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Sarbara Hubbard
Lime Rock
Conn.

And. 20. 21

Feb. 25, 1954

Today is Stephanie's birthday - and I am find myself again in that all too familiar state of being late for my period. I went to Dr. Damon yesterday to get the shots to bring it on - but I have a strong premonition of pregnancy. I would so like to be able to plan a child. If I am pregnant, "she" will be born in November - which means I shall be lumbering during my two favorite seasons - Summer & fall - and scarcely recovered for ^{the} Christmas holidays. The baby won't be able to go outside - and 3 months after the birth, when I always feel like celebrating, will be February, a misty, miserable month. The only bright idea is that we will take a long vacation in the south. Yesterday, to Golster up the last remaining hope that I am not pregnant I bought a spring suit, coat & dress at Rosette Fennington, who whooshes in the dark.

I met an interesting man on the train - Gerard Piel (spelling). He edits a magazine.

called The Scientific American - ~~the~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~
approach is to attempt to relate science
with politics, social welfare, the arts etc.
I noticed him first as he was sitting
opposite me reading a galley proof - and
I ~~then~~ heard him tell the conductor that
he was getting off at Millerton. I concluded
rather too hastily, that he was a
young writer who lived near us. He
was reading an article on Henri Poincaré.
From which he read excerpts aloud. One
quote was about every "practical" business
man's way being paved by the sacrifice
of an "impractical" genius. I told him
that I thought the sentence was a lovely
one - but that it made the common
mistake of calling business men ~~practical~~
unimaginative dullards. "There are dull bus.
men just as there are dull writers - but
the big successes are probably just
as imaginative as great artists."
"Yes, but ~~the~~ you're probably right,
but the business man pays a lot of
people to tell us how good he is - the
artist doesn't have any paid admirers." "So
I think the business man would
do well to pay a little more attention
to putting himself across. He advertizes
his product ^{not} ~~rather~~ himself. Even since the

Roosevelt administration he has been almost
~~a~~ ~~but~~ ~~sy~~ thought of as almost synonymous
with gangsters.

From we went on to discuss the McCarthy
Stevens controversy. ^{Mr. Piel} Gerard did not have much
faith in Stevens - since only a few months
ago he ^{was} ^{McC. were} thick as thieves over the
Fort Monmouth ^{inquiries}. He thinks, as
we do, that it is ^{primarily} the Senator's responsibility
to control McCarthy.

When I got home I told Earl
that I had met an interesting man.
His face clouded and he asked, "How
old is he? Is he married? How did you
meet him?" I laughingly vouched for
the ~~that~~ innocence of our meeting - and
gently reprimanded Earl for taking such
an attitude. "I wouldn't feel that way if
you told me you had met an interesting
girl," I said. "I wouldn't talk to
a girl on a train," Earl answered, "besides
you wouldn't like it if I didn't feel this
way about you, would you?" ~~The~~ ~~that~~ I worry
because of the way you used to act when
we were just married. Remember the
time you asked a strange man for a
cup of coffee in a ~~at~~ diner one night?
"I told him that I didn't do things
like that now - and he should understand
that I knew how to pick my conversational
partners."

Feb. 27, Fri.

I am glad to report that my period arrived yesterday after a fast game of badminton with Seanne. I was so relieved and filled with pleasant anticipations of wearing my new Spring suit and basking in the summer suns - thin! Both Seanne and I would like to have our next a year from this spring. We drank beer and played Scrabble most of the afternoon. I feel very warmly toward Seanne. I like the way she combines readiness for adventure with cheerful acceptance of daily mother routine.

Sam was interested to find that his feeling about art painters becoming less "abstract" was materializing. Jackson Pollack has painted something which is recognized as a nude woman. ^{the girls say that} Nicholas de Stael ^{representative} is becoming "more realistic" in his latest exhibition. We do not like the words abstract & realistic - but have not thought of any more descriptions.

* Sam told me last night how thrilled he was about finding all his material right in the palm of his hand. He took a walk, winding up the mountain. ^{he saw} As the contours of the landed moldings in perspective, ^{his} increasing height, he felt like a man presented with

a life-time of nourishment. It was merely up to him to use it. The infinite variations on a theme which nature plays was stimulating to his artist's eye. He feels that one of his biggest responsibilities is to keep well and organize his time with as little waste as possible. The seeds of his future work are already planted - he must provide proper growing conditions.

✱ A book of poems: { "Filthy Gravel" by
The doctor's label { Bubbling Bowels

Sat. Feb. 27

We had a delightful ^{time last evening} ~~evening~~ - Tom came for dinner and the Riches dropped over. I felt the warm pleasure of my home being a place where my friends come easily and often. Earl was full of vitality - rocky as a small boy or a big man.

We spent almost the entire day with Sandy, Seanne + Scott Richardson. We lunched on the terrace, basking in the warmth of an sheltered nook and an budding friendship - along with steaming soup, English muffins and Heinek's beer in ~~flat~~ frosty green bottles. In the afternoon, Sandy + Earl played badminton. Seanne + I took all the children + the walking doctor in the baby carriage for a long ride down the nilly road. The ~~land~~ ^{birches} looked clean and erect like slim, ~~to~~ naked girls - filled with promise. I had Suzanne ~~by~~ holding

one of my hands and ~~held~~ held zipper in
the other, tethered by Seanne's belt. ~~Scott~~
Seanne was pulling backwards, pointing
at big branches, ~~asking~~ demanding me to
get her the "big sticks." Zipper was
straining forward - scenting deer more
enticing wetting spots. Ahead of me was
Seanne's bent figure, pushing her load up
the hill - Scott standing at the helm,
Stephanie ^{ensconced} ~~sprawled~~ ⁱⁿ against the back
end of the carriage like a young Cleopatra.

Mon - March 1

I seem to have rushed headlong
into Monday - my schedule is so tight
that I am squeezing in journal time
right before the play group arrives. There
are so many things I want to do -
~~they~~ ~~beckon~~ me. I have begun Richard
Bentham's "Survival Through Design"
and am very interested in it. He looks
upon design as an influential part of
man's environment, both as an end
product and as ^{an} activity that man does.
He ~~she~~ wants to study the effect of
man-made design on man's nervous system -
and it is by this criterion that he feels
design ought to be evaluated - instead of
criterion of so-called "beauty, good taste, style."

He is combining the approach of Wright
and Korzybski — organic approach with
consciousness of abstracting.

Tues. March 2

Jois and I ^{spout} had a bright morning on
the terrace with our four children —
she typing letters, me ~~writing~~ ^{reading} the
Randall Commission's Report on Foreign
Economic Policy. It ~~is~~ ^{was} reassuring
to me to see emphasized the belief that
government action is not the most effective
solution to ~~the~~ ^{our} foreign investment problems.
The idea that private citizens & businesses
can handle something ^{or that name} better than the government
is vital to the continuance of our form
of democracy.

Mayor Alan Buck, spoke to us ^{yesterday}
about starting a Salisbury Forum where
we would have nationally known figures
take opposing sides on controversial
issues. We are going to a meeting at
Ann Hoshin's, editor &
on Thursday evening.

Stephanie is beginning to walk. She
take both ~~of~~ her hands and stand behind
her. She flexes her knees a few times
painfully — and then, like an overwound
mechanical doll, goose steps rapidly, ~~at~~
leaning forward at a precarious angle.

smiling and giggling all the while. I anticipate with great pleasure getting her up each morning. As she hears my approach - she calls Ma Ma Ma Ma. When I enter, the bed begins to shake & tremble over the ^{edge} top of the crib peers a smiling face framed in spiked bangs. I pick her up & we proceed to pull the drapes - which envelops Stephanie.

Thur. March 4

I had my hair cut yesterday and it reminded me of Stephanie's birth, for I had a trim the day before she was born. A surge - I felt a surge of warm memories as I looked at my short curls this morning. I remembered the glorious thrill of seeing her face for the first time - as perfectly formed and beautiful as it is today, and then my need for Earl when I was brought back to the room. I wanted to sit with him all night and tell him about how wonderful it had been. The next morning I looked at myself in the mirror, and was as happy with my own radiance as I was with Stephanie. I felt so beautiful - and can remember being glad, among all the

vest that Nina had given me such an excellent trim.

It always intrigues me on the train to catch the scent of a person as they walk by me, a wave of cooler air ^{comes} ^{an} ^{place} ^{of} ^{the} ^{case} ^{being} ^{be} me as they pass and with it an intimate contact with the individual. I had a nice chat with Elodie Osborn. She told me about the excitement of working with the Alfred Barr & the Modern Museum of Art at their ~~beginning~~ ^{inception}. She ~~to~~ helped to inaugurate the traveling exhibitions - as I had read in the New Yorker. She was wearing her Alexander Calder jewelry. Her clothes were various shades of lavender, royal blue, mauve and navy. She is unassuming and mild looking at first, almost plain. But after a bit of contact with her, her

Friday, March 5

I drove to Kent this morning, as I rounded each corner and topped each hill, a ^{new} scene of startling beauty presented itself. The ^{multitudes of} silver Birch, shimmering against the dark wooded trees, seemed as dramatic as a thousand Christs on a thousand Crucifixes; white & red houses sat neatly on plump, shaven hills. The road was lined with great rock masses. Their jagged contours were smoothed by gleaming

coats of ~~shades~~ ice. As the sun struck the
iced Gouddens, they looked like mammoth ^{polish}
waves, ^{about 100 years} I drove along the R Housatonic
River. It flowed through in the cleft
of ~~two~~ the valley like quick-silver - its
brightness accentuated by the rich, dark
moist wood and earth. I am growing to
love New England. I feel my attachment
sending down ^{roots} into the fertile earth
whose colors ^{scents} I so enjoy.

Last night we went to the meeting
about the Salisbury Forum at the Hoskins.
George Jonney, who did Town Meeting of the
City ~~was there~~, John McChesney &
Judson Phillips - writer, editor & producer
made the nucleus of experienced men. Earl
sat sweetly through the discussions. ~~It~~
I will enjoy seeing him in a position
where he feels enough in control to
let his natural love of an audience be
satisfied. He is reluctant to say anything
unless he really has the whole floor.

Sat. March 6.

Suzanne is a real prude. She likes
everything done in a particular way - i.e.
the way she first saw it done. When
we drive together in the car, she criticizes

me severely if I round a ~~corner~~ turn
sharply enough to cause her to lose her
balance. "Aw Oh, Aw Oh," Kifful, Kifful
Mummy," she says, glaring at me,
trying to regain her equilibrium. Above
all others she is fond of Lar Lawrence
Rich. At least once an hour, she tugs
at my sleeve and asks in her previous
little whisper, "Larry come?, Mama. Go
see Larry, Mama."

Doris & Stanley came to dinner last
night. I felt a keen pleasure in wearing
a new lacy slip. I could feel its delicate
pleats brush my knees as I walked. I
also liked the sound of ^{my two} chairs
Jade Graceto, which clicked elegantly. I thought
we discussed Eisenhower's handling
of the McCarthy-Stevens case. Earl
contended that the Pres. had done the
proper thing. He defined the situation, said
he would not allow any discretion to
members of the executive branch by
a Congressional Committee. He mentioned
no names and suggested no way of
~~settling~~ ^{curbing} ~~that~~ McCarthy's ~~outrageous~~ behavior.
Earl said that it was not the place of

The chief executive, as one of the 3 co-equal branches of government, to tell a member of the legislative branch what he could or could not do. Earl pointed out that the Presidency ^{during Roos. & Truman} had been tending to turn our democracy into mobocracy. The two Presidents treating Congress as an impediment between themselves and the people - sort of like an outmoded clergy intervening between man and his God. He feels that Eisenhower is re-establishing the proper functioning of the legislature. They are jealous of their rights at this point, having been ~~dispossessed~~ for so long, and are not accepting their responsibility towards McCarthy in fear of curbing their own powers as well as his. Doins and Stanley felt that the situation demanded an unequivocal statement by Eisenhower such as, I, Dwight D. Eisenhower do not sanction the methods of Sen. Joseph P. McCarthy. I agreed with Doins & Stanley. It seems to me that the system of checks & balances implies that one branch will temper the other. The president is elected by all the nation as a whole, and as a symbol of

the people has a right to speak out
against the methods of a member of Congress
if he feels it them to be against the
interests of the people as a whole. He
does not have the right to make the
Senator stop his investigations, but he
does have the right to use his office
& personal prestige to persuade others to
regulate the Senator's activities.

Mon. March 5

I'm beginning to think that the perfect
vacation for me would be to have no
appointments, ^{no child} ^{ver.} my journal, books & a
piano. I find am able to spend almost no
time alone, quiet and uninterrupted. There
is a happy medium to be found between
the first year's solitude and this year's
constant rush. Must so now - Suzanne
has told me she has to do "Goo
Goo" at least 10 times this morning
& I have taken her to the pot each time
to no avail. Now, after one trip for
trinkle (off with snow suit, slacks, pants
etc.), I am again interrupted - only this time, she
has done it in her pants! I am trying to
squeeze in the journal between returns from
playgroup & lunch. It's impossible. Besides
the fact that my new pen, whose point I

repeating back what he said as if it had not been mentioned: I only half listen to him - my mind wanders off - usually trying to organize my activities, evidently his conversation impresses me unconsciously - for I sometimes repeat it verbatim. Trying to concentrate has always been impossible for me. I either do or don't. The trouble is that I get tired and have too many things on my agenda - which makes me feel nervous. This morning ^{Earl} he accused me of setting the alarm clock up to 6:00 instead of 7:00. "No, I didn't, Earl."

"You probably forgot, darling."

"I did not forget. Who in the world would I set the clock for 6:10. It's just as likely that you did it & forgot."

Earl did not relent. He laughed at me and said he was sure I did it and forgot. I told him to stop the "Gaslight" techniques. But nevertheless I was sort of shaken by his attitude.

He later explained - that he has been feeling quite nervous lately - a combination of training exhaustion after

after finishing an important portrait painting -
and the time of year. I have been very
sensitive, too - always feeling I have
want to do more than I have time
for. Each morning I to cast my mind
eye ahead through the day, trying to
see it in terms of large, clear-cut blocks
of two or three main pursuits. Instead
I am bounced headlong from thing to thing.
My blocks of time are splintered into
sharp and often painful shivers. Needless
to say we are both looking forward to
our vacation with great anticipation. We
are planning no appointments with friends.
We want to be free to wander at
will, limited only by the theatre hour
each evening.

Yesterday ~~twent~~ Earl came with me
to New York. I wore my new spring
outfit. Topped off with a white straw
pancake hat with a wisp of a feather
fluttering horizontally in front of me. We
stopped at Don's' to pick up Gordon
Johnson, a guest of their's who was taking
the train. I was struck with his attractiveness
the first time I saw him. He is tall,
golden-tanned, ^{with} ^{brunish-} blond hair of a sea-going
man, and startling green eyes, black fringed.

I was pleased at the thought of picking him up that bright morning, all a glow in ruffling taretta and shining wool. He joined us for breakfast - and was immediately fascinated by almost everything that Earl said - and Earl was delighted to have a ~~listener~~ sympathetic listener. I do not enjoy fighting for a chance to speak - so I kept quiet - pleased, in a way, that Earl was enjoying himself. I always love to see him enthusiastic.

We got off at 125th St. and Earl took me in a taxi to Joan's grandmother's apartment at 925 Park. I waited for her in the musty, ^{with its velvet chairs long ago,} relic filled and ^{ghost-ridden} drawing room. Mrs. Stevens ^{family photographs} appeared first.

~~She comes up~~ tiny, clipped and ancient, her little black hat floating, it seemed, on a few stray wisps of old grey hair. She sees very little - ^{and} drew up a chair for me so close to her that our knees touched as we sat face to face. We had precisely the same conversation three times. Mrs. Stevens remembers incidents \approx 30 or 40 years ago with great accuracy but forgets the present as soon as it has happened. I told her about the pleasures of having a family - and in having some help in the house. So the mother ^{and} ~~father~~ see her ^{my} friends, etc. "You're absolutely right,

Barbara," she said, "I believe in 'intercourse'." There was a pregnant silence from me, and then I controlled my level mind enough to agree, quite primly. As we talked I looked down at Mrs. Stewson's short, bowed legs. There on her calf, evidently having slipped down from higher up, was a blue satin garter with pink french rose buds. I was glad when Joan finally arrived, late as she always is, with the ^{same} precision & forethought about just how late, as another person would apply to being on time. With me she is usually quite late. She apologized proudly for being so vague & feminine, as if to point out that she had on a beautiful dress, that electrified the drip light of the room. It was black, ~~cut~~ with a small white collar and cuffs, and then, dramatically a radiant scarlet stream of taffeta starting above the bosom, going around the arm, the back, through the belt and down the side to the hem of the dress. Her hair was smoothed back into an intricate and lovely chignon. Her face was as high as ever - flat nose, bulging eyes, ~~thick~~ thick glass. But her ^{ugliness} ~~ugliness~~ ^{is becoming} ~~is becoming~~ ^{more & more} ~~more & more~~ ^{distinctive} ~~distinctive~~ ^{aura of} ~~aura of~~ ^{deference, the ugly face} ~~deference, the ugly face~~ ^{and she is participating} ~~and she is participating~~ ^{in the general} ~~in the general~~

participates Joan is one of those people whom I
don't want to see unless I'm sure I
like my life - and having reasons for
its being the best possible life. right on
the tip of my tongue. It seems important
to her to make ^{me} you admit you don't like
^{my} your life, then to show ^{me} you that she would
like hers much better. Then to cover up
her argument with much sweet & irrelevant
talk. I am quite conscious of her approach
and yet I fall prey to her tactics -
knowing all the time that if she were not
so insecure - she would not feel the
need to tear me down - ~~and~~ so graciously
~~does she do it~~. I am surprised to
find myself actually trying to weigh our
respective advantages to assure myself that
I am doing better. Earl was horrified to
when I told him I had invited her up
here for a three day visit.

going down on the train Earl and I
discussed the dangers to society of having
people live in the cramped, dark, hot, dirty
houses that line the tracks as we
near New York. The only clean, green spot
was the ~~grace yard~~ cemetery. The tower
television antennae rose up to the sky in
things like ~~so many~~ like ~~bones~~ fingers
~~reaching~~ for to the ~~heavens~~ for help as the
calling ~~for~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~heavens~~ for help as the
people ~~turned~~. They looked like the slim line
of contact between prisoners and the outside world

B:
"You wouldn't ever leave me behind, would you, darling?"
E: "No, I'd never leave you behind, dar."

On the back of Earl's Sockeye shorts is a small label printed with red letters reading "Dillo." "That's for both of them," I said, patting either side of his bottom - and they ought to have on the front "Love Wolf."

New name for Stephanie is
"Miss Pea Pot"
for Suzie
Miss W.C.

Sat. March 13

We went to see Marlon Brando in "The Wild One" last night. I had forgotten the intoxication, the hypnotic effect of feeling the physical attractiveness of a man when I'm under such a spell, the longing is like being thirsty and seeing cool water running from a faucet - every muscle in my body seems to ache to move instantaneously towards the man. I was able to say very little on to Earl as we drove home whereupon I had a strong Scotch & Soda & a cigarette told him about the feeling. He was

My spinning was kept before me

very respectful of it - but finally began to less
me gently - saying that he never winded
taking me to a movie about a writer
painter or even statesman. But when the
hero was a jet pilot, a prize fighter
- or as in this case a leather jacketed
juvenile motor-cycle riding hoodlum -
well, then he did feel inadequate. I told
him I was glad not to be put in the
position where I was face to face with
a stranger who attacked me as Brando did.
It would be much less dangerous now
than at the beginning of a marriage when the
fabric of a relationship had scarcely begun
to knit.

It occurred to us today that Karl
Marx had been 100% percent wrong about
the ^{nature of the} relationship between rich & poor in
a capitalist society. He said the rich
can get richer only when the poor get
poorer. America in America the complete
reverse has happened. The rich have amassed
enormous fortunes & based on the increased
buying power of the "poor". As Earl put
it, "We no longer need the poor." Our
whole economy depends on a rising rising
standard of living for the majority of the
people.

I forgot to mention that what happened
at the meeting on last Wednesday night -
on the executive committee organized

"I hope you're not angry with me." I assured him that I was not - adding that the title might prove a good drawing card. But the more I think of it, the less I approve of it, even as a publicity stunt. It intimates that a group of hot heads want to assemble for the pleasure of arguing.

Monday, March 15.

— It's snowing, and I fear for my tulips, narcissus and daffodills. The flakes are falling apathetically - as if they did not care when they reached the ground. Every so often the sun illuminates the greyness. The day seems at odds with itself.

Sometimes I am very depressed by a feeling of stupidity. I don't remember facts, and I have trouble relating those I do remember. Occasionally I am so overcome by this feeling that I have nothing at all to say.

I was reading something in Neuber's Survival through the Design that startled me by its obviousness. He said that a designer should know how much about the human nervous system, how it reacts to

various stimuli, as he should know about engineering. The success of a design depends on a relationship between the object and the human being. To ignore one half of the relationship and concentrate ~~only~~ on the engineering, is obviously cutting the designer's possible effectiveness in half. Boucia says that the designer's plays upon an instrument - the human nervous system. He does so whether or not he is conscious of it.

Wed. March 16

* Earl calls me a "restless as old post" when I feel this way - and he's quite right. Everyone in a while I feel a distaste, bordering on bathing, for my daily pursuits. All ~~sort~~ Bitter potions brew & bubble inside me and make me want to strike aimlessly at whatever happens to be around. I feel unpopular, ineffective & above all, stupid. Earl says the only thing to do at such moments is to keep to your schedule and plod through, no matter how slowly. I have never been able to do this, because, I suppose, I have never had a schedule to above and

beyond the needs of the moment. For ordinarily
my needs are clear enough to fall
into a nice pattern.

Thursday, March 17

* ~~Lowly~~ Suzanne is swinging rhythmically
in her compound, giggling as the wind
blows makes the dry leaves bounce along,
the hard ground. Her red balloon has just
blown across the lawn. She is in pursuit
with that asymmetrical, precarious run of
a 2 1/2 yr. old. Now she is "riding horsey"
a long ^{shiny} branch which bursts into many
small tines at the top. ~~Now~~ back to
the swing, her two red balloons beside
her. The sound the swing makes is so
much like a bird's song. Oh - the balloon
is creeping off again. riding a tiny sust.
"stay, boon, stay boon," shouts Suzie with
a lit in her voice that usually means
she likes the game. The air is clear
and cold; the sun bright, shadows black
and sharp against the ground.

