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Craftint
PERMANENT
SKETCH BOOK
The Craftint Mfg. Co. Cleveland 10, Ohio
8 1/2" x 11" 5 1/2" x 8 1/2"

Journal

Volume 17

September 18, 1957 — Feb. 20, 1958

Barbara S. Hubbard
Lime Rock
Conn.

MEMORANDUM

FOR THE RECORD

SEP 20 1958

MEMORANDUM

FOR THE RECORD

(cont)

galleys, a woman of wealth & prestige,
divorced from ^{Leopold} Stokowisky, the conductor,
now married to a Russian prince.

I had written her ~~at the time to~~
ask her to loan paintings for the
Collectors' Choice Exhibition, but had never
received an answer since she had
been in Africa, collecting, at the time

I ^{telephoned} called her to ask if Russel Wright
could come to see her ^{& her collection} on that Sunday.

~~to see it~~ "Oh, Russie, yes, I'd love
to see him. That would be fine."

~~I explained the purpose~~ on the
charm of knowing people, I thought,
the sheer magic power of it.

I explained the purpose of the
visit. "Well," she said, "I don't

know about that. I'm always lending
things - ~~about~~ or my things are at the
Metropolitan now - it's such a nuisance

crating and keeping track of everything -
but came anyway. We'll see. Now
how many of you will there be and
what are your names?"

I gave her the list, as if we
were to receive formal invitations &
have our names checked at the door

~~We arrived late Sunday afternoon. We~~

~~had lost our way because I had~~
~~lost the directions she had given me~~

~~over the telephone. Earl had to call~~

~~her from New Milford.~~

We arrived late Sunday afternoon.

The day was hot, humid. The July

fields were scorched to pale brown by

the months of drought. Mrs. Zalesky's

place, "Cloud Walk Farm" is cupped in

~~a sunken valley~~ a breathless little valley.

The heat settled there like a heavy

~~weight~~, a tangible presence. We hurried

into the driveway, ~~drove~~ past bordered
~~on either side~~ ^{with} apple or an immaculate
apple orchard, each ~~tree~~ tree pruned
spreading ^{its} ~~like~~ ^{canopy of shade} like an ~~umbrella~~ ^{umbrella} upon
fine mown field. We circled ^{the house} ~~the~~ ^{the white spray} ~~the~~ ^{of the}
~~front~~ of the white house, which ^{we stopped}
emerged fitfully from ^{behind} ~~in~~ ^{the} back
the tended trees and shrubs. ~~which~~
A lawn of succulent pachysandra
spread ~~deep~~ in vigorous green health
beneath a graceful old tree. ~~we~~
~~knocked on the door~~ Sprinklers
filled the air with ~~spark~~ crystal
mists & ~~brought out the~~ fragrance.
~~of grass~~ ~~this was an oasis in~~
~~the drought-stricken land.~~

~~We knocked at the door.~~

A tall, shony woman in pink opened
the door. ^{as we approached the house.} "Run," she said. "Every-
body run."
We did not respond. We were

not sure where she meant us to run.

"Come on," she beckoned forcefully,
"run in." Doubtfully we began to jog
toward the ~~door~~ open door. Russel
Wright, Earl, Russell Carver, me and
Betty Chamberlain, who kicked up her
heels behind her and actually did
run.

Once we were all inside, the
large woman closed the door quickly.
"There," she said, "it's the only way
to keep the house cool. Don't let
the heat in. The house was cool &
dim. We met her husband, Alexis,
a tall middle-aged ~~the~~ White Russian
dressed in loose sports shirt, floppy
shorts & sandals. He called his
wife "Boo pee" accenting the oo and ee
in a singsong way. Russel went through
the house with Evangeline, Betty Chamberlain

