
not simply as inferior, but
as ~~beasts~~ as a by another
species, a species whose
needs he did not need to
care about, except to keep
them ~~alive~~ & working. I
would doubt that there is
a man alive in England
today who is in a

position to treat those who work for him in ~~harm~~ manner even the worst of the Communist dictators impose their will ~~by~~ ^{to} with claims that it is for the good of the People. The main appeal of Communism is to slaves chaffing for freedom. If the urge for freedom ^{+ a share of the} ~~survive~~ were not so powerful, neither would Communism be.

I look on Communism as ~~both parts~~. labor pains at the birth of the individual. The enlightened Liberalism of the 18th + 19th centuries with Locke, Milton, Jefferson

was but the ~~conception~~. hardly penetrated those areas where human beings were ~~less~~ to where masses of men lived oppressed & inhuman lives. The 20th century is the time of birth, when the ideas of individual rights, conceived so long ago, are being born. Birth is ugly, bloody, painful, ~~conception~~ but necessary.

Tues. Aug. 7

I thought the fog would lift at last this morning. But, it after breaking briefly to let the sun but touch

the wet streets, the fog
has settled down again. I
am going to read War &
Peace.

Nantucket - Aug. 22 1957

A golden retriever is
padding about the beach,
settling ^{comfortably} down,
umbrellae) group over with
another ~~sundries bath~~, ^{snuggling his back against a} ~~bath~~, putting his paw upon a shaded
circle were his home some one's
leg + staring out to sea, ~~as if~~
waiting to be petted. He
always is. The ~~startled sunbather,~~
startled by the warm furry
shape so suddenly felt, sits

abruptly up. The dog stares placidly up at him; the man smiles and pats the head. The dog gets up; shakes himself, and goes again to test his welcome out. He does not stay long anywhere. It is the welcome that matters.

Suzanne is swimming alone, ~~out~~ ^{up} far from no ^{upon the beach} the clusters of bathers and from the clusters of bathers to her right. She walked out through the miniature sea-wreathes of rolling breakers which flowered foaming white around her brown spindle legs as she walked steadily out to sea.

Now I only see her head,
Sand-colored hair dark like wet
Sand upon her face, ^a gold ^{like}
~~sand~~ ~~just~~ drying out. She bobs
about beyond the blossoming
breaking waves. I can see
her smile, ^{one single smiling face} to herself at the
~~sky and at the flat~~ cupful
~~in the vast wedge of~~ water so abruptly tended
~~that time cut the horizon's~~ blade
~~knifed by the curving~~ each
~~edge of blue.~~ The sailing
~~boat~~ ~~beyond~~, each boat
beyond looks as if it had
reached the horizon, the
end of the flat world,
the thread that separates
the known from the unknown,
the seen from the unseen,
the living from the dead

reached the precise horizon
boundary of His word as
my eye sees it.

Now Suzanne is in
~~and~~ East, building a sand
castle reared with feathers
the white feathers of a
gull, quivering white like
the waves and the sails
beyond. Earl has strolled out
alone for his late-morning
~~swim~~ ^{at} his body is like a
~~swimmer~~ pouring
~~dark~~ honey, sleek, slender, sweet,
to me. Sweet with memories
of last night, all nights
always culminating in
the last night, ending up
with it the arts and crafts

Around the beach under
the colorful umbrellas. ~~other~~
half in half out the
circle of shade lay people
exposed, undressed, lying as
they lie in bed. The
sun + the sand + the water
make it friendly, not private
& soon I ~~forget~~ ^{get out of} my
wear - ceasing ⁱⁿ astonishment
that other people all
do the same things I do
with my body & and I
forgive them their grossness,
and it becomes natural, as
it is in my children, my
husband, myself. The
stranger's dirt is usually

Seems so different from my
own accept at the sea.

We are at a beach
where you pay for
umbrellas. Next to our
beach is a public beach.
Part of that beach is not sand, it
is solid people. People standing
shoulder to shoulder, ^{+ back} people
lying side to side, face to
head, front to back on
overlapping towels. Around
this ^{seemingly} be mound a people
in the public beach
stretches open sand. The
people need not lie so
close. They like to.