Stephanie has been sick again -
she caught Suzanne's intestinal flu,
recovered for a few days, then caught it
again. So I did not go to N.Y. yesterday.
Last night we went to a
meeting of executive committee of the
forum group. Evidently they had thought
over the title, "Controversy, Inc." and

decided that it would not do. Some of the group, including Earl & Don Warner or Dr. Stoddard wanted a name which would include the word forum - or something like it, plus the name of the region. Mrs. Denney, who was sitting next to me, kept whispering comments like, "Look how traditional these young men are. Why, your boss man is traditional, too. How did he get that way, you're much more of a rebel." I just smiled at her - thinking she was still an adolescent to whom rebellion is the most exciting gesture possible. As the evening progressed I became more & more suspicious of the Denney's attitudes & methods. We had voted upon in favor of "Opinions Unlimited," but there was still felt a need for further discussion. Denney tried to stop the discussion. He wanted a "catchy" fresh name - which would attract broad work publicity and was afraid the "traditionalists" would convince us that we should call it a forum. Earl says there is usually a McCarthy type in every group and he is it in ours. The heads of the various committees were appointed. Ann Hosters

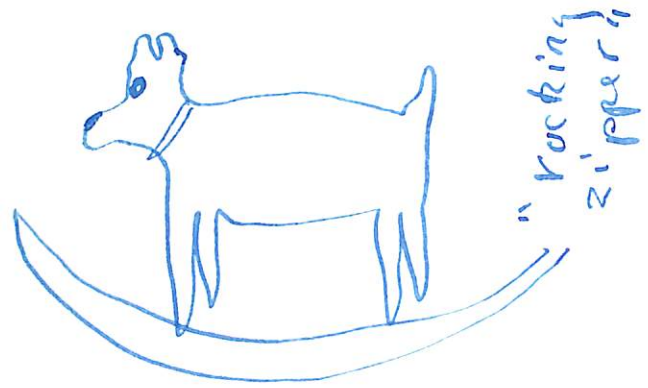
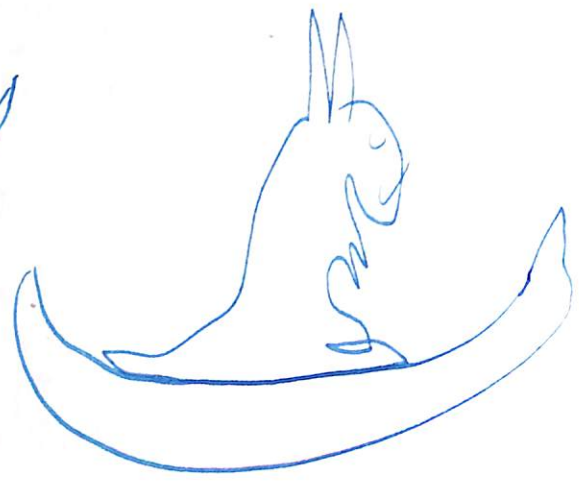
~~asked me if which committee~~

There was we tried to decide whom we would use as speakers for our first meeting - on Fighting Communism at home. William Buckley seemed the best choice pro - McC. For the opposing view point many names were suggested among them, Max Leher. "Oh, I don't think you could get Max," said Denney. Robin Leech, the Secretary, said quite truthfully that he knew him personally & perhaps that would make a difference. That pleased me - because Denney seems to ~~not~~ imply that ~~he~~ everyone but him is something of a bumpkin. Joseph & Stewart also were suggested - the same thing happened. Donney had no sooner given his opinion when Don Warner said that they were related to Charlotte (Rav) and he would be seeing them up here this weekend - and would ask them if we wanted him to. The heads of the committees were appointed. Ann Hoskins asked me which committee I would like to be on. She ~~is~~ head of the publicity and asked me if I'd like to be on that. I told her that did not have much time - but and could answer. Better if she had some

definite idea or what I might be asked
 to do. "We've going to need someone to
 speak on the radio," she said, and even
 think you would be just the one. I only
 wish we had a television station - "she
 smiled and at me. I must say I think
 it would be fun to be on the air -
 & she was right - television would be
 even better!



(Suzie riding on "rocking bunny")



"rocking zipper"

Friday March 18

I read the journal to Earl last night and was inspired by his appreciation as usual. I was surprised to discover that I do best just what I feel, in an emotional way, that I do worst, that is sum up ~~an~~ series of events clearly and effortlessly. Yet if I am asked to do this in a conversation, I often panic and curse my lack of grasp of the situation. What happens is that when writing in my journal I am thinking about the series of events - but when talking ~~to~~ I am thinking about them and myself.

Earl said that ~~if~~ ^{most} other people criticized his paintings the way I do, he would be take a richer satisfaction in the paintings. He loves the way I relate them with my own life and thoughts. If others did that he said he knew he would be welcomed, as things stand now he feels he is going to have to make his own welcome.

But "When I am feeling & my best, my enjoyment of painting is etc thrilling enough to quiet any thoughts about the point of painting being a reward. But when I'm tired I find myself going out to the studio because I will be one day closer to the reward. When I think about this, I know its suicide, ~~at~~ that the only reason I paint is that because I love it and need it to understand the world and

feel safe in the world as I create my own
image of the world. "
He went on to tell me that he
was sure that my writings would develop
organically into a form which he could
not predict except that he knew it would
be very important. He warned me against
breaking arbitrarily from the journal
now with a view to publication - it
must develop organically. I do heretofore
occasionally the fact that the journal cannot
be published - but it is too personal
and mentions too many names of friends
or prominent people. However, I find it not
disruptive to me to keep the vague hope
of public acclaim in the back of my mind.
I know I would love it - because I
have so much else and would never
depend on it to make my life worthwhile.
When I finished reading I lit a cigarette.
"Where is your holder?" Earl asked sharply.
"My God, anyone who writes like you
better not die." The By the way, the
latest warning from Prissing Prue is
not only that I will grow bald, lose my
teeth, and die of lung cancer - but I will
get ingrown toenails. I asked him to
cut them the other night. I don't have trouble
getting the sissors throw the big toenail.
He noticed that the little toe nails looked
down a bit - and made the prediction in
all seriousness.

Saturday, March 20

My solitude threshold is very low - it takes only a week or so of no social activity to make me feel neglected, and to turn me against the quiet evenings by the fire. and we had a bit of a discussion about the type of vacation we have already planned - no appointments, seeing no friends, no parties. I had been all in favor during the time I was so busy - and still am - but to a lesser degree - since nothing interesting has happened recently. in the way of ~~interesting~~ social intercourse. I wish I did not react this way. It makes me dependant on other people to an annoying degree. When I feel like this way, I am apt to resent Earl's lack of connections, and my own way of life.

Mon. March 22

✗ The oriental ideal of Nirvana holds no appeal for me. To Dois it is a goal possible which comforts her ^{during those} ~~to~~ moments of fears of losing what she loves. She thinks the men who have achieved this state beyond personal desire and ambition have accomplished the most exalted thing humanly possible. I ~~cannot help but~~ feel that fear is the soil that nourishes this renunciation. ~~It is the~~ I do not believe

That any human-being can renounce his ego.
Or rather any human-being can renounce
his ego, but none can get rid of it.
The effort to repudiate the normal
desires of the ego, seems to me to be
an effort to make the ego invulnerable
to failure & inisistible - an effort to
become completely independent & invulnerable,
to love with out ^{needing} love in return,
to give without out receiving gifts, to
subsist with an as close to nothing
as is physically possible. The attempt is
to be freed from as many needs as
possible; the exaltation might well be
magnificent. Fortunately there are few
who achieve it for the effect on the
fabric of ^{civilization} society would be disastrous -
which survives ^{only} ^{by} ^{man's} the intellect.
~~awareness of man's need for man realization~~
~~or acceptance of his need for fellow-man,~~
for ~~her~~ loving & being loved in return,
for giving and receiving, for eating, and
living well. These needs knit the
fabric together. The effort to renounce
such needs pulls the fabric apart.

Tuesday

I was ~~quite~~ stimulated by the competitions
delight of answering cogent arguments.
yet more cogently, I thought my cousin
Arthur wrote me 3 typewritten pages

about his analysis of the McCarthy situation - saying that as far as the Cohn-Schnee fight with the army would be inconclusive since both accusations were probably partly true & both denials false. He blamed the President for not doing his duty. My letter was mostly about what he omitted from his discussion - the responsibility of Dem. & Rep. in the Senate & the people of Wisconsin.

But Walter Lippmann brought up a most interesting point. He suggested that the President go call McCarthy's Committee on the grounds that he was misusing his senatorial powers and was usurping ^{from citizen's} constitutional guaranteed rights. He said he was sure the Senate would uphold the President and that the people are yearning to rally round him on this issue if he will but give them the chance. He did not point out what it seemed to us would be the main ~~controversy~~ critical point - very simply does the Pres. have the power to go call a Senate committee at his will. He did say that the Senate has no power to ~~contaminate~~ ^{such a} Presidential go call.

When I feel in the most and deeply committed about an important issue I am at my happiest. I have heard this feeling expressed in many ways - most of which sound ridiculous like "coming to grips," "This is real," "a purpose," "a cause" etc. When

I analysis my feeling it usually amounts to a keen pleasure in the exercise of my own powers.

Thurs April 8

I am so sleepy, so ready to accept the easy relaxation of ^{reading} "Executive Suite", listening to music, or conversing gently with Earl, but none of these pleasures are alluring enough to make me forget that I have not written in my journal for over two weeks.

We returned last night from our greatly anticipated "change of pace." We have decided that the word vacation does not ~~fit~~ ^{accurately} describe our trips. It is a remnant from school days when we were ~~being~~ ^{leaving} imposed assignments & confinements for ^{getting} ~~getting~~ ^{getting} freedom. But now our daily life is so enjoyable that leaving it only serves to accentuate our pleasure in it - no matter how good a time we have when away. In fact the enjoyment is dependant on the solid assurance that we love our daily life. The parts of the trip we like best are usually those which we ~~can use to~~ ^{most clearly relate up to our main} ~~interests~~ ^{interests}. For instance we went to see a great many paintings. One thing was ~~was~~ ^{obviously} to me: the reason the European painters are more popular is no matter of fashion or snobism - they are ^{simply} ~~much~~ ^{much} better. There is no

accelerator

American painting I have ever seen that can equal a Bonnard, Braque, Matisse or Picasso. They all have one thing in common, as contrasted ~~to the Americans I have seen~~ - they express a beautiful, sensuous, calm way of life. They make ~~me~~ ridiculous the oft heard statement that ~~great~~ ^{to be great} works of art must "appall and disturb" as I recently read in an article by Jacques Bonzun. These paintings do not disturb me, they comfort me. ~~to think of~~ ~~is an adolescent thought~~ that comfort remains with me and is conducive to a more rational, accurate and ~~the~~ kindly attitude towards my life. But then I am not much of an example - because I can never remember having been disturbed and appalled by any painting. I have been by war photographs and some movies - but I'm sure this is not the kind of disturbance Bonzun meant when I ~~see~~ paintings like Graham Southland's bloody, contorted Christs if I am disturbed at all it is at the thought that people like these paintings + presumably wish to live with them. My interest in art is not to have shocking wounds + brutalities described to me. Anyone of my generation has grown up on such descriptions. What does excite me is some one who is building something despite or with the help of the horrors which have always been part of human existence. It seemed to me that Southland was wallowing in the blood and loving it, idealizing it almost like an immersion in holy water. It reminded me of the old idea

that once you have lived through the most
horrible experience imaginable you will be
safe because nothing will ever be able
to hurt you again. The so-called realist
significantly ~~sees only~~ evil, which is about
as realistic as Pollock himself.

The painting I most remember ~~and~~ with
most pleasure was the new acquisition
of the Guggenheim Museum - Cézanne's
"clock maker". There it ^{hung} stood, unframed, alone
and on a ^{smooth} white plaster wall. His
penetrating gaze caught mine immediately
and I felt in the presence of a man's
whose influence I would cherish. He seemed to
me the most effective of all types of judges,
the one who makes it inescapably clear that
I ~~am~~ ^{am} my own responsibility, my own
judge, ~~and~~ ^{he} ~~will~~ ^{will} not allow me the childish
relief of evaluating me. He tells me I must
do it, and if I look to him to tell me I'm
good or bad, I have failed, have shirked my
responsibility, have remained an inconsequential
person. Or perhaps more clearly, his evaluation
of me depends on the extent to which I
am able to depend for sustenance on my
own evaluation of myself. He did not
symbolize Father or God Almighty or the forgiving
Christ - but rather the Husband whose need for
me depends on the sustaining core of my
own confidence in myself. Tears came to my
eyes as always happens when I am moved,
and I felt a great warmth for Cézanne & for
Earl. The more I see of other people, the more
I love Earl. For instances as I read

Executive suite, a story about ^{with capacity} men who have contact with pleasure in their work to the extent that the work is only a means to a coveted position. Labels the fight to be called President has entirely obscured everything that being President is ^{naturally} based on, ie doing the job better than anyone else ~~too~~ could. Living with Earl helps me keep in mind the doom involved in aiming for a label. The pleasure he derives from his work is a constant reminder to me that this is the sustaining, the same, the constructive, the fulfilling approach. And I need this reminder - little ~~pr~~ lower of spot lights or pats on the back that I surely am. When I sat in the Senate ^{gallery} watching young John Kennedy ~~sp~~ deliver a speech & debate on Indo China and watching his wife watch him - I was filled with the desire for either Earl or me to be in such a position where our words might have immediate, international repercussions, where we would be sought-after guests at illustrious parties and I could buy all the pretty dresses I wanted and know I would wear them out. Earl is not immune to such ideas - but in thinking them through he always gets back to the point that it is ~~pr~~ in doing precisely the work he is now doing, that he ^{is} making the most relationships. If he ^{was} ~~ran~~ for an elected office he would have to do a lot of things he ~~is~~ not interested in doing. If he is to be appointed to high office, it will be ~~from~~ ~~but~~ by being a man of important

ideas, + painting + writing are at present the
way best way ^{to know} to develop significant relationships
I am much more apt day dream of being a
Senator or a Senator's wife with out ever
~~making concrete~~ jarring myself by actually
deciding to do it, or how I might try to do it.

I was also very proud of Earl when we
had dinner our last night in Washington
with Bedell Smith - Under Secretary of States -
at his home. Earl began gaining confidence
in the situation as Bedell explained the
political scene in almost identical terms
to those Earl has developed on his own -
how the legislative branch was fighting
to regain ~~and even usurp~~ the ^{its} share of
governing after twenty years of being ~~subservient~~
subservient to the Executive, + in so doing
were trying to encroach on the constitutionally
granted powers of the Executive branch - witness
the Bricker Amendment, the refusal to chastise
McCarthy. Bedell's evaluation of the Cohn - Army
controversy was also the same as Earl's.
Bedell took off his jacket, had a few old
fashions and seemed to want us to stay.
We watched McCarthy's "answer" to Edward R.
Murrow in Bedell's bed room. He sat on his
bed like a King and laughed like a
boy because he could change stations +
silence commercials from his bedside. Earl
had reached to change the station + Bedell
surprised him by surreptitiously switching
from one station to another. We discussed
the President's religious feelings. Bedell said that
a lot of his reference to God in a speech
were made ~~with an eye~~ for political effect
"But one time," said Bedell, "I told him that

The only time he called on God, his last name was
Damn, and he didn't like it, not at all," and
Bodell made a face. "But anyway, he swears
like a trouper," Bodell added. "You know I
never call him anything but ~~the~~ 'President.' Once
we were talking about Mrs. Eisenhower &
I called her 'Mamie.' The President corrected me
sharply, ^{changing it to} ~~then~~ ~~mean~~ Mrs. Eisenhower! "The one
thing that impressed Bodell about Washington's
life was the time he had. Bodell works
about eleven hours a day.

Coming back to Lime Rock on the train
Paul said, "You know if Bodell asked me to go
to Geneva with him, I would." Big grin.
"But I'd never ask him to take me. There are
certain things I'd do, but I would never
try directly to get to do them - know what I
mean?"

Most of my thoughts on the way home
were about Stephanie and Suzanne. I just
asked to see them - still somewhat startled
that I had two children and that they
meant so much to me.

I'm not sleepy any more. Paul has
gone to bed. You wonderful one is playing
on the radio, the fine Guns just the right
size for one, the world has shrunk
to include only me and my thoughts. I
get up and dance a few steps then
want to write some more. I feel slightly
intoxicated, not wanting to break the influence
of my aloneness on going to bed. Each ^{Always} ~~note~~
of the piano sends a little tremor through me -
even when I'm not dancing, I feel as though

I were. The exquisite lines of Lee's movie make my muscles feel tense - I better go to bed.

Sat. April 10

Sometimes I am harassed into a real temper by the ever present details of keeping house + children. When the ^{my} occasional stretches of unbroken time are ~~not~~ eaten into by the cry of a child, wet diapers, orange juice on the bedspread, the plumber etc., etc. I feel helpless and so irritated that I can't ~~get back to the~~ regain my powers of concentration.

I have a very busy day ahead. Ann Rasmussen is coming ^{on the} at 11:39 train. Patsy + Marlene arrive at 2:00, and I'm giving a small buffet at 7:00. Between now and 11:39 I want to work on E's manuscript which I'm trying to break into small sections for "Discovery" or New World Writing.

Tues. April 13

Last night we had an experience which in one stroke caused us to appraise how deeply we mean or do not mean what we say about our life. Daddy called and said that he had just received a telephone call from Rodell Smith. Rodell told him that Earl was a natural for the

State Department and wondered whether we would
be interested. He asked for our address and
told Daddy he would write ~~us~~ about it.
Daddy asked me whether we would be interested.
I was thrilled by the compliment paid us and
my vague dreams of glory filled my head. Daddy
continued to present his theory on how he
 foresaw that Russia would become a conservative
 force just as the U.S. has. Now that we both
 have so much we are both interested in
 conserving it - But I was so excited about
 the Bodell's reaction to Earl that I hardly
 followed his discussion and was annoyed at my
 flimsy response to his ideas. When he hung
 up I rushed in to tell Earl. He stopped watching
 his television program. In the first moments
 we did not stop to consider what kind
 a job was really being offered - having
 visions of special assignments and advisory
 posts. The idea appealed to me. I said
 it would probably mean the kind of life
 I so love - or think I do, at least. But
 then Earl began to consider what was
 involved - it would be very unlikely that Bodell
 was suggesting that Earl be a special
 advisor. It would probably be ^{status as} an attaché, making
 contacts, learning the languages and perhaps
 eventually rising to an important position. But
 it would certainly take many years. "We not
 that I wouldn't be learning during those
 years," Earl said. "But would I be using
 my intelligence to the fullest advantage? I have
 a very great confidence in myself. I will be
 a wise man. I feel very strongly that
 painting and writing and reading and building my
 home and family are the best way for me to

understand the world. I know there are some men
whom it would be ridiculous to consider
having their work for something else, no
matter how flattering the offer. You know, it's
a strange thing, but the people who have
been closest to me, first my parents, then
you, have held my work so lightly that
they have urged me to give it up. This work
to which I am devoting my life is not
important to them. They love me - but
not my work. It hurt me to learn this
about my parents, but it's shocking to know
that you feel this way too. All those things
you said about the paintings didn't mean
anything to you. If they did, you couldn't
even consider my giving them up. My
whole idea of our growing relationship
depends on the fact that you need my work,
that it is important to you, that you
know that you like it, and because you like
it the world will need it. But you none of
this is true. I've always been alone and
I guess I still am. I thought I had
that kind of relationship with Mullen, and then
with you. When I ever I meet someone
who really sees understand's and believes in
the world's need for my work - it will be a crushing
relief. As it is now, no one cares about
my work, not my friends, my mother & father,
my brother, my brother-in-law, nor you - show
only me and a piano-tuner. And the strangest
part of it all, is that I don't really mind, except
that odd - that I - who used to praise
all to choose my activities according to
how much praise they got - am willing to

spend all his ^{my} energies doing something that no one else likes."

My main desire was not to let Earl feel that he was alone - but I feared that I could never have the feeling about his work that he needed from me. ~~I had to~~ all I had said about the paintings I meant, but I had to admit that the paintings would not have meant the same thing to me if some one else had done them. In order for them to mean as much to me as he desires - I would have to be the one doing them. It is the man ^{of} ~~the~~ love, and the work I love as it reveals the man to me - I could live without the paintings, but I would not want to live without him. The main reason I would also decide against a State Department job is that I know he would not be happy in it, and I could not be happy if he were not. But I told him that his painting is not a personal sustenance to me. When he is working out in the studio, I am filling the hours of my own day with my own activities which have nothing to do with his work. I was attracted to a diplomatic job because it would mean travel, meeting many various people, hearing interesting conversation and being admired by my friends, and perhaps being established somehow as a brilliant woman in my own right. All of which struck me as terribly banal and ignoble as I said it. I was disappointed in myself for not insisting to this occasion showing that Earl's work was more important to me than any other thing. The awful truth too is that its only main importance to me is that it ^{so} is important to him. He is alone - and I am alone

Wed. April 14

I am plagued with irritating thoughts that I have not been capable of arranging my life to my own liking - that I have ^{girlishly} agreed to many things foreign to my own tastes. I am growing to be a woman and I shall have to live the rest of my life with these agreements. The State Department offer brought these feelings back to my consciousness. So many of my activities are poor substitutes - ~~to a situation~~ the course at Columbia, the League of Women Voters - I don't really care about them - but they are at present my only ~~contact~~ ^{way} of being in contact with new people and situations. If I did not do this I would sit home every day and see practically no one, except an occasional friend gained from more active periods. And the worst part of it is that I am not going to do anything fundamental about my situation except to continue to enlarge its scope by gifts & snatches. I might as well face the fact that Earl is running the family and that is the way I want it. I cannot visualize myself, by direct or indirect means, ~~travelling~~ ^{trying} to persuade Earl to go in the State Department. I would not be happy if he "did it for me," which he wouldn't anyway. But I do have the distracting sensation of not feeling in control of my fate. When I feel this acutely, my mind seems to lock; I don't understand what I read, I don't concentrate, I don't listen to conversations intelligently, I am easily offended, easily convinced of my own

innovation & mediocrity. ~~The most reassuring thing I~~
~~do during such periods~~ The journal is my greatest
source of strength during these doubting
moments. I am able to write more clearly
~~than I am able~~ see more clearly and feel
more confident the minute I begin to write.
I have figured out something, though, about
our discussion the other night - that is, the way
I feel about the painting is the most beneficial
to our relationship, as his band & wife. Of course
Earl misses the strength derived from outsiders
understanding of and need for his work. But if
we were getting this support, if his paintings
were greatly valued and cherished, what he would
need above all from me, ~~would be~~ my love for himself
not as the creator of paintings, ^{but} of course
~~part~~ my love for him includes his work -
but the way he feels about it will always
be, I believe, of ~~the~~ ^{the greatest} significance to me. ~~than~~
anything else.

Friday, March April 16.

Last night we sent Louis off to the
Marines with a farewell dinner at Scarsdale
complete with Pâté de foie, caouan, star-starg surgeon,
smoked salmon, roast beef, St. Julien 1933 wine,
and a large, plump dish of chocolate mousse
prepared especially for Louis from El Boulevard's.
The table cloth was grey woven with silver, ~~and~~
it sparkled in the candle-light. Louis was
served first. He acted in his usual manner.
When I asked him how he felt about
the going into the Marines, he said he hadn't
thought about it. I think it is a fine
time for both Daddy & him. That he has
chosen the Marines - where special favours

will not be asked for nor given. ~~But~~ Mary
of Louis' friends have chosen the Marines.
Earl and I decided this is probably ~~too~~ because
the Marines are called the toughest bunch
of the service. These boys want to be
reassured that they can take it. They have
been called a soft group - especially by World
War II veterans - The Marines offers the
best means of erasing this stigma.

But it is hard for me to visualize him
tonight in Quantico, Virginia - entering into
this shockingly different life, where ~~not only~~ ^{the} life
is hard, but there is no escape escaping it -
he will have no rights, no privacy. But
Louis will probably ~~adjust~~ not be ~~very~~
deeply upset by it. I do not believe that
his balance comes from having things
easy & done for him. He will survive
quite well - but I'd love to be a fly
in the wall for a while.

We took Suzanne & Stephanie with
us to meet their 3 uncles for the first
time. Suzanne was a joy to me - &
Stephanie something of a pain. Suz. seems
to love traveling - she is easily interested -
resting whenever she gets tired. Stephanie
has only 3 ~~hobbies~~ ^{activities} - ~~one~~ ~~more~~ in the car -
sleeping, screaming or jumping & kicking in
boisterous hilarity. When she sees Suzanne
either hits her or else says "Don't my baby"
& kisses her - neither having any
effect on the persistent Stephanie. The meeting
with the uncles went off beautifully. Scarsdale is
an absolute paradise of a small child to visit. They
have every conceivable toy, all neatly arranged,
waiting to be chosen at will. The two governesses & 2 maids

are in constant attendance. ~~to~~ Idella prepared
an Easter party for them. We all waited up
stairs on the 3rd floor until 3:00 sharp. ~~down~~
I hooped the little group and were handed
brightly colored baskets. Idella explained that
the Easter Bunny had hidden eggs, and that
the one who found the most would get first
prize. Suzanne stared awfully at her, clutching
the basket. Idella opened the door and the
tiny group scattered ^{at random} onto the front lawn.
followed by seven assorted dogs, two maids,
two governesses, Daddy in his sweat-suit,
Earl, ^{carrying Stephen} and finally Louis who had just
recently arisen. Spurr & Emmett set to work
with purpose & precision. Suzanne wandered
aimlessly about until Louis gallantly walked
beside her, leading her up to the "hidden"
eggs which stood out like ~~some~~ so many
pink, red & blue neon signs in the clipped grass
and rhododendron bushes. Once Suzanne caught on,
she doggedly pre-filled her basket. potter-faced the
entire time. When all the eggs were collected
we went into the dining room. Idella gave
them each a chocolate Easter Bunny or egg-
then brought out a chirping, spindly, adorable
 bunch of tiny chickens & set them in a box in the
middle of the table. Each child was allowed to
hold a chicken. I thought it was a lovely
little party. ~~to~~ After that we all went upstairs
to see a movie. Suzanne sat herself on one
of her uncles' enormous horses and watched
in rapt attention her first movie.
I did not see much of Daddy. We seem
to find it difficult to talk to one - yet I
feel, and feel that he does also, we ~~the~~ need to
express a warmth. He left the dinner table
a few times to go into the ~~the~~ kitchen to
where the help were watching Groucho Marx

on television. He hears it Wednesday nights on the radio - and so is able to answer them by answering every question correctly. "Only trouble is - sometimes I forget the answers," he announced with a grin.