following with pad in hand. ~~We~~ The rest
of us followed, admiring the heterogeneous
collection of African sculptures, fetishes,
stools, ancient statues + contemporary
paintings, ~~none of which~~ ~~what~~ interested
~~me~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Evangeline and her
husband had traveled all over the
world, to the primitive sources, to
~~the~~ ~~hidden~~ ~~place~~ the hidden places
to find these things. Evangeline ~~had~~
to ^{possessed} ~~take~~ what no one else had
seen, ^{she} ~~to~~ ~~had~~ ferreted it out herself, to
pounce and do research and with
energy + purpose to ^{wrought} ~~bring~~ home her
treasures. And then ~~her~~ ~~pleasure~~ ~~was~~
^{she} ~~to~~ ~~use~~ these possessions ~~as~~ ~~a~~
magnet, ^{they brought} ~~to~~ ~~bring~~ admirers, to ~~tempted~~
museums and people like us, like me,
who wanted to borrow her possessions
to bring admirers to us, to ^{enrich} ~~enrich~~
our position, to gain on our ~~end~~
which in this case was a gallery important

enough to ^{attract} ~~bring~~ collectors to see Earl's work. She was serving our ends and we hers.

She showed us into the "Conversation room." "I designed it myself" she said. It was a small cubicle lined ~~on~~ ^{except} ~~there~~ for the door with a deep, circular couch. ~~The rest of the room~~ ^{was} a large round table consumed the ~~rest~~ ^{center} of the room, ~~coming~~ ^{arriving} extending ~~to the~~ ^{at any} the inner edge of the couch so ~~the table~~ ^{could} that no floor was visible. Suspended from the ceiling, ^{like a Lazy Susan.} reaching to the center of the table was a clutter of ^{Balinese} ~~brass~~ ^{brass} bells, which sounded hollowly like native music when knocked against each other around the back of the ^{carved} ~~carved~~ wooden, were native sculptures, all a ^{painted} ~~painted~~ ^{wooden,} ~~striped~~ tiger in black or red with a ^{there was} ~~upturned~~ tail. A curving row of small windows

let in light above the sculptures. We all sat down around the couch. Evangeline stood in the doorway, filling it, closing it with her body. She smiled down on us as she talked about the sculptures, and her paintings.

When we had seen her things, and she had promised Russel most of what he wanted for the exhibition, we sat at the pool ^{with} Earl + Russel swam. When we were leaving Earl said, almost

helligerantly, "I thought, 'You'll have to come & see my ~~show~~ paintings they're hanging in the gallery now.'"

I felt a rawling embarrassment as she said, "I will if I can find the time." I dreaded her seeing the work and ^{having} finding no bear again. ~~the~~ families response is no interest.

Iran there in a position to help. ~~But~~ Several weeks later + receive Evangeline telephoned. "I'd like to come

and see the ~~Re~~ Gallery," she said.

"Will you be there Tuesday around three?" I told her I would. "and I'd like to see the studio of that... that abstractionist... Hubbard."

"You mean my husband," I said bewildered.

"Yes, I guess that's it," she said.

"I saw his picture of me & his paintings in the paper."

"Oh, yes. Black + White Clouds," I said. "That's my husband. I'll meet you at the Gallery & then ~~drive~~ show you the way to the studio."

"That's fine, dear, thank you,"

she said warmly.
 Before I left Earl said, "Remember, darling, you're in control." I ~~met~~ ^{met} ~~him~~ ^{him} as ^{my} stomach contracted with a pang of nervous anxiety at the Gallery.

at three. Fortunately I was there ahead of time, because the gallery was closed that afternoon. If I had not been

There Evangeline would have found a
locked door & left. I had just gotten
the gallery opened & it when she
arrived with her daughter Sadja, ^{a pale, tall} ~~looking~~
that knew Nancy's best friend at St
Craham-Eccles School in Palm Beach.

Evangeline walked into the gallery, glared
around at ~~the~~ the room and said, "A ^{in her lovely} ~~voice~~
miracle; it's a miracle." Her furniture
dominated the room. Her large Shaker
cabinet ~~to~~ was placed next to an
Eames table to ^{contrast} new & old
Puritanism; her ^{red & black} bureau chest brought
out the red of ^{in our} our Mino rug & the
black of a Shaker rocking chair, her
^{Rhode} ~~Brewer~~ drafting table was an ~~eccentricity~~
historic modern curiosity.

"What a wonderful idea those
hanging ropes are," she said. "Did Russel
do that?"

"No, that was Earl's idea — and

he hung them, " I said proudly -
although I had not liked them,
thinking that that ^{hanging lines} ~~robes~~ ⁹
detracted from the interiors.

When she had finished
she said, " We better be going to
the studio - how long will it take -
I have to pick up a daughter in
New Milford.