~~Not all here~~

~~There are several groups
families on the beach, adults
& children mixed under a
single umbrella, lying half
in a single circle of shade~~

Stephanie is lying ^{face down} at
the very edge of the sea,
~~upon~~ ~~the undulating~~ ~~broad~~ ~~head~~ that
separating earth and water.
She is wearing her life
preserver; she is kicking
the air & wet sand. She
~~blows~~ shrieks as if in high danger
~~bubbles~~ When ever
a gentle wave rolls in and
out, shriekin shrieking
at the sea exhalas, ^{just} covering
her with water, shrieks of
safe excitement, or imagined
danger, secure as she is belly upon

the sand.

There is an old man
and a girl are walking down
the beach. He has white
hair that grows thick &
curly upon his chest.
Upon his chest, showing the
bronzed skin beneath, bronze
from many summers
sun. He speaks with
emphatic gestures as he
he walks, ^{his} head turned
toward the young woman,
who is looking up at him,
nodding, smiling. I have heard
his voice coming to me
on the wind as he passes by.

It is low & European. I have seen him go by several times, not always with the same woman, but always talking the same way, his "I think," "I believe" and "I know" ~~memorizing~~
~~faint + low~~ ~~is me on the sea breeze~~
~~sounding~~ sentences trailing him as he goes.

Here is a man who uses his thoughts for love, to ~~win~~^{to} and woo and win, each opinion a charm, a ~~gangle~~, ~~the~~ no matter what else ^{they are} ~~it~~, no matter how shallow or profound, his opinions are used to attract & hold what he needs - in this instance, a woman, a young one.

The haze today is so light
that I do not notice
it until I look out to
sea. And there, not far away,
are sail boats half consumed
in the mists, sail boats like
water colors, transparent
faint transparent blurs.

I must look

The haze
If the sailor looks in from
the sea at me, I must
^{look} seem obscured by haze to him,
for several days have been listening
to a family who occupies
~~an~~ the near-by umbrella. They
have you

The way to please young children does not seem to be by asking them what they want. It is by knowing what they want & telling them that that is what you insist they do. ~~she~~

There is a kind of depression that is like a deep, hidden wound, that ~~often~~ pains persistantly, that can be forgotten momentarily only to rise to consciousness again as soon as the ~~woman~~ mind rests ^{and to return again} & relentslessly as the mind turns inward to a hundred contemplation of the hopeless pain. This wound seems beyond my reach, beyond the healing powers of God & beautiful.

things I have beyond family,
and fortune & ^{splendid} physical health.
This festering wound spreads
its ~~toxic~~ poison to the farthest
reaches of our sensibilities,
so that ~~the~~ when my eye
I see something I used to
call beauty all that I
remember is that I used
to call it beautiful.

Beautiful, beautiful - a
word, that is all. And
like a chronic invalid
I am sick to death of my
^{incurable} own illness. So I do not
wish to write about it.
There is nothing I can say
about it; I am no doctor.
I do not understand.

Of its symptoms I can
only say I feel friendless

I place my enjoyment of this
book [Sweet Thursday] alongside
my enjoyment of Huckleberry Finn,
Walden, ~~and~~ Poems of
Robert Frost. ~~and~~ When I see
sanity contrasted with insanity
and insanity I laugh and I
feel better. Mark Twain, Thoreau
and Robert Frost I call humanists.
I ~~say~~ they wrote sanely about
insanity and in sanity and I
say you do too. There is a clear
line running right down through
the woods of Benjamin Franklin,
Thoreau, Lincoln, Mark Twain,
Frost, to you that can't be
missed. ~~The confessions~~ The
most affective literature they
counted me produced is called
"humor". Any sick mind can't
help writing "tragedy" ~~but~~ but only
a "sane" one writes humor.