It's late & I'm tired - but I want to add that the response to opinions Unlimited has been overwhelming and most of the tickets were taken before they were officially on sale. I enjoyed the position of ^{being} ~~being~~ ^{able to} ~~able to~~ offer them as a special favor to a few friends such as Marshall, The Riches & Fritzje.

Sunday, April 18 - Easter ^{this season.}

Today was the first time I enjoyed the garden. The land & its contours and subtle colors not as a promise of Spring, but as Spring itself. The air was warm - patches of yellow daffodils swayed to the rhythm of the gentle breezes. Two enormous tulips opened up bright red - far ahead of expectations. Earl mowed the lawn - more out of a spirit of Spring than the demands of the grass. The mower whirred above the scanty blades for the most part, but nevertheless the sound made me happy. Patsy & Marlene came over with a big potted azalea - their sweet faces beaming with good health & good will. Last night we had dinner & played game at Marshall's. Sandy & Seanne were there. Sandy clarified for us a discussion we ~~were~~ had

had about what it meant to be a Communist in the 30's. He ^{explained} ~~pointed out~~ that it ^{provided} ~~was~~ the principle rallying point for those opposed to fascism. The ^{supporters} War in Spain were fighting fascism & Totalitarianism. I think it is ~~very~~ vital that it be made clear that being a Comm. in the 30's is ~~not~~ ~~an~~ no grounds for believing the person to be traitorously inclined, or even anti-democratic. In the Oppenheimer case, the Communist depending him (Alsops, Lawrence) editor of Rev. Mag. accepted the fact that he must have been "woolly-headed, naive, stupid" etc. to have been attracted to the Communist cause at that time. This seems to me a pusillanimous misconception.

Tues. April 20

As warm as a day in June. The ^{touch} ~~feel~~ of the breeze on my bare arms reminds me of the sea - of the excitement of feeling acutely intimately aware of the power and grace of my own body and of the sweetness of the air that touches me. ~~Feel~~ Each year the first intimations of Spring seem a deeper pleasure ~~awakening~~ having yet one more year's memories to awaken. The children are playing sketchy: Suzanne strolling around with a stick between her legs, her curly head silhouetted against a wide curve of smoke-blue mountains and cloudless sky. Zipper is sitting erect as a pointer with nose aiming skyward and wiggling to catch every scent of wild beast & bird that might be passing by.

Yesterday I sent off 4 excerpts from the
Center of the Universe to Vance Bourjaily
& Discovery + to Anabel Porter of New World
Writing. I choose the first chapter, Charlie, Fat
& Joey, as the another section, Red's Dance as the
3rd and A Sock + I'm Hungry as the fourth.
I was fascinated to discover how well
the work stood up under repeated readings -
even proof-readings which are deadly. The
images definitely do not depend on novelty or
shock for impact. They gain significance
for me as I meet them again and again.
I feel positive that at least one or two
of the chapters will be accepted. It's irritating
to have to wait so long to hear the verdict.

Thurs. April 22

Tuesday evening Earl and I had a long,
arduous & generally unsatisfactory discussion
on my desire to have parts of the journal
published. His argument broke down into
a few main points. The most salient was
that he could not live happily with me
if were well-known and he was not -
especially if my reputation was in a
field writing which would be direct competition.
He would not allow me to use any
of his quotes in the published journal, and
if I ~~decided~~ would stop discussing his important
ideas with me, since I would be using
them as a competitor. Secondly he was
shocked to find that I would not mind

having my private life made public. ~~and~~
Thirdly, he was deeply disturbed to find
that my love for him, his work &
the home & children was not enough to
satisfy me - that I continued to "lust
for fame." He was evidently inadequate.
"I always thought of myself as a
leader - and enough for any woman. If I'd
known you wanted personal fame I probably
wouldn't have fallen in love with you." He
also tried to make the point that if I really
loved writing in the journal I wouldn't care
about getting it published. Any way - when
he finished, he had ~~so~~ ^{completely} distorted what
seemed to me a natural and acceptable
desire to have some of my writing
published - to receive what over acclaim
might possibly be forthcoming - but at least
to have the excitement of writing. My desire
had nothing to do with not loving him or
his work, nor with wishing to compete
with him. I told him that he evidently
understood neither my love for him nor
for writing. I pointed out to him how
he had even been against my going to
Columbia - because in his own words, I might
meet some men and like them. "Earl," I said,
"you are a fiercely possessive, dominating
male. I love you this way - but I
think your reasoning on this case is not
sound. Now I've decided not to be to"

get the journal published - not because I think you're right, but because our happiness together means far more to me than an attempt at publication. You have told me what your reactions might be - and I'm not willing to risk them. I couldn't bear your censoring feeling the need to censor your conversations with me - or that you were no longer maintaining the masculine role in the household, or whatever other horrible consequences you might bring upon us. As far as having my private life exposed, I would cut out very personal parts. - and the rest I'm not ashamed of or feel the need to hide. It's not so different ~~from~~ ^{from} writing a novel - the author's personal life usually comes through.

By the way this all started again when Spahr suggested that I send parts of the journal into Holt + see what they say. I never needed much inducement - because Earl's right in so far as he says something missing from my life - it amounts to an ^{or decision} integral figure in an enterprise that feels intimately important + exciting to me. I know that this is undoubtedly a symptom of a symptom of a symptom - but I have to label it somewhere - and it is there that seems most appropriate to me at the moment. And I'm afraid that any time an offer comes along which appears to this firm desire, I will react fast + undisguisedly in favor of it.

Friday, April 23

There is a soft, warm spring rain this morning. The sun seems ready to burst out, ~~to feel the same excitement as I do~~ ~~in~~ exciting like watching ~~the~~ stage ~~lights~~ slowly, almost ~~no~~ ~~en~~ by almost imperceptible degrees, lit by hidden klieg lights ~~light~~ feel ~~at~~ slightly breathless. Waiting for the lights to be turned on full force and to see the muted colors flame out when the sun finally shines.

Suzanne and Stephanie are engrossed in ~~the~~ examining the contents of the waste-paper basket. Suzanne seems so adorable to me lately. Yesterday I took her in the bathroom to change her panties. She had had a bowel movement, and Earl reproached her verbally. Her eyes began to fill with tears and as we walked toward the bathroom she was muttering to herself under her breath, "Don't cry Suzie, alright, alright, don't cry."

We spent almost all yesterday watching the McCarthy-John vs. Army investigations on television. It was utterly fascinating. Ray Sentine, Counsel for the committee had McCarthy in control almost immediately, by using the most effective weapon possible against McCarthy - and that is fairness and truthfulness. I hope all the witnesses will maintain their composure, difficult as that often is, so that McCarthy's techniques will stand out more clearly.

Saturday, April 24

Suzanne too and I have been strolling about our property picking "dandy lamps" (dandelions.) The day is such a picture that it does almost seem to be a prototype rather than a real day. I see myself and Suzanne as if in ~~a movie~~ ^{on film}, moving gracefully among the breezes + flowers. We seemed a perfect snap shot as we sat on top of a perfect rock - my ~~freshly~~ ^{freshly} tanned legs stretching like + golden against the brilliant harshness of the sparkling stone. I am deeply satisfied by the beauty of our land and home. And I can remember so clearly sitting on our small patch of lawn on a ~~spring~~ ^{late summer} morning 3 ~~summers~~ ^{years} ago, ~~terribly~~ depressed by the ~~unplanned~~ ^{unplanned}, jungle-like growth surrounding me and the roughness of our one room house. Now, 3 years later, thinking about the differences, I am struck by how very much more it means to us that we planned it and executed it ourselves.

Mon. April 26

Today I poked around straightening up the messy drawers + corners which seem to be one of my small crosses to bear. I never cease to make resolutions of consistent ordering and just as ceaselessly do I ~~proceed~~ ^{continue} to throw things into drawers + corners. Just after I had rearranged my desk, for instance, and look ~~at~~ happily at the neat piles + stacks + freshly sharpened pencils, it seems that neatness is so obvious and easy to maintain, ~~and~~ ^{what} I am sure that I will henceforth put things in their proper pile + keep ~~at~~ ^{me} pencils sharp or take

about 4 days in all piles + stacks have
disintegrated into a generaligo, amorphous
mess! Each time I sit at the next I feel
slightly irritated, ~~finally~~ but am loathe to
take the time to organize. Finally I can bear
it no longer and am obliged to spend
several hours in complete overhaul.

Wed. April 27

I read the journal to Earl Monday evening.
He made no comment throughout and at the
finish said, "that was very nice, dear"
a response completely different from his usual
enthusiasm. We discussed his attitude
later at my prodding and came to a dreadful
emotional impasse about my desire to try
to be published. Earl went so far as to
say that if I felt I had to be famous
on my own that he would live alone for
a while and let me try - that since I
felt he was keeping me from the type
of life I wanted, well then, he would leave
me and let me go to my friends, my
dances and my fame. He simply could not
give me those things now - and perhaps
never. I was completely nonplussed by his
attitude and finally burst into tears - which
ended the discussion in an overwhelming
rush of physical warmth - during which Earl
said, "Don't ever take this away from me,
darling."

The next day at lunch he said that
he had thought the whole thing over. He said
he realized that I had never had the chance

To do anything on my own - since I got married
my senior year of college. If I can understand
how you - who have come from a highly
competitive family, would want to try your
own strength. I think you ought to be
given the opportunity to do so. But for
your own sake and mine, I do not want you
to use any of my quotes. We will work
as two competing writers - in such a
situation we have to consider plagiarism,
stealing etc. I don't want anyone represent
me except myself. I have such tremendous
confidence in my own love & need for my
work, that everything will be alright."

The discussion was over for the time.
But ever since Earl has been acting like
a man whose lost the half his blood he
has seemed a shadow of himself, smiling
at the right places, talking when speech
is required, but with no energy or conviction.
This morning he would hardly talk to
me at all - nor kiss me good morning or
good-bye.

Thurs. April 29.

Well - our problem has finally been resolved
as best the best way we could find. Earl
spent all yesterday morning writing as
accurate a description as possible of the
situation, what we both said and his
reactions and evaluations. The problem had
evidently touched exposed a vital nerve
of our mutual organism - our relationship.
Earl's need to feel the support and confidence
in his family in his work was challenged
by my desire to try to do for us what

he is also trying to do. My wish was more
to set name & fortune for the family than
a dedication to writing as a vocation. In fact
I do now agree with Earl, that the journal
as ~~an~~ ^{an record of our life together} ~~how~~ ^{stands} would be destroyed
by publishing it. I would obviously fear what
I chose to write about to a public
reading - which would exclude at least half
the journal. Plus the fact that Earl quite
justly does not want his approach & more
concretely his definite ideas on writing, painting
- politics etc. to be used by another writer
before he has an audience of his own.
Since we are so very close, it would be almost
impossible for me to write anything
that did not reveal him as well as myself.
If I were writing for public, he would
feel constrained to share his ideas with me. I
would be a competitor writing in his home.
Our relationship would be deeply & dangerously
affected by such strains. I would lose him,
and he me. I would be left with the
journal, which up to this point has been
a record of our life together, so I would
end up with nothing. Since our relationship
would have cracked. Obviously, with these
realizations I have entirely given up the
desire to publish the journals until such
time that we both decide to edit them
together for the outside world.
When the discussion was over, I felt
an immense relief - as if Earl had been
away on a long, precarious voyage - and
finally returned home safely.

McCarthyisms

1. Make clear to the witness that you are not in fact calling him what he is, a louse.

2. Apologize for his complete inability to convince you with his lies.

3. Point out ~~that you do not~~ that no lie is too small to contain some truth.

4. Make clear to the witness your attempt to overlook his mental handicaps.

5. State your intentions of protecting the witness from his inadequacies.

6. Frequently remind the witness of your handicap of honesty.

April 30, 1954

The hearings on the McCarthy - Army controversy continue and are disrupting all my activities. David Schine has been a witness since yesterday. It is an odd feeling to hear his voice, whose intonations, resonances and inflections I know so well in so different a context. He does have a beautiful voice and is handling the situation with great poise & equanimity - perhaps too much for his own good. I do think he is an extraordinary young man to have personally elicited such allegiance & such animosity.

The weather is simply glorious again. The young trees & shrubs I had planted last year are filling with buds & blossoms. Garden is a very conservative influence upon me. I feel a strong desire to remain with them the things I have planted to watch them grow. Their process of growth spreads over the years.

My tendency is to send down my roots deeper & deeper in one place as I watch my plants do so.

Saturday, May 1 - "Happy May Day," Earl called from the studio as I took a morning walk on this lush spring ^{day} morning. The sweet scents were so delicious, the sounds so gay that I felt like walking & walking aimlessly on a path deep in a forest without end, searching for hidden flowers and dreaming.

Suzanne and Stephanie are seated face to face in the doorway to my room ~~exchanging~~ taking bites from a large cake of yellow bath soap which they pass back and forth. The scent is so pleasant that I decide a little soap won't hurt them. Idella sent Suzanne a replica of the big red rocking horse to which she was glued during her visit to Scarsdale. She has been sitting on it an inordinate length of time, it seems. She insists on having it pushed up right next to her bed. When I go in to get her up in the morning, she says immediately, "Want to ride horsey? please Mama please" and she leaps directly from bed to the house & begins to rock, passionately. Occasionally she asks, "Get baby ride horsey please Mama please" pointing to the small space in back of her between her

bottom and horse's ~~tail~~ stiff, upright
red tail. I bring wiggling, appreciative
Stephanie + put her in the space. Suzanne
leans forward as if she were a jockey
racing her horse, and looks slowly &
carefully glancing back over her shoulder
to see what effect this is having on
her sister. The effect is usually all that
one could desire - giggling, thumping &
squeals of "Oh, Bye, Bye, Mama."
Stephanie was picked up the most
southern sounding "Bye Bye" I've ever
heard. She will come crawling round a corner,
look up at me with her sweetest smile,
and say, "Byah, Byah, and leave as
suddenly as she came.

Last night we went to Opinions
Unlimited. Bill Buckley dropped out at the
last moment, claiming the Journal had bickered
him in a book review of his latest, "McCarthy
& his Enemies, the Debate" was between
James Wechsler, editor of the N.Y. Post &
Chester Manly, ~~of~~ U.N. correspondent for
the Chicago Tribune, Manly's argument ~~seems~~
fantastically platitudinous - almost like the
Communist "line" - Talking as he did about the
"left wing press" - N.Y. Times, Tribune. The
only paper that tells the truth in New York
is the Daily News. As Mrs. Wechsler said
to us afterward at the Hostein's post-forum
party, "he was very unfair to Houst. Her
leaving out the Journal - American!" Wechsler
had more humor and charm, and was, of course

on the side of the angels, but we felt that
his argument was actually on the same level
as Manly's - that is, an emotional dislike
of McCarthyism. I spoke with him at the party
and found him less significant - appearing
than he had been on stage. I was annoyed
that I wasn't able to "engage him in a
fascinating conversation." Of course this type
of desire is "backassed" - ~~but~~ I don't think
about this man, but about my wishes. Very
childish - yet I'm constantly doing it under
the pressure of social groups. Tant pis.

after the debate we went to pick up
Stanley Werner ^{+ Fritz} Von Ruedigen
He embarrassed me with difficult compliments -
"I can't take my eyes off you. You
are so beautiful. ~~to~~ Where do you get
your clothes," etc. etc. Fritz was standing
right there ~~and~~ I disliked the whole situation.

Monday, May 3

James Thurber has ~~some~~ great powers
over me just after I have read something
of his, as I did this morning sitting in
bed with a stuffed head, drinking coffee. Take
the term stuffed head - or nose - for instance.
Ordinarily a perfectly acceptable phrase - but
coming fresh from Thurber country, the
image takes on new meanings. As it
stands now. I don't know how to say
exactly what I was ~~see~~ sitting in
bed with drinking coffee this morning - a
cold perhaps? a running nose? I think
I better drop the whole matter and come
back to it when Thurber has worn off.

The I just read "Love is a Bridge" by Charles Flood - a young friend of Joan's. as we were discussing it with Earl we were struck, as we have been before, by the very interesting fact that we could think of no important ~~novel~~ piece of literature concerned with the ~~development~~ growth of an exciting marital relationship. This ties in with our idea that the home has never been had the significance that we believe it will have for our generation & their progeny. Leisure is becoming a general privilege. The home will be a play area for more people than ever before. ~~The people's energy and concentration will be used~~ play time will not be thought of as an escape from work - because there will be so much of it and ~~also~~ the unpleasantness of most jobs will diminish as machines take over physical and rote tasks. The relationship between husband & wife will be bound to change under the pressure of increased & varied contacts. Men & women will live together in many more areas than before. As I see it, our mythology, our fundamental legends concerning ~~the~~ love & romance have not developed beyond ~~the~~ Cinderella & The Cinderella gone wrong - with the emphasis on the Cinderella - Prince Charming stage as being the most exciting & ennobling. In most stories I have read the author seems to express a helplessness about the reasons for the ~~punishment~~ of "and they all lived happily ever after" ^{and} I do not remember reading descriptions of a so called happy marriage, which seemed anything but empty to me. ~~Of course~~ ^{obviously} there have been happy, vital marriages - but such we have not focused there, nor drawn from such relationships ~~rational~~ symbols to act as guides and points of evaluation - as we have

from the stages of courtship. It's fairly easy to know when you're "doing well" with the opposite sex before marriage. Standards & systems of evaluation are well known. But after marriage there is much less to go by. We all navigate our private, ~~seas uncharted~~ ^{ocean} seas. To proceed so suddenly from chartered waters to the open ~~seas~~ makes for a lot of floundering about. I think that young women feel this more acutely than men, who presumably have jobs through which they can evaluate their progress. But the task of home-building and raising children is much less easily evaluated. The woman works & spends most of her time doing things of which she is the sole judge. For many of her activities she has a scorn ~~at~~ which is not compensated for by receiving a salary or by being a necessary step on the ladder leading to better things. She is not ~~quite~~ ^{longer} a doll or a ^{servant} in the house - but she is certainly not another man, either. ~~It seems to me that this transitional stage~~ What her satisfactory role will be is, I think, dependant on the new relationship she will have with her husband. This relationship is as yet uncharted - and it is in this ~~area~~ that Earl calls us pioneers. I think that one of the reasons I wanted to publish the Journal was that it would provide the type of evaluation I want + am not as yet getting from running ^{my} home. There is something fetid about the air in the kitchen that is cleared only by fresh gusts from other places, as far as I'm concerned.

~~to~~ Stephanie is just a devil in the flesh!

Wed. May 5

We had a warm & loving evening in our bedroom, eating supper, chatting, and listening to music & watching the fire's gentle burning. Earl has finally caught the family cold and we both are enjoying his convalescence. We took turns reading aloud from Dylan Thomas' play, "The Doctor & The Devils". I am anxious to get back to it this evening.

I have recently finished "The Lonely Crowd," a study of the changing American character which is the most exciting analysis of its kind that I have yet read. So many unrelated observations have taken on significance in the light of this ~~fascinating~~ structure presented by David Riesman. I am not interested in presenting his whole thesis here except as it relates to our studies. He says that in the transition phase of population growth in the western world when the emphasis was on production & acquiring the means of production, men were concerned to the existing situation by "inner direction" that is principles usually centering around the values of work, property, honesty which were acquired from adults during childhood, and which remained as a guide, like an inner gyroscope as the individual matured. Men evaluated themselves & were evaluated according to how much they produced. Hard work was God & cathartic. We have now, however, entered upon a

phase ^{where} the means & methods of production are relatively well established. The criteria of success are based more on man's relations with his peers ~~rather~~ than with techniques & materials. The emphasis is on consumption rather than production; the leaders are the "taste-makers", the consumers par excellence, rather than on the amount produced. Men evaluate themselves by the amount of warmth & goodwill they can generate in their comrades rather than by how much better they have done something. This social orientation Riesman calls "other-directed". He foresees the possibility of more freedom, ~~more~~ ^{more} awareness of choice ~~than ever before~~ developing out of the other-directed character than ever developed from the inner-directed type. But he points out that the other-directed ^{individual} ~~person~~ striving for autonomy needs the help of people. He will not do it alone. I find that my situation has been accurately described here. I must receive a certain amount of warmth & goodwill from outsiders. This makes me feel comfortable & secure. Then with this foundation I feel able to choose & pursue autonomous activities that give me great personal pleasure & have nothing immediate to do with the response or appreciation of my peer group. But deprive me of this tangible feeling of having friends and I do sink into a fairly helpless ~~betraying~~ ^{betraying} losing interest in my private pursuits. Having finally learned this fact about myself, ~~troubles~~ ^{troubles} I am able

To handle the moments of depression. I know now what I mean when I have said. "I need people, I must see more people etc. as long as I make the effort to be in contact ~~ste~~ consistently with various people, I will happily develop my own interests.


I ~~too~~ think that Neutra's thesis in Survival through Design relates beautifully to Riesman's study. How interesting it is that Neutra comes along at this particular moment in history as the first architect to point out that the designer should study the human nervous system to find ~~how~~ the effect of his designs upon man. Up to this point the emphasis has been on styles, techniques or building, new materials etc., - but ~~not~~ ^{not} precisely on the relationship between man and structures he designs to live with. This attitude would have been stopped at during the phase of ~~other~~ inner-directed mass character structure.

Thur. May 6
Earl and I ~~spend~~ ^{have} spent two or three hours in most stimulating conversation for the past three evenings - and last night carried on in the same tradition. Such discussions where our ideas set off new ideas in rapid succession ~~make~~ ^{are} going on so beautifully close & happy together. The confidence we feel in our own hearts in knowing the pleasure we give to & receive from each other is so delightful. ~~at~~ When we finally get to bed, we

New success story.
We also discussed that the hero or villain as previously known will disappear. The "good" man & "bad" man no longer exist since the general acceptance of the validity of psychology. A probing analysis of evil reveals sickness, of good, health. We are consequently more concerned with how to "cure" evil than with punishing it. Now is the type of civilization we live in in America conducive to hatred on a large scale. Movement out of unfortunate circumstances has become a tradition. Few underdogs suffer unheard. They are mostly organized with powerful spokesmen, ^{who} ^{are} ^{going} blocks; within families there is much less opportunity for children to hate parents. ~~the~~ Parents do not act in the authoritarian manner accepted ^{even} ^{so} ^{years} ^{ago}, nor do ^{children} ^{depend} ^{on} ^{them} ^{financially}, ^{and} ^{socially} ^{as} ^{much} ^{as} ^{they} ^{used} ^{to}. ^{The} ^{possibility} ^{of} ^{building} ^{up} ^{resentments} ^{against} ^{totalitarian} ^{individuals} ^{or} ^{groups} ^{has} ^{greatly} ^{diminished}.

