

# JOURNAL

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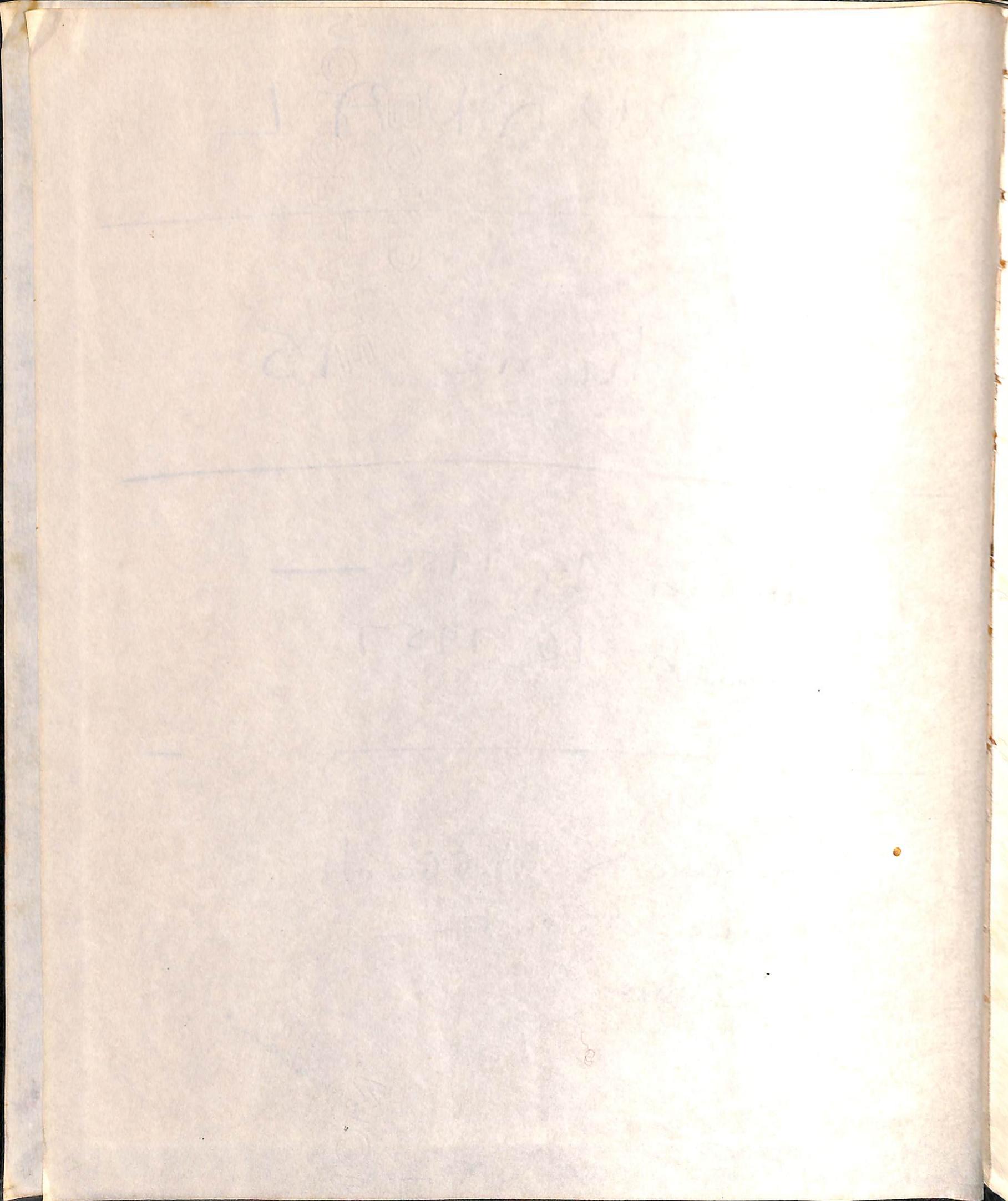
Barbara S. (Jub) Gandy

Lime Rock

Conn.

Anusol

Onwards



November 15, Thursday - (Con't) (Baby expected  
because July!)

Rolling her eyes in mock surprise  
she swallows the pill.

"You don't believe it?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you believe I can do it?"

Suzanne follows the ritual.

"You? Never in a million years," I say.

She swallows it. "Here."

You're surprised?"

"I'm dumbfounded."

I brush their teeth. They plan that I don't believe they could possibly spit into the sink and other variations.

Next we proceed to ski-suits.

"I'm the Red Cardinal & Stephanie's the Blue Bird." says Suzanne as

then slowly put on their new ski-suit. At last, padded in blue & padded in red, with a toy each, they are ready for an walk about the property waiting for Suzanne's bus. I try to get out 10 or 15 minutes before the bus comes, so much do we enjoy our morning stroll.

"Look at the frost <sup>sparkling</sup> ~~beginning~~ in the sun. Isn't it beautiful?"  
the rainbow <sup>see</sup> in the frost?  
Suzanne bends down to examine a glittering blade of grass. She picks it and after studying it a moment, she gently licks the ~~is~~ frost with her tongue.  
Stephanie bends down & begins to run her tongue indiscrimately over the lawn. I stand her up and we continue our walk, collecting frost

trimmed leaves & weeds, which Suzanne makes into bouquets for me. At the bottom of my pockets I always find the dried remains of yesterday's crisp bouquets.

Usually we ~~find~~<sup>discover</sup> one or two wooly-bean caterpillars or Daddy long-legs, which the girls hold in their warm hands.

"Look at the hawk," Suzanne says, shift with attention like a pointer. Stephante's eyes sweep the sky. She never ~~finds~~ focuses on the bird in time.

Soon we hear the rumble of the large bus, shifting gears up the hill. Suzanne begins to run to the end of the driveway, looking back over her shoulder every now & then, grinning broadly. The bus stops. <sup>and the door opens</sup> ~~opens its door~~. We hear Suzanne say good morning.

to the driver. The door closes and the bus lumbers slowly out of sight.

"I want to go on it, too," Stephanie says every morning. "I'm very big." I tell her that she will some day, and hand in hand we walk back up to the house.

After about fifteen minutes we leave the house again, zipper, Stephanie or I, to drive to Stephanie's school in Lakeville. As we drive along in the fresh morning, she usually sings <sup>loudly</sup> to herself, making up words to familiar melodies like Home on the Range or Sur le Pont d'Avignon.

"Mrs. Nelson won't believe me in my new blue ski suit," says Stephanie.

"You mean she won't recognize you."

"Like record?"

"Recognize. Yes, dear." <sup>Not recording sounds</sup>

"Mummy, will you come in and  
see what I'm doing?"  
- yes, dear, I'd love to see what  
you do.

We arrive at Mrs. Nelson's.

"Stephanie's here." the call goes  
out from the children playing  
on the wide porch.

"Hi, Stephanie!"

Stephanie's expression turns  
dramatic. She lowers her eyes and  
and sits quietly a moment, as if  
taking a certain call. Then she  
says, "I'll open the door myself."  
She struggles with it. & Dippers  
is waiting in high anticipation to  
jump out the open door.

"Bad Zipper - don't run away."

Stephanie chastises the dog.

He looks at her. His wagging  
tail <sup>poised still</sup> for a moment. He looks

back at me.

"It's alright, zipper. You may get out, but don't run away."

We all climb the stairs, I open the gate. Once in the solo room, Stephanie guides me from shelf to shelf. "Here are the puppets, and here is the clay & see the dolls." The other children hang back watching. One morning I took <sup>made</sup> ~~chased~~ a puppet-dog & ~~played with~~ zipper snapping its jaws at him.

"When is she going?" Tammy Bohmer asked Stephanie, looking suspiciously at me.

"Right now," I said. "Good bye, Steph." ~~I gave her a kiss.~~ She put her arms about my neck and gave me a deliberate, vigorous kiss on the cheek. "Good-bye, Mummy," she said.

I return ~~back~~ to the peaceful house  
after nap. Grateful for the <sup>Morning</sup> privacy.  
noon I am anxious to see the girls  
again. I hear Suzanne's bus coming  
up White Hollow Rd. When she gets  
out I hear voices calling. "Good-bye,  
Suzanne; see you tomorrow, Suzanne."  
She comes dawdling up the drive  
way. stopping to pick up a leaf,  
a caterpillar, a stone, or to watch  
a bird fly across the sky. She is carrying  
her skirt-pants, her hat, a sweater and  
a bundle of drawings. When she sees  
me she begins to run. She flings her  
arms open to receive a hug, dropping  
everything. She is so gay that no  
matter how I was feeling, I feel gay.  
We get in the car to drive to  
Mrs. Nelson's. She is full of ~~old~~ stories,  
which keep her giggling as she tells them  
to me: How Kim sat in the doll-car.

knocking over the chains, calling the chairs, (day 6)  
was climbing over the wall from  
the ~~old~~ Boys' bathroom to the girls'  
Bathroom, + the others of a similar  
variety.

continue After nap, if the day is fine  
we arrive at Mrs. Nelson's to  
find the children milling about the

wide porch dressed in assorted colors and  
assorted sizes. Some in giant boats & hats that cover  
their foreheads and ones that do not match or have  
parts others. ~~who have older brothers~~  
~~and sisters~~ dripping from their fingers. Stephanie looks simply  
dishevelled, her hair in twisted knots over her pink sheets,  
her ski suit dusty, her hat cock-eyed.  
~~pieces down to~~ ~~gloves that do not~~  
~~match and an old cap of some Uncle or~~

Father. When she sees me  
she begins to jump up and down.

"There's my mummy, my mummy,  
my mummy," to the rhythm of her

bouncing body. She flings her arms  
about me and ~~forces~~ to press me  
to her. The other children stare interested  
we collect what ever toy she brought  
(con't)

Mon. Nov. 19

I find most people I know in Salvo very tiresome. I ~~do~~ anticipate what they will say <sup>to me</sup> and I anticipate what I will say <sup>to them</sup>. I could leave here tomorrow and not miss ~~anyone~~ <sup>but</sup> a handful of friends. ~~the Leeches, the~~ ~~Good The Society~~ community is so small that we are acquainted with just about everyone. The exploratory adventure is over. Our position is stable + secure. I do not for the moment see in what direction I may expand <sup>my own resources</sup> in this community. I have little interest in probing for deeper relationships with ~~the~~ most of our acquaintances. They do not stimulate me; they do not <sup>seem to</sup> have anything to reveal to me nor do I do anything to reveal to them. There is no invitation to growth. Increased contact is stultifying to me rather than nourishing.

What shall I do?

~~The thing I know.~~

I must not forget what I learned many years ago in college, when the <sup>Vast</sup> ~~whole~~ panorama of learning was revealed to me: ~~that~~ ~~nothing can last so long~~ forces to ~~for~~ ~~to feed but~~ the only reliable source of stimulation comes from ~~me~~ within myself. ~~This is my responsibility~~ It is useless to blame others for my own lack of enthusiasm. I must not wait for some one else's excitement to kindle my own. I will start my own fire or I will live in a cold house.

Boredom is ~~always~~ a ~~private~~ personal ~~not~~ failure, not a ~~public~~ to be blamed upon environment

not except in extreme cases. I do should  
waste my time criticizing my  
acquaintances because they do not  
stimulate me. I am focusing on  
the wrong thing. What has happened to  
me that I am so filled with apathy,  
so disinterested in the life around me,  
that is the question.

I feel better in facing this  
question, for it is within my power  
to answer it. It <sup>is not within my powers</sup> can do nothing to  
change those around me.

Boredom is essentially blindness.  
I have not lost my sight; I  
have closed my eyes. Sitting here  
upon my ~~sunlight~~ sunlit porch  
I have but to open my eyes  
to see the sunlit, snow lit world  
~~streets~~ stretched before me. My  
children with their infinitely  
colorful, glowing ways will

be home at noon. My husband  
~~is formulating~~  
~~working~~ A few steps from  
where I sit ~~upon~~ ~~open~~ lies  
~~vision~~  
~~image~~ of the universe, stern  
in his determination to make  
his love ~~endure~~ prevail.

I <sup>shall</sup> ~~will~~ not cease to grow.

Mon. Nov. 26

The children were in for  
their nap, Sunday afternoon when  
time is timeless and unhoored.

"Is it alright?" Earl asked  
me, meaning ~~could he sleep with me~~  
was it past the period of abstinence  
demanded by the pregnancy.

"Yes, it's alright."

He came over to me and  
kissed me, opening his mouth, drawing  
my lips into the soft wet hot warm  
mouth. "Let's go into Mam's room."

The bed springs was rumpled & open  
as the Rich children had left it that  
morning. I lay down on it, abandoned  
in my anticipation, recalling the softness  
& Spring of the matress of this bed.  
I lay fully dressed in slacks & shirt  
while Earl <sup>undressed</sup>. He lay beside  
me, & took me in his arms. The naked  
penis thrusting against the cashmere  
slacks. He unbuttoned my blouse.  
I could not bear to have any clothes  
on. I took the everything off &  
lay exposed my knees ~~wide~~<sup>loosely</sup> spread,  
my genitals hot & moist & aching,  
my nipples rigid, my breasts engorged  
while Earl played with me. First he  
sucked upon my nipple, ~~then~~ holding  
the breast in his hand & jiggling it.  
so that the nipple would dance against  
his tongue. I cried in ecstasy, wild.

~~now~~ He put his hand between my legs  
and slide his fingers in & out while

he sucked upon my nipple. I turned  
my body up to meet the fingers  
going in, but I wanted the  
penis, the finger was too slim,  
too weak, too small. I was in  
desire for the long, solid, hot penis.  
~~to~~ # I took the penis in my hand  
while he was caressing me. Brutally  
I flattened the testicles against my  
stomach, I scratched with my nails  
"I want to tear it out," I said  
wild with desire. But I was  
afraid. I knew what would happen.

He climbed upon me, my knees spread  
to receive him, the penis went in  
to me unguided. It swelled. Easy  
I lay upon me, "oh God," he said  
# I've got to come. He moaned

in and out but once & shaking in his  
extreme, he came. I clasped him to  
me. His body ~~kept~~<sup>kept</sup> moving, I could  
not stop it; I was not ready.  
He tried to respond, but the penis  
was dead. Tears burned into my eyes.  
He tilted his head and smiled at me,  
then turned over to go to sleep. There  
was no chance of his reviving. I  
went into the bathroom and <sup>tried</sup>  
~~was overwhelmed with anger + frustration~~  
~~to~~ weep, but I <sup>just</sup> ~~felt~~ ~~angry, +~~  
~~frustrated.~~ At <sup>Later</sup> almost every time we are  
both excited, <sup>I</sup> can't come immediately. It  
is not so easy for me. I do not  
know why, but I never come quickly.  
I wanted so desperately to feel that  
penis go in and out and in and out and  
in and out. And then I would want to  
start again. I dressed and got went  
in to the children who had just  
awaken. I clasped them to me, longing

for their warmth to distract the ~~aching~~<sup>ache</sup> passion for sexual intercourse.

When Earl arose from his nap, he seemed content or happy. I was cold & angry. I was not able to talk about it with him. We had discussed it once, when he had criticized me ~~for me~~ because I did not welcome him when he came, because he showed my frustration. Since then I have said nothing, trying to get ~~the~~<sup>as much</sup> pleasure as I could, even though incomplete. When he would moan that he had to come, I would say, come, and hold him in my arms. But today, my passion had demands too strong for consideration. I burned with anger. Last night I dreamed erotic dreams. Earl either Earl did not notice, or feels nothing can be gained from discussing

what seems to be a physical fact that he does not ~~stop~~ the desire ~~to~~  
~~have~~ ~~continue~~ intercourse more than once, and he cannot physically muster that desire for my sake. Nor can I come as quickly as he does.

I do not know what to do.

The repercussions of sexual frustration are insidious & widespread

Tues. Nov. 27

\* I can live for days without a ray of light illuminating ~~penetrating~~ the details of ~~the day~~ living to give them form and meaning. Each action is isolated, and unrelated to a whole. For me this is living in darkness. I have lost the source of light. To regain it is to return to a state of grace. There is no voluntary act I know of to accomplish this. The best I can do is take my pen and open my journal and hope. For this

illumination I seek is essentially the creative process which consists of bringing up order to chaos. If I ~~want~~  
write about the details of my life they cease to be isolated and become part of a design, my design, just as a <sup>brush</sup> paint stroke becomes part of a painting. If I do not write about these details, then I am ~~not~~  
shattered, splintered, useless. This creative process is for me the basic joy without which all else is meaningless.

Friday, Nov. 30

"Mummy, when can't a baby grow in me, too?" asked Stephanie this morning.

"Because you are too small. Dear, you can have a baby when you grow up and get married."

"But I am married," she said.

"To whom?"

"To you."

"No, dear, you will be married to a man, just like I am married to Daddy."

"How ~~can~~ <sup>did you</sup> get a baby to grow in <sup>your</sup> tummy?"

"Daddy put a seed there."

"He could put one in me, too."

~~No, dear.~~ Besides

"No, dear."

"Yes, he could. Does it hurt when it comes out your bottom, Mummy?"

"Not very much."

"Do you lose your bottom?"

"Oh, no. Once the baby comes out, <sup>you</sup> I will be the same as before."

"Then I want one, too."

"But Stephanie, I'm going to need you to help me with the new baby. You will be its sister, & you can take care of it."

"And not Suzie? Suzie won't be a sister?"

"Yes, of course, she'll be a sister,  
you both will."

"Well, you tell Suzie when the  
baby cries in the night, I give it  
milk. It wants milk, and I'll give it  
to it. Is the baby tiny, Mummy?"

"Yes. It will have a tiny head  
and ears + eyes, and tiny hands and  
feet. But then it will grow up the  
way you do, bigger + bigger each  
year."

\* "I don't want to get any bigger.  
I'm just a little girl," she lowered her  
eye lids, looked up at me through her lashes and smiled.

And so, each day Stephanie  
questions me, showing up various aspects  
of the eternal feminine nature, wanting  
to have everything and lose nothing.  
She wants to be a mother + take  
care of a baby; she wants to be a  
baby taken care of by her mother;  
she wants to be a helper; she wants

to be helped. She wants to be married to her mother, have a baby and lose her or her prerogatives as a little girl.

There are times when I yearn for just such impossibilities. But, I am willing to give up notions that I have for our wayward desires, therefore I repress them. For me the basic ingredient of maturity has been learning to live or a few loves, rather than by exploring one love. rather than by searching for new loves. At a moment of dissatisfaction or at a moment of excitement, I crave

~~the~~ nameless passion. But I have learned that the new always becomes the old, the familiar. If I am not to be ever searching, if I am to be fulfilled, it ~~cannot not~~ be through giving up old loves for new ones. I will accept the new whenever it enriches the old; I will not accept a new love which destroys the older love.

Sunday, Dec. 2

Earl's painting "Cyclamen" and  
"Potted Zinnia II" were rejected by the  
Corcoran Biennial jury. Since we  
have been married Earl's work has  
received been consistently rejected. The  
one Great though was the Panorama  
show, but this <sup>the</sup> net result was  
rejection since the public did not buy  
a single painting. The paintings were  
bought by the family with the  
exception of Bill Cowles, our architect.  
These are the cruel facts. Earl time  
and time again Earl is swelled  
with enthusiasm, to find ~~is~~ rich  
with the sense of his own development,  
only to find his ardor met with  
His indomitable courage survives  
cold indifference. After each rejection

he arms ~~to~~ himself naturally with  
his indomitable ~~love~~<sup>survives his</sup> dead, returns to  
the studio to work, ~~but~~ armed  
him with an ever sharper contempt  
for his judges, and for his contemporaries.  
"There's only one thing that matters  
to me right now and that's commitment,  
money. I don't give a god-damn what anyone says about  
my work. If they don't want to  
buy it, it's meaningless babble.  
and I'm not interested. That's the  
way it is — and that's the way I  
want you to have."

"Darling. I don't want to  
see you waste yourself in anger."

"You've a lot more tolerance  
than I am, but then you're not 32  
years old working with all your  
energy on sometimes no body wants.

I don't want to see you defending  
Marshall for keeping a painting ~~in~~  
for a year and not even hanging  
it in his office or offering to buy  
it. He's living with the best  
painting he's ever seen and ~~he's~~  
not worth it."

"I don't mean to defend  
Marshall. It's just that I can't  
bear to see you upset - and if  
you have contempt for everyone  
who does not want to buy your  
paintings, you're going to be  
filled with nothing but contempt.  
That I cannot bear and anger and  
hatred, — for a while."  
"On the contrary, I think my  
attitude is very natural, in fact

healthy. I've just become more realistic — I know now that if a person won't commit himself to ~~the~~ point putting down money, then I'm not interested in his opinions! I have nothing but contempt for his opinions; they're mere babble. Marshall's a gabbler."

Tues.

Dec. 4

Earl helped me last evening. We received yet another in a long list of invitations from people we both consider dull. ~~so~~ I accepted out of habit. Earl protested. I agreed I should not have said yes. "But the thing is, darling," I told him, "~~there are no~~ there is no one up here that I care about seeing. One invitation is just about the same as another. None of them give me any joy — and this I find depressing." "What you have to do, darling, is build up your inner resources for a

while you're ~~enraptured~~, talked out - and instead of running to the brilliant minds for stimulus, you've run up to people who offer <sup>very little</sup> ~~nothing~~. Naturally, you find it depressing. Where will I find brilliant minds? ~~unwashed?~~

"Books - that's the magnificent thing about books. You must do a lot of reading. And you ought to start the piano again, and your photography and spend more time writing. Don't forget that for months <sup>2</sup> the election absorbed your energies. You were filled with enthusiasm; you were aware of all the issues; you were working with other people on something that <sup>really</sup> interested you. Now that the election is over, there is a certain void. You can't depend on the people around here to fill it."

Earl is right, and I believe

his analysis would apply no matter where I lived, no matter how many new people I were meeting.

I have thought about the ~~essential~~ <sup>source</sup> ingredients of happiness from both angles, possession & lack of happiness + unhappiness. I have noticed that when I feel happy, every event is a source of joy, a stimulus for deeper understanding. No event in particular seems responsible for the happiness; each event serves to reveal another facet of the infinite sense of joy within.

When I am unhappy, no event is a source of joy or understanding. But at <sup>the</sup> same time, no event in particular seems responsible for the unhappiness; and each event serves to reveal another facet of the emptiness within.

It is particularly easy for me to realize that my happiness <sup>is</sup> not determined by ~~fluct~~ changes in my outer

circumstances, because those outer circumstances ~~are relatively~~ remain in relatively constant. <sup>I do not write, & lose fortune,</sup> My life ~~is to~~ not have romances, claim maintains or compete for acclaim made up of rhythm is even, outwardly, this even outer rhythm is in contrast with my inner rhythm, which fluctuates sharply, from full ~~satisf~~ So I know that my unhappiness ~~is~~ is not being caused by lack of people or anything else, <sup>other such lack in the world about me.</sup> for I have felt happy with essentially the same group of people, the same set of circumstances.

The direction to look for a source is always to look inward. There I must look for the source of my happiness. Once I am in communion with it again, the events of my life will seem rich with interest, as indeed they will be, for I will no longer be blind.

Louis struck oil. With an <sup>initial</sup> investment  
of \$12,000. he bought one half <sup>an</sup> of an  
oil well field, the other half ~~was bought~~<sup>was taken</sup> by  
the father of one of his Princeton  
friends, who has many oil interests. The first  
place they dug, they  
hit. The flow is excellent. The  
least we can make is \$150,000.00 ~~is~~ <sup>\$</sup>  
~~TAX FREE!~~ Louis has always  
been lucky. This is his most dramatic  
stroke so far.

Wed. Dec 5

I have been so engrossed in myself  
and introspection that I have not  
written about Sackie's marriage. She  
will marry Wayne Bennett on December  
22. She met him in Washington  
one day when she was  
standing in line to get coffee! He  
has been the law clerk for  
Supreme Court Justice Harlan. He  
graduated from Harvard Law School  
with the highest marks in anyone  
has received in ten years. He is  
entering a law firm in Washington,  
Covington, Burt... & Acheson, one of

best firms in the city. They have bought a house in Georgetown. Jackie will continue to work for Senator Case until she starts her family which she says she plans to do immediately.

The evening when we were having dinner with the Saret + John and a roommate a John's from Harvard, Saige, I mentioned the forthcoming marriage. "Wayne Barnett!" John and his friend exclaimed. "We went to Harvard Law School with him." "What a coincidence," I said. "Tell me about him. Did you know him well?"

"Yes - yes, we did," said John, glancing at his friend.

- Well, what about him?"

"He's a genius - he has one of those rare legal brains that appear every now & then - he's in or a

different quality than the rest of us.  
I'll never forget borrowing his notes  
once. That's when I first realized  
how superior he really is. The notes  
were magnificent.

"What was he like as a  
person?" I asked.