" Oh, about 6 minutes, " I said.

" Sadie, do you want to come
with me or Mrs. Hubbard, " Evangeline
asked her daughter.

Sadie hesitated.

" Come with me, won't you, " I asked - she did.

She had told me ⁱⁿ in the Gallery
in answer to a question that she had
been married & was now in the process

getting "unmarried." She told me
that she was studying to be a
psychiatrist. She told me about
how Earl & I met and how we
moved to Lime Rock, bought our one
room studio & carved out our property
from the New England jungle.
When we ^{finally} arrived at our house,
much more than 6 minutes from
Sharon, I was glad, because I was
in a false position with Sadja, wanting
to make her like me, to establish
a relationship that might be ^{help} assistance
to ~~me~~ ^{me} to hold on to Evangelina in case
she did not, at this moment, decide to
like Earl's work.

"Is this where you live?" Sadja
said in surprise. "Why from the way you
talked I expected a shack - this is a beautiful
estate.
I looked across me, & the place was

indeed beautiful; the ^{red} Salvia circled the
rock in the middle of the lawn
like a ring of flame; Mr. Marshall,
the gardener, was weeding in the
bed of tuberosas, begonias & myrtle. The
large leaf Cottonwood tree shaded
an walk from carport to house.

With flickering light. We entered an
living room, where Mrs. Smith was
sitting ^{in her} starchy uniform, reading. Mary
was working out in the kitchen.

"My God, we're wealthy." I
thought "and here am I, trying to
make myself liked, worrying about
Earl's work, tongue-tied with self-
preoccupation, desperate for approval."

"What's the matter with you," I said
to myself, "you've got everything..."
"You've got everything - those families

words that my father used to say
when it was brought to his attention
that one of his daughters had a problem
You Yes, I've got everything, & unless
I can begin to feel in control
of events, proud of myself, content with
my mornings & afternoons & nights,
& night as well have nothing for
all of matters. But you don't mean
that, my thoughts flashed back at me.
No, it's true, I don't. The less effective
I feel the more important it becomes
that I have money. For money is then
all I seem to have a value.
Through my revery, I heard Evangelina
saying, "yes, that's strong, very strong.
He really knows what he is doing.
What a pure line." She was looking
at the Black & white clouds, she went
on through the houses. We looked into
the playroom where Stephanie was sprawled
in baby sleep, her black hair a silver mist

trudge over her gently heaving shoulders.

"What a beautiful child," said

Evangeline, & Stephanie, observed, awoke
& smiled shyly, stretching & then collapsing
down upon the bed again. We continued
on into the hall. "Oh, I think this is

very successful," she said, pointing to
the yellow & impatiens - the most successful
in this series, don't you think?" she

asked me scanning her eye up the
wall. "It has always been one of
my favorites." I said. ~~Oh~~ 6

In an bedroom she singled out

the lavender & white Potted Zinnias. "I

like this one, too," she said, "so simple &
rich."

"Who designed the house," she asked

after they admired the bedroom. "Eal ded,"

I said. "He certainly is a talented young
man," said Evangeline.

I ~~saw~~ smiled, thinking how ^{was quite} ~~strange~~ my
attitude could change from longing for
recognition to the absolute security of
having known it all along, ~~despite another~~
~~other~~ amount of rejection.

"No doubt about it," I said, "he's
talented and highly productive. He works
a long day ~~from~~ every day. He couldn't
stop working if he wanted to let his
nemesis live. He loves it."

"Yes, I can see that," Evangeline

said. "Do you suppose ~~if would bother~~
~~him too much if~~ we could see the
studio, now?" She asked.

"But, Mother, maybe we shouldn't
disturb him; he's probably working,"
said Sadia.

"Oh, no, he's expecting us, isn't he?"

Evangeline hurried to me.

"Yes, I believe so; ^{I'll} ~~we'll~~ ~~then~~ knock

and see if it's all right. I smiled
again ^{to} at myself at the thought of
Earl, who, although he does work hard
every day, was, I know, ~~at~~ then
^{anticipating} ~~waiting~~ nervously Evangeline's reaction
to his work.

