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GRAND CENTRAL

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Journal

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Barbara Hubbard
Lime Rock

Conn.



night

Sat. Oct. 3, 1953

When I leave one journal to start another, it's like losing an old friend and taking up with a new one. I miss the battered, orange covered book, and feel a bit awkward with the shiny, black new one. A journal has no beginning or ending, in the sense of a novel, and that is one of the main things I like about this form. Beginnings & endings are arbitrary and unnatural. The daily pattern of life does not fit easily into such a form. So I shall not begin this journal with any formal resume' or introduction, but rather launch right in where I left off.

Perce and Nan spent 3 days with us, and it seemed like much longer, so naturally did they fit into our daily activities. They seemed to enjoy all facets of our life, and

entered into them with no hesitation.
The children responded to them
beautifully, seeming to sense how
much they were appreciated and
understood. Both Perce + Nan have
a tremendous love of children,
and know how to communicate
it without overwhelming them.

Suzanne evaluated her audience
quickly and entertained them with
her entire repertoire, adding
new flourishes here and there.
Stephanie sat in her Uncle's
lap with a smile that only
well-loved babies have. I
have toward Perce a feeling of
complete loyalty. His success
would be my success, and visa-
versa, I believe. I sense a great
tenderness, warmth + sensitivity
in him - and would do everything
in my power to see that he
is not hurt, and I feel he
could be easily hurt especially
in the area of savoir-faire. He
enjoys, and would like to have,
a gracious, cultivated way of life.

He lives in an area community of farmers. "They are not my kind of people, and never will be," he said with a certain amount of resentment. Underneath this resentment, I sensed a fear that he might become like them to a certain degree. We felt that it was very helpful for him to see how people live in our community. They are not very wealthy, yet have an extremely gracious way of life. To know that this type of living is not dependent on vast wealth is encouraging. We think that young people will start more consciously directing their efforts toward a way of life, rather than toward wealth alone.

Mon. Oct. 5.

Louis came to dinner Sunday evening with a girl called Margaret "Muggy" McCabe. She is one of the loveliest girls I have met in a long while - attractive, articulate, warm and apparently quite happy. Louis

took one drink after another in an effort to appear at ease, but the result seemed to be become even more subdued and helpless. He is in that awkward age, before manhood and after adolescence. His youthful successes with people will have to form the substrate for a purposeful career to which he will apply these talents. But, I think he deserves a lot of credit for finding someone like Muffy.

We played golf with Tom on Sunday. We have with him now the type of friendship which I have felt so much in need of. An easy, spontaneous steady relationship where a level of intimacy is maintained and enriched over the years. It's so much more satisfying than the infrequent meetings at cocktail parties which

alight
remind me of jumping into the lake
on a brisk fall day - as soon as
I begin to get used to the water
swimming time is over.

Tues Oct 6

This morning I dropped Suzanne off at Leslie Jones' house for the morning play group which I organized. Leslie's face was already tipped with a bright red nose, her eyes sparkling with excitement. They have a breezeway filled with toys. Suzanne forgot about me immediately and began pointing at from one object to another with that little half smile of anticipation. Then in shade Amy Demarest, sturdy, strong & authoritative Amy, who knows so well what she wants to do, that the others are invariably persuaded that what Amy has chosen to do is the same. She forms her opinions with no visible hesitation, and thus she is the one who leads the activities. It is interesting to

To see how early in life the hierarchy of a social group forms.

* I just finished "The Adventures of Augie March" by Saul Bellow. It is the story of a man in search of a way of life where he can say ~~this~~ is it — I know what I want to do and I am doing it. He does not know what where to find ~~this~~ way, but he does know that he will not commit himself irreversibly until he can say anywhere "this is it." He says sincerely "this is it" is locked within his own character. That his fate is the one main thing he feels about his character is that it will not thrive following another's purposes — yet he himself has no purpose except perhaps that of finding one. From my experience, I would say that Augie will never find what he

is looking for ~~because~~ one does not find a purpose by looking for it, but rather by looking at something like happiness.

purpose is a by-product evolved out of ~~the~~ a relationship between an individual + something else. You don't meet a purpose

like a woman, fall in love with it and live happily ever after.

I think it is a mistake to bring children up with the ideal of making their lives "a pursuit of happiness". The pursuit of happiness turns everything into a means toward this end, and when things are looked upon as a means, they do not usually produce happiness.

As far as I can see, Augie will never be able to say, this is it, — because in the world in which we live, a world of constant flux —

This is never it, but always something else. Of course when he finds, for instance, a woman, and has a short period of feeling he is going in the right

function, he soon finds that something has gone wrong. This is inevitable if one expects any particular relationship to remain static + yet continue to give sustenance.

Earl and I have found a category to ~~but~~ classify such writers as Saul Bellow, William Faulkner, Mickey Spillane etc - "bad baddy-badies," in contrast to their counterparts, the "goodie goodies." There is no such thing in Augie's world as a husband, wife + children who though thoroughly enjoy + trust + respect one another. If they do, there is sure to be a skeleton rotting in the attic, the reek of which is about to pervade main house. When Augie is in the Navy listening to confidences of the men, they are all sordid, miserable + obscene. I am not saying that those things ^{you} happen, nor that they don't happen - to every one all of

light

The time is just as the world is no
Pollyanna's dream.

It seems almost inevitable to us
that there will be a strong reaction
against the so called "realists"
who see as limited a part of
the world as did their Victorian
grandmothers against whom they
rebelled. But the fight is over &
those who are still frankly
waving their arms saying, look
what slurs we really are, will
soon find an empty theatre in
front of them. No reader today
could have many descriptions
lacking about how degraded man
can get. There is an enormous
need to learn something new about
him. Earl plans to do just this.

Thur. Oct. 8

and the sun shines them and the
winds blow them, the forest trees
look like the glittering spray
of a dancing, frothing, multi-colored
sea. They ^{cover} outside my window a

brilliant yellow foliage demands my attention. It is difficult to sit in the room and concentrate on anything else. The country side seems a miracle of beauty, startling & incredible.

Yesterday I went to N.Y. from old, wonderful excitement of the city set my heart beating quickly & I felt prepared for any adventure. I had luncheon with Louis at the "21." As I was waiting for him in ~~the~~ Lauren Bacall, wife of Humphrey Bogart, came in - big, blond & glossy, with a tight ~~skirt~~ skirt that sillouetted her ample bottom. "Will you have a seat, madame?" asked the waiter.

"Sure, come on, let's have a little, baby," she said loudly - beckoning her party to follow her into the dining room.

Soon Louis arrived, and we had a delightful lunch. It was so good to see him alone for more than

a few minutes. He asked me how
Earl's book was going. I told him
that we did not see much chance
of its being published now. He
spoke of the diff' peculiar difficulties
of Earl's profession. "If he were
in business, with his brilliant mind,
he would easily be a success." But
an artist & has to wait until
he can create the "it" - which is
one of the toughest things to do.

Earl is one of those rare people,
who really has something to
say. But can he get it across -

That's another big question. But
I have great confidence in his
ability," he added. I think what
Louis said is quite true - that
if Earl were in an organization,
set up to evaluate and encourage
his superiority, he would readily
be recognized. He has chosen a

field where the stakes are enormous
from obscurity to great fame & influence.
A man of his ability would be taking

much less of a visit in business.

Daddy joined us after a while, sporting a bruised nose from a block thrown by gentle Sp^s Emmet Wright. He was quite annoyed, because the incident happened just before Life photographers were to take a picture for an article Life is going to do on him in December.

"Louis has finally decided that Earl is brilliant," he said. "I don't know who was dumb, he or Earl for taking so long."

"It must have been Louis," I said with a smile.

Earl was discussing the other night, developments he foresees in education. At the moment there is something of a crisis about lack of adequate schools and teachers. He said, "Now look, every small community in the United States must have a good number of highly trained experts to teach our children. As it stands now, the chance of

getting superior men into the teaching profession is very small, especially in small communities. Why should we entrust our children's education to anything but the best. I think that what will happen is that active experts in given fields will record or film a series of lectures - Wright on Architecture, Dulles on Politics etc. and these films or records will be used in the schools, supplemented of course by the individual teaching staffs. The publishing houses could push the idea - taking for example could send salesmen to the schools to promote their particular series of lectures, just as they do now with text books. I think the idea would make significant contribution who have made fields. This would also in their own fields. It would also be a terrific stimulus to get adults back to studying - if these type of courses were offered instead of the professor who has been ordinary hock

& using the same material for the last
10-15 years."

I thought it was a wonderful
idea.

Friday, Oct 9

It's interesting how one tends to
look at the world in terms of his
own problems. I have mentioned
this before, but I still frequently
catch myself evaluating people's
happiness in view of my own desire
for a stimulating occupation. I
think that any body working hard
& successfully on something that
interests him, must be happy.

I always seem to be occupied with
odds & ends and except for Earl
& the children, have nothing in
particular that employs my energies.
Everything seems like a stop gap
measure. I am loath to write
these feelings because I am rather
ashamed of them. They do me no
credit and I can call forth absolutely
no sympathy from my self. But
sometimes on these beautiful mornings
when all seems well

in the world around me, I feel almost
desperate, as if I were fighting a
quite quiet battle for survival.

Mon. Oct. 10

I am sitting on the terrace
watching the most adorable scene.
Suzanne, with a grin of topper
triumph, is rocking on her new
horse while Peter, Amy + Leslie
stand around her, staring smugly.
Now Suzanne has climbed off +
Peter is on. He doesn't know
how to work it. Suzanne is
pushing him, with the same
smile -

ecstatic & smiling

Saturday we went to dinner
at the church. Ted church
interested me. He is an international
lawyer. He looks like a man of
intrigues, and perhaps here lies
his greatest fascination. I would not
trust him. He told us how
fascinated he was with the intricacies
& subtleties of international law.
"I'm not a member of their

bar so I don't need to worry about

~~it~~ For instance, a European

~~affadavit~~ means everything over there,
idea which is the U.S. anybody can

get an ~~one~~ affidavit from a notary
public — it means nothing. Well

As I used an American affidavit for
my own client in Europe — and won ^{as evidence} the

case on it. That's par for the
course, eh? " (or might be par

for for your course, Mr. Church.) Now a man

not for mine.) Now a man

will give information like

I am meeting a neighbor he is not
odds on intelligent the first time, is not

& the party did not man, or at least, he
I was judge him audience well.

mean himself sure he was European

These as he was a woman from his way of

creed has that the foreign way of making

no some a woman role feel that her happy life

who hints to there space a man's

and is to feel that her happiness

high bed, top promises, was the delicate mind

There space a man's

promises, was the delicate mind

perhaps because it was evident that he and his wife felt great imitation toward each other. But nevertheless, I enjoy these lightly charged atmospheres prompted by the slightly risqué stories of Mr. Church. I said, when we were discussing the phenomenon of the new popularity of "falsies."

"A woman has to keep in mind the point of diminishing returns." Every body thought this quite witty.

Earl was in his usual brilliant self during the conversation. I love to watch how he starts casual comment into a profound conversation. We discussed the differences between Latin & Anglo

Saxon law - mainly one of attitude in Europe - the law is not so respected as a protection rather evaded as much as possible but one's freedom. It is not difficult to infer that in a country where this disrespect

but so I don't need to worry about
their ~~law~~. For instance, a European
affidavit means everything over there,
while in the U.S. anybody can
get an ^{one} affidavit from a notary
public — it means nothing. Well
I used an American affidavit ^{as evidence} for
a client in Europe — and won the
case on it. That's par for the
course, eh? "(it might be par
for your course, Mr. Church, but
not for mine.) Now a man
who will give information like
~~that~~ to a neighbor he is
meeting for the first time, is not
an intelligent man, or at least, he
did not judge his audience well.
I was sure he was European
himself, mainly from his way of
appraising me as a woman. He
has ~~that~~ foreign way of making
a woman feel ~~that~~ her happiest
role is to grace a man's Table
and bed. There was the delicate
hint of promiscuity in the air, rising

night because it was evident that perhaps he and his wife felt great irritation toward each other. But nevertheless, these slightly charged atmospheres, even on the slightly risqué occasion prompted by Mr. church. I said, when stories of discussing the phenomenon we were of "falsies," of the new popularity has to keep in mind the point of diminishing returns." Every body thought this quite witty.

Earl was his usual brilliant self during the conversation. I love to watch how he starts casual comment into a profound discussion. We discussed the differences between Latin & Anglo-Saxon law - mainly one of attitude. In Europe - the law is not so much respected as a protection of freedom. It is an obstacle to one's difficult to infer that is not a country where this disrespect

of law occurs would be prone to degrees
of anarchy or totalitarianism

Mr. Church remarked that he
felt the basic conflict in government
today was between the executive &
congress. Earl took this up to
propound his analysis of Eisenhower's
approach to government - in reestablishing
the ~~bait~~ constitutional theory of
checks & balances, that ^{a process almost destroyed by the} "reigns" ^{almost destroyed by the} Roosevelt
me of a remark of Adams: it does
not so much matter, he said,
whether you have a government of
the few or the many, but
rather whether or not it is
constitutional.

Then we discussed whether women
should pay alimony as well as men.
"No," said Margarite Church, going off on
her usual tangent, "American women
are destroying the institution of marriage
by trying to be equal to men. As
consequence, men do not treat them as they
do in Europe. Why, when I was a
debutter in N.Y., I was supposed to call
up men - it was terrible. When we
finally got back on the subject Earl

right

analysized it as follows: The basic approach of our law is that if it is to apply as equally as possible to all people, regardless of race, religion, wealth or sex. The court's function is to decide particular cases equitably so that the law should not try to take over the function of the court so by making laws ~~against~~ applying to particular groups or laws which permit segregation. If you are not in favor of segregation laws, you would also feel that men & women should be equal in the eyes of the law in alimony payment. The question of the church's party, when we left the church, Carl expressed a strong desire not to become too involved with these people. He does not trust Mrs. Church, and he does not enjoy married couples who are incompatible. I agreed with him on both these points but said that nevertheless I enjoyed them on certain levels - especially for interest. I have an enormous libido. Carl said he found it hard to enjoy

people on any level whatsoever, if
we did not have a confidence in their
trustworthiness. This difference in
attitude has to been apparent frequently
in our reactions to people. I told
Earl I was more like Angie March.
I have a light sense of consequences.
The possible adverse possibilities of
a relationship do not usually weigh
heavily enough upon me to dictate
the actual pleasure at hand. Earl
has the markings of a great moral
leader - although he would scoff at
such a term. He stands firmly
on a few unswerving principles of
conduct - and will not compromise
them.

Yesterday
of a group I was made Secretary
Litchfield area to being organized in the
educate the public to promote and
toward mental health.

Sometimes a
way inside a
like color I slowly gather starting somewhere
showering finally the kisses out of me,
the blossoms bursting &
a pink rocket

night

splattering a black sky with fantastic shapes. at such moments I want to write, to capture, to make mine it forever. & I want to sit on top of the world and laugh with a joyousness that knows no limits or qualifications I feel proud of myself for having such happiness. I have come to feel that the most admirable thing in the world is to be happy - it is so to speak, the proof of the pudding.

Friday Oct. 16

Mother & Dad Hubbard left this morning after a 4 day visit. I love seeing them - There is something so pleasant about them so freely giving and support. They are quite elderly now, and deeply settled into the a particular pattern of living. The communication between us is on the level of family love - which is undoubtedly one of their strongest emotions. Mother could

not keep the tears from her eyes
as they said good-bye for the winter.
I was sorry to see them going so
far away.

I read to Earl a remark of
Arthur Miller - who wrote "Death of
a Salesman" & "The Crucible" - He
said that enough has been written
about the degradation of man - that
it is time to write about his
strength. The interesting point is that
he himself is not writing about
him this strength. The same applies
to William Faulkner, who made
a similar statement in his Nobel
acceptance speech. These authors
seem aware of the underlying need
of modern literature, but do not
act upon their own conclusions.
Earl said that it is not so
easy to write about happiness,
if it has not been defined for our
age. Each age does have its own
criterium for happiness. Earl feels
that ours will be crystallized as

alight

a way of life centered and around the family. The reaction against the Victorian way of life plus the break up of the families due to the rapid industrialization of America has subordinated our understanding of the importance of the family. We feel that a new emphasis on family will be accompanied by the development of the conservative approach to government. Earl has often said that we are going into a renaissance - & what did the Renaissance mean in fact but a new way of life.

Sat. Oct. 17

The amount of time I spend in fruitful concentration wherein I make a conscious relationship between what I am reading & what I already know is at a bare minimum. I almost seem to have to be under some kind of pressure to do it - or examination

a speech, an exciting conversation etc.
Left to my own resources, I feel
my brain is scarcely penetrated.
When pressed by certain circumstances
I do very well, learn a great deal
& feel so enigorated.

Mon. Oct. 19

Last night ~~the~~ Earl & I read
excerpts from my 1952 journal -
our first winter in Lime Rock,
living in our one room studio with
Suzie & no help and few friends
and a couple of million dollars in
the bank. We realize now, that if
our vision were to develop between
us, it would have been then, when
there was nothing but the bare
bones of our own intimate relationship
to sustain us. It's fascinating to
read about myself as I
would read about another person
individual. It's amazing how much you
forget about yourself. The journals
are very precious to us. Reading back
into our lives, helps keep our perspective
about the present. We entirely were in
a unique position, trying to set up a way

Flight

of life in one particular place without friends or influence - yet having all that money which as well as being a source of great comfort, too offered the possibility of innumerable choices which - a fact which can be disconcerting as well as comforting. It was not until this summer that we actually admitted to ourselves that we did not have the choice of moving or staying here because Earl does not want to break up his work pattern at this vital time when he is so to speak, coming into his inheritance in the sense that his own, original approach is at the point of crystallization Earl says that at 30 he will be just where he wants to be - ready to begin his own work. He is no longer at the stage of trying to decide what type of material to use, or what style to exploit. He is ready, consciously, to use his home as his material and his style is becoming quite simply the way he sees things. I think this is one reason that it is so important to him to have a too definite, tangible ^{constant} home base. Along this line we were discussing what Earl: whether to paint abstractly or realistically. It has just occurred to him that the problem was a semantic one. As he found that he drew local scenes, he was not worried about what style to use - he drew as he saw. When he starts painting again the problem of abstraction ~~will~~ not exist. He will

be using the material right around him
and his own visualizing actions will take care
of the style.

Thur. Oct. 22

Earl and I spent Tuesday + Wednesday
in N.Y. So much happened that I wish
I could write 20 words at a time. We
went to about every important Art gallery
in the city - Betty Parsons, Sanis, Midtown,
Downtown Whitney, Modern Art, Siderman.
We learned many significant things: First
of all, Earl's paintings cannot be fit
included in any of the styles we saw. He
says that although he has frequently set
out to imitate a particular painter, when
he compares his with the master, they
are quite different. In the Pairs watercolors
he thought he was doing a Beaufetman,
in The Man, hung over the piano, it was
to be like a Rouault. Others were inspired
by Matisse & Ben Shahn. But when we came
home last night + studied the paintings,
we saw that none of the various types
looked anything like the masters that
inspired them. Earl said he could not
understand how he, who had studied
other's paintings so carefully, + lived not in
obscure areas of the world, could nowhere
(find) alliances with the type of work done
by the artists he so admires. We also
noticed that his work included many more
various styles than the others. I compared
him, in this respect, to Picasso + Klee,
to which he groaned, saying that these men
had never successfully organized their material

Alfred

into a whole powerful whole. He racked his brain to think of an artist he liked who started out with such a variety of styles & could find none. "I guess my old art teacher (Marvin Sules of Smith) was right. He said to me - 'I don't know what you're trying to do - but it's not going to be easy!' I told him that my reaction was one of excitement on being given the opportunity to compare the paintings with others. It doesn't surprise me that yours don't look like any of the others. When you see a painting you like, what you like is that you've found something that you can use - but for your own purposes, you use - but for your own purposes, you are a man cursed or blessed as the case might be, with your own purposes. It also doesn't surprise me that you have such a variety of style. It's only been ~~thus~~ during this summer that you have co-ordinated so many of your ideas on government, the home, architecture, etc. Your work is bound, eventually to reflect this co-ordination."

To reflect this you're right. Now that I ~~can't~~ ^{and} I guess you're right. Now that I have found 'the home' as my central point and am going to consciously use the word consistently around me as my material - I'll be bound to get a consistent style. You By the way, you know an idea I got from Leger - take a commonplace object, banister, & use its patterned design. There as he did a Victorian as the start of a wonderful step things around here are some wonderful step things around here

that I can use - with the false fronts on the houses in Milton. I also got a good idea from Kuniyoshi's ink paintings. I liked the vibrant colors between black & white that we get - & that's all I liked.

Here is a perfect example of how it happens that Earl's work does not look like anyone else's.

I think that it's just beginning to hit me that this is serious business we are doing. To create a great, original body of work takes time, genius, tangents, mistakes etc. etc. etc. Being a bright young man is only the very beginning. As we were saying the other night, everybody has ideas - ideas are a dime a dozen. What is rare is to find someone who has them & does them. And between the conception & the accomplishment lies the genius. It's only a man who loves his work who can possibly do it. And this is one thing Earl is sure of - he does love his work. I don't think a happier statement could be made.

I had gotten us reservations at the Plaza Hotel - double room & bath. But some how we were given a suite which cost \$24. a night. We discussed how we felt weighed down by all that luxury. At this point in our lives, we are not ready to live up to such a setting.

Earl wore his new grey flannel suit and looked so distinguished that I felt a lucky, little lady as I walked beside him in the glowing warmth of Indian Summer. D.Y. looked perhaps even more tempting than usual. The

night
well-dressed women. The luxurious apartments, the businessmen chaffing to friends at lunch, the marvelous numbers of people, the unchanged cars glittering like sleek horses in the sun. I am at heart a city girl. Although I feel now, as Earl does, that we are not ready to spend a lot of time there. The moment will come when Earl becomes attached to the city through his work. But I do think he makes some ridiculous statements. — like telling a taxi driver that one is isolated in N.Y. He says that working there would be impossible among the heavy, archaic relics of the past. "Oh yes," I said, "nothing could be more less isolated + more of a tribute to the future than lime rock." I frankly think that to the limitations of small town life to a girl who loves people, conversation, beautiful clothes + glamorous parties are rather formidable. But of course there are advantages?

We went to the bazaar show at the Modern Museum after dinner. We sat in the garden for a while, visioning the future, with of a possible N.Y. of the buildings. I think parks, open spaces, modern I misunderstood F.L. Wright's statement about grass growing on the streets of N.Y. in 25 years. I had thought he meant it would be a ghost town. But now it's clear that he meant that every thing that need not be in the city will be a harbor, a center out, and the city will be a certain businesses of culture, shopping and certain businesses.

I hope we will see it.

Just to remember - it was the downtown gallery that most we feel would be most interested in Earl's work. Their artists include Stuart Davis, Ben Shahn, Kuniyoshi. Earl says that he is not very attached by the idea of hanging his paintings in a stuffy gallery, even though we did find out that they act as agent for the artist. He said he might work on another story in & drawings like the Eddie series.

We also noticed on this trip that successful people seem the unbest. ~~they~~ as though ~~you~~ ^{we have} heard a lot to the contrary, it does stand to reason that the least oppressed would be the least oppressive.

Friday, Oct. 23

Stephanie's first tooth was noticed today as it click-clicked against a spoon. The little saw-edge pieces the pink gum - so now my little old lady is becoming a little girl. Earl says she is one of those children who have a profound look. When she is interested in an object she stares + stares + then usually she smiles + begins to wiggle + thump. At this point Stephanie is at the mercy of her two superiors, Suzanne + the Doctor when I bring out the red box all three recognize the pleasures to come. Stephanie begins to thump + rock on her stomach. zipper says, see Caw Caw, Ma, caw caw, Ma Ma, hen! Give each a cracker. Pre-Easy before they have consumed their share, Suzanne

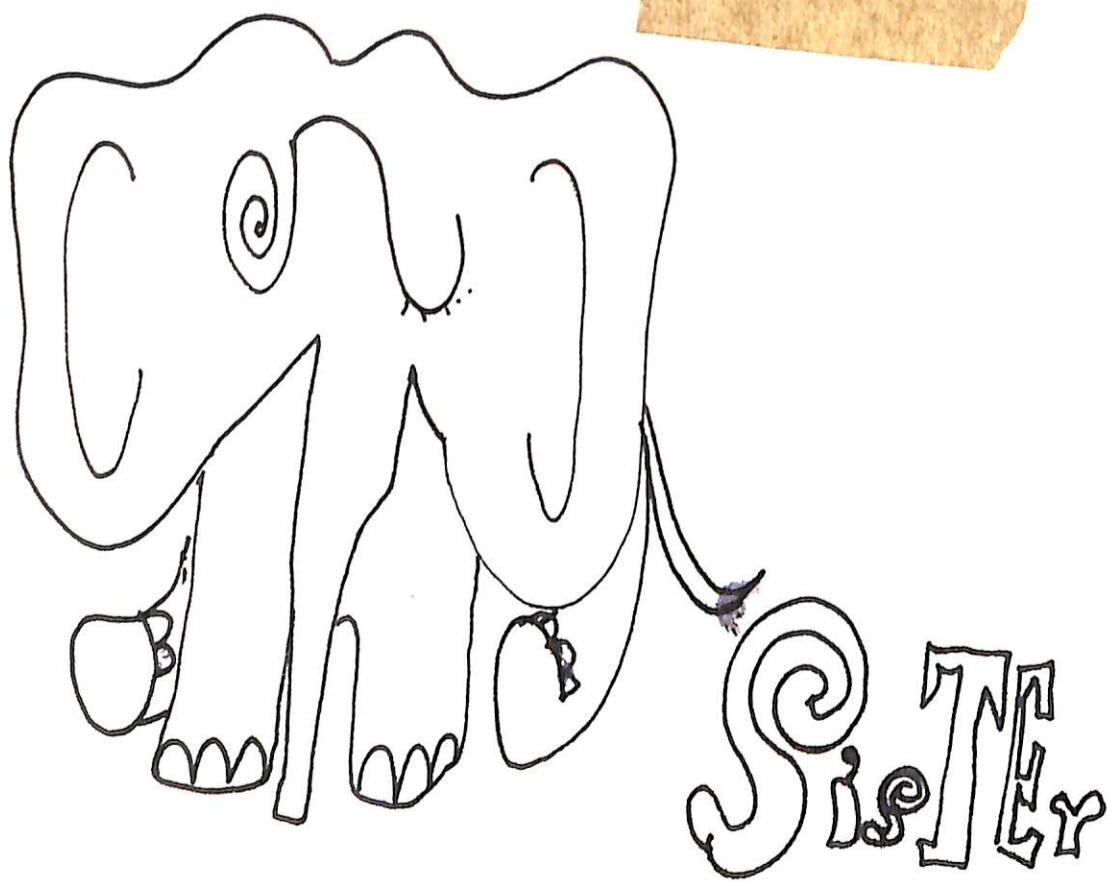
night

and zip his Majesty begin to plague Stephanie who is just about organized to take her first bite. Zipper tries to nudge the cracker from her hand. Suzanne, stealing backward ^{as}, ~~while it~~ ^{seems as} flames at me, attempts to eat it. ~~while it~~ ^{screams} off Stephanie's mouth. The poor baby snorts her rage, while the other two grow with their achievement.