Friday - May 7

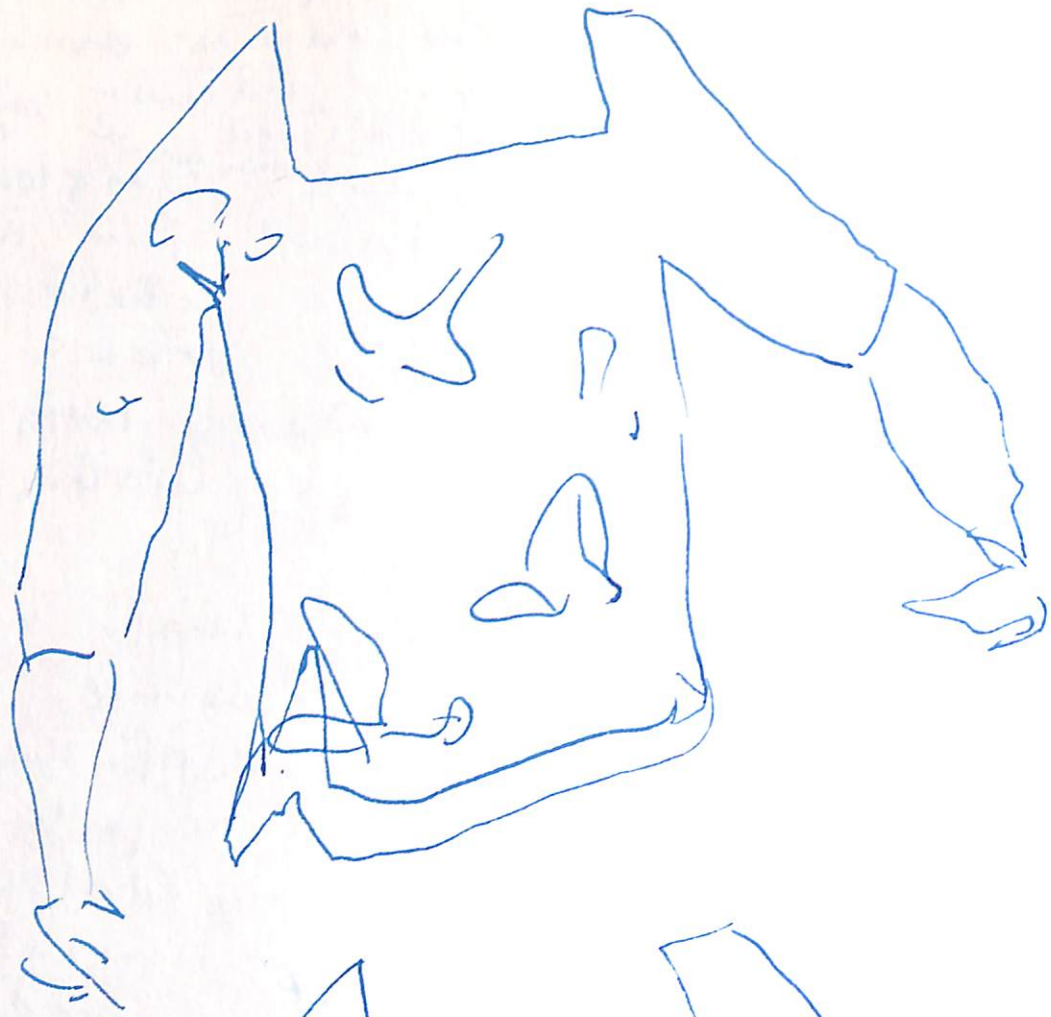
Sometimes I wish I were the type her friends called "incorrigible," shakeup their heads smilingly. One who takes her responsibility with two grains of salt. Every ounce in a wine I feel a tremendous urge to take off. But not tremendous enough.

 I am very fond of the Robert Frost description of freedom. Freedom is, he says, when you feel easy in the harness. Very profound. The phrase shows that man may feel free in any situation and unfree in any situation.

It all depends on his attitude towards his surroundings
towards the demands made upon him by himself + others!
This seems to me an idea of eastern rather than
western spirit origins. To the eastern mind freedom
is an interior condition rather than an
exterior one as understood in the west.
Both levels are valid and ^{maybe} complementary.
Perhaps they will be joined for the first
time in American democracy where there is
a joint emphasis on the exterior freedoms
and on the interior freedoms with as evidenced
by our great interest in psychiatry.

Sat. May 8

It's a rainy morning that makes all
indoor life seem cozy - answering letters,
playing with the children, calling the dressmaker
even doing the bills. ^{outside} The boughs - looking
apple blossoms are ~~here~~ buffeted by the wind.
The new, pale leaves are frisking in
the ~~grove~~ like colts playing outdoors for
the first time. The motion of the ^{more} distant
takes on a rolling dignity. Down the hall
comes the stubborn procession, bells ringing
voices screaming. Suzanne leads on
horse, a small, flowered, bell-Godignod, ~~course~~
on wheels. Stephanie brings up the rear
on hands + knees.



tie these in
a bow to hold
points up.

front

cotton rope
with
wooden
peg.

←

sleeves that
may be rolled
up

rope with wooden
peg for button



Mon. May 10

I can never cease to be surprised that a party can lift me from a lingering dissatisfaction faster than anything in the world, especially a party with people who bring out my feelings of wit or charm. After such an evening I awake the next day filled with energy & plans, sure that I can manage to do what ever my heart desires. If I do not have such parties at fairly regular intervals I begin to wither on the vine like a flower in need of water - and it happens like clock-work. The party that most recently worked its magic on me was the Warner's cocktails last Sunday. Earl, of course, had grumbled when I told him of the invitation, but not too vociferously. At the present moment, there is not one ~~place~~ ^{person} I can think of that he would be eager & delighted to see. The most I expect is that he will not mind seeing the person. This is not to say that he never enjoys himself with people. Once face to face with the party he responds with great spirit, as I have often remarked in the journal. But sometime it is a little annoying to always be the only one of us who ~~wants~~ ^{initiates} ~~to~~ ^{the} acceptance or extraordinary invitation. Anyway - it was a dramatic Spring evening, light green leaves dancing against a thunderous sky, tulips & narcissus swaying on their long thin stems,

believed them and went walking through
Sainsbury smiling at everyone and feeling
very beautiful.

Tues. May 11

I forgot to mention how well Earl read
"The Doctor & The Devils". He changed his voice
for the various characters and ~~de~~ imitated
Welsh accents effortlessly. I was completely
under his spell as I sat curled up in the
sturdy listening. We have decided that the
perfect name for the hallway as I enter
it each morning filled with cries of "Mama"
from each side is "Rap & Bone Alley." That
is the street described by Dylan Thomas
where the ragged, boisterous population
play & sell their wares. We were interested
to discover that Dylan ~~is~~ felt the effectiveness
of the movie medium. He is the first ^{important} modern
poet - or who has written ~~a piece~~ ~~or~~ something
directly for the movies.

I have decided that Robert Stevens (see
of Army) will be evaluated, as a result of the
hearings, a hero. For, after all, he is the
first man who has effectively challenged
McCarthy, ~~and~~ he called his bluff and
is making him fight for his political
life in front of the whole world. No matter
what the actual findings of the hearing,
McCarthy has been isolated from the Administration
and deprived of the sponsorship of the
Republican National Committee, also. I am
sure that after all this trouble he will not
be allowed by the other members of his
committee, lax as they have been heretofore,
to carry on one man, terror investigations. Now

will the rest of the executive branch feel
compelled to "cooperate" with him - as ^{the release will probably} ~~as~~ ^{soon} ~~as~~ ^{possible}
was undoubtedly pressured to do. This is the
least that will happen. There is always the
possibility that he will be prosecuted for
illegal use of secret documents or for perjury
but I doubt it. I don't think this would
be the best method of ridding the nation of
his pernicious influence - for it might
turn him into a martyr.

Suzanne is developing a great desire
to have Stephanie "around." Not that she
is always nice to her - but she insists
on her presence, wants to sleep in her
room and ride next to her in the car.
They are beginning to play with each other.
This morning at breakfast they had a
conversation consisting of a variety
of Bronx cheers. Suzanne cheered with
no strain - but Stephanie's replies
take a big toll - her face turns beet
red, her little cheeks puff out, her eyes
close - all for one small ^{waspe} ~~waspe~~
stage of her greatest delight at the present
herself on the head with what ever object
is at hand. She wallops with gusto -
laughing and staring directly at me.

Friday May 14

I had the strangest dream last night. I
was driving in the car with a man & some
other people. I felt literally ^{ill} with longing
for this man. I got out of the ^{stand} ~~car~~ ^{because I couldn't} ~~and~~ ^{sitting next to him}
or not being in his arms.

went into Henri Bendel's - a shop in N.Y. which I have not been in for a long while. There were counters & counters filled with sneakers of all sizes. ~~at~~ I only distinguished white ones, against many other darker sneakers. I wandered about the store feeling very dizzy. until finally the man came in. I had never been alone with him - that is without people I knew. He came up to me. I was drawn to him irresistably and when he kissed me I felt the relief of the apes. Then I saw a woman, who had been in the car joined us - which did not seem to matter. The next scene I remember is an ^{at night} ^{on} N.Y. sidewalk filled with bustling people like after - theatre - time. We decided we would go to the Waldorf to be alone, I felt in heaven - but decided it would not be proper to be in the apartment alone at night with this man, so I asked Jackie if she would come with us and spend the night there. Then I woke up. Still feeling that nagging passion that drove me out of the car into Bendel's in my dream.

Sat. May 15

A hectic day! Work on Connecticut & Internat. Trade all morning; prepare ~~to~~ manuscripts to send to Harper's Bazaar & Mademoiselle,

arrange house & kitchen for tonight dinner party, clean car, get ready for 5:00 cocktails at Ray Brown's. I love this sort of day.

Sunday, May 16

I am sitting ^{alone} on the terrace ^{concealed} surrounded a moving sea of sunlit leaves. Earl is playing golf with Sandy, Jeanne & Tom. This feeling of ^{aloneness} is a great luxury. There is no wanting, ^{rather} I ^{take} complete satisfaction in the sight of my own eyes are seeing, in the ~~heat~~ ^{pleasure} of sun-warmed skin being cooled by the same breezes that are moving the ~~grass~~ ^{leaves} around me, in the soft touch of zipper curled up on my feet.

Last night we I had an excellent fun. ^{For the Browns & for} ~~at the~~ ^{the} Brown's cocktail party we have a feeling of warm good-will. They impress us as gentle, kind people - and so did their guests the two times we have been there. While chatting with Marge Jones, I told her how I would like to have small dinner parties regularly - for about 2 couples plus ourselves. I said it was only laziness that stood in my way. We both agreed that we would do this sort of entertaining this summer. Well - we will see.

Am all set for bed. I want to say at least who was at our party in case I forget to write about it. John & Dorothy McRafferty

Eva & Hank Louina & Sandy Richardson. John
gave me a big kiss good-bye & I was glad.
John, more than any other guest I have
had, gives me pleasure as a hostess. My
party is always alive when he and Dorothy
are there. They ^{guide} ~~carry~~ the slow moments
towards lively ones with beautiful facility.
Whatever the topic of discussion, they lend
wit, significance and direction to it. I
have more respect for Hank's analyses,
but as a hostess I prefer John, ⁱⁿ ~~the~~
has the ability to bring out the most in
my other guests - and in me. Even though
we don't see them often, when we do,
~~there~~ I feel an immediate rapport and
fill with sparkles in anticipation of
an evening of laughter & fine conversation.
Occasions such as this party set my house
in order, as the saying goes. I feel
as though I ought to record some of
the conversations, but I don't want to.
I find that the only conversations which
~~impress me~~ are important to me in respect to
what was said, rather than who &
how it was received, are those I have
with Earl. Most discussions at parties
interest me in quite a different way -
more to more than social significance -
ie who is agreeing with whom, what does
X think of Y, how good a party is it,
how charming am I, help etc., etc. But
I must not forget that my immediate
interest may not be my lasting interest,

and for long range evaluations I would
do well to record what was actually
said - out to work for me.

The full moon is shining on the
great dark mountain, turning it into
a silent silver whale swimming
in a silent silver sea.

Tues. May 17

Some days I turn to the journal as to
a cool fr glass of water after a hot
journey. It is a moment of refreshment.
Mother and Dad have been here for two
days. They tell me into a child-like enjoyment
a simple pleasure. I am relaxed by the
way Mother does things with her hands.
Tonight I watched her clean a chicken and
dust it with flour. She whispers and
I whisper, too - not wanting to miss the
tiny sounds of the knife snapping and of her
hands patting the plump chicken. She will hum
a little, under her breath. I am almost
hypnotized and resent any ~~disturbance~~ disturbance
or outside noises. The house is always well
cared for when she is here - she especially
the plants + flowers. Each vase has been
filled with fresh pansies - clusters of glowing
violets, yellows + whites lighting each table +
corner. Her gestures seem under control +
unhurried. When I pull a piece of
kitchen paper toward from the holder on the
wall, it is a nuisance to me and I usually

leave a varged edge & get a torn piece.
When she performs the same act she
does it with care & gentleness - pulling
the paper out just the right length, &
tearing slowly so that a nice neat sheet
hangs down waiting ~~to be pulled~~ for
use. She cleans up as she goes along;
folding, wiping, straightening are part of
the preparation, whereas for me they
are left to the unpleasant end to be done
as quickly as possible. I am willing
to follow her about, watching with a keen
physical pleasure the beauty & harmony
of her movements.

Earl read me a fascinating excerpt
from an ~~an~~ 19th century architect named
Vaux which anticipated to do a tour imp-
degree ~~that~~ ^{ideas} Earl and I have been formal-
ating - & also the thesis of Presman's The
Lonely Crowd. He says "Cash will ^{take} assume
its proper position, and money spending will
become the test of a man's ability, instead
of money making." ~~This seems an obvious~~
~~when I think about this is beginning to~~
happen now with the emphasis on methods
of consumption rather than production. Our
fathers inculcated us with the value of
hard work, perseverance, the character-building
value of unpleasant tasks, ~~etc~~ the work
involved with the making of the money was
what was extolled. Little emphasis was

Given to how this money should most fruitfully
be spent — ~~except~~ if should be spent frugally
or ~~the other side of~~ frugally — ~~extravagantly~~.
and the only people who really were
entitled to spend it were those who
made it. The spending was at most best a
form of relaxation to ~~get~~ enable the man
to get back to his main task of making
more of it. The situation is analogous
to the glorification of the machine-
tools ~~to~~ the realization that machines are
tools to satisfy man's desires. Now that
the novelty of machinery has worn off,
and the methods of production ~~are~~ fairly routine,
our attention is at last turning to how
the machines may be used for man's happiness
and how man may most enjoy spending
his money or his father's money. The
Horatio Alger ~~st~~ success story of an father's
Dan vines ~~hallow~~ to us.
Dauz goes on to say, "~~still, if so~~ there
is a great deal of toil & consequent wealth
in the United States; still, it is money-making,
not money made, that commands respect."
He points out the wastefulness to society
of the son's of rich men being urged to
~~follow~~ ~~st~~ indulge themselves in still
more money-making pursuits. It is not
those born rich who "ought to be in
every department — literature, science and
art, not as dilettante connoisseurs, but as
earnest laborers, striving boldly for a higher
national excellence that has yet been achieved."

I can see the ~~human~~ lack of this understanding in both parents attitude towards Earl's work. They seem to feel that it is a shame that a man of Earl's ability should be burying it in the lowly and when he could be hooped with all the glories society has to bestow by using his activities to make more money - of which he has more than he would ever need to spend.

There is the nagging suspicion that when a society becomes rich, its sons, deprived of the famous needs ^{and the power} ~~and the power~~ necessity, will become idle. Thus, there are only two basic ways of life, one good, one bad - that is making money and spending money. I can remember my father telling us many times, "children, I have deprived you of your chance for greatness. I have taken away your incentive to work, I have given you money." And I would always reply, "Daddy, if this is true, why do you give us so much money?" and he would answer, "that to do anything else would be false since we would know we could have it if we needed it - ~~if~~ he might as well give it to us so we might at least learn to handle it - without going out the deep end."

~~The~~ America is entering into a phase of development which will test this unshakable faith of our fathers. We are a rich nation

and we will have many rich or at least well-off sons. Will they crumple without the ramrod of hunger sticking through their guts - or will they do what no large group of people has ever done before - spend money constructively

I had a tea party today for Mother. - guests were Marguerite Boudon, ? Goodwin, Doris & Larry. Suzie & I made Brownies & we had a lovely feast.

I've been working the past few days on organizing the material ^{on conn. of F.T.} to give to the 3 women who will be on my panel. One of the ~~hardest~~ hardest tasks in the world for me is to sit down and organize a succinct statement out of a welter of reading material. I do it in something of a hurry, forcing myself to write and not believing a word I say except for a few brief moments of insight which seem to ~~hit~~ leave me as quickly as they come.

Friday, May 21

Drops of rain are hitting the top of the terrace railing and gusting back upward like ~~so many~~ ^{very small} spouting of a school of very small fish. It's a day to play games or lie stretched in front of a fire with a good novel munching nuts & candies. The green trees seem staid to me this morning, standing meekly while being soaked.

Stephanie ~~took~~ her ~~first~~ walked alone on
Wednesday for the first time. She was
~~am~~ surprisingly sure of herself. She moved
solidly ~~flat~~ flatfootedly. It was
only the excitement of hearing her desti-
nation ~~that~~ ^{would} reach me, she'd climp her
arms around my neck & rest her little
head on my shoulder & sing as I rocked
her back & forth. She loves to be
cuddled - content to stay nestled in my arms
for many minutes - which needless to
say I adore.

Suzanne's latest name ~~is~~ "Tasty
Morsel". When I call her that, she looks
up at me & ~~whispers~~ ^{whispers} in her soft as
silk whisper, "Zippy 200 Tasty morsel,
Mummy?" At the moment Tasty morsel
is sitting on my lap, cutting strips of
paper laboriously - with her legs ^{stretched}
& horizontal to ~~my~~ the floor - ^{ready to}
~~off~~ "tickle, Mummy, tickle Soucie." She asks
Whenever I am on the telephone, Suzanne
pulls legs at the phone and says, "Telephone
Telephone horsey, Mummy, Reese, Telephone
rocking horsey."
I spoke with Della yesterday. She said
that she has been ~~thrilled~~ enthralled by Daddy's
correspondance which she is going over
for the birthday book. Some of the letters are pictures

There is one from "Hap" Arnold to
Spencer, telling Spence that he won't understand
the letter for 10 or 15 years. and then
writing a long eulogy of Daddy - explaining
to Spence what kind of man his father
is. There is a correspondence with one
of the Rockefeller's about a pair of roller
skates ^{for} a son. Evidently the ^{Rockefeller} father could
not find any skates left in the stores
this particular ^{Jan night before} Christmas, so he went to
Daddy - who did not have any left in
the office - but he did find a pair after a
search. ~~The letter~~ Daddy wrote a letter
to Rockefeller explaining that when his
son wanted roller skates he wanted them
just as Daddy is any other child - and that
is why Daddy had made such an effort
to find them. There are almost daily
letters from Eisenhower during 1951 or '52 - I'm
not sure which.

(Earl just went into the bathroom
Suzanne called after him - Daddy - tink
tinkle in Soucie's pot, please)
Also she found letters from John
Steinbeck describing his meeting with
Daddy in Moscow - + a ^{very funny} series of from Al
Brewster thanking Daddy for some Dill
pickles he sent to Al. ~~in Paris~~

Mon. May 24

I read the journal to Earl Friday evening, ~~so~~ it was received with the old enthusiasm how that the decision against publication is definitely made. We discussed how my type of writing is not in competition with any of the new mediums of communication such as television or the movies. Earl feels that such writing - which serves as a vehicle of other languages - is the new direction. This is perhaps one reason we feel ~~the~~^{such} allegiance towards Emerson & Thoreau. ~~As~~ They used words to describe ~~their~~ reactions which ~~can~~^{are} best ~~to~~ described by words rather than by audio or visual means. In thinking about the fact that movies are a more adequate medium than novels for telling stories, we anticipate longer movies. ~~Shorts & newsreels are television~~ is filled with shorts & newsreels. When people go out to the ~~movies~~^{cinema} they would rather see a longer movie than a short movie ~~plus~~^{plus} various features which they can see any time on television. One drawback of *Executives Suite*, which we saw with Tom on Sunday, is that a great deal of the original book was cut due to time considerations. I would certainly have preferred a more inclusive movie & no newsreel - which consisted of week-old show ~~that~~^{most of which} we had already seen on television.

We feel that the free world ~~may be~~ ^{may} the
reap more advantages by losing Indochina
than if the U.S. & her allies took up the
French's battle & won it. The result of the
loss of Indochina may well be the uniting
of non-communist Asia on the side of
the United States. The overrunning of I.C.
may provide the same sort of incentive
to the Asians as Russia's belligerence
did to the Western allies. We detect
from Russia's willingness to settle for
a truce in Indochina that she is aware
of the danger of ^{the formation of} a non-communist Asian
block. The fact that this alliance was
not formed overnight at the Geneva
conference should not surprise anyone -
but it did. The reporters claimed defeat
for Dulles because all nations did not
fling themselves in ^{each other's} arms - nations
that have no love, ^{nor} tradition of cooperation
for with each other. The communist menace
in Indochina may be Cupid's dart in
disguise.

I had a delightful weekend - Saturday
we went to see Mr. Roberts with the
Olson's. It is a pleasure to hear of the
interest they both have in teaching. Teaching
is a creative process in their hands. For
Bill ~~is~~ ^{is} studying
everything he is teaching - and chooses books
that we would like to have a deeper knowledge
of. The boys must sense this attitude. And
I would think that Bill could put it across
easily, for he has a charming warmth, ^{teach}.

Thur. May 27

We had a delightful 2 days in N.Y. Seeing art shows, having cocktails with Rae & John Brooks & then dinner, the same Muling and after the drinks with Sandy & Joanne. It was the kind of trip I love - where each pleasant event is to be enjoyed in itself & as a preliminary to get another pleasant event. There is nothing that helps me appreciate art shows as much as being well-dressed and looking forward to an evening with friends. In that happy frame of mind I ~~can~~ give my full attention to the paintings. We were again struck by the fact that the younger American painters, as like the novelists, are expressing something which answers none of our needs, which lights no lights for us. The paintings are dark. If they are composed of recognizable objects, they are usually portraying a scene of violence, morbidity, social injustice or despair. If they the subject is not a recognizable form, it falls into two general classes. The violent, & seemingly random slashes of paint which look chaotic & hysterical to me. Georges Mathieu is an example of this ~~style~~ type. The other type are paintings composed of weather & perhaps pleasantly arranged forms in some colors - example ~~Mathieu~~ ^{Friz King} ~~well~~.

which hardly move me at all - expect perhaps
to an admiration ^{Technique}. Only one
painting ^{from} all ^{the new artists} I saw would I care
to live with & that was the Coue - by
Boynston - a Texan artist. The cool, jewel-like
rich and contrasting greens forms of his Coue
invited me to them. The Coue seemed a
narrow in the midst of terrible scenes
of chaos, destruction and sterility. ^{at the beginning} At
the Kootz Gallery we got into a discussion
with the man who ^{evidently} was responsible
for selecting the paintings of the gallery.
We were alone in the room. He came
in and asked us if we had seen any
of these paintings before. Earl took up the
invitation for an opinion and said that
he did not feel that these dark abstractions
expressed the way of life in America - that
^{the artist} they did not seem to draw from their own
regions nor from the American folk art, cartooning.
The only artists who had tapped the waters,
unique ^{american} stream were Frank Lloyd Wright,
Alexander Calder, Stuart Davis & perhaps
Ben Shahn. The man could not have
disagreed more completely. First of all
art is not judged on a regional but rather
on an international basis, ^{he said} we had said
nothing about regional judging as the criterion
of an artist's worth. What I meant was
that in order to make an important statement

an artist must draw on what is ^{or has been} together
~~or has been done~~ around him. other wise
his contributions is a distillation of
some other abstraction. I does not feel,
from what he has known of this
country, that these young painters are
using the forms, colors & above all the
mood or approach that is ours. The colors
of America are bright, its paintings are
dark. the people are freer & wealthier than
any people before, yet the paintings insist
on defeat, despair & depravity. the man
did not feel the to said his pleasure
in the new paintings was purely visual
& aesthetic. ~~the new~~ paintings never
reminded him of anything. it was their
own line, form, texture & color as a
visual experience which he sought.
I said that all through history paintings
have been important because they symbolized
profound things to many people. He said
"yes, that is true - but these paintings
are entirely different than any painting done
before - they are so much less limited. the
possibility for ^{nature} personal statements instead
of copying is much greater. The interest
in the act of painting - in brush, paint, texture
is new." The large brown - black ^{Kline} ~~Monumental~~
abstraction was to him a tribute to the
act of painting. it just occurred to

we now this type of "personal statement" in
paint corresponds to personal statements
in poetry - where only the poet & perhaps
a handful of initiated have any understanding
of what the words symbolize - or perhaps
they what they know is that what the words
symbolize is exactly nothing. The words
are not symbols for events but symbols
for sounds. Just so with the painting.
The forms are evocative or nothing other
than the paint ^{or crush-paper} that was used, and as far
as I'm concerned, a purely visual experience
is an impossibility. I am not capable, if
even if I so desired, of seeing something
and not making associations with past
experiences. If I like a painting it usually
means that the painting brings to
mind ^{past events} & ^{experiences} inspires me to ^{reorganize} ^{them}
~~experiences~~ into a new & different experience.
The gallery man considered Wright a
"cluttered romantic" and Ben Shahn, a
"19th century painter." Stuart Davis had made
a "personal statement" but he had never
developed it. He felt that Mies Van der Rohe
was the greatest modern American ^{artist}
architect. "There is nothing new about the
box," Earl said. "Well," the man answered,
"there is nothing new about the rectangle
or the circle, either. It depends on how they
are used." Earl went on to give his theory
about the rigid box being a totalitarian
type of ^{or} ^{around} architecture - since it followed
a particular dogma no matter where the building

occurred. it attempted to anticipate the future
+ so was doomed to failure. whereas Wright
looks on each site as unique & guides
accordingly.