I knocked & Earl opened the door.
He was dressed in his paint-splattered
clothes, an abstract-expressionist canvas
in the round -

"Hello," he said. I knew the
smile & I knew the man, telling
himself that he was in control,
as he had told me that I was,
and yet, despite his convictions &
pride, hoping wildly that Miss Shreve
woman would like his work enough
to buy it. Yet, how to show this
could hope & retain dignity. It can't be
done. So he acted calmly; a little awkward

& restrained to keep the ~~scene~~ passionate longing ^{put her off}
from showing, to be sure not to distract
her by ^{sheer force of} ~~her~~ ^{two} need, ~~as a person~~ ^{people} usually
~~hesitates to buy something that another~~
~~person desperately wants to sell.~~

~~He reminded me of a woman who may~~
~~just as in love you do not dare show~~
~~your need until you know~~

She liked the Black + Red wall projection
- that could be used so many ways -
you could float it from the ceiling
or hang it in the middle of a
where you could look through that hole
hole to something beyond - could be very
interesting I'd like to see it a lot
bigger - you should be commissioned to
do one for on a large scale. - I
don't think I've ever seen anything
like it. have I.
"No, I don't think you have."
Earl said.
We took her upstairs, where she

saw the Brown-Eyed Susan. "It reminded me of the work done by... ah-what's her name... the one that paints the phallic flowers."

"Georgia O'Keefe," I said.

"Yes, that's it."

"That's what Art News said about it when Paul had his show in N.Y."

"Oh, I don't well - she laughed, "I don't usually agree with the reviewers - I don't usually think what other people else think."

She seemed genuinely displeased with her self. She told us that she had collected Kandinsky in the 30's and

was one of the first to buy Jackson Pollack. She looked at an early sketch that Paul had done of a boy. "You used to be a shy little boy," she said, "as you were not even with yourself, are you still like that?" Paul laughed and said "I do not remember being like that."

the studio longer, so I asked Sadia if

She would like to come back to the house
to see the pictures of Nancy about which
she had asked me several times.

We leafed through the photo album,
until we came to a shot of Nancy & Lee
at the Riches New Year's Eve Party.

"Why she's so glamorous," Sadia
said "She didn't used to be like that...
we used to look down on that sort
of thing." I glanced at her to see
how she meant this. She looked
disappointed, and she smiled, sadly. I thought.
Sadia was not glamorous. She was plain,
withdrawn, severe in her lipstickless face
and plain white blouse & faded cotton skirt. I wondered

what pain she had been through - and
how to reach her, to know her, to get
beyond the cold, pale exterior.

We came upon an old photo of Earl
at Graham-Ecces, where he was several
grades a head of Sadia & Nancy.

"You know all the girls had crushes on
him at school," she said.

Soon Evangeline + Earl returned from the studio.

"Well," she ^{announced} said, ~~beaming~~ loudly, beaming, with Earl beaming beside her, "I'm the proud possessor of a Husband."

~~A joyful surge went through~~
~~the spans to attention, to life~~
me. She had bought one --

"Well... congratulations," I said, meaning for us as well as her.

"That's a good answer," she laughed.

"Yes. I bought the Black + Red Sculpture. I want pictures of it, to be going to show it to Charlie Cunningham to see if I can persuade him to use it in the new wing of the Athenaeum, or to commission Earl to do one. ~~That~~ I'm very excited about it -- and Charlie has great faith

is my judgement. I don't want to sound
conceited, but purely objectively it
really means something to be in my
collection . . . "

"Oh, Mother," said Sadja.

"No, dear - it's just the truth - Earl
knows it as well as I do."

Earl, needless to say, nodded his
complete & ^{enthusiastic} agreement.

"Charlie ~~thinks~~ a lot of her great
confidence in my judgement. It
will really mean something to
him when I tell him about the
Sculpture . . . "

We waved her ~~dad~~ & Sadja
down to the car.

"Well, my dears, --- Good-bye, thank
you. I think you've doing exciting
work. Earl - Good-bye . . . " She waved

heartily
~~dramatically~~ undoubtedly fully aware
a ~~the~~ her dramatic ~~effectiveness~~ ~~status~~ impact upon us.
a ~~the~~ her

When they had turned out on drive way, down white hollow rd. I threw my arms around Earl and hugged him, feeling as though a great burden had been lifted from me and I was free not to care, because what I cared about had happened, free to be secure without the approval of others, because, oh yes, its true, because I had the approval of others.