They exchanged glances again.  
"Well, I didn't know him too well.  
He was a year ahead and so  
brilliant - he was in a world above

Several weeks later, the Scrivens  
were having dinner at our house. John  
and I had been talking for some  
time when he said, "If I weren't  
in such a hasty mood I wouldn't  
mention Mrs. Barbara, but I think  
I ought to. You remember when we  
discussed Wayne the other night...?"

"Yes, I remember - "

"Well, when you mentioned his  
name, my roommate and I had a  
hard time - because the fact is that

Wayne was an insufferable original he was unbearable, impossible to work with. A friend of mine spent one summer working with him in Washington. When I saw him - he said, "I have been working with the biggest S.O.B. I've ever known. Paul is bright - he has a fine mind, not as good as Wayne's probably, but good. I've never seen him so violent about anybody. I wouldn't tell you this, Barbara, if I didn't think it might be helpful for you to know what his reputation was."

"Maybe he's changed."

"It's very possible. He has the kind of mind which will make it likely he'll end up as Attorney General or something like that."

"I think my sister will might

be very good for him. She has great warmth and spontaneity. My own recollections of Wayne are quite meager. I only met him once or twice. He seemed very nice, quiet, sweet with the children, a sense of humor. I did not find him an exciting personality, but I did like him."

"He was always quiet at college. It wasn't that. It was his insufferable way of acting superior and priggish that made him so disliked."

I discussed this conversation with Earl later that evening. We talked about how differently Sackie has acted about now differently than we did through her counts. Her <sup>new</sup> tone attitude during ours. ~~has been~~ <sup>Her</sup> ~~was~~ calm, thoughtful, undemonstrative. She was filled with ideas of responsibility of marriage, duty, family, etc. Earl and I were so consumed by our passion for each other that we thought of our

marriage in terms of a vital necessity  
to make it proper for us to live  
together. we could not bear to be  
separated. Duty, responsibility, family  
plans were nothing to us. Our  
love carried us along on a tide  
so powerful we never stopped to  
consider or wonder whether we wanted  
to be married. Our love was a fact  
as solid as a mountain. Marriage  
was not a decision, it was an  
official seal upon a fait accompli;  
it was an act ~~we~~ accepted for  
society's sake, not ours.

Thur. Dec. 6

I had a dream last night that was  
so distressing to me that when  
the alarm rang, I gashed at the  
real world with overwhelming gratitude.  
The dream started in a drug store  
in Neuilly, France. It was an

American type drug store with a soda fountain. I was sitting at the fountain eating with some friends. I do not remember exactly who they were. I was married to Earl, but he was not with me. The seat next to me was empty. A man came in and sat there. He was smallish, dark and not attractive, but ~~but~~ despite that I felt an immediate powerful sexual attraction for him. He put his arm around me and kissed me. My longing for him was immense. I was embarrassed about my friends being there. I turned my back on them, however, while the dark man kissed me passionately. I then ~~had~~ felt terribly guilty about Earl, but I did not stop. My longing was more powerful than my guilt.

The next scene ~~was in~~ some to I was driving in a car trying desperately to get somewhere. The obstacles in my way were formidable. I had to drive through a room & then climb up a sheer perpendicular board, like a ping pong table on end, to get to the top of

the window + out onto the street. People tried to keep me, but I kept sliding back. I was frightened and desperate. Finally I got over the wall to the outside. I began to look for my red Plymouth station wagon. <sup>so I could drive away</sup> There were thousands upon thousands of cars parked. The atmosphere was like at a carnival, with neon lights + crowds of people. The lights glinted on the cars, making them all look reddish. I could not find the Plymouth. Then the dark man appeared again. I was immediately aroused + full of overwhelming desire. we went to a room. Somewhere we were going to spend the night together. As I was undressing, I realized that I had under my care Suzanne, Stephanie, Liza + Roger Stewart + Chris + Candy Rich. They kept coming into the room to see me. I did not want them to know

what I was doing, but I felt responsible for them. I was born by quiet desire + my responsibility toward the children.

Then the alarm clock rang. I was weak with relief that this had not happened. But I was depressed by the pervading sexual desire which remained, and by the memory of my kissing the dark man so lustfully, so ~~and~~ excitedly. The desire was real, relentless, destructive but undeniable.

Both Earl and I have felt frustrated lately sexually + otherwise. The sexual problem is simpler than he causes faster than I do. We did discuss it since I last wrote. Earl suggested that perhaps if I played longer with him, the initial building surge to come would abate enough to allow actual <sup>sustained</sup> intercourse. Several nights ago he hurried to me. I

hesitated, cold ~~at first~~ with memories of frustration. But just lying near him, knowing he wanted me, feeling the penis swell & throb under my leg soon aroused me. He played with me with the arts of a magician. He was magnificent, slowing sucking upon my breast while fondling me between my outstretched legs. ~~with infinite~~ when at last he slide his fingers in & out, my hips moved frantically like an S. over wound spring suddenly unleashed. I ~~rose~~ + felt thrust with mechanical ferocity upon his fingers agonized in my anticipation.

When I could stand no more I knelt down between his legs & held the giant penis at its base and began to suck upon it lightly.

my lips hardly touching it, brushing it only. Then gradually I closed my mouth and clasped it and pulled it & sucked it and tongued it and played with the testicles while Earls heaved his body & moaned and cried out.

At last I arose from the penis, lay upon my back, opened & opened my legs and took him in. He came immediately. I held him close while he told me he loved me. We ~~went to~~ separated & went to sleep.

It is possible that Earls' sexual present rhythm is related to his passionate need to release himself from anonymity. "I'm fighting for my life." he said, ~~#~~ last night when I suggested

she going South next winter after  
the baby is born, "I've got to  
get a flag up. I just cannot  
spend the rest of my life fettered  
to these people around here. I  
have to do a painting a week,  
without stopping. Getting that flag  
up is the hardest thing I've  
ever done. I can't let anything stop  
me."

<sup>Perhaps</sup> this vital & urge to  
assert himself and to join his peers  
is related to the rapidity with  
which he takes his sexual fulfillment.  
He cannot control it, the urge to  
come is beyond his powers.

This is a new development.

Although Earl has never wanted to  
have intercourse more than once  
in a night to my <sup>occasional</sup> disappointment,  
nevertheless, he used to be able to have  
Sustained intercourse over as long a  
time as I could possibly desire,

I feel it is important that I do not make a grave issue about this situation, since Earl is not in control. It does not matter what I say. He wants to satisfy me, but for the moment he does not. What I must try to do is to do ease & relax the situation rather than make it tense. But I do not like those erotic dreams. When I wake up I feel frightened and vulnerable, afraid of the force of my desire, ~~and~~ vulnerable to anyone who might chance to stimulate them in me.

Sat. Dec. 8

For the first time in my writing life I ~~see~~ sense a need to write about something that is not happening to me. Writing has always been for me an act of exploration. I am wondering whether or not I might use this

method of exploration to help me understand some of the ~~undeveloped~~ disturbing and destructive desires that I have been a prey to, wishing for another life, new stimuli, etc. Food <sup>waged &</sup> this help me evaluate my present situation ~~better~~ to actualize these repressed feelings in words?

-----

Claire ~~had~~ had been married eight years. That night as she lay in bed looking out through her ice-bright skylight at the full winter moon. ~~she~~ She could see her hands ~~she~~ in the pale light enough. She held them up and looked ~~at the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~her~~ outstretched fingers at moon, broken into wedges of living pearl between her fingers. She played with

she moon, shaping it with her fingers,  
and then at last she put her  
fingers under the covers under  
to warm them and quietly stared  
at the moon which ~~burned~~ a  
brilliant hole in which began to  
throb ~~in the~~ and live like a flame  
under her gaze.

She turned to watch her husband  
sleeping. ~~wide~~ Her eyes were full of the  
moon, ~~part~~ blinded by the moon,  
aching with the moon. His face  
was crushed soft with sleep, ~~dark~~  
in ~~the~~ shadows upon the moon's white  
pillow. She moved ~~near~~ near him. He  
~~gasped~~ She felt the steep-deadened body  
His body started His muscles tensed;  
he opened his eyes and saw her  
and smiled at her and stretched out  
his arm to receive her. She settled  
easily along his side his body. her  
face nestled next to his. She had  
often teased him that his body would

soon take on her contours as soon  
wear away to fit her exactly,  
as each night she lay next to  
him, encircled by his arms, blending  
her soft contours to his lean long body  
until there was no space between  
them. ~~The~~

There was no warmth to  
compare with his warmth. <sup>for Claire,</sup> There  
~~was nothing she could~~ She made  
it the center of her life, the sun  
in the spring, ~~that makes the fire~~  
~~in the winter.~~ ~~she was a young girl~~  
~~She had been brilliant, wild, dissipated~~  
~~but her constantly changing interests,~~  
~~separated off forever~~

~~she was a brilliant girl~~  
~~she was a brilliant girl~~

~~she was a brilliant girl~~  
She knew that her ~~life~~ was  
her treasure, her source of growth and  
joy. Her beauty, her wealth, her brilliance

was nothing to her without love. She  
had been so obviously blessed by  
with outward external gifts, that  
she was able learned early in life  
that none of them were the essence of  
as a child when she drove through  
the streets of New York sitting  
with her father in his Rolls Royce,  
wrapped in a fur rug, she would  
look out at the faces of the masses  
of people going to and from work.  
She used to think how strange, how  
unjust it was that she should have  
been given at birth what "these people  
worked their entire lives to get and  
even then they would never have  
enough". And she would look at  
their faces, so many of them ugly,  
tired, misbegotten, and think how strange,  
how unjust that her face happened to  
be beautiful. She would wrap the

she tittered around her. <sup>She did not feel safe</sup> and looked at her father. She decided then that it was not the having that counted, but the achieving. Anything that had been given could be taken away, and even if it were not taken away, the possession itself was nothing. It was what she would do with her gifts that mattered. The thrill of that thrilled her. Since her gifts were ~~so~~ great, so would her achievement be. <sup>she was stronger even, because he had given her such a headstart</sup> She was scornful of everyone who lived lightly, complacently. Her dreams of achievement were vast, glorious and ~~so~~ vague - amorphous faceless nameless as an unborn child. She worked herself into frenzies of frustration until she finally realized that she did not have the faintest

~~Idea or what she wanted. The dream of achievement was abortive, because She began to look inward, with wonder and delight. She read philosophy and poetry and discovered her self over and over in the philosopher's epiphancies or others. She was free of her father, she thought, because all he did was achieve things, while she, Claine, was uncovering the truths of the ages. The discovery of the truths of her own nature~~

~~God Rest You  
Mind a black I want to understand  
What~~

CLAIKE - What is her story - What is my story. Am I writing my story? Yes

~~I~~ can't seem to focus on. I feel on the edge of a discovery, exhilarated with anticipation. But I can't take the step around the corner to see the new view. I know it is there.

I want to be able to relate ~~the~~<sup>the fragrant</sup> experiences and reflections. I want to feel the full power of ~~my~~ intelligence, as far as I have anticipated an epiphany. I took a walk through the ~~snow~~<sup>sunlit</sup>. The ~~golden~~ straw burst ~~up~~ out of the white snow, a golden harvest. Ice dripped from ~~tawny~~<sup>blood red</sup> oak leaves and the pine needles were tipped with ~~flittering~~<sup>icon ornaments.</sup> glittering orange ~~icon ornaments.~~

With crystal - I walked as if in a dream, my mind suspended, waiting, poised. Nothing happened.

I received a letter from Marshall after Pat Couici read the early except Samiul that it doesn't yet give a picture of a rounded & developing person. He told me to keep going as I as have been - but added that

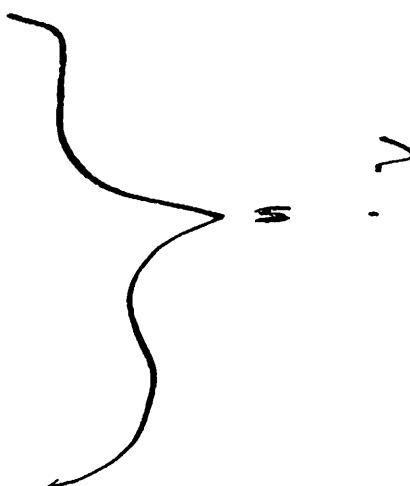
It is the rare exception when an unknown writer keeps such a well-integrated journal that it tells the story of a life or personality and can be read for its own sake.

I want to be sure what my urge to pull the pieces of the canon together springs not from Marshall's comments but from an interior necessity. Whether I am able to do so or not will give me my answer.

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## CLANES

- : HUSBAND
- : CHILDREN
- : HOME
- : GARDEN
- : COMMUNITY
- : NATURE
- : WRITING



~~It was usually she fell asleep immediately. Mark Marc would say "aren't the stars too tired to look at the stars. But lately she lay awake thinking.~~

Claire was a beautiful girl, and she was rich, in money, in husband, in children, in spirit. Life was precious to her. She did not look to God to give life meaning. She found ~~the~~ her purpose through her loves. It was precious because she loved it. She knew that this was her moment alive, that before this moment and after an infinite darkness. She was determined that the light would burn brightly while it lasted.

I am deeply disappointed. I cannot seem to write about Clavie. + have no central theme to develop. I do not purposefully know where. I do not know how to develop a central theme, for I seem to be at the mercy of a mind that does not see except by association, a mind that does not conceive in wholes blocks, but only ~~in~~<sup>in</sup> other ~~other~~<sup>thought</sup> fragments which ~~at least~~<sup>at least</sup> ~~a second~~<sup>and so on.</sup> Yesterday I reread A Gift From the Sea, hoping it would set me going upon my own theme. The ideas + writing seemed so simple, so obvious, yet I was incapable of writing even one paragraph of my own. My annoyance at the lack of an expanding social life of my own faces incapacity dwindle to nothing in the face of Anne Ling Gruel wrote of her vacation on the sea, or her mornings of writing which expressed her utterly, I was filled with longing

to do the same. But I have run dry. My days are filled with unrelated details which add up to nothing. My energy is ~~disseminated~~.

I wake up in the morning dreading the morning because I will sit down to write & I will write nothing - or else nonsense like this which is just an excuse to keep the pen ~~too~~ <sup>Sometimes my life seems to be a</sup> flowing from the pen. ~~too~~ <sup>series of diminishing circles leading</sup> towards a central nothingness.

Paul has asked me to write

something for the Craft Museum which will show how the cut outs ~~rate~~ should be of interest to them, that they do fit in the category of a craft.

The ~~distance~~ between the crafts and the fine so-called fine arts has been rapidly diminishing in recent years. The ~~demand~~ for good design ~~has~~ ~~been~~ answered by artists

These cut-outs are constructed with  
the following materials:

EE I developed the cut-out  
partly due to my interest in modern  
ceramics. I have used new materials  
in a new way

My interest in modern ceramics  
started me wondering how I might  
use materials easily available today  
to achieve some effects which  
pleased me

I have been painting for  
several years now.

This cut-out technique grew out  
of my fascination with modern  
ceramics. ~~I wanted to use in my own work~~  
~~attainable in~~ The definition and clarity  
of the three dimensional wall ceramic.

I began to experiment with various  
materials easily available to me. I

believe that I have developed a  
technique which provides not only the three-dimensional  
provides not only the 3-dim. effects  
of a ceramic ~~sea~~ but affords  
the 3-d effects of a ceramic  
plus infinite textural variations.

I had a one man show last  
January at the Panoramic Garden in  
New York. You will find me listed  
in Who's Who in Am. Art.

Sat. Dec. 15

\* My Impatiens plant is dying up. The leaves are limp and pale, covered with dust; the ~~branches~~ stems droop. And the <sup>with which Impatiens was sown</sup> ~~stems~~ <sup>Ansps of</sup> red star flowers, the ~~bright & sweet~~ twinkling petaled bloom, where are they? There is not even ~~so much~~ a one small bud, nor one whitened petal to show that once the Impatiens flowered. If I did not know my plant, I would ~~never suppose~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~guessing~~ up that it is <sup>to</sup> no way a ~~knowing~~ flowering plant, that it is a plant that flowers.

But I do know the Impatiens and I know myself: we are both flowering plants that for the moment bear no blooms. With us it is a sickness, while for ~~most~~ other plants like the bright-leaved Coleus, which also grows in my indoor garden, <sup>in my indoor garden,</sup> it is the natural condition. ~~like~~ There are some plants, and some people, whose beauty ~~and fulfillment~~ does not reveal itself in specific bloom, whose

~~Growth~~ growth is general, not epitomised  
in flowers which live briefly. These  
die. But a flowering plant is not  
growing if it is not blooming; there  
must be buds, and unfolde unfurled  
flowers, and withering petals. That  
is the natural condition of a  
flowering plant. At a certain ~~time~~<sup>stage</sup> the  
difference between myself and most  
people I know is that their happiness  
does not seem to be of the flowering  
kind; for it does not outwardly at  
least, depend on specific blooms;  
they do not seem to crave  
~~any~~<sup>that kind of</sup> fruition. ~~of mine~~ I do.

My flower~~s~~ is my writing, my art.  
If I do not burst into bloom,  
I am not well for me. There is no general  
growth without particular flowers,  
which I can look at and smell touch  
and arrange in bouquets.  
When I am well, when I am

floweius, each moment is a fulfilling,  
each day a joy. ~~no matter what~~  
~~the particular events~~ each night a  
prelude to a new adventure.

If I am unwell, & I am not  
floweius up, moments are meaningless,  
days endless, lights dark and mornings  
grey.

and my philosophy, how it ~~changes~~  
alters  
to fit one condition or the other.  
I believe a ~~consistent~~ philosophy  
must be dependent on a ~~consistent~~  
temperament, because ~~the~~ world-view  
If I am happy, so is my philosophy.  
my view of the world. I speak of  
joy and love + growth and see them  
manifested every where, in even ~~tragedy~~,  
dying gesture of nature; I see hope  
~~cause from~~ sadness, strength from adversity;  
I am indomitable and my philosophy  
life is a joy that need no explanation,  
no purpose to give it value + time  
our writing is only a matter of describing

The beauty I see everywhere, the flowers bloom easily.

If I am not happy, I begin to look for explanations, purposes and values. Deprived of ~~the~~ joy, I look for reasons. I wonder how people can bear their dull lives; and how I can bear mine. I look forward to nothing, because there is no thing I know of that can bring back the joy. I read the philosophers, but what difference does it make if the world is said to be organized this way or that if I'm not enjoying it? I think that I will try to cure my impatience back to flower'd again. & It is a simple task, watery sunlight, I will give it sunlight, dust its leaves, feed it and water it with care. I will be gentle with it, and through the long' up act, I will perhaps come to bloom again myself.

Mon. Dec. 17

~~Ann and Stew.~~ Ann and Stewart Hoskin  
were to pick us up at 3:00 to  
take us to the opening of a new  
gallery in Bethlehem, Connecticut. Richard  
Blow who was being given a one  
man show, had from ~~one~~ 1:30  
to 3:00 to relax. Earl had just  
finished a painting. He stretched out  
in bed for a nap and I ensconced  
myself in my favorite reading  
napping place in the corner of the  
~~soot~~ deep, <sup>pillowy</sup> couch with the curtains  
pulled far enough to see the ~~int~~  
ice <sup>ensconced</sup> ~~heat~~ from the  
branches ~~pendants~~ of frozen water hung suspended  
from every ~~the~~ the underneath  
the branches, green ornaments reflecting  
the winter sky and snow. Every  
now and then in the course of  
ordinary days comes a perfect

now, precious beyond reason. I passed  
such an hour then because I had  
revealed  
a book which opened my eyes to  
~~the infinite possibilities~~ my world  
to me again. "An English Year"  
by Nan Fairbrother. ~~This~~ This is  
the first author <sup>a writer</sup> I have ever found  
whose method is similar to mine. She  
writes her <sup>76</sup> method is simply  
~~to take the events~~  
association. ~~She~~ takes the events  
is a description  
of her life during a year alone in  
the country with her 2 small dogs.  
The description of all the description  
of a By means of association the  
description of a simple event becomes  
the a spring board for other ideas. memories  
descriptions, and for her views on  
subjects as diverse as painting  
literature, and botany. the whole range  
of her interests is explored by the  
associative method. The relating factor  
is the author herself and the concrete  
events of <sup>her</sup> life. she is leading her  
writing reminded me what it is the

reaction & to the simplest of experiences  
can be of cosmic significance. My love  
of Thoreau and Robert Frost became again  
a useful love. My mind ~~became~~<sup>flooded</sup> full  
of many things that I could have  
been writing about during the past  
inf sterile winters. I was rich again,  
alive to the stimuli around me, powerful  
with interest. I read slowly, savouring  
sentences, pausing to watch a squirrel  
slide ~~for food~~ upon the icy snow,  
returning to the book for another paragraph,  
lifting my eyes again to treasure  
in silence the still and fragrant, suspended  
gloomy forest.

At 2:30 I arose from the  
depths of pillow & crept to run  
a bath. I put my book upon my  
dressing table & read while I  
brushed my hair and cleaned my face.  
The room filled with warmth and  
the moist fragrance of my bath oil.  
Slowly I sank into the tub, prickling  
with pleasure, the skin as the warm

wake performed water enveloped us.

The stay light up above the bath tub opened to the drift. By 3:00 we were ready for the Hostkins. The drive to Bethlehem took us through the heart of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> storm which had only touched our area. ~~The~~ <sup>The</sup> ~~desestation~~ was beautiful.

Great limbs of trees had been torn from the ~~soother~~ trunk, revealing golden wounds. ~~wood~~ Downed wires festooned the road side. Signs were fringed with icicles, young trees bowed deeply to the ground, rough fences for miles, miles were written were iced & rounded & smoothed by ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> tension antenna was laced with it and the houses. The descending twilight turned the trees to blue.

lace and from inside the houses honeycombed  
big ~~walls~~ light showed where ~~the~~  
windows were.

It was night when we reached  
the gallery, a small old house at  
the intersection of routes 61 and 132. Five  
several cars lined the road. We  
drove on way gingerly across the  
slippery road and the stone icy  
entrance walk. The gallery was on  
the first floor of the house. For  
~~all the bare floors~~ The rooms looked  
cluttered and bare at the same time,  
like an unfurnished house into which  
furniture has been stored. Along the  
walls of the small, bare-floored rooms  
were tables, desks ~~and~~ with ornate lamps,  
and an occasional antique chair or  
desk. The work of the artist had  
to be looked at behind <sup>the darkest</sup> clutter  
of lamps. They were small, pieces related

by <sup>a similar</sup> the construction technique rather than by the artist's consistent <sup>design</sup> ~~work~~ of the world. The technique is called intarsia, a type of mosaic peculiar to the Florentines, ~~Antarsia~~, and is ~~not~~ executed in Italy. Various thin plaques of polished stones are cut, polished, etc. and cemented to a second piece of stone inlaid to make the picture. Richard Blow designs the work and instructs the Italians as to construction details. Some of the work pictures were highly intricate bouquets tied with flowing ribbon on a dark background; others were scenes of ancient ruins and there was one black fish with a glinting jewel eye and ~~glistening~~ jewel scales. I liked this one best. The artist had also made tables of the inlaid marbles and other stones. It was difficult to see them because they were covered with many lamps and ash trays and hors d'oeuvres plates and empty glasses.

I enjoyed the artist far more than his work. He was tall, portly, Richard Blow liked to talk. He stood by the fire, tall, beautifully dressed in brown tweed + horned book rest, mustached, and easy to approach. Earl ~~said~~<sup>was</sup> + asked him about the technique. According to him Antwerp was a dying art. <sup>few remaining</sup> The artisans who still knew how were leaving to become grocers and bakers until Mr. Blow began giving them work to execute.

I asked mentioned that I heard he had three homes, in Florence, in New York and in Millbrook. He added <sup>there was also a gallery in New York which</sup> ~~he kept going~~ <sup>he kept also</sup> had a gallery in New York.

"You certainly are a man of many parts." I said.

He smiled. "Have you ever been non-complementary?" he asked.

I did not understand him for a moment.

"You see this whole in your head."

He lowered his broad-forehead to point to an indentation on the bald surface. "I had an accident." For 6 months I was completely non-compensable - I remember nothing of that. ~~that when I had~~ Then I had an operation, ~~and there~~ was space the brace & expanded and filled the hole and within ten days I had completely recovered. But I was kept in the New York White Plains Hospital for 3 years. Why? Because I could afford it, because there was a check for them each month coming from the Bankers' Trust."

"You mean to say that they kept you there even though you were completely sane?"

"That's right." He paused. "Yes, but they weren't any help. . . Do you have a family?" "No." "Couldn't you get any independent psychiatrist to examine you?" "It would just be his tone

opinion against 26 doctors from the hospital. The judge sent me to this sanatorium, it used to be called Bloomingdale's, and I was stuck there till they pronounced me sane. It is no simple thing to establish sanity legally.

I have a friend from Texas whose been in there for 8 years, <sup>perfectly sane.</sup> They have lawyers working on the case. They're trying to get him out under a writ of habeas corpus.