We did not feel that we had stated
our arguments as cogently as we might.
But nevertheless it was interesting
to come across a man who was, as
Earl said, "really betting on these paintings."
And I don't think he could be more
wrong" said E.

I felt a deep warmth for Soane &
Sandy that evening. I had a flash of
sympathy - (in the french meaning - en sympathie)
for their situation, the pressures they
are under, their need for easy friendship
with their own age group that would not
be tainted with the strong competitive spirit
they seem to feel so constantly.

X I was thinking this afternoon as I
was ~~stripping~~ trimming the edges of my
garden with clippers that the tallest weed
is destroyed as easily as the smallest by
severing it from its roots. I had took
an odd sort of pleasure in reaching
under a tall clump of weeds & making
the whole structure crumble with one small
squeeze - my clippers the strangeness
lay in the realization that the spark of life
is as vulnerable in the seemingly powerful
as it is in seemingly weak. There is no
power on earth which a man can amass
which makes his wrist one iota less defenseless.

against the cut of a razor; than ^{is} another man's.
I want very much to play the piano
again. Beautiful, ~~powerful~~ rich chords are
being played over the radio. ~~its~~ ^{the} interesting
has much ~~vaster~~ is my pleasure in playing
than in listening

~~These thoughts are as old as man
kind - but ever you are in a while the
but our vulnerability~~
Friday, May 28

I cut Stephanie's hair after our bath.
She was sitting on my lap and I
was combing her sweet wisps this
way & that way only to end up
with the same old scattered wisps. I
made her hair into a snug cap -
bangs in front, ~~to~~ ^{pixie} spikes on the side
and ~~light fitting~~ a tight-fitting cap in
the back. ~~the most~~ She looked so
adorable. Her good looks seem undisturbed
I had spent the afternoon playing
with Margaret & then ^{accompanying} taking
her son, Teddy, who broke his arm, ~~total~~
to the hospital. When I returned home
at quarter of five I found Earl alone
listening to the hearing with no children
in sight. "Where are they?" I asked. He
smiled rather sheepishly (or perhaps I am
giving him the benefit of the doubt) and
said. "Oh, they're happy."

"You mean they're still in bed? You haven't gotten them up yet?"

"No, they've been playing in there," I went to see what state they were really in. Stephanie was sprawled fully dressed on a pile of blankets, sound asleep. ~~It was probab~~ Suzanne sat soaking wet ~~reading~~ ^{looking through} "Life" in the dark room.

~~We were very busy lately,~~

Sat. May 29.

I woke up this morning warm & happy. The heavy ^{perfumed} heat of the day reminded me of waking up on the Riviera. I could stretch with pleasure, and lazily press the bell for my café au lait and succulent Cézaune peach. After breakfast in bed and a languorous look at the paper, I would ~~do~~ go in to the large, white-tiled glistening mirrored bath room, brush my teeth, send a comb through my short hair, put on a bathingsuit, and step out into the ~~day~~ ^{sun.} brilliant day. Feeling beautiful & prepared for certain adventure I prepared new names for Suzanne, Stephanie & Zipper. We bretched the I, II and III.

Zipper ^{are} trimmed our mangy dog & Earl scrubbed him 2 nights ago. For my part of the task I strip down to panties & bra. When Earl's turn comes, he gets completely naked, runs the tub, puts Zipper in & gets in after him. He scrubs ~~the~~ mercilessly with the plastic shampoo brush. Zipper moans & groans through the

entire proceedings, but when ~~the~~ ^{the} deal finally over
he becomes inordinately gay, prancing about
& begging for games far into the night.
I forgot to mention my reaction
on seeing Cezanne's clockmaker for the
second time at the Guggenheim. It was
not until after we left that I realized
that ~~seeing~~ it was as if I had seen an
old friend. There was the feeling of
recognition based on mutual understanding
& respect. Earl said that he was not
interested in the clockmaker as a personality.
He considered him a vehicle for ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{seems to me}
main interest in line, form and color. Earl's
pleasure came from thinking of the act of
painting this picture - and since what
interests him now is design, he derived
most enjoyment from thinking of Cezanne
as a master-designer.

Mon. May 31

We went to the Sharon Ball Saturday
night. The evening was humid, breaking
finally into a heavy rain that seemed to
bring the ^{organic} relief to heaven and earth. I had
not given the dance much thought except
in choosing my dress and white dancing slippers.
We arrived about 10:00 with the other people
from our dinner party. The entrance was
a jumble of men & women and flowers.
Then suddenly I heard the music. It
hit me unawares, almost like a physical

blow. A word that I love opened up
before me. ~~It was as if~~ I heard the
piper play the magic song and was
bewitched. I didn't care about anyone
I knew. All I wanted was a superb
dancer to take me in his arms and
dance with me all night long. There
were other young women there. I noticed
especially one, ^{lovely} pretty, dark haired girl
in a white evening gown that framed
her slim form in tiers of stepped
net. She symbolized for me the beauty
of youth and music and dancing. Her
shoulders moved slightly in time to the
music even when she was not dancing.
Her close-cropped curls glistened. She knew
she was pretty. However, no superb
dancer came my way. My excitement
died down like bubbles finally do in a
glass of champagne. I danced with Earl
who is the solid closed-stepping kind. He
wanted me to have the best possible
time. I loved him for that. He doesn't really
care about dancing, but he cares deeply for
me. When I did get tired and want to
sit down, he was used me to dance some
more. The most exciting thing about
such moments, when for an instant

I long for exotic adventure, is that I am
brought by Earl's presence, to the realization
that what I have is dearer to me than
anything I can dream of, and that Earl
is an inspiration for far better dreams
than I could conjure up alone.

This morning Earl came to me to
say good morning. ~~the~~ When he kissed
me I knew he wanted to say more
than good morning. When we were finally
resting peacefully in each other's arms
he said, "I just thought of the phrase,
'wake up to reality' - well, this is the
kind of warm reality I wake up to."

Thurs. June 3

I feel distracted today. ~~the~~ Jobs to be done
cut around every turn I make. I don't even
concentrate on what I have decided to
do. The feeling is that I am walking
pitched too far forward with my feet
racing to get ~~tender~~ perpendicular to my head.
Funny image - silly girl.

Sat. June 5

I am sitting in the car in Salisbury.
I just finished with Betty Wunder about
the Mental Health Drive, waiting to
see Jean Olsen at 4:00 to discuss
Conn. & International Trade. This week,
I had not felt like writing.

Wed. June 9

Patsy called me yesterday evening and broke the news. That Jackie had fallen off a horse into a tree, suffering a severe concussion of the brain. Patsy had seen her in the hospital - Jackie did not recognize her. Patsy's voice was quivering. Daddy got on the phone and said the accident might be very serious. The bleeding had stopped - but which was a good sign, but no one could tell for 2-3 days just what the damage to the brain may be. He said that no news would be good news and that he would call me as soon as there were any definite developments. I was deeply shocked and began to weep at the thought that the accident might be fatal or permanently damaging such as paralysis, amnesia, idiocy & God knows what else. Her danger ~~great~~ transformed her into a vital concern. Ever since I married I have seen her only occasionally and most of the time had been hurt or angry that she had not come to see me more often. But now that she was hurt, the closeness I had felt for her was rekindled, and her recovery became my prime necessity. Earl was an absolute angel. He was calm & loving, explaining to me everything he knew about brain accidents. I am always

surprized by his rather intuitive understanding
of the human organism. He told ^{she} me in
his own language substantially the same
report as did Hank, our doctor friend, who
is studying on duty at Medical Center
where Jackie is. I called Hank & asked
him to check on Jackie & call me back -
which he did. The report was very hopeful.
She had been unconscious only 10 minutes
which is an ~~very~~ good indication that the
brain tissues have not been severely
damaged. Later I spoke with Idella, who
had born the gory brunt of the accident.
She had remembered that ^{as} unconscious patients
~~are~~ apt to choke on their tongues. Jackie's
teeth were clenched together. Idella's fingers
are raw from trying to get them apart.
She finally did so and found Jackie's tongue
down her throat.

As the next morning - I just received
a call from Idella. From all the doctors
can tell, Jackie will get well & there will
be no permanent damage. Dr. Daddy has
the top specialist in New York on the
case. Hank says he has never seen so
much top brass in one place. They have
a great bone surgeon in attendance for a
small fracture in her wrist. Idella is
convinced that only the "top men" can be
trusted. All other doctors are incompetent &
almost as bad as no doctor at all. I ~~am~~

certainly do not underestimate the advantages
of the top men. There must be some
reasons for their pre-eminence. But I certainly
do not share Idella's fanatic disapproval
of the rest of the medical profession.
I had lunch in N.Y. with Arthur
last week. He mentioned an idea of
writing a documentation of Communism in
America - with a clear analysis of the
important trials, a resume of the McCarthy
Committee's actual accomplishment etc. When
I told Earl about it, he immediately suggested
that we get Arthur & Sandy together. I
think we were both rather carried away
by the thought with the pleasure of having
the power to perhaps help Arthur get
a Gorkz published and to provide Sandy
with an author. The few times I have
been in a position to bestow important
favours, I have enjoyed it immensely.
I read John Brooks' "A Pride of
Lions". I found his style witty & highly
descriptive in his scenes of his contemporaries.
He captured a mood, an approach, a set
of unique manners, unique language, along
with ^{portraying} ~~the~~ 3-dimensional characters in his
one Princeton episode when Sally comes to visit
Tom. The rest of the book, which largely concerns

For history + family anecdotes from a past era, struck me as lemons and without significance. I am distracted by reading a book by an author I know personally. I identified ~~John~~ with John with his character Tom; so thoroughly that any ^{fundamental} differences which might have been there, escaped me. I

I would like to see John concentrate on contemporary scenes in his next book.

Friday, June 11

The subject of international trade and I are now on speaking terms, as I come across new material, it sounds familiar. When I attempt to elucidate a statement, figures + facts come to my mind automatically. I find this intimacy, even on ^{such} short acquaintance, very satisfying. With my work on the state committee I ought to continue ^{the} study within a given context + and under given stimulus such as writing pamphlets + making speeches. I need such guidance for to help me learn about a subject which does not normally enter into my range of vision. I don't have outside stimulus. I begin to tire of the subject. ~~there are~~ I have other pursuits, such as the journal or piano, which do not demand such stimulation, but they too, benefit from it. Our presentation of Comm. + International

Trade will be next Monday. I am looking forward to doing it.

This June afternoon lies still and heavy, rich with fragrance and birds' song. The shadows are hazy like the sky above them. I am sitting in the cool shade of our green-flowered umbrella, catching the breezes, enjoying the sun. I'm protected from. One half an ear, as for the past six weeks, is occupied with the everlasting McCarthy-Army hearing but the other ear is a half ~~an~~ listening to the birds.

I spoke with Idella last evening. St. Daddy was in N.Y. having dinner with Herbert Brownell, Attorney General, along with 20 other leading Republicans. Evidently Daddy is planning to tell Brownell that he is going to vote Democratic in the coming congressional elections so that McCarthy will no longer be chairman of his Subcommittee - & let McKeelton take the chair. Earl disagreed with this point of view. He feels it is the Republican voters' responsibility to ~~us to get~~ campaign for Eisenhower - Republicans and against the suicide-fringe. He said Thank God that a man of Eisenhower's standing

& popular appeal accepted ^{the nomination} win for
the Republican party. Considering the
dead weight ^{mainly} the party had built up after
20 years of irresponsible opposition, it
is amazing that Eisenhower did
is joining as well as he is with
his legislative program. Our two-party
system is in severe danger when one
party is so loaded with poison.

Sat. June 12

Suzanne, Stephanie, & Zipper and I ^{are} sitting
playing under the pines on the front
lawn. The two girls have on their
white sun hats. They look like a British
Safari as they climb the rocks and
make their way through shoulder high
devil's paint brushes & other heavy weeds.
Suzanne has just suggested that we
all have a tea party. She daintily
offered me a pine cone, "Have a cookie
Mummy." I collected other goodies - pine
needles for lolly pops, stones for peaches
sticks for chicken wings, leaves for French
fried potatoes. Suzanne tasted each one, with
that serene half smile - as if ^{steph &} hearty
thought ~~the pine needles~~ we were a crisp
a real tea-party while only she knew
the truth.

Last evening Betty & John Wedda
came for cocktails & stayed through dinner
& coffee until 12:30

One of my greatest pleasures during the evening was hearing Earl shape beautiful image-ful sentences. John was saying that there would come a time when laws would not be necessary. Earl said, no - that law ~~was~~ represented an area of agreement - it helped you protect yourself by showing you how not to hurt your neighbor - law was like a map that guided you as you drove through the world. "What might happen is not that there will be no laws, but there will be an unweasled realization that laws are designed to help the innocent rather than to trap the guilty."

John had been ~~apt~~ with the American Embassy in Ivan as an attache of public affairs - or something like that. He is ~~not~~ just recently moved to Salisbury where he plans to write, paint & illustrate.

Sun. June 13

I was in the job John this morning. Suzanne came in with a cup of water. "Do you want a glass of water, Missy Hubbard?" she asked seriously.

Stephanie walked long distances under Mary's proud coaching. Her little figure looked like a body propelled uneasily on two halves of a broken hoop - so bow-legged is she!

We had a delightful evening Saturday with Jeanne, Marshall & Sandy. We took a steak, potato salad, whiskey & beer picnic down to Marshall's lake. Twilight fell. The moon ~~was~~ ~~startly~~ engorged with gold and lit lighting the waters ~~and at my spirit~~ ~~at~~ the mountains which cup the lake turned black. Our little fire on earth cooked ~~the~~ steak to a beautiful tan ~~turn~~ under Sandy's expert guidance.

Sandy ~~was~~ spoke very enthusiastically about the latest painting - the G.O.S. factory near Canada. He said he would like to own it - and could easily see someone paying \$1000 for it. He asked Earl how he happened to choose that rich ochre background. "Well, Sandy, I ~~to~~ have been noticing in Barbara's garden - which has ~~thru~~ a lot more earth than flowers ~~the~~ that the richness ^{colors} of the ~~color~~ flowers depends on the earth background. Make use color like that. He will have many subdued colors arranged to point out the vibrancy of one bright color." "That's good enough for me," Sandy said. Earl went on to tell them his idea of using a few colors instead of many. He compared the use of many colors to a long novel - both require a long

a
family

and sustained period of attention. He feels that as ^{original} paintings become more often used as part of the homeowner's ~~for~~ decoration of his home, they will be studied ~~for~~ less and looked at more. They will become part of a ~~way~~ daily living just as ~~the~~ music is being woven into every room, to pro. weave itself into the tapestry of our life.

Tues. June 15

Earl and I went to Harkness Pavilion to see Jackie. ~~There~~ she lay flat in bed, arm in a ~~slung~~ sling. Her face which is ordinarily tanned & healthy looked a dull yellow. Her full lips were with lipstick & parched. The room was ~~that~~ filled with neatly placed furniture that belonged to no one. The air smelled faintly unclean. She burst into tears when she saw me, putting the unbroken arm around my shoulders and sobbing. It wasn't the accident that was bothering her - it was the way she had been feeling before. "I feel all these pressures, I had to find satisfaction inside about feeling creative & productive. Most people ^{can't} understand this need. They think of routine

social self is successful that is enough.
if you talked to them - or to most
teachers about the need for inner
happiness - I could just see them
checking on their little lists, & selfish,
self-centered, egoistical, uncooperative,
spoiled. The trouble with us ^{people} was always
+ been too many ideals & too little
ambition.

"I think it was the other way
around, Sackie - too much ambition
& too few ideas."
I saw in her a girl similar to myself
at nineteen - but different - in the respect
that I had completely convinced myself
that I had to act according to my own
values. Studying for marks was a
prostitution on my intellect, being good
for "others sake, or for God, was a
travesty on my ~~eth~~ morality. I was thrilled
by Nietzsche's Beyond Good & Evil. Except
I realized ~~that~~ the dreadful blindness
of his philosophy I knew that the
truly powerful person does not need slaves -
does not want slaves and would have
no brutal, destructive urges - because too a
lasting sense of power could ~~not~~ only come
from inner peace & comfort, not outward domination & ~~others~~
inside a person.
But anyway I felt a great sympathy

toward her - and at the same time a
helplessness. For how could I tell her
that the way I had resolved these problems
was by forgetting them - I don't think
~~about the value of inner creat. feel~~
~~a desperation about inner creativity. I~~
~~don't feel that be guided in study~~
~~poisons the sub subject~~

I have just read through my journals
of 1948 & 49 when I was Sackie's age.
It is an astounding experience to be read
~~my~~ intimate record of myself. I was impressed
with ~~the~~ ~~my~~ fervor & exhilaration in attacking the
age old problems - but I see the basic fallacy
in my reasoning - I thought that happiness
and wisdom could be had by leaning to need
only myself & no others. This has proved
entirely false. My happiness is now based
on an acceptance of my need for others.
Well, our presentation to the League was
a great success. My greatest pleasure came
from an awareness of Earl's support of me.
I have had a tendency to deprecate my
audience & minimize my achievements. Each
time the subject has come up with other
people Earl has explained the meaning &
value of what I am doing - so that
he has just about convinced me.

I am convinced that if the Republican party cannot take from McCarthy the chairmanship of his committees they will lose the 1954 Congressional elections. McCarthyism is the most important issue. Most of the other issues are bi-partisan - such as trade, housing, social security etc.

Thur. June 17

How I love to write on a beautiful summer morning. My thoughts are ~~off~~ filled with nothing but the warmth of sun on my body & the immaculate freshness of the world around me. There is a very gay group of wild daisies just out under the porch. Suzanne and Stephanie are both kneeling down with their heads buried in a bed of pansies. They are trying to pick them without my noticing. Stephanie walks every where now - and I have not gotten used to it. To see her coming into my room, tittering back & forth, climb stopping here & there to regain her precarious balance, & finally stiff-legged & thrilled she grabs hold of my legs, nestling her head against them & laughing.

Some I have just begun Thoreau's "Walden" I feel a strong allegiance to his approach. My journals are closer ^{in spirit} to him than to any contemporary author I can think of.

I like his use of language. He uses images to describe thoughts rather than using words to describe ~~facts~~ visualizations. His images are not usually visual - nor metaphorical - in fact I don't know how to describe them - an example might be a phrase of my own like - each man has his own constellation of facts. The word constellation ^{suggests} ~~implies~~ ~~such things as~~ sailors being guided by the constellations.

I thought of this phrase too when reading Thoreau's discussion of necessity. He says, "By a seeming fate, commonly called necessity, they are employed - - -" One of his basic points seems to be that what 99% of mankind call necessity is ~~only a pure~~ ~~not~~ not necessary - but rather ~~the dictates of tradition + stupidity.~~ ^{propitice} ~~it is~~ ^{can} ~~make~~ ^{make} choices - and should not hide behind the skirts of Nanny Necessity. Most men lead lives of quiet desperation because they have accepted their ill fortunes as necessary. Thoreau went to Walden to find out exactly what was necessary for survival - and how easily these minimum human requirements could be obtained.

Thus leaving time for the more enjoyable pursuits
that make life something other than quietly
desperate - (desperately quiet is what he
made it, some people might say.)

Fri. June 18

Thoreau continues to fascinate me. The
problems he ~~is~~ deals with seem to be
still with us. How is man to learn to
use the tools ^{he has created to free}
himself ^{from unpleasantness} rather ~~than~~ ~~instead~~ ~~Thoreau~~ sees
~~everywhere~~ men who have forgotten that
tools ~~are~~ were meant to free him from
arduous work

So when Suzanne saw Larry take off
his bathing trunks, she stared for a
moment & then said "See horn, Larry
blow horn, Mummy"

Sat. June 19

Thoreau makes me smile with pleasure
His way of life, character that it is, is
one of the happiest, healthiest, & in the
end, most beneficial to his fellow man
that I have yet encountered. He is
finding out how to take what he wants
from the world - and no more. "I am
convinced," he writes, "both by faith & experience
that to maintain one's self on this earth
is not a hardship but a past time. Most

man's misery amounts to wanting that
he cannot get what he does not need.
The most charitable enterprises consist
in helping ~~get~~ him get either what
he does not need, or what he could
better get for himself. "The philanthropist
too often surrounds himself with the
remembrance of his own cast off shoes as
an atmosphere & calls it sympathy.
We should impart courage, & not
in despair, our health & ease, and not our
disease." It is experiment at Leaden
was to show himself and others - for
he seems very conscious of his
audience, ^{to his} that he did not have to do
anything that he did not want to do.
He found he could maintain himself
all year by about 6 weeks labor - and
the labor itself was part of his pleasure.
The ~~interesting~~ it was ~~not~~ nature, ~~not~~ farming,
nor seclusion, nor a return to nature that
he sought, but rather a means of survival
that would afford ^{a minimum} hardship and a
maximum leisure. ~~Thoreau's life was such that~~
or rather a means that would afford no
hardship at all. Suffering & unpleasantness are
to be avoided. ~~at~~ ^{neither one's} ~~One's~~ ^{nor both} ~~constitution~~
shows ~~themed~~ by misery. Accepting a ^{bad lot} ~~misery~~ cheerfully
is a sign of stupidity not saintliness. There

is no excuse for ^{accepting} suffering except the tradition
& prejudice. There is no legitimate reason for
putting off doing what you wish except
that you ~~to do not~~ would be lost without
your habitual misfortunes.

As through his writing I find a
wry & penetrating sense of humor stemming
from an awareness that what he is doing
is right and what other men are
doing is ridiculous.

There is nothing so wondrous to Thoreau
about the pyramids as that "so many men
could be found degraded enough to spend their
lives constructing a tomb for some ambitions
goody, whom it would have been wiser to
move ~~money~~ in a manner to have drowned in the
oile. I might possibly invent some excuse
for them and him, ^{he continues} but I have no time for
it. As for the religion and love of art of the
builders, it is much the same the world over
whether the building an Egyptian Temple
or the United States Bank. It costs more
than it comes to. The main spring is vanity,
assisted by the love of garlic, bread & butter.....
For my part - I should like to know who
in those days did not build them - who were
above such trifling.

Thoreau was attempting to do much
the same thing that we are here in the Lime Rock Valley

* Find ~~out~~ ^{what} what it pleases us to do and
how to do it with the fewest possible
interruptions.

Sun. June 20
~~I have~~ never
after reading Thoreau my own ^{writing} language
sounds trivial & dull. Like listening to
a flute play alone after a Beethoven
Symphony. The clarity of his thought
and the richness of his language fill me
with admiration. Oh, yes, you're right,
I feel that too, I think. Then I
try to express the idea in my own
terms about my own life and I am
ashamed of the comparison. I feel shy
with Thoreau - as I do with anyone
I admire and rather lose my tongue
for the moment.

* One sentence of his keeps returning
to me: "To affect the quality of the day,
that is the highest of the arts." The value
of all the other arts such as painting, music
writing lies in the extent to which they
help me affect the quality of my day
& so the quality of my life. And what
is more supreme to me than my life.
A work of art is only important to me

if I incorporate it - ~~take it~~ into and use
it to live with. And in practicing this
highest of arts, I may use, I must use,
as my tools, everything of which I am
aware. If I am to be an artist of
living, I will diffuse every moment with
my artistry.