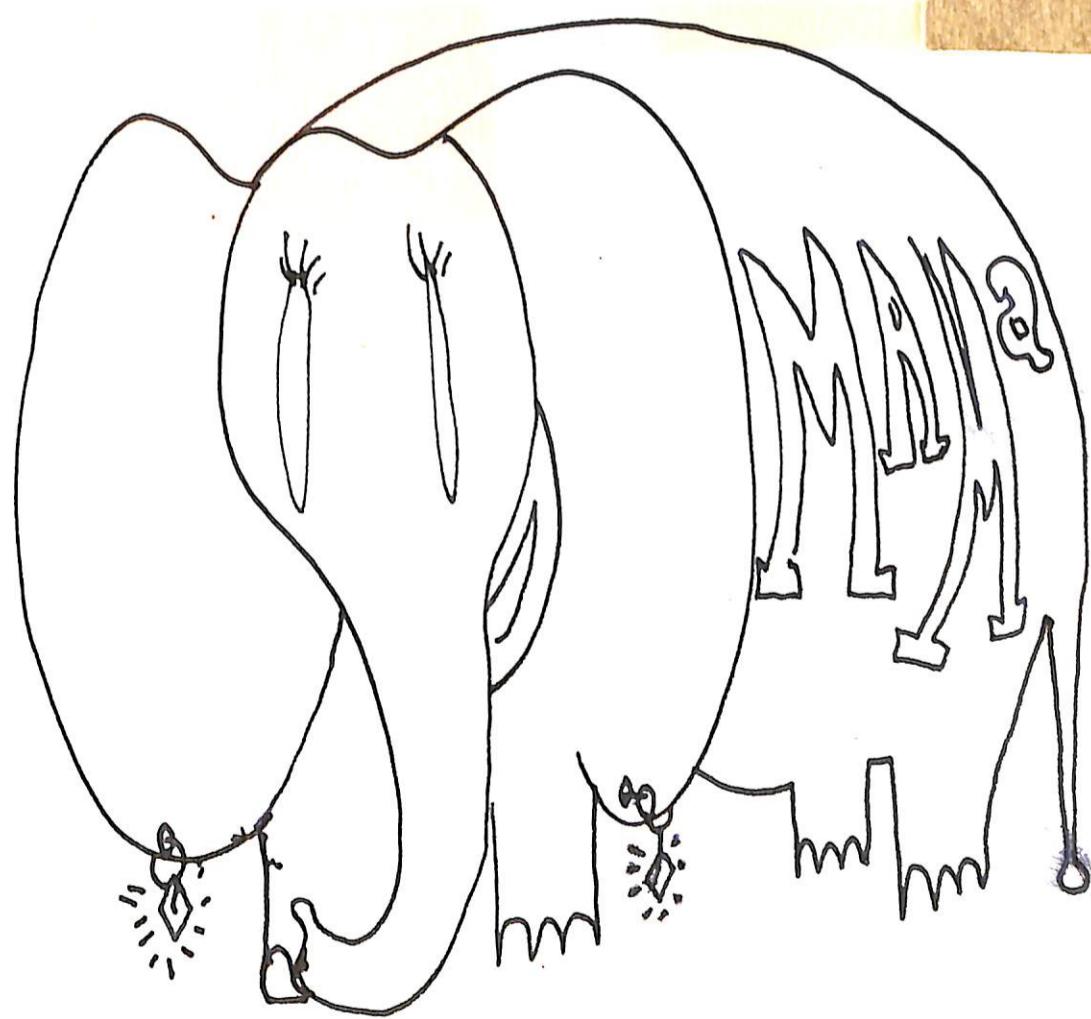
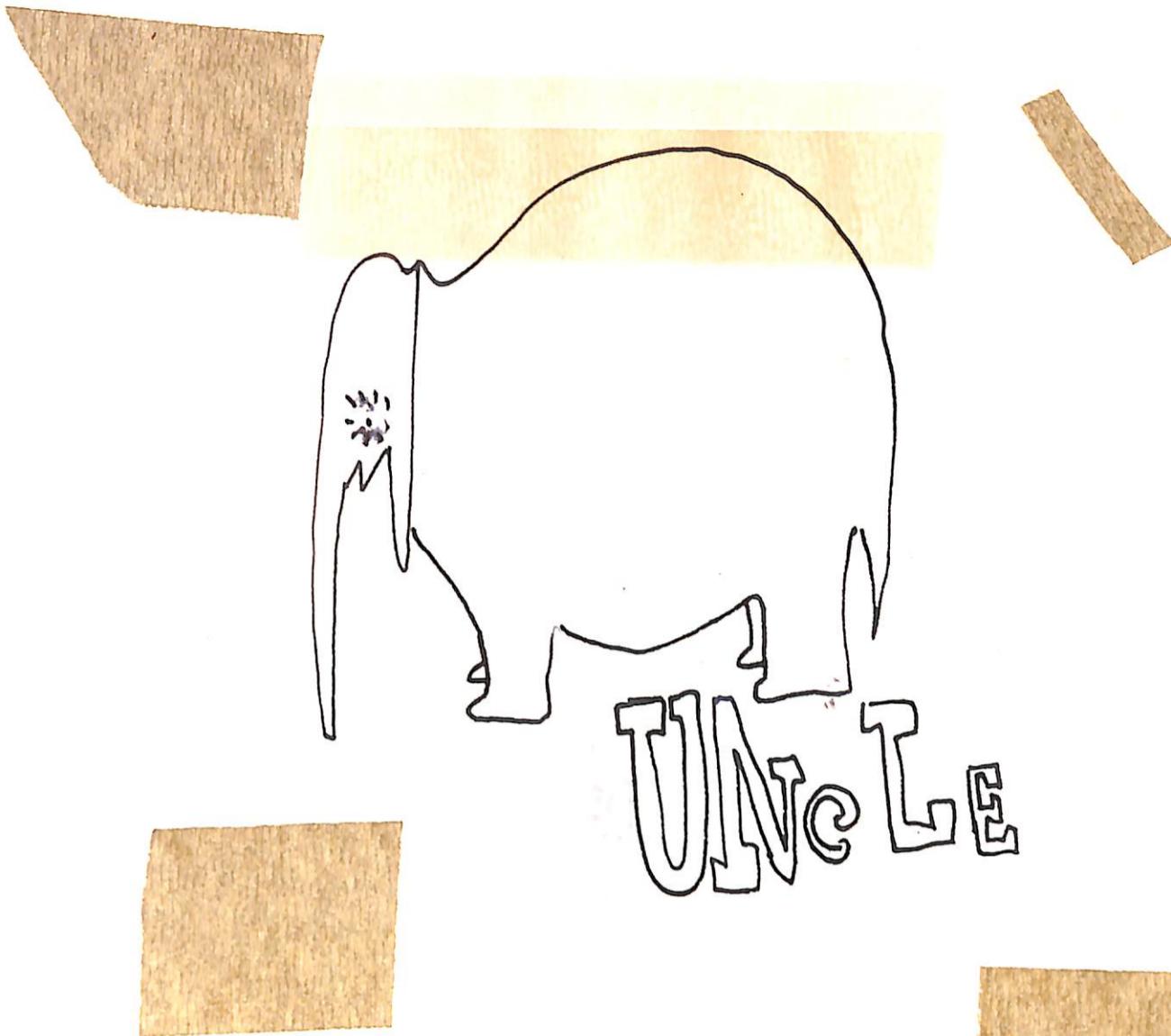
We read some economics last night from Kindleberger's International Economics. It seemed to us that a fairly clear + obvious principle was obscured by unclear language. With such subjects, it seems to me that the advantages of practising the discipline in real situations is far superior to trying to work from words alone to an understanding of the subject. However, reading it ~~in~~ with Earl makes it much easier for me to understand.

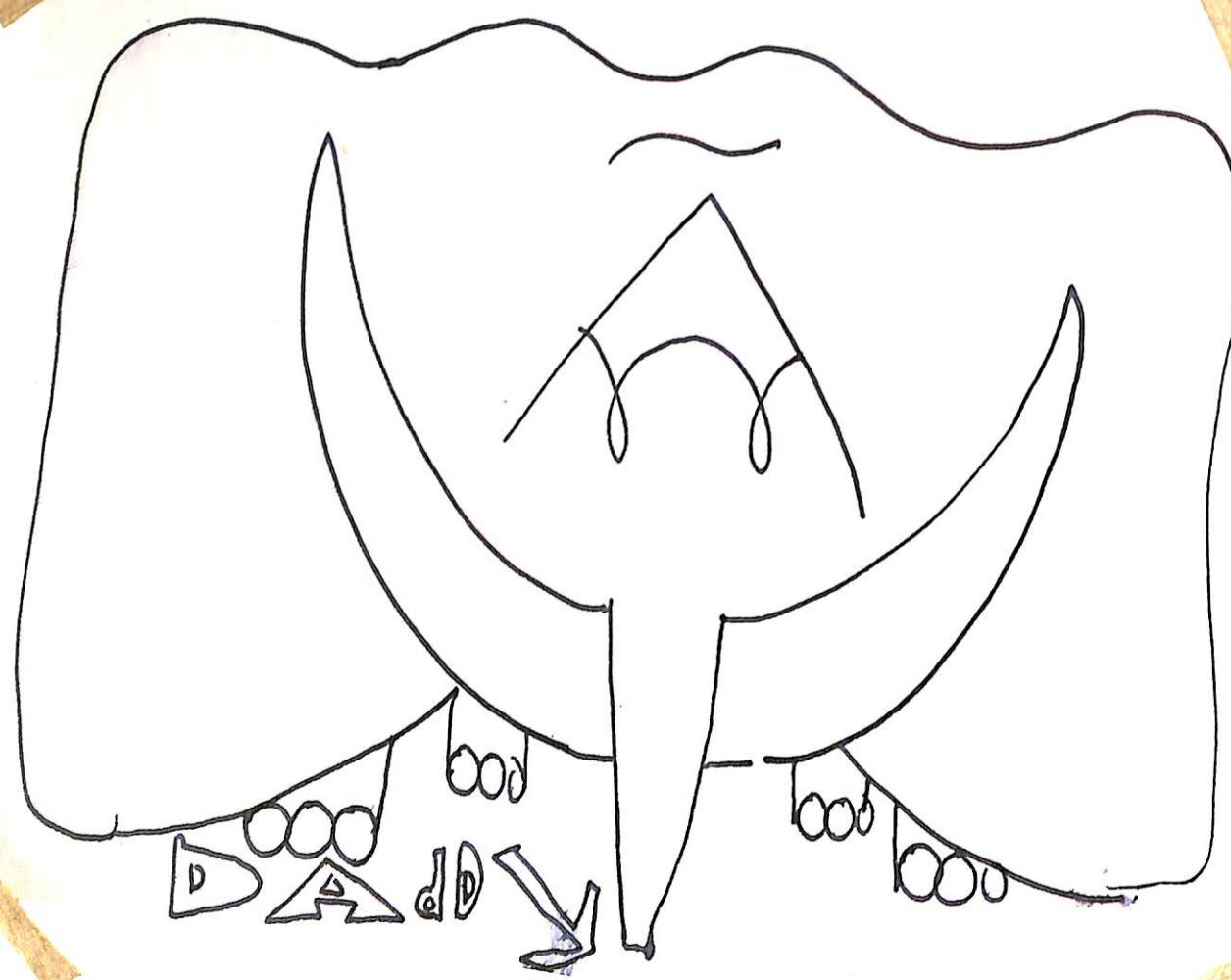
Daddy's Elephants

(under ^{me} Bug's
last conc
e /

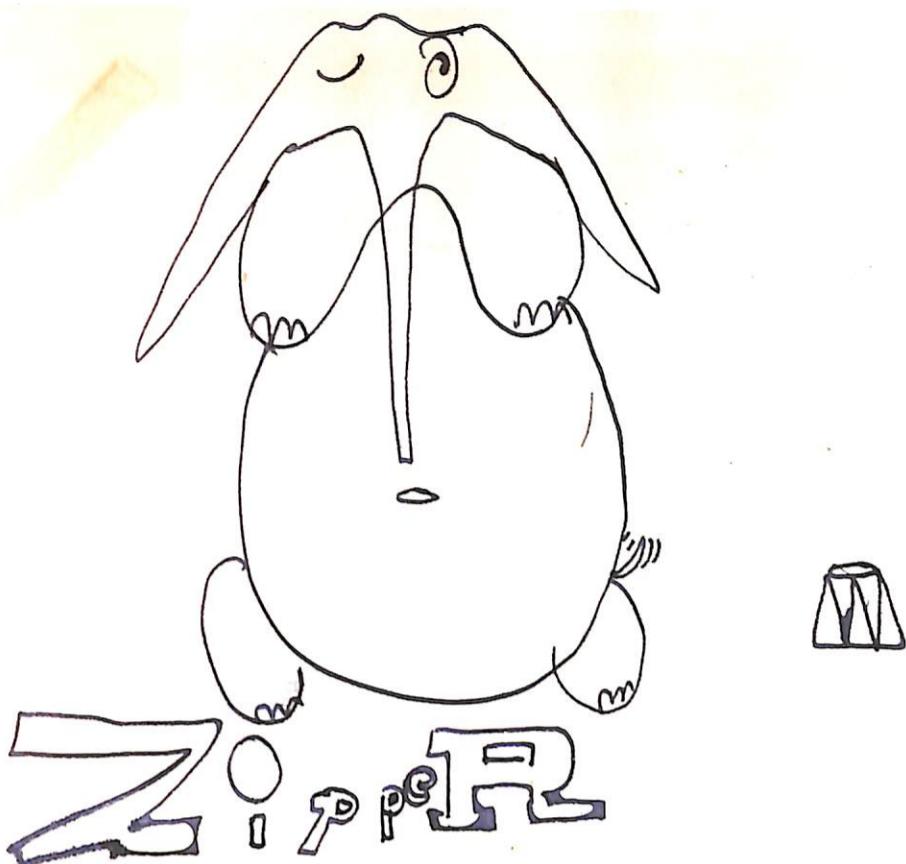


night





night



The elephant with the
waggle tail.

I was showing Earl some drawings I did for Suzanne, who often sits on my lap as I write the journal. She says "draw bunny, draw wow, draw mom." And so I do. I tried on elephant too! And told Earl I didn't know what came underneath the trunk. Wait till Suzie sees these!

Tues. Oct 27

Stephanie acts oftentimes like my old duck. What ever one does to her - especially Suzanne. Suzie will decide she must

have a certain toy that Stephanie is
wiggling on, so she grabs it and for
good measure pushes Stephanie's face
or rolls her over a few times.

"Suzanne," I call, "stop that."

Then up comes Stephanie's face, grinning
from ear to ear, and saying at her
sister with sleepful approval: "So now
yesterday Peter Buck & Leslie Sones
came over to play with Suzanne. It
fascinates me to watch how easily
they develop individual personalities. Peter
has a light charm and intelligence. He
was drawing cars in the sand. 'Have you
ever seen M. G.?' he said. 'Which would you
like to have, Peter?'" "An M. G." he
answered. He does not hesitate to ask
for things. "Can I have a cracker?"
I say no. He picks up a cracker. But when
he accepts it easily and goes
to the garage to see the "Beaver" (a radio)
of talking on the other hand although says
very little quite as well as Peter, usually
by herself or of the time, play formally
she guests or watching them. Occasional
and is ruthless in with a violent desire
Thwarted, she is goods attaining it. Suzanne's
personality is hard for silence. She
enjoys the oddest for the to capture
as I was pushing pleasures. For his sake
he was standing just Peter on the sunfish
hit her just close enough so went
up. She was brushing hand slowly every time he went
was brushing her coat closer until
Mona Lisa smiling dreamily. All the while
bonneted face. Only fixed rigidly on her
knocked over. Was when she was

night

We had a nice weekend with Rhoda + John Lee in New Haven. We saw the Yale-Colgate game after which we stopped in to see Lee + Nancy. Lee has made another lamp - or more accurately light-mobile, or light sculpture. It is made on the same principle as the other, but the rectangle is more square, and there are Venetian-blind like strips of wood by can be used to direct the light. I think it is a beautiful creation. He went to a lamp conference in N.Y. and sees the possibility of designing lamps for a large company. It must be very satisfying to be in actual contact with people who may be able to use your work.

Later on Rhoda + John took us to a dinner party given by a young psychiatrist + his wife. One of Alger Hiss' lawyers was there. A middle-age, erudite, witty woman-loving man. Toward the end of the party, he was telling stories of letters he had sent to E. B. White of the New Yorker, 20 yrs. ago, correcting a grammatical error. He quoted, fluently from both letter + reply. I am filled with admiration for people who are able to remember accurately and whose facts always seem accessible. I have to be stimulated and diverted in order to be able to use what I know. I am also at a point of admiration for people who carry a conversation easily. The art of conversation is for me accompanied by a content with my own impotence. When I feel impotent, I converse with pleasure. But when I am in a state of questioning my own

have a certain toy that Stephanie is
wiggling on, so she grabs it and for
good measure pushes Stephanie's face
or rolls her over a few times.

"Suzanne," I call, "stop that."
Then up comes Stephanie's face, grinning
from ear to ear, and saying at her
sister with sleepful approval.

Yesterday Peter Buck & Leslie Jones
came over to play with Suzanne. It
fascinates me to watch how each
has a different individual personalities. Peter
was drawing cars in the sand. "Have Jaguar,
here M. G." he said. "Which would you
like to have, Peter?" "An M. G." he
answered. He does not hesitate to ask
for things. "Can I have a cracker...
I want a pick-up truck etc. But when
I say no, he accepts it easily and goes
on to something else - like a trip down
to the garage to see the "Beaver" (tractor).
Leslie on the other hand although capable
of taking quite as well as Peter, says
very little most of the time, playing
by himself or watching them. occasionally
she bursts forth with a violent desire
and is ruthless in attaining it.
Thwarted, she broods silently. Suzanne's
personality is hard for me to capture. She
enjoys the oddest pleasures. For instance
as I was pushing Peter on the swing, she
was standing just close enough so that
he hit her hand every time he went
up. She edged slowly closer until he
was brushing her coat. All the while she
was staring dreamily into space, a
Mona Lisa smile fixed rigidly on her
bonneted face. Only when finally she was
knocked over, was she broken.

night

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abilities I almost feel paniced when confronted with the necessity of carrying on a sustained conversation with a relative stranger.

Earl seems to have ~~lost~~ ^{lost} ~~ever~~ found a direction in painting so fertile that every anything he sees can be translated into a fit subject. He is working with the understanding that a painting is ~~a~~ composed of necessity of a 2-dimensional design. He looks at objects in this light, and sees them as designs. There is no limit to subject material, and there is no need to travel to find it. Design + Pattern are abstractions which can be made from any object anywhere. He says he has never felt better about his work. He now knows what it is he has admired about Matisse + Léger and he knows how to use and develop their approach. He says that he is at a point where he is able consciously to use all the techniques which come most easily to him.

Thur. Oct. 29.

Pale lavender slivers of reflected sky shimmer in long, sleek strips along the boards of the balcony. Delicate etchings of young branches move softly in this rainy twilight. The warm yellows of my room glow cozily in contrast to the frosty blue outside. The golden fire is seen dancing on the window pane, a happy symbol of the gay little world inside. Stephanie is watching its movement, chattering her high falsetto. The Doctor sits in great yellow Saarinen chair, his grey

SLIGHT

curly head propped up on the arm, his eyes half open, makes Suzanne, in her new 'black watch' skirt + yellow blouse, is looking for the moon.

I just received a letter from Jackie explaining why she had not been able to make it last Friday - it was always going down to the same thing - other plans, parties, football games etc. I don't blame her at all at that age you never feel you can afford to miss a party. But I think it will take me a long while to get over feeling a twinge of sadness that I have spent so long without really being excited about a party - excited because of the people who were going to be there. It happened with Marshall + John, but that's not much in 3 years. She described the Scarsdale house on an evening when Louis brought them to dinner. Mario + Ella were rustling around, candle light, wine + music etc. Then after dinner they listened to a conversation between Walter Krontite - a new paper man, + Daddy, setting, as Jackie says "the UNGOBLED word. The next day they all went up to the farm, joined by a few Princeton friends for a big house party. And so it goes.

Fri. Oct. 30

Last night we had one of those long, revealing discussions wherein we reevaluate our past behavior in terms of our present situation. We started out discussing how soon we thought Jackie would marry Earl

pointed out the danger for a girl who does not have any sustaining interests. "What does she do in her spare time? Make elaborate preparations for painting or sculpting, and then slack off before anything has been done. She is quite different than you were," he continued, "she never had the complex of grandeur. You knew you wanted to be the biggest thing around. If you hadn't gotten married so young, you would have surely found an interesting job - maybe with Eisenhowe in Washington. But I doubt if Sackie has the imagination to do anything like that."

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "It would have been impossible for me to visualize myself doing what I did when we first got married - housework, babies, alone in the country. I imagined great exciting things for myself - and there I was, completely out of the limelight, doing a lot of menial tasks.

"Yes, but only a person with big ideas could have made out of our small home the exciting things it now is. And what was so important was that we established the fact that our own appraisal of one another was sustaining. By looking inward those first years we now have an unbreakable relationship. Now I am able to look at success the only sane way - as a means of learning more about my work, of getting better brushes, paints & papers - but not as a goal, as I used to. I used to be almost afraid of success - because it never seemed big enough to assure me that I would stay in the lead. People by having a success, it meant that expected another one. If it wasn't

forthcoming I was raised lazy. I was almost comforted by failure - because it was so easy to do better.

"That's not how I looked at success. Success to me was a form of self-revelation - it showed me something good about myself which made the next challenge seem even easier with this added knowledge of my ability. Without success, I begin to doubt myself, and am consequently less well-equipped to meet challenges. But I think that what Arthur said about us was quite right - that the fact that you are able to continue your work in the face of no public approval is a great tribute to our relationships. You are sure of my love, and know that no matter what the success of your work, you will always have your home and me."

~~that we went on to~~
"That's right," Earl said. "I have to have a home to do the kind of work I am doing. And when we started out, it was very important that the home be established in this country and away from our parents. I felt strongly when I was in Europe that I had to come back to America to do my work. There was no voting system in Europe which I respected. It was a fine place to get ready to work. But Europe had become a vast audience and America was on stage. Their young painters find out what was happening. Meeting here was the first step toward finding what is now my approach. You made me sure of

my manhood & virility. So much before I knew you was actually nothing but masturbation in a man's world. You gave me the warmth I was so desperately needed - and you brought this warmth into our home with things like taking baths with the children. It is this warmth which I am going to use in my writing and painting. And it really has not been done yet in America.

"You're right," I said. Look at our contemporary painters - Shahn with his hollow men, Wyeth with his forsaken children & desolate houses, Ryder with his morose, dark landscapes. Perhaps the most well-known American artist today is Norman Rockwell, and he is the only one I can think of who paints warm, happy scenes - there is he, our poster painter and cartoonist. We do the same thing with music. The popular composers have caught the savagery & not lyrical romanticism of America, while the so-called good composers are stillimiting Europe - and the minor European artists at that - for painters like Léger & Matisse do have this warmth. It is so true, Carl - what you've been saying "vulgar" American artists are popular, common the background material for our first great artist to use. You are one of the inspiration. And without ~~destroying~~ tradition as an artist is trying to work in a vacuum, which is impossible.

"That's something I noticed about Frank Lloyd Wright, the first man to design a truly American house, the very consciously used

night

traditional sources to build upon."

"When we look back on it, it seems that we haven't made one false step - starting from your feeling in Annie that you must come home, to your urgency in building our own home. You have made all the right moves for the man who is to become the first real ^{symbol} representative of contemporary painting or writing in America. You must have a guiding star."

"Your my guiding star, darling," said Earl.

Mon. Nov. 2

We had a perfectly wonderful weekend. It seems that I have more & more to write about each day. I'm not sure whether we are going & thinking more, or whether my apprehension of events has been stimulated by keeping a journal - but anyway there certainly is a lot great deal to be said.