"It's hard to believe."

"Damn right it is..."

"You ought to write about this," said Earl.

"We are would publish it."

"You mean there is such a force now ~~in fact~~ to stimulate the public's support for psychiatry that this sort of story would not be acceptable?" said Earl.

"That's it."

As we were trying to probe him further, to establish Sandy Calder, & his wife Louisa and daughter Mary walked into the central room. The gallery owner, M. Trefford, greeted them warmly. They circulated among the people, Calder whether or not he had been drinking, for it was hard to tell shaking everyone's hand, <sup>saying</sup> <sup>as if</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>had</sup> <sup>been</sup> <sup>drinking</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>such</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>strange</sup> <sup>manner.</sup> sitting on the couch in front of the small fire place. He thrust his heavy hand toward me. "Calder," he said. "Hello, Mr. Calder." said I. He moved on. Louisa looked even more the aristocrat turned peasant than she had when I saw her two years ago. The finely etched face, the clear blue eyes <sup>with</sup> <sup>tattoo</sup> & fair skin were the same. But her blonde hair was dishevelled, and her figure seemed even more blowsy. Her clothes were ~~a~~ blatantly accented <sup>at</sup> ~~accentuated~~ <sup>allusion</sup> to her heavy body. She wore a full black blouse with ropes of <sup>a</sup> ~~big~~ massive silver ~~string~~ necklaces <sup>big</sup>

about her neck, ~~falling~~<sup>curving down</sup> across her  
~~mountainous~~ bosom towards her  
waist. & Her skirt was of a heavy  
red material, like burlap. It billowed <sup>out</sup> from  
the thick waist across the ~~watermelons~~<sup>hips</sup>,  
Her legs were ~~covered~~ in ~~leg~~ & long  
yellow wooden socks.

I decided to go over & say  
hello to her. On my way, I was  
stopped by Calder. "What is it?" he  
asked, staring at the free-form  
silver pendant that Earl had bought  
several other people had asked me ~~the same question~~  
me. "What ever you like," I said,  
~~what does give any~~<sup>usual</sup> answer. "What  
does it look like to you?" He looked  
at it a moment. "W.C." It says  
W.C. He began to laugh, his whole  
body bouncing, his small eyes squinting,  
and showing his blackened, rotten front  
~~teeth~~. teeth. I looked down at the necklace. &  
There indeed, clear as day, were the  
initials W.C. No galloping horses,  
or people wrestling or snakes playing.  
only W.C.  "why, Mr. Calder,

you're absolutely right. It does say,  
W.C. = I'll never be able to see  
anything but W.C. again."

He chuckled and I chuckled, and  
he moved aside and let me pass on.

I approached Louisa and her daughter  
Mary, a replica <sup>of her mother, physically</sup> ~~widout the b.~~. but  
with the father's broader, softer features  
rather than the fine bone-structure  
of her mother's face. I asked:

"Hello, Mrs. Calder." I said. "You  
probably don't remember me. But I  
<sup>wonderful going-away</sup> came to your party last year. I'll  
never forget it."

"What was that?" Mary  
asked, smiling lucidly.

"I believe it was just before  
you went to India. — You <sup>had</sup> ~~ate~~ that  
wonderful buffet, with ~~the~~ your bread  
and roast goose & ham & <sup>crock</sup> ~~pots~~ of butter."

"Oh, yes, it was a mess, I'm  
sure," said Louise.

"Are you settled for a while?" I  
asked her.

"Yes," she said, "except for taking  
Mary back to school."

"Where do you go to school?"

I asked her again.

"Putney."

"Oh, yes, my sister almost went  
there. It's co-ed, isn't it? That makes so  
much more sense, don't you think?"

Louise and Mary giggled.

"It's <sup>a</sup> far more normal  
existence," said Louise.

Earl had joined us. The  
conversation was routine. I began to laugh,  
remembering what Calder had said about  
my necklace. I told Earl. Everyone else  
stopped their conversation, which had  
been merely politeness, to listen. We all

laughed. I left the group and went back to Calder. "Mr. Calder," I said, "you've absolutely ruined this necklace for me. I'll never see anything but W.C. from now on."

He laughed warmly. "What are your initials?" he asked.

Suddenly I remembered the childhood joke - before I married my initials had been B.M. for Barbara Marx. I blushed and laughing told him. "My initials were B.M."

This brought thunderous guffaws from Calder. He snuck back his head and gave way to laughter. I joined him. He put his arm around me and gave me the semblance of an affectionate kiss. "I'll have to make

you a B.M. necklace," he said, dropping  
himself into another burst of laughter.  
I went back to tell Earl & Louise  
the outcome of the joke. And pretty  
soon half the room-full of people  
were sharing our laughter.

At that point Anne Hostines  
asked me if we were ready to leave.  
We said good-bye to everyone, telling  
the gallery owner, François Zoeffel that  
we would send him directions to  
our house so he might see E.'s  
paintings.

I wonder whether I'll get my  
B.M. necklace to hang next to my  
W.C. necklace.

"Does she talk about it?" I asked.  
"She doesn't mean to, but she  
can't help herself. She is even in an  
agony about what she should wear."

"I brought just the things for her."

~~Anne was expressing a point of view which interests me. We were discussing our position of leadership in the world today, that it is our responsibility, whether we like it or not, to act as the leader of the free world.~~

"There's some things about that that just goes against my grain," Anne said. "What gives us the right to tell other people what to do,<sup>to call ourselves "leaders"</sup> sometimes I cannot stand to do in my own life - even with <sup>my</sup> children, I never feel I had the right to tell them what to do. I hate it."

fran Calder. He turned back his head and gave way to laughter. I joined him. He put his arm around me and gave me the semblance of an affectionate kiss. "I'll have to make

slim and immaculate in slacks, white  
marie's shirt & top tie, her blond hair drawn back  
in a <sup>graceful</sup> chignon. She gave me a hug.  
Her body is as ~~as~~ slim as <sup>a child's</sup> Suzanne's,  
her short shoulders nothing but bone  
under my hands.

"I don't know why, but I'm  
not one least bit nervous, it's almost  
as if it was someone else's party.  
Victor and I were up till 3 o'clock  
last night trimming the trees - But  
Bobby, wait till you see Jackie. It's  
unbelievable what agony she  
is going through about her wedding  
night."

"Does she talk about it?" I asked  
"She doesn't mean to," but she  
"She doesn't mean to"  
can't help herself. She is even in an  
agony about what she should wear."

"I brought just the things for her."

I said, showing Idella the filmy  
Salmon-orange chiffon night-gown  
& petticoat I had found at Bergdorf's.

"Oh, Bobby, that's beautiful. It  
is the best length and I think the bust  
line will be perfect." I had asked  
searched for a nightie that would  
hold an ample bosom.

"Poor Sackie," Idella continued.  
"It impossible to talk to her, she's  
in such a state, & about the first year.  
"Has any body worried about  
what Wayne is going to wear?"

Idella laughed and we went on  
to discuss the problem of the wedding  
dress. ~~It~~ The train is so long  
that we couldn't fit the dress any-  
where. Finally had to hang it  
out in the garage. When they heard  
that there would be three little boys  
carrying the train, they added a

"I think I'll go down with Party,"

she said.

My feeling of being left out as a sister crystallized and my eyes burned with tears. I went in the bathroom, closed the door which has no lock on it, and began to weep. <sup>hoping no one would care</sup> Sog, For in many weeks I had felt alone, bored by people, unable to participate whole-heartedly. <sup>(in my heart)</sup> the fact that Jackie had made no effort to draw me to her, to include me in her life, hurt me. I felt sorry for myself & wept tears of self-pity. I wanted to hurt Jackie.

"I'll ignore her," I thought. Then I realized how ridiculous, how mean to do anything to <sup>upset</sup> heart her the day before her wedding. <sup>that would make me feel worse -</sup> "I just will accept the fact that she doesn't need me." This thought only made me weep more. "There's nobody for me to

Strive out against. What can I do to  
stop feeling miserable? Wash your face  
take a bath and forget about it.  
It's natural that Jackie should be  
closer to Patsy than to me - they  
have lived together for 6 years  
while I've been married. Besides,  
Patsy tells me I do nothing but  
preach & lecture to them when they  
do see us, so it's no wonder Jackie  
is not close to me. But I can't  
help it, I feel a bigger wall between  
Jackie & me. When some one you  
love hurts you ~~my only protection~~  
<sup>reaches a</sup> is known to try not to love, to rehears.  
It would be better to over come the  
bigger than to hide behind it, but I  
can't, & I stepped into the hot tub  
I had been running for myself,

and let the tears ~~to~~ flow unimpeded!

"Darn it, my eyes are going to be red for tonight."

I finished my tub, <sup>bathed my eyes with</sup> <sup>cold water</sup> and putting on a robe, ventured out into the room where Sackie & Patsy were still gathering things. I got into bed with a magazine and hid behind it, silently staring at the page, seeing nothing.

"How are you feeling, Barbara?" said Sackie, coming over & giving me a kiss.

"Aight." I said, buried behind the magazine. "I have your ~~considered~~ present," she said, handing me a small wrapped package. I opened it. A pair of pearl earrings. "Thank you, Sackie, they're very nice." I got up and <sup>threw</sup> ~~put~~ it down into my suitcase which was open

on the floor.

"They had them made up from  
some of the pearls we bought in  
Japan."

I got back into bed and hid behind  
the magazine again.

"We're going out now," said

Sactice. "Come on, Pat, let's take our  
bath in Louis' room. You can get  
a rest now." she said to me, turning  
off the lights. Party came over

and gave me a kiss. "I love you,"  
she said, staring at my red eyes..

I maintained my <sup>silence</sup> ~~position~~ behind the  
magazine. They left me alone. I sunk  
down beneath the covers, my eyes  
burning. I lay there a few minutes.

~~then got up and went up stairs to~~  
~~distract Earl cause he to take his~~  
bath. He gave me a kiss + looking

at me in the dim light said, "Are you  
crying?"

"For heaven's sake, no," I said. "I  
had an attack of hay fever."

Earl went said "Oh," and went  
into the bathroom.

I could not rest. I arose &  
went up stairs to distract myself with  
the children. The two nurses & the two  
girls & Spencer were sitting in the  
darkened play room watching a cartoon  
on T.V. "Look, Mummy, Watch Mummy,  
said Stephanie, doing a somersault  
in the big arm chair. I tried to watch  
T.V. but my eyes hurt, and so I left,  
going back down stairs to begin to dress.  
I ~~too~~ wished I could escape the evening  
ahead. I looked in the mirror, made a  
face at myself, laughed, and began to  
get organized for the formal dinner  
party.

I went into Idella's dressing room to find some green eye shadow to match my green dress. Idella dressed. She looked beautiful in white lace gown with a large sash a tanpe color, & on which a diamond brooch glittered. She was ~~dusty~~<sup>finely</sup> powdered. Patsy's hair in a chignon. Patsy's smooth rose which ~~matched~~<sup>complemented</sup> a delicate ~~rose~~<sup>soft</sup> glow in her cheeks.

"Bogart, Maine holding up beautifully." said Idella. "Usually in your condition the slightest thing can upset you."

"I feel wonderful." I said suspecting that the girls had discussed my odd behavior with Idella.

To her we all got into

convertible, which seemed incongruous to me after the Eldorado, the Lincoln Continental, the Cadillac, the Blue Rolls Royce, & the Caddy Cars, the

... with what fortitude, given  
she had to work with  
Mother." He raised his glass  
to Olive May who was seated next to  
my father.

Olive May arose. "Ah want  
Wayne to know he's been a wonderful  
son, he's something special. He was  
makin' third son, and you know what  
name ah had picked out for him?  
Jacqueline. Well, nad ah loved Wayne  
even though he wasn't a <sup>a</sup> ~~for~~ Jacqueline.  
But now ah have makin' sacrifice  
too, and already ah love her. Ah  
think ah aim very lucky."

Daddy stood up again "Ah I  
want to give a toast to Bobby.  
Today is her birthday." Everyone stood  
up + said happy birthday to me.

When they finished I went over  
and to give Daddy a kiss. I was  
skip sexy part.

I went into Idella's dressing room to find some green eye shadow to match my green dress. Idella was dressed. She looked beautiful in a white lace gown with a large sash of tanpe color, & on which a diamond brooch glittered. She was ~~fixing~~ Patsy's hair in a chignon. Patsy's smooth young face was radiant, her lipstick a delicate rose which <sup>complemented</sup> ~~matched~~ the soft glow in her <sup>cheeks</sup> cheeks.

"Bobby, you're holding up beautifully," said Idella. "Usually in your condition the slightest thing can upset you."

"I feel wonderful." I said  
that the girls had discussed  
suspecting my odd behavior with Idella.

Never we all got into Loris' Ford convertible, which seemed incongruous to me after the Eldorado, the Blue Rolls Royce, <sup>the Lincoln Continental</sup> & the Cadillac Caren Cars, the

she did & with what fortitude, given  
the material she had to work with.  
Thank you, Mother." He raised his glass  
to Ollie May who was seated next to  
my father.

Ollie May arose. "Ah want  
Wayne to know he's been a wonderful  
son, he's something special. He was  
mah third son, and you know what  
name ah had picked out for him?  
Jacqueline. Well, now ah loved Wayne  
even though he wasn't ~~a~~ <sup>an</sup> Jacqueline,  
but now ah have mah Jackie  
too, and already ah love her. Ah  
think ah am very lucky."

Daddy stood up again "As I  
want to give a toast to Bobby.  
Today is his birthday." Everyone stood  
up & sang happy birthday to me.

When they finished I went over  
and to give Daddy a kiss. I was  
skip sex part.

at last I got the children back  
in bed. Earl was sitting <sup>on the bed</sup> in the darkened  
room in his pajamas. I walked over  
to him. He spread his knees and  
took me in his arms. He kissed my  
breast through the heavy green silk  
dress. I had no brassiere on. He  
walked behind and ~~unzipped~~ pulled  
the zipper down my back. I heard  
the opened dress to me while he  
kissed my shoulders. Slowly he slide  
the evening gown down until my  
swelling breasts ~~were pointed with rigid~~  
~~lips~~ were revealed white in the darkness  
against the emerald green of my crumpled  
dress. He held each breast and licked the  
nipples slowly. I was lost in ecstasy  
from that moment on, so that there was

nothing else in the world but my  
breasts, my nipples and the nerves  
between my legs and the throbbing penis.  
My dress fell to the floor. Earl  
had slid off my panties + stockings.  
I stood naked in front of him, feeling  
the penis flick against my legs. He  
ran his hands over my body like  
a sculptor feeling his statue. He  
stroked the hair above my tightly pressed  
together legs until I shifted my  
stance opening my legs. He only stroked  
the hair + sucked upon the nipple.  
~~Wet, moist~~ ~~He stroked + stroked~~  
+ sucked <sup>my "nipple"</sup> + stroked the wiry hair while  
I buried my face against the top of  
his head waiting timidly for the fingers  
to touch my throbbing genitals.   
At last I climbed ~~the~~ stiff

with my passion into the soft opened  
bed. I ~~slept down under the robes~~  
~~as spread my legs~~ I lay upon  
my back & spread my legs &  
raised my hips, revelation revealing  
in wanton lust, wanting to be  
utterly exposed to Carl. He lay  
down beside me & taking my  
breast into his mouth, he slide his  
hand down slowly over my stomach, I  
raised my hips to meet the hand.  
He put it where I wanted it and began  
~~massaging him~~ to caress me. I took  
his penis in my hand and wild as  
I was with my own ecstasy, I was  
yearning to play with him.

"Let's never stop. Let's do it for always"

+ hours & hours I ran my hand  
up + down his penis. The veins  
swelled, the testicles swelled. Our  
bodies undulated in a passion  
almost one. waiting to be one. ~~the~~

at last he entered me. Slowly in  
& out he went. I could feel the  
blunt end of the penis in my hand  
as well as in my body so ~~so~~ up  
had I been touching it. Our bodies  
~~we~~ breathed as one. "It's as if  
breathing were ecstasy; I moaned, each  
breath ecstasy."

We copulated slowly, swallowing  
our moans of passion in slow sucking  
kisses in rhythm with our bodies. When  
Earl came. I came with him, or I  
came again, for ~~is~~ such perfect inter-  
course is for me a continual coming.

We lay together, bathed in <sup>the</sup> mingled  
moisture of our bodies. I had almost  
fallen asleep in his arms when  
to my joy I felt the penis  
swell again. I was ready for him,  
wild for him within an instant.  
He climbed upon me & the penis  
slid in. "Oh, God, that mouth, that  
warm mouth, what is where it  
belongs, I'd die if I couldn't  
put it there."

I wrapped my legs around his  
back & copulated in wide circular  
movements of my hips. Spasms of  
ecstasy shook us. At last Earl ~~had~~  
<sup>had enough</sup> He did not come again. He withdrew  
the ~~so~~ soaking giant penis & we  
fell asleep naked body on naked body, her <sup>breast</sup> breast  
warmly cupped in his underarm, my

him at the lake, and <sup>the</sup> whisky was he served in frosted silver cups, and playing Mozart's Jupiter Symphony fan hand, on hot summer afternoons. I had been sorry when Earl and I had always called him our Somerset Maugham. I saw him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Alau Bole," I said.

He turned and I saw he ~~too~~ was the same Alau, with the blond, tanned complexion, the full, sensitive mouth.

"Barbara!" he said. "What a pleasure. How are you?" Let me introduce you to my friend, Philippine de. . . . he ~~said~~ spoke a French ~~as~~ name.

Mon. Jan. 7, 1957

... dressed

Earl and I are going to New York tomorrow to celebrate our sixth anniversary in the privacy of New York, with no appointments to make keep and no people to see, except lunch with Louis and a Craft museum, where we intend to

We lay together, gathered in <sup>the</sup> mingled  
moisture of our bodies. I had almost  
fallen asleep in his arms when  
to my joy I felt the penis  
swell again. I was ready for him,  
wild for him within an instant.  
We climbed upon me & the penis  
slid in. "Oh God, that mouth, that  
warm mouth, what is where it  
belongs, I'd die if I couldn't  
put it there."

I wrapped my legs around his  
two and a half years. He  
travelled abroad. I <sup>had</sup> heard stories of  
his adventures, in villas along  
the Riviera, with artists in Rome,  
swimming off the coast of Greece. He  
had finished a novel, Marshall had read  
me, and was going to show  
it to Viking. I remembered picnics with

him at the lake, and <sup>the</sup> ~~university~~ songs he served in frosted silver cups, and play'd  
Mozart's Jupiter Symphony,  
fan hand), on hot summer afternoons.  
I had been sorry when Earl and I had  
always called him our Somerset Maugham.  
I saw him and tapped him on the  
shoulder.

"Alas Bole," I said.

He turned and I saw he ~~too~~ was  
the same Alas, with the blond, tanned  
complexion, the full, sensitive mouth.

"Barbara!" he said. "What a  
pleasure. How are you? Let me introduce  
you to my friend, Philippine de. - - - -"  
he ~~said~~ spoke a French ~~as~~ name.  
His companion, an immaculately dressed  
Frenchman, in his late 30's, bowed and  
said hello in the French manner.

"How long will you be in town.  
Will you be in over night. We could have  
a drink together."

"I'd love it." I said. "But you had  
better come and ask Earl yourself. He has

been fighting off some intestinal bug  
and I don't want to say yes  
for him."

"I'll do that. I'll come over &  
see you after lunch."

As we sat sippin' up our second  
cup of tea Alan came over. Earl,  
who was <sup>gallantly</sup> refusing to let his ailments  
interfere <sup>with</sup> our little vacation, had  
agreed to the meeting.

"Where shall I meet you?"  
Alan asked, "Where are you staying?"  
"At the Graham," said <sup>Earl.</sup> "Let's  
meet at the Graham bar."

"At six?"  
"Yes, six will be fine."  
"There's more than one bar at  
the Graham," Alan asked, "I don't want  
to be sitting in the decide room while  
you're waiting in the -- in the tap  
corner..."

We laughed. "There's only one Gar."

He left us + ~~watched~~ His suit  
was in a light <sup>material</sup> tan.. rather summery.  
I remembered how his friends in Laramie,  
the two maiden school <sup>teachers</sup> teachers, had  
complained of the state of his clothes  
when they had helped him pack. "why  
he doesn't have one pair of pajamas that  
isn't a rag... and his underclothes...  
but he won't let us know them away  
or buy new ones for him."

We stopped off on the  
after an hour we took the  
large museum elevator down to the  
floor where Jackson Pollock's <sup>paintings</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>had been</sup> struck  
being shown. The vast canvases <sup>first</sup> ~~that~~  
me with the impact of the sea,  
the boundless, <sup>restless</sup> ~~heaving~~, <sup>restless</sup> ~~calm~~ ~~intensity~~  
~~self~~ white-capped ocean that makes  
a continent <sup>a</sup> land a shore-line, and  
of the solid ~~land~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~solid~~ <sup>the</sup> land into a place of rest,  
turns the land into a point of embarkation.  
I sat upon the good heavy wooden bench

and I <sup>stared</sup> looked into the thrashing of  
horizonless walls of paint - it seemed to  
me that I was looking at the movement  
behind that <sup>makes</sup> is the solid shapes &  
<sup>our eye sees</sup> know. I felt that the random  
movement of all life was revealed  
to me. There were no objects, only  
motion, but out of <sup>the</sup> that random  
motion and my body feels. ~~that~~ out  
of this random motion, out of a series  
careening paths, individually unpredictable,  
that our familiar world is constructed.  
This is the structure revealed, and  
I sensed that it was a structure  
of rhythm not of shape, of movement not <sup>substance</sup>  
of tension not <sup>form</sup> force, of all <sup>not</sup> forms.  
object, I only saw the after-glow of  
motion. As I looked longer, an  
order emerged as my eye became  
accustomed to moving with the choreography  
rather than trying to configure solid forms.  
Dominant rhythmic patterns pulsed out

to me as my eye grew familiar with  
the dance. The ~~heavy~~<sup>thudding</sup> black commotion,  
became distinguished from the faster  
moving orange ~~for over~~ which is now sped  
to the lightning ~~for~~ streaks  
of white. ~~speed.~~ over the river  
the line. the ~~written~~<sup>more erratic</sup> &  
~~until~~<sup>as</sup> the tempo ~~the~~ faster  
the motion, as the tempos changed  
I ~~feel~~ more at ease beyond the  
point where motion can be traced.  
and became

we moved on to the next room,  
where Balthus' paintings were shown.  
I felt as though a mask ~~had been worn~~  
~~covered a disguise~~ concealed the forms  
~~been brought over~~ ~~unintelligible.~~ I  
was compelled to go again to see  
the other room, where the universe was  
revealed. The similarity of the attack to  
another seems inevitable to me, all matter  
is in motion, it is only that the motion

So powerful was Pollack's vision that  
for the moment it was the static world &

observation + that became illusory. <sup>or at least incomplete</sup> The particular movement to rythms my senses do not catch because real is those paintings and a new dimension was added <sup>to my perception</sup> to <sup>laston</sup> of the world.

That day we also saw a Beuerman's exhibition at the Hammer Gallery. The undecurrents of movement ~~of~~ which Pollock had made me aware were accentuated by the Beuerman's scenes this time in terms of my own physical self. I yearned for travel <sup>for</sup>, see restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne, the sunny <sup>in Italy</sup> café, the Alps ~~at this~~ in winter. The roots which we have put down into the Connecticut soil are fast firmly enough entrenched so that ~~we~~ I would feel quite safe in leaving them. I would know they would still be growing up when we got back. <sup>My</sup> real sources

or nourishment + care are portable,  
they are within me, and #  
they are my reactions to the world  
around me. Earl says that the vital  
challenge for a woman today is what  
she can make of her home. The function  
of the artist is to make the home  
sublime. A woman can be that artist.  
The home is the center of the universe,  
he says. For me ~~that~~<sup>the</sup> home is more  
a circle than a center. It can be  
a small circle or a large circle -  
my ~~dratting~~ challenge is to expand  
the circle. <sup>To make on the center include more</sup>  
<sup>Concentrating on the center "the home" is to me like</sup>  
<sup>Thinking always on "the home" never</sup>  
and more. <sup>When day after day the</sup>  
circle encompasses getting up in the  
morning, writing, having lunch,  
napping, reading, odds + ends, dinner,  
talk and T.O., I ask myself, am I  
doing all I can to make my  
circle grow? Is this enough? I am  
twenty seven years old. Certain things  
are over already for me already. Age  
is becoming more and more a two-way  
street, a point from which I can look

"Pastor's Sermon"

back to an irrevivable past as well as forward  
a potential future. And the older I grow,  
the less I <sup>count on</sup> ~~depend on~~ accident & fate to  
expand the circle, and the more I must  
look to my own will. As an adolescent

I grew developed easily, because new  
~~people were brought into my life~~  
~~situations occurred spontaneously~~, helping

to reveal stimulate new <sup>growth</sup> aspects  
~~my personality~~ as an adult I can

no longer depend on fortuitous circumstances  
to give me new people. I am responsible for the  
~~for fact~~ stimulation. My life is mine.  
direction of my life. I must make new situations. They  
do not happen unless I take the initiative. As a result  
qui if I were depressed, I had only to tell myself, wait,  
the failure be utterly personal  
something will change. As an adult this does not seem to  
be true. Waiting over means growing older.