Mon. June 21

I just realized why I feel hesitant in
writing about Thoreau. He is not a proper
subject for me.
~~for if you I understand him~~
~~at all, I understand that he.~~ I should
read him, absorb him and go on about
my business ~~write~~ letting myself
become ^{slowly} aware of the new flowers in
my field for which he provided special
sunlight. And yet I cannot help but
write about him. I am so in tune
with him that he is part of any
music I hear.

Tues. June 22

I have been having so much fun with
the children. Stephanie's personality is downright
She is a girl of lusty pleasures and high
good humor - all this has been brought
out by her recent contact with the lake.
The first day I took her swimming, I sat
her at the edge of the water, shovel in

hand, sun hat on head, with her ^{red} ruffled
suit framing her bottom like a fancy bird's.
She sat staring a few moments, then
dropped her shovel and headed for the
water. She crawled in, ~~and~~ stopping when
she was about three-quarters ~~covered~~
submerged, and began to splash & giggle.
A motor boat went by, sending in
"tumbling" waves. She smiled & rocked
with them. When ~~they~~ the waves
quieted, she continued rocking, shouting
for more. Meanwhile cautious Suzanne
was sitting grounded in her new plastic
boat - only tripping in the water at
all. But even that was too much. "Easy
water, easy. That's enough, water," she
admonished sternly. ~~The highlight of life at~~
~~the beach~~ Suzanne staunchly maintains that
anyone who is swimming has fallen in.
She talks a great game, but so far
has refused to "fall in."
The highlight of life at the beach is
undoubtedly when ~~Earl~~ Suzanne, Stephanie
and I are sitting ^{on the steps} at the edge of the dock
and Earl swims up to us splashing water
like a fish. The girls literally hellow
with laughter. Stephanie sounds like a

college girl out on her first hilarious
date. I took them to Diana Fowler's pool
yesterday. Steph. spent the entire afternoon
trying to get rid of me. She wanted
to sit at the edge of the pool alone.
Suzanne refused to come near it - merely
wanting to sit under a tree in her boat.
On the way home in the car, I turned
to look at Stephanie, who now rides
beautifully in her seat next to me. I
was fascinated at the faces she was
making. The ^{most frequent} ~~main~~ one reminded me
of the 20's → laugh-wide eyed, mouth
open all the way, hands ^{with fingers-} ~~open-~~ spread,
up around the ears. I had turned down
the ~~car window~~ sun ^{visor} ~~shade~~ which has a
mirror on the inside. She was sitting
there making faces at herself. She would
turn her face aside and then quickly
face the mirror with a new grimace,
as if playing her favorite game of
peek-a-boo.

We had another lovely Saturday
evening at Marshall's pond with him
& the Richardson's. Earl was reminded
of Renoir. I have never read that any
painter shared Earl's awareness that his
painting is expressing a way of life.
Reading Thoreau has strengthened my

confidence in the form of my journal. The
greatest essays emerged naturally
from his daily writing - their titles
were surely an after-thought. One essay
is separated from another only by
these titles. ~~his writing~~ and the rhythms
of a day following day. I can easily see
how ~~my~~ more sustained essays will
develop ~~easily~~ naturally from my daily
journal. I never need purposely move
outside this form was it love.

I will stop writing now. Diane
Gewart is coming at 10:30 to play tennis
This afternoon I have a hair appointment
+ then swimming at Kay Brown's. Tomorrow
+ Thursday in N.Y. to see Ondine.

Friday, June 25

It interests me that many people, including
myself, will continue smoking cigarettes,
even though all evidence implies that thereby
~~death~~ they greatly increase their chances of
dying from lung cancer or coronary diseases
There is an indomitable, irrational, childish
certainty in my breast that it will not
happen to me, just as in childhood I was
sure that everyone would die but me.
My instinct of self-preservation is short-sided
and only protects me against immediate danger.

and yet. ~~to have~~ ^{as being} the only fear ~~to have~~ is
that one day I will go to the doctor & he
will tell me I have only a short
time to live. I am plagued by recurring
visions of this scene. But I still smoke,
rationalizing ^{about} the statistics, clinging foolishly
to statements of inveterate smokers or the
cigarette manufacturers that there is no
definite proof. I suppose I share the
common human weakness. The attraction
of an immediate pleasure is stronger than
the distraction of future pain.

I had a marvelous time in New York.
Going down on the train I read Thoreau.
When we got off at 125th St I viewed the
city under his influence. It appeared
absolutely mad. Every criticism he made of
cities in his time was intensified a
hundred fold about New York. Human beings
voluntarily living piled on top of each other,
walking on streets & running routes,
breathing fumes of the trucks that keep them
alive with food, and the cars & buses
that carry them through the smoke & fire
about their chosen careers. ~~yet~~ surrounding
them was the wide open world of
fresh air and space and gardens, yet
through "necessity" or the blindness of tradition
they choose to fight for their living in a death hole.

death here is an apt little to be else living
for there is very little
in N.Y. except people

I did enjoy myself, though - perhaps
even more so by ^{reveling} quietly in my
secret vicarious. ^{I always look forward to seeing} Sandy & Sean. We
dined at The Champlain - a tiny French
restaurant & then ^{headed} to the theatre
to arrive just as the lights were
dimming. The play did not interest me
but Audrey Hepburn did. Such personal
magnetism is always fascinating & mysterious
to me. After the theatre we went to
the Beekman Towers & sat in a ^{corner}
wind-swept corner overlooking the
U.N. building & discussed jet airplanes.

I decided with Sean's prompting &
stimulating enthusiasm that I would
give a dance when they next come to
Lime Rock. Earl said nothing until the
next day when he questioned me
happily in a pained voice about who
in the world I could possibly want to
invite to a dance. I had mentioned
that 30 people would be a good number.
"30 people!" he said, "who we don't
know that many people that I would
want to see."
"We don't know anyone that we
want to see," I replied. "That's about

time, " he answered - and then went on
to say that he was very happy
about my affections + my conclusions -
my life would be very empty without
them. " I held his hand and felt so
happy that I could provide him with
people - even though he usually protested.

Sat. June 26

This morning after breakfast I took
Suzanne, Stephanie + zipper for a walk.
The fields were a white + yellow
mass of floating daisy heads, a heavy
mist sun-laden mist was slowly rising
from the mountain tops. Suzanne + Stephanie
were collecting stones. Stephanie would stop
every four or five feet, stoop shakily
down in the McWobbles fashion, and
change stones, Suzanne, of course, brought the
art to a much finer point. She
collected many stones at once on filling
her patch pockets with them. She was a
bit carried away this morning, however,
and mistook ~~all over~~ the top of her
overalls for a pocket. The result of this
~~error~~ was that she walked ~~at~~ with
her arms wrapped about herself to keep
the stones from falling down her pants,
her bosom + backside bulged. She had a

worried look on her face.
Patsy came for dinner & over-night
and is at the moment having a breakfast
in my room - ^{under} attacked on both sides
from my two daughters. The children
adore her - and so do I. She has more
of the qualities I love than any
other girl I know. She has, as she
said one day, "a rare combination
of brains" - I have never seen
with a gentleness so beautifully combined
so that the wit is sweet & the
gentleness sharp.

* Earl defined romanticism as a
love of hunger ^{adolescent} I find this description
quite apt. Romance depends on frustration
and disappears if over the hunger is
actually satisfied, just as a hole
is destroyed by filling it with earth.
Of course there are many kinds of
romance. It is possible to dream dreams
of such beauty that ~~the hunger is~~
satisfied each day & yet it continues to hunger
grow, in this way she can have her
cake & eat it - remaining a romantic
through life.

I took Suzanne to the bathrooms at
the Connecticut Yankee this morning.
When she watched the bubbling on the
flushing toilet she muttered, "My
goodness, toilet, take it easy. My
goodness, toilet, that's enough."

Tues. June 29

I keep remembering Earl when he
was ~~gaunt~~ ^{gaunt} & passionate-looking
and smoked cigarettes in Paris cafés.
I see the hollow cheeks and full mouth &
~~too~~ suggestive, no, declaratory ^{ing} eyes,
declaring that he knew me and would
have me and needed me. I remember
that commanding though the eyes were,
they could not keep mine from his lips.
I lost the gist of many a conversation
in this manner.

~~I~~ I have been reminded of my meeting with
Earl while reading Rebecca West's "The
Thinking Reed" which Suzanne lent
me when I said I ~~was~~ had never
read a book which revealed the
development of an exciting marriage.
She ~~there~~ said that the Thinking Reed
was one & gave it to me. But she
was wrong. It is not about a marriage,
but rather a prolonged courtship. The

book ends ^{first} after a reconciliation and
an awareness that by Marc + Isabelle
that they must have one another.
This is only the beginning. I want to
read about what happens when they
do have each other and have had each
other for many years. I believe that
in my journal will provide the raw
material - at least, for the drawing of
such a relationship.

Earl asked me to read some of his
notes on the center of the universe to
use in the comparisons I have been
making between his use of detail +
theorems. I came across this superb
image:

" Skyscrapers stand as withered stalks
of pinuses, hollow + exhausted; a few stonk
stars ejaculated into a big, blue void stand
splattered on the sides of this nothingness,
reminders of a vain attempt to copulate
with the universe. "

Here is an image that takes the
common soil we stand on and makes it
sublime,

Another:

" Frank Lloyd Wright's houses sleep with

The earth. Stretched out horizontally, feeling
out the curves of earth, his houses
describe a fruitful intercourse. She may
sit as she pleases, his houses stay on
top riding her every movement.

You see what a fortunate woman
I am to live with the man who wrote
that.

I have been reading Thoreau this
rainy afternoon & it occurred to me
that I invariably respond more to
images that use common words than
rather than esoteric ones. ~~It is because~~
~~I bring so much~~ a common word taps
so much a richer store of experience
than does a rare one. The mere mention
of an October morning in New England sets
off a chain of glorious sensations in me.
On the other hand, if an author takes
special pains to find uncommon words
to express the uncommon beauty of the scene
my memories are apt to be relatively untouched.

Wed. June 30
I read the journal to Earl last night
and his enthusiasm was as usual, an
inspiration. He said he ~~at~~ never
dreamed that we would have such a

unity of purpose. He said he would
feel worse if ~~his part~~ my journals
were burnt than if we lost the
paintings. He made me promise to get
an ashtray box or a place in
the bank's vault. We talked about
the organic development of the journal
and how ridiculous is the idea
that I, or anyone else, could give the
most by giving up everything for art.
For what is my art but one means
of expressing what I do, where I live,
what I see & whom I know. A great
art it would certainly be if I gave
up everything for it.

Thurs. July 1.

I am content to sit for many minutes
filled with the pleasure of watching Stephanie.
Her entire pudgy, resolute, gabbling, gossiping
self amuses me. I ~~love~~ to watch her
amoyance with special enjoyment when I
tell her no. She unleashes a flow of
incoherence at me that I am sure would
complete favorably with any familiar
sneering I have ever heard. Then she
hoggles over to me, ~~at~~ grinning, & puts

her arms around my neck, snuggling her head
next to mine.

As I was preparing breakfast this
morning, I was all of a sudden ~~fine~~
aware that ^{I could enjoy} each of my movements ~~was~~
if I thought about them ~~the~~ in a certain
way: the cut of the knife through ~~the~~
succulent orange flesh of a cantaloupe,
the cleaning swish of the big pink sponge,
the rapid movement of the boiling water,
the rinsing of smooth china ~~till~~ it
shone. What is this certain way?
It has to do with a process of
dis- or rather re-association. Instead of
accepting my movements as merely ~~a~~
means to getting breakfast, I look at them
in a more unbiassed way - as parts of
a dance perhaps, or as ^{disruption} ^{as a simple physical pleasure}
a painting, or - as in this case -
something to write about. I believe it would
be possible to break most of my ^{routine} activities
out of their shells of ^{their} ^{past} identity, &
see them in an unprejudiced number of new
ways.

Thoreau seems to bestow such love
upon the "meanest" of chores. He takes
pleasure in pointing out that the longer
he has to work, at hoeing his beans, for

distance, the greater was opportunity for intimacy + observation.

Friday, July 3.

For a the past few months my mad
Mary has been looking for a house
which she could afford. ^{to buy. She is being evicted from her present home.} Finally she
had borrowed \$5,000 from a bank and
asked me if I could loan her the
needed \$3,000.00. I said I would have
to discuss it with Earl and my
lawyer. So I would have liked to
say - here's the money. Mary ^{or seemed}
simpler that way - and I could have
enjoyed her happy face - but I did
ask Earl. We went to discuss it with
Tom Wagner, who put the situation
in legal terms of risk and security, plus
telling us that Mary's husband Fred
owed him \$20.00 for automobile insurance.
He gently reprimanded us by saying
the ^{of} probably would have been better
all around if we had not put the idea
in their heads that we might loan them
money. If I did ^{make the loan} ~~loan~~ ~~her~~ ~~the~~ ~~money~~, I
would have had to ask Archie to transfer

\$5000.00 worth of securities as collateral. The whole thing became very complicated & I foresaw the possibility of ~~dragging~~ involving the office into an unsavory affair. So Earl & I decided not to loan the money, & Earl had the unpleasant task of telling her. I have felt vaguely uncomfortable ever since - as I usually do when confronted bluntly with my wealth & others need ^{living} \$5000.00 ^{would} to leave no appreciable dent in my income; to Mary it means a place to live. I do not know how to resolve my discomfort except by not thinking of it - or ^{assuming} by some platitudes like neither a borrower nor a lender be, or every one has his own cross to bear - but ^{these} words have not been very helpful when faced with Mary's tangible need.

Earl tells me I'm afraid to say no. Well, I think we make a fine pair; he is afraid to say yes.

The next few weeks offer many parties, guests and good times. Thoughts of them warm me like a good meal.

SAT. July 4

Yesterday at Diane Hewat's play group, we met ~~a~~ Mrs. Whitridge, an eagle-faced grande dame of this area, and ~~a~~ Mrs. Bemberg, ivory-skinned, black wavy hair, ^{which} green-eyed beauty who married into the wealthy South American family. Mrs. Bemberg fascinates me. Her beauty represents a way of life that I love occasionally to ~~contemplate~~ ^{contemplate}. So to live surrounded with beauty that I do nothing either to create nor maintain. I hardly appreciate it, since I have seen little else, nor do I care to. ^{of course} I have no idea if Mrs. Bemberg is actually like this but it does not matter. In a way it's like looking at a painting. ~~What the painter meant is not what the painter's~~ ~~conception~~ ~~that counts, but rather it is what~~ ~~it means to me that matters.~~ It is my conception of the painting, not the artist's which matters to me. I invited her to bring her beautiful children to Suzanne's birthday party so I can watch her some more. Doris was there. Ted. Later that day when we were sitting together at the lake, she made this observation. "I'm ashamed at how wrong my first impression of Diane was. After you left she said, 'Get a load of that Mrs. Whitridge.'" She knew that the woman's mannerisms were slightly

ridiculous. Both she & you have a wonderful sense of balance - you neither note the boots or the ~~fashionable~~ ^{snobs}, nor so the other way and reject ~~anything~~ the beauty that opens eyes goes with these people. Now Mrs. Bemherg doesn't have this perspective. Did you notice what she ~~did~~ ^{said} when we told them we swam at the lake. She said, "NOT the Lakeville lake" - as if she couldn't conceive of anyone she knew swimming at a lake where there is a public beach. You & Diane have a far greater sensitivity than that. You would realize that either that to someone who swam in the lake was not required enough to mind dirty water - & so it would be unkind to mention it; or you would assume that since you did not know the lake, it might be clean where these people swam - (which is the case)".

I told Davis that my enjoyment of Mrs. Bemherg was strictly selfish. She pleases my love & beauty.

Last night before we went to the Sharon playhouse Suzanne was heard crying loudly. I went in & found her sobbing because she had had a bowel movement. I took her in the bathroom to change her. She clung to me. For just an instant I had a panicky feeling. The children's need for me was something I would never be freed of. When they ~~cried~~ ^{cried}, I am

obeyed, ^{albeit} by my own need for them, to answer
the call, no matter what it involves. And
as they grow up, they will feel free
to criticize me, as I did my parents,
& ~~their~~ they don't ~~feel~~ ^{think} their needs are
being adequately satisfied.

Mon. July 5

Earl pointed out a study that I have
begun & that he would like to see me
continue: Journal-writing in America. I
am reading Thoreau's journals now. We
have all of Melville's logs - ~~in the~~ &
some of Emerson's note books. These would
make a fine beginning. I know I would
profit from such a study. These early
American authors provide me with a
well of encouragement & inspiration.

As I read On Civil Disobedience and
was struck with a yet deeper admiration
for Thoreau & an understanding of how
wrong his stand was, if taken literally,
for most of man kind. But the more I
read him the less literally I do take him.
For me his work is full of symbols
& exasperations, just as the Bible is
for its enlightened sympathizers.

His burning essay stands as a militant
call to all responsible citizens to ~~that~~
assert their responsibility to the state
their love by giving it the benefit of
their ^{active} criticism, there is no loyalty in
blind obedience; no law or institution is
inviolable - men made them & men may
unmake them. ^{and are duty bound to do so when necessary.}
It seems to me that this
is the meat of the essay, rather than
so much emphasis has been put on
the ^{Thoreau's} method of criticizing the state, that
the purpose behind the method has been
obscured - He makes the ~~same~~ mistake, ^{as} previous
for men of a democracy, to give the
state a separate existence, and ^{asserting}
his rights as a separate individual, ^{in opposition to the state}.
In order for a democracy to work, many
citizens must ~~be~~ know that the
government is ^{representative} Thoreau's
method of criticism ^{is} ^{in civil disobedience} ^{is} hopeless & destructive
if brave men ^{with} the providence of
disobeying unjust laws, they make it, thereby
easier for others to disobey just laws,
and the result is not changing unjust
laws into just ones, but rather undermining
all laws. The government will never be
improved by scattered men resisting various
laws.

But the nation will benefit from ~~an~~ ^{the} its citizens
unrestrained awareness of their responsibility
& and even more important - ~~from~~ ^{to me} a
reality is the realization of the power of
a single voice in a democracy. if
that voice is strong & pure like Thoreau.
The effect of Thoreau's ^{physical} act of civil
disobedience in refusing to pay a poll
tax was nil - but the effect of his
persuasive, clarion call to his fellow citizens
has echoed down the ages. A democracy
can use its great citizens ^{often} despite
the intentions of the citizens. a dictatorship
smothers everything it does not believe
to be in its favor - but who can
~~let~~ ^{predict} ~~what~~ ^{which} wind is good & which wind evil?
A democracy does not try to make such
predictions as often as does a dictatorship.

Tues. July 6

After being making an entry is I did yesterday
about Civil Disobedience I am disturbed
by my method of thought. I did not
consciously think about what I was going
to write until I took pen in hand. My
opinion of Thoreau's essay seemed to
unfurl itself as if I were reading it on

a screen. When I reread it this morning I was not sure whether or not it made good sense. It is here that I rely on Carl. When I read it to him we will discuss it, and if I do not agree with what I wrote, I will so discover under his questioning. This is one of the greatest values of our discussions to me. I do not feel sure of and comfortable with an idea until I have talked about it, although I am most likely to originate it when in writing.

Stephanie is beginning to talk. She already understands many phrases. When I ask her, "do you want to go in the car?" she answers "wana ca" with the correct intonation and plenty of enthusiasm. She loves to read look at magazines and books. Each night when I put them to bed, I bring Stephanie into Suzanne's bed or read them something. If I forget to bring Stephanie, there are violent protestations from both of them. Last night, they were both exhausted from spending an afternoon at Tom's lake. We went through the ritual anyway. Finally Suzanne became so sleepy that she had to lie down. But she did not want me to stop reading. The magazine was lying flat on her stomach, her head was she lay perpendicular with her eyes closed.

Her hand was pointing blindly at the magazine and she continued to mutter in an ever softening voice, "Look at that, Mummy, what's that? Read more, Mummy."

Friday, 9 July 9

"Always watch be careful of how you act towards a person who is showing off," Earl commented, "since he is putting you in control." I think he is quite right - and will enjoy being conscious of the power.

I had a fascinating time on my trip to N.Y. yesterday - coming back on the train. I put my things down next to a white-haired gentleman to reserve my seat and went to the dinner for a cup of tea. When I returned in about half an hour, he remarked that he had had trouble keeping my place for me. The train was very crowded that day. We did not speak again for a long while. But as he was reading, his magazines, he kept falling asleep + dropping his glasses + magazines, which I picked up for him each time. Finally, toward the end of the trip, he turned to me

and said, "Frightfully long trip, ~~we~~ isn't it."

"It certainly is," I answered. "I find that the only thing that can keep me occupied is a good novel."

He looked down inquiringly at the book I was reading. "Oh, I don't mean this, Walden can hardly be called a good novel."

He told me that he was going to move to N.Y. He had to commute a week and that was 2-3 times as much. Besides, he continued, I'm tired of the country. In the city everything is so close and easy.

"Oh, I don't feel that way," I said especially after reading Thoreau, N.Y. seems more garbolic than ever."

"After reading Thoreau, I am more anxious than ever to get back to N.Y."

He said laughing, "most of my young friends wanted to be out in the city at almost any cost - and that they wanted big families."

"Why some girls I know younger than we already have more than 2 children."

"That's terrible," he said. "I'd tied down - it's a big mistake."

I'll be glad to get away (from here, terrible)
The winters were terrible
type all morning - and there was
nothing to do in the afternoons but
walk. We live on a hill - so all
I could do was walk down then
turn around & walk up again.

I told him that Earl wrote and
painted.

"What's his name?" The man asked.
"Earl Hubbard"
"Oh, yes, I've heard of him."
"What's yours," I asked.
"Costain" he answered.

I blushed and said that Earl probably
had heard of him too.
He asked me how Earl could stand
working up here - I told him he

loved it. I was thinking about how nice
it is to be a famous writer in
comparison to a politician or actor. The writer
has the fun of not being recognized
when he wishes to take advantage of
his name, all he has to do is mention

I ~~was~~ had lunch with Jackie in the
hospital yesterday. She looked radiant
and said she felt the same way. She had
had a series of epiphanies, which left her with

a feeling of peace and power. she would never worry about diet or smoking again.

"After all the pain and horror of the accident, something just snapped and I knew I would never do that (smoking) again. ~~it would be too ridiculous to get~~ I will never put myself in ~~to~~ a hospital because of stupidly smoking. I know how horrible it would be. I also know that I love Idella dearly, but I don't agree with her about trying to be a young debutante and going to Washington to ~~be a belle & meet~~ ~~the~~ "knock them out" - and thinking so of the people are "squares." But I will tell her now I disagree instead of resentment her - she does everything she does for us. she does with love, and I'll never forget that!"

While I was waiting to have my hair ~~done~~ cut at Estelle's I listened to a conversation between Estelle - the prop owner who looks like the ideal brothel - Madame - and a customer. Estelle was puffing away on a cigarette, as she does constantly.

"How can you keep on smoking?" the customer asked, "don't you care?"

"Yeah, sometimes I care, & sometimes I care less - and that's about it, honey!"

Sat. July 10

I arose a little later than usual this morning, just in time to miss the breakfast rush. The day shone, the trees blew & sparkled - the freshness sent me through a hurried toilet and then outside with the children & Zipper for our morning walk. Earl had turned over ^{or watered} all the earth in the gardens. Dave clung to the loose contours of the earth or looked so fertile that I felt I could plant a stone & ~~see~~ ^{watch} it bear fruit before my eyes. There was an incredible richness about the coral & lemon colored begonias framed against brown earth.

This weekend promises to be filled with fun. Ann Rasmussen is coming. I am giving a small dinner for her ^{with} Alan Bole & the Whites. This afternoon I am going to take Suzanne ^{& Stephanie} to a church fair.