Friday evening saw our new neighbors, Stanley & Doris Rich came to cocktails & stayed for dinner along with Tom. They are happily married, warm, loquacious, informed and looking for friends, but not desperately. They were clearly delighted to find such compatible people as neighbors just as we were. They met in Korea where he was a U.P. correspondent & she a sec. to General Hedges. He just recently gave up journalism to try his hand at fiction, under the encouragement of Verne Snyder, whose play, Tea House of the August Moon, is now on Broadway. I have not read any of his work, but from what Doris told me, he does has not as yet found a fruitful approach. He thinks in terms of gimmicks

He has an income from his family, but is not using it, since they do not approve of writing as a career. I told Doris that I take this as a sign that he does not yet have confidence in his work. This attitude may well be considered "strong" & "noble" in an adolescent, but for a man in his 30's, it is a sign of insecurity. If one is deeply convinced that his work is significant, he will use any advantages available to be able to go on with it. This interpretation analysis was reinforced by another thing she said. "I'm afraid Rich is too comfortable living up here with his family. I'm thinking of sending him to N.Y. to live alone for awhile." Now a person who knows what he wants to do does not need the distraction of discomfort to do it. He wants to waste as little energy as possible on inconveniences, in order to devote everything he has to his work. The idea that happiness is deadly to the creative urge must have been made up by school boys. They usually take as an example the well-fed bourgeois-type as an example of the dangers of common contentment. But what makes them think that this man ~~would be a~~ ^{has a better chance of being a} constructive artist if he were not well-fed. I doubt it. An artist is one who abstracts something important from his environment and communicates it to others in the form of an art medium. What I have learned from writing this journal is that any environment can be made significant by an artist - not only the miserable ones, as I had been led to believe. To the question of what makes a man his world in this creative manner - I'm not sure, but I doubt very much

M

If being miserable should be given all the credit, I have discovered an interesting thing: when I am unhappy, I write about the sensations of unhappiness, but when I am happy, I write about my reactions to the world, ^{the difference between} almost as obvious as a ^{de}diseased person describing his malady and a well-person talking of his adventures in the world. The disease may well be interesting, but it's likely to be a limited subject.

Doris was quite taken with Carl. "Of course the first thing you notice about him is how handsome and manly he is. But he has such an unusual maturity, that I quickly forgot to think of him as 'a handsome man' and am able to enjoy him as an intelligent person." It was such a pleasure to meet you two - because you're so obviously happily married. We feel very uncomfortable with couples who carp and argue." I told her that we felt precisely the same way.
I think they will make very delightful neighbors. (They have 2 young children.)

Saturday, after turning down an invitation from Ted Church, much to C's relief, we drove to New Haven with Tom, to see the Dartmouth-Yale game.

See the glorious exhilaration of the last

Oh - the glorious colors of autumn. Driving along I saw Braque's colors everywhere. Yellow leaves sung out their savor yellowness against a deep-male chorus of rich brown vines. It seemed as though the occasional remaining clusters of yellow leaves were

lit from within by an unearthly light so
brightly did they ^{glitter} glow from the bare brown
branches. When we arrived at the bowl, I
was overcome by my usual excitement
of the glamour of a big football game. There
is such an atmosphere of festivity. I
feel like the perennial college freshman on
her first big weekend. The game was a
great upset for Yale - who was beaten
32-0! We drove back as the
twilight diffused the sky with ever deepening
lavender. The windows of houses turned
golden as lights were lit and bright
pumpkins smiled and winked at us all
the way home. Children were dancing
around bonfires in the cool, sweet air, and
every once and a while masqueraders
peeped from behind a tree - ready too
early for the Halloween devilry to come.
~~we~~ than when we got home, we changed in
our usual flat 10 minutes and dashed
next door to a party at Marshall's. The
Richardson's were there. and Lime Rock's most
perfect bove Jerry Lake. I was looking
forward to the party - since I am very
stimulated by Marshall & the Richardsons
I got to know Jan Richardson and found
~~that~~ she is in the same predicament
that I had been in - with the added burden of
so limited finances. I told her how I was
handling the situation and she seemed
much interested. I discussed my opinion of
The Adventures of Augie March with Marshall,
who published the book. Both he and Jan
seemed quite impressed as Earl told me
I discussed F.L. Wright with Sandy. Who does
not like him for very charitable reasons
& told them about my course at Columbia

Friday

and about my lack of comprehension of graphs. We discussed the fact that some people are "word-oriented."

After supper we played Entry - a game invented by Sandy, in which someone reads from the Viking Encyclopedia and the others try to guess the subject being described. Sandy, Marshall + Tom did brilliantly - being able to make rapid associations from unrelated material.

Carl "pulled," as he said, "a complete blank." It was very hard for him to sit there listening. I was doing ~~none~~ well - but neither was San - and as the only two girls - we made the most of our dumb femininity. Then we played The Game - where you act out phrases, quotes, titles etc. It was a perfect scream - especially when Marshall guessed "Intimations of Immortality" simply when I walked out of the room bouncing my hips + making like training clouds of glory. Carl left at 12:00 to take Mrs. Smith

home + I stayed till 2:30!

The next day San came over in the morning with Scott, her 6 month boy. We ate ~~some~~ to have lunch in N.Y. That afternoon Sackie arrived with Eva ~~seed~~ for 2 hrs. I was so exhausted at the end of the day that I missed out on something very nice!

Thur. Nov. 5

I read the journal to Earl and he really inspired me with his evaluation of it. He told me I didn't have to worry - that I had found a peg on which to hang my descriptions of the world - He feels sure that my writing will develop naturally into unique & important directions. He was interested in the type of literary criticism I write, wherein I describe the quote in terms of the use I found for its ideas in relation to my own way of life & thought. We compared my journal to excerpts from Virginia Wolf's which we just read. Although filled with nice images, the final impression is unsubstantial - her personality comes across as whining & maudlin. She does not develop any idea - and there is little variety in the sensations she does record. I was set up by Earl's critique in the sense that I return to the journal with renewed interest & excitement. The form I have evolved is an extremely fertile one for me, and I feel almost no hesitation about how to say something. It is now the process of selecting what to say from the ~~numerous~~ great number of impressions I have.

Yesterday we went to the Frank Lloyd Wright exposition at the Guggenheim. The tremendous variety of his building is a tribute to the soundness of the principles he verbally proclaims. His "organic" architecture is well named - for it is the closest man has ever come to building structures that belong where they are - as a natural organism belongs.

skirt

where it grows. He ~~is to~~ seems to be using the art & science that man has created to complement nature rather than to fight or resist it. Where there used to be fear of the elements, there is now understanding of them. In this way, he has unleashed enormous power in ~~find~~ aligning natural sources of energy with the building of a home. The structure of the building site is looked upon as part of the house. The natural materials are to be used as much as possible.

A mod. real 5 room home was part of the show. I expected it to be startling - but no - all his genius had been applied undercover, so to speak. So that the impression I got was how I would like to live in this house, how well I could entertain, sleep, read, cook, play with the children etc. The living room was about the size of ours - yet 20 people could easily sit and talk without disorganized the room. No one group seemed the focal one, tearing them another. He uses levels was cut off from the ceiling to provide antiqually, lowering and raising it for warm & cozy alcoves, raising it for spaciousness.

When we left Earl mentioned how greatful he was that men like Wright had lived before him. "They have done so much for me - ~~so~~ shown me so much. I can start where they left off."

Tuesday I spent the whole afternoon evening with the Riches. I am sure

that we will develop a satisfying, sustaining & easy relationship with them. There at last is a young woman whom I can visit whenever I like and talk about whatever I like. I told her two things I had noticed about which I know she was happy to have had noticed. Both were in relation to what I called an oriental approach. The first afternoon we visited them, she said as we were leaving, "I wish you could stay the whole afternoon." This struck me as unusual - since most people I have just met are too busy - or think they ought to be - to say that. The other thing was the way she seemed perfectly content to enjoy, & say ~~as~~ she enjoyed - simple unambitious pleasures.

I have felt happier these past weeks than in a long time since I have been seeing and doing many different things. It's always gratifying to me when I find that my analysis of my problems are correct, in that when I manage to get what I said I wanted, I find that it was actually what I did want. This gives me confidence in myself.

Friday, Nov. 6

Earl's new name for Stephanie is "Miss Mush" and for me, "Madame Pats Shutter Bug." Yesterday when I was gathering Suzanne's he said, "Get baby, get baby bath." And so I did. I went plump! plum-cheeked "B" as Suzie in her stomach with giggled and twinkled, keeping above the walls. The children get eantifully together, especially when I am not looking. Suzanne will pile all her toys from a Stephanie and watch with

she plays with them. But if she catches me watching, she starts to pull Stephanie's hair or take the toys away. Her first reactions to children other children are aggressive. When she met timid and small Lawrence Rich she poked a comb into his face and then bit him, just as she did Peter Buck, who still has a small scar on his nose. But after the traumatic greeting, she plays quite pacifically.

Earl is working long hours each day on his painting. He seems to feel sure that he has finally hit upon ~~the~~ a way of seeing the world which will give him the consistency and fluency that he has been looking for. He says that for the first time in his painting career, he will be eager to show the work - after this period his over. He has not felt like pushing the paintings up to this time - although he still thinks the writing in so far I am inclined to her on the painting but maybe, as Earl says, this is because we have never tried to sell them.

I have been reading articles by Frank Lloyd Wright and I think I know now what he meant when he has been quoted as not liking paintings. He did not say he does not like paintings - but rather "pictures." He says "Let us be thankful that the machine, by way of the camera today takes the pictorial upon itself as a form of literature." He feels, as Earl does, that telling a story is not the function of a painting - or rather telling the kind of story that can best be told in words and so he says "henceforth let us consider literature and the picture as one." For him, as for us, painting is a form of design or pattern.

It also makes what I think is a brilliant suggestion: that there should be schools organized in which young artist learn to use machines - as heretofore they learned to use brushes, paints, clay, words, etc. Wright calls the machine the most exciting new tool for the artist - and indeed it may be.

Sat. Nov. 7

All our weekend plans have been canceled as snows & wind struck a ~~great~~ portion of America. After having a fall so warm & bright I forgot about winter, we were ~~rushy~~ bolted by its fierce presence as we stepped out the door last night to go to a dinner in Sharon. It came as an inconvenience, but then through the annoyance of having my weekend ruined, ~~came~~ my childish pleasure of the wintry scene crept back to me and slowly changed my attitude. Earl had been chilled all day in the studio, so we went to the Lodge and sat at a small table next to the radiator, with a black, cold window pane at our side, a reminder of the dangers outside. We sipped hot-buttered rum - a golden liquid topped by circles of yet more golden butter mixed with nutmeg. We drank, slowly warmed by the pleasure of talking to each other, as well as by the rum & the radiator. Our subject was Frank Lloyd Wright. I have fallen in love with him - in the sense that knowing he is alive injects all my reactions with exaltation - makes me feel protected, powerful, the child of a favored possessor of unlimited potentialities. I told Earl that when I read Wright I ~~want~~ feel so happy that I am married to him.

of the similarity in their approach is at times astounding. When I told Earl about some of Wright's ideas, he said, "This is the kind of thing I need to hear now, not praise. By looking at his buildings I knew what his ideas on government, cities, the home, a way of life, would be. To be able to feel in such deep alliance with this man's purposes reassures me enormously."

Both Wright & Earl, working independently of each other know that the home will be the center of the universe. Wright says that all that the city, as a ^{fertile} center of human activity, used to offer, the home is going to offer, plus one important ingredient, "free individual choice." And they both know that it will be Americans who will first achieve this because it is they who have developed the great human liberator, The Machine. When this machine is used creatively, there are no foreseeable limits to how happily man can live on earth. An interesting phenomenon first occurred to me. Man, who invented the machine, has been imitating it in his art, his architecture, too. The rhythms of his daily life. Instead of using the machine as a tool to construct something entirely different, he has taken the structure of the machine as the end product ^{idealized if.} so called "modern art" looked like machinery, furniture, painting, sculpture were machine inspired. Literature was doing the same thing in words by alienating man a machine and making him like one. To just as ridiculous as

calling ~~the~~^{it seems} world a paint brush or a hammer & chisel. We have not yet accepted the machine as a tool - although we have certainly used it as one. As Wright himself says "we must not dramatize the machine but dramatize the man."

The storm is over. The earth and sky seemed to stare quietly at ~~one another~~ each other - ~~one~~^{a white} blue eye and a blue-grey eye with the lumbering mountain in between. Out on the terrace the yellow & the green chaise longues stand ^{stiffly} side by side, each covered with a shining ~~strip~~^{curve} of blue-white snow - two ghostly vacationers taking their ease in the swelling darkness. Suzanne is playing in the tub and Zipper is curled completely up on the green chair. At moments like these I am always struck by the enormous difference between inside and out as profound almost as between life & death.

Mon. Nov. 9

I'm sure this is going to be a very happy journal for I am filled with exuberance. Of its all so simple. In coming in contact with more people I feel as though, in physical terms, my God, had been lacking a particular vitamin, and one upon getting it, has begun to flourish. I savour meetings with people, like an excellent dish, only my appetite has increased as I eat. This afternoon I played the piano for the first time in months. It was as if a whole world, which had lain buried and silent, was resurrected in a burst of glorious sound. To clear the house filled with music was most fitting. Somehow a home with music in it is a more beautiful, ~~home~~ a richer and fuller home.

SLIM

Tues. Nov. 10

Whenever I have a lot to do, I am struck with what demanding, though delightful problem it is to organize one's activities smoothly. I am filled with admiration for the executive type.

I am going to do two interesting things this week & ask for money for the Salsbury Health Center. I shall be especially interested in the response of our local general-store owner, Bill Ward. He is always asking us to collect money in something. How will he take being on the giving end?

Thur. Nov. 12

What a good time I had yesterday! I have finally learned to use the long train trip as a study time, instead of waiting impatiently and so arriving in N.Y. irritated by the immutable fact that it takes $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to get there. My first stop was Tiffany to select some stationary. The people shopping there were such perfect types that they almost seemed like parodies of themselves.

A very elderly woman came to the writing paper counter while I was engrossed in looking at different kinds of stationary.

"Young man, oh, young man," she called, "come here immediately. I want some light-weight invitations, & I want them in black & white because that is what I will be wearing." She finally selected some - which cost \$75 for 100. I have had a longing for some friendliness, a feminine paper, and ordered a print with a flowing robin's egg blue monogram. I know I shall have a rash of letter writing as soon as it arrives. The day was sunny & brisk but my spirits matched its brightness. I took a taxi to San Richardson - way over on West 85th, almost in the Puerto Rican section. Sandyworks is an editor for Henry Holt - and I expect evidently, the publishing

business pays very little. Top editors make at the very most \$35,000 a year. But Sandy loves his job so much that he has not accepted more remunerative offers like from Reader's Digest. He has had a few short stories published & is going to try to continue making extra money in this by as his writing. He has a wide range of interests and many contacts with experts in various fields whom he often asks to write a book for him. He is, says Sam, one of the few editors who reads anything but his own house's material. Marshall, for example, reads nothing but Viking books. We laughed about a peculiarity of both Earl and Sandy... who will both speak lengthily & with great conviction on books they haven't read. I arrived at 12:00 and we chatted and drank sherry until 1:30. I was all the while conscious of how very lucky I am to be in my large, sun-filled country home. Her apartment was dark grey, tiny with only 3 rooms. The baby sleeps in the living room at night & in their bed room during the day. She can't easily afford baby sitters and so must spend almost all her time in that cramped space - or on a bench in the park, reading. She has just joined the League of Women Voters after I told her about it 2 weekends ago. I'll be interested to know what she is in N.Y.C. The hours passed very quickly and I was sorry to have to dash up to Columbia. She insisted on making a definite date for Earl & me to have dinner with them in N.Y. So I left with fond good-byes in a sherry mist projected to Columbia. I didn't feel badly about missing the first 10 minutes - since I don't understand what he's saying anyway. At one point

8/11/11

2

My confusion was so sharp that I was prompted to ask a question. It was illustrating some utility theory of how a country gains X amount of utility by Y amount of trade. I asked: "How can you measure utility numerically?"

"You can't" he answered. And went on to explain that the 19th century economists used this utility theory to play up the benefits of trade. But during the hours explanation of the theory, he had not told us this - but acted as if he ~~was~~ actually supposed "utility" to be measurable.

My Vassar friend at Columbia has also become interested in the League through me. I wish I could get some more young people in Salisbury so inspired.

On the train ride home I read piles of material on foreign trade to prepare for the interviews tomorrow.

It's late. Earl is sound asleep. The doctor is curled up beside him working in his study. I love to write of such times as this. I feel we are in the magical sense of the blues & goblins. Earl says that the worst torture for the doctor would be to be in a bare room except for a 3 inch woolly rug. He would die of exhaustion trying to curl in himself into a 3 inch ball, so that none of him would touch the bare floor.

We started reading Boswell's Germany journals aloud tonight. He was 24 when he wrote it - so it makes a good comparison with my journal. I must say that I have not read any journals

that surpasses mine in interest & variety of subject matter. The journal is my most fulfilling & most consistent achievement up to now. It has become an integral part of my life to the extent that the fact that I do "journalize" enhances my perceptions and enjoyment. I would be very happy if along with these intimate pleasures, I could also have the satisfaction of some public acclaim. I wonder if I will feel this urge all my life - and still more I wonder if I will ever get it.

Mon. Nov. 16

Last Saturday we drove to the Amherst-Williams game with the Goodnows. The day was perfect - you had to depend on high spirits to keep you warm, instead of letting the sun do all the work. The Williams field is very small compared with Yale or Princeton or Harvard, and consequently I felt more intimately a part of the game. The relationship between spectator & player is much closer. We arrived just as the Williams band started playing. Everyone seemed to walk gaily to the rhythm of the music. Faces were bright - people smiled and waved, and scanned the grandstands for friends. College girls ^{waved} held hands. They wore camels hair coats with brilliant plaid scraps wrapped once around their necks - The fringed tails were thrown back over the shoulder and ~~were~~ fluttered like so many banners. Watching ^{these} young Americans playing. I was struck with a ^{wave} ~~wave~~ of patriotic feeling. These are the children of the chosen land - the wealthiest, ^{the} healthiest, biggest - opportunity children. On ~~them~~ ^{their} leadership of the free world ^{will} rest. I felt proud and thrilled at our good fortune and responsibility.

After the game - which Amherst won, we went to Lois Goodnow's for cocktails.

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For a small, lanky built creature, she is the least feminine woman I have ever seen. She moves fast, talks fast and it seemed to me that if I tried to prick her with a pin, the pin would snap. She looked as though she would more easily break in two. Then bend an inch. The conversation between her & her friends was of the type at which I can make a valiant attempt for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour & then peter out. It's on the level of quips-shot with the speed & monotony of canon balls. There is a lot of laughing and colloquial language "come see the cheery peeps - This is a merry drink" etc & a certain warmth and gaiety underneath it all - But I don't know what sustains them. I feel closest to the person who whom I have said the most significant things. I feel on quick sand with someone who knows no more of me than a few fast phrases. With these people, ^{vital} communication must be on a non-verbal level - for there is no doubt that ~~etc~~ they have communicated their affection for one another.

We came home late Sunday morning, and I was so pleased to stretch out with the papers, arrange flowers, and keep the children on the straight & narrow! Suzanne was in a frightful mood - pouring pineapple juice on Stephanie's head, covering her face with cold cream and finally falling asleep on the floor with her head under a blanket. Earl + I had a cozy steak-mushroom dinner by the fire and chatted sweetly in that lovely intimate way.

Last Friday Mrs. Dresser and I interviewed a clock & a hosiery company in Winsted. I enjoyed

it enormously. At the Gilbert Clock Co. we spoke over an hour with Mr. Lord, Pres. & Mr. Williams, Pres. of the company & of the Clock Ass. of America. At the interview he told us that the clock industry should be protected by higher tariffs because it was vital for national defense - an argument which seemed acceptable. But, when I read a report he gave me that he had made before the House Ways & Means Comm., I discovered he was in favor of the Simpson Bill - which is based on the assumption that no American industry should be allowed to be injured by foreign competition - an assumption which is incompatible with both our vital need for markets abroad & Europe's need to close the dollar gap by selling here, among other things. However, I was fascinated to be in direct contact with those industrialists - it is by far the best way to try the validity & strength of my own ideas - and in so doing I am able to expand my theories. This afternoon I am making a little speech about foreign trade to all the League members.

Tues. Nov. 17

The more I learn about myself, the more I discover that all functions related. Last winter when I was waiting for Stephanie, spending a great deal of time alone, I slowly began to give up playing the piano. No matter how hard I tried, my hands were tense, and the simplest passages seemed to elude me more & more. The more I practiced them, until last week, I had not touched the piano for months. But I began to feel the urge to play again. I have been very happy and stimulated by my activities, my reading, & certain people. Started by running through some exercises

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that I had spent many frustrating hours on, to no seeming avail. And presto - after 3-4 months of no playing, my fingers performed easily, almost miraculously, to me. My whole body felt relaxed and I reveled in translating my f. wishes into actualities. This success has, in turn, enhanced all my other pleasures.

Thur. Nov. 19

I have had, as Boswell says, "a crowd of ideas" but they all seem disconnected and are hard to recapture. They are the kind of ideas that infuse me with a flush of pleasure and then seem to disappear. It seems to me that I am like Boswell in the respect that I am at my best when succeeding in a social way. At these moments I feel the greatest grip on my intelligence and learning and so return to my reading, writing and practising with enormous pleasure. My activities seem purposeful only when they are to be used socially. Otherwise I do fall into a minor state of melancholia, although I am not as proud of it as Boswell seems to be. Earl and I went to N.Y. yesterday - the Earl and I went to N.Y. yesterday - the Earl and I went to N.Y. yesterday - which was torture to have my hair trimmed - which was torture sitting in that ant-hill on a glorious day. I saw Betty Sullivan, Ed Sullivan's daughter. She is expecting a baby in March - and looked prettier than I had ever seen her. There are certain people who give me a great sense of good fortune, and Betty is one of them. When I see her, I feel almost restrained to underplay my happiness for fear of hurting her feelings. But I can't say that I don't enjoy it. Sometimes I think of people as magnets of varying strength - they attract or

are attacked as the case may be. Of course, the better I feel, the more often stronger my magnet's pull. This feeling of confidence is one of the most interesting yet mysterious qualities. Sometimes people whom I am sure must have it in view of their accomplishments, do not, and on the other hand there are those with no visible means of support who taste in it. When I meet someone who has both the tangible successes and the inner security, I study them avidly. Paul comes very close to having this rare combination.

He went to see the Frank Lloyd Wright show again - and the Legers, Matisse's Precassos & Miss at the Modern Museum. He said he thinks Wright did what he is doing now - stripping down existing forms, and working with that structure, and slowly evolving a structure of his own. The Bauhaus school of architects stopped with the stripped down structure of the box and despite their many elaborations, went no further than the box. He says he is always surprised when he studies Matisse or Miss especially, to find that how much they have in painting, when he has been assuming that they use large forms with little detail. He said he was almost embarrassed to see how few forms were in his ^{his drawings of} most recent paintings - an abstraction from the ^{the} block old in Millerton. I mentioned that the

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artists who had further simplified the patterns
of a Matisse or a Miro had done so with
an entirely different result. For the most part,
they did not seem at all attracted by the
rich warmth and joy of these masters, but
rather had turned toward a disciplined austerity.
Whereas Earl is extremely affected by what
he feels to be the spirit of these paintings—
and is in the process of formulating his own
expression of this positive way of life.
The more he studies painting, the more
convinced he is that a particular school
of painting represents a particular way
of life. I liked his new painting the
minute I saw it, and my pleasure has
deepened as I live with it. It is concerned
with the ~~Brick Block~~ Hotel and a bicycle. The ^{marble} level of abstraction is perhaps the limit of what
representational forms. Any further abstraction
and it would be impossible for me to
associate the forms with the hotel & bike.
By the way— we have criticized Picasso
for mixing levels of abstraction within a
painting.) Earl says he was amazed at
the effort it required to make the abstraction
he did (12 preliminary paintings, + 60 sketches
large board with his new pain., he was
not sure he had gotten what he wanted.
"What it needs," he said, "is for someone to
like it." Well, I do. The clutter that had

recently distracted me in Matisse was cleared away, and the beautiful forms seemed bold and confident, surrounded as they are with other equally ^{color} bold + ^{confident} forms. One parting ^{color} the painting ^{subject color} does not seem to dominate any other. It is the kind of harmony one finds among equals. The painting seems to fill the room with its elegant, joyous spirit.

I was extremely impressed with Earl's reaction to the Brownell-Truman controversy on the Harry Dexter White case. When I heard Truman's T.U. speech, wherein he accused Brownell of lying for political reasons, the Republican party of embracing McCarthyism, demagogry etc - and defended his action by saying he had allowed the white appointment to go through in order that the F.B.I. might better trap his associates, my heart fell.

"The American people won't like this type of accusation on a former President to going to backfire terribly on the Republicans."

"Now wait a minute," said Earl. If Brownell can prove that the FBI did not approve the one, or that Clark & Vinson did not support the one as Truman said they did then Truman's statement will burst apart - and the most he'll be able to do is ask forgiveness. He has proved anything by that emotional, vindictive speech."

Believe it or not, the next day Brownell denied exactly these two points - which irrefutably validated Truman's defense.

What impressed me was Earl's ability

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to ~~strive~~ ~~to~~ remain aware of his position under opposing fire. He does not sway, as I do so easily, under contradictory opinions. This sort of insight reassures me greatly.

Suzanne's honest statement - we were driving behind a fat-backed Hudson, & she said, pointing at it, "See moo-car, moo-car, oh see."

This evening as I was reading Boswell aloud, Earl was in a semi-slumber on the couch. To test his awareness I proceeded to improvize a mad scene where a wolf jumped down from a tree into the couch in which Boswell was riding, & devoured his companion.

"Things were certainly were bad in those days," Earl mumbled seriously.

Stephanie was a perfect demon in the tub tonight. Suzanne was already in. "Shall we put the baby in?" I asked. Suz responded by gathering her 15 water toys in one end of the tub and encircling them with her arms. The "B" entered the arena with a wild flourish of splashes, and so disconcerted her sister that she let some of the toys pass out of her reach. Stephanie grabbed them fiercely, ~~without~~ screaming was whoops and splashing unmercifully. I was drenched. Suzanne kept mumbling "eye, eye, eye" and pointed blinking and grimacing, with bubbles of suds glistening on the tops of her many muls.