Its curious how important some-
one else's words can be. A painting
is ~~worthless~~ ^{worthless} until some one says
it is of value. It is the spoken word
that can transform canvas + paint
into a masterpiece. Earl can paint his
life away and if no one ever ~~says~~ ^{calls}
its good, it isn't. He might love doing
it, but the brutal fact is the painting is
not Earl, depends entirely on other's words

for survival. Evangeline's words ~~be~~ carried
~~that~~ ~~was~~ were but wants against were
a beehive; they gave the painter work
a chance to live, ~~and~~ alone in to endure.

~~If it is the artist's liking that~~
But later Earl said, "you know,
it's funny, but I thought I would be
wild with you if she brought me a
my something - but actually, although a
cause I'm happy about it, it really
means very little compared to the
joy of working. That's where my real
need lies - I need to work more than
anything else. What some one says
about the work doesn't affect me nearly
as deeply as I sometimes think it will.
It is this need of Earl's gives me
strength, for this need he can satisfy and
to that extent he is in control of his
life ~~and~~ ~~to~~ ~~have~~ ~~him~~ ~~in~~ ~~control~~ ~~of~~ ~~himself~~
~~is~~ ~~a~~ ~~comfort~~ ~~to~~ ~~me~~ ~~to~~ ~~have~~ ~~a~~ ~~husband~~

~~whose warm arms~~

To finish the story, Evangeline called to say that ~~Charlie~~ Cunningham wants the sculpture for two years. We are going to bring it to the Athenaeum on Thursday when we go to ^{Hartford to} have ^{lunch} dinner with the Turners. Evans is curator of the museum.

On Saturday we are taking Nancy + Lee to Evangeline's to see Sadja. There we can discover just what Cunningham said.

"This is the kind of week I hate," said Earl

"And this is the kind of week I love," said I, as Earl

scanned the ^{week's} ~~calendar~~ schedule which also includes Opinions Unlimited Meeting, a dinner party, a cocktail party to meet Stuart Henry, director of the Pittsfield Museum. Earl is refusing to go to that

because the Museum rejected his
work for the 2nd time for their
Annual Exhibition of New England Artists.

"we are so utterly different—what
makes me love you so." I asked Earl.

Wed. Sept. 25

★ Sometimes nature is like an abstract
painting to me; I am looking for more
than I can find. I want to know
what it means. I am not content
with color and form, and ~~is~~ no matter
how beautiful. I cannot abide the
faceless, speechless silence. It is not
enough that it is there, the painting
or the universe. Something must be
~~done~~ ^{done} to give the color and form
substance, to make it more than light
that strikes the eye. For me painting
is the art which ~~must take that~~
~~light that strikes the eye and give it~~
~~value~~ ^{gives} ~~put~~ a name to nature so I
may know what it means; painting is a

~~A~~ revealing act, ^{an} ~~the~~ act of revelation, which
means sudden understanding, when I
look at a picture I do not want to
see again the flickering light of sun
on water or the tangled shadows of
trees, I do not want to be frustrated
again, I ^{do not} want the painting to ~~communicate~~
to beg the question, to repeat with variety
and limitations the infinite numbers of mute
patterns I see everywhere I look. I
want the painting to come to some
conclusion, or to suggest one. To me
much abstract painting to Jan has
come to seem like ~~the~~ a tone of voice,
whose words I cannot hear; there
are a variety of tones, from the ^{plurisy} shriek of
a Mathieu to the ^{faint} ~~band~~ audience murmurs
of a ~~Raf~~ Rothko. I strain my ears,
but all I hear is sound, no words.

* as it ~~is natural~~ ^{is natural} to want to ~~hear~~ ^{recognize} the words
when I hear a tone of voice, so it ~~is~~ ^{no} natural
to want to see meaningful shapes
when I look at a painting, shapes that
have been evaluated & given a
communicable significance.