I have read a good deal of Thoreau ~~was~~ in the Giffing Portage edition. I am learning that to be influential as a writer it is not necessary to have written a great deal of importance. So far I have found about 3/4 of Walden & the essay on Civil Disobedience of significance. The rest appears to me either a sort of

name dropping about natural rather than
the usual social connections. His ~~descriptions~~ ^{writings}
& nature so often amount to listing
rather than ~~descriptions~~, names of trees,
plants & weeds do not mean much to
me. Other places he reminds me of a
strong young man at an old ~~lady's~~ 'ladies'
tea party - mincing his natural stride &
sneaking in a high voice

Sunday July 11

The party was fun. Mary cooked dinner
& served. The silver ^{& china} ~~the china~~
in the candle light and I felt like the
kind of hostess I like to be. He & I gave
Marshall a ring & he came over after
dinner. The highlight of my evening
was a discussion about "On Civil
Disobedience" relating it to American &
French attitudes towards government. I
told Alan that on one level Thoreau's
sentiments were similar to the French ^{men} who
feel it is noble to disobey unjust laws -
but on a more important level his
approach ~~embodies~~ ^{is} a very American. An
American feels that ~~one war or another~~
~~he can~~ affect his own government,
his government is worth depending
and criticizing ^{upon} with the aim to change it.
A Frenchman is more apt to feel that
his government is not a symbol of his country

Tuesday, July 13

Last night the four of us went to Mrs. Warner's home to meet Abe Ribicoff, democratic candidate for Governor of Connecticut. He gave an informal talk to the group - I asked him if he had no strong feelings about him. He seemed to want for the state pretty fairly obvious things like better schools, higher salaries for teachers etc. He would do away with county government. Lee really questioned him on his suggestion of bringing more industry & tourism to Connecticut - moves that might well destroy just what makes Connecticut especially attractive. It is surprising to find two such men related to me - but I do feel that Lee is an outstanding intellect ^{original} and brilliant ~~thinker~~ just as Earl is. Lee does not have the scope that Earl does, nor are his relationships as ~~inoperative~~ inclusive, nor his conclusions as constructive - but I find extremely persuasive and clearly defined, and always highly personal. I stayed up & talked ^{about architecture} with Nancy & Lee until about 2:00 A.M. Earl had retired at 12:00 he is in the middle of a painting & does needs his rest. I knew this - but when I got up at 2:00, I certainly was hoping he might be wakeable. It was not. I was filled with horror

at the thought of how lonely I would
be without him.

Nauch calls Stephanie a "little
holope" & very fine description of
the pretty little vixen.

Thurs July 15

Jois had her baby yesterday. she is not
normal. There is a sack growing outside
the head which the doctors believe
holds part of the brain. ~~the~~ even if
an operation were performed the child
would not be intelligent. Unfortunately
~~the~~ child seems bound on survival. Jois
& Stanley would prefer it to die. If it
lives they will not take it home - ~~for~~ there
are institutions for such cases. I see
no possible excuse for allowing an abnormal
child to live. It will be an unhappy burden
on everyone including itself. The only explanation
of the law which forbids ending the life of
such abnormal humans would be to protect
the murdering of unwanted children under the
guise that they are not normal. But this
would be illegal anyway - so I can think of no
justification.

Jois & Stanley are putting up a very brave
effort. I suppose there is a great relief
that she is well and that the long pregnancy
is over. But still - there is Jois & must

be a deep shock to give birth to an unintelligent
being - one that grew in your own womb,
and that you had wanted so long to
hold in your arms and love. Fortunately
it is not their first child. They know that
nothing is wrong with them and they may
~~expect other~~ have as much expectancy
of having other normal children as does
any other parents.

Nancy & Lee left this morning for
Chautauque & then on towards Austin,
Texas, where they will spend the next
2 years. Lee is going to teach &
work for his ~~B.A.~~ M.F.A. I wonder
what will be the significance in
have happened to a great in 2 yrs. The
two things most fascinating to contemplate
are what will have happened developed
with Earl's painting & writing & with
my journal, ~~what kind of~~ how will we
work have what new paths will we
have cleared from the open field. What
particular paintings & stories will
Earl use, what words will I choose
& for what experiences.

I had a lovely evening at Alan Cole's
picnic. I find him delightful company. He
makes me feel just one way speaking
French does - as though I have had one
drink and everything I say is exactly one
Judy's words more important & stimulating
I am sorry he is going back to Rome
for another year & a half. There are many

thing it would be fun to do with him
he read this to Earl he will probably
say "What!!" so I probably
won't.

Friday, July 15

There is a slim chance that Louis,
baby will live & be normal. It is
going to be operated on soon. The doctors
think that if ~~the opera~~ either the
operation will make the child normal or
kill it.

I have been spending the last few
days going to & planning parties -
Suzanne's birthday party will be next
Wednesday - about 10 children & mothers.
Friday is our cocktail party for
50-60. at night, I dream of
cakes & candles, bartenders and ice,
auditions for pianists, parking cars,
100's of glasses, people I've forgotten to
invite and the books I want to
read. I love this sort of glittery rush
every once in a while.

Sat. July 17

Earl and I are sitting on our terrace, sipping late breakfast coffee, basking in the breeze-cooled sun, and watching a family of grouse + chipmunks play on the lower lawn. The baby grouse are all lined up ^{close to each other} along a little patch of dusty earth taking dust baths. They roll and flap, and then as y^r mother said "out you come now, jawe," one will right itself purposefully + without a backward glance at its sibling, walk into the near-by hedge. The chipmunk dart and jump, often coming up behind a grouse running under its tail and sending it scurrying into the hedge. I love sitting here in the hot sun, peering through the pines at the birds.

Earl brought in his latest painting on Thursday - I see a house + a tree. The use of glazes fascinates me - not only for the ~~near~~ richness + vibrancy of tone. It reminds me of sunlight wafting through ~~a~~ a great excited sea. And yet, instead of being led into a third dimension ^{through} by the sky glazing, instead of looking from the near to the far,

it seems as though the distant has been
pressed ^{forward} into the surface of the painting,
making a shimmering synthesis of near &
far onto one flat surface. This use of
this ~~abstracting~~ of the Earl's use of glazing
brought to my mind one ~~of~~ difference
between painting or the plastic arts
as compared with verbal & musical
languages. A painting can be seen
in its entirety on one glance or the
human eye. No other art can have
the same immediate impact. Earl's
new painting makes full use of this
impact unique type of impact.

Mon. July 19

Another full weekend. I finally saw
my Bryn Mawr friend who has had
tuberculosis, Molly Frothingham Carter.
I like her. She is tall, slim and clear.
with clean lines & clear eyes. She speaks
directly and has a frank sense of humor—
she ~~speaks~~ ^{spoke laughing} of the "young virgins at
cocktail parties" when I was telling them
my story of getting ill at ~~Paris~~ Princeton
on my first sea breezes. She comes

From a fine old family in Boston - a fact which invariably attracts me to a person.

Saturday evening we went to Taube-wood for a picnic & the music with Marshall Saunders & Jeanne & Bill Reaney (spelling?) - who used to be Sandy's boss at Holt & is now with Dutton. He seemed a dear bachelor to me. Earl was disappointed with the whole lot of them - I guess I still expect editors to be something special. But they've not why these men don't even talk about books except on a business or level - or telling anecdotes about amusing authors. I guess I don't feel warmly towards Sandy because he turned down my book and talks about things like Dennis the Menace. Sitting up front with them in the car was terrible. They never said a word. Going up I tried to keep the conversation moving - but coming home I just gave up.

I told Earl that I did ~~not~~ enjoy the average. 'Darling, the kind of person you are looking for is rare. There aren't many people who have your tremendous vision - and that's going to make you

a little lonely. But fortunately you're not so limited that you can only enjoy rare individuals--
Earl ^{said} he was very stimulated by the music. It reminded him of his boyhood dreams of greatness & listening to the symphonies at Chautauqua. When he heard the music swell, he would be filled with the fire of his own power. Tanglewood brought back those feelings "and what a bore to be there with those ~~booby~~ ^{bubble}-heads" he muttered.

Sat. July 24

I have literally not found one moment free enough to write in since last Monday morning. That was before the two great parties & their respective preparations, plus various other luncheons, dinners and cocktails and now that I have found the moment I have practically lost the energy. I am finally exhausted. ~~We~~ ~~to~~ Earl & I - especially Earl - have waxed, shined, polished, scrubbed, straightened, repaired ~~ew~~ just about each inch of the our home. I have mixed feelings about such an undertaking. The harder we work, the more I enjoy the cleanliness and the more I resent the ^{loss of} energy ~~to have~~

~~extended~~ ~~achie~~ had to use to ~~achieve~~ the
cleanliness involved in achieving it. ~~the~~
~~reason~~ that I find ~~order~~ in the pleasure
of achieving orderliness in my home so
much less ~~pleasant~~ ^{enjoyable} achieving it word by word
in my journal, is that the word ^{in the rooms} remains
the order of the house is no ~~changes~~
fleeting as the hours. So the more I
scrub, the more I realize I should always
scrub to keep the house in order - and
by the end of the day I was quite invited
which was not fair to Earl who had
worked harder & longer than I. He would
be all ready to be pampered, and but I
would break into such loud fits & incompetence
in the kitchen that he would be forced
to inquire what was wrong with me.

Suzanne's Birthday party was on
Wednesday - and what an orgy it was.
The rains came, the Uncles & Idella
came - in the tomato-soup El Dorado
with Chip & a big fat governess and
with them came 4 cartons of TOYS -
The Uncles had been instructed to open
the boxes, as soon as they arrived. I had
not realized this, & told Chip to leave them
outside because we were so crowded
inside. I had about 20 children & 10-15
parents & nurses in the living room. They
all arrived at the party near 3 o'clock, Mother
holding a child or two & each child holding

a present. In the beginning Suzanne opened early
one. But once her Uncle had been told
to open their cantons, no guests present
received any attention. The ^A child would
enter the room looking for Suzanne.
Suddenly he would be struck by the wild
scene of Mothers and children seated
~~the~~ all on the floor, helicopters flying,
toy figures climbing up ladders, cars
racing around tracks, dogs barking, clowns
dancing, guns popping & ~~lighting~~ flashing.
To top it off we had two Donkeys on the
front lawn. ~~as an added attraction~~ Suzanne
wore a little bourcous ~~lavender flowered~~ ^{orange} dress with
a lavender sash & ~~broader flowers~~ and
no shoes. At the last moment I ~~remembered~~
remembered I had left her patent leathers at
the Brown's goat house. I had cut her hair
very short & ^{rather uneven} the night before. She looked to
me to ^{like} some timy wood nymph that had
strangely been sheathed in a lavender - (lavender)
dress. ~~but the~~ Stephanie enjoyed the party thoroughly
I suited her wild ways. She could
swear with laughter & ^{not even he heard}
above the din of toys ~~being worn and under~~
at the beginning of the party I felt more
distracted than I can ever remember feeling
as a hostess. I had invited some women
whom I had never entertained before, like
Diane Fowler & Sally Grewatt - plus having
Idella there. I was interested to discover

how she would react to my friends, many
whom all her own age - I predicted
it correctly. He said, "she won't be
anything but 'Mrs. Marx.' She doesn't have
relationships on her own with her own
contemporaries." Doris said - "She ~~certainly~~
has a way of sweeping in a room. Every
body is not that she is vulgar, or rude
or overdressed - but ~~somehow~~ she certainly
does sweep" as far as I observed Idella
did not "give forth." She did not seem to
want to get into any sort of personal
contact. Although many of ~~my~~ the
other mothers ~~were fascinated to see~~
her. Daddy called 3 times to talk with
me and Idella - wishing Suzanne a happy
Birthday & ~~finding~~ asking how we liked
the boys. I was rather so startled
by his call - I no longer even think
of him as any relations to my children,
much less their grandfather, since he
never sees them. Of course his feelings
evaporates almost immediately when
he shows some interest in them.
According to all reports, the party was
a great success - nothing of its kind had
ever been seen around here.
~~After the party~~ After the party we dashed
down to the lake with the children for
a dip. Suzanne & Stephanie had accepted
the quick shift from party to normal
routine with no apparent effort. I
to feel completely refreshed on that cool,

clear, sunlit water. I had on a ~~tinny~~
golden ^{looker} bathing suit. When I dove in
the water, I felt as if I were swimming
through the air supported by one buoyancy
of my golden suit ~~which~~ which held my
body so closely.

We returned home - just in time for
me to pack a big picnic basket for
our supper down at the lake with the
Richardsons + Alan Bole. We sat down
at Marshall's large table, so old + so
weathered that it looked as if it had
grown there along with ~~the~~ the other trees.
The night was clear + starry + fragrant +
filled with stars. We drank whiskey +
Soda + told stories. Sandy started a
wood fire - ~~the smoke~~ and put two
thick red steaks to cook slowly + so
The combined aroma of wood smoke +
grilled steaks was exquisite. It was
quite dark on the time we ate and
~~the~~ ~~there~~ ~~was~~ ~~very~~ ~~dark~~ ~~light~~.

Thursday evening we went to the Mills'
cocktail party. That was the first time that
Molly met Earl. She gravitated towards him
during the whole evening. He seemed to unlash
emotions that she had not been able to
articulate to anyone else. In fact she told
me that was the case. All evening as I
was talking to other people, I felt + listened

to their conversation. My heart went out to
her. Imagining the desolateness of finding
Earl and wanting him to not be up
able open to touch his hand, or talk with
him alone. She and her husband have had
a difficult readjustment since she got out
of the hospital, also as Earl pointed out -
she was yearning to be admitted as a
woman to not be called for, no matter how
tenderly, as an invalid. Coons had
been actually nursed in the
hospital when there had been a shortage
of trained nurses. I felt deeply sorry
when I took Earl away from her. Of course
in my identification I forgot that she
hardly knows Earl and certainly does not
have the need for him which I have
& was crediting to her also. She asked
me to come to lunch the next day so
we could talk alone - about Earl, I thought
to my myself - but we this was only partly
time - for we did discuss a few other
subjects. The next night at an 8:30
cocktail party I also did a lot of
talking about Earl. First of all many people
seemed very moved and interested in the painting
Ann Hoskins, publisher of the Lakeville Journal
was especially articulate. She spoke of
the torso very much as I do - in its warmth
and sunlight quality, of its ^{composition} serenity & passion

Claudio Warner & Mary Claire Allen also
knew the torso. I told them that it didn't
matter what the weather was. ~~It was~~
When I awoke, I was sure it was Sunny
if I looked ~~at~~ across at that painting
with my first morning glance, as I often
do. There is a streak that looks like
lightning going through her body. In my
own sweet, lewd way, I told E. One
morning that he was must have been
thinking of ejaculations at the time.

When Don Warner was leaving he told
Earl that George Baer would be after him
and that he (Don) would help George. George
is an artist who likes to organize
exhibitions. There were many other people who spoke
not as enthusiastically.
In another vein I had at a long talk
about Earl with Fritzie Don Kueslegan,
our neighbor who is James Thurber's
secretary. She said, "You know if I just
to see Earl in the post office at noon
my day is made — my whole day. He
is so nice — and such an optimist. It
must be wonderful to live with an
optimist. I live with a pessimist. It "is
wonderful, Fritzie." I said, "and what's even
better for me — I know it, and love it. We
can be presented with the same set of facts

as every one else - and point them up instead
of down. But you know, Fritzie, you
an optimist, too.

"You're right, Barbara," she said, seemingly
very pleased. "But I get so pushed down."

"I don't know about that, Fritzie. I
think it's more that you are a dramatist
as well as an optimist - and it's more
fun to dramatise calamities than
anything else - but it takes an optimist
to dramatize a calamity."

Then we went on to discuss humor's
humor. She said it was based on his ability
shared by all other geniuses, to be detached.

"I don't think you're quite right, Fritzie.
I've observed from living with Earl (by
this time ~~it was~~ ~~established~~ I felt it only
natural to speak openly of E. as a
genius) that the more detached they
appear, the more attached you will find
them. ~~some to some~~ Detachment about
something is based on a sense of security.

And a sense of security is anchored
somewhere.

"Oh, Barbara, you are so wise, so
wise
About an hour later Stanley & Doris
drove Fritzie home. She did not feel able
to drive herself! Sweet Stanley came up
this morning to pick her car.

I enjoyed the party enormously. We had
had O'Brian & a Peter something at playing
the game. Mr. Emanuele took care of the
bar. Mam + Fred served ors-d'oeure
to the approximately 60 guests. I had
nothing to think about - and might as
well have been a guest - except for the
vast difference that I believe a hostess
can enjoy a successful party as much
as the hostess - because it is her baby,
after all. Suzanne wandered around until
9:00 in her red sheath pajamas + fl corduroy bath
robe with one of Earl's bow-ties as a
belt. She greeted all the cars, chatted
with guests, asked Martha Biscoe to take
her down to see Bouffant, who was
imprisoned in Tom's car and persuaded Martha
to let him out. Stephanie got sick right
before the party - 103° temperature, sore throat
penicillin shots, etc. - but since it was nothing
serious, I didn't give it a second thought.

Mon Aug. 9

(The journal for the our vacation
is in separate travelling journal)
For the first time since we have
lived in Lime Rock, it means home to
me, and not just the place I happen
to live. As we drove home the last
leg of an journey, pushing to make it
in one day instead of two, even though Sunbeam

was woud hardly move, I longed for the ^{our}
wooded hills, our polished floors, ^{our}
great bed + sky light, our memories ^{+ dreams} that
below there and nowhere else. I did not
feel I could relax until I was there.
~~as soon as we arrived, however as is~~
~~after the case with~~ I always return from
a trip resolving to make my home a bit
nicer to come back to the next time.
~~I become~~ ~~conscious~~ when we were at
the Belmont, I kept noticing the fresh
paint, the shining brass, the excellent
service, the delicacies of living. I ~~kept~~
made mental lists of how to include
these things in my household as a routine
matter so I would no longer have
to think about them. When we reached the
house at last I was confronted by all the
details I had to organize if I were to
have a beautiful home easily, and even
though I had left Mary + Mrs. Smith
to care for the house and children, ~~the~~
things had an a disintegrating look. The
lawn was overgrown, the house plants seemed
droopy, the ashtrays were lined up along
the mantel piece, the my perfume bottles
stood helterskeller on my dressing counter
knee + holders were empty, zipper-
like a ^{shapeless} lump of ~~the~~ dusty ^{gray} curtains, Before I
made any improvements, I would have to
bring things back where they were before we

left. And so I was again involved. My home was not something to dream about but to work on and live in. But nonetheless, there remains the consciousness of the ~~love~~ ~~to~~ how much I yearn for this home when I'm away from it.

What we were looking for was another place that where we might be able to plant a few roots - a place to take the children for a few weeks in the summer to be by the sea. We did not find it. We liked the Belmont Hotel as a resort, but we did not like its location. It is on Cape Cod. This short strip of land has been over run by hordes of tourists who have covered it like locusts and left scars ~~scarred~~ scarred it badly with cheap-looking motels, hot dog stands, pintz shops, painted drift-wood stands, sign boards, neon lights and worst of all, with ever-flowing ribbons of giant cans crawling over narrow roads. The original ^{pleasures} tradition of fishing, bathing and sailing have been so blown up that they have burst, as far as I'm concerned, like so many balloons. What ever of beauty that remains is being closed in upon, ever closer & closer by the sheep-like masses of

tourists. There are simply too many people
up there. For the amount of available space
Province town literally revolted me. Houses &
people ^{con.} ~~used~~ ^{lived} ~~and~~ ^{lived} were jammed together,
or seemed worse than a Coney Island - ~~man~~
which is called an amusement park & a
to provide a ~~few hours of~~ ^{amusement} ~~fun~~ ^{part} for people
in N.Y. who can't afford something more
exclusive. But in Province town a spade
isn't called a spade. Advertisements glow
about coming to beautiful Province town
that old fishing village, so quaint & New-
Englandy, with its vast beaches and cozy nooks.
These words are hollow, meaningless symbols,
Province town is now a different
place, ~~but it is described~~ I think what
I've ~~im~~ ^{im} ~~agined~~ ^{agined} me most is that the people there
acted as if the advertisements were accurate,
they wandered about ~~would~~ ^{would} their way
among the fuming ~~business~~ ^{business} and the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~way~~ ^{way}
motels and the lunch counters wearing fishing
outfits or new blue jeans with frilly sailor
shirts and imitation sailor's hats. Earl says
that it's a mistake to think that ^{most} people
who live in the city want to go to
the country for a vacation - they just want
a different city - so they go to the country
& begin to live ~~how~~ ^{how} bottom to bottom (ass to ass)
along a main highway. I guess he's
right. This doesn't seem to bother the people
who do it - but somehow it disturbs me
to watch it. I think my feelings come from
a fear that these people might attract my

environs, and also I suppose I resent the fact
that a place where I might have wanted to
stay has been ruined.
I loved being with Earl on this trip.
Each day at the Belmont we would take
long walks along the ~~smooth~~, sitting, strolling,
sands, following the edge of sea as it came
gubbling in. It occurred to me that it was
really surprising that we never had any
serious or angry arguments we have differences,
but they don't seem to make much
difference

Tues. Aug. 10

I'm not pregnant. This is a relief! I
want Suzanne + Stephanie to be out of
the God-willing, feeding stage before I have
another. Also I want to have definite
plans for the new wing ~~and~~ by that time.
I will enjoy the children so much more
if I can keep them properly spaced, for
there is no doubt that they can be
very time consuming and harassing as
well as sweetness and light.

I read the journal to Earl last night.
It has become a vital channel of
communication for us. I write things
in the journal that I do not say in
ordinary conversation. It also gives me
a view of myself that I do not get
~~when~~ when I am living the events

about which I write
The day is cool and overcast and I
feel like curling up with Huckleberry Finn
which I am reading now.

Thurs. Aug. 12

I have been immersed in Mark Twain,
Faulkner, ^{and} Steinbeck and ~~Margaret Mitchell~~.
~~(I saw Frow with the wind for the 3rd~~
~~and last time.)~~ all this, among other
things, gives me a lust for writing.
It has been very interesting reading these
authors in such rapid ~~see~~ succession.
Steinbeck + Twain interest me far more
than Faulkner. I think Faulkner has the
making of a great author. His imagery
dialogue and narrative ability are magnificent
Whenever I catch the story line or
whenever one of his many clear and
~~best~~ gripping images emerge I am engrossed by
them. But no sooner am I with him,
than I lose him, in a flood of words
whose meaning I do not fathom. These
words usually have something or other
to do with Man, Honor, ~~see~~ Caesar +
Christ or Napoleon, history, morality -
all capitalized. He is not talking
about specific instances but about general-
ities. His characters are not described as
individuals at this point, but if they
enter into the discussion at all, when
he returns to the story, I have practically

forgot where we were - and after a while
I don't care any more. Steinbeck and
Twain do not write ^{directly} about generalities.
They use their characters to say the
important things, in this way the
ideas are placed in a clear context,
they are anchored to a particular
human being and a particular set of
experiences. When ideas are in a novel
are expressed through the characters
a double purpose is accomplished.
I learn have a deeper understanding
of + interest in the character who
expounds the idea, and I get the idea
with Faulkner. I usually do not understand
the idea - and by the time I have
planned through his way of saying it
I have lost interest in the ~~idea~~
his characters + story. Nevertheless his
technique fascinates me. Earl thinks
it is a cinematic approach to writing.
Faulkner will, for instance, give a
full + significant description of someone
in the form of a long parenthesis,
while this person is performing some
physical act. Words take longer to
read, than the eyes do to glance at
a person. If this scene were in
the movies, the camera ~~would~~ ^{would} close in
(come forward for a close-up while

the particular action is going on, without
breaking attention from the action. But
doing this in words is another matter.
To read eight or ten lines of description
while a quick action is taking place, breaks
the rhythm of the act, for no.

Faulkner will blow up a minor
clause into a full length paragraph
of description or generalizing about some
barely related person or theme. He seems
to take ~~unfair~~ ^{false} advantage of the fact
that everything does relate up somehow.
My mind does not follow many subjects
at one time. If it follows one, I am
doing well. This irritates me with
Faulkner, since he is such a master of
clarity. ~~at times~~ Another thing about
"A Fable" which bothered me, is that I
have read ~~that~~ a few reviews which
state that the story is an allegory
based on the last days of Christ's
life. So what, I would like to know.
~~First of all~~, I'm pretty sure I wouldn't
have guessed it unless I had been told,
and now that I know, what does it
add to the story. I suppose if he
relates Christ's life to the present
(we have only read excerpts from the
Fable), but if this is his intention, it
seems like such an obscure way of doing

Of course I should read the whole
book if I'm going to comment on its
over-all scheme - but I doubt if I
ever will. I am definitely going to
read The Sound & The Fury &
Sanctuary, though. I hear he tells a
straight story and that I would
like to see. Perhaps what is happening
to Faulkner is what happened to
Joyce - who started cleanly with the
Dubliners, through The Portrait & Ulysses,
to end far above the heads of any but
the scholars with Finnegan's Wake.