SAT. NOV. 21

I enjoy people most when I first meet them, & then when I know them and they know me, as a ~~tree~~ friend. The middle stage is usually awkward for me. I have lots of very small chatter & a wealth of profound talk, but no great familiarity with keeping acquainted with acquaintances.

I noticed this at the "get-even" party we gave last night. I am at ease with the people I know very well & those I don't know at all. With the in-between group, I am always sure there ought to be something to talk about, but I'm never quite sure what it might be.

However, I believe the party was a pleasant success. The house looked beautiful. Earl had spent the afternoon attending to the details that I and the cleaning woman overlooked & the extra polishing seemed rewarded to add a great deal of elegance to the rooms after about the first half hour. When, as the hostess, has to bustle around getting drinks & introducing, I settled down to enjoy my guests. Most of my time was spent talking about my reactions to Earl's work. People wandered through the house.

Groups of them lingered in front of the paintings. I found myself more fluent than ever before on the subject. E.'s approach to his ideas & mine are now so familiar that speaking about him is intimate & personal as speaking about myself. I especially enjoyed our conversation with Dean Brown, a local "colonial" architect. He was most receptive & quick to understand. However he did not seem

to feel that his own work was in a world apart, and although he agreed with what I said about our imitative architecture, that is what he does. Yet I felt more than politeness behind his words. He said, " Anyone with this much talent is bound to succeed," gesturing at the paintings. I told him how we were using this period or no public success, to learn that our sustaining happiness comes from doing the work, not what's said about it. He spoke of what a rare & fortunate realization this was.

Doris & Stanley Rich were delightful guests - taking over a great deal of the burden of host & hostess. After most of the guests left, we went to their house for dinner, with Mr. Bendig, Gates, Goodhew, Mother & son, Jim Parker & Trixie Cernin. Jim was meeting Trixie into a most receptive female - I thought of how awful it would be for me not to be married, susceptible as I am to warmth & charm. I don't know how I would have managed.

We grilled hamburgers over the Riches enormous fire place. Some pieces had fallen to the floor, & I called them to the Doctor's attention. He sniffed dubiously, raised a paw, & reholed & began to stand on his hind legs, requesting that I pick the meat off the floor & feed it to him, which I did. But he could not be tempted to eat it from the floor.

"Uh," said Bendig, "he's the first person I've seen in a long time with some standards."

"Yes," said la petite Madame Goodnow, "and look at the standards he's stuck with!" I thought this very much to the point in fact, so apt, that I wondered that I had not heard it before.

We left around 12:00 - with great remonstrances from Gates that this would all have to be done again very soon. It's the business manager for the Institute of General Semantics, and a weird little duck-precise as a sewing machine. Mrs. Church had said that she had to leave at 6:40. Every 3 minutes from that precise moment, Gates informed her of the time; much to her annoyance, since she was in the midst of being with. I lit a cigarette in one end of the room, and he came rapidly towards me from the other, with the information that I already had a lighted cigarette in my holder, ^{in an ash tray} & desirous to put it out, or would I smoke it, & save the fresh one till later.

Mon. Nov. 22

I saw Bernard Buffet trees drawn black heavy against the sky, and Georges Braque's organic crowns, greens & yellows glowed so brightly that I gave up trying to see while drove, and stopped the car. I am beginning to understand what an effective & unique style means - with the so called abstract lists as well as the others: They seem to me to take a particular aspect of the world and if them, & generalized it is to apply

slight

To other situations than the one in which it was originally found. For this I thought of this when I saw that Buffet's ^{line} drawings is an almost exact translation of the way the trees look silhouetted against an autumn sky. But he makes use of the same type of line in drawing houses, sheep etc; where he ~~have not seen~~ the translation becomes much less literal. The same thing applies to Brague. I have seen his colors on these wet afternoons - but I have never seen them in an indoor still-life ^{but} where he so often & so often ~~uses~~ uses them. I think the same might be said for the colors used by Toulouse-Lautrec. They caused a scandal when first seen - "Nobody has seen shadows under their eyes etc. etc." The act is, they do sometimes, but not usually. The artist spots these uncommon insights and expands them far beyond nature's usage & abstractions one ordinarily makes from outside world.

I have had a busy and happy day. This morning Mary Jones + I spent with Doris while our children scampered about in large living room. Doris has a lovely day of being friendly. She is extremely frank & open.

"We didn't really want to go to the Orneeman party on Sat. right after ~~having~~ my Kelly party - but it was the first time he had invited me - + I was afraid if she didn't accept, she wouldn't ask me back."

Louis Untermeyer, literary critic for Times or Tribune
was there. They didn't like him. So Dins
said she sensed an undercurrent of hostility
in his supposedly humorous stories - and
she felt the same way about his reviews.
They & he displayed no warmth or sympathy
toward the author - whether or not he
liked the book. She mentioned to me that
Fritzie Von Kuglungen - a neighbor and
friend from her about E's paintings &
has a friend in N.Y. Who is starting a
gallery of contemporary American painters.
Fritzie wants to know if E would be
interested in showing his paintings. I'll have
her up for cocktails & we can find out
about it. George Baer & his wife - an
artist-teacher - came up to see the house &
paintings Saturday - & expressed a sort
of carte-blanche enthusiasm for everything.
He told E he would like to arrange a
show in Salisbury. Notwithstanding this
man's sort of encouragement, Earl last
night said that sometimes he really
gets afraid. He thinks he is making clear
relationships, & people don't seem to
get them.

"You know, I haven't heard one
person say they like the new paintings
as originators like Wright & Matisse had
the people who really went all out for
his work. to the beginning."

I told him that we have had many
points to reassess us of the validity
of these relationships in the form of verified
ictions. I think it is simply a matter of
experience before he communicates
it. Perhaps I should delete the word simply,

because it's not simple at all to evaluate your work without the advantage of retrospect.

I also like Doris' manner of handling children. Without becoming childish, she knows how to take a child-like interest and pleasure in their activity, and, talks about it great insight in to their individual personalities. She enjoys the affection and trust of children, and returns the sentiment fluently. I like talking to people when she is there. She acts like a catalyst agent - and speeds up the rapport. I have a tendency to remain on formal terms far longer than I would like to.

Patsy, Marlene & Sackie came over the weekend. I loved seeing them and we had cozy chats. Perse & Nan called Sun-eve, wondering if we had heard from Mother. They are worried about her. Later Earl & I discussed how much their friendship means to us.

Tues. Nov. 24

Earl and I received a lovely letter from Jan today, thanking us for her visit. I am so happy that we are progressing toward an easy, close relationship. She said the turning point came when I told her that I would have nothing more to do with her if she continued to be a refugee & forget even the amenities like a stranger.

The day was beautiful. After lunch Earl & I took a stroll around the property, discussing plans for future landscaping. As the con-

The land emerge, the house seems ever more an organic part of it. My pride in my home is growing & deepening, and with this comes a pride in myself and the life I have created. When Jackie was here she said, "Do you really live like this every day? It seems so beautiful." I told her how much I had to thank Earl for - since I had brought some sloppy habits with me - like only wanting to dress for company, eating in pajamas etc. He felt very strongly about creating a way of living in the home that was pleasant & varied in each of its aspects, whether we were alone or with guests. And this attitude is reflected in the atmosphere of the home.

Wed. Nov. 25

"Isn't it interesting that during the Renaissance the church was the center of man's activity, the point to which architect, painters, sculptors, ~~and~~ ^{and} philosophers and laymen rallied; today the home is this central point."

"The showcase for today's artist is the home. In the 11th, 12th & 13th centuries the Western world sought security in the forms of crusades & churches. Today's security centers somewhere between the consumer and his home, and the producer."

"After Rodin sculpture split towards two different points: Frank Lloyd Wright & Alexander Calder. The sculpture of solids is the trade of the architect - what remains is yet to be defined, but I think it centers around the sculpting of movement. Today's monument, in terms of sculpture, is the home. This is in the other tradition of sculpturing. Sculptures of the Renaissance, of Greece, Egypt, Persia, etc. ^{first} first a home for their gods, then adorned it. ^{then} the Renaissance and today the adornment

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without the building, or despite of the building, have
or outweighed in importance, the building, have
Frank Lloyd Wright has returned the building
and given it to the family. The rest remains to
be seen."

Earl has just returned from his 3rd visit to
the Frank Lloyd Wright Show. He says the
greatest genius in the arts has dragged the attention
of the world to the home. The function of
the artist is radically different than ever before.
They must use materials that will fit a home;
ad to paint or sculpt differently. Understanding
architecture is and always has been of the
most importance. You've got to know
architecture if you're going to paint. You're
going to hang it in a museum or in
church. But started in the home or man.
Gods - now it has come to the gods is now
united used to be built for the gods is now
built for man. Painters that are doing
these horrible scenes - where do they think
they'll be shown - in newspapers or Gars?
The market place is the gallery. Designing
in the gallery won't get you any place. The
gallery won't get you any place. The
years are from the abstraction, the home,
the unity of the abstraction, the home,
there are many homes. We no longer
find one stairway to the stars - but
many stairways as there are people
who want to climb. How the idea is
you're going to build a home - going to
as around a way of life as it always
been.

Thur. Nov. 26 [Zippie's in love with
little off-beat Miss yogurt & blueberry
There are so many things I want to
amaze me how I have skyrocketed

(from trying to fill my days into attempting
to jam 15 various & sundry important
projects into a few short hours. I want to
read, play the piano, write in my journal,
study economics, do League work, market
page for children, talk to friends, write, letters
weekend guests & parties, household details,
grooming, enough sleep, relaxation with
Earl & long discussions, day in New York etc., etc.
I feel like a person who has been looking
for flowers in vain, & then suddenly coming
upon a vast field of them, finds ~~too~~
she did not bring a large enough basket.
But I love it.

I am just beginning to discover what
my economics course is all about. Up until
recently I had been irritated by the difficult
(for me) proofs of ~~the~~ theories whose
assumptions were clearly invalid. I know
now that the value of studying these ~~theories~~
formulations is that I am learning
the frame of reference, the vocabulary
& language of economics. I will know
how to analyse today's situation
with the tools I am about to acquire.
I say "about to" advisedly. Since it will
require considerable study for me to
have become fluent with graphs &
algebraic equations. But as Earl said, "if
it's not in my nature to play around
with things. I am not happy unless giving
my full attention. Even though I am under
a compunction to "pass" this course,
my entire past training is urging me
to study hard so that this course will
be meaningful to me.

SLIM

Patsy, Marlene & a friend came for Thanksgiving dinner. Earl is extremely fond of Patsy. He says consideration is a far higher form of intelligence. Imbuing an awareness of what's going on around her. "When she walks in the room it's like a fresh, cool breeze. An exciting young man who meets her will really be smitten." That type of man, if I am any example, is apt to look beneath the "chrome-faced" girl. Patsy is warm & vivacious & not obscured by any misleading mannerisms. She reminds me of a remark made in the movie "Lili," where she was compared to Bell, "However you strike her, she rings true." We are both looking forward to seeing a great deal of her as our lives recently expressed building a structure of happiness. Earl has ear satisfaction from sustaining family relations. The two main ones are Percie, Nan, and Patsy. So far, he thinks Patsy is 1. of the four & says he thinks Patsy + I. of the four. I suppose I'll stop writing now because I do want to read The House of Kennedy.

Friday, Nov. 27

Lee & Nancy arrived at

Mon. Nov. 30

I have been as gushy as the proverbial boy since Thanksgiving. Lee & Nancy arrived Friday afternoon. I feel we were easier around with them than ever before, though it's still not a relationship where I can disagree emphatically without risking a withdrawal on their part. Earl

(i says that he doesn't feel someone is his friend until he can say - "you're all wrong," and not hurt his feelings. I think we started out with Lee & Nancy on a rather unfortunate basis. Earl did not at that time like Lee's work, nor did he think Lee's ideas on art were valid. They had some rather fierce discussion twice in the sense that Nancy became upset & tried to defend Lee, an assistance he did not need, & she was not expert to give. But as time went on, Earl's admiration for Lee & his work has steadily increased, & he no longer acts like their older brother. We had a very interesting discussion on the severe limitations imposed on today's young artists by present methods of distribution of paintings. Lee feels that there is a great market in America for original paintings, and also a number of American artists competent to satisfy the demand. But the gallery system handles such a limited number of artists & has such a narrow audience, that none but the few top painters, & the few wealthy art collectors are benefited. The mass buyers, & the competent but not famous artists do not have a market place in which to meet. Lee feels that paintings should be sold all over, in drug stores, department stores, jewelry stores etc., &

slight

sold at a reasonable price. He thinks that the gallery system, with the large percentages they demand, & the snob-appeal they play, have outpaced paintings for the general public, who have had to satisfy themselves with reproductions.

Paul, as usual, saw the Gig pictures. He told Lee that it is only in the past ten years in America that the standard of living has been high enough, and has been enough leisure time for the general public to begin to want paintings. He thinks that within the next 10 years the demand is going to grow, and that the pressure of this demand will break the bottle neck on the gallery system. However, at present, the best thing for an artist to do is to try to get into a gallery. Hard as it is, because one, for the moment, the only ones or painting. Both he and Lee agreed that they did not have the art market. I thought reorganizing the art market was quite intelligent. Nancy's attitude was pointed out to this discussion. She gave some examples of finding a market in school, trade, and other things enough to warrant it in selling. To answer his difficulties in

(discouragement). I also noticed in her somewhat the same feeling I had about Earl when he would have a brilliant idea about something that ought to be done. I would think that it was his responsibility to do it, and would be quite frustrated that he had no intention of so doing. Now I agree completely with him that the important thing is to establish yourself in some one field & THEN branch out. The branching out at that point is relatively easy, since once you have a name, people come to you.

Saturday I took them to see Allan Buck who gave me the name of some people in New York who might be able to sell his mobiles. Then we went to the churches to pick up the keys for the badminton court. Ted was there and a French Baroness with whom I had a delightful time brushing up on my dusty French. Ted had the same old sparkle in his eye. I have the feeling that I could ask him to do any favor for me & he would do it, but that I would regret having asked it. He told us he had been asked to be president of the Alliance française, but had turned it down, because he did not feel his French was adequate & he did not know the time. He said he couldn't imagine why they had

slid him in the first place. "It's probably because you look so European," I said. He laughed. We pleased laugh. I got up to leave about 4 times but he wouldn't let us go. Finally I said, "Ed, you're the hardest man to say good-bye to that I have ever known." He was so flattered that we slipped out unchallenged.

at 4:00, we took Nancy + Lee to the Riches, where we had a coffee time by the fire popping corn. Suzanne for the first time told me she had to go to goo-goo-and-did. I brought the pot to the fireplace + there she sat, out in amille. It is such fun to have neighbors like the Riches, where we know we can drop in any time + visa versa. They are going to have house guests - the Henry Libermans. There is the far-eastern New York Times - they will come up for cocktails Thursday or Friday. Earl says that Stanley has an attitude towards his work that is very fine to drive anyone mad. He works irregular hours, must be motionless, waits for word on his manuscripts without trying to do anything with them. Does not use the material as material, will not let anyone but Dous and his agent read it. However, we certainly hope that his work will stand here at least a few years.

That evening Eva + Hank Louis came over after dinner. We discussed politics a bit

(and then seeing that Harry & Lee were not particular fluent on the subject, & that Earl & Hank had reached something of an impasse, I suggested we play Emily, which was lots of fun. Hank was in good form - at which time his geniality, & vigor-sharp mind make him a delightful person. Eva seems to have blossomed out from a rather dry cactus, into a witty, warm-hearted woman.

Stephanie has begun to crawl. But we have not begun to realize it. Consequently, last weekend, we had dinner with near-casualties as she dragged herself toward the piano, flowerpot & curtain. She has been able to move for a long while, but not to crawl, as he does now.

Thur. Dec. 3

We arrived back from New York exhausted after our first real venture into city night life since we have been married. We met the Sandy & Seanne Richardson at the Argonaut Hotel, the old haunt of Menken's group in the 20's. Sandy arrived, "well lubricated." He had had a four hour luncheon with a Father Conroy a waterfront priest whom Sandy just contacted and commissioned to write a book about the horkingly brutal criminality of the waterfront. The Father has lived among these people for any years. His stories involve the unions, slipping companies, backet men, politicians, police force, narcotic smuggling - the book bound to be a bombshell. Sandy has only ~~at~~ with Henry Holt a year and he is clickably running the establishment. It is always

alert to possibilities for books, his job leads him into a great variety of fields. We feel he is a perfect editor to work within the present situation of the book market. It is the factual material which most interests him. He showed little understanding of the ideas which Earl threw out at him throughout the evening. But ^{he did} respond most actively to some sketches Earl had done on the train for a children's book based on the rhythm of words + drawings about a boy who ran very fast. Both he + Seanne seemed quite excited about it. But as Earl said, he is getting tired of this preliminary enthusiasm, it is ready for a few ^{concrete} acceptances. Sandy was not very astute about Earl's type of work, since one of his first statements when we saw him was that Earl or should do a biography of Earl did not feel that night. Even though Earl had a proper appreciation of his genius, they both were certainly interested giving us a big evening. After cocktails we went to the ^{Café} Brittany for dinner. The conversation was light + gay. Sandy I discussed European + American education, made an interesting point. He said he thought the approach of education was a pyramid, it would be better if it were a pyramid side down. The further one goes in the academic world, the more specialized becomes the endeavor - The P.H.D writing his paper from 1580 - 1580 $\frac{1}{2}$. Sandy feels the Ph.D should be writing in important generalizations instead of specifications. This led to

a discussion of Earl's ability to make vast relationships - an ability which Sandy did appreciate. Then I told him of my fascination with the study of economics. Of how I felt was far behind the physicists use of mathematics the activity of trillions of atoms. The economist does not seem to have used statistical mathematics based on random movement. In order to prove a certain intuitive perceived point, they make assumptions which are invalid + from which they make their graphs & equations. They are always in search of a constant, be it supply, demand, productive capacity, individual needs etc. Each equation is based on one of these constants which do not exist. It may well be that I have not yet come in contact with other types of economic proofs, since of course I am but a novice.

After dinner Sandy took us to Eddie Condon's, the most famous jazz place in New York. Holt has published a London book. Sandy + Eddie had met at Sardi's party for another Holt book - + Eddie had promised him the best table in the house whenever he came. And we certainly did get just that - right on the ring side we were, with the golden horns pointing their dark centers directly at us. It was a great night at Eddie's with Hot Lips Page and Wild Bill Davidson there for a jam session. When they play, their music fills my entire world. As it gets louder + louder, I feel as though I am being driven closer + closer to oblivion. The only thing that saves

There is the urge to dance. My feet were moving under the table all night long. I say all night because we did not leave until 3:15 AM between the drinks we ordered & those that Eddie gave us on the house, we were in state our pumps were really primed. I, who usually can drink no more than 3 pints without feeling ill had at least 8 during the evening. The more I drank, the better the music sounded. Eddie & Wild Bill kicked us off and on during the evening. Eddie a rather sensitive soul & both Sandy & were at heading on his toes in an attempt to flatter & humor him: by saying, when he said he had the best group in the country, that he not only had the music, but also the reputation. Somehow, he took it as an insult, and I tried in vain to sweep my bases. Sandy's blunders were along the lines of asking too many questions about various jazz players. Earl says that Sandy is getting quite a kick playing the big man around. No doubt his business to make these since it's also his to make sure that we kinds of conquests. To make attentions we were knew what special attention I didn't need any prompting, he told us. I had a marvelous time, prompting, for I had a scanner. She felt very warmly towards me. She has finally arranged to have a sitter come four hours once a week - & she picked Wednesday, perhaps because that's my day in N.Y. We are going to have lunch on the 16th & I've invited my friend Anna Rasmussen from Columbia, to join us.

when I saw her at Columbia, we both started to speak at the same time to ask the other for lunch. I feel as rich as a queen with my new friends & activities. Instead of having an icy lump in my heart, chilling me, I now have a warm coat which cheers me all day long. I do so hope that something will start moving for Earl, even if it be a friend with whom he can really talk. An evening such as we had with the Richardson's is not sustenance for him, since there is so little reciprocation on the level where he needs it.

Just to add a bit more about Eddie Condon's. When we arrived, someone at the next table said, "Shh... be quiet, they're going to play." You don't have to be quiet," I said. "Once the music starts, you can't hear anything anyway." Later on, when Wild Bill sat at our table, he turned to me. "That was a nasty thing to say," he cried. I had to work myself out of the remark as best I could. It was especially funny coming from Wild Bill, who looks like a real toughie as Eddie. Eddie was as sensitive of what was going on in the audience while he was up playing with the band. To be sure we were constantly scanning the interludes a pianist played jazz. Eddie never failed to clap after each number. "It's great, isn't he? How many

ople could do that?" Earl said he wanted
an answer, "a million," but didn't argue
until Eddie was saying how much flux
they had. "It's like democracy," Earl threw
in to see if Eddie might pick it up.

"Yes, m-m-well, I'll have to be going,"
and away he went.

Saturday, Dec. 5

I read the journal to Earl, which I do
as regularly at monthly intervals. He
was as interested as always, this time
especially in my way of talking about
paintings. He said that I add what might
be called the third dimension. I do not try
to do in words what has been already
done with paint, but rather talk about
the effect the painting has on the way
I look at the world around me. This is
the only kind of criticism that contributes
to the vitality + significance of a painting.
He says I must be careful not to
use archaic sentence structures in my new
kind of criticism - such as saying, "The
looked," when I read some quotes
I had taken verbatim from him, he
said, "My God, that sounds good."
"I know," I answered. "That's why
you have so often urged me to write
some of the
beautifully tell me." — The only reason
"Don't you understand the only reason
you talk like that is because of the
awkward foundations + structures that I

am building out there in the studio, which you call dull. The glistening, polished generalities I make on occasion are symbols proof of how the grand work I am trying. Besides, I don't feel I have to write them all down. You get a lot of it in your journal. You know, I depend very heavily on the journal. It is the first creative endeavor we have ever worked on together.

Yesterday Earl wrote a long letter to Saxe Cummings, editor of Random House, telling him that the reason the novel was not selling well today was that it did not reflect the basic and far-reaching differences which are in the process of crystallization, with the world preparing for statehood and the home becoming the center of the Universe. He reminded him that "the present moribund state of the novel" might have something to do with the type of books the editors choose to publish.

Doris + Stanley Rich + Kay Luberman came for cocktails + dinner last night. We had a pleasant time. Doris + I discussed what would be reactions if our husbands died suddenly. "If the marriage has been a success, it has taught you to see your world more clearly with more understanding so you partners

the other should face life except with all
the marriage was given her.

Mon. Dec. 7

Is it not almost beyond belief that the
plane was invented only 50 years ago?
Must time a long time to know at
what the next 50 will bring.

Saturday night we had perhaps the best
a series of fine evenings. The McCaffreys
invited us without any other guests so
we would have a chance to talk. Earl
had been teasing me about booking him
personal appearances. But that this
we really met with a stimulating
interpart. John is a wonderful combination
of definite opinions + openmindedness +
Earl just the kind of resistance
enjoys. We discussed the advantages
living within a definite structure as
did in the middle ages. John led
to make the distinction between
materialism + dogma, concluding that people
make better use of themselves when
assured by certain ^{using} dogma, then when they have
not some of any fundamental frame
of values. In such a situation, a lot
of energy is often dissipated asking why
unanswerable questions.
Both Dorothy and I feel the
way to devise situations. We
led her about the hospital, & thought she
had an excellent evening.

at the McCaffrey's party last spring. So we had expected an invitation from her as a natural consequence of events. Everything I met her in Lakeville, she is profuse with excuses of how busy they have been & how much she wants to see us etc. They are working under some strange and heavy pressure - perhaps to recomp ~~the losses~~ what he lost on his first wife. Nevertheless, I feel a certain loyalty towards her from the pleasant days we shared at the hospital.

Carl said that he felt this evening with the McCaffrey's would be a decisive one. I think the relationship is well charted in warm and beautiful waters. We stayed till about 1:00 A.M. chatting, joking & discussing. Dorothy has the feeling that John is leading a more interesting and active life. She sees the same group all the time. I have discovered, however, that if it, and I believe set out, I could manage issue becomes vital enough.

Suzanne is at the moment standing on a chair playing in the sink. I see or reflection in the mirror, tipping down water out of the hose of a water gun. Whether she is going to play in some

she makes three or four hasty trips to her toy chest, appearing back each time with a heterogeneous group of water ducks, telephones, goats, & cups balanced precariously against her chest. She insists on having her sleeves rolled up, & always, at the last minute she grabs a towel to wipe up her splashes. She has become extremely meticulous about her person & her property.

She will not start to eat without a napkin. I hand her some grapes, she sends them back with ~~such~~ instructions.

"wash, ma, wash keeps"

Now she is pouring water on a balloon, watching it wiggle. She calls,

watch, mummy, watch balloon.

We have decided to have our next baby summer after this coming one - 1955.

Tues. Dec. 8

I have just practised the piano for 2 hours. My fingers feel light & sensitive. The tips tingle slightly. Every day I become more relaxed & so play with that magnificient feeling of grace & joy. Bach & Mozart are definitely my most sustaining favourites. I enjoy other composers, but when I feel at my best, at my clearest, most in control, I want Bach or Mozart, or want in playing their music & can hear each beautiful note in its entirety. Last night we saw Sierra Madre, which

we both had seen ~~as~~ 5 or 6 years ago, and I was very interested in the difference in my reactions. It is the story of 3 men who meet through happstance and decide to prospect for gold. They find 105 thousand dollars worth, & proceed with it back to civilization. On the way home the old man leaves the other two to be foled by some Indians. Captain & Fred C. Doggs continue alone. Fred's so-unfounded suspicions grow until he attempts to murder Captain. He is killed himself by bandits. Captain & the old man find each other & attempt to locate their burrows, who are carrying the gold. When they find them, the gold is gone. A little boy tells them that the bandits had taken off the sacks thinking they contained sand. Captain & the old man are led to the place where the sack were. A fierce wind storm is growing. The camera shows the gold being blown back towards the mountains from whence it came. The 2 men arrive to find their empty sacks whirling in the wind. And they laugh, and their laughter混杂 with the wind. And they talk about their future plans.