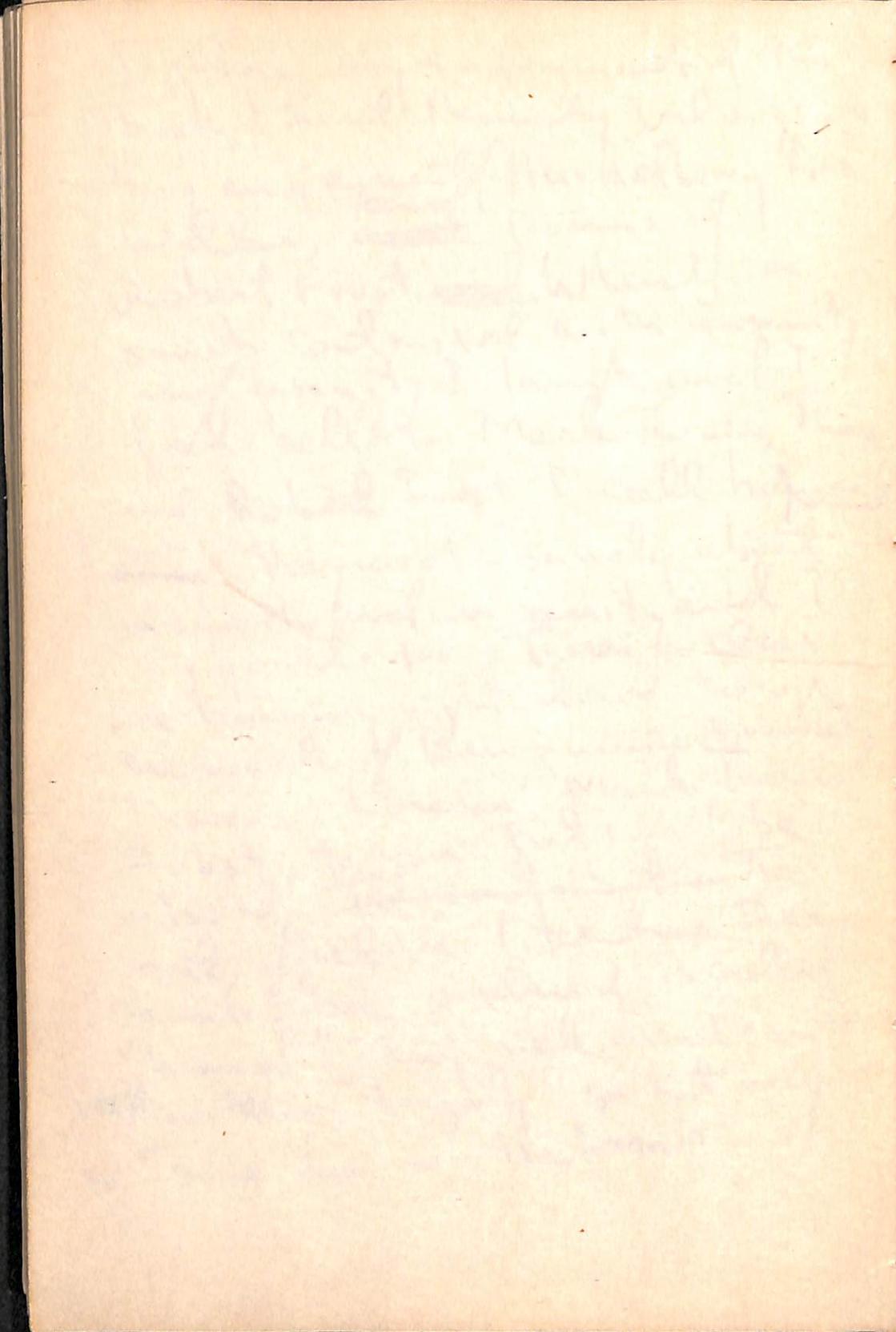
on

and

45

7

L



the large liner closet
good closet space in each room -
built in drawers - of Smooth wood
shelves, shoe racks.

Place for suitcases
long mirror

possibility of sunlight - but also
proper shades to keep room
dark for late sleeping.

Way of keeping them
reasonably cool in summer

storage space for memorabilia

hf
1

7

L

place to store records
closets for toys & games
fire place
cozy ^{deep} window seat with lots
of pillows looking onto fire,
well lit for children to
read on rainy winter days.

520,551

542

205,551

bedrooms

one somewhere for maid
accessible to kitchen
and laundry.

3 or 4 small simple bedrooms
with two beds,

room for extra rate in each

accessible to kitchen for
bringing out food & drinks -
place for bar; comfortable
couches, chairs & tables, big
enough for large outdoor
cocktail party if necessary.
wind for music & lighting -
view onto gardens, protected from
wind

playroom - plenty of daylight
open on to terrace or lawn
ping pong table
place to put it
floor good for dancing
bar