Perhaps Earl's latest work, *Two
nudes*, have brought me to this opinion.
He is using ^{the familiar} bold shapes, ^{the}
bright colors, ^{the} incisive edge, ^{the}
shapes have come to a recognizable
conclusion: women, particular women,
women who communicate to me
an attitude towards life, who ~~subtly~~
persuasive attitude, which strikes me
each time I look and stiffens my

Spine a bit makes me stand erect.
~~Although each woman is different,~~
~~each woman seems to be in control~~
~~of herself, that is the key to her character~~
I like the influence of these paintings
~~to sense~~ they are not yet another ridge
inspired by ^{omnipresent} the middle of nature, ^{patron canvas} have upon
my wall to remind me of how little I know.

They appeal rather to what I know rather than to what I do not know; they tell me, ~~to~~ to be up and doing, to concentrate on what is possible, is knowable and usable, that here is where the magic is made, in the regions in which I have ^{some choice} ~~a constant~~ ~~choice~~, in the small areas of light in a cosmos of darkness. I do not like to be left in the dark. ~~But~~ Paul's paintings

suggest to me that the areas of my ~~self~~ control, ^{of my effectiveness} may be enlarged.

This is the stimulating horizon - to ~~dream about~~ consider how far I may cast light, not how infinitely more vast is the area of darkness.

behind & around me, ~~in~~ space-time.

When I ~~say~~ ~~like~~ I see, I like it to ~~mean~~ ~~the~~ ~~criteria~~ ~~is~~ ^{of the painting} to which the colors & shapes are not ~~the~~ ~~degree~~ ~~of~~ ~~representation~~ ~~representation~~ but rather the degree to which these

patterns ~~reveal & evaluate something~~
that

* In some respects the textural
abstractions so popular today, although
inventive, ~~strike me~~ ^{as} as fundamentally
~~more~~ imitative ^{as} nature than an
academic still life, imitative of
the spirit of nature which ~~is to~~
says absolutely nothing about itself,
which does not evaluate, does not
comment but merely unfolds happens.
~~loudly or softly when a painter~~
It is up to man to do the talking,
the judging. ~~When a painter covers~~
~~his canvas with patterns no matter~~
~~how beautiful or how brutal, that~~
I like a painting that takes a stand,
that makes a commitment, a value
judgement, just as I like that in books
& plays and human-beings. Many of the
paintings today seem to animate like ~~the~~ ^{the} wind

~~storm~~, alive but unknowing, effective but irresponsible.

~~One reason I like Earl's Nudes~~ is that they express to me ~~such~~ a positive value judgment

* In Earl's ~~Nudes~~ ^{Nudes} I find ~~an~~ ^{two} an interpretation of life, ~~not simply a presentation~~ ^{as well as a presentation of a pattern + color}

~~Such as I am face~~. What is naked & exposed in those paintings is not so much the women's bodies, as

Earl's simple, powerful faith that love is the most heroic of human achievements, ~~that love~~ He ~~those~~ ^{paints} the female body with all ~~the~~ ^{its} curves & softnesses, ~~in attitudes~~ yet ~~through~~ ^{by means}

~~the~~ of bold, dramatic cut-out patterns out of which the woman or man ~~seen~~ ^{seen} emerges are made, the nude expresses ~~the~~ ^{the} triumph of the victor, of the strong. and I gather

She won through love not force. Here are
no ~~Joanne d'Arc's~~

The sensual pleasure I derive from
the exciting shapes of color is
vastly enriched by the ~~significance~~
of the painting

This is a rapturous declaration which
includes & vastly overreaches
Delight with form & color. This ~~deducts~~ makes

~~the painting of value to me~~

For form & color ^{alone} I need not open
my eyes to the sky & sea and ^{earth} flowers,

~~there is more than I could ever~~

For value & purpose, I look to
the artist.

Mon. Sept. 29

The difference between us seems to
not our miseries but what we make of
them. I have been reading an anthology
of ^{famous} diaries, all of each by people of
~~extraordinary~~ actual distinction. I am

Struck by how usual are the basic
problems of these unusual people:
loneliness, sense of inferiority, desire
for security and love — these ^{and recognition} ^{as} ^{are} the
common ^{as the} cold are the common troubles
of mankind. ^{that} ^{plagues} us all. ^{rich or poor} ^{famous or obscure} ^{intelligent or stupid} ^{exceptional or mediocre} ^{uncommon or also}
~~distinguished~~ Nor do these
people seem to be distinguished by the
severity of the colds they catch.
The essential distinction is their
awareness + articulateness: that they
observe and articulate, that they
describe and dramatize + exaggerate
^{with} ~~with~~ all the poetry of genius the
ordinary ailments to which they succumb.
~~even as you and I~~ These people do
^{not even} ~~seem~~ ^{any more} ~~to be~~ ^{more} capable of overcausing
their problems than ^{any more} than
~~the undistinguished man~~ if ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~problems~~
~~the~~ ~~problem~~