This time I was struck by the enormous resiliency of portrayed in the movie. These men had suffered severe misfortunes to mine the gold. When they lost they laughed, a desperate laugh, perhaps, at a healthy one. nevertheless, because

they knew that they were alive.
Last time I felt the story signified
that money brings evil, or the best laid plans.
I think this is a picture that could
only have been made by Americans. Hardship
and failure are not looked upon as death,
but as part of life, and the sense of life
is so strong that failures can not even
stop the sense of strength of from
which it flows. Nor are failures canonized
or idealized into foibles. It was definitely
a pity that they did not yet their gold.

Thur. Dec. 10

Earl and I spent our day in New York
Christmas shopping for each other. We got
an other present up here, but I must admit a
bit is my favorite person to what's more, I
so very appreciate his presents as much as he
always enjoys his records, books, or clothes.
Es, whether it be a record, book, or clothes.
This time I bought a beautiful scarlet vest,
scarlet tie, & 1'll look for a grey
scarlet hankie - to wear with his
scarlet suit. He is so handsome and
very flannel shirt. When he puts on
vases anything he puts on the train I met the
Coming back on the smoker to meet
friends as I went through the League, + he was an
Am. (She is in the League, + he was an
ambassador to Ecuador.) Then asked me to join
them for a drink, so I told them Earl was
waiting for me at a table + that they should

join us.

I greeted Earl and told him this news - which did not please him. He said he had been looking forward to chatting with me, and how he would have to pull himself together to make a good impression. "It's never been easy for me to meet people. Especially from our community. First impressions are so important & I don't feel I can afford to miss making a good one every time the opportunity presents itself. But I don't enjoy it."

"It's a good thing you married a gregarious wife." I said "or else you would have really turned into an old bear."

When the Daniels finally joined us, Earl was finishing his dinner. I had two Scotch & sodas with them. Earl had coffee. But as is always the case, he responded charmingly under the pressure, and we had a so pleasant hour's conversation. Daniels, who was re-appointed to his ambassadorship by Eisenhower has resigned in order to live in Lakeville. They were tired of the ultra-social life they had to leave, & si. 2 young daughters longed to live permanently in America - so here they are with home in Lakeville. I do not understand why a successful, active man can retire at his age (middle 40's) unless he has something definite in mind such as writing.

Tuesday night evening Fritzie von Twiegosen dropped in after dinner to see ~~Estate~~ the paintings & tell us about her friend who is having a contemporary American art gallery in N.Y. He said little that interested us about the paintings or the friend, & we left it with understanding that he might come up himself & talk discuss the matter with us. However, we did enjoy hearing Fritzie tell us about Thurber's whose secretary she has been for 4½ years.

"What is your paper special function?"
"Well - I sit & gossip with him most of the time. I get there around 11:30, when he is still in his pajamas - he reads all hours sleep & wakes very late. But once he's up his mind never stops going. Since he's up his mind can full of anything a real garbage! He has total recall - absolutely everything! Sometimes he startles me by repeating something I told Mark of my children's which I told him 4 years ago, & had absolutely forgotten. He composes in his head, then when he's ready he dictates pages at a time, or he writes it in his eligible handwriting, which nobody but he can read. It's a great writer - often as many as 20 times. He's working on a book now that's really going to be something. It's a satire

on the anxieties of man - the whole.
This is a dream, and every other line is
an allusion.

"That's very interesting," said E.
"Because that's just what happened to
Sorce when he began to lose his eye sight -
his writing had less & less to do with
what was actually happening, ^{tending toward} _{consciousness}.

"You're right," Fritsie answered, "I
have been reading Sorce to him - we've
just been going through Finnigan's Wake"

(?) "You know that this book of Thurber's
will be the making of Sorce's reputation
as an influential writer. No one has
yet used his techniques creatively for
further development. If Thurber succeeds,
Sorce will be called the father of ."

(?) "Is Thurber a good speller?"

"Oh, he can spell anything - ^{to} But the
poor man is saddled with a son-in-law who
can't spell. ^{the} He got a letter from him which
started out "Poomer has it...". We
talked about that for weeks."

(?) "Is he interested in music? I
would think he would be. His writing has
much rhythm, so do his drawings."

"No, he is not especially informed
about music. He probably knows a lot more
than most people, but it is one of the
few he knows least well.
We continued in this vein until about 12:00
we parted warmly."

Earl felt a bit irritated that her reaction
to the paintings had been so limited.

"why she would walk down a
hole line of them without stopping down! *
the room cursed by meeting the fringe
element of society. They have all been in
contact with the liqueurs but nothing
seems to have rubbed off on them."

Sun. Dec 13

I gave up smoking yesterday because of
recent medical assertions that it produces
cancer, & also because I had become
increasingly sensitive to head-aches, dizziness,
and drowsiness from smoking even occasionally.
I have no trouble during the day, or at
night when alone with Earl, the only
difficult times are with morning coffee,
writing in the journal and a cause
parties. But I feel infinitely better, &
think this will be for keeps. Earl has
also stopped except of an after-dinner cigar.

Friday afternoon Dorothy McCahey
came over. We chatted for awhile & then
Dorothy took her to Twining's Buck & Burli
Cider's. I am always impressed by
Dorothy's sense of balance and approach.
She has opinions on many subjects,
all of which are related by a spirit of
kindness & instinctive warmth & sympathy
towards her fellow-man. This is not at random
but sentimental, however. For instance we

we discussing how up in this area
I too had as my friends, Eman & Allen
a Buck, who run the modern store. In
Scarsdale this had never happened.
"In Scarsdale there probably weren't any
shop keepers that interesting," she said.
"It's the same thing in Washington.
The reason we don't have the tradespeople
as friends is that they're so damn
dull, except for the pharmacist and his
wife."

Mrs. Lembusker called & asked Earl &
the over to meet a young couple who
had just moved next door to her. I told
Earl of the invitation & asked him if he
wanted to go. He got that strained look
on his face & said, "I suppose so, if
you want to." I was in the tub with
Suzanne; he sitting on the bathroom
floor said suddenly, "I wonder if I'll ever
have any friends." I used to, but now it's
hard for me - not been people - and its
I have to do. They're about the hardest things
my work - and how can I be friends close
to some one who knows nothing about what I'm understanding
nothing about what I'm doing. What I can't understand
how I can think what I'm doing is
important when nobody else does. I'm
simply not communicating. It's as if my
tears do not concern them. Even John,
when I tell him about the home, he says

"... I agree, except for one point & then
rings up some insignificant detail about
date or something, as if we were discussing
ancient history."

"What am I painting for? Sometimes I
a afraid that I like it out there in the
studio because I'm alone and in complete
control. But no, it now is not that.
But we got to figure out what I'm
talking about there, & how communication fits
with it. Why do I want to communicate
it to remake the world's way of
life so that the world will be safe
for me? It's too easy to say I'm doing it
for security. Obviously I'm not doing it
for insecurity."

"Earl, I think you're asking unanswerable
questions. They seem to boil down to
why do I paint, & there is that is a
meaningless question."

"Alright, maybe your right. Let's put it
this way. What do I expect to happen?"
he tried to answer that one without
being asked. I made offered my hypothesis
much more success. I would make him famous
to Earl which would be reflected each
upon due consideration he reflected back
we could finally get no further than
earl took his work and kept on
attempting to do it more than anything else
even when he have a deep seated feeling
that it is not possible to be happy
without some social approval, understanding &
recognition on the proper level. Earl does not

feel that the approval he does get is based on his own achievement, but rather on his family & family in-laws, and his own likable personality for which he claims little ~~responsibility~~.

We felt much better in having aired the problem. Earl says he likes to complain, every once in a while. He is most annoyed if I get upset, for then he has to stop complaining to comfort me. So I did my best to help him - but feel that he does a much better job helping me than I do him.

We went to the Leibenslairs party ~~where~~. The new couple, especially the husband, produced quite a negative response in me. He seemed on the brink of an obscenity - & showed no intelligence.

Saturday & Sunday we spent with each other. I have finally arrived at the point where I enjoy being alone again. I'm so glad.

Tues. Dec. 15

I have not felt like writing in my journal these past few days, but am putting down a few words anyway so as not to break the pattern of journaling, which for me means I must do it consistently. Everyone along on the surface of things, not wanting put my foot down on things, not wanting all. Such is my present mood. I do feel infinitely better now without smoking.

Mon. Dec. 17

Yesterday I met Ann Rasmussen & Deanne Richardson at Reuben's for lunch. I like them both very much & was excited at the prospect of friendly conversation among contemporaries. Turned out rather poorly. We did not have enough time or quiet to establish rapport. In winter was a constant irritation, & noise of chatter & eating was overwhelming. We had to shout to hear one another. Nevertheless I enjoyed seeing them, and will do so again.

Ann and I took the subway up to Columbia - a 40 minute operation which took us underground in the dark, ~~dirty~~ dirtish tunnels of the most overgrown city in America. A blind man sat in one of the trains, his white cane poised at his feet. His seeing-eye dog, ragged as his master, crouched under his arms, his paws resting lightly on the forearm. I was chilled by this blind man's sight, and felt enormous relief when we finally surfaced at the gates of Columbia. Ann is a delightful companion. She seems to have a well-founded confidence in herself, and laughs ^{fairly} easily. She has asked me to come to her apartment for a leisurely lunch next time.

The train ride home seemed so long & bleak without Earl. Usually I stand in the winter night light at 125th St. watching to see the

The great yellow head light of the train
piercing the cold blue, and knowing that the
light brings Earl to me. He will be
sitting in the dinner, looking worried that I
might have missed the train. When he sees
me, a big smile of relief greets me; I
get a kiss, we sit down & both begin
talking at once, relating all the stories
we have anticipated all day telling to
each other without him. The 2½ hour trip
is a trip of waiting and looking at my
watch. When I finally got home, Earl
opened the door for me. Our table ^{had}
had set our table in front of the fire. My
bath was running in the tub. The kitchen
smelled of baking ham. Suzanne jumped
on her rocking horse, as she always does
on such occasions, and zipper wagged,
jumped and barked with glee. Stephanie made
a great bid of for attention from her
play pen. Has ever a girl returned to a
more wonderful home?

Friday Dec. 18

Stanley Rich called last ~~with the gayest voice~~ in a bright mood
and said they felt like a drink with fine
company. So would we come over. ¹⁹¹⁸ We
in we had no help, so he said, he would
try to get a baby sitter, which he did. We
and out later in the evening that the reason
for the ~~gaiety~~ is that Stanley is now writing
lyrics instead of fiction. This was the ~~as~~
given up newspaper work to lyrics. But

Doris

ad been influenced by his agent & Verne Snyder
in fiction. He says lyrics are his real love.
He - who wrote Tea House of the August Moon
is asked Stanley to collaborate on a new
now subject undisclosed. I felt very excited
r him & we all drink lots of Scotch in
celebration.

Stanley noticed the new paintings that
I had just brought in. I asked him what he
thought of it. He said he did not like it
much. Said it reminded him of James Sargent.
Says when the reader is not given
dissyses, whenin the reader is not given
adequate information to know what is
meant by certain phrases. ~~what is the~~
said he liked Mondrian, for instance, where
there was no temptation to figure out.
subject matter - one could relax & enjoy the
composition. But with Earl's 2 latest - especially
the Brick Block Hotel, he would try to figure
out what is represented & give up without
much regret. On the other hand, he ~~was~~ liked
very much the Paris watercolors, whenin he
might not recognize the figures immediately,
but was always rewarded after a few
moments study. By pleasure & understanding.
He also liked the "Man" over the piano, &
The Pianist.

Doris talked with me at hi^t about her
dislike of the dogmatism of the Catholic Church
of which she is a member,) and yet in her
reaction against the false pride of Protestantism
which says that man should communicate &
understand god on his own. After a few minutes

of this I said, "You know, Doris. This is interesting to me. I haven't discussed religion for a long time. As a young girl I was seriously & deeply religious - painting in churches, saying prayers etc., but somehow my ~~own~~ thoughts of religion are absolutely no part of my life. God is a meaningless word to me. Inquiries as to final purposes, absolutes, heavens here are purely academic - and I feel no lack, no need, no desire to probe matters which seem to have no relation to my life. Doris was ^(not) non-plussed and said that this happened to every happily married person during the first five years of marriage. She wagers that after 5 years I will begin to feel the need for something other than my own personal pursuits ~~to orient~~ by which to orient myself. I am sure that whatever systems of approach I assemble, I will not use the word God anywhere.

I forgot to say that I do not agree with Stanley's comparison of ~~earths~~ the painting with Joyce's obscurism. A word is a symbol. If a word is used in such a manner that it's what its ~~symbolizes~~ value ^{so that} educated reader would say that the word has ^{is no longer} been used. A painting is made up ~~for~~ ^{of} paint, color, form etc. It is perfectly legitimate. The component parts of a painting to be seen at face value and enjoyed as paint & color & form, what ~~it~~ may be symbolized

the painting is another matter entirely but
I do not believe that a word is of interest
~~except as if symbolic~~

Sat. Dec. 19

I have just started to knit a bright blue
sweater for Suzanne. I am again, as I am
however I begin to knit, surprised at the
~~the~~ simple contentment, + derive from
~~this to occupation~~ and gentle anticipations
arising from this ~~simple~~ activity. I want to
see what it will look like with one more
row; I am at great pains not to make an
irreversible mistake. I muse with pleasure
at the thought of giving it to Suzanne;
and I am fascinated to watch a fabric
merge from the own rhythm ^{made by} of single stitches
where there is organic articulation. Each part
has the same relation to the whole as
each other part. The design is inherent.
conversing

I found that I miss smoking when with
people, and decided on knitting as a substitute.
But it is something quite different - since it
is intrinsically a constructive act, while
smoking is ~~destructive~~ destructive.

Tom called last night. We had been
saving him for the Christmas holidays - &
vice-versa, I suppose. We had to tell
each other over the phone. He is coming over
Monday evening to deliver to present, which
both Carl and I remind him the importance
of keeping it.

One evening while I was brushing Suzanne's hair I sang "I see the moon, the moon sees me, under the spreading of the sycamore, under the spreading of the chestnut tree." This silly struck her fancy and ever since she has been hounding me, "Sing moon, Mummy, sing moon." When I do, she puts her hands on the floor, raises the her bottom and does midget pushups in rhythm to my unrhythymical, off-key singing.

Earl is beginning to take a lively interest in her. Already they have private games - like a special kind of "where's Suzanne" when he puts her to bed. She takes his orders most seriously, often bursting into tears at a mere glance of reproach. I think that the combination of playing & discipline is ~~to~~ a very healthy one.

I am beginning to get in the Christmas spirit.

Mon. Dec. 2.

Mr. Altenburg, our piano tuner, reacted to the paintings in a most positive fashion. "Mr. Hubbard, these paintings are as good as I've seen. Why, you're on the top of the heap. Look at that design, that color. You're a great painter and know. I've lived with paintings all my life. My wife studied under Hans Hoffmann. Other has two paintings hung in the museum."

with the French government put foreign paintings
bills. When he was leaving, he said, "you're
stand's a genius. I know it, but does he?
n't let him stop painting! I had to
ugh at this, for if anyone knows he's a
enus, it's Earl.

It was so unusual to hear this type
of reaction that Earl almost thought something
must be wrong with him. "Don't be
silly," I said. "That's the way many people
have reacted to the painters who are now
called great. And the way I expect just
as many to react to yours." But I
must say it was fun to hear such
enthusiasm from an outsider.

I have decided that I am in a
position to derive pleasure from having
servants only in so far as I know I can
do without them. When I allow myself
the to feel dependent on them, at that
point I am no longer in control and am
at the mercy of their whims, stupidities
& idiosyncrasies.

Tom is coming over this evening.
We plan a cozy evening of drinks,
roast beef, firelight and wine.

I am surprised and disappointed
that we have not yet heard from
Saxe Cummings, editor of Random House, or
Prof. Lar, Thompson of Princeton to whom
we sent a copy of the manuscript.

Wed. Dec. 23

Yesterday was my 24th birthday, and a happy one it was. Earl spent the first morning hours wrapping my presents; he did not have time last night since Tom's visit. I figured on and on discussing the possibilities of V.D. movies on television, especially the You Were There show. When we sat down for breakfast, a colorful array of presents awaited me, one from each member of the family plus a bonus. The most exciting was a beautiful wrist watch of gold and alligator, an elegant combination. It has slim lines, and sits gracefully upon my arm. I also received an excellent recording of the Fledermaus sung by Austrian singers - a London recording. After breakfast we sat sipping coffee and listening to the almost incredibly fluent & beautiful uttered came out as every sound they heard in Vienna. My bonus was a William Steig, "Till Death Do Us Part," which some how had missed. I feel about the watch - I love the thought of wearing it makes me want to get up early and put it on. Earl is so adorable. He is extremely serious about his choice of present, & watches my reactions intently. I am really looking forward to Christmas, to see what

to give Earl my presents as well as to see
what I set will set.

After listening to the record we
started to decorate string the outside lights.
and then chopped ourselves a delicate,
magnificently proportioned Christmas tree, and
trimmed it with much coaching and
assistance from Suzanne. She has just
learned "Jingle Bells," which she interprets
sotto voce, as "Singy Bones, Singy Bone's"
The lights & ornaments have never been so
admired. The strips of tinsel never so
loosely placed as by the grubby little
hand of Suzie Hubbard.

Earl set up a little playhouse of
fictional characters done in molded plastic
one of Daddy's toys! on the grand, arranging
each group across in their proper places - and
then joined Suzanne and me who were
already in the tub along with duck, fish,
comb, car, Goat, Toad, cup, Grush. As
is often the case, we were hurrying to
make a cocktail party - this time at
Bob Chapin's. Contrary to my expectations,
I had a delightful time - mainly because
of Dr. Fred Gould, one of the members of
the Sharon Clinic, an attractive man, with
a slight St. Paul's accent, polio in both legs,
and a fine ability to enjoy the conversation
of young women. The whole group of Sharon
doctors have interested me - they represent the type

of charm I shall always associate with New York debutante parties, and I like it in its place, especially as embodied by those men who seem neither existential nor parasitic, practise medicine as they do with

considerable skill & reputation. We discussed nothing very profound, but were certainly establishing a rapport through our approach to questions in themselves fairly frivolous, like automobiles, hunting, personalities and stories. Mrs. Grevatt spent most of the evening talking with Earl. He said it was as if she felt she had to make a report to him about how Freddie got polio. Her "daddy" is evidently some big industrialist - he has had General Motors and English manufacturers as well, designing a car that his son-in-law will be able to drive. They seemed to know all the pertinent facts about us, and she apologized again & again for not calling on us. She told me that she had heard we were very quiet, enjoyed each other's company, and would not welcome an intrusion. Anyway, I imagine we will be seeing more of them - I met 2 women who have moved here recently and are looking for friends. Mrs. McMillan is a 3 yr. old son. They moved here because "it is not worth living in a place you don't like," and are now looking for some occupation, presumably. I promised I would have her over when the play

group next meets at my house. To some other women who expressed unfulfilled desires to see us home, I said, "well, get up some courage and ~~try~~ to do it." I'm tired of people apologizing for not coming over.

We left the party early - as driving along White Hollow Rd. we saw the entire valley lit by the glow & sparkle of outdoor lights which festoon half our house. It was a gay sight, indeed - we had a cozy Christmas tree & fire - dinner, and afterwards chatted over a luscious coffee - and off to bed after a quiet birthday.

I was having been playing Mozart's Fantasy in D minor and am constantly more astonished that I derive feelings of passionate & beautiful motion from those utterly simple passages. At first, I had a tendency not to believe this possible, & overcharged each note with "feeling," thereby to find that the beauty destroyed I had only to remember not to confuse my feelings with the music.

Thur. Dec. 24

This morning the Rickles had invited us to see their tree and have a drink.

"What, on Christmas eve? I thought you said we didn't have to go anywhere on Christmas or Christmas eve. Poor

I mentioned to Earl that

"What, on Christmas eve? I thought you said we didn't have to go anywhere on Christmas or Christmas eve. Poor

"I think Christmas eve is a time to drink."
"For heaven's sake, Sam, then don't drink if we have not been invited to a drunken brawl - it's just to drop in & we like. we don't have to go. But this is really becoming a problem. Every time I accept an invitation you react as if I were purposely spoiling your life. I am no closer to those people than you. But I do enjoy getting put up on a party dress occasionally. And also I derive security from having friends in the community in which I live."

"Well, I can see that I'm going to have to give this some thought. Parties mean something to you that they don't to me. And I agree with you about knowing our community. I have been acting like a child - I'm looking for something which I never find, and I'm disappointed every time. I want companionship where I can relate and discuss what interests me. At these parties I've learned to talk about indecent things of importance. It seems almost an atmosphere. I'm significant in right when you said that you were married and have become a hermit. I remember a child relationship that Dad would not take other out when she wanted to. She was with you in that respect, but I certainly don't feel

do that to you. I suppose, to put it bluntly,
I had a job & was supporting myself,
would not mind so much. I make the mistake
many other men have, of allowing myself
accept these people as my critics. If this
period of my life will have taught me
anything, it will be to learn to find
sufficient outlets ~~though~~ my work & family
I don't get even this out of it. I will
not be much of a success.

"Since I don't have any definite plan
or reactions worked out yet, we'll just have w
one is that you will use your own judgment,
which is good, about accepting invitations,
but do not expect enthusiasm.
will go along. But do not expect enthusiasm.
And so, I suppose, it will be left until
we are now development in the ~~are~~ reception
of Carl's work. Until that happens he will
be in a position to attack the type
of congenial people he enjoys. But certainly
would do neither of us any good to
it home waiting for this to happen.
must continue getting out and making
friends - because to me it's a vital
ingredient of my flourishing life - and there
is always the possibility of finding a
diamond in the sand.

as far as going to the Ridges this
afternoon - I shall say no more about it.
& Earl mentions if we will go, if not, we
won't. And I ~~am~~ ^{per} wager we stay home!

Sat. Dec. 26
Some times it seems as if the days were
tires & miles long, the beginning & the closing far behind the

horizons as I try to see them from the
ends of the days.

I should have known better than to
wager that Earl would not mention our
appointment with the Riches. He is never
thoughtless or purposely nasty. After he
got up from his long nap, during which
I wandered around the house feeling —
mis treated, he told me that he didn't want
me to feel that he did not appreciate
the effort I am making to establish
ourselves in the community. He said he guessed
that since I was doing it, he was afford
the luxury of complaint. But last year
the roles were reversed, with me criticizing
the deadness up here, and Earl assuming
the that everything would work out well
in a little while. When he asked me if
I wanted to go to the Riches, I answered
abruptly, no — and then told him I wished he
would make up his mind occasionally whether
or not we would go somewhere instead
of always leaving it up to me. We finally
untangled my rather childish, indiscriminate
emotions and prepared to join Dick & Starkie.
It took me almost a day, however, to
shake off the feeling of depression & loneliness
which followed our discussion. Holidays make me
over sensitive about friends. I want to feel
them around me. Being alone Christmas
& Christmas day makes me feel forsaken

The world even though I have my precious
milk around no. However, E calls enthusiasm
on Glew away all Santa breezes, and helped
me start to enjoy our own holiday without
side support. All evening we wrapped presents,
don't know whether I was more excited
about what Earl took was going to give
or I him, but I was excited. Our
that Touch, after assembling Suzanne's
lids, car and musical rocking chair, was
hung & fill our stockings. Suzanne's was
light red, and out of it sprung a large
duck with a red hat, & blue ~~hat~~ turtle-
duck sweater. zipper's stocking was small &
green - and filled with a green squeaky mouse.
Stephanie forfeited the stocking - her hook
so had a rubber bear with bells hanging
from it. In E's I put 2 new belts from
White House & Hardy. Just before we retuned
we called Mother & Dad. It seems senseless
to me that they
own south missing
two interests to take the place of caring
or enjoying their family - this applies
especially to Mother. Dad's life is made up
mostly of gardening & golf, neither of which he
does do in New England at this season. I
think, though, that I will suggest to Mother
that they stay here ~~so~~ in an ⁱⁿ for the
last so many the full season.

It was a magnificent moon fitted lighted
star filled night. we lit our fire and lay back
to watch the splendors above, but, it was
surely no more than one minute before the
splendors above shown without their nightly
audience from White Hollow - for we fell
asleep - so quickly that I did not even
move over to my own side.

The next morning we were awakened by the usual knocking & "Mummy" from Suzanne. She comes tapping in on her study little legs, full of greetings & good cheer, hops under the covers in a voice of high interest and asks, "Who's ~~the~~ ^{Ses Sousies} and took Suzanne into the living room, ^{replete} past the blanket-draped toys. To her stocking she noticed Mr. Duck immediately a broad smile spread across her face. "Duck, oh duck," she murmured. Quiet & resolute in the interest of her excitement for he was a most beautiful duck. She squeezed him ^{cog} ^{good} zipper was waiting with the resulting present. When the green mouse finally appeared, he went into a minor frenzy - drew it for him a minor friggy - soon went the way of all his kind - Miss Suzanne, who lost her time sleepily snatching it from him, ^{and} did not appear ^{again} until it was better - bar. She made a few passes & then to the ^{other} ^{end} of the room, & with

cause she was afraid to get down.
Carl made me open my stocking. There were
presents for me - a pair of silver & copper
hand-made modern cuff-links of a neat,
raccoon design - very handsome. Then a gay
lid-covered compact designed like a pocket
watch with Tassel, and a perky lipstick
match. I like them so much that I think
I'll leave them on display on my dresser.