\* I was looking forward to seeing  
Alan that evening because he had done  
with his life the opposite of what  
I was doing with mine. He had no  
family; he had no home, he traveled  
and found friends all over the cultivated  
continent; he wrote about it; he was  
growing older, too.

we met at the Gotham Bar at 6:00.  
Alan wore a black top coat, under  
it was a worn, heavy, tweed gold  
suited jacket in browns, blacks + whites  
<sup>a cream-yellow shirt</sup>  
~~and~~ <sup>the</sup> over flannel trousers. He had  
a way of looking different rather than  
out of place in the room full of dark

"How long will you be in N.Y?" I asked. "Well, I've  
suited ~~me~~ got into perfectly dreadful apartment "<sup>I'm</sup> reading  
from a friend for 6 months. Oh it's horrible - "

"What are you doing in New York?"

I asked him what he was doing in  
New York. And after that - "After that.. I don't  
know.. back to Greece maybe. But right now  
I'm in NY typing up."

"Typing - "

"Oh, you've finished a book.. has  
anyone read it yet?"

"How could they possibly until I  
finished typing. My handwriting's illegible.."

"It certainly is." I said  
<sup>on your Xmas card</sup>

"I couldn't even tell what  
country you were in from your except  
from the post-mark." He grinned. "Oh, not  
that bad."

"Can.. can you tell me anything about  
the book?" I asked hesitantly, remembering that

he had always refused to make the slightest comment on what he was writing.

"What can you say about it this a book?"

"That's to night," said Earl, ~~every~~ ~~thing~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~book~~ "you'll just have to wait to read it."

"Are you going to show it to Marshall?"

"Yes, I imagine I will."

Alan took a cigarette out of his case. On the top layer were filter-tipped Marlboros, underneath were a row of the thicker, shorter Gaulois Taunes, which I had ~~never~~ <sup>never</sup> smoked nor smelled since Paris.

"Will you have a Gaulois?"

I took one and remembered the smell in French train cars, or cigars & Gaulois cigarettes, and my excitement

that went with the smell, & going some  
where. 19 years old, examining intently  
the people around me, wondering if  
~~I might chance an adue~~ ~~as~~<sup>one</sup> among them  
might provide an adventure, perhaps  
even the adventure, the big one, that  
was always imminent when I was  
nineteen.

We ordered another drink, and then  
another. ~~Other and East~~ Softened into My  
brain began to spin and in spinning up  
gained that ~~irresistable~~ momentum peculiar  
to ~~before which~~ all obstacles seem to  
aside.

"Has it ever struck as strange  
that you should feel the need to write,  
to translate your experiences into  
words?" <sup>How do you explain it?</sup> I asked Alan.

"I suppose basically it has to do  
with some lack, some unbalance,  
incompleteness that has to be satisfied."

"It's also an urge to assert"

you will, don't you think?" I said.

"Yes, definitely that do too."

"How do you write about your  
"What sort of the part of

experience? Do you project yourself  
into other people + work out problems  
that way? I've never been able to  
get outside myself when I write."

- Well, I watch people and  
begin to imagine how they'd act in  
different situations. For instance a  
while ago I ~~saw~~ saw two people  
and began to ~~create~~ imagine a situation  
between a generous rich man and  
a selfish poor man.

"That's very interesting," I  
said, "how can you be generous &  
rich, when giving never means <sup>self</sup>-privations -  
it's so easy, how can it be called  
generous?"

"Well, in the situation I imagined,  
the rich man wanted genuinely to help

the poor man, but the ~~selfish~~ poor man wouldn't accept the help because being selfish, he suspected the motives of the rich man and feared the gift.

"In other words, selfishness can stand in the way of a person's receiving, as well as giving something?"

"Yes, it has nothing to do with how much money you have. If you are a generous person it takes a generous spirit as well as to give a gift—anyway, that's just an idea I began to do think about watching these two people."

~~It was interesting that he spoke that one of those qualities as he chose his particular~~

time, I thought one of Alan's greatest most appealing qualities to is his ability to receive. By his reception he honors the giver. His appreciation is a complement, discriminating and makes us feel complimented because he ~~knows~~ appreciates just those because the appreciator

is proud. It is not so much the gift but the giver

to which he turns his attention.

After our drinks at the Cottreau, we had asked Alan to join us for dinner at the Quo Vadis. Now at his invitation we were having dinner at the Ritz-Carlton. Our gift to him of drinks + dinner had been our pleasure received generously. How curious that he had unconsciously chosen to describe a scene between a rich & poor. The situation he described between the rich & poor man was a way of revealing <sup>in w.</sup> his own thoughts on his own position as a relatively poor man who <sup>had</sup> accepted our dinner. ~~on platform behind our table~~ A pianist played show tunes, "It was just one of those things, just one of those happy things, a trip to the moon on gossamer wings, just one of those things . . ." ~~sighed~~

~~my Grandy~~. I lowered my head and closed  
my eyes tight. Carl's & Alan's voices  
were dim sound). ~~Every once in a while,~~  
~~in odd places~~ A primitive exhalation  
with being alive filled me to the  
point of extacy - It's was kind of  
orgasm, the <sup>lover</sup> ~~was his~~ <sup>life</sup> aliveness  
and I <sup>was</sup> a ~~woman~~ <sup>were</sup> mistress, <sup>light enough</sup>  
aware my senses <sup>were</sup> strong to feel

the slightest breath upon my body.  
The table I touched the leather <sup>liquid</sup>  
the seat, the taste of the ~~Grandy~~,  
the smell of the room, the sound  
of the music <sup>were</sup> each a lover's  
caress, all out of proportion to their  
usual significance just as in passion  
a movement of the hand or the <sup>tongue.</sup>  
and like the other passion, I never wanted

to be over. I closed my eyes tight to  
shut <sup>out</sup> everything else but the essential  
intercourse.

~~"God damn it, Barbara," my thoughts were on  
their own, "if you take this nothing  
can stop you, just hold onto it and  
write it down and you'll be alright.  
What's travel? What's one place or  
another place? Any place will do  
if you can feel this love & write  
it down. It's not money or home or  
friend, if I can feel this way I  
don't give a damn where I am  
or what I am. The trouble is I  
can't always be writing about existing.  
There isn't enough of it, no more than  
I can always be writing about  
questions. Concentrated like this. But it's  
awful now classic happiness is  
Just remember the feeling, though - it's always  
there, an undercurrent, like Pollock's  
paintings. Try to ~~see~~ <sup>see it</sup> revealed like  
everywhere.~~

Pollack does. Keep your senses alert and you can always be the mistress open to your loves as long as you're alive."

Saturday, Jan. 20

"Mummy, & ~~said~~ what will I be after I die?" asked Stephanie asked.

"As far as I know, darling, you won't be anything."

"You mean like Daddy says, 'when I die I'm through.'

"Yes, you'll <sup>be</sup> through. But it's something nobody knows, because nobody has ever talked to anyone after they've died. Everybody has to find out for themselves."

We passed a cemetery "that's where people are buried after they die," I said.

"You mean... there... under the cold snow? won't ~~they~~ be cold? Will ~~they~~ be able to peek out?"

"No, sweetheart, you won't be alive, you won't know that you've been."

\* "But people don't die when they're little like me, do they, Mummy? Only when they're very old."

"Usually people don't die till they're old. That's right."

Mummy, lets get a book on dying."

I laughed. ~~I had noticed~~ <sup>she</sup> had noticed ~~tears~~ that ~~the~~ children & started wondering about the profound mysteries of life, about birth and death and creation almost before they had a chance to look around. <sup>Inherent in</sup> ~~base~~ ~~looked~~ ~~around~~ ~~there~~ Then please their questions are our religions and our philosophies. "What will I be after I die? where was I before I was born? if ~~Daddy's~~ seed made me, who made ~~Daddy~~ was I nice and warm when I was in your tummy? will I ever go back there? is the baby happy in your tummy? Look, Mummy, the stars are on tonight, who turned them on?"

The curious thing to me is that as adults we go on asking the same questions in almost the same way. Philosophers are perhaps closer to children than the rest of us in that they, what seems to most ~~most~~ ~~most~~ happen when we grow

"Oh as I was young and easy in the  
mercy of his means,

Dylan Thomas  
Fern Hill

Time held me green and dying  
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

---

In my craft or sullen art  
Exercised in the still light  
When only the moon raps.  
And the rollers lie abed  
With all their grieves in their arms,  
I labor by singing light  
Not for ambition or bread  
Or the strut & Trade of chancery  
But for the common wages  
Of their most secret heart

Not for the proud man apart  
From the raving moon I write  
On these spendthrift pages  
Not for the towering dead  
With their nightingales & psalms  
But for the lovers, their arms  
Round the griefs & the agos,  
Who pay no praise or wages  
Nor heed my craft or art.

---

The wonder of youth is soon <sup>I</sup> ~~don't~~ <sup>do not</sup>  
<sup>I was</sup> <sup>green & dying</sup> ~~you're~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~sing~~ <sup>you</sup>  
I know ~~you're~~ dying, you sing in ~~your~~  
chains like the sea. I suppose the  
wonder of old age <sup>will be</sup> is that ~~you~~ <sup>I</sup> do know  
~~I am~~ <sup>I will</sup> ~~you~~ sing in <sup>my</sup> ~~your~~  
~~you are~~ dying, again ~~you~~ sing in ~~your~~  
chains like the sea. The shock of my  
age now <sup>is</sup> the first at sense  
those cold chains. They bind me and  
shut more tighter <sup>and</sup> colder about my flesh.  
I am not used to <sup>seem</sup> them but I know I  
can never be free, I am oppressed

by the deepening knowledge that this is  
~~what~~ life is for me, this getting up in  
the morning, ~~turning to write~~ and going to  
bed at night. whatever other poets have  
said about their lives, this is my life.  
as I watch the days dwindle out <sup>in darkness</sup> and  
swell again to light, I want to stop  
the endless rhythm, ~~to~~ <sup>at least,</sup> have time to  
rise ~~from the surface to~~ <sup>the</sup> waves, instead of  
ride the rest of <sup>ages</sup> ~~under~~ dark waters to  
~~a rhythm~~ an old rhythm or moon  
and sun and sea + land

Tues. Jan 22

+  
The bitter bright cold is gone this  
morning. The cold that made people walk  
huddled in upon themselves with frowns  
on their chilled faces, the cold that forced  
the birds to hover about the ~~bird~~  
feeder, their oasis in the desert of snow  
and ice, is gone. The ~~birds~~ <sup>and</sup> grave  
winter birds are soaring through the  
soft, ~~air~~ air, alighting upon the patches  
of moist open ground. When I took Stephenne

To school I left my jacket open to feel the mild dampness penetrate my body. so long ~~now~~ <sup>time</sup> the shriveled, expanding & relaxing up stiffened world is I ~~retiring~~ in the warmth. The ~~icy~~ <sup>ice torn</sup> springs of ice by I hear the ice bound spring <sup>water</sup> ~~water~~ wavering upon the rocks where ~~only~~ yesterday was only still & silent ice.

This year I ~~am~~ shall partake in Spring winter's warming into Spring's blooming into ~~fruitful~~ <sup>the hot fruiting</sup> summer as never before. quietly and unseen a child is growing in me which will be born, like the apples, in summer. The cold winter is parting its growth. My wait for spring will not be vicarious this year. it will not be useless, seeds to germinate & fructify a wait for life to ~~blossom~~ blossom around me, but this year, in me as well, when the winter <sup>recedes</sup> ~~passes~~ in summer to reveal the moist dark earth

It is a revelation not only of ~~soil~~<sup>the pregnant soil</sup> earth but of my pregnant body. As we ~~are~~<sup>18</sup> I understand what Mother means for earth as for woman, it means that in which new life will grow. Father is in this sense but she fly by night. To father is to fertilize and fly away to ~~fertility~~<sup>light the spark.</sup> again. To Mother is to wait.

Earth does not like me to talk of Spring in January and he does not like pregnancy & new-born babies. I am not surprised because for a man the waiting is sterile, for a Mother it is the primeval necessity.

On this dark morning, I am attuned not to the Garage winter, middle of winter, but to the dim soft colors of life; the orange mist of weeping willows, the ochre of fields, the veins of green veins of pine, the blue veins of spruce weaving through the forests, the lightening white of silver birch, the golden red of mildeewing leaves, the muscular sinews of glistening rock,

\* I am aduned to ~~the~~ fertile wait of  
a mother, ~~and~~ Being so aduned, knowing  
that I am providing of my own flesh  
& the place in which her life ~~will~~  
growing, I understand better the mysterious  
joy ~~+ take~~ inherent in raising my  
children who have already been born.

I am continuing in the same act,  
I am providing the place in which  
they grow. ~~through~~ His awareness I am  
learning that growth is not a preparation  
of life, it is life itself. Childhood is not  
a preparation for adulthood and more  
than adulthood is a preparation for  
old age and final death.

recently, I had thought ~~of my life~~ <sup>until</sup>  
terms in preparing for something, the  
next grade, the next school, a career, marriage.  
as I begin the articulate education

or my children, I find that my excitement  
~~is not the thought of how~~ is not  
only in what I may help them to  
become, but in the ~~exploration~~ <sup>their present life if it can to</sup> ~~correlation~~ <sup>to future</sup> of  
what they already are. Education must enrich  
~~to future~~ <sup>it must help them to love now</sup> ~~advantage~~  
~~it is to love later.~~

I have decided ~~not~~ <sup>to take advantage</sup> to think of their rudimentary  
education in terms of tools for future  
use, but rather as a means of better  
doing the things they want to do, now.

I began a ~~conscious~~ programme  
~~I have just~~ teaching Suzanne to write  
as words + numbers. Last year at Town  
Hill she had received intensive instruction,  
interesting for a 4 year old, in letters + numbers  
she showed no interest or facility. This  
year at the Public Kindergarten, she is  
receiving almost no such instruction. Earl  
and I were concerned that when she  
does begin next year when the school will  
begin reading + writing. What she would  
~~not~~ respond enthusiastically, and develop a distaste  
~~not~~ so last week we began at the  
blackboard to learn to write. Suzanne is  
a child who makes relationships easily. I

decided we would begin directly to think,  
a word as symbols for objects, rather  
than in terms of abstract letters learned  
alphabetically. I told her that each day  
she would have the special treat of  
choosing learning a new word ~~to learn~~<sup>mat auer</sup> I  
far underestimated her. One word a day  
was a drop of water to a thirsty traveler  
cow, cat, bus, tree, elephant, egg,  
horse, bat, rat, fat, sat, ~~the~~, the  
requests for new words mushroomed.  
She learned them almost immediately,  
and remembered them. She would surprise  
me after the lesson was over, by writing  
the words we'd had learned on her  
own in a little note book I had  
given her, and bringing them to me,  
her face pink with delight.  
We began to think of the things  
she could do with writing. She could  
write a letter to anyone she liked,  
she could look at books and understand

same word); we could read the papers together on Sunday. She could go to the library and choose her own books.

Yesterday we went. The whole floor of the Scoville Library is <sup>designed</sup> for children, with small tables + chairs, low book shelves, special new books displayed on ~~the~~ <sup>ground</sup> shelves. ~~Both~~ Soggy and I were ~~very~~ <sup>thrilled by</sup> the treasures in store for us. "Look, Mummy, here's one on dinosaurs out west, and one on aeroplanes... jets... and look at the birds <sup>and the insects</sup> and the stars, and one on maps.. where's India, Mummy?"

This child, ~~at~~ five ~~years old~~ was冒险的， and so was her mother. This was all ours, now. There was nothing to stop us. <sup>It was only a matter of letting go take first.</sup> "Let's go home and do some more word choosing <sup>books to begin with</sup>" "Let's go home and do some more word on the black board," Mummy. "lets learn STAR today" and BEE, "alright, Mummy?" "alright, darling." I said, collecting the four books we had chosen, "How the

Elephant Got His TRUNK," by Rudyard Kipling, a book on dogs, a book describing all kinds of animals & lots of animals whose names began with each letter of the alphabet, and a thick volume of poetry for children by Keats.

We went home & learned STAR and BEE and showed Daddy " and then after dinner we read HOW THE ELEPHANT GOT HIS TRUNK. Today we're going to do dog says Suzanne.

I feel ~~am~~ <sup>an</sup> magical, and, ~~it~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~had~~ ~~seen~~ ~~range~~ ~~the~~ ~~path~~ ~~at~~ ~~we~~ ~~see~~ ~~knowing~~ <sup>potential</sup> pleasures to be ~~explore~~ <sup>explore</sup> ~~as~~ ~~a~~ child of five. We have just scratched the surface.

In our household education is going to mean how much can we see and do and feel today. Being a ~~mother~~ I can ~~not~~ think of no other adequate preparation

for the future.

---

Dear Helen & Marguerite,

I would like to ask your advice. We just heard that Suzanne will be in the afternoon session of Kindergarten for the next term. Stephaine goes to nursery every morning, which will leave Suzanne alone, ~~every morn~~. Earl and I have been trying to figure out ~~how we can most profitably~~ ~~use~~ what Suzanne could ~~and~~ do most profitably during those hours. We conceive of education as a means of giving the child the widest possible perception <sup>and enjoyment</sup> of the world. Even for a ~~child~~ five year old this can include far more

than the average school as time for—  
already Suzanne is fascinated by birds  
and insects, by music and the sound of  
French, by the stars and ~~jet~~ airplanes  
by foreign land and ~~underwater life~~  
what we are looking for is some one  
who would enjoy spending an hour or so  
each morning with Suzanne, ~~with~~  
~~the only~~ ~~limitations~~ being exploring ~~all~~  
~~these~~ facets of our world ~~to the~~ as  
time and interest permit. ~~The project~~  
~~would be largely~~

We were wondering if you could  
think of anyone who would be interested  
in such a project, with a recompense,  
of course, or what we were really  
hoping is that the idea might appeal  
to you.

we could ~~try~~ it out for a month  
and see how it worked.

Do let me know your thoughts  
about the plan. Whatever ~~plan~~ are ~~I am~~  
~~sure~~ we will

---

(cont from ~~beginning~~ <sup>first</sup> entry in his Journal)

to school that morning.

"Well, Stephanie, tell me, what happened  
in school today?"

"We better wait for Daddy. I'll tell  
you at lunch - poor Daddy, he won't know  
what I did."

"~~Was~~ happy in school today."

"Yes, but ~~my~~ girls fought with

"I was a good girl, our girls  
were good - the boys fought with us &  
Mrs. Nelson had to put them ~~out~~ away  
in the closet."

"all the boys."

"No, Douglas."

"Oh."

Poor Daddy gets the stories again  
at lunch, the stories ~~to~~ which poor  
Mummy has already heard several  
times by then.

After nap, if the day is fine,  
we take a walk down the road to  
Mr. Belvoir's farm. We hold hands &  
walk briskly to keep warm. The  
pastures in the valley are swathed  
in yellow sun light the mountain behind us  
has already begun to darken, as the winter sun sets down  
"What shall we sing, girls?"

"De Camp Town Race Track," says Stephan.  
"Home on the Range where the  
Antelopes Roam," requests Suzanne.  
we sing both, taff I think  
the girls off. They without my stronger  
voice they are, miraculously, able to  
carry a tune.

Zipper finishes along ahead of us,  
upright his pom-pom tail doing an exaggerated  
wag in black shadow along side him on the  
road. The girls shake their heads to see

if the woolen balls dangling from their  
knotted ~~trousers~~<sup>caps</sup> will make a shadow like  
Zipper's tail.

Often our pockets are stuffed with  
goodies for the cows, carrots, wax-paper  
bundles of salt, a freshly weed-picked weed.

We arrived at the cluster of ~~food~~  
~~the farm buildings, roofed~~<sup>settled</sup> ~~comfortably down~~<sup>comfortably like red hens</sup>  
~~the earth~~<sup>weathered paint upon</sup>  
~~has~~<sup>had</sup> dried to baked red clay has weathered  
to a baked earthen red, dry like heat  
~~piles of wood~~<sup>burnt fire wood</sup> cut from the pastures  
roll gently out behind the barn,  
separated one from the other by stone  
fences or ~~neat & quareled~~<sup>neat & quareled</sup> rows of trees,  
~~green~~<sup>old</sup> and ~~covered~~<sup>frozen</sup> as the ~~old~~<sup>old</sup> field stones  
fences. The ~~stones~~<sup>earthy</sup> around the barn  
is ~~a~~<sup>is</sup> a stiffened ~~soil~~<sup>tar</sup> of frozen  
cows foot prints and heaps of ~~dung~~<sup>frozen</sup> dung.  
where ice collects and makes patterns  
of blue in the black, the frost-baked mud.

We walk directly to the door. I tug  
and pull at the rusted latch from which  
an old, decaying lock hangs battered from

years of weather + disuse.

I open the ~~chain~~ creating wooden door. ~~We step inside~~ and shut the door.

~~Black~~, ~~warm~~, ~~street way~~, <sup>and to</sup> ~~old~~

B and shut the bright day out.

To we look down the ~~stepstair~~ steep

stairs way is a black tunnel to our

unaccustomed eyes. The warmth we stand

in here fading till the dim darkness

turns to dimness + we can see the

steps. As we too walk carefully down

the ~~to~~ cows low in greeting the

warm smell of hay + manure +

sweet nectar wags upward over the

full-throated moos. Half way down the

I see the ~~red~~ golden light  
ladder steep steps, <sup>the</sup> ~~red~~ green-gold hay.

The sun on the frosty manure

sway  
from side to side toward buried in

the ~~frothy~~ frothy mound). I hear the masticating crunching sound of their jaws. It always makes my mouth water. The cow at the bottom of the stains lifts its head sideways <sup>large</sup> and turns <sup>toward</sup> toward us. The girls scampers by him, at ~~head~~ <sup>him</sup> and the great sandy tongue which comes sweeping out toward them. The cows all along the row raise their heads & stare at us, now chewing their cud from side to side.

"Let's go see the baby calves," says

Suzanne.

We walk gingerly over "the corner" of the barn where three calves are tethered <sup>along</sup> to the wall.

The girls present their gifts, which the cows never want. Stephanie puts some salt on her tiny, plump palm & stretches her arm toward a calf, hesitantly, half afraid. The calf backs away from her, half afraid. Both stand their ground, tensely. Then the calf moves cautiously toward the wavering palm. Stephanie looks back at me, her cheeks

flushing. The calf ~~wagges~~<sup>licks</sup> her palm, + decides he'd rather lick her slacks.

Out comes the tongue. & the lamb <sup>tentatively</sup> in head and licks her pant leg, biting <sup>pulling up the</sup> ~~slacks~~<sup>slacks to reveal</sup> on to the bottom of her jacket. Stephanie drops her hand, the salt spills & she escapes, giggling. "He wants to eat me," she gasps. "I'm going to see the other calf. Circumspectly she tries to maneuver around the calf that ~~wants~~ wants to eat her.

Every time she edges toward him, he tries to lick her, she retreats, advances, retreats and finally completes the operation, leaving the calf staring <sup>manfully</sup> ~~defeated~~ around at her.

The next calf, smallest of the three, is terrified by Stephanie. The frail, spindly animal shies away, ~~flinging~~ <sup>curling</sup> herself against the wall, tangled in its rope.

"There, there." says Stephanie, gently.  
"Don't be frightened. I won't hurt her  
now." The calf does not believe her, at  
first, but she has learned to stand  
motionless, waiting for fear to subside.  
at last the calf approaches the child,  
closer & closer until his nose is in  
her hand and he is licking her hand.

"Now look, Mummy, Poo, Poo,"  
shouts Suzanne, "enormous poo poo!  
It falls steaming into me trough.  
Suzanne examines it intently.

"Here comes Mrs. Bester." calls  
Stephanie, as the farmer approaches.

"Hello, there." I say. "I've brought  
you helpers down to see you.

Mr. Bester comes over, takes his  
pipe out of his ~~blue~~ jeans over-all  
pocket, taps it on his weathered palm,  
puts in tobacco. <sup>The barn fills with</sup>  
~~fills it with tobacco & before to puff to~~  
the sweet aroma of tobacco. I make

closer to him, the better to smell the smoke.

"Well, how are you today," he asks me. His ruddy, handsome face lowered shyly.

"Just fine, thanks."

"Anything new?"

"~~No.. has your helper gone?~~ I haven't seen him," No, anything new with you?"