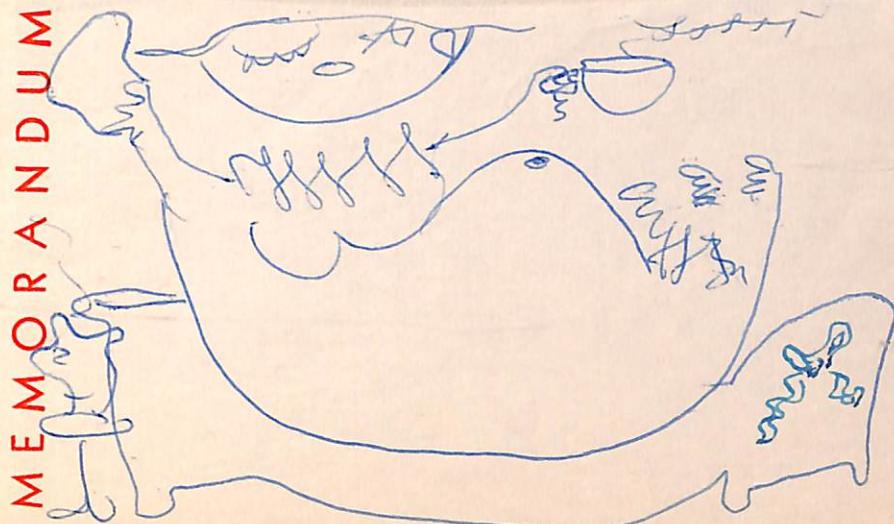
Movies - place for cameras
built in Victoria T.V. &
proj. screen to watch it

List for new wing

- ① rearranged kitchen with breakfast nook large enough to seat at least 6 - easy for children to sit at - more daylight
- ② either a separate laundry room for washines, ironing, sewing or else a new dryer that doesn't fill the room with steam.
- ③ dining room with view; large enough for maid to serve easily, accessible to kitchen for easy serving - preferably with opening in wall to kitchen fire place
- ④ Terrace - able to eat there outdoor barbecue, place for plants - screened? any way, consider bug problem

Charles Goodman - Classic such as
Community of Modern House

MEMORANDUM



Storage space - 6 ft. - display
long shallow shelves for dishes
Silver drawers with built-in
sections, padded with silver felt

Thanksgiving Day

Greetings from Nantucket:

Inside you will find the information on my basic children's clothes which some of you have requested for off-season shopping.

While in New York this fall, I couldn't resist these two dresses, so I bought them with your Christmas in mind:

Heidi — Understated good, brown cotton, basic dress, plus a unique pinafore of orange, beige, and brown stripes—definitely Swiss, it comes in sizes seven to twelve and costs \$14.95.

Red Dotted Swiss — Tucked bodice, self collar with lace edge, deep hemmed full skirt circled with "paper doll" lace, and bouncy bow sash, in sizes three to six X at \$9.90. (I bought this for the summer in navy dotted Swiss, also.)

Since I am permanently ensconced in my comfortable old Nantucket house on Pine Street, I will be able to supply your needs year round now.

Cordially yours,

Miriam Congdon

MEMORANDUM FROM NANTUCKET:

To Off-islanders
From Miriam Congdon
For Armchair Shopping

Viyella Classics

Toddler Sizes: (miniature tartans)		Regular Sizes:	
Vests	2 3 4	Vests	3 4 5 6
Shorts	2 3 4	Shorts	3 4 5 6
Skirts	2 3 4	Skirts	3 4 5 6
Slacks	2 3 4	Slacks	3 4 5 6
Tams: small — large	3.00	Tams: small — large	3.00
Eton Caps: small — large	3.00	Eton Caps: small — large	3.00

All in these tartans: Royal Stuart (predominantly red); Campbell Dress (grey, blue and white); Victoria Dress (red and white).

*Rugby jackets in Royal Stuart and Campbell Dress only.

Vests are also available in solid scarlet and solid yellow to match tartans.

Classic double-breasted bathrobes in Royal Stuart and Campbell Dress.

Sizes	4	6	6X	10.95	Sizes	8	10	12	14	14.95

To go with the Viyella Classics

Cotton Turtleneck Jerseys	red, white, navy, dark green, yellow	2.25	Sizes	3	4	5	6	4.00
Sizes	3 4 5 6	2.50	Sizes	7	8	10	12	14
Sizes	7 8 10 12 14							5.00

Made to Order

Kilts—in these tartans: Royal Stuart, Victoria Dress, Campbell Dress, and Gordon (dark blue and green with yellow stripe).	Dresses: Grey Lady—grey broadcloth, map of Nantucket applied in white or grey.
Sizes	Sizes
2 4 6	2 4 6
8	8 10 12 14
10	Black velvet—with individual touches of white lace
12	Sizes
14	2 4 6
	8 10 12 14

Send waist measure and length

Miriam Congdon
Nantucket Island