We had breakfast & turned to the big
tidy moment. We sat each other & presents
and as since we enjoyed each other's presents
as well as our own, it seemed almost
unbelievable, generous Christmas, especially when
we included all the presents from relatives
friends. My presents to Carl were a red
bow tie, a beautiful ^{tawny-colored} cashmere pull-over, 2 Dacron
uniting or Pogo, a ^{an} album of top
front Row Center, and Front Row Center, an album of top
musicals, which was perhaps the pine dearest.
From Carl I received a filmy blue night gown
he had picked out by telling the saleswoman
what I looked was like Audrey Hepburn, a
gorgeous Chinese kimono ^{of} flaming red silk
parade. I felt the exquisite pleasure of
leisure when I wore it later after night
my movements seemed weightless with extra grace
& beautiful, caused ~~as they~~ in flaming silk
at such times I am always impressed to
such a different beautiful attire ever money in
my response to the world next time a gift,

black knit gloves with pig skin hands - which was a ~~perpetuous~~ choice since I can wear them with black or brown accessories. Then came two wonderful cotton Gloves: One striped pink & white with bows & cuffs ~~embroidered~~ ^{decorated} with delicate pearl & rhinestone brilliants. I put it on immediately - and was so pleased that Earl was able to know so well what would be becoming to me - as well as I myself know, as I told him. The other was a brilliant red with a very striking color, which will be perfect with my grey flannel slacks.

Mon. Dec. 28

When the day was over we sat ^{silently} in the living room listening to Dylan Thomas reading his poetry. As his superb voice rose & fell from the heights of authority to the lightness of humor, chills ran through my body. Whether or not I understood the over-all context of the poem, I was spellbound by interior images, alliterations. It is perhaps the closest words have ever come to music for me.

Saturday morning began the disappearance of Sam, which continues up to this moment. Most of the morning & afternoon was spent

Wed. Dec. 30

I might as well give up the idea of escaping the Christmas holidays in bad tail. Each day finds me further ^{but} less interested in catching up, which

impossibility in this forward moving world,
anyway.

We have been to many cocktail
parties at which I felt more charming
than I have in a long while - or since
I have been going to parties up here.
At the Mills party I had an amazing
chat with Ted church - during which I
told him that he better watch his words
with me, because it was all being
recorded in my journal for posterity, along
with a character analysis. This piqued
his curiosity exceedingly. We discussed
the Eisenhower administration. Ted thinks
he makes a "tragic president." He
told me some anecdotes about Churchill
with whom he has dined, through
cousin of his who was the Air Minister
(Britain). Ted was sitting next to
Churchill. "Mr. Churchill, I know that you
have been honored by every country in
the world, especially Americans, but I would
just like to say, anyway that I think
you're terrific."

"Oh, you!" have to do better than
that," answered Churchill.

"He's a tough baby, that Churchill,"
said Ted to me. "I asked him if he
would autograph a copy of his memoirs,

for me.

"Indeed not," he replied. "You'll pay
about 20 pounds for them & with my
signature I would increase your value
up to at least 100 pounds. Certainly not!"

Ted one of Ted's ambitions is quite
simply to be very wealthy. He told me
he has a few stocks which he is upon
which he has his hopes. ① Tennessee
Central Railroad. ② National Homes ③ Indian
Head (or River) Textiles - a long hot shot
since most textile mills have decreased
in greatly in value.

at this same party I met Werner von
Huglegau, who was in the German Army,
lives on White Hollow with his wife, Frieda,
+ 3 children + has a job with American
Standard as an auditor. He reminded me
of the way I used to be complimented by
Europeans.

"We have met
he said. You are officially - at the mobile,
May I sit down so beautiful, so charming?
"Please do," I said, rising to the
occasion with great aplomb. I thought
Ted moved over + we continued with our
discussion of politics. Werner finally attempted
in a small voice, staring with his usually pale
German-blue eyes into mine, "if you're so

range to be discussing politics with you,
Barbara."

I did not know quite how to take this,
it felt the best tact was to keep it
as impersonal as impossible.

"Oh, you Europeans. You never take women
seriously. You always are laughing at them
when they try to discuss important subjects."

"Oh, no, Barbara. Especially in Europe we
take women seriously. They have been
most influential in ruling us. The most
greatest was Marie-Therese."

Just why it was so strange to be
discussing politics with me, I'll never know.
But we kept it up all evening except for

a brief & hazardous excursion into opinions
in the soul. Werner criticized Korzybski's
whole approach on the grounds that he
did not include the soul, about which
he finally got him to admit, nothing could
be known. I as much as told him he
was ridiculous, but the more outspoken
he became, the more rapturous became his
glances. He finally turned to the group
and answered in reverential tones
that he had finally found someone
he could fight with. By this time
he partly had moved from my house into
Bill's to my house, because Werner had
refused to leave me - saying he wanted
his son to have a father who would

world come to his house.

The party finally dissolved around 1:00. It has been perpetually tied, because with no help I have been burning the prandles on both ends.

On Sunday we had 2 parties. One at the Binsrods where we met Mr. Wells, who knew Robert Flaherty and did documentary films himself. He told us what Flaherty said were his reasons for using the type of subject material he did. This was supposedly in response to criticisms that he was an "escapist," or "a primitive." Flaherty said, "In these times people are not able to cope personally with their fears and their problems. There is nothing that, as an individual can do ^{to a large extent} now. This is frustrating - but this is a fact. I chose as my subject situations where when a person has a problem, he can solve it himself. I think people need to soon see this kind of thing." I introduced Earl as Bill Condon. By the way, he looked simply superb in his ^{new} suit & red vest. Nobody can stand him in sheer beauty of person.

We went on to Norf Miller's super art. I saw Diane Hewat - and I must say to take a hasty sort of pleasure in talking with so many more parties with them.

because on the way they act towards us
last year bragging about their social life,
asking to bring people to see our house &
her reciprocating, etc. etc. But I did as
always do in such situations, lost all
temper & was eager to help her so to
have parties and have more fun. I have
never carried a grudge if the person acts
nicely towards me.

I'll have to stop writing because Earl
is giving me a ^{uninterruptible} lecture on
how people will react ^{to reactions to} Matisse, Picasso
etc. when they were first seen. They will
not believe that people were shocked by
those warm, homely scenes. We talk about
being in the dark ages but it's so obvious
from our science, medicine, painting etc.
that we are not.

Mon. Jan. 4, 1954

The past few days have rushed past
like scenery viewed from an express
train, non-stop, fast. ~~and the last~~
evening was the first we have enjoyed
together alone for over a week. And I
found that I missed him ^{with} Earl when
we were out being ^{in contact} with him. We
do not come in the same room, listening to the
same conversations, but we are not
communicating directly as is the case
when alone. If this happens many days

in a row, I feel somewhat as I do when I have not written in the journal - that is, it is impossible to catch up, because new things are already happening. So again - The highlights.

Nancy & Lee arrived on Wednesday & left yesterday. Every time I see Lee, I have a great desire to be able to communicate to him the warmth & confidence I feel without embarrassing him. This is a familiar problem of mine. I so often feel an inward affection that I would like to exteriorize into a mutually accepted acknowledged relationship. Some people can do this quickly. It takes me a long time. But I do believe it's beginning to happen with Lee. Nancy & I had already established a rapport. I thought she had some interesting insights into the nature of an artist & his work. She said that an artist & his work, as to be relatively mature in that he establishes his own standards of the world tells him how to compose material; he sets up his own problems and works them out to his own satisfaction. Young men in other fields almost always have a superior to whom they refer their work for appraisal, and it is not till much later in their careers that they decide what to do with the work.

Students at the Yale Art School to looks
"arty" to when I heard this I began to
wonder how the artist ever came to
have the reputation of immoral, unclean,
etc. when his work demands such
control and self-understanding.

We spent a long evening + an
afternoon with Marshall and the Richardsons.
When it was all over, Earl said "You
know, it just occurred to me, but those
two don't have an idea in their heads
about literature - or the importance
of it as a means of power, and
communication - they might as well
be in the gutter + off business from the
way they talk about it. Instead of editors
Sandy novels + fiction do not exist - only
factual reports. I'm going to have some
fun with him. During a casual conversation
I'm going to bring out fantastic stories
of my childhood spent with little
known head-hunting tribes in South
Africa - and watch his interest grow.
I'd take it to the luncheon stage -
and then tell him the joke."
Barbara "I don't think he would
have much sense of humor about
his work. But generally, it is his
sense of humor that I like best. He
has a very fast wit. When the work

playing "The Game," he ~~started~~ put incongruous people as sources for the various phrases - like: "Let's get down to brass tacks" by Frank Lloyd Wright; "A hundred & one pounds of fun" hymn; "The worm turns" Jo McCarthy; "Variety is the spice of life," Wayne Morse; "around the rock the rugged rascal ran" John Foster Dulles. My contribution was "The cow jumped over the moon" Helen Trumbel. We insisted that the opposite team show us the phrase before acting it out, because we got such a kick out of our own humor & would laugh uproariously everytime we saw one of our ~~opponents~~. Seanne, Marshall & Earl were opposite Sandy, Lee & me. I think Seanne missed laughing. You know how it is when the group is laughing and your group isn't. They started doing the same thing, but, it did not strike them as funny as it did us, and their laughter was forced and awkward. We played until 8:00 P.M. ending at 9:00 !! With time out for quantities of Scotch. It's interesting to watch people play games. When they first, and especially the conversation just a bit red and bawling. Nobody was doing very well. But as soon as we established a good conversation for a gaming atmosphere,

all loosened up and tried our best to
in - feeling great sympathy & rapport
th our team members - and occasionally
th the other teams, since they were
losing most of the time. When Soanne
ays a game, she plays it to win.
can see that the spirit of competition
a very stimulating one for her. She
as a great deal of energy and uses it
inspiringly. I like her spirit. Coupled with
^{love +} a deep love for her sense of responsibility;
ward her child, ~~she has a~~ I sense
almost fire and reckless love or pleasure
and adventure. She likes badminton - & would
play for hours & hours until
she was exhausted. She will stay up
as late as ~~any~~ one will stay up with
er, no matter the morning after. When
she ~~is~~ states, she seems to revel in
the pleasure of moving fast & faster
and during any step. She does not
stop - during ~~any~~ moderation. If she likes something,
she likes it on a big scale in a big
way. She would prefer to discuss
something with her than with either of
us men.

This Christmas was the first time
in connection with
fill it parties & fun. It has taken 2 yrs
thus to let know the meet people we like

Now that we're back on it, it seems as though a great deal has been accomplished. I look forward to the next 2 years with great interest & anticipation.

Thur. Jan. 7

Suzanne and I have been out sliding down our drive way on a small flowered tray. Zipper chases us & we say, "Bye, bye Zipper" and laugh to see his white, snow powdered mustachio nuzzling us as we slip and滑倒 past him. Every time we reach the bottom Suzanne says, "Again, Mama, again." We have been taking our "last" trip for the past hour. I could not find Suzanne gloves, so gave her a pair of mine. Her small hands fills only the palm. The fingers splay outward at weird angles, especially since they have stiffened with the cold. I left her playing on her swing and blowing her "horn" - a plastic new-year's horn found at Schrafft's. Earl calls her "Pewitt" simply, "Bugle." When she follows "pure poetry" he says!!

I spent Tuesday & Wednesday in B-t.,
spending the night with Aunt Rose.

~~slight~~
had been planning the trip for some time, but it was not until Monday that Earl discussed his ~~feeling~~ about "you know, I was surprised at my action - but I discovered that I was shocked that you would want to take pleasure trip without me. Maybe it's a good idea. It seems to be something you need, or you wouldn't have accepted so quickly."

"Earl, I didn't think of it as a "pleasure trip." It was merely to see my Aunt before she went to Florida. When you call it pleasure trip, I am also surprised, that I would want to do it without you. I know I wouldn't like it if & you wanted to go somewhere else. I would certainly understand without me. But I spend an evening & you wanted to spend an evening alone with your brother. But you don't seem to have the desire that kind of personal contact with your family."

We left the discussion on that inconclusive basis. But if spending the night away from Earl is something this was the first time unless necessary. This was the first time it happened in 3 years. While I was some time Earl had evidently been thinking

of how he would get along without me if something happened. He discovered first of all that he has established a way of life definite enough to give him something substantial to hang on to. He does not think he would want to get married again for a long while. The sex urge would continue, ^{is up} but not the marriage urge. But sex would be very unsatisfactory. ~~He is~~ "Every step I've made since we married, as been a step away from "the chase," my home, my garden, my road; my lawn, my studio, my children. Also I've learned that the sex act is to a flame that lights a fire. If you don't love the woman, there is no fire. After its over, the woman is either disgusting or nothing to me. I found that it's the way I feel afterward that is so different now. The warmth I feel with you, I never felt when sleeping with different women, ~~at least~~ or not. I've learned that the "exotic," the "different" the "passion," ^{deep.} can only be had by exploring the nature of one man, not by looking for it in a variety of women. The "exotic" is in me, ~~and~~ doing the same have the same feeling

olitot
about my paintings. My immediate surroundings
are becoming more & more interesting
significant to me. I shall always
enjoy the traveling, but I will not
look to it as a source of inspiration.
I do not have to travel anywhere for
my material.

Nevertheless I had a pleasant time
in N.Y. Got an excellent ~~bed~~ trim, an
elegant pair of lounging pajamas, a
Jessen lamp, had lunch with Daddy, Baby R
Marlene and read economics on the
train. (Read Soumal to Σ)

Friday, July 8

Suzanne, Stephanie, Zipper and I are basking
the most glorious sun. The only sound
hear is the rhythmic squeak of Suzanne's
rocking horse. The sky, I feel as if there
were no resistance in the universe. To
my right our earth from rolling on its
way. The mountain's silhouette undulates
silently, spiky, spiky like white patent leather
which has been catching the light and making it
glitter in the sun. all over icicles
at reflect catch the light and make it
sparkle. They make doors in springtime.
Bookie, the chick is made believe
is a bird's song when it sheer poetry.
"Bugle" plays ^{so well} time and then its
not bowel room

Sun. Jan. 9.

Sometimes an insidious, unexpressed worry casts a shadow over me that is difficult to dispell. at the moment it seems vaguely related to the problem of a new cook. Mrs. Barton called to tell me one would be arriving with suitcase tomorrow. I told her I must interview her first and would be busy all day Monday. She proposed to call me tomorrow to tell me whether the cook can wait till Tuesday for her interview. For some reason I feel slightly panicy during these discussions as if torn between a senseless fear of the person not taking the job, and a rational understanding that I am not dependent for ~~my~~ ^{anything important} nevertheless upon any servant. When our conversation was over, I felt dissatisfied and irritated that I put myself at the mercy of such people. Earl would prefer ~~that~~ we do our own cooking. In some ways, I would too. But at certain times, I am not at all interested in cooking & cleaning, since I can afford to hire the interest, I have decided to try to get a satisfactory servant.

Last night the Rick's came over with his brother & his wife. The compliments Earl ran thick & heavy. Their parents had been deeply impressed by Earl's understanding & "solidness" and even writing. "I don't

nothing
was anything about painting, but
he knows it's good - and I know about
him," was the essence of Mr. Rich's
appraisal of Earl's work. It is typical of
many American business men, who
have an eye for the "genuine article,"
and played the piano for us and held
his audience spell-bound - especially in
admiration for his genius ^{is of} for facility,
invention, which seems entirely
independent of piano practise. Stanley
mourned over him quite a while, & then
turned to Denis looking very sad, explaining
that Earl was not interested in
collaborating on writing music for
his newly-accomplished lyrics. Every-
thing would be alright if only he could
write the music. (I told Earl about
After they all left I told Earl about
the great admiration they all felt for
him. (Denis: "if I were married to a man
like this I would be utterly bewildered. I
would think of suggesting what we
ought to do the way I did with Stanley's
lyric-writing.") Earl said that it was fun
to hear things like that, but what really
satisfied him was the knowledge that
this he was right in assuming that
this type of admiration was not important
nor interesting to him. ~~to~~

served to illustrate to me the monumental nature of Earl's work. Their compliments were so insignificant when compared to what I think Earl is ~~attempting~~ doing.

Tues. Jan 12

The snow is still falling - now in tiny, delicate flakes which ^{seem to} disappear as they touch the ~~great~~ puffs of ^{of} starched snow sitting on the chains & ^{on} bushes. Starched puffs. The sun's light has been diffused through the so even grey of the sky which glows with the iridescence of a vast Mother of pearl sea shell. Now the sun has broken through the wall of grey and has ~~the~~ each crystalline flake ~~shines~~ catches the light. The gossamer-like branches of the silver birch, ~~weaves~~ a cloth of ~~invisibility~~ grace ~~against~~ the and the living grey of the sky ^{together} weave a Tapestry never before seen on earth.

Last night Earl discussed what he thought ^{had} happened to the symbol God in given the United States. We are perhaps the only country in the world that has never lived under my type of Monarchical system. The image God has been seated over the ~~age~~ people who knew nothing but despot as ruler, benevolent or otherwise. An seated God in the image of earthly

spirit of
rulers - who had unquestioned jurisdiction
over any aspect of their subjects life
and death. If you break God down, &
you atomize him, he is nothing but
the millions of hands that have
made him reached up to find him.
But in America we do not have the
tradition of ~~depos~~ and type of despotism
monarchical tradition. Our ^{ruler's} officers have
always been ~~regularly~~ elected public servants.
God has never been an elected officer,
but in America as the Americans become
more & more aware of the uniqueness
of their own tradition, their image of God
will probably reflect, as it has in the
past, this unique blend of democracy,
and God will become increasingly a
public servant. He already is & looked
upon as a jolly old Santa Claus. When
Cary Grant can play an angel, is there
any doubt that religion means something
different today? Can you think of any
leader today, in any field, who is
primarily concerned with religion? In
politics I think none, in painting ^{perhaps} none,
in music none, in sculpture none,
in architecture, no. When religion was a vital issue, it
was an intrinsic part of the arts &
sciences, I think that ^{is} the most significant
role in the church today is as a

meeting ground for the community - where they can join together and ~~enjoy~~ enjoy divine strength and comfort from that togetherness. Look at the way they treat their ministers in the Protestant church. & the relationship has become one of personal like or dislike. If the congregation enjoys the sermons, they will try to get the minister back next year, or else they will go to another church where the sermon is more to ~~their~~ ^{their} liking pleases them better. It seems that the minister is already being treated like a political politician, instead of the venerable, awesome immaculate representative spokesman on earth for God in heaven.

Another thing that I am just beginning to realize is, that democracy in the United States is quite different than in France, England, Germany, Italy, Spain etc. ~~etc.~~ This former democracy grew out of feudal soil. They accept ~~the~~ types of control that are unheard of to us. I think that democracy will become the great standard, the point of orientation ^{by which} ~~which~~ the arts & sciences will be evaluated, just as Christianity used to be. Was used to be fought for Christianity

slight of
Now all sides fight to carry the bunker
& domonacy. The term is becoming the
at & all of endeavors & enterprizes all over
the world.
I know now on what grounds I
will meet my future friends. We will
be excited by the growth of democracy &
now our work contributes to this growth.
I have been walking about lately
in an aura of love for Earl. The
feeling colors all my thoughts & activities;
often I have to force my attention
upon what he is saying, instead of
upon how much I love to hear his
voice, and
the other Sunday evening. I

voice, and Tom came over Sunday evening. I
wore my royal blue plush silk ft lounge
pajamas with emerald green satin
ciniing - more for my own pleasure &
Carl's than his - but he is undoubtedly
one of the most sexless males I have
ever known. I have absolutely no
feeling that there is a ♂ fertile male
in the room when he is there. Does
feel the same way about him.

feels the ~~so~~
twilight: blues, blacks, lavender,
purples, the blots purple-black branches
stare purple-black against the electric lavender
sky east in their individual never-before
seen shapes. When I look
sharpened with a misty sleep.

at them, I almost cannot breathe, the
drama of those living black forms
growing each in a different line, each
singing its own melody in the stillness
of the night, and the melodies mingling
like a thousand light rays singing to
make a symphony played only once
to an audience of one, over for
closing ever more rapidly as the
purple light darkens to blackness
and ^{then} that music is quiet forever.



Latest erposé of Madame Buptry with
made upon request by Suzanne's
"gray Mummy"

Jan. 15, Friday

There is a pattern of my sexual desire, the structure of which I have not been able to fathom. Many weeks may pass when I feel no desire what ~~at~~ ^{any} ~~intercourse~~ ^{to me.} Yet ~~the~~ ^{is} proceeding ~~be~~ ^{in fact.} I ~~my~~ ^{as usual,} all its pleasures as ever, and love enjoy ~~earl~~ ^{as much} ~~in his arms~~ ^{to taste} and fall ~~to~~ ^{with} no apparent longing - to ~~fall~~ ^{end - even} ~~in~~ ^{the day +} come quickly. Is thinking about it during ~~erotically~~ ^{bed time} to relate this wishing (or been able to ~~anythings~~ at all. + I have not desire ~~the usual menstrual~~ ebb & flow of ~~the~~ ^{period -} passionate ~~cycle of sexual~~ ^{before and after the} desire - which is quite common & physically explicable. few days ~~text~~ books. For the past ^{exam next} been ~~entertained~~ in mid-year ^{to} studying for myself repressing the Tuesday, I see myself thoughts - relating the college habits of machine night. Any material as a significance which might spark of ~~be~~ dismissed as disruptive to the occur, is dismissed as

Taste at hand. I read some sections aloud to Earl in an effort to clarify them for myself. He was appalled at the obscurity + almost purposeful complication of simple events. He said the language of the economist (one we're reading Haberler) was a serious problem - since it is so vital that people understand the subject, their use of the language makes the study of economics an esoteric game for the initiated with no significance (or those interested in knowing how to evaluate present conditions). He suggested that next semester I make an attempt to translate what I read into clear and obvious sentences - I think I will do this.

We received a letter from Professor Larry Thompson today in regard to his reactions to The Center of the Universe. He evidently felt it was a previous exercise in technical machinations by an author undisciplined + unacquainted with the structure of the English language. He felt the machinery was so apparent that it was the only thing apparent he suggested that Earl stop writing for while + make a study of short stories and then practise this short form before

attempt another novel. His comments were interspersed with gestures of warmth and sympathy for Earl as a young man, and the teacher's knowledge that he was incapable of telling an author what he ought to do - which would be of course impossible - but he seemed to feel badly about it. Earl seems to have except himself with healthy reactions about people's lack of understanding about what he is doing. He rather expects the critics to give his work, & wants to continue doing his work, & that nobody in the world so has given a constructive criticism - and won't, until they finally like one of his novels, & then will say "yes, this is it; this is just what I meant you should do." He said he wondered if there had been comments about the awkward machinery when Picasso & Matisse began to study individual means of expression. (in) Their individual means of the structure as far as making a study of the structure of the English language - he has no interest in that. What he will do is study what of the structure of his own vision. I had much with Sandy & Joanne at Pictree on Wednesday. We seem to have trouble getting a conversation started yet. There is the feeling, at least with me,

that great conversations are ~~unconscious~~^{now} lurking just beneath our ~~patter~~^{unsatisfying} efforts at communication.

Suzanne has been cooped up the past few days with a cold. She has behaved like a perfect angel. The only ~~unrest~~^{request} she made during a whole day in my bedroom was "Get B, mama - B's crying - poor B - see B." Of course when she does get to see B the results are not always as amiable as her original intentions, this afternoon I was studying in the nursery, Stephanie & Suzie were playing in the hall, all was quiet, then B came dragging across the door way, hair ~~up~~^{upright} plastered to her head, with droplets of milk splashed over her rosy smiling face. Suzanne had poured her afternoon snack over her helpless sister's head. Stephanie has stood up with great ease - and will rock her trim cub sounding like great thunderous claps. Suzanne's new phrase is "Daddy's doing, Mummy's doing" - whenever we are particularly occupied. Also she is convinced that whatever Daddy is doing, he is fixing something. This afternoon I went up into bed for a little nap - Suzanne reported that Daddy was fixing the bed - he fixed it for about half an hour. All day long she asked me to go 'side & get inside' which means "go outside".

skimmed

and get icicles." When I do make the
equined tip, she joyfully takes the icicles
or puts them in a pail with "mouse"
who is the star of the hour.

Earl and I took a walk to the
lake this afternoon to the lake, through
deep & virgin snow. We took our faithful
doctor with us. Earl ran a head, and Zipper
followed him, looking like
cotton-tailed-it behind him, looking like
no French Poodle ever should. He soon
collected from great white ice balls about
his little legs and stomach. We
walked down the ravine, where the Doctor
waded in an icer filled stream, among rocks
covered with shining white cushions of snow.
All this time Earl was busy throwing
snow balls at him, impudent of him, and
over his head to annoy, frighten and
generally upset him. Earl and the Doctor
have not been on very good terms since
I spent a night in New York. During
this time Zipper made whines &
yipped at every sound - a constant
reminder of my absence.

Mon, Jan. 18
still studying, forcing material into a
recalitrant or wandering mind.
Earl wrote a letter to Prof. Thompson
today, including among other things an analysis
of Ulysses. I felt, first of all, that the style

or manner of writing was so encumbered
with quotation marks, and so, etc,
that whatever significance there was,
was overwhelmed by these encumbrances.
The minute Earl began to discuss
his idea with me, I became interested,
and understood the significance
analysis, which seemed, as
of always, ~~the~~ very important to me.
I told him that I wished he wrote
a bit more the way he talked. He
was irritated; said he thought I would
let a game out of the letter; that
I did not understand the situation, i.e.
difficulty of new ideas in the old neural
structures.

I feel concerned about what I wanted
to do about those situations where I
not like something Earl has written.
Shows ~~these~~ his work to no one
but me. If I criticize it, it means
of disapproval from the outside.
N. he well knows that its what
thinks of it, not what I think of
it matters. Nevertheless, it is
that's unlikely unpleasant to get such a reaction
in the only audience he has. All I
do, I suppose, is hope this does not
open after. For, I have no choice but

To say what I think - or nothing at all, which is impossible. After my comments about the letter Earl left the room & I sat down to build model airplanes, which he has been doing lately. I feel a certain barrier coldness emanating from him.