"Well, they've offered me money  
to let them park cars on my land,  
They say they'll need space for 11,000  
cars - at a dollar each, that'd be  
\$11,000.00 dollars. But I don't know -  
I don't want to see my land ruined -  
~~\$11,000~~ eleven thousand's a lot of money -  
but what am I going to do with  
money, what could I do with it? Sit  
around the house & get fat. But, I dunno -  
I sure can't make ~~out~~ nothing farming.  
We're getting older, can't get no help -- (

down - "

"Well," I said, "you love your farm, you've built it up. You'd hate to see it destroyed - everything you've spent your life ~~building~~ building. It makes me wall so beautiful having your farm here. Besides, in a few years you'll have two helpers . . . steady workers."

Suzanne & Stephaine were by this time standing near us.

"Why do cows have such big poo poo?" Suzanne asks.

"What's that, dear?" Mr. Bester bends down to hear Bester. When he understands the question his warmly colored complexion deepens ~~even~~ <sup>to a</sup> ~~still deeper~~ ~~more~~. I rescue him.

"Suzanne, show Mr. Bester where your new tooth is coming in."

She shows him.

"Don't let us keep you," I say. He begins the milking, wiping off the udders

with a burlap rag, attaching up the udder  
milkies which sucks up air to the  
nipples teats with a <sup>soft</sup> dry sound. Before he  
brought the large tanks, he used to transfer  
the milk to ~~the~~ pails. Then it would  
stand, ~~festill~~, foaming, warm, ~~white~~, pearly,  
clean & pure in the midst of manure, ~~the~~  
trash, urine and the bedding ~~goats~~, mud  
incrusted, buried, and filthy cows, as  
~~incongruous~~ as a pearl in an oyster.

"Time to go, girls." I say. "Thanks,  
Mr. Beiter, for letting us come."

"Come any time — any time at all," he

says. We climb carefully up the stairs and  
open the door onto the brilliant light of  
day. We run

We usually run home, up the <sup>the</sup>  
hill into the ~~glinting~~ sun, <sup>a blinding sphere setting below</sup> ~~the back mountain~~  
and then races ahead again, ~~up~~ up the

road, round in circles, stopping every now & then to sniff and wet.

"Are we going to have a dinner party tonight?" Stephanie asks.

"Yes, dear, we will."

When it's time to begin dinner Stephanie follows me into the kitchen.

"What's my job?"

"Will you cut these mushrooms for me, please?"

"Surely, I will."

I wrap her in an apron. She sits upon the stool and diligently cuts up two pounds of mushrooms.

"I'm a good helper."

"You certainly are."

"And not Suzie?"

"Suzanne is a fine helper, too."

"What's ~~for~~ our next job? We have a lot of jobs, do we. Mummy?"

"I'm terribly busy."

I find jobs for her dredging flowers, painting with butter, mincing onions.

She completes them all with gusto  
and competence.

"We have to tell Daddy what  
a good helper I am, do we, Mummy?"

"We certainly do."

"Mummy?"

"Yes, dear?"

"How big is the Baby now?"

I make a fist... "about like this."

"He takes too long. I want him

now."

"So do I, Stephanie, you talk  
to him about it when you see him."

"He won't be able to talk, Mummy,  
you know that. He'll just cry &  
rock him. May I rock him?"

"Of course, darling."

She bends down again over her  
job, working only to interrupt her work  
again with another thought. question

or a simple, "Mummy, I love you."

"Stephanie, I adore you."

Then it's bath time. Earl and I sit in our bathroom. Earl in the big green Sarinaan chair, I at my dressing table. We talk ~~quietly~~ quietly. The girls come in in their robes, carrying up pajamas, and boys. Suzanne with her Viking slip, fifteen plastic oars and a piece of ~~wood~~ drift wood, Stephanie with cups, ducks and dolls.

"Alright, now girls, it's quiet time." I say as they begin to play模 cows, prancing on all fours, bare bottoms raised. "I'm the udder and Stephanie's Mr. Better," Suzanne announces.

"If you want to make noise, go into your play room. This is quiet time." I say again.

They usually settle down. The boys get into trees or us and all the girls get into the tub. The girls wear polka-dotted shower caps.

"I want to relax with you," says Stephanie. She slides up to me

end of the tub and stretches out next to me. She "belaxes" an instant and then goes down to the other end of the tub to play with Suzanne.

<sup>after</sup> ~~tuben~~ then have been washed they dry & dress themselves and disappear into their room.

Lately they will when I open the door then are apt to say. "Mummy, would you please go out and shut the door." ~~Then like to~~ They are whistling around on their merry-go-round, with the lights off, and their voices in the playroom. Then whoop & cheer in the darkness as I close the door.

I call them for dinner.

"Mummy, don't forget to light the candles," says Stephanie.

We sit down at our festive table. Earl expects the children to act like adults, and although they always fall short of

the ideal. Men do try. They must converse or sit quietly, not interrupting one another. They are to remain at the table till we, or rather Earl, is finished, since he is always last.

"Daddy, you know what, the flame looks like a fish dancing up," says Suzanne, pointing at the ~~one~~ flame burning inside the crystal hurricane lamp.

"Well, it does, Suzanne." I say. "I never thought it was that way. It's a beautiful image."

"And see the reflection of the fish in the pitcher," she continues. There it is, dancing on the frosted silver pitcher.

"And I see Daddy's paintings, too, in the reflection."

"Did you see the new paintings Daddy brought in bright?" I ask.

"Yes, I did." says Suzanne. "It's beautiful. You're a pretty good artist."

she says, "smiling at Earl. "How did you do that, you put the painting inside the frames with glue?"

Earl explains the construction to her. "Would you like to come out and watch me ~~to~~ make a frame," he asks. Suzanne nods excitedly.

"I'll come, too." says Stephanie. Earl stares at her. "Well-- I don't ~~you~~ know, maybe." ~~another time~~.

The girls help clean the table. To be allowed to put the dishes in the dish washer is a privilege. Stephanie

particularly ~~excited~~ of

"What shall we read tonight?" I ask. "It's my turn. I'll get it," says Suzanne.

She returns with Little Fellow, ~~the~~ a story about a colt.

"Oh, no, Suzanne, I can't

stand reading me again. Let's read  
another chapter in Winnie the Pooh."

\* \* She complies willingly. I am  
taking an ever greater interest in the  
quality of our literature.

Then sit on either side of me.  
Usually one or the other extends an  
arm or a leg ~~to be scratched~~ for me to scratch while  
I am reading. Zipper tries to nudge  
his way on my lap. Earl sits in  
the yellow chair across the room,  
listening & smiling. When we are  
finished he reminds the girls to thank  
me.

"Thank you, Mummy. I enjoyed the  
book very much, and that was a  
lovely dinner-party."

We proceed to the Gathroom for  
the brushing ritual. If they have not  
picked up everything in their room,  
they do it now and finally climb  
into bed. "May I kiss you, Mummy?"

Says Stephanie.

I sit on her bed and take her in my arms. She giggles + asks for a "Sage." "No massage - it's late. Goodnight."

"May I have a drink."

"No, you've had enough..."

"Will you give me

Léon le Lion" asks Suzanne. "Give  
her the giant lion.

"And what will you have,

Stephanie.  
Madame," I ask

"I'll have, ah ... J'avignon,"

J'avignon, named after Sun le Pont <sup>g</sup>  
J'avignon. is a stuffed monkey.

I give it to her. She ticks him under his arm, puts her face next to his and closes her eyes.

"Good night, darling. Don't let the

crocodile stretch your noses."

They giggle.

"Tell Daddy it's kissing him."

"All right, dears. I'll send him in."

Earl ~~is~~ goes to them. I hear  
laughter, merriment. high. Earl's a low, warm  
chuckle. I am grateful to be finished  
with them  
for the evening. grateful that I  
shall see them again in the morning.

Jan. 29

Earl says I ought to rewrite the  
Pollock-Bole scene, <sup>bring the three vignettes together  
make it a silent movie in one room</sup> interior sees of manlogue as the  
a statement of yearning. I don't know  
for what, but I must make the  
statement clearer. He thinks the past  
<sup>the</sup> writing <sup>in a new context</sup> 2 weeks or  
weeks has been a restatement of  
adolescent longing, or perhaps of the  
struggle between the girl and the woman,  
the resolution being some sort of compromise.

~~Say~~ Tues February 5

X  
February is a month for work, that's  
the best I can say for it. It is  
too far from Spring for any but  
the most ~~incendiary~~ optimist, like  
me, to be <sup>looking for</sup> noticing signs. It is  
the middle of winter by the calendar,  
but by <sup>my</sup> heart it is the  
~~or~~ long, long prelude to Spring.

Fortunately I am not a tree nor  
a shrub, or I would <sup>have been</sup> frost-bitten  
before I was one year old. I have  
been noticing the sturdy lilac bush  
that stands <sup>in a hide sheltered</sup> by the kitchen wall. The  
rugged pink buds that climb the  
~~or~~ upward reaching branches remain  
firmly closed as the ~~date~~. <sup>watery winter</sup> ~~still warmer~~  
sun warms them. If I were those  
pink buds, I would have accepted the  
invitation, recklessly, and opened at least  
a little. ~~I can remember going out~~  
V.D.W.

518 Fortunately, as a human being, if  
the ~~weather~~ when I go for a walk in  
February without my hat and gloves,  
the worst that happens is I get  
cold and come back in. Unlike the lilac,  
I can afford to make mistakes. If  
without the interminable wait, Spring  
would lose half its charm. It is to  
February and March that I must  
give my thanks for the thrill of  
April, ~~An eternal Spring as it is~~  
~~the ceaseless heat of~~  
to August that I owe my joy in Autumn.  
An eternal Spring, or Fall would  
be a severe deprivation, like  
living always in a New York flower  
shop, or in the old pictures of  
paradise.

So while waiting and looking for  
bulbs that will not rise for many weeks,  
while complaining <sup>about winter</sup> and yearning for Spring, I  
know, that intimately, that the wait makes the  
winter

Thur. Feb. 7

There is an unexpected compensation for different states for feeling ~~unhappy~~ dissatisfied about my community. I do not mind one far less concerned do not am no longer <sup>upset by</sup> ~~vulnerable~~ to unwanted changes. I do not mind if the race-track if the ~~ra~~ floor prospers, or if a motel is built in Salisbury or an industry moves to Canada. The since my happiness is not invested in this particular place, I am immune to its diseases. This is small compensation, I admit, for actually have never felt quite so tangible failure a single ~~event~~, inability to there is so much find happiness here, where myself from to live. I cannot stop looking longingly at other people's lives: my sister, Sache in Washington

for instance. She called up yesterday to announce that she is pregnant. After congratulating her I asked her how Wayne liked his work as a lawyer, compared to his former position with Justice Harlan.

"It'll take at least a year before he knows enough about the job to really tell," Sackie said. "But the people he is working with are wonderful. I met them at a cocktail party the other day. They were awfully nice."

"I'm so glad to hear that, Sackie. I suppose you meet lots of different people."

"Oh, Bobby, yes, almost too many, not quite, but almost."

"You're very lucky, Sackie. There ~~it~~ <sup>so</sup> will be much easier to pick and choose later on. You're so lucky to have the opportunity."

I thought of the <sup>old</sup> early years in

Lime Rock, when I first knew ~~about~~ it  
was to be lonely, ~~until~~ day after day  
I would see no one but Earl, and  
when I did it would be a plumber,  
a carpenter, a ~~deli~~ grocery teacher, or  
some one else <sup>mainly people</sup>  
interest me. Now I know comparatively,  
almost everyone who lives in the  
vicinity, most of whom have chosen <sup>to live</sup> pleasantly, but  
or pioneering. I do not <sup>ever</sup> know where  
the frontiers are.

"How is your house, Jackie, are  
you getting settled?"

"Well, not as much as we would  
like because I'm still working. I told Sam  
I'm going to stop when I'll have more  
time. But the house is so warm and  
lonely. Georgetown is a beautiful place. Everyone  
is Ellen & me."

George Town and Lime Rock. I <sup>visualized</sup> ~~compared~~  
the two places. There is absolutely no  
choice where I would rather live now  
could I even compare them as to interest.  
Year after year after year in Lime Rock.  
The thought alone ~~still~~ fills me with  
a helpless despair. If I am tired <sup>now</sup>  
it now, what will I <sup>feel</sup> be in ten  
years?

Earl spoke about his attitude just

last night.

"I think I'll have another painting  
for you on Friday," he said, as we  
were driving to meet the rewards for  
driver.

"Another one already darling, I've been  
known <sup>to be quite</sup> ~~and~~ so prolific."

"I'm ~~pain~~ the only thing I  
can do," he said. "I'm desperate - I've  
got to ~~get~~ reach out and find people  
that mean something to <sup>I've got to feel my strength</sup>  
<sup>I've got to work harder to</sup> ~~the love~~ <sup>I've got to find myself, something</sup> <sup>feel a connection</sup>  
real desperation. I'm painting for  
my life. I'm going to be so immersed in

my own work that I won't see  
anything else. I can't stop. & can't afford to.  
My heart went out to him. I  
love him. At the same time, I feel  
that it is unfortunate for ~~us~~<sup>me</sup> that  
our only means of achieving what  
we both want involves these endless  
days in Lime Rock. An interruption of  
Carl's work keeps us ~~farther~~ from  
our goals. I thought of Louis' life.  
I had spoken with him that day, too.  
"How are your oil wells coming  
along," I asked.

This voice deepened with  
anticipation. "You ~~know~~ fine - the first  
check ought to be coming in this  
week. You know what I'm <sup>I'm going to</sup> flying down  
to this weekend? I'm ~~going down~~  
to Texas with Bass & a few guys. They're  
going to drill ~~in~~ for oil - in another of the  
fields I own. They have already found

gas - if we get oil, too, there's no telling  
how much it could mean. And you know  
Texas will be warmer - swimming up, tennis,

"Oh, Lois, what fun that'll be."

Do call me when you get back."

"I certainly will, m'dear. If we  
strike oil, I'll call you from Texas."

"Lois, with your luck - I have  
no doubt I'll get a long distance  
call this weekend."

Swimming, tennis, oil, money flowing  
in, the excitement of watching them  
drill for you your own well! IT  
captured my imagination. At that moment  
I would not have given 5 cents for  
the <sup>dairymilk</sup> ~~days~~ of ours we arread here;  
including my own, compared with Lois's.  
(Straight or see women, I know, Diane,  
Martha, Janet, Betty, organizing their  
households, going to PTA's and the  
League of Women Voters, to cocktail  
parties to see each other. ~~God~~, if  
I never heard another word from them, I

I think I could guess what they had been doing, which means that I can guess what I will be doing. The frustrating aspect of the situation is that I know ~~that~~ it is - my own lack of imagination that makes my life seem uninteresting. I know that people are dissatisfied everywhere, in New York at the pinnacles of success, in Washington at their much maligned cocktail parties, in city + country, in illustrious or obscure, people are dissatisfied everywhere. That is commonplace. What is extraordinary is happiness and fulfillment. I sit here in Lime Rock and look at other people's lives from the outside, ~~my own~~ distorted by my own ~~impostures~~, and make believe I would be happier doing what they do. For this attitude, I have nothing but scorn.

I know the attitude is useless, it humiliates me even to write about it. humiliating and destructive. It means men plaid shirts open at the collar & dance with their wives all evening.

But what a vast status between knowing your wrongs and change

But what can I do with myself when I wake up in the morning and lie looking up through our skylight wishing that I were going to Texas or out to lunch with an editor or to see the theatre in evening clothes, knowing that in fact I will dress, drive Stephaine to school, write, have lunch, do errands, read perhaps? What can I do? Preach — lecture to myself about my own dullness? my own stupidity? I look through the Lakeville Journal during my coffee. "The Sharonites are having a dance. Get your tickets for the benefit of the library."

From Mrs. Gudenbach, "I can usually haul my lit the dance, in a gym probably, decorated

by the local ladies, "The Salvation Army will be the 2 or 3 well-dressed groups, the rest,

Young Democrats are having a square  
dance. Tude Tanguay & his Gals. Come  
and have a GREAT TIME!"  
"There will be a meeting of the Young  
Republicans held at the home of Mrs. &  
Mrs. Robinson Leech. Come & bring your  
friends." I see them sitting around  
Robinson's living room, Robin now 40,  
really too old to be a young Republican  
but not wanting to lose touch with  
his beloved politics, discussed what  
they can do to get more people to  
Town Meetings to vote the Republican  
an the local dump issue, or how  
to make people more interested in  
the what the Board of Selectmen <sup>decided about the</sup>  
heard Doctor Dr. Floget discuss speak about  
the importance of Remedial reading. Mrs. Wedda  
introduced the speaker and led the discussion.  
Betty Wedda, earnest champion of the underdog.

with the face that reddens with emotion whenever she departs a cause - "If only our government could think or see Arabs as people," she said at a recent adult education class, her cheeks flushed with indignation.

"The Board of the League of Women Voters of Salisburg met at the home of Mrs. George Lebushier."

I can see them sitting around the pleasant living room, the elderly ladies knitting for their children and grandchildren. The minutes of the previous meeting & the Treasurer's report will be read, and then there will proceed to the heart of the matter. How can we persuade Mrs. Dockbray Docksbury to have the U.V. flag on U.V. day. "You mean he said he wouldn't?" "That's right." "Well, it's hard to believe." By the way, who was the U.V. flag? "Mrs. Van Burton" "She's sewing it up. It got ripped last

year." Cigales.

X I scan the Sharon Calendar.

- Feb. 7 - Rose chapter No. 14, O.E.S., Masonic Hall  
Feb. 9 - Pomona Supper Meeting, Warren Town 8 P.M.  
Feb. 9 - Firemen's Ball, Fire House, 6.30 p.m.  
Feb. 12 - Am. Legion Auxiliaries, Legion Hall 9 p.m.  
Feb. 13 - Busy Bees of the Congregational Church, 10 a.m.

These are the public events of my community. The private doings of the <sup>gentle</sup> elite are not announced, of course. The Atchley's are having a cocktail party - we know who will be there, and I know what they will do. Sis Brewer will sit in John's lap and he will say in a loud voice she is his ~~best~~ secret love. Tom Wagner will morosely discuss what a failure he is. Dan Hewat will be slouched in a chair conning up in

monosyllables about the election locally.  
festivities <sup>This show will swell on the barn. It will be</sup> because Diane & Charlotte will be  
talking animatedly about help or children  
or local gossip. Martha & I will be  
earnestly discussing the Loyalty Security  
Program which neither of us know much  
about. Earl will be expressed in  
a conversation about education under  
Gordon, who, after numerous jobs with  
the State Dept., the National  
Symphony & Conn. University is now  
a Spanish Instructor at Salisbury  
School. After hours of drinking, Martha  
will serve a buffet supper - casserole,  
rice, salad, dessert. We will leave around  
twelve and I ~~will set ready for~~  
~~clean up bed,~~ weary and sad. I will go into the  
children's room to see that they are  
covered. Stephanie is breathing softly. her  
arms around a pink dog. I sit on her  
bed and <sup>brushing aside</sup> lift the tangled strands of dark  
hair. I kiss her warm baby-scented  
breath. Inspiration is like a spring rain. It brings out sweet smells.  
Necty. Nothing that happened during the

whole evening ~~could~~<sup>can</sup> compare with  
that moment. I hold her in my arms  
and wish that this were enough,  
that I could be happy with this  
alone. My family is the only real  
pleasure I have. If only I ~~wanted~~<sup>wanted</sup>  
no more. If only I could survive on  
that and the beautiful New England  
hills.

Mon. Feb. 11

We saw Jean Anoukh's "The Lark"  
on television last night. It must take  
a very simple mind to be a master.  
for the essence of martyrdom is that  
you see no alternative but death.  
~~No other alternative is true now nor in the future.~~  
The night must appear all on your side,  
the wrong all on the other. "What I  
am I cannot deny; what I have done I  
cannot denounce," said Soan & the Maid,  
I might be feeling so sure of what you are  
that you cannot deny it, I am not sure

enough of what I am to see myself  
in the same light for three days in  
a row. I have nothing to deny and  
nothing to proclaim. The necessities of  
life push me first this way, then that,  
as one went varie' as Villon said in  
La Ballade des Pendus. it was dead men  
that hung, swaying first this way, then  
that as the wind varied. ~~It is true~~  
that these ~~swaying~~ <sup>time</sup> dead have their  
counterpart in living men: those of us  
who are unable to cho direct ourselves,  
who do not have the energy, the  
will or the wit to ~~the~~ choose and act.  
we are the living dead. we look alive  
~~because~~ because the wind is fresh, but let the  
wind die down and we hang still waiting  
~~The involuntary martyr, suffering to no avail~~  
~~The simple martyr chooses death because~~

Tues. Feb. 12

Earl tells me my face grows more

beautiful during pregnancy. "There is a softness and a warmth about you. You are more beautiful than ever." he said, "that is a real beauty. I've

been noticing you when we are out.

you sit across the room talking to  
as sitting across the room talking to  
people."

I was startled by his words. The  
thoughts in my mind impressions + had  
of myself, the ugly images of failure and  
Gordon and stupidity, had not infected  
him. He thought I was more beautiful  
than before.

"My darling, do you really think  
so? I think see myself as a rather  
misshapen lump at the moment."

As soon as I made the remark  
My words fell sharply. Earl ignored  
the remark, but I continued to think  
about it. ~~to a certain~~ It is as destructive  
to our love to hate myself as it would  
be to hate Earl. If my opinion of myself

disintegrates  
falls, I leave Earl alone, losing a fiction  
of his imagination. By ~~deep~~ dislodging  
ourselves I am depriving him of the  
woman he loves, leaving him standing  
with arms outstretched to ~~embrace~~ and  
empty. "You cannot love alone" means  
more than I thought. Besides the  
obvious meaning  
in some one who does not love you,  
there is another. You cannot love  
some one who does not love ~~himself~~  
in both cases ~~by sterile thought~~ abortive  
The love will be ~~as~~ <sup>his</sup> imagination as if  
the lover is alone.  
(I am in my 5<sup>th</sup> month)

Wed. Feb. 13

Last night, for the first time in nine  
or ten years, I read some of the Essays  
of Montaigne. The point of view which has  
delighted me then, as an adolescent,  
delights me even more now as a young  
adult. Ten years ago I took his wisdom

for granted, as I took my own. I casually accepted him as an equal, having no notion of the difficulties involved in living wisely or as he so aptly put it, voluptuously. "whatever their may say, the last object we aim at, even in virtue, is voluptuousness . . . the truth either reason is a mockery, or it must aim only at an contentment, and all its labour must tend in brief to make us live well and joyfully . . . the sign of inward is a constant cheerfulness" + There is my Thoreau of the 16<sup>th</sup>

century. And here is Cicero of ancient Rome saying. "This art of living well, which is on all arts the greatest, they have followed in their lives rather than in their studies."

+ I believe I could sit down today with Cicero, Thoreau, Montaigne and Thoreau and ~~we could~~ share a perfect understanding and we could share each others' sense of values.

## Comparable quotes

Thoreau

"I mean that they should not play life, or shun it merely... but earnestly live it from beginning to end. It is a

"I am convinced, both by faith & experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply & unself-

Mont - "The sign of wisdom is a constant cheerfulness."

Thor - Nothing can rightly compel a simple & brave man to a vulgar sadness.

Mont. "all hours shall be one to him, all places shall be his study, for Pleasure which suits it forms an judgement & character, shall be his principal study, has this privilege of having a hand in everything."

Mont : That the grandeur & value & true

virtue lies in the facility, the pleasure,  
and usefulness of its practice."

~~we want~~

~~it is curious to -- how many~~  
~~generation philosophers~~

as Montaigne says no one is  
taken seriously if he claims the result  
of his philosophy is to make us miserable.

But the curious phenomenon is how  
many philosophers have claimed that  
misery is the means toward happiness,  
that suffering is the way to wisdom;  
that I suffering is the way to contentment  
how many phil. have taught that  
is sterile, misery fertile. My experience has  
illustrated the opposite; plants bloom best  
when their environment has provided the  
least resistance, any extreme  
destroy them. Minor difficulties  
to much sun, to little rain, a few aphids,

the plant falters. That  
7 are children; give them love,  
then thrive, ignore them or tear them  
incisive feet, they deteriorate. Then lose  
the use "their own" resources + waste  
possession of themselves in fears + hatred

Sat. Feb. 24

Lately there has been only one kind  
I crave. stimuli new faces, new places,  
good conversation. I had a taste of  
such stimulus the past few days and  
my discontent <sup>use a bad dream</sup> evaporated. I forgot all  
about the dull <sup>the</sup> community. the long days  
of waiting for nothing, the physical  
reactions of headache + drowsiness. I  
forgot about time and enjoyed myself. I  
have even lost my taste for writing,  
momentarily, because I associate it with  
trying to find something interesting to  
say about the empty days <sup>when I hear</sup> and hearing  
getting nothing back but <sup>euphony</sup> euphony echoed  
and reechoed.