I have just started The Grapes of
Wrath, when I had no idea what how
much it meant when Steinbeck wrote
Earl that he liked One Step Two
Step, that Earl had a fine sense of
imagery, a painter's eye and that he
thought he would make a good writer.
Steinbeck is the most important American
novelist I have ever read. He had done
in writing what Earl feels is yet to
be done in ^{our} music. He has taken our
folklore and organized it. The lyricism,
the exaggeration, the humor, the story telling
powers, ~~the unique~~ ~~the~~ ~~movable~~ ~~based~~ ~~on~~ ~~american~~ ~~experiences~~
~~which~~ ~~american~~ ~~ideas~~ ~~which~~ ~~const~~
~~constance~~ ~~to~~ ~~unique~~ ~~rhythms~~ ~~of~~ ~~our~~
language which constance to make

has classified, all this is Steinbeck's raw material.

I had heard that the Grapes of Wrath was important as a sociologic study. ~~But~~ I do not agree. Steinbeck is far too keen an observer of his country and his people to classify them according to social groups and to call one group good and another God-sent. This is never the case. In describing so acutely one very specific region, group of characters & period of history, he has created a world of universal significance. I am finding even more and more that if I observe as carefully as I can the ~~course~~ ^{specific} events of the present time and place the ~~writers~~ generalizations of broad significance will come of their own accord, easy & without flourish.

Last evening I was hot holding Suzanne on the toilet. As we were waiting, she said, "Hurry up, finkles, come on out & see Mummy."
When she wants to please Earl she says, "Daddy funny girl,"
We are going to have to work on Stephanie again. She is very easily

upset if the slightest thing does not
go her way - ^{she} ~~and~~ will cry and whimper
^{she does this} ~~about something~~ almost constantly.
She and Suzanne are at swords
point a great deal of the time. We
are in the process of making it
as clear as possible to them that
crying will get them nowhere with us -
unless they have been hurt and
need help.

Friday, Aug 13

I am rushing off in a few minutes
to take Zipper to Great Barrington to
be trimmed. I simply could not face
it myself. Zipper has sunk lower &
lower to the family's esteem, especially
Earl's, since he is always sneaking off
at the away down off the property,
and wetting the corner of our fire place
whenever we go out. He has not been
brushed for weeks and so his
looks do nothing to soften our ill
feelings. Yesterday he did do us a nice
turn, by wandering over to our

new neighbors, Helen & Arden Whitman. They called me about him and I went over and had a beer with them. They said they were so glad that Zip had come over so they had an excuse to call. He is night editor of the New York Times & occasionally writes book reviews for the Sunday book section. They were extremely friendly and reached out toward me as if they were a bit lonely up here - and who wouldn't be at first. I invited them over for cocktails next Tuesday.

Tomorrow we are going to Scarsdale for Daddy's Birthday. Suzanne is thrilled when I told her she said, "Suzie see Barfly Marfly. So upstairs + wide red horsey." Later when she was enumerating the other things she would like to do she mentioned seeing a movie. I was surprised, since I had not thought she understood anything about it. The one we saw last time we were there. Suzanne calls herself "nice stinkorbell" under my prompting. I do enjoy watching ~~EH~~ "Eel" as Suzie calls him, handling his suits. He has

General Motors, but besides this - nobody
has done a better job than I have
and its not only the people in my
corner, like Smith and Ike and
Dr. Donnell that say so. Look where the
toy business has gotten me - I can
get ^{personal} letters from all the Senators
and Governors - besides knowing the
President - of course that was by
accident, but anyway, I do know
him. " He sees no limits to how
far the toy business, which is
already the biggest in the world, might
develop. " The big problem is men,"
he said. " I can't get the men to
run it. They see that it is a family
business - all the stocks are owned
by the family and they resent this - because
its close enough for them to feel they
mind that they can't ever have a
share in it. & they want for a big
company like General Electric where
where no ^{single} individuals have a large
amount percentage of the stocks, the
men ~~do~~ don't mind the fact that
they can't have a large share - since

nobody else does.

Some time later, it's gotten so bad that I've threatened a dramatic threat - to sell the whole business - and I might do it if things keep going at this rate. Competition is very steep - why I just bought out a small business last week for \$60,000. ^{But} Nobody with a business my size makes the kind of money I do - and I do it by work - nobody else puts in the work I do. I can't get work like that from anybody in the office. They think - well why shouldn't he work hard, he gets the profits."

Then he gave a glowing account about how he would really like to be on Wall Street. "That's where the big money is - if you've got the brains, if I were Earl Hubbard I would give up this art - or do it on the side - and go down to Wall Street."

"But Daddy, we have ~~the~~ already more money than we need - and with taxes there is no point in making any more." I said "I know that, but it would be so interesting" "well, it's a matter of interest,"

Earl is more interested in art."

I didn't mean to put a wet blanket on his conversation - I was fascinated to hear his stories of glamorous million dollar deals that he could figure promote if he worked full time at it. But I think we all knew that this sort of promotional approach could never give him the satisfaction of creating and developing an industry - it's so rather like the difference between a marriage and a beautiful flirtation.

Last night when we got back from Scarsdale we went to Alan Bole's soiree-away tea cocktail party given by Miss Goodwin & Miss Bambo. I met "Tommy" Sanwordt (spelling) a sculptress who lives with another & evidently better known sculptress, Cornelia Chapin. I spent most of the evening talking with Tommy. The minute she was introduced to me, she put her strong heavy fingers on my throat, pushing with her fingers, as if she were molding clay, and said, "what a beautiful child - I have been noticing your throat line all evening - so beautiful. You are so delicate - and she held my face, turning

it aside to see my profile. We
discussed death + Thoreau and art
critics and cocktail parties - but most
of all we discussed me. I knew that
I must handle this situation very
much as if I were meeting a man who
was immediately attracted to me. For this
woman was. And I didn't mind if she
to is 51, small-boned, square body, dressed
in manly jacket, skirt, shirt and heavy
suede walking shoes. Her grey hair
was cropped short which is now the
fashion, but I imagine she has always
worn it that way. As far as I was
concerned she was completely asexual.
But Sam wanted me not to lead her on.
It might mean a great deal to her!
I did ask her to do my portrait in
marble. "God, I'd love to," she said.

Tues. Aug 17

It rains at night and each morning
the sun warms the moist earth and
glorifies grass. The fields are yellow
with goldenrod, interspersed with thick
clumps of wild purple ~~flowers~~ ^{flowers}. The trees
have turned a dark green like deep, clear water. The
wind sets the whole bright world
dancing and flashing. I am sitting here
facing across Lime Rock Valley, watching

with pen in hand - my favorite position.

Wed. Aug. 17

A Mrs. Hayes called yesterday afternoon. She is living in Alan Bole's house at present and was contemplating renting the Riches house for the winter. While she was looking the house over she had noticed the portrait of Christopher which Earl had given her on her birthday. She told me on the phone that she wanted to see the his paintings and would like to show them in a gallery up here which she wants to start for local artists. I was first of all I was disappointed that her interest was stimulated so quickly - that is, before she had seen the paintings. Her favor seemed to indiscriminate to be of value. She also asked me if we had any manuscripts since she was a scout for Prentice - Hall. "Oh we always have a few manuscripts lying about" I answered in response to which she nod to me her Christal attitude you and pickup up words of art as she might goodies at the Super market. However, she asked me to tea and I accepted. As I drove into the drive way

I saw the blond-sun tanned head of
a man in a bright yellow pull-over
stare at me from the porch. He
had disappeared by the time I got to
the door. A spreading blond woman
came let me in - extending a limp
hand and a few soft words which
trailed off, as did her hand when
I attempted to shake it. She
murmured something about my looking at
the paintings which were hanging
all through the house and then she
too disappeared. Most of the paintings
were hers - Hazel McKinley Hayes -
cheerful waters colors reminiscent of
Duff. She reappeared after a while
and led me into Alan's dining room
for tea. The table was laden with
cakes, cookies, cinnamon toast and
~~half tea full tea cups~~ ~~dirty dishes~~
Their maid had left them that day.
She served tea in a desultory
manner, her gestures never seeming
to coordinate enough to complete the
action. She would put down the tea
pot + strainer and offer me a
piece of cake which I had refused
before - and then resume the straining

of the Tea, which tasted, when I finally
did taste it, like a shot of ~~straight~~ ^{Tea}
jasmine. She called to her husband to
come + meet Mrs. Hubbard - he
was sitting on the far side of the
porch just hidden from our view
out the dining room window. He
said he had to finish this article
he was reading. ~~to~~ Until he came
we talked vaguely of the European
flavor of Lime Rock, the servant problem
~~and~~ while I tried to find out something
about her. She had on a white light
white dress with a large print and
long ~~of~~ a long strip of robin's egg
blue beads and a bracelet of
costume bracelet of flowers, Her lips
were painted in a bow. Her nose
tipped upward and her chin ~~veiled~~
slightly. ~~to~~ I had little confidence in
her ~~under pressure~~ ability to grasp
any situation. Then her husband came
in - lean + bronze and young looking. It
reminded me of something from a Colette
novel - where a young man ^{is} to be kept

by an aging woman - But in this case
I would guess they are around the same
age - except she looks an old-woman
forty & he a young-man forty. I
felt amused at their incongruity as a
pair - and pleased with my own sense of
charm and safety as an observer.

He laughed at my jokes and seemed at
ease. I found out that she is a sister
of that "mad" Peggy Guggenheim and he
used to be with the American Embassy.
He helped Ambassador Grew with his
journal, editing, etc. He is extremely interested
in music. That's about all I know

except that he appealed to me in a
way. I did ~~ask~~ ^{say} them over to see the
house & paintings. I doubt if she will
be any help as far as getting Earl
to the public - when I told Earl about
them he didn't want to meet them
- just as he wanted to avoid the

two sculptresses. These people seem to
make him feel uncomfortable. He speaks
of them as if they were diseased and
he might catch it. On the other
hand, feel quite at home and enjoy
talking with them occasionally. Maybe
I've already caught it! Whatever it

is that Earl doesn't like. I think it is that he likes to know where people stand - and these people don't know themselves.

Thurs. Aug. 18

* When Earl finishes the present series of paintings of ^{New England} Guildings, ~~of this~~ he says he wants to do some of the children the gardens and me. I told him I ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~able~~ did not visualize how he would approach this subject matter. He described it to me in terms of Cézanne, the Impressionists and Ben Shahn. He began by explaining that ~~Manet~~ ~~to~~ that starting with Manet painters ~~starts~~ began to look at painting as a separate language. Before Manet painting had been principally concerned with illustrating something that had already been verbalized - stories, myths, historical scenes. He mentioned that our present day advertising had a longer tradition than contemporary painting since its purpose is to illustrate something.

* Earl said that in looking over his past paintings he realized that he has been working on the same problem since the beginning - the relationship between foreground and background. Cézanne & the Impressionists disturbed the surface of the painting by means of their brush strokes.

With Cézanne the movement is held in
a powerful, ~~flat~~ ^{deep} tension. With the Impres-
sionists the ~~movement~~ tension is on
the surface, giving a sensation of
movement. Earl wants to use glazes
in such a manner that the surface
figures give the appearance of quiet, while
the tension and movement and their
interrelationships and common substance of
the figures will be seen ~~by means of~~
~~glazes~~ not behind the figures, but in
and all around them. The figures are not only
in a plenum, they are part of the plenum.
Their separateness is an abstraction. The
final glaze ~~which~~ will define these
abstractions by making the form of a
figure. But the figure's existence
is far richer than the last colors that
give it a separate identity.
I finished The Grapes of Wrath. I
have never read a novel of greater faith
in the survival and improvement of
man kind. By ~~striking~~ these human
beings ~~are~~ gradually stripped of their common
protections, ~~the~~ ^{slowly} ~~show~~ the quality of
their strength. As they are increasingly
persecuted, they become increasingly aware
that men ~~must~~ ^{do} join with other men in order

to survive. The strongest ones are those who naturally ~~take~~ assume responsibility for others. This is the way they feel their strength. The weak ones, the ones who do not survive, are those who have lost touch with others needs and dream only of their own. This is not a question of good or bad, but of life and death. Steinbeck knows that when ~~death~~ the shadow of death blackens men, they move some of them will join together to resist it, and it is this - man's need for man and their joint ^{anger + their intentions to fight depression} ~~effort to survive~~ ~~to~~ which no power on earth can overcome. ~~Man will not perish~~ And if there is any ~~glory~~ on earth, I'm sure that Steinbeck feels it lies here in this uniting, which is as basic to our survival as sexual intercourse.

I must admit that John made a few mistakes about the rich - which are clear now that the depression is over and the myth that Carl Marx created as been exposed as a myth. He evidently agreed with the ^{real} Communists that the rich can only remain rich by keeping the poor poor or better yet poorer. Of course in America it has become clear ~~that the rich are~~ ~~safe only and sound~~ ~~can get richer mainly~~

the fewer poor we have the more
rich we have.
We also felt that the quality of
ownership was such that the ^{large} owner
could not say "we" but always had
to think in terms of "I" in order
to protect his property. It is true
that ownership means fences - but as
Frost so well put it, fences make
good neighbors. But the large owner cannot
~~strive~~ live happily alone any more
than the poor man - he has the same
needs. ^{basically} Fortunately there are other ways
of joining with your fellow man or
by fighting for your respective lives.
The rich man is a human being and will
find these ways.

Friday, Aug. 20

Yesterday afternoon the Aldon Whitman's
and the Riches came over for cocktails.
Seeing Doins and Stanley after a week
or so. Doins has some of the pleasures of
returning home after a trip. What Frost
said about the home is true a
few friends - when you have to
go to them, they have to take you in -
I believe Doins & Stanley are the friends
such as that. Stanley was in fine form
the other Both families knew many etc

newspaper men who have worked in
China. They seemed to share the same
opinions of most of them. They all
liked Homer Bigart very much, &
they all disliked, ^{as did} including Homer,
Marguerite Higgins, the woman correspondent
sent. One time ^{in China} she was ill with
a high fever. ~~How~~ when Homer
was given the news, he said in his
st. stutter, "th-th-that 6-6-~~bit~~bitch is
al- always in h-h-h-heat."

This is the kind of story that
was being bawled around, and I
thoroughly enjoyed it.

When Earl had first started read
about the impressionist, he had been
a bit surprised that they, who spoke
so much about freedom of expression,
should set up such arbitrary laws for
themselves - such as use no black. But
on further consideration it became clear
to ~~them~~ Earl that ~~to~~ what they did was
quite natural - they substituted one dogma
for another - it is only in the past decade
after so many conflicting dogmas, that painters
do not look for "the" dogma.

Sat. Aug. 21

This morning is damp and overcast, filled with intimation of fall - the call of a bird sounds penetrating and sharp. I feel the touch of cool air on my face, and I think of the pleasures of fall and winter - of theatre time in New York and heavy Tweeds and hot chocolate and wood fires and the warmth of Earth on a cold night.

I am reading "Sanctuary" by Faulkner. I am convinced the man ~~has a~~ is not sane. I am not usually suspicious to the attractions of morbidity, cruelty, or obscenity. But Faulkner so exaggerates them that they appear ludicrous to me. The plight of his characters does not move me any more than old-time portrayals of the devil with red cape and horns. I find no contact with reality as I have experienced or dreamt it, and yet I keep on reading to try to find what has attracted so many people to this author. I feel like a detective ~~in~~ ^{attempting} to solve a mystery. ~~But it will be with a sigh of relief that I start~~ But I shall return to Sternhecht with a sigh of relief. I think the first American novel has

been written and its name is Grapes
of Wrath. This novel describes the
strength of Americans in a way that makes
me feel strong. Steinbeck gives me
confidence in my own powers of
survival. ~~He makes clear to me that man's~~
~~the~~ ^{My natural} ~~direction~~ ^{of love} is towards
~~man, towards~~ ^{people I know, especially my family.} ~~particular people & especially~~
~~towards the family unit.~~ And the
greatest natural benefits of loving come
from loving those around me - not
a God about whom I only know stories,
or a "cause" which saps my love -
for ~~the~~ purposes that are not mine.
Religions and dogma totalitarianism have
all ^{played and} ~~known~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{of} man's need to
love and have ~~ties~~ ^{to} misdirected
from its natural object towards a
man-made object such as God or the
Cause. I understand how Christ and the
~~the~~ Communists preached that true followers
must renounce their families & loved ones.
They did not have a chance of establishing
themselves unless they ripped some people
from their normal way of loving towards

Tues. Aug. 24

My mind is fairly well a blank this ~~morning~~ - or rather is blanketed by the numbers of tasks I have completed ~~this morning~~ - telephone calls arranging air invitations, letters, bills, washing our big electric blanket, ordering food, straightening drawers the children's drawers. all this lined up by constantly reversing the two fighting tubs. But the weather is so glorious - the forests rushing, heaving, silvered mass of wind-blown trees - that I ~~am~~ have been happy kept happy & sleeping all morning.

+ Earl has finally found his approach for the next painting. He has been reading about the Impressionists and studying their painting. He has said he has felt lost - ^{the past few weeks} he thought he knew exactly what he wanted to do - and then, he found that he did not know - and this realization required that he make a thorough study and overhaul of his entire approach towards his work. During this time he said he felt nervous. I do know he wasn't much interested in sex. This seems to

be a typical reaction of his - when he is in the process of ~~deciding~~ orienting himself. ^{usual} he does not respond as openly to other people - even to me. I have become used to this - although it happens rarely ~~but~~ at such times I am always struck by how dreadful it must be to live with a man whose thoughts I did not share.

I bought a large book of Mark Twain's works in N.Y. yesterday and have already begun Tom Sawyer. I did not finish Sanctuary - I simply did not have the interest to continue even with my detective work.

wed. Aug. 25

X Earl came to a conclusion while studying ^{and during} modern French painting of the last century that is startling but seems to be well born out by observation: the painters that have been called "Expressionists" were ~~at~~ emotionally unstable, afraid of many facets of living and pessimistic to the point of unsanity - so strong were their illusions, that we use the word "illusions" since I feel that those who see everything black & diseased

are living in a dream world as much as those whose "illusions" of the world are all very.) The Among the Expressionists

are Munch - Hodler, Ensor, Nolde, Kokoschka, Weber, Rouault and ~~Southern~~ Southern & Gauguin, Van Gogh & Toulouse-Lautrec. Their paintings were to be "a mirror of the painter's psychic stimulus and his response to an emotion intensely felt" in other words they identified themselves with what they were painting. The resultant paintings were consistently for the most part - wild expressive. They were expressive of the sickness of the artist.

vacation I have spent most of my time trying to organize the house. One task leads me to the next and finally round a golf & back again until I feel there is no keeping or ending until to the job - and in fact there is not. I think part of my irritation is that I keep hoping that there will be an end.

We saw Seven Brides for Seven Brothers last night. I was delighted by the dancing - ~~the~~ by choreography by Michael Kidd

The dances were organic - evolving
clearly from ordinary actions such as
chopping wood or building a house.
It was like watching someone make
a clear statement out of a morass
of unrelated facts. The dancers took
the key movements of a particular
activity, and heightened and streamlined them,
~~leaving out~~ leaving out minor gestures,
then ~~finished~~ ^{created} with a powerful abstraction
or structure out of common gestures.

Thu. Aug. 26

Last night Earl explained some of
Braque's + Juan Gris' paintings. He showed
how the forms of the painting related
clearly to objects. What these artists
did in paint seems similar to what
Michael Kidd does with dancing or
what Frank Lloyd Wright with building.
Each man uses as material a common
theme. He is a still life, chopping wood
or a ~~see~~ shape of land and develops
that theme into a symphony.

The more I live with the latest
painting - of a house and tree - the
more I love living with it. ^{The} I took at 5
the play of being immersed in the feel

calm depths of a sun lit sea - and still
breathing.

There is an ominous ~~calm~~ ^{quiet} in
the play room where I am writing.
A few minutes ago Suzanne said she
had to go Tinkle. I unbuttoned her
overalls and ~~sent her~~ told her to
go ~~into~~ to the pot which is in my
bath room. "Awe right" she said in
her sweet voice, as she hobbled out
holding up her clothes. When she
reached the door, she turned and said
"Come on, Steph, come on." Stephanie
trotted after her.

Stephanie plays a game with
Suzanne which they both love - for
some odd reason. Steph climbs on
a bed, and then makes believe she
can't get down. She dangles with
her legs about half an inch from
the floor and complains. Suzanne
stops what ever she is doing and
proceeds to pull her up at her
sister to help her down that half
inch. Stephanie giggles + swings out
"Ta Tow!" Then they go through the
whole procedure again. Occasionally
the game is spoiled because Stephanie
gets all the way down accidentally.

One time Stephanie was sitting in the
toy car, pushing it along with her feet
instead of by the peddles. Suzanne climbed
up on front of the car. "Stephy drive
Suzanne to the post office to get paper,"
she told me. Then she pretended to
be reading the paper. "What's the news?"
I asked. "Suzie read song about Scott,"
she answered.
Her uncles have made a great
impression on her. Whenever we get
ready to go in the car, she asks to
be taken to see "Marshall" (Bradley Marshall)

Friday, Aug. 27

It's about quarter of nine in the morning.
I am sitting alone on the terrace with
a mug of steaming coffee beside me.
The unusual chill that we had last
night is ^{being warmed, away} ~~disappearing~~ ^{disappearing} ~~away~~ with the
~~disappearance~~ ^{last} patches of mist which still
hang in the valley beyond our trees. The mist
looks like the smoke of a cold and noisy
fire as if words its slave & relentless
way skyward. ~~The grass and trees~~ The
~~at~~ moisture on the grass and trees reflects
a silvered sun light. Earth and sky have
joined ~~to~~ in the glory of the hour - which

is in me - both the hair and the
glory are mine. When I was an
adolescent beauty such as I am seeing
this morning made me very uncomfortable.
I had to "do" something with it to
"create" something from it. I never did.
~~sure~~ ^{the} what I was really trying to
do was to forcibly assert my own
~~person~~ identity in the face of beautiful
nature. Now, somehow, I ~~feel~~ ^{am} so comfortable
~~when~~ ^{emersed} in beauty - ~~if anything~~ I feel
at my most powerful - for I am.
conscious that all this beauty is in
me. I am seeing it. How I love this
solitude, this outside quiet which lets
me ^{note} in peace to ~~the~~ ^{to} my
own ^{own} ~~own~~ thoughts - all unfinished and
blended with one another like a stream
ever flowing and ever replenished by
hidden springs. My whole day will
be a happy one, I know. For what
ever happens, I will be filled with the
memory of this early morning moment.
I have many chores to do to prepare
for this weekend - flowers to pick,
food to order, rooms to set ready.
Jeanne, Sandy + Scott are coming tonight

Nelson Carter - Sharon - End. 4-5100

Mon. Aug. 30

We had a warm and lively weekend with Jeanne, Sandy, Scott, Marshall and Tom. We played golf, sh. Eva + Hantz Louisa and Cal Damp - + Mr. + Mrs. Hayes - to mention a few. We played Golf + Snabble + The Game + showed slides and enjoyed the children's play and had a series of delicious meals. Just as they were Sandy + Jeanne were ~~travelling~~ leaving we talked about going over to Europe - Sandy favors Italy - for at least a summer. with ~~the~~ ^{our} children and renting a villa with a bonne à toute faire. Sandy would take a leave of absence from Holt, and Earl would use the few months as a study ~~time~~ period, since he says he feels strongly about doing the actual painting and writing in his own country. I like this idea much better than traveling always out of a suitcase with no home base - and all the pleasures that go with a home base. I don't enjoy just seeing places - I like to live there and meet the people and learn the language and the customs and the way of life.

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