Wed. San. 20

Stephanie woke up this morning with a temperature of $102\frac{1}{2}$. Her cheeks were red and chap ped. She lay inert, staring straight ahead. Dr. Gutenmuth examined her & diagnosed bronchitis with the possibility of pneumonia & the two flukes in her lungs consolidated. After a few moments regret that she had to get sick now, and that I would have to give up my weekend & get a new orientation caries for Stephan feelings, which is so that nothing else took priority over nursing my child of doing something of concentrating on a single purpose to which any other purpose automatically is subse I did not have to worry about all

things I wanted to do, like read, write
in my journal, spend the afternoon with
Doris, straighten my desk, practice
the piano etc. Every ~~prospective~~ sit
thing else ~~too~~ fell into a perspective
dominated by the need to bring back
Stephanie's health. Earl is also ill,
with one of those ^{interior} strange, invisible,
unexpressed + unarticulate illnesses
which lay him low for a number
of hours. He felt too weak to do
very much. In Under such circumstances,
I felt indefatigable. Energy was not
a limited ^{commodity} source, but a quality ins
being able to see or hear. Earl told
me how how wonderful he thought
I was, and how happy he was to see
how beautifully I reacted to such situations,
with no upset or seeming disturbance.
And I felt none, except a concern
for Stephanie, of course. I am one of those
people who is crystallized by a crisis.
I am stimulated by them in that they
give me a tangible purpose + direction,
~~gives~~ a standard by which any
act can be evaluated. In ordinary
circumstances, I often miss such a situation
of conduct.

Carrie for Stephanie is a great pleasure.
found that the two things that most
relax her are having her back rubbed
with Gabor oil, and her ~~hair~~ hair brushed
while she falls asleep. As I brushed the
soft shining strands into a swirl in
back, I thought of her as a most
feminine creature. Then by a man. Her femininity
was so apparent, that it was not
difficult to feel her potential woman-
hood.

Suzanne behaved in way that set
demonstrated the excellence of her training
She spent hours alone in the nursery
play with zipper, squawking her toys,
and laughing. Her throat laugh. When
I would go in to see her, she would
ask to come with me. I told her
the B was sick. "poor B," she
said, and went back to her private
quarters. She called me in once
to kiss a finger + make it well.
Occasionally she opened the nursery door,
she peeked around the corner
of Stephanie's room, and then when
she caught my eye, she grinned +

ran back to her room.

Yesterday I took my exam in International Trade & Finance at Columbia. It was as I had ~~expected~~ predicted, uneventful, ^{requiring} a rehash of the material as it was given — not requiring any new organization or relationships.

I think I did alright — but not brilliantly, under the standards of Dr. Mosak. Under my own standards, my efforts are quite interesting. Stephanie has begun to cry again. I must come back & get out of these clothes which need some milking.

Sometimes I find it difficult not to be caught up in a delusion called "reality": i.e.) Only "misfortune" is real.
2) only doing what you don't like to do is "real".

This "fairy-tale" ~~is~~ called "realism" well-like in its paralytic effect, is supported by so many of my familiar verbal contacts with the world [radio, T.V., acquaintances, newspaper, etc.; etc.; etc.] that I sometimes claim its existence is denying it. On a some level there is "nothing" to admit and/or

Deny.

Friday, Jan. 22

Yesterday morning Dr. Gundersen and I drove Stephanie to the hospital. He thought she had bronchial pneumonia. The poor little thing was breathing rapidly, each breath a deep-seated, harsh rattle was heard in her chest. Her lips were parched, her cheeks burning & chapped. When I told Earl, I burst into tears, not at all because I was afraid to take her to the hospital, but just too a relief from all the fatigue & tension of ~~our~~ ^{from} ~~Stephanie's~~ ^{all night} ~~restless~~ ^{since} ~~restless~~ night.

I returned from the hospital around 1:00. Took a nap with Earl, who is still very weak, and then spent the afternoon at Suzanne's since I felt too distracted & tried to do any reading or work.

Earl and I had a discussion about his work. He says that he is in the process of learning how to accept his own work - by his own evaluations. He says he considers this a vital step - it is absolutely necessary in order to be able to continue the work under conditions either public acclaim or of obscurity. He has been reading Frank Lloyd Wright. Their important ideas coincide so

consistently, it is hard to believe they never worked together. The similarity of approach towards a way of life will even lead them to use the same phrases such as describing the contemporary function of automobiles as "land-yachts or cruisers." Wright said the same thing about Christianity as Earl: ~~that~~ Christianity is not the form of religion proper to a democracy for it is based upon a non-obligatory hierarchy.

Just to give an example of what I mean about the awkwardness, & the meaninglessness of some of E's attempts at clarity, notice the last sentence of his letter yesterday: "On a sane level there is 'nothing' to admit and/or deny." The ~~and~~ and/or is unnecessary - only the "or" is needed. The sentence would not make sense with the "and": "On a sane level there is nothing to admit and deny." The sign % is only meaningful if either the separate words are not meaningful, and the author wants to include both possibilities. Even in such a case, I personally

Thur. Jan. 28 I have been trying to find a leisurely moment for my journal for almost a week, but things have been moving relentlessly onward - just briefly to say what happened - Friday night - Ricker, Sat. hospital, poking around, party with Marshall Rae & John Brooks, (she is Jeanne's sister & an editor of Ballantine Press; he has written & published 2 novels & writes on talk of the town for the New Yorker. Sat. Sun: badminton with Rae - beer & fine conversation with Rae & John all afternoon. It was one in those sympathetic conversations that moved easily onward slipped from topic to topic effortlessly. We lit a fire, stretched out on couches and talked. At the point of sullenness quiet almost to the point of sleepiness. I thought he had a clip on his shoulder about his business, Republicans "etc." I mentioned this to Earl & he laughed. He said, "you know, something that was very obvious, but it is surprising me nevertheless they wrote that for the first time in 20 years, under the Eisenhower administration business is not a dirty word; the wealthy are not accused of being the selfish destroyers of the "American way of life" business

success does not automatically mean that
the "little people" have been taken advantage
of; better having more money than your
neighbor is not necessarily a sin! These
^{the Sonn & Marshall} people are going to get a rude shock
one day when they find that their resentment
of important businessmen & their success is shared
by none or the people with whose cause
they had identified themselves - i.e. the
worker, the small businessman.

However when I talked with John I
did not find so much of a chip as I
had imagined. They are all democrats, of
course, which is beginning to weigh much
more heavily now when I ~~was evaluate~~
people. Any one who still ^{favors} thinks that
the Roosevelt-Truman approach of bigger
& bigger governmental responsibility, as
opp contrasted to the Eisenhower approach
of decentralization of authority, wherein the
government will help a private organization
other than take over itself - to mention only
one issue - such a person falls in my
line. I find that they are quite
reputable against Republicans. For instance
Marshall showed his feelings when discussing
John & Stewart Hostings, who run the Lakeville
min. "They're Republicans - but, understand,
they're nice people," he said to us.

diary

I said. "Why, Marshall, how can such a liberal as you let your prejudices show like that?" He blushed & tried to smooth over his rather rough statement.

Earl made an interesting point when came back Sunday evening. He said, you know, they talk about Western civilization. Well, I don't think "Western"文明. Almost all the basic precepts of our culture originated in the either Graeco-Judaic or Graeco-Judeo-Greek - origin - our religion, our moves, the structure of our language - none of these had origin in the West, I think that it will be here in America that Western civilization will be born - under our type of democracy, which is different than any previous民主. I got this idea by looking at Frank Lloyd Wright's buildings. I realized that here, for the first time in the history of man, was western architecture; this is, an approach to building that has its roots in the West, and an approach grand enough to be applicable to any type of structure - factory, home, office, skyscraper, city etc. just as other great architectural approaches have been applicable, or anyway, applied to all kinds of buildings.

You know another point that interested me, and I continued, was that our revolution was the only one drawing its main inspiration from the privileged classes or the day." I am not sure this is so. I remember that those behind the French Revolution were NOT the rabble - until much after it began. In fact, I think it is almost a rule of history that revolutions are always sparked by so people from the upper classes.

On Monday I took care of many household details, made arrangements for our vacation in March - (to D.Y. & Washington) took Suzie to the play group - prepared & delivered my speech on the Bricker amendment to the League. It was very well received as usual. I was pleased that there were 4 young women there who have joined since I last met. Mrs. Marshall asked me to organize a Young Women's League but I don't think I want to bother. When I got back - after having had a glass of Sherry with Sean O'Brien and a new young woman, Earl & I drove on to The Cat's Feather to get filled for the night. We have been asked to a formal dinner party Saturday at The Brault's. I was delighted since I had been longing for an evening away since I got married. But was sad because we

at Mott
imposition to ask us to a formal
one after first invitation in the 2½ years
have lived here. He said he thought they
were dull, that he resented the fact that
they weren't really looking forward to his
presence, that they cared or knew nothing
about his work, that they had a warm,
tight-knit group & he was an outsider.
But he was not going to buy a dress-suit
just for them — or a lot more!
I told him I wanted to go, that I
enjoyed what I had seen of that group
— Noble — and that we had no idea of
whether he would be there. After a great
deal of rambling & attempts to get out of
it, he soon called up Sally to ask her what she meant by "dressing."
I asked her what she sounded
like up here? She thought she sounded
like a eccentric genius that was
in the depression. I told him if he wanted
to play the eccentric genius that was
his prerogative — but that I was not
genius — & could not be expected to play
it for him — (by making the telephone call)
Sally had been ill with a low grade
infection for about a week — all through
Sunday & Stephen's
about something — + I have finally
attributed it to a monumental laziness.
On Sunday morning — just about the time
before I went to the hospital to see Stephenie —
who was already well passed her crisis,

he finally burst out with the fact that he had not been well taken care of during his sickness. His resistance was low - and he was practically faint from hunger. He should have been having bouillon and fruit juice - and no ^{outside} company. "God-damnit, when I'm sick, I'm sick." You strayed no better. "Earl, why didn't you tell me if you were faint. You mean to say you would ~~just~~ sit there & starve rather than even ask to be given some food between meals?"

"Well, there are something I just expect you to do, so I don't think about it. But now I'm going to. I want either rice or bouillon every hour and a half. Keep the god-damn maids & people out of here, and spend a little time taking care of me."

I was really non-plussed by this at-first annoyed at both myself & him. Myself & not having the brains to have avoided an unpleasant situation by telling him to bring the damn fruit juice every hour. I can't bring the damn fruit juice every hour. I can't bring the damn fruit juice every hour. I can't bring the damn fruit juice every hour. I can't bring the damn fruit juice every hour.

The new cook arrived the day that Stephanie

got sick - he says that when I have a cook I lose touch with the home - I turn everything over to them, and the house is not run well. The meals are no good. Besides, he thinks it's unbecoming for healthy young people not to cook their own meals." Mary & Mrs. Silbermail do all the heavy work - all you have to do is breakfast, soup for lunch, and no dinner. The house loses so much warmth - & I seem to lose you when we have a cook. I think we are missing up some thing important: a certain sense of building together - we eat there in the studio; you in the home.

"That's a pretty lopsided equation you writing & me cooking," I felt compelled to add.

"No - it's not that - it's just that the home is not so much ours with a new one privacy & intimacy is penetrated - our cozy dinners by the fire are gone.

I have the feeling that it's the whole holding the home together; that you sometimes look upon me & the children as chafers and look upon me - as something to get away from your neck - as something to get away from

* I felt almost overwhelmed by the force from the truth of these statements wanting a cook has nothing what so ever to with losing my home or family etc.

I was simply just has glad not to be
in the kitchen, to have a maid in baby
sitter & someone to cook nicely when
I entertain. I did not need her, &
could well do without her - which I
most certainly would if Earl keeps up this
crying, complaining & criticizing about
the meals, the children's training, the cleaning,
and more important, if he continues to
feel less at home in his home because
of Lillian's presence. I said (thought) I
better get rid of her since nothing is
worth ~~unpleasant~~ having Earl feel unhappy
& our relationships be less close & joyful.
He said no - he wants her here in
March for Mrs. Smith. He said I ought
to see how good a maid I can make
her. Wednesday I went to N.Y. and bought
a magnificent peacock blue tapestry evening
gown with 2 great chiffon attachments
that can be swirled over shoulders &
throat, I was quite thrilled with my
beauty & got some 3 lovely sport shirts
to be worn with ties for E's birthday -
and then headed for The Red Devil, III west
8th St. to meet Spanner, I looked around
her - and who did I find but Sandy,
beginning his antipasto. "That boy
won't miss a thing" said Earl when I
told them. I still had the same feeling

MINTON

about not being able to reach them - but
anyway the veal scallopini à la française
was really magnifique. Then Seanne and
left Sandy and went to "The Seven Year
Itch" with Vanessa Brown & Tom Ewell -
I enjoyed it and laughed at it. I especially
liked telling Earl about it. I missed him at
the theatre, and hoped that when I return
home he would not be upset about
anything. When I left in the morning,
he had been disapproving, feeling that
I ought not to leave Stephanie to in
Mary care on her second day back
from the hospital. But I had asked
the doctor about it. She needs no special
medication, regular diet - only no drafts
& no baths. I thought Mary could
handle this.

Friday, Jan. 29



We had a delightful dinner without Lillian
last night. I wore my Chinese silk pyjamas
& felt quite elegant. This morning I was
certainly sympathized with Earl about the help.
Even Mary & Mrs. Silvernail made me
feel as though I had bats in my hair.

Sat. Jan. 30

We went to a cocktail-dinner party
given by Gates & M. Kendig at the Institute
of General Semantics last night. The Institute
is the reason we originally came up here

That is - To find Korzubski, whom Earl
considered the most important genius
of all time. He died not long before we
moved up here. Kendig holds the incompetency
of Dr. Fred Gauvain & the Sharon Hospital
responsible. He had not been feeling well
for most for a few years. They had taken radiographs
and diagnosed a normal heart. Then, all of
a sudden "Alfred" was stricken with ho
coronary thrombosis & died a few hours
later at the hospital. He ought to have
been kept completely in the hospital
later found out. Gauvain had taken him
out of the hospital for an ex-ray. There were
understaffed at the time, there. Alfred
got out of bed & went to the
bathroom himself. Charlotte Schucard
was at his side ringing ringing for
some help - & he came. "Why?"
that was too Alfred said,
this been said ridiculous. Cases like
had been performed before. We had an autopsy
to Alfred's heart by a N.Y. specialist. He
and Alfred left his brain twice the normal size
upon institute. His brain found it to be the size of
for a great supply of blood
just supply. His found it to be the size of
the condition not good. And it was in wonderful
for man of 70, the size. Now a size.

patient. But it's terrible to think he could have been saved. You know what Gruart said when I asked him now he accounted for the enlarged heart indicated by the autopsy. Medicine isn't really a science, is what he said. Isn't that too ridiculous. You can imagine how I felt when the Sharon Hospital asked for contributions from me - when they killed Alfred.

She told Earl that Alfred was screaming for more morphine - Alfred who would never take any drugs - and Gruart had said - "he doesn't take any drugs - and enough is enough. We are supposed to be sanders. It is Gruart's party this damn show over so is tonight - & the roads to be sanded stops in time for the to hear his side of it'll be very uninterested.

The story. Aunt Rose called me the other evening & told me she had heard on a television program that Louis Marx & Co. made \$1 million dollars last year in comparison with 23 million for Gimbel's. I was very excited & thought to think of my father's fantastic success & called to congratulate him. He merely laughed and said that was nothing unusual - it had been going on for years. Sometimes he made Gimbels' continue Earl pointed out that my Gimbels' showed a very provincial attitude. Gimbels' doesn't mean much outside the

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later found out Geault had taken him to
the hospital for an ex-ray. They were
understaffed at the time, there. Alfred
got out of bed & went to the
bathroom himself. Charlotte Schucard
was at his side ringing for a
nurse - & no one came. "Why, they
simply let Alfred die," Kendig said. "It
was too ridiculous. Cases like his have
been saved before. We had an autopsy
performed by a N.Y. specialist. He said,
Alfred's heart was twice the normal size.
Alfred left his brain to the Psychiatric
Institute. They found it to be the brain of
great genius - its all a matter of blood
supply, not size. And it was in wonderful
condition - like a young man's - not an old
man's. Now, Alfred certainly was a difficult

atient. But it's terrible to think he could
have been saved. You know what Gruart
said when I asked him now he accounted
for the enlarged heart indicated by the autopsy.
Medicine isn't really a science, is what

he said. Isn't that too ridiculous. You can
imagine how I felt when the Sharon Hospital
asked for contributions from me - when they

told Alfred. "She told Earl that Alfred was screaming
or more morphine - Alfred who would never
take any drugs - and Gruart had said - "he
doesn't take any morphine." More morphine.
We are supposed to
so to tonight - & this damn snow even
stops in time for the roads to be sanded.
It'll be very uneventful to hear his side of

the story.

Aunt Rose called me the other evening
& told me she had heard on a television
program that Louis Marx & Co. made \$0
million dollars last year in comparison with
23 million for Gimbel's. I was very excited
& thrilled to think of my father's fantastic
success & called to congratulate him. He
merely laughed and said that was nothing
unusual - it had been giving on for years.
Sometimes he made Earl put it out that my
Gimbel's combined provincial attitude
surprised him a very much outside the
Winkel's doesn't mean

metropolitan area - whereas ~~Marx~~ toys are
sold all over the world. Aunt Rose also
informed me that Uncle Dave had been
invited by President Eisenhower to attend
some business dinner in Washington about
two weeks ago. She thought she couldn't
understand how it was Uncle Dave, not
Daddy, who had been invited. Uncle Dave
has also been put on the board of trustees
of the Chemical Bank of N.Y.

Mon. Feb 1

We went to the Bravart party Saturday
night - evening clothes & all. There was
something about it that I liked - an indefi-
nable flavor about it that I liked - an indefi-
nitely well-bred people that affected
the conversation - no matter how dull the
bright spot - and no doubt it was Diana
Fowler (she is the Skousen daughter) who
hot only the Skousens daughter but
wears them pretty, dressy clothes but
perhaps the distinction is that she
is to meet, but it is swing too far
elegance in comparison with a woman up here who
careful, unsexy type that flat-heeled heel, I
like a certain type that one sees all over, a
woman who looks like myself & feel myself
of course Earl Shilton the wit herself
silly bore, Earl thought dark hair her a perfect

shadow not with standing. She asked him
what he kind of books he wrote - "I
have nothing like that - awful songs -
What is his name?" "You mean, same
songs?" I asked. "Yes, that's it."
We decided to organize a waltz club -
orchestra, evening clothes and a beautiful
dancing. We got into the spirit by
Dancing. Diana's husband was excellent
as was Russel Denech & John Rand. Earl
did not ask me to dance - he doesn't like
dancing. I would have stayed much longer,
but Earl finally insisted we leave. (The
party was breaking up. When we got
outside he moaned that he had been
worse than he expected; that he had been
trying his best to like the people - because
he knew I did - but those he was nothing -

To say to them.
absolutely nothing. I was discussing the
"For his fiance. traditions etc. with Geo Bill
home, now traditions etc. with Geo Bill
Fowle & his wife (Hotchkiss Prof.) when
I finished she smiled and said, "That's
the difference between you & my husband
& me - the older we get the less
we know. The more realize how little
we know." You still think you can
know things. Now what can you do with
some one like that. It's torture to sit from
hours and find no one to talk with. You
what can you do with these people. I have

in metropolitan area - whereas Marx toys are sold all over the world. Aunt Rose also informed me that Uncle Dave had been invited by President Eisenhower to attend some business dinner in Washington about 6:30 p.m., she thought. She said she couldn't understand how it was Uncle Dave, not Daddy, who had been invited. Uncle Dave has also been put on the board of trustees of The Chemical Bank of N.Y.

Mon. Feb. 1

We went to the Gevalt party Saturday night - evening clothes & all. There was something about it that I liked - an indefinable flavor of well-bred people that affects me every time - no matter how dull the conversation - and no doubt it was dull. The bright spot for me was meeting Diana Fowler (she is the Skowas daughter) who not only likes pretty, dressy clothes but wears them & wears them with feeling. Perhaps the nutrulum swings too far in that direction, but it was a pleasure to me to meet a woman up here who loves elegance, where extravagance is almost a comparison to the flat-heeled, heelless, unsex type that one sees all over like a certain Cogley - & feel myself attached to her. I enjoyed the night herself very much - dark hair, bare shoulders, eyes,

shadow not with standing. She asked him what he kind of books he wrote - "I have nothing like that - ahh - er - sones - What is his name?" "You mean, James sones?" I asked. "Yes, that's it." We decided to organize a waltz club orchestra, evening clothes and a beautiful dancing. We got into the spirit by doing the Viennese waltz to records. George husband was excellent Denech + John Rand. Earl To dance - he doesn't like have stayed much longer, insisted we leave (he did not ask me to). Finally party was breaking up. When we got outside he moaned that he had been worse than trying his best to like the people, because he knew he did - but there was nothing - absolutely nothing to say to them.

"For instance, I was discussing the traditions etc. with Geo Bill home, now his wife (Hotchkiss Prof.) when I finished, she smiled and said, "That's the difference between you & my husband & me - the older we get the less we know - the more realize how little we know. You still think you can know things." Now what can you do with some one like that. It's torture to sit down here and find no one to talk with. You I say to you. I don't want to what can you do with these people. I have

nothing to offer you but my studio- and a
vague future."

"Darling, I think you are way
over evaluating the importance of my
liking for these people. I don't think
you know how happy I am, how much
pleasure I get from almost everything I do
how much I enjoy our life together. I
am not desperate for company. If you
don't enjoy these people - we won't see
much of them. I do feel that they are
important to the community - and in
that respect I like to know them. As a
child I never felt so secure in any
community - since Mother died and Daddy made
no local friends. So it means a lot to
me to be a part of this community where
we have chosen to live. And I want it
for the children, too.

Tues. Feb. 2

I have been feeling quite rushed lately - never
finishing all my tasks - in time to do
my important work uninterrupted. To balance
the 3 main pursuits, writing, piano and
reading, along with the minor ones - course,
league work, playgroup, parties, plus house hold
management - takes more organizational
skill than I have. There is always something
left over at night. And I get continually
criticized at Earl, who is constantly making
severations of mis-management - which are
usually irreproably correct, if none the less

alright

annoying.

We went to George Baer's house for cocktails Sunday afternoon - and heard a story so annoying & fabulous that we are going to try to arrange to have them tell it to Sandy Richardson - to a natural for a goat. George is a small, pink-faced, ~~blue-eyed~~ white-trained man of 5' 7" sentences with fluffy silver hair. Evelyn Baer has the portly shape of a well-fed matron, but the correctness of her demeanor is thrown slightly askew by her left eye which operates ~~as~~ ⁱⁿ complete with complete disregard for the action of the right eye, they have both been married before and met each other with previous spouses somewhere in North Africa - believe. It was Casablanca. During the war they were ~~living in~~ ^{Tellisence} Information Services. He is services to the over 45 and consequently rejected - he was over 45 and consequently rejected - until one day they received

too lazy

Wed. Feb. 3, S's birthday.

Earl reminded me last night that I must allow nothing to get in the way of the journal and of reading. He said that what I enjoyed about these various social activities was dependant on the fact that my continued studies of the world around me; I would quickly tire of country living, or living in general if don't.

Thur. Feb. 4

Yesterday evening I had a little birthday party for Earl just Stanley & Don's & us. It was very cozy. I felt as though I had finally become aware of Stanley as a unique person. I was conscious of his great gentleness and consideration and finesse of manner. ^{I am most conscious} of these qualities ^{are most apparent} when he discusses children - ^{with the such} pleasure & understanding. He is going to N.Y. today to try to make contacts with ~~music~~. A composer to write by music for his lyrics. It seems that a hopeless sort of venture - approaching great city with only a few names ^{of} mostly of friends of friends, and a pocket full of lyrics. He doesn't even know where we will be staying. Whatever happens Rock, Don's will be alone - and I am going to make sure that we see each other often.

there are no servants in the house. This
is ruined & ~~the~~ when they are gone ~~the~~ every
house becomes one, unbroken entity, one
unit or which is free and open. When they
are here, the house is parcelled into lots &
limits, of where I can go without running
into a foreigner. The children are ~~cross~~
aying ~~guitar~~ on the floor. Suzanne has
taken out all my shoes & is trying them
one by one on "Mouse". Stephanie is
following her sister about, always ^{too}
slow to be in on the
rate or ^{too}
~~floating~~ "same."

The day is petrid like a great
helpless convalescent. I often think on
days like these of her being up in a
plane above the clouds where the sun's
light is ~~unobstructed~~, looking down on
the ^{cloud-bound earth}. Up there you see
would ^{really} to be down south, basking in
the sun.

It's funny how sometimes peace comes
all of a sudden when I least expect it -
like this morning. Suddenly everything is
quiet - and I have "word enough + time"
to write leisurely, letting small ideas
expand, taking pleasure in the shape of
letters, the placing of words, the green of
my ink strokes on the white sheet. Even
the pale day seems in harmony - offering
nothing but ~~to~~ a blank background to me.

thoughts. And it's only 9:45. When things are running smoothly, I never can remember what made them run so badly before. I'm sure there are many important things I ought to write about, but in the glorious place of the moment I can think of nothing but a tribute to ~~behind me~~
glorious place. Zipper is sitting ~~in back~~
~~of me on my chair~~, his head resting up on the back of the chair. + ~~there on a~~
sofa There is a little gap ~~in~~ between my sweater & slacks. That part of my skin is so warm - being next to the soft & curly hot water bottle known as zipper Hubbard. I think I will go & play the piano now.