On Thursday I went to the State Legislature  
at the request of Martha Briscoe, President  
of the League of Women Voters of Connecticut.  
Martha & Sack picked me up after at  
8:30. The morning was fresh  
& sunny. I said good-bye to the  
children and rushed out of the house,  
into the seat of all my failures, the  
place where I feel dull & tired and  
aimless, out of the house to the blue  
car which was to take me into a  
different world. I felt mordinately gay,  
a bird escaped from winter at last. I  
had not had much sleep, but the  
~~Tired~~ fatigue was <sup>burned away</sup> disappeared in the  
delight of anticipation. If I had  
Stayed home, facing the blankness of my  
own mind, I would have been exhausted.  
by noon. I would have been irritable at

lunch, sharp with the children, "nathentice"  
to Earl. After lunch I would have sunk  
down on the couch to read the papers,  
but my eyes would keep closing and  
finally I would fall into a ~~heavy~~<sup>deep</sup>  
sleep only to wake up ~~very~~<sup>more</sup> groggy  
+ heavy hearted, wondering what had  
to pass the three hours till Earl  
returned for dinner. At dinner I would ~~read, take the children out, magical~~  
eat too much, and the rest of the  
day and I would sit a drink or  
coffee and talk for a while, but  
there would not be enough talk to  
fill the whole evening. So gradually,  
inevitably, the urge for television  
would overcome us and we would settle  
down to the minor entertainment at hand.  
I would go to bed and fall ~~immediately~~<sup>gratefully</sup>  
into a blinding sleep. In the morning I  
would awake and ~~look~~<sup>rise</sup> up at the February  
and bleakly contemplate the day ahead.

But today was different. Martha and  
Jack were ~~neatly~~<sup>for business</sup> dressed. Their brief-cases were

in the back of the car. Then we began to tell me about Sen. Ben Banninger's farm bill which was to have a public hearing that morning. He proposed to lower the property tax <sup>rate</sup> on farmers land buildings & machinery. <sup>Bus loads</sup> ~~hundreds~~ of farmers were expected to from all over the state <sup>process into the capitol building</sup> were ~~expected~~ to testify in favor of the bill. Henry Mosle had written me saying he was going to speak & that he would like to drive me in. The hearing was in the morning mine was not until 2:00. I was going to listen to the hearing on the ~~not~~ so I had the time Banninger proposal.

To listen to the farmers. Martha and Jack, himself a wealthy farmer, were against the Banninger Bill. <sup>and they</sup> said they did not know how <sup>the</sup> because they did not know how <sup>the</sup> lost to the towns and even feared it would revenue could be made up. But it would establish the precedence that ever a group was to ask for preferential tax benefits. Now the small towns would ask for a bit. Then are such farmers + so on.

ardent Democrat + Banister is such an unflinchingly Republican Republican, one who calls the democratic Governor & God damn son-of-a-bitch in public, and claims to get credit for being the only man in the state who runs alone the farmer Martha + Sack feel that the only fair tax is

We arrived at the Capitol. The golden dome glowed like a setting sun setting into the grey sea - or the stone structure. Vast expanses of lawn, and avenues of trees, circular drives, lead up to the ornate gingerbread building. Martha told me to look a little more pregnant so that the traffic would stop to let us pass through. Everyone looked purposeful and occupied. Men and women walked briskly in groups halting heads together in conversation. People greeted one another and stopped to talk. Her mind flashed back to the domestic scene - The young mothers in blue jeans leading bad babies, mopping, chattering

~~having coffee with another mother~~  
children, I ~~left~~ the image wide distaste  
Martha directed me told me how to  
get to the fourth floor and said  
she would meet me for lunch.

"Do you know where they are holding  
hearings on the Banisher Bill I asked a  
man sitting on the fourth floor.

"Follow me," he said. "They're going  
to ~~have~~ hold it in General Assembly - such  
a big crowd. What do you think of the  
bill? Are you for it."

"I don't know." I said, excited  
by an atmosphere where people were  
expected to hold definite opinions on  
controversial subjects, where people made  
choices & the choices were made laws.

"I think he's Big Ben's foot  
a good idea, but he's trying for too much -  
if he just started with farm machinery --,  
but everything at once - he'll never get

what he's after up for."

"No, I suppose not." I said.

We entered the large room. Books,

each  
with no the name or a Representative,

rose up the sloping floor <sup>I was excited to be at the source of the</sup> in a crescent  
of semi-circles. At the center front of

the room was a dias with a <sup>large</sup> speakers  
table, secretaries, microphones, extra chairs.

The Committee sat there facing up the

~~rows of desks~~ room full which was  
<sup>fuller & fuller</sup> swelling ~~of~~ with people and conversation  
& I found an empty desk. With the

name of Representative Ben Quintan from  
Washington. I said, wonder if he would

appear, for he was the man against

whose resolution I was to testify  
that afternoon. I settled down and looked

about me. There I saw Ben Bascom,

plump and seedy, in a tattered brown suit  
well-wrinkled at the back of the knees, & in

his shoes <sup>unpolished & worn</sup> dirty, smoking a pipe, walking  
about from group to group, consulted at first

one man then another, smiling, nodding up,  
puffing. He sat down ~~so~~ across the  
aisle from me. I could see <sup>the back of</sup> his fat  
neck ~~breathing~~ ~~his~~ in a bristly ridge  
over his collar. # I looked  
around me. Most of the men there  
were farmers. I liked their faces.

So many of them like Mr. Beeter's,  
fine featured, dignified, ruddy with years,  
~~snow-bound mornings~~ <sup>the</sup> and ~~cliff~~ ~~mornings~~ ~~and~~ baking  
midday sun. They seemed at ease,  
talking with each other, gesturing, smiling,  
smoking pipes or cigars.

On Representative Quinlan's desk  
were stacks of reports, his mail, ~~etc~~

a thick green book called <sup>the Legislative</sup>  
Record, index <sup>General Assembly Jan. Session, 1957</sup>  
~~Session January 1957~~ a note book  
in which a clerk had just entered

yesterday's Journal ~~of the House~~ outlines the events of  
the printed pages of today's session.

I thought of the difference between  
reading about something in the paper,  
and being <sup>taking</sup> a part in it. Issues are  
people, <sup>for we</sup> Half the vitality is drained out  
away I would scarcely have read.

Thought about <sup>the</sup> Banninger Bill & I had  
simply read about it in the ~~Lake~~  
Hartford Current. Now, by chance, it  
was intensely interesting. This is what  
I do not find in my home. The people.  
The issues, the abstractions, yes, but the  
~~living~~ flesh & blood that make give the  
issues life, no, not in my home. In  
my home I have access to what  
people have done, their books, their music,  
their art, but not to the people themselves.

The speaker rapped his gavel and  
brought the crowded room to attention.  
People found their seats, the conversation  
<sup>quickly</sup> quieted. Down the galleries over head  
were still filling, I saw Ted Ryan. ~~Sen~~; Pres. of the Senate  
sitting up straight waiting to make it clear that

we are holding hearings only on the  
Bainbridge Bill in this room. Any one  
interested in any other ~~tax~~ finance bill  
hears ~~in~~ <sup>on</sup> room on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor.

No one moved.

"Now, in accordance with our  
usual procedure we will let  
representatives and senators speak.  
~~first~~ as they have other commitments  
and I know that many of you  
men have to get back for early  
meeting, so I am going to ask you  
to be brief and to let one spokesman  
speak for each organization. Please  
this not to repeat. Now Senator  
Bainbridge would like to speak.  
Farmer, lawyer, Senator, <sup>Bainbridge</sup> picked up the small microphone and with  
He arose & pressed the button, <sup>each</sup> ~~each~~ <sup>each</sup>  
on it and putting his free hand deep  
into his pocket he began casually.

"I have an amendment. We're  
not perfect, but  
been working on it all night. Let me

best we could do in 24 hours - it needs reworking. The amendment provides that the revenue lost to the towns will be made up from the <sup>State</sup> General Fund. It became clear that the towns we do not want to increase the burden on the towns which ~~we~~ already have more than they can handle. The purpose of this bill is justice. The farmer isn't asking for charity; he isn't asking his neighbor to pay his way; he's asking for justice. He has been paying more than his share of town taxes. He pays his share of his income to the town. Other residents pay 3% of their income. He works 18 hours a day. We provide us with the food we eat, he makes <sup>the</sup> ~~little~~ for himself. # Promotes tax <sup>fairness</sup> under hardship <sup>upon him</sup>. The Senator's voice rose in tribute to the farmer. When he had finished, the audience cheered & clapped.

Then came the statements from the Represer <sup>then</sup> the Representatives spoke. Some merely going on record ~~in~~

Supporting the bill, some giving brief reasons,  
all stating their allegiance to the farmer  
and their thanks to Senator Barnes,  
the man with the "courage"; the "good  
heart".

How this must warm him. I thought  
looking at the ~~white~~-<sup>pale</sup> faced Senator. It  
touched me to see the rough, brusque  
man soften under the praise. His  
expression was benign and gentle. He  
left his desk & went to sit ~~next~~ <sup>in</sup>  
the front row ~~next~~ <sup>next</sup> to Dr. Harold  
~~high-domed, white-faced~~  
Halcrow, Prof. of Econ. from the  
University of Connecticut, whom he had  
referred to in his speech as the  
biggest brain in the state on these  
matters. The scientist & the politician  
sat side by side, absorbing the praise  
of the <sup>people</sup> ~~massitude~~. For the farmers had  
begun to speak. They were, in general,  
older ~~men~~ than their ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> representatives,

lean, well-shaven, neatly dressed. Through the pride and the dignity, the story unfolded; "I paid no income tax last year made 900 dollars & paid 500 to the town in property tax." "I paid \$1200.00 property tax." "I paid \$150.00 income tax. My profits last year were \$1000 less than 500 netting." "I'm supporting for them here, but I'm supporting paying for their children's education.

"If farm lands go, everybody is there's eaten up by small houses with children to educate the whole town will suffer from the urbaniz. of rural areas. the rural population will have to pay for more schools, more roads, more services. The open land will be gone, the country as we've known it will disappear, the streams, the fields, the forest, the hunting & fishing and walking will be destroyed when the farm land goes. "We want no charity. We want justice.

"The property tax is unjust. Even if ever did make over \$500.00 extra I would be able to afford to buy a plow-share & the not only would I be spending the \$500.00, but I would be increasing my property tax.

For hours they continued while my sympathy for them grew, and my wonder that there were <sup>with our sympathy</sup> even farmers left. The spirit of these men moved me.

I sensed no bitterness, no hatred of their more prosperous neighbor; they seemed to be asking for the chance to continue doing what they loved to do, to live the way they wanted to live. ~~to~~ Their spirit appeared different than <sup>that</sup> of the union members. The discontent, the <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>intelligence</sup> <sup>of</sup> the distrust or management, the fear of doing more than their share of work, was absent. These men had self-respect <sup>of masters</sup>, the pride of ownership, the dignity <sup>that comes from</sup> ~~of~~ responsibility. If they were a dying breed, it was my loss and my children's, I felt.

The speaker gave everyone a chance to ~~say~~ <sup>say their</sup> piece. Finally the

last raised hand had been lowered. The proponents had finished.  
"We will now hear from those who oppose the bill."

Who would dare stand up to oppose it, I wondered.

In fact no body did. A series of assessors arose. Each said, "I support the bill in principle but... it needs to be changed in this or in that respect."

One young farmer ~~and~~ rose to say that the bill was too limited. It did not attack the central issue which is that the state of Connecticut needed to revise its entire tax structure. The property tax is an unsuitable tax originated in the 1600's when land meant wealth. <sup>These days the tax becomes</sup> Today ~~this~~ tax is less and less equitable. ~~The~~ It has less and less to do with the ability to pay. There is only one tax that is really equitable. The income tax. Conn. needs a state income tax.

the last of the opposition had spoken.  
the meeting hearing was over.  
I went to said hello to Henry Mosley  
who was sitting several desks below me.  
He took my arm and led me  
through the crowd toward the elevator  
which would take us to  
the cafeteria on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor.

"Henry, your speech was brilliant."  
I said, "the it offered was the  
broader approach - you really saw the  
problem in perspective. You speak of  
the urbanization of the entire eastern  
sea-board. Do you actually think lowering  
the property tax on farm land can stop this  
trend?"

"No," said Henry. "But it can give us  
a little time to plan for it and to  
absorb it, & to ~~plan~~ plan for schools &  
roads and services. According to a survey,  
if the urbanizing of farms in America continues  
at its present rate, there won't be any left  
in five years. Of course that won't happen."

but it shows you how fast this thing  
has been happenin' up."

We took the <sup>small</sup> elevator up to  
the fifth floor. Martha ~~had~~ was waiting  
in line. Henry & I joined her. Henry  
carried my coat. Martha offered me a chair.  
I do look quite pregnant now and ~~strong~~,  
and I like it. I feel more  
feminine than at any other time. I  
mean I feel strong as an ox, & but am  
treated like a delicate creature, ~~protected~~  
~~and given special~~ I am full filling my  
self as a woman without tiring. What  
ever I do in the public world can not  
does not detract from this essential process,  
~~it only enhances it.~~

The cafeteria was absolutely grace-  
less, smoky, harshly lit with fluorescent  
tubes, so that even one's face looked sallow  
& tired. In the ash tray at our table lay  
a cigar butt, <sup>its chewed end still moist</sup> sunk in a sea of  
ash. But I did not mind. I know that  
the most beautiful place in the world  
can be a prison if I am not enjoying

myself there.

Henry had decided to go to the hearing on the Bricker amendment with me so that he could drive me home I liked having him with me.

His tall frame, his aristocratic face, his ~~old~~ <sup>slightly British</sup> hearing, his diction set him apart from most men there, like a fine race horse in ~~among~~ <sup>an ordinary stable.</sup> ~~the farm~~ horses. We went together to find Room 418 where the Committee on Intergovernmental Relations ~~was~~ were to hold hearings on a series of amendments to the Constitution, including the Bricker Amendment. The room was small & narrow. lighted with the fluorescent tubes. Slats <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>show</sup> ~~at no~~ <sup>even tops</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>the walls were</sup> windows <sup>for</sup> ventilation.

\* The Bricker Amendment, an amendment to limit income tax to 25% <sup>abolish gift & inheritance</sup>, another proposal to have constitutional amendments ratified by the State legislatures alone, here in one group <sup>assembled</sup> were the dreams of the misfits of our times, those who see strength in isolation,

freedom in irresponsibility, security in anarchy,  
I had heard that ~~the~~ American Legion, <sup>represent</sup>  
would speak for the Bricker Amendment.

I looked around the small room to see  
if I could guess which one he was. I  
found him easily. He had white hair,<sup>blue</sup>,  
and a turgid red face, a bulbous nose,  
and a <sup>proponent</sup> a ~~proponent~~ first to speak "I  
am Mr. Parker <sup>speaking for me</sup> of the American Legion. I'm  
gonna speak in favor of the Bricker  
Amendment. Lemme put it to you this

way. Do you want to see our  
American boys over there in <sup>France</sup> ~~Europe~~ put  
in <sup>a French</sup> jail for spitting on the side walk -  
Lemme tell you. in France spitting on  
the side walk is nothing compared to  
what goes on... nothing... I don't  
think our boys ought to be protected; they  
~~shouldn't have to~~ shouldn't be put up with; they shouldn't  
have to be put in jail for breaking some  
foreign law or other."

"I believe you're talking about the

Status or Forces Treaty," said one member of the committee. "Don't you believe that Congress could pass a law about this if they wanted to. why is an amendment to the Constitution necessary?"

"Oh, they've tried to pass a law; they've tried & tried, but they can't. Why, you know what happened the other day in New York, right under our noses? A Yugoslavian delegate to the U.N. killed a woman and there was nothing we could do about it. Our boys are put in jail for spitting on a street, & we can't touch a murderer."

"Of course you realize that one of our diplomats abroad would have the same

immunity as the "Yugoslavian."

"I grant you that . . . but I don't see why our soldiers don't get the same protection."

"They are not diplomats"

"Oh yes they are, I think every one of our boys, serving ~~not~~ because they have to - are - are diplomats. Each one of them."

"Ridiculous," muttered the committee woman.

Mr. Parker continued in the same vein for a while & sat down, his face redder than before.

Representative Quintaine arose to ~~to~~ introduce a Mr. Dresser, who was to speak in favor of all the proposed amendments. "He has graduated from Yale, from Harvard law; he has been a scholar all his life, He has prepared this report, with all the research involved. <sup>in</sup>

at his own expense as a public service. I think the committee should be aware of this."

"Mr. Dresser arose, <sup>and walked to the front</sup> carrying a sheaf of typed notes. He was an elderly man, gentle-looking, like a ~~crusted~~ <sup>He</sup> family doctor. He began to read for 45 endless minutes, breaking from the written notes even now and then to emphasize a point with a story. <sup>For example in defending the 25% income tax he said last</sup> "The other day I was riding on the train <sup>taking off his coat</sup> and decided to have dinner. I looked at the menu. Do you know what for a simple roast beef dinner they charged \$4.50. Why, I can remember when I was Phillips Exeter, ~~that was in Academy.~~ my room and board for the entire week came to approximately ~~the four~~ dollars. You can see how close we're <sup>now</sup> coming to socialism. This trend has to be stopped. Excuse me, sir, but may ask how much longer ~~your testimony~~ you will need."

"Could I have ten more ~~five~~ minutes?"  
The Committee glanced at one another.

"Aight, sir, if you feel you need it."

When he + the few other proponents had finished, a slim-middle-aged woman arose. "I don't think it's good policy in general for a representative to speak at a public hearing. But I feel so strongly about this subject that I have decided to do so. I hope no one will object. I wish to speak against all the proposed amendments. First of all in a general way. What none of the proponents seem to realize is that the Congress is us. <sup>It is not a master</sup> This is a representative democracy. If we don't like the way things are going in Washington, we can do something about it each election. ~~The Congress is not a~~ It is not up to

the state legislature to tell the congress  
what to do. We have ~~pledged~~ to  
~~do better~~, in Connecticut our job  
is running Connecticut, not the Congress  
or the United States. ~~in was taught~~ And another thing I  
would like to point out. Nobody is  
more opposed to Communism or Socialism  
than I, but we make a great mistake  
to allow our dislike of those words  
to prejudice us against every thing  
in those philosophies. For example  
one of the planks of Karl Marx's  
platform --- I don't mean plank-  
but you understand," she laughed  
nervously. "was one of his planks  
was universal free education. Now  
we've adopted that - and it would  
be ridiculous to oppose it as Communist  
inspired."

She went on to speak briefly against  
the specific amendment.

"Would anyone else like to speak  
in opposition to H.S.R. # 13?" the  
committee chairman asked.

I raised my hand and walked up  
to the table. In as loud and clear a  
voice as I could muster I read my  
statement. I opposed the Bricker Am.  
because it would jeopardize the very  
indiv. rights & national sovereignty  
which it claims to protect. Today  
our existence as a nation demands a  
successful handling of international  
relations. At this crucial moment the  
B.A. would hamper the ability of the  
President to deal with foreign countries.  
I gave examples, and then pro said that  
the amendment is based on fears that  
we partic. in inter. org. such as  
the U.N. might deprive us of our  
rights. I said, did not share these  
fears. Our constitutional rights are already  
fully protected. What the B.A. is  
really protecting us against is the  
future judgement of the people of the U.S., as

expressed through duly elected Pres.  
& legislators as to what constitutes  
the national interest. It is saddening  
an exec. & legislative government with  
the fears of a parties limited group  
at a particular time. The Constitution  
is no place for such an expression.

"Will you leave your statement  
with us, & please," said the chairman  
I gave it to him, <sup>complete with scribbled insertions</sup> and went back to  
my seat.

"Good sir," said Henry.

The hearing was almost over  
we went back out into the  
We left soon. sparkling winter afternoon. I breathed  
deeply and with joy. The fresh air  
was ~~toasted~~ so was so good in my  
lungs. Yet if I had been out as if  
all day, I would scarcely have noticed  
~~it a Oppressed~~ ~~the appreciation of Henry~~

and I stopped for a rich, chocolatey creamy chocolate milk shake and then rode home into the setting sun.

When we walked into our living room I was struck by its beauty. <sup>the paintings, the flowers, we were</sup> <sup>for days</sup> <sup>a mountain poised</sup> <sup>outside the windows</sup> I had been oblivious to the charms of our home. All I needed to reveal my love was the satisfaction of my raising for people and action. With the hunger unsatisfied, all I love is obscured and I grow to hate the very things that can bring me the greatest joy.

### Tues. March 5

I started ~~too~~ the festivities on Friday with two old-fashions before lunch. Judson Phillips had invited us to the Farnham Tavern to discuss the new art gallery of the Sharon Creative Art Foundation. We expected Judson <sup>his usual entourage and</sup> ~~and his usual cluster~~ the inevitable strangers from Torn'upton, America or Down Plains. Instead we found Judson alone, a variety. This small, robust, bland man, in dark glasses and a navy blue shirt

is a promoter. He says so himself. He has called forth from this community hundred(s) of thousands of dollars for his Playhouse. How the playhouse kept losing so much money that they turned it into a foundation, <sup>support</sup>, surrounding it with ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~booster~~ art gallery, the children's entertainment, the lecture group. He is now trying to raise \$30,000 for next season. <sup>had been</sup> <sup>was</sup> firm about not heading up But ~~a campaign~~ fund drive. Sudson used his powers of persuasion on me. "Just give it a try; with your charm, had can you provide you provide <sup>you</sup> the charm department, we'll provide the top dirty work. We'll type envelopes, anything you like," letters, stamp or. . . "at least you'll get us started in saluting, won't you; then we'll find some one else."

Several years ago, I in my longing for

recognition, I would have succeeded  
He on his first try. But I have  
learned that <sup>such</sup> recognition <sup>is</sup> scarcely  
recompense for splintering my writing  
hours into a myriad of dislocated activities.  
<sup>I am learning</sup> I have learned to say no with conviction,  
and to say yes with conviction. I am  
learning <sup>how</sup> to choose. So

So, when Sackson decided to ask  
us to help him the art gallery. I  
gave him my whole-hearted support. It  
was a pleasure to do so, for there is  
a certain magic about the man. He  
talks about ~~art~~ is able to communicate  
excitement to me. His projects always  
seem a little larger than life. He  
wants to create an American Repertory  
Theatre, in the order of the Old Vic, the  
Abbey Theatre, the Comédie Française.  
He ~~now~~ has connections with the art  
world. Martha Sackson is someone we  
can count on for support. Do we think  
she could help? "Help.. she'd be enormously  
helpful," said Earl. "You don't realize, Ted,  
what it means to for an artist to have

be seen by someone who runs an important New York gallery.

We drank our old-fashions and warmed to our subject.

"I want you to realize that the gallery is not just an appendage to the theatre. It is something separate. I'll be in the background to do what ever you want me to," said Sud. He had his mind drink deep

lunch and smoked almost continuously. <sup>Carl</sup> ~~He~~ decided to <sup>this to</sup> interest Bob ~~receive~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>had</sup> nominal head. He <sup>is</sup> being the nominal head. Then to have Bob meet a group of people which we would write to a luncheon. This approach is <sup>hypocritical</sup> ~~called~~ <sup>never</sup> wants to be the <sup>an</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>Carl</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>the</sup> man <sup>to</sup> make the calls and write letters. He likes to be behind that man, making sweeping generalizations, relating art to music to literature to politics & back of all while his man takes care of the details.

We finished our lunch - and I dropped Earl back home and went to the dressmakers to pick up my new red chiffon ~~maternity~~ dress. "Do you think it would be alright to wear it tonight?" I had asked Earl. He looked at me astraight. "No, but you wear what ever you like," he said. "as long as you put your boots on."

I looked at the dress ~~carefully~~ ~~and~~ ~~the dressmakers wrapped it in tissue~~

For it was snowing. ~~The weather~~ reports said it would ~~abandoned~~ <sup>canceled</sup> ~~and been~~ <sup>at the U.N.</sup> stop. ~~Our Englishman~~ Keith Kyle, Wash. correspondent for the London Economist had called to say his plane had been canceled. But then Robin had called him back and found the planes were running again. C.D. Jackson was also flying in from Washington. John McNamee, A.B.C. correspondent, was driving up from New York. The Prescott Bush, Sr.'s were to arrive at our house in the late afternoon. "You ought to take a nap." Earl said at me gently. "A nap! Let's face it, darling,

I'm no Eisenhower. I'm too excited to sleep." I just want to be sure you enjoy yourself," he said, giving me a kiss.

~~It~~ It was about 4:30 when I finally returned home. I arranged the flowers.

Bouquets of tulips & daffodils filled the grey snowy cast living room with brilliant reflections of my mood. I ran my tub, set my hair, and with Suzanne, Stephannie and a myriad of toys, proceeded to soak happily in the bathtub. Carl came bounding in from the studio, late as usual, and began his toilette, which seems far more intricate than him man for ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> woman.

I did not wear my red chiffon dress but instead the beautiful pink & black pleated jacket, which I wore, too. "How can you be pregnant and look like a Greek Goddess." Betsy Dresser whispered to me when she saw me.

the small cocktail room of the winter  
Hart Inn was already crowded by the  
time we arrived. The fire was crackling  
and a pianist played softly in the background.  
I saw Senator Banning - we have a  
policy in Opinions Unlimited a exciting  
~~back~~<sup>on</sup> our past speakers to be our guests  
at each subsequent forum.

"Senator, I certainly enjoyed ~~your~~<sup>the</sup>  
hearing on your bill."

"Which bill?"  
"The long money tax on farm property -  
the ~~farm~~ bill -"

"Oh, yes. I saw you were having  
lunch with Henry Morle."

"What are the chances of its passing?"

"Frett Oh. It'll pass sooner or  
later. The real question is whether or  
not the state legislature has a legitimate  
interest in righting this particular inequity.  
I contend that it does. You know, every one  
in a while you fight for a cause that's easy -  
you know that as a lawyer, Don." he turned  
to Don Warner. "Some of the cases are easy, some

are hard - but this property tax is such an obvious inequality - it's an <sup>easy</sup> ~~good~~ one to work on."

Henry Mosle came over.

"Henry, what speech you made was excellent," said Banner. I know a number of men who know this field say it was a brilliant piece of work."

Henry glowed.

I scanned the too crowded room to see who else was there. My eye alighted on a tall stranger, young, with a sharp nose, a thin face, a shock of brown hair.

"Meet over to him. You must be Keith Kyle," I said.

He bowed, and took my hand.

"I'm Barbara DeGard. We spoke on the phone, do you remember?"

"Of course, I remember. I knew you were charming, but if I had known how

charming, I would have anticipated this  
trip even more."

He kissed my hand.

"Well, I must admit, Mr. Dulles, that  
I have never been more taken by any one  
on the phone than I was by you.  
You know I was quite morose when  
you <sup>said you couldn't come.</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>this morning.</sup> I <sup>called to</sup> say you could not come."  
"Were you indeed, Oh,olly good?"

Some one asked him a question about  
the Middle East, which was to be our topic  
for the evening.

"Well, I do like to appear modest,  
but why not be truthful, & be laughed  
at. boisterous laugh. "Did you happen  
to read Scotty Reston's column in today's  
New York Times?"

"No... I haven't seen the papers  
today," I said.

His face fell. "Oh, well, never mind.  
Any way, his whole column was based on  
a question, ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> second & asked Dulles at a

press conference. It was the second question I ever asked him. "He laughed delightedly

"What was the question?"

His young face turned serious, wrinkled accentuated the thin cheeks and sensitive aquiline nose. "I asked him exactly what was the difference between the American and Israeli position on free access through the Gulf of Aqaba\*. He said the difference was that according to international law America had the sovereign right to depend for the free passage for her own ships<sup>but</sup>, not the ships of another nation -

~~The fact~~ This was the point that persuaded the Israelis that the U.S. go alone with the United States. Because you see, they interpreted the Dulles' statement to mean that since the U.S. ~~said claims had no~~ ~~back~~ <sup>they the right under law to depend</sup> <sup>U.S.</sup> ~~for their ships~~ <sup>recognized</sup> ~~was having that~~ meant that the U.S.

~~Israel's right~~ would have the right to defend the passage of her own ships. A ~~crisis~~ of people had gathered around him in his time. A number of apportionment went the round.

Kiefer responded by washing the audience, <sup>slightly</sup> bowing, and <sup>mock deference to see applause</sup> laughing his inflections, pleased laugh.

We were informed that dinner was served. I took the rôle of hostess momentarily, showing people where the dining room was, breaking up the Stoggoon knots of diners who never respond to a call for dinner until lead by the hand by the hostess.

The entire dining room was filled with an giant horse-shoe table. Robin and I had spent the morning deciding upon the seating arrangements. I had placed myself between John Alsop C. D. Jackson at the large banquet table and across from Kevin Kyle. Robin, ~~had~~ as President, had to have Mrs. Jackson on

his right. Since ~~as these dinners~~ the men are invariably  
more interesting, entirely apart from  
~~sexual overtones~~, than their wives. I  
get the brilliant dinner partners, while  
Robin must dutifully concourse with  
some women whose husband is one of  
our splat the speaker's wives.

"Am I sitting near you? Oh, jolly  
I asked him once we were settled. "I believe in doing what I want to do & going where I want  
(good) and here I said he'd go. I came over here to get a scholarship  
and here states. That's the reason I came over here." I turned to John Abbot, brother of  
Joseph & Stereot, whom I had seen once  
before as m.c. for the \$100. a plate  
Eisenhower dinner in Hartford. He had  
handled it well and so I had recommended  
him for moderator.

"Tell me, Mr. Abbot, about the  
Hartford Fire Mutual <sup>fire insurance</sup> Company. I read  
over your biography and your vice  
treasurer to the p. career was metonic. President  
one year, Secretary the next. Then President.  
How did you do it?"

"It was very simple." He paused and smiled his dry, wry smile. "The president was my father. There's nothing like it."

"How right you are," I laughed. Claudia Warner and I began to discuss Connecticut politics with him. "What's this I hear about Sadlak running for governor?" I asked.

"John shot down his soup. Sadlak what ever gave you that idea?"

"Well, I've heard he's tired of his job as Congressman-at-large - running all over the state every two years."

"Well, he may be tired of the job but it's the only one he'll ever get, as far as I can see. He's a nice guy - but not for governor."

"Well, I suppose it will be pretty hard for any Republican to beat Bibicoff," I

said. "He's ~~never~~ popular."

"What gives you that idea?" Sober asked. "He's made some terrible appointments you know. And he's pompous as hell—  
the man doesn't have a glimmer of humor. Thinks since he became Governor that he's been elected to save the world. Give you an example. Before he was elected it used to be Abe & Sober we belong to the same golf-club and so on. Well, the first time I saw him after his election, he was only Governor-elect, I went over and said, 'Hello, Abe, congratulations.' 'Mr. Alsop,' he said to me, 'Mr. Alsop, I believe you are on the Board of Education. I would like you to explain to me how that Board functions.' I go on resolutely calling him Abe, but he's forgotten he was ever human."

"It seems to be catching in the Governor's seat, that was one of John Lodge's

troubles - although I thought he was  
one of the most charming men I ever  
met."

"Oh, God, Honest John Lodge. He defeated  
himself, you know. No one else could have  
done it. He was a damn good governor,  
and a brilliant speaker - one of the best -  
but what can you expect. Honest  
John would walk downstairs every  
morning for breakfast <sup>in orange juice at the Gov.'s mansion</sup>. The staff would  
line up on either side of stairway to  
wish him good morning. Then after  
breakfast he would leave for his limo  
car - a forty foot Cadillac - followed  
by his chauffeur carrying his brief case.  
He'd drive to the Capitol with the chauffeur  
& his body guard. Then he'd have  
lunch at the University Club with his staff.  
No ordinary middle class politician couldn't  
get anywhere near him. That's what  
defeated him."

"And yet you know, he was aware

a silly fault," I said. "He had one  
that was the biggest thing he had to  
fight - during his whole political  
career, was being called a stuffed shirt.

"Honest John told you that?"

"Yes, he did."

"What about Igor," I said, "how  
is Igor. I always shall see him  
wishing fraudulently around looking for  
a ~~big~~ yard of material for some <sup>the</sup> ~~for his~~  
girl's apron — I was his ~~Yonker's~~ <sup>for his</sup> claim  
in Litchfield County."

"You were, & I should have  
known that," said John.

"I don't know why," I said.

"No body needed to worry about  
Litchfield Country - anyway, least of

all Igor."

"Igor's really something — a wonderful  
guy — but my God — he'd meet me  
and it would be 'yo, sir, Mr. Aesop, no  
sir, Mr. Aesop.' I'd say. 'For God Sakes,  
Igor, stop clicking your heels & saluting!'

But you know, ~~his~~<sup>his</sup> father, Sikorsky Senior was terribly strict — I mean we didn't want to be bothered by the kids children. They were trained to rush in, say how do you do, sir and rush out. Poor Iggy hasn't got over it yet."

"What's he doing now?"

"Well, he's in Meade Alcorn's office that could offer him some interesting possibilities."

By this time C. D. Jackson had arrived, and filled the empty seat on my right. Lettie Carson was on the other side and began talking with him. I was grateful for that. We had had a difficult time with him. We <sup>had</sup> arranged to have an Egyptian on the panel. When Lettie <sup>had informed him</sup> ~~C. D.~~ <sup>for</sup> was informed of this, he evidently became <sup>highly</sup> emotional and said he would not speak <sup>with the Arab there.</sup> After <sup>many</sup> ~~much~~ many telephone calls we decided to cancel the Egyptian talk if as tactfully as possible. Given C. D.'s emotional nature we were not sure until we actually saw him that

he would appear. He ~~was a fine looking man,~~  
exhausted with bags under his eyes  
so prominent that 1 feet seen  
never were permanent. He sipped his  
mashie and snorted during his soup.  
He had arrived late.

He was speaking heatedly to  
Keith. "We're Hammerschield  
I'd get right on the next plane for  
Egypt and have a talk with Colonel  
Nasser to see that he doesn't get  
away with breaking his Gergian  
with Hammerschield. Nasser agreed on  
these six points and he can't be  
allowed to back down now that Israel  
is about to withdraw."

"I don't know, sir," said Keith.  
"I think we might do better to deal with  
Nasser's envoy, Fawzi, right at the  
U.N. rather than rushing to Egypt  
to pay court to Col. Nasser."

Hammerschield

"I don't mean ~~par~~ ~~can't~~ - I mean  
to put pressure on him."

"But what kind of pressure  
could be put on Nasser directly?" I  
asked. "Couldn't he exert more, in  
~~the contacts~~ psychologically, in the contacts  
of the U.N.?"

"Well, frankly, there wasn't much  
pressure he could exert . . ."

<sup>At</sup> C.D. took out his cigarettes,  
offering one to me and to Keith.

"No thank you, sir," said Keith,  
"I have never smoked."

"Aren't you lucky," I said.

"What lucky - very lucky?"  
said C.D. "I love smoking! Sir.  
<sup>Bravo</sup>

Keith laughed. You're the first  
person I have ever met who said  
~~they were glad~~ claim did not matter  
about their smoking."

"Well, should I. It's wonderful,  
I love it."

"How is it, you've never smoked?"

I asked Keith

"Well, you see, as a child, I didn't have much respect for adults. I had no desire to imitate them in any way. Most young people smoke to be like adults. That is precisely why I didn't." I value:

C. D. laughed heartily.

Meanwhile Pres and Betty Lou Bush had arrived at the mine Hart. They had been delayed. lost, etc. I went over to say hello and began to get ready to go to the auditorium. Robin had already left with the Jacksons and John over with McDowell Earl and I drove the Bushes.

line like this?"

\* "Do you always <sup>line like this?</sup>"  
Betty Lou asked me. "It's so stimulating  
I can hardly bear it." <sup>that I've been thinking</sup> Greenwich  
<sup>nothing but diapers & babies</sup>  
what a wonderful change this is  
as usual, when I am exposing  
myself, my life seems glorious, all of it.  
"It is lots of fun," I said, smiling <sup>at</sup>  
~~not~~ my casual emphasis, remembering my  
outcries against Gordon & inertia as if  
they had come from some other, slightly

distasteful individuals with whom I wished to disassociate myself.

The auditorium was quite full. I went into the auditorium where the speakers were assembled.

"Do either or you have a preference as to who shall speak first?" I asked the two panelists, Keith and John McVane.

They shook their heads.

"Perhaps it would be better if I spoke last," said Keith. "You see I can't claim the title of intellectual in this country ~~too~~ because actually, I'm an admirer of your Mr. Dulles. I understand that Mr. McVane is going to be critical of Dulles."

McVane agreed to precede Keith.

"I'll try to be as controversial as I can," he said, smiling.

I left the men, joining Earl and the Bushes to find our seats. I was grateful not to have to speak on the platform. The speakers and Robin filed out onto the

stage, eaching holding up notes, Robin, serious,  
nervous, licking his dry lips went to  
the main microphone. He welcomed the  
audience and introduced the moderator,  
John Alsop.

I merely have to look at saying  
to smile.

"It is indeed an honor to  
appear on the same program with such  
distinguished people, behind the spot lights.  
We turned to the speakers," and in  
front of the spot lights, "he smiled  
at the audience."

"First of all, I want you to  
know that your moderator is an  
~~expert~~ expert on the Middle-East. When I learned  
that I was to moderate this evening,  
the first ~~thing~~ <sup>time</sup> I did was to get  
out my map to try to locate the  
Middle-East. Having attempted this I  
have flown over that area. During the way  
, landed ~~here~~ <sup>in the area</sup> for fifteen minutes."  
After more banter in this vein he  
proceeded to introduce the individual speakers.

"Our first speaker will be Mr. C-D. Jackson  
who is at present in charge of editorial  
policy of all the three publications. He  
has been with the part time for  
many years. His extra-curricular activities  
have included," and also read them off:

"Special mission to Turkey for the State  
Dept. in 1942; Deputy Chief of Psychological  
Warfare in 1943-44, Special Assis. to Pres.  
Eisenhower in the field of International Affairs  
and "Cold War" planning. From Sept - Dec.  
1954, he was a member of the U.S. Delegation  
to the United Nations.

His extra-extra curricular activities  
have included Presidency of the National Symphony  
director of the Negro - - - and - - - -

Then he introduced John McVane,  
remarking at the close of his introduction  
that McVane had been a reporter on  
the Brooklyn Eagle & the Times Herald?

"Both papers are now . . . ah . . . no  
longer in existence." He turned to McVane,  
who nodded, smiling.

Alsop returned looked back at the  
audience: These papers collapsed soon after Mr.

McVane left."

The audience laughed.

Then it was Keith's turn.

"And lastly we have, Mr. Keith  
Kyle, 32 and a Bachelor."

Keith laughed. The audience responded  
in kind.

"That's what it says here,"  
said Aesop. He gave Keith's background. (put)  
~~the debate proceeded. People said~~

~~it was the most brilliant program~~  
~~ever presented by Options Calculated.~~

~~I wished that all my friends had~~  
~~been there to share in my pleasure~~

Jackson spoke with the sharp

point and the over dramatization common  
to time Magazine.\* He deplored the  
Senate's delay in endorsing the Eisenhower  
doctrine, calling the prolonged discussion

a "cleat and unfortunate din," which  
if continued would concern to Europe, Africa  
and Russia, that even Eisenhower

doesn't believe in the doctrine and that  
the whole policy might be "only talk."  
He predicted the defeat of the Russell  
amendment by 3 or 4 votes. Actually,  
it was voted down by 58-28 the  
next day.

At the conclusion of his talk  
he warned that we shouldn't make the  
mistake of thinking of the Middle East  
as an isolated problem. "We must be  
prepared to act fast," he said. "Europe  
is too dense and unstable. Something is  
going to happen there. It may blow  
sometime this Spring or Summer. If it  
involves Nato, we are involved... It might  
even mean landing the marines."

This is the way C. D. Jackson  
spoke. He illustrated using Time Magazine  
is a popular but unreliable news  
magazine.

John McVane spoke next, <sup>esp. 16</sup>  
criticized one doctrine,  
The doctrine on the ground that it was

"too late and too vague." It would alienate just those Arab nations whose allegiance we were trying to win. It asks for powers already inherent in the Presidency and is drafted to deal with emergencies which no body can tell happen. "It is not the way of the Soviet to make overt attack. Subversion is more likely and how will the Z. Doctrine deal with that?" he said.

Keith answered him with such brilliance that the audience gasped and applauded him, point by point. Keith arose and greeted his audience, "fellow egg-heads all," he

said with an oratorical flourish and bow. John Aspin quaffed directly into his microphone filling the auditorium with a boom like a thunderous noise. He snatched up a handkerchief from his pocket and over his mouth like to present to his audience what he had just said. You may support or the Eisenhower doctrine

for ~~you~~ and for precisely the reasons  
that Mr. McVane opposed it. <sup>First, it is precise & secondly,</sup> I believe  
that one of the reasons <sup>it makes a virtue of impa-</sup>  
occurred in the past is that the aggressor  
has misjudged the ~~will~~ <sup>the</sup> will to fight  
in his victim. <sup>Many wars are</sup>  
started through a misapprehension of a  
rival. The Licenser Doctrine makes  
any such a miscalculation impossible.

It serves as a warning notice  
that the United States will fight if  
necessary. <sup>However on the other hand</sup>  
~~the fact that~~ <sup>the intention to fight at</sup>  
~~by~~ <sup>choosing</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>in the</sup> Doctrine the least  
likely contingency, namely armed communist

aggression, makes the Doctrine a very good  
thing to propose -- after all, you don't  
want to have to go to war, do you?  
~~Kennedy also commended the doctrine on~~  
~~the ground that it allows the U.S. to~~  
face up strongly to the problem of intervention  
without taking sides irretrievably with any

individual countries which were concerned when  
the U.S. did not join the Baydas Pact,  
while joining the pact would have  
attracted such bad countries as Saudi  
Arabia."

During his speech he would turn around  
to the other ~~participants~~ <sup>captured the audience's heart.</sup> The  
~~other~~ <sup>Kirke</sup> panelists ~~continued to talk~~ <sup>were</sup> to make the audience  
men had appreciated a particular point  
would turn to them to make a point  
as often as he did to the audience, or stand  
a quick space backward to see if ~~they~~  
~~the other men had appreciated a particular~~  
<sup>remark</sup> ~~point.~~ Their ~~laughter~~ had. One elderly lady  
in the audience was heard to exclaim  
"I like that young Mr. Kyle. I only wish  
I could give him some <sup>banana</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~delight~~ <sup>delight</sup> ~~we say~~ <sup>I would</sup>  
cream pie." Another <sup>expressed</sup> the desire to  
take him home with her.

When Kirke had finished, we spoke  
about juice as long as he had been asked to,

\* when "More often," he went on, "the doctrine does nothing to repair the alienation of the Arab States which we have cast over the past years; this is some of their misdeeds or us is ~~go~~ legitimate. We criticize them for turning to the Soviet bloc for arms and trade, yet we would not provide them with what they needed. Egypt tried to sell her Colton to us; we would not take it; she turned to Russia. Egypt wanted

arms from us; we refused. We offered to build the Aswan Dam & then at the same time we offered to build the offer. She turned to Czechoslovakia, that's been providing

Israel with arms, money and economic aid, we have given as much to

that tiny nation as we have to equalize the arms race has meant giving Israel as much as all the Arab countries together. Israel is their arch-enemy. It is Israel they

fear, not Russia. Telling the Arabs we will protect them from Soviet aggression, which they do not fear,

and at the same time favoring Israel  
is no way to win the confidence  
of the Arabs. In fact, it will probably  
~~alienate~~  
alienate just more Arab nations. Unless  
allegiance we are trying to gain.  
The doctrine is too late and too vague.  
It is drafted to deal with emergencies  
which probably won't happen. "It  
is not the way or the Soviet to  
make overt attack. Subversion is more  
likely and how will the Eisenhower  
doctrine deal with that?"

A Keith  
had much risen it is to make  
war point in in a manner that  
involves the least possible risk that  
you might actually have to "land the  
manies." He glanced back at C.D.  
who laughed.  
"In other words the doctrine has

the virtue of allowing the United States to face up stronger to the problem & intervention without having to take sides irretrievably with any individual country, and with the least risk that you will actually have to <sup>fight</sup> ignore the bigger which Aesop says, ignoring the <sup>biggest</sup> John arose, thanked the speakers and opened the meeting to questions from the audience. "Now it's your turn," he said, pointing at us.

A voice arose from the rear. It was George Denny. "I would like to ask the three speakers what Nasser is going to do tomorrow." The audience laughed. The speakers exchanged raised eyebrows. The timing of the question was excellent, for just that day the Israelis had announced their withdrawal from the Gaza Strip, which was supposed to leave Nasser, as C-D Jackson had put it, "morally naked on a sand dune."

"Mr McVane would you like to tackle

that one first," also asked.  
McVane shifted in his seat  
and clasped the microphone.

"If only Mr. Deauve had not  
said tomorrow. If only he'd said  
next week or the week after. But  
tomorrow! That doesn't give  
people any time to forget my answer.  
You can pick up the paper <sup>first thing</sup> in the  
morning and say, well, McVane  
certainly didn't know what he  
was talking about."

"Alright," George called from  
the back of the auditorium. "What will  
Nasser do next week or the week after?"  
"I well," said McVane, "I imagine  
that Nasser will ~~comply~~ conform to the  
agreement, reluctantly, and use the fact that  
she was ~~complying~~ with a U.N. edict as  
a far-saving device. If Egypt wants an  
new excuse for not clearing the canal &

allowing free transit, she might demand reparations from Britain, France and Israel for war damages."

Jackson took the microphone. "I think a lot depends on the reaction of Israel. If there is too much internal opposition to the <sup>pledged</sup> withdrawal, Nasser might use this as an excuse to avoid the end of the bargain."

The microphone was passed to Keith. His answer is that Nasser will do nothing tomorrow. If he continues acting the way he has the past few weeks he will remain absolutely silent. His behavior has been impeccable lately, you know, which is most <sup>attacker's</sup> ~~the worse~~. As to the disconcerting <sup>to his</sup> ~~the worse~~ reparation question I would say there is no possibility <sup>no chance that</sup> the two other men nodded in agreement. Britain and France will pay anything <sup>the two other men nodded in agreement</sup> John also <sup>reco</sup> urged another member of the audience. The minute he spoke

a murmur spread through the audience.  
I heard some one hiss. The questioner  
was <sup>young</sup> Reid Buckley, a red headed member of the  
reactionary family.

"My question has two parts.

We in the United States is committed  
to the Free Enterprise System. I want  
to ask the speakers whether, accepting  
the importance of the Free Enterprise  
System as a fact, whether they feel  
it is not destructive to this system  
to give aid to any socialist government,  
are we not simply contributing to  
our own downfall by showing up  
countries with totalitarian or socialist  
forms of government. If our aim is  
the preservation of the Free Enterprise  
system, how are we justified in  
aiding socialism."

"Is this a question or a statement?"  
"This is a question. Just let me finish." asked Alsop

Since we do not believe that

Socialism is believe in socialism since we believe it to be an enemy, and doomed to destroy itself when should give American dollars to such a cause."

The audience began to laugh. The panelists laughed. Sabin also arose and stopped Reid. "Alright," he turned to the panel, "who would like to tackle that."

~~Keith~~ Both McVane & Jackson both looked at Keith, pushing the microphone in his direction.

"When you are dealing with underdeveloped, backward nations, the term socialism or free capitalistic enterprise has no application at the stage of development in which most underdeveloped nations find themselves. They are not fully enough developed to have either form of economy. If at this stage in their development we tried to impose a free enterprise system upon ~~them~~, the result would undoubtedly discredit that system."

in the eyes of half the world. You  
see, a free enterprise system is dependent  
on having ~~a~~ capital with which  
to build. These countries simply do  
not have the <sup>private</sup> capital they need."

Keith was unaware that the  
questioner was a Buckley. The audience  
was aware of his innocence and  
cheered him. ~~when he so beautifully~~  
~~proved Buckley's~~ ~~point - meaningless~~  
~~and stupid~~

John McNamee took the microphone.  
"I would like to <sup>say</sup> add," he said "that  
I am not aware that we are giving aid to  
actually we are not giving aid to any  
socialist countries." ~~in the Middle East~~  
I cannot think of

one Red was silent. The audience  
laughed and cheered again.

After a few more questions

Robin closed the meeting program. I  
went forward to congratulate Keith,  
who was sitting cross-legged.

at the edge of the platform talking earnestly  
with two school boys.

"Congratulations, Winnie," I said.  
"You were superb."

He kissed my hand and said he  
would be along as soon as he answered  
the boys' question.

I rejoined Mrs. the Bushes and  
Earl in the lobby which was still  
with people ~~and~~ animated conversation,  
people congratulating speakers or each  
other. Robin was rushing about looking  
distracted. "Can I help you, Robin?" I  
asked. "No, No... everything's fine."  
He had not sat down for five continuous  
minutes during dinner; now he was  
busy again. I felt there ought to be  
something I could do to help, but Robin  
seemed to enjoy his responsibilities and  
resent any intrusion. So Earl, the  
Bushes & I drove to Robin's "little  
white House" in the heart of Salisbury,  
where the post forum party was to take place.

The first person I saw when I entered was C.D. Jackson. I was pleasantly surprised, since he had told Lettie he would have to go directly up to his home in Lenox after the program.

"I grabbed his outstretched hand.

"Mr. Jackson, I do want to thank you for coming. You were wonderful."