Fri Feb. 5

We read ^{and} Dylan Thomas' "Under Milk Wood" last night. I have not been so excited by a writer since I read Joyce Cary's The Horse's Mouth. To find quite a similarity in ^{the way they} their enjoyment of life, their wholesome and lusty love and passionate leisure in sex; their laughter at pettiness, jealousy and hastiness; the sensual will they drive from seeing the living in world of sounds, sights, smells and tastes a rotatory clarity with which they translate the mind into words, ~~and~~ When I read Dylan Thomas, I want white - his use of words makes my mind

about

start composing sentences, just as rhythmic music sets my feet to dancing. He uses no obscure allusions nor complicated images - The picture is drawn swiftly with one clear stroke of the pen. His humor in words never leads him to pleasure uneconomically or incoherently. use them alliteration, rhymes, rhythms, anenomataenia are used, but unobtrusively, so it is never the techniques, but always the images which attract the attention. That is one thing which I have often found distracting in poetry as compared with prose - the form is so fascinating & tricky that I spend more energy admiring the ability to fit words to the form, then I do in understanding the words themselves. (Stephanie has been screaming for half an hour, because she refuses to play alone. The noise is so penetrating that my ear drums are buzzing even in my room. I am surprised that more babies are not pitched out windows & down incinerators.)

The snow is falling, floating, flying down and upon the helpless, outspread earth. Sometimes I feel like shaking it off - as if I were bound up by spider webs.

Sat. Feb. 6
We listened to a recording of Horowitz' 1st Anniversary concert at the Carnegie

Hall. It affected me very deeply. As I listened I looked at familiar objects in the living room & they seemed different made of a ~~different~~ different quality - as if transposed into a new substance by the ~~too~~ ^{form} music.

The first selection was a Schumann Sonata. Earl said this it reminded him of a Wright House. The structure was clear, it was presented in a leisurely development of which he could enjoy every note, and see the proper relationship of every note.

The middle section, slow & melodic, was of such unearthly beauty - the tones mingling, graving, fading & blending - more like the flights of large-winged birds, riding coasting ^{on} the wind currents on a fresh spring morning. Next he played a Chopin Waltz. The melody notes sung more like violin tones than the single strike of a piano's hammer. It seemed incredible that one man & one inanimate instrument could produce such music. Each note was significant and dramatized. Horowitz has more drama & excitement in his playing than any pianist I have ever heard.

Earl was quite stimulated by the performance. "What a great task for young composers," he said. "This gives them a chance to see what the piano can do. Who ever heard

I hope he gets busy so that Horowitz
can play his music while he is still
in his prime. + Can't you visualize it -
Horowitz playing up the piano in a Frank
Lloyd Wright house, with my paintings
Matisse's and a Calder mobile!"

I've been meaning to record the way
which Earl prepares to do his final
painting. It reminds me more on the way
pianist practises a passage in view
of the first interpretation at a concert.
The pianist makes many ^{many} sketches, working first ^{on} the
whole subject, than ^{on} separate sections, then
another synthesis + ^{not} ^{that} he has ^{the} lines,
until he feels ^{that} his painting
+ the rhythms of his painting
are in his arm. He ^{then} ^{finally} ^{does} the painting, like
forms, when he knows the music. Of the
pianist knows the audience, or in E's case,
the elements of the painting usually adds
the ^{that} white board -
is not the fillip ^{that} the sketches however
had, and so the last night we saw
Last night we saw ^{that} the painting is born.

Stephanie a lot
of thought + realized that we were not
caring for her properly. I had let many
do all the significant things with her like
feeding, dressing + bathing. When she was
with her family, she was usually

while we were doing something of which
she was not a part - like bathing we
decided that I must use Mary to do
the dirty work - & I must care for her.
I do believe I have neglected her. Her
behavior is very erratic - sudden fits
of temper. She will scream violently
for as long as an hour - To be played
with. This morning I began the new
regime - Taking time out to play with
her - & letting her spend most of
the morning with me. I know this will
relax her - and make her feel secure in
her place in the family group. Earl is such
a wonderful help about the children.

We had an interesting discussion
about how relatively easy it is for
America, under Eisenhower, to revert
the trend towards centralization or government.
(and pointed out that the answer for the
American, centralization has never become
institutionalized) or a deep-seated tradition. Only
new enormously since the depression, but
had not become a way of life, and
subsequently nobody's way of life is deeply
rupted by a reversal in the trend.
Mon. Feb. 8

Friday I was writing out a check for

my cleaning woman as I have every
week for 2½ years - to Mrs. Francis
Silkernail. She peered over my shoulders,
and midst giggles & blushes told me
that Frances was spelled with an
, not an i, and that her last name
was male, not nail. She admitted that
she had had trouble cashing the checks
or 2½ years! "Mrs. Silkernail, you
mean you went all this time without
mentionning it?" "She laughed and replied
from foot to foot like a school boy who
had just confessed his love to the
girl of his heart. "I
told
Lillian, the cook for 2 weeks, told
she was leaving because her hair
was in great Barnington and
vessel to get there from here.
is too hair to get lumbering,
am happy to set her presence
elephantine, glosely slow
out in the house.

a friend of Louis' Judy Thompson,
spent Sat. night. + we spent
Sunday together. I am always amazed that
my brother, who does not at present strike
me as an attractive male, corals such
outstanding good-looking + intelligent girls.
Judy is a

family runs Houghton-Mifflin, Suzanne's are
connected with Little-Brown

We have decided that Suzanne is
"born to glow." Horn, although ~~beauf~~
of tip + toe, and walked half-way up
the middle, is still ~~still~~ king of the toys.
Any object even slightly resembling "horn,"
like a card-board milk box container, is
called "horn," and glows. Earl plays a
the harmonica for her after our bath each
night. She "dances," which means running
one way & then back. After each tune, Earl
holds out the harmonica to her & she
gives one fast, exstatic blow, then
pops her finger in her ~~mouth~~^{mouth} & waits
for the next song.

It's snowing again. It seems everytime
I sit at my desk & look out, ~~the~~ I
see the random, white, patternless tapestry
of snow flakes falling.

Tues. Feb. 9

Last evening I went to Fritz's Jon
neglegan's to meet Tigie (sp?) Simenon
first wife of the famous Georges. They
were married 18 years, divorced, & she
lives in Lime Rock in order to be able to
see son, Mark, who goes to Hotchkiss. She

is a heavy, masculine bone structure, a
jawed face, the nondescript hair of
middle aged woman. She wore a large, shapeless
red skirt, boots, a green Glosse with brooch
pinned tight at the collar. The three of
us sat around a fire, in the comfortable,
attired room that resembles Fritzie, drinking
coffee & soda and discussing how cosmetically
was not a role assumed to attract men,
but an attitude that with charm all of
the can be well arranged. We talked about
the necessity for a woman to have all
children while she is young, so that her
private life will not be invaded by
young savages. We spoke of where
vacations could be gotten for the least
money, of our attitudes towards New York.
She does not like spending a few
days there. It disrupts & disorients her
life. She feels almost lost & depressed when
she returns to the empty house. I told her
that when the sun's shoulders - (ringing)
household falls on one cause the rhythm is more
(alone) easily disrupted. I said it reminded me
of the terrible depression I used to feel
returning to college after a weekend.

It interest me that Georges Simenon should
have married two such similar women - all
last in physically. Big, masculine, shagged
all measure of beauty, in her too towels over

novel or his that I have read, the man's life
is rendered bleak & cold by the frightful
of his wife. Yet, it seems to me that
in his own life, Georges makes every
effort to mold his wives into
unfeminine creatures. Denise showed us
a photograph of her when they had just
met, only 7 years ago. She was a
skin, petite, meth girl. He, carefully &
purposely, induced her to gain weight, gain
as and use all feminine presentations,
as she herself rather proudly explained
to us. It is certainly a weird situation -
more like one of his own books. Tigre
& Denise hate one another - and all
almost opposite stories of the divorce
& related difficulties.

Last night, coupled with an Edgar
Allen Poeish evening with Hugh & Mary
McMillan - who live "in a field" on
top of Sharon Mountain, exposed to
elements - has made me look with
suspicion on the love & the communica-
tion & Hugh live in a polished, bare,
personalized home - for which they
raced the 48 states of America. They

~~right~~

crossed the West, the South, the east-making
numerable motor trips - using Detroit
as a base. Something was wrong with
my location until they found the White
house on Shanon Mountain. They have
been there a year & a half - and have
spent all their time working on the house -
or is fact, Hugh has no job. He
speaks articulately ^{on} ~~on~~ many subjects, he
enjoys food, has a jovial laugh & a good
handshake, and money from somewhere -
but he has no occupation. This would
not be so queer if he seemed ignorant,
or even if he were a play-boy, or ^{the}
flatly said he hated work. But no, he
insists that he is "looking" for a
job. He even asked me if I had any
ideas - He is tall & vigorous-looking -
as fragile as a ^{consumptive} Earl, who
has a naturally suspicious nature, has
made up all sorts of possible explanations
of their rather odd situation - such as
that they murdered their mother to get
the money!

I'm going over to Dons' now, to
catch her up ^{on} the local gossip.
Thur. Feb. 11

I have become
quite fluent in talking
about journalizing. It invariably strikes a

rich & enthusiastic road in my listener,
since it never fails to be something
~~he~~ wished he ~~had done~~ and was
doing. Then the listener usually reveals
what aspect of his life ~~would~~ ^{he}
would most like to have written
about, and he proceeds to describe
it in detail. I smile & say that there
is nothing like a pen & notebook to
get a journal started, feeling no responsibility
for their initiation into the fine art.
I had a very full day in New York
yesterday - spending both train rides
talking with Sean Oseen. Coming down
I had a lovely, peaceful, unhurried,
quiet, luxurious breakfast. I love the
diner on this train. The scratch white
linen, iced glasses, smoothly ~~estate~~ printed menus
wait my decision. I usually have
fried egg & bacon. The bacon
is the eggs & golden brown & the bacon
stand out ~~beautifully~~ against the
white ~~background~~ cloth. Then comes the
carafe of steaming coffee - enough for
many cups sipped while perusing
the N.Y. Times and sipping at the
newspaper. After a hasty conversation
with ^{my} ~~her~~ friend, she knew

right off

of me, and seemed already prepared to agree with me. I found it very pleasant talking with her. She has not been able to have any children - and is under study at New Haven, where they specialize in this type of difficulty. If she doesn't conceive soon, they will adopt will start adoption proceedings.

I had luncheon with Ann at her time apartment. She is seems most happy there - with her good color & bright blue eyes. It always surprises me to see a person with radiant complexion walking the streets of N.Y. I feel the way I do when I see the ^{frosted cut} flowers on that New York Joe's offer. I went with Ann to a class of hers about Chinese industrialization. There was a photographer, trying to get pictures of the class & professor. I was sitting at the end of one of the rows, my head bowed, eyes closed sound asleep! Evidently he was talking to me - for Ann gave me a poke & I awoke to find them all laughing. The photographer asked me to move to

the 'middle of' one of the rows. I said
it was not necessary, since I didn't
take this course. "Never mind," he would
say, "I want you in the lecture - you
dress the class up."

I was equally a star at the
next lecture, where I am beginning
to have the reputation of asking direct
and impossible questions - they are
really destructive questions, since they
always seem to ~~transform~~ through the class
into a body of young devils, hoping
~~the prof~~ Dr. Mosak will be too ~~caught~~
trapped and unable to apply his previous
theories to my questions. He invariably
manages with many smiles to do
just that. When I finally turn my
eyes down demurely & say "Oh yes
I see, I understand," I hear murmurings keep
around me. "Don't give in so easily,
if it." By the way, I got a B in
my exam - the dullest mark possible.

Sam & I had a ~~long~~ (Ry) He
died by the fire when I returned.
as Thrilled with the relationship he
beginning to make between
right's, Organise idea, democratic
conservatism & abstracting.

~~will stop now -~~ Doris + I are trying
have a peaceful morning - with the four
children ! !

~~Doris described an article she had read~~
~~about the plight of the young education~~
~~aspirations in America - saying her education~~
~~had not prepared her for the constant time~~
~~and consuming job of raising young children.~~
~~brought vague & solitude & concentration -~~
~~it is the mother does not get until she~~
~~is 40, and unused to the opportunity. I~~
~~aid, "That's nonsense. Doris + To single~~
~~out the housewife and moan about her~~
~~lack of time. Most jobs are usually~~
~~time consuming and equally anywhere~~
~~thought is a rarity and if you are going~~
~~to do it, you can do it anywhere - and~~
~~10,000 universities will not~~
~~raise not the tick."~~ Today we got "Sunbeam"

Sat. Feb. 13 -

We have just returned from Dixie
Zernin's annual party - and some people,
so blossomed out in their or daily demands
+ blazoned carb. Chuck Demarest, my
meet + patient piano teacher from Hotchkiss
was funnier than imagined possible.
I told him about meeting Diana Fowler +
you decided to organize a waltz club.
You mean you two had never met - why

you two women out of the whole Sharon
Salisbury area should have met each
other. She's Sprout Stow's daughter, you
know - I just love her. She took
piano lessons from me once - until
she got pregnant." "How was she?"
I asked - "Terrible, simply terrible. Compared
with her, you are Beethoven. They are great
Orthodox - so she keeps on having
children - but she almost died with
the last one, Amanda. She is tubercular.
That's where she met George - in
a sanatorium. And she still refuses
to use any birth control. The only thing
I don't like about them is that they
are friends of the Buckleys. I think the
Buckley's are as bad as Joe McCarthy. Do you
know they burned a fiery cross on
Sharon Mountain one time - and the
children used to put honey in the
pages of the Episcopalian's prayer books,
then we got on the subject of Margaret
and I mentioned that she had played
a record of her singing - and I had
taught her voice quite beautiful.
lights me," Chuck blazed blinder into my
face. "She's the kind of
man who gives tea & serves tea. Once

e had on a leopard dress. I wanted to ask
her for just a little piece, even a
handkerchief - for a lock snap - but
didn't dare ask her. "I'll ask her for
on." I said, to test its condition. "Fine,
then, you do that," he answered.

Georges & Denise Simenon arrived late,
left just after we did. I got the table
set down on their servant problems which
was impossible as always - Denise
just recovered from a case of jaundice
brought on by irritation at servants. "I
went down into my studio. There was
a container full of sharpened pencils. Well
took them all of them, in my two hands and
rashed them. Grote them over my knee and
then threw them. That's how annoyed I was!"
she said, her eyes burning darkly. Moistening
her unparted lips with a quick ^{to save them} circle
of her Tongue. "I used to ^{ask} say
morning. "Good morning, how are you
today?" One of them would answer. "What's
good about?" I finally answered brightly,
That's for you to find out) and swept
out of the kitchen. Denise always says she
is extremely happy and then proceeds to discuss
the problems of daily living. Maybe that's
all she can think of to say to me.

Jean & Bill Olson were there. Jean was as
full of life & fun as on the train. I think
will arrange a party next Fri. night before
we go to New Haven.

Mon. Feb. 15

Zipper is a most demanding lover each night as I am preparing for God, he sits ~~and~~ ^{sneakily} in the bathroom, staring at me, pawing the floor occasionally, or heading meaningfully towards the bed, & then returning to stare some more. When I finally retire he jumps suddenly to his position with his head next to mine on the pillow. During the night, if he happens to get pushed out of position, he wakes me up with a scratch on the head, and waits for me to turn towards him, open the covers and let him in.

Sunday morning Patsy & Marlene ~~cather~~^{stopped} over on their way to the farm. We left them after an hour to go to a brunch at The Ashes and then to the Salisbury ski meet. I forgot my book - so we came back to the house. There the were the two girls, listening to Horowitz, their eyes slinking up, cheeks flushed ^{red} together, deep in a "wonderful conversation". "What is it about?" I asked. "You're part of," Patsy answered. "The way in which the inner continent and it spreads out everything ~~else~~ you do." As we were talking Earl had already gone down to the car to tell me, "Haw, putting them thought the

1st painting was - They said they had never
n so thrilled by a painting before. and
el & I please tell Earl. I just showed it
Emay Buck this morning and she
thought it the best thing he has ever
done. If the painting was developed
in a sketch drawing of the Methodist
church in Lakeville. A New England church
has never been done with this kind
feeling before. Earl says he thinks
the or type is so called typical New England
are of a rich, lush, gay & colorful.
outside, peopled with those who appreciate
warmth. The painting has the assurance
a master - there I sense an ease &
energy and properness of each form.
the orange church with the yellow light
coming from within, the glowing stained
glass design, the frame of almost
typical & exotic tree shapes - they symbolize
to me what the church is beginning to
mean in America - a center where the
people communicate their warmth & need
for each other - a place of light and
amusement. We were discussing
the other day that the forces the
merging of a nondenominational church - at least
among protestants. The significance of the

differences between the sects ^{& dogma} is becoming less diminishing, while the significance of their similarities seems ^{ascending;} ~~on the ascending~~ similarities on the ethical & social levels, rather than those of dogma.

Sunday evening - after the ski meet, Davis & Stanley came to dinner & with dinner — 2 enormous steaks and a grill to cook them over the fire. We had a most cosy evening. Stanley told us about his week in N.Y. He accomplished a great deal and has made contact with one composer who wants a lyricist & who will also introduce Stanley to other such composers. The sad part of the story is that he thinks they will have to move nearer N.Y.

~~✓~~ Today the weather is so tempting, so alluring, so hard to resist. All the times I keep burning quietly during winter want to leap out at me next the spring - but it's not until

Thur. Feb. 14

Now Suzanne is sick with some unidentified ^I fevia or virus ^{that} has raised her temperature

too to a hundred five and a half for the
two nights - she has refused almost
liquids - and retained a 10 ounce enema
at least half a cup of milk or maphesia
or a whole night. Earl slept with her the
last night because Jackie was here so he
slept in the big bed. He hardly
at all, he said. Suzanne was supposed
to take an aspirin at 3:15 if she
was awake. Earl evidently stayed up to
the sun. But she slept through all
the time. Both Earl's pajamas are in the
washing this week. So he is sleeping in
underwear. "My shoulders get cold without
pyjamas - and the blanket kept falling off -
the bed wasn't long enough."
"You better take a good nap, darling,"
said Earl. Earl appears tense & angry as
I hand. It appears someone's fault mainly -
it were some one's fault mainly -
children's - and they weren't so ignorant.
One in this worry would have to occur.
I had a rather gruesome discussion of
what we would leave a couple of children
if we had a lot of them - and God
knew if we had a lot of them or such
as scarce but war conditions or such in order
at least a few of us would survive
said I didn't think he would do it when
time came.
I will try to make Suzanne drink one

cup of water ever now. The dehydration
is very bad for her and keeps the poisons
in her system. The kidneys proper functioning
therefore is the important in clearing the
system of infections.

Stephanie & I are out on the terrace.
Everything seems so fresh & alive and well I
in the brightness of sun and wind. Steph.
is ~~badly~~ stuffed into a pink snow suit
with her pink bonnet has a click of stiff
lace that frames her chubby, pink face.
Round her neck is a lavender & white ^{hairy} ~~hairy~~
wool scarf with large fringes hanging down the
back - She moves as if under water. She
can hardly get her hands together
there is so much across her middle.
I have been practising Mozart's Fantasy
in minor every quiet moment I can
and return from it engerated and
beautifully calmed. I am making a ~~conscious~~ ^{conscious} effort to keep ~~conscious~~ aware in
myself to keep ~~conscious~~ ^{conscious} awareness.
The rhythm through the whole piece
has a tendency to lose myself in the
music - & consequently my rhythm is most
often lost.
I must get back on the job now to my
little Suga-Bug.

Friday Feb. 19

Seems that everything that Eric does, he

es well, once he concentrates on it. I had been unable to get Suzanne to drink yesterday. Can't decide that she thought he had a choice, & he was going to know her that she did not. In a few minutes he had her drinking - cheerfully.

I think we make a fine complement each other in handling the children. I felt light headed and achy all day. I suppose it's a prelude to my period. We had tea because on the 20th day with only the diaphragm - I hate worrying about pregnancy. My wish not to have children - a certain moment has nothing to do with my love of the child if the conception materializes.

Sun. Feb. 21 (still wondering)

We returned today from a much anticipated and enjoyable day with Nancy & Lee in New Haven. The day was fit for an beam's ~~intimate~~ initiation - glistening rest and sweet-smelling - all ^{the} streams full and rushing, swiftly, about their business, an occasionally chirp. The sun so warm when it hit you - yet so weak that shadowy places were still dotted with clumps ^{turning} snow. I wore my new grey wool with white piping, taffetas and cuffs - and white & very soft slippers.

better & felt healthy and bright-eyed.

~~still~~ ~~water~~ Mon - Feb. 22

We have had so many discussions with so many people. I'm going to start with last night. Marshall, Sandy & Soanne came over for games which we played until about 12:00. ^{Then} Earl threw the two editor's into desperate defense of books & reading. Earl said that television, movies, records, radio etc. were eliminating the type of book as "literature" as we now know it, that in most cases as the audio-visual mediums could do better than the novel, what the novel is ^{now} attempting to do. Therefore, he foresees that the novel, and literature general will develop along lines that are not in a losing competition with audio-visual mediums. He compared what will happen in literature to what has happened in painting in the last century. The painter had always told a story, then photography, the camera & cinema developed, painting became less narrative pictorial narrative. Now Earl feels that most artists now type of books

w being written will soon serve as
reprints" for other mediums: The poet
will want his work heard ~~not~~ reade
n read - The writer of far-away lands
I want to a camera + music + dialogue
her than a good pencil + paper etc., etc.

I say that the literature will develop
on non-visual lines. If ^{audio-} visual images
are used it will not go with the same
mention as before. just as the importance
of an orange - as a pie of fruit,
less important in modern painting
than in previous painting -

It had been the editors themselves
no ad. had admitted that the novel was
not selling because people would rather
read the story, than read it. But when
they accepted this fact with gusto, predicted
that books would continue to lose part
of their audience to other medium and
The novel was not as well script
as most subjects as was T.U. +
Marshall handle most subjects - well, ~~said~~, Marshall
in movies - well, a negativist + a fascist a
led Earl a ^{to} creative vitality + own of
strength of ^{the} ~~weak~~ putting - "being alive."
was also ^{also} agreeing violently on the side
The editors - mainly because I felt

Earl was quite right. Also, he did not make evident ~~emphasis~~, or they did not ~~pick~~ up understand, that the emphasis of Earl's argument was that a new type of writing was in the making. They accepted the death of today's novel as the death of all novels, refusing to see the possibility of something different in literature. Earl was merely stating what had already begun to happen. The fact that he liked it horrified our editor friends.

At Nancy & Lee's we saw Shirley Booth in By the Sea. The most exciting part was a 15 minute fight scene - which Shirley carried off like a veteran trooper. The scene was in a boarding house by the sea on a summer's day. The stage was lit by a piano light. Shirley walked along the boarding house, & said to a girl sitting down stage on a "Well, little girl, what are you sitting at here in the dark." Evening we saw Tim Xanthos - actor of plays & friend of Lee's. I

like him. Very much. He is small, with soft & hot dark eyes, a slow, soot-like smile, and a confidence that he knows more than most others what's going ^{now} in the world. "There are a few giants around," he said in agreement with a statement of Earl's, "— and in one of them, "he added simply, an uncle did not ~~appar~~ like this kind talk. "You've got to prove it first, before you go around calling other people unhelpful," I said to her. "It doesn't work anyway calling other people dumb just a figure of speech." It's not figure or speech, "Nancy almost wanted. I took a long puff on my cigarette holder & changed the subject. Nancy would have hated to see Nancy's reaction to last night's discussion about literature.

Jim did know some important things, though. He knew that this was not an average disillusionment. The disillusionment people in the 20's, ^{30's} after World War I turned in the depression. After World War II, there

concentration camps, atom-bomb explosions, etc. etc.
The new generation is not disillusioned. The
We grew up in the depression; our adolescence
& early youth was saturated with war - we
never had illusions such as the last
generation had - the generation who grew up in the beautiful end of Victorian era.
yet our writers are still writing about
disillusion, homosexuality, sex & violence as
& these things were new & shocking.
Actually in America Today, people have never
been so well off. No center has come
along and said this effectively. We discussed
what happened that the young writers
seem to be such anarchists; it is
probably that they are imitating Europeans
and the American propagators of the 20's.

~~I forgot to mention~~ a few of Marshall's ~~ridiculous~~
That always annoyed me & used to
go to me. For instance I brought out
the peanuts - and after passing them
and I set them in front of Marshall,
I was ~~too~~ ^{consuming} them up at a
at speed. Then I heard him murmur
to himself, "Stop it, Marshall you're
a terrible pig!" Another time, during the
The long couch ~~had~~ seat-cushion
slowly slipping to the floor and Marshall

along with it. I finally said, "let's fix
a couch, Marshall." He jumped up
and mumbled quickly, "Oh, I was so interested
in the game - I didn't notice." He
was interested enough in the game to
pour quickly into his glass a mixture
Scotch + Bourbon which I had
mistakenly made + set aside to be thrown
out. He knew what he was drinking
and said it wouldn't matter.

This morning Sandy + Sean came
over to deposit my badminton equipment
they told me what a marvelous evening
they had had ~~so late~~. stimulate
conversation, good games etc.

Friday evening we had a cocktail
party with the Olson's, Richardson's, Marshall's
German couple, guests of the Riches. G
made a nice introduction to our party's
Bill, Olsen, an English teacher
Hotchkiss, to find two editors
One party been writing ^{the} their journal
I have conditions this
under the most extreme
morning - carrying it with me and
attaching a spare moment between cleaning
toiletina children, telephone calls + extraneous

Mary Pettis Quawn - 169-16-5813]

disorganized chores.

$$\begin{array}{r} 45 \\ \underline{-} 24 \\ 210 \\ \underline{-} 180 \\ 3 \\ \hline 1540 \\ \underline{-} 04 \\ 21.60 \end{array}$$