"Oh - it - was nothing - I - I

"enjoyed it," he beamed warmly. Gone was the <sup>forgotten</sup> ~~the~~ arguments about Arab <sup>by</sup> ~~panlists.~~ immediately he was surrounded by admirers. Henry Mosle came over.

"Oh, dear, he's been drinking," I thought.

What a shame. When Henry was sober, he is lucid and charming, <sup>but loosened by</sup> ~~with~~ gentlemanly <sup>but</sup> ~~disintegrates~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~incident~~ <sup>Grumbles and</sup> a few dinks garrulous ~~and~~ <sup>demanding the whole</sup> ~~gave,~~

a monologuing, excruciatingly long-winded old man whom everyone tries to avoid. As John McNamee said the next morning, Remind me never again to ask Henry Morse how he got into farming. I got his whole life's history — and more", he said ruefully.

Keith had arrived by this time. He had his coffee already circled around him. Pres suggested we all go with Keith into the small den where we could sit down and hear anecdotes talk. We began to question Keith about the Middle East. The clarity, precision and factual resources of his mind were astonishing to me. Gussie also stood at the fringe of the circle listening. Her pretty, simple face frozen in an expression of dumb-founded admiration, mouth open, eyes wide. With surprise, as Keith repeated explained to us that it was not the British or French de Gaulle which had created the vacuum in the Middle East, but the break up of the Ottoman Empire. He documented his

point with a history of family disasters  
over the past century, a tour de force which  
he presented effortlessly. "Russia turned to me,  
~~and so~~ .. He let mafus you want to  
start all over again, doesn't it?" I  
shook my head in agreement. My own  
mind felt like a labyrinth stuffed with  
rotten ~~compared~~ to Keith's.

Keith elaborated upon a statement  
he had made on the platform concerning  
the Aswan dam. "~~The United St.~~  
It was a futile project from the  
beginning," he said. "You see, the terms  
on which the World Bank had agreed to  
loan the necessary money <sup>is real</sup> to Egypt  
would have necessitated <sup>a program</sup> 15 years of  
austerity for the Egyptians in order to  
repay the loan. Any good what the dam  
might have done would have been offset  
by this hardship which these people are  
still able to support, economically." Politically,  
it took 15 yrs. to build the dam, given the high rate in Egypt, the  
population would have increased enough  
to carry out any possible raise  
in the standard of living which the dam  
might bring.

He gave a detailed description of the workings of the Ward Bank. In the small room <sup>the listeners</sup> ~~everyone~~ leaned forward to catch his every word.

By about 2:00 a.m. I could listen no more. Keith was continuing drawing on his infinite resources. But I wanted to go home. ~~There was no~~ <sup>I had</sup> difficulty persuading Earl and the Bushers. Robin seemed most disappointed when we told him we had to leave.

"The party is only beginning," he said. "Now we can have some real conversation. John McVane & Helen Moxie were sitting face to face on the floor in front of the fireplace, them talking.

"Good-bye, Robin. We'll see you at

breakfast tomorrow with John."

We left and stepped out into the clear, snow-bright, moon-lit New England night.

"Oh, the country-air. Smell it." said  
Betty Lou, who lives in Greenwich. "Isn't  
it wonderful, Pres?" You are so lucky  
to live here, Barbara."

When we ~~were~~ entered our  
living room, Betty Lou, who had never  
seen it before, went to the middle of  
large room, and twirled around. "It  
is so beautiful. It makes me want to  
dance," she ~~said, circling around and~~ said.  
round. "It's so beautiful."

Through the eyes of his  
new friend, the room took on new  
life for me. See Betty Lou reintroduced  
me to my own living-room. I was  
thrilled by it. Earl's paintings dominated,  
as rather created the atmosphere—the  
brilliant colors, the bold, pure patterns,  
the rich <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>imposed</sup> associations of <sup>his</sup> flowers, his  
trees, his plant, made the room  
uniquely ours, and I liked the ~~the~~ wind

impression of ourselves which the room seemed so markedly to ~~fail~~ convey to us.

The next morning, as bright a day as the night brilliant sunlight flooded the room as we sat for breakfast. The leeches arrived with John McVane and his young son who was here to look at schools.

Once McVane and his son left, we settled down to a discussion of politics in Connecticut. Robin brought up the subject of gubernatorial candidates.

"I've heard that Sadlak is being considered," I said.

"Sadlak! Not a chance. He's a good man, but not ~~governor material~~ said Pres. "Where did you hear that?" he asked. "Authoritative sources." I smiled, glancing at Robin who had told me,

"Who do you think it might be, Pres?" Robin asked.

"I have a hunch based on nothing, but I think it will be

a dark horse."

"Well - who," Robin pressed him.

"I think it might be Eddie May."

"Eddie May!" Robin exclaimed. "There was a new thought."

"Yes, Eddie May. He's young; he's

a terrific person - and a marvelous campaign."

"Who's Eddie May?" asked Earl.

~~He's~~ "He's the new representative from

Hartford," I said, "I'll never forget that campaign song of his, 'Vote for May in November.'

"That's very interesting, very interesting," Robin muttered. "He's a modern Republican, isn't he?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Pres.

"What concerns me right now is the size of the budget. we've got to reduce spending. You know groups are being formed all over the country to arose opposition to increased spending." Pres. do you really believe ~~but~~ Pres. do you really believe

that given ~~the~~ our defense needs ~~we~~ <sup>the</sup> state of the world  
the indomitable demand for public  
services in the domestic field, that it  
is possible to reduce the budget sub-  
stantially. If Eisenhower and his  
administration could not do it - I  
just wonder if it's ~~numerically~~ possible. - I  
said.

"Surely, it's possible. I can think  
of quite a few places where spending  
could be reduced."

"Where?"

"Well, <sup>the</sup> veterans, for one. Do you  
know we pay out around 5 billion a  
year to veterans. Now, is it a question  
of a disabled veteran or his family,  
that expenditure is absolutely necessary -  
but just the ordinary guy - I just  
don't believe they ought to be  
getting government money. Of course  
, I know that politically this is  
practically impossible to do away with  
- another place I think we ~~can~~ could

reduce expenditures in federal aid to education."

"Federal aid to education! How can you say that, Pres. What in the entire budget is more important than education?" I exclaimed.

"I'm not saying it's not important. But I do think that there is a lot of waste, or needless expense." "Like what," asked Robin. "Like using marble facades, and the most expensive copper tubing, and elaborate landscaping - things like that - I'm sure could be cut down on."

"Well, I suppose so," said Robin. "But you don't want to forget that whatever beauty you put in the schools will have an important effect on our children, if it can <sup>raise</sup> ~~create~~ standards of taste over the whole nation, and prepare our children

to expect to find beautiful houses later  
on children's whose own homes had  
little happiness or beauty."

"I agree," said Pres., "but ~~this~~  
~~think~~ I'm not talking about cutting  
out beauty - but <sup>cutting</sup> out needless expenditure  
and things to define."

"What's a -  
said Robin. "I've just had an idea -  
just off the top of my head - - what  
about having the government sponsor an  
nation-wide contest for the best school  
designs - calling on all architects from  
all over the country. This would stimulate  
temper interest and competition. Then  
when the best designs were chosen -  
the plans could be made available to  
communities to use. At least some  
standards would be set. The community  
wouldn't be obligated to use the  
plans - but the local architects would  
be stimulated to come up with  
something better. This could cut  
school building expenses enormously,

because you can't building materials  
could be built with mass production  
method, standardized to some extent -

"I bet you get ~~the~~ a lot  
of protest from <sup>the</sup> architectural federations  
if this plan ended up in a few  
hands," said Pres.

"Wouldn't it lead to increased  
centralization?" I asked. "And dull the  
initiative of local architect?"

"I don't think so," said Robin.  
"Local architects would be stimulated  
to come up with something better - or  
at least they would be able to study  
get inspiration from ~~some~~ the  
best school architect in the country. They  
should work entirely on their own." And  
we were talking about saving money. This is one way to do it.  
Pres went to his room for a moment.

and Carl, ~~too~~ who had been talking to  
the other end of the table came over to  
join Robin and me.

"Tell Earl your idea, Robin."

Robin recapitulated.

"Robin, I think that's a great idea," said Earl. "You could have contests by regions - you'd need different kinds of schools in the South than in the North or West. These plans would represent the very best that we are capable of. Suddenly we'd have every architect in the country thinking about schools. There is no telling what ideas could be created - what dreams could be realized. Why not have a foundation sponsor it rather than the government? As I see it, ~~this idea of~~ building  
you really want to get community support for this idea - to raise money locally - you should ~~increase~~ expand the value of the school to the community by making it - expanding the use of the school to include the community. It is a great waste <sup>in general</sup> that schools are used 8 months of the year during the day. Schools

should be designed originally to include adults and their interests - Schools can should be designed to be the heart of the community, with facilities for adult education and entertainment, for family projects, for art and music and cinema. The family is doing things together, learning and living and entertaining together. Our schools are a relic of the past. They must be designed to include the family."

Pres had returned, & and was taking notes ~~on~~ on Earl's ideas in a little note book which he always carries with him."

"You know, Earl, Robin has told me that you <sup>have</sup> one of the most brilliant political and philosophical minds in the country today..." said Pres. Earl laughed, ~~said~~

"We ought to get a group

Semiao idea

or us together and ~~the~~ work these ideas out," said Robin. "Maybe we could get the censor to come and listen in - just to see if there is anything he might be able to use. It might be something the Republican party can use," Pres nodded in agreement.

"maybe it might be very useful," said Earl.

"I think that one of the biggest issues confronting us today is the organization of the whole Eastern seaboard. We've got to plan for it or the way of life we love will be destroyed," said Earl, "swallowed up." The idea of expanding the school into a community center would act as a bulwark against over-industrialization over-development, because local citizens would be united in their effort to preserve or to create, rather, what they love."

Robin had to leave to meet John McNamee at last, to meet for help John McNamee and his son to Salisbury School where Robin used to teach.

We concluded our weekend by taking  
Pros and Better Lou for a walk through  
the Hemlock forest along the deep, clean  
ice-excavated stream.

Friday, March 16

Last weekend we went to New  
York with Hewab. Beside our entertain-  
ment plans which were delightful, we  
had several unpleasant unsuccessful  
contacts with the galleries. We  
had appointments with the director  
of the Contemporary Gallery and with  
Thomas Tibbs, director <sup>after seeing the transparents  
who had asked Carl to bring in a  
& the cut-outs.</sup> Museum of  
Contemporary Crafts,

I had shown photo 56 Transparencies  
in the cut-outs to Mr. Lunde, assistant,  
at the Contemporary. He had liked some  
of them, even going so far as to say they  
were sellable. "I'm so glad to  
be able to say that --- you are

born so nice," he had said to me.  
~~Hans~~ Warming me that his gallery  
specialized mainly in the graphic  
arts, he suggested that the woman  
who ran the gallery might like <sup>anyway</sup> to see,  
she was sick at the time, and I  
said I would return in several  
weeks.

When I made the appointment for  
Earl, I made it with the director,  
through the secretary. Earl was angry.  
"Damn it all, when we have made a  
friendly contact, use it. You should  
have made the appointment through  
Lunde. You know what it's like to  
go into those galleries cold — oh well,  
it probably won't make our experience  
anyway . . . ."

At 11:00 Saturday morning Earl  
arrived for his appointment. I did not  
go with him, coward that I am. Such  
interviews are painful to me, particularly  
if Earl is there. I would rather ~~not~~

face the coldness alone, than to have  
to watch some stranger ~~reject~~ casually  
reject the work that is my husband's  
very life. So I waited for Earl at the  
~~Contemporary~~ Ward House Gallery across  
the street.

"He came in, brushing the cold  
winter rain from his coat. "The  
wasn't even there; she'd forgotten about  
the appointment. Lunde <sup>hadn't</sup> ~~didn't~~ even  
known I was coming in — he doesn't  
feel any responsibility for the work.  
I wish you had contacted him."

Years of frustration came into  
my eyes, that I could not even handle  
responsibility like that.  
a simple

"I'm going back this afternoon."  
I sat on the balcony steps at the New Ward  
after lunch, gallery, staring blankly at the <sup>flowering</sup> walls of paintings, watching  
Earl Steinle <sup>tattoo</sup>, standing in front of canvases other artists had painted  
We met our father and brother for  
lunch at the '21. we sat waiting for

there in the elegant, dark foyer. I  
felt like an outcast, surrounded by  
people who were members of an inner  
circle. Earl and I could not seem to  
gain the smallest niche to stand in  
in the world of our peers. I dreaded see-  
ing Daddy because I felt so unsuccess-  
ful, so vulnerable, so weak. Whatever  
his problems, he had forced through  
that ~~is~~ haunting shadow wall that  
separates the effective men from the  
ineffective.

So I saw Louis and Daddy enter.  
They were immediately ~~a~~ <sup>caught all the light</sup> apart,  
grand the door. In their dark suits,  
friends and acquaintances, nodding hellos,  
shaking hands. We were led to  
our table, downstairs, near the bar.

Daddy began to talk, ~~directing~~ <sup>directing</sup> the con-  
versation. I felt even more than usual

that there was nothing in my life  
that I had to communicate to him. Eric  
Fromm says that a <sup>mother's</sup> father's love is  
unconditional, while a father's love has  
to be deserved. I have never felt  
deserving of his love. I have felt  
humiliated by all the money he  
has given me which at times seems  
to be the <sup>consequential</sup> ~~only~~<sup>means</sup> I have of getting  
what I want. Humiliated only because  
I do not seem to have power or my  
own, because I <sup>still</sup> depend on him for so  
much that I need and love. "How are the girls," Daddy  
asked. "We've just five." <sup>it called Scarsdale & I  
did you get these pictures say</sup>  
<sup>"damn it nothing is done right in that house you better send away to Scarsdale."</sup>  
"No," these <sup>I'm west here</sup> he changed the subject.  
are alright - but then can't compare  
with my brilliance, my grasp of the  
situation! Maybe a few at the very top  
may be as smart as I - but not any  
smarter. The ordinary people there are a  
dime a dozen. Then is the research. It's

Making the judgements that's important.

Daddy was giving his views on the investment counselors, <sup>one of whose services</sup> which we have just engaged.

"Now, don't get me wrong. There're fine - save a <sup>few</sup> for people - but they're not going to give you the kind of advice you'll get from me."

"Now ~~as far as money~~ I've kept you in so heavily in cash because I think the market is going to go down still more. You see, your real risk is in Louis Marx & Co. That's where most of your income comes from, and ~~long~~ the business is not going to be doing ~~so~~ doing so well the next few years. You're riding high now in the boom times. You can't expect that ~~will~~ <sup>you know</sup> money higher than you deserve. I'm going to see how things go for the next 3 or 4 years and then decide whether or not to sell the business. If I do, you'll

get a lot of liquid cash - But anyway,  
you've got to figure that your money in  
Louis Marx Co. is your risk money. I  
don't think you should go into tax  
exempt right now."

"Even if they increase my  
income ~~say by \$500 or a year~~  
substantially," I added -

"Well, ~~it's~~ with inflation it's  
a question whether or not they would  
increase your real income. With the dollar  
warker less, ~~that \$500~~ might not be ~~amount is~~  
any real increase at all. It ~~might be~~  
a loss."

"And by the way, that's some ~~stamps~~  
they never mention to you," Louis added.

"Another thing you ought to look  
into is putting some money up in  
Canada, for instance. I would guess that  
a lot of smart money is going up there.  
I've got a million in Canada and a million  
in Mexico, too."

"You're not taking any chances,"  
I laughed.

"It's not that," he smiled. "I think  
it's a smart ~~thing~~<sup>just</sup> to do right now.  
Of course I believe that in the long  
run we are in for a boom like  
like ~~a~~ which no Godly has ever seen. With  
all these underdeveloped countries gradually  
industrializing, we ~~will have markets~~<sup>are in for</sup> ~~the~~  
~~but~~ expansion possibilities—if we don't  
get soft, if you + people like you don't  
get soft from having it too easy. ~~that's~~  
Look at the difference between the English  
& French and say, Russia or Germany. Look  
now Russia & Germany regained their  
strength after the war while Britain &  
France never could do it—soft, that's  
the 'trouble'."

"Of course, you have to remember that  
Britain lost her empire, while Russia gained <sup>was gaining</sup>."

"Good point," said Louis  
"I'm not talking about that," said  
Daddy. "But anyway, to get back to our subject,  
you can use the investment counselors - that's  
alright, as long as you get your advice  
from me. Louis here is doing marvelously  
well with it - more than he's doing  
with the business - but with Wall Street -  
and oil - he's remarkable. You know, just  
about no one gets anything out of these  
oil ventures - ~~the~~ Gimbel's put in  
about a million & gotten nothing -  
Bettie Smith, <sup>with</sup> also sort of inside  
information - the Czar + all that - lost  
everything he ever put in -  
.. You mean Louis is the first  
one you've known whose actually made something.  
"That's right," said Daddy.  
Louis sat quietly next to

me, his head lowered, smiling silently.

Daddy reached into his pocket and handed me an envelope. — I opened it <sup>Cite Series</sup> and in it found a check made out to Louis for one thousand plus. The check had a little scrap of a note clipped to it. In Louis' scrawling <sup>writing</sup> was written, "To Dad, who's the one who <sup>really</sup> deserves this," signed 'Louis.'

"I'm going to give it back to him, of course," said Daddy.

"So that's your first oil check."

I turned to Louis.

He nodded.

"How much do they you think will amount to?" I asked.

"About \$40,000 a year."

"40,000 a year!"

"Yes, and about half of it tax free."

Louis said with that quiet enthusiasm and vigor which is characteristic of him.

We finished lunch, said and said  
good-bye. Daddy and Louis drove off in  
the Prussian Blue Rolls Royce. Eric headed  
for a taxi. "Do you want to come?"  
he turned back at me from the rainy  
~~sidewalk~~ street, his hand holding up the taxi-  
door handle.

"No." I said quickly.

"Good-bye, Miss." he smiled faintly,  
and ~~went~~ the taxi ~~disappeared~~ disappeared into  
the ~~rainy~~ was streams of traffic toward the  
contemporary building.  
I met him, as planned, at the  
Modern Museum of Modern Art at 3:30.  
I waited a moment in the grey lobby  
of the Museum, shaking out my umbrella &  
taking off my book. I saw him  
enter, his <sup>frayed</sup> ~~face~~ framed, to walking briskly by  
people through the milling crowd.

"No - she wasn't interested - not at all. She said the work was like Matisse's cut-outs, when his had depth and meaning - these were like empty, decorative. Lunde wasn't even there - not

I had made & Earl's had too appointment with Mr. Tibbs for 2:00. <sup>on Friday afternoon</sup> I said good-bye to him after our lunch, promising to meet him at 3:00 at Doubleday's. He did not arrive. I waited and waited, until 3:35, and then decided I would have to go downtown for our appointment at Neville, Rodie, the investment counselors whose services we have just engaged. I left a message with one of those bright, effete young salesmen at Doubleday. "Would you do me a great favor," I said. "Have you seen My Fair Lady?" He nodded. "Well, my husband has it wearing a beautiful brown tweed hat, just like Rex Harrison's. Do you know the hat?" He smiled, nodding again. "Well, when you see him, wearing that hat - and he's

tall, dark and very handsome." Will you please give him this note.' The salesman agreed.

While I was talking with Mr. Cushing at Neville Rodie, worried all the while about Earl, I received a call from him.

"Hello, darling - it's Earl. It didn't work out. Shall I come down, or is it too late? I'm up at Diane's."

"Oh - darling, come down. it's not too late. I'll meet you here, 100 Park Avenue."

He joined me at Neville Rodie and when we were finished, we took a taxi back up to Diane's. ~~that was~~

"He wasn't interested. Said it wasn't a craft. He wasn't so bad, but there was a young man with him - God, he was a young man - and he was infuriating. Once he was beginning to impress the master more than anything else. Once

he detected what Tibbs' attitude was. He tried to tear the work down - said he could not see that there was anything distinctive about

nothing interesting Matisse had done is much better if, 7ib6s was Scipioed that I didn't use "natural materials," whatever that means."

"It probably means anything other than paper and paint," I said. "So the sum and substance was..."

"The sum and substance was that

they aren't going to show me "Ear!"  
"They still have the transparencies?" "don't know," I added  
Snapped Earl grunted. "What all men have is a great big box full  
of loose photographs. Then I rattled through there & couldn't even find  
a loose one. We drove

Y Park Avenue. He looked out harsh stickers  
out my rain-drip window I watched  
the new skyscrapers, harsh  
of glass. The  
slices of glass, cut sharply, bright  
through heavy atmosphere <sup>and the</sup> step; women  
in velvety furs, men in black, sleek  
chauffeured cars moved, hurried the silently  
as by. Each one taunted me as the  
symbol of some one else's achievement,  
each symbolized a successful transaction; some  
one had produced, someone some lump that  
another had avoided.

"I have to face it," said Earl.

"Nobody wants my work. And far & from  
any exhibition I have, nobody is

give up to want it for a long time. As far as the world is concerned, my work has no value. ~~God yet~~ I am absolutely convinced I get nothing out of it but the pleasure of doing it - but nothing else - It worthless; it brings nothing to my family - as far as ~~to~~ the family is concerned my work is a total loss; it brings nothing to me. Not even my acquaintances like the work. I can't even give paintings away. And yet, <sup>I'm</sup> convinced that what I'm feel absolutely right that it will be the meaning doing is either I'm insane, or just stubborn - ful. To know what, but I have no intention of changing anything now (an "I?" ) I took his hand and kissed it.

The next morning we had an appointment at the Contemporary Gallery.

as a except

that it would have made any difference - she said she didn't know why I was showing the cut-outs to her, anyway - she's only interested in graphics."

"We know that, but Mr. Lunde... can't cut me off. " I know, I know Let's go in."

"We promised Sandy we'd meet him at 3:30. It's just 3:30 now," said "I'm not waiting for anyone," Sam grusquely, taking my arm and

~~me~~ half pushing me forward. I went down by the ladies' room. Sandy ~~appeared~~ When I returned, Sandy had arrived. He was bonyish, in his old rain coat, his hair damp on his forehead. The night before he had told me about his job with Alfred Knopf. "God, what a challenge," he had said. "Every day is such a stimulus. I get nervous, I think about my work all the time - but it's wonderful. ~~Alfred~~ There's nobody like

Alfred in the <sup>whole</sup> publishing field & he says you're good, you're really good.

"And he thinks you've pretty good does he, Sandy?" I had smiled at him.

"Yes, he does," said Sandy boldly - "some of the time . . ."

"The other day I had lunch with

Jack Dawson (>). editor of Harper's Magazine;

Sandy had continued. "He invited me and dined

me and when we were all finished he

asked me if I'd ~~be~~ write do the editor's

Easy Chair column or bowled me over. I'm

not that good - I can't do that, in the

what's written for

that you know Oliver Wendell Holmes - and

what column, I'm not good enough -

people like that.

But I'm going to try."

"How wonderful Sandy." I had

said. "How fortunate to have challenges like that to draw the best out of yourself

## Notes for writing

1. increasing importance of order

### retakes

Yellow Impatiens

Geranium - Ochre

Green Geranium

countries by at least one other country.  
It could not be contiguous, in other words.  
We found such country in Egypt, and  
we found the economic project: the High  
Aswan Dam. We decided to withdraw our offer  
to build the Dam to reveal that Russia  
had no intention of putting up the money.  
~~we took a calculated risk~~ to end  
the climate of blackmail.

Lime Rock, Connecticut

The Switzerland of Litchfield County  
- an island of freedom  
- in a wilderness -

Mr & Mr. Earl Hubbard

Hubb bbbbbb  
Hubb

we did

Jackson's speech

Unlike 1955, he said, reviewing the world's  
Eastern situation, "our method of combatting  
Soviet Russia was economic, when we now  
q. after fighting the cold war as

sabre rattling. Then suddenly in 1955  
gave up sabre rattling + went over on our side of the see-saw  
they began to use the economic weapon

which up till that time had been our sole prerogative. It was very uncomfortable on that see-saw. We crowded each other. This development took the State Dept completely by surprise. Russians would go into a country and say - "we would like to help you. But we are not like the Americans. We respect your sovereignty. You don't want to take money dollars with all those strings attached. We'll offer you what you need with no strings attached. We feel that's the only way to deal with you, of course, we will send some technicians to help you get in ~~the~~ <sup>some</sup> program started <sup>now</sup>, and so the Russian would begin to take control in the country. Well - we began looking around for a country where we could all Russia's bluff and expose her promises of economic aid for the empty words we felt there were. The economic project had to be spectacular + important, the country had to be poor, non-communist, <sup>test</sup> the country had to be separated from the Soviet

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vs

Riches

Hirschel

? Lang.  
Chapins

Tow

Debbie

Hewat

~~call Lettie~~

call Mense

call Stuart

~~send pictures~~

~~call Craft Museum~~

First "manus"

264 - reduction to "

184 - attributed to Speedy

Leo Cherne



PERMANENT  
SKETCH BOOK