It is not the unusual quality of their
experience, ~~that they were ^{sim} poor or orphaned or bachelors~~
but rather the unusual
quality of their response, that it is
articulate, communicable ~~that has~~
reason that ~~distinguishes~~ gives them their
value to me.
But the artist, in his awareness of
himself, is to what

However my experience as a writer ~~has been~~
that I do not write about ~~the~~ ~~contraceptives~~ ~~were~~ ~~used~~
we had intercourse on the 22 day in ~~the~~ ~~month~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~27th~~ ~~day~~.
if he ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~using~~ ~~them~~ ~~is~~ ~~it~~ ~~now~~ ~~the~~ ~~27th~~ ~~day~~.
Oct. 1 (Sackie had her first

baby, a boy, last night about 7:00 - 8:00 - 29.
It is difficult for me to imagine her
having been through the experience of
birth. My memories of her are all
young little girl memories, Ethel Walker, Cassan,
job in Washington, over weight, over smoking,
stringent diets, girl friends in Bermuda shorts.
Now this girl no longer exists. Sackie
is a Mother. If I can time to see her

as she was, I will be living with the
part in ignorance at the present. ~~Over~~

Our family is ~~reaching the~~ ~~f~~ no

longer a young tree. Its roots are
running deep and wide, its trunk is heavy
+ ~~and~~ ^{interesting} with age, its branches
~~branching~~ ^{shooting} off into new stem-shoot branches.

The tree casts a wide circle of shade,
an ~~ample~~ ^{protective} provides ample shelter. The

elaborate, yet work of growth is well
established, and promises to continue up
fruitfully. There is my father + Idella

with their four young sons; there is

~~the~~ Earl and I with three daughters,

wanting ~~at least~~ one or two more;

there is Jackie + Wayne with one son

wanting (they say) ~~to~~ ~~5~~ 5 more; there

is Louis + Patsy still to be married; wanting

at least ~~four~~ ~~each~~ four times four is

→ Sixteen plus Daddy's four makes 20 children imminent within the next 10 years. 20 children each starting 20 new families, only one generation removed from me, what a grandmother I will be. What a fantasy of cousins, aunts, Uncles, nephews & nieces my children will have. I like being part of the upward swing of a family, to partake in its ascendancy, rather than its decline. There are two ways of looking at time, at the time it is now; one that the moment is disappearing backward into the past; the other that the moment is projected forward into the future as one moment shapes the next. Having a family is one way to see time thus preserved. Another way is art. Through art the moment endures, not statically, as a rock, but, influentially, like moving water moving water. ~~the pull of family~~

~~down till irreversible like the pull
of time~~

To be an artist and to be a mother
is immortality enough for me, for the
~~way that the~~ ~~immortality that matters now~~ is

~~interest in the present moment~~ |

Crave has not to do with the future;

it has to do with the present. &

is a way of feeling the present ^{pregnant,} preserved

~~enduring, creative instead of passing, disappearing~~

That is the ~~sense~~ sense of immortality - ~~the~~

is the present. For what is good

is a never ending life that ~~was~~

but one moment lost after the next,

life for ever going, ~~never gone would~~

~~be a special kind of hell.~~ a continuous

dying. Immortality is an attitude about the

present.

Mon. Oct. 7

Man has ~~se~~ launched a moon, has sent a representative into outer space, has ~~reached~~ ~~the~~ ~~limits~~ discarded one limitation ^{of time} ^{immortal} ^{his} ^{first} ^{tentative} ~~not~~ ^{step} + taken ^a ^{universe} 60,000 years ago, he was ^{an} ^{instant} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{work} ^{of} ^{our} ^{earth} ^{be} ^{that} ^{one} ^{step} removed from ^{an} ^{ancient} ^{animal}. Today he has displaced ^{his} ^{ancient} ^{god} = and has raised his head ^{above} ^{beyond} the earth to ~~see~~ ^{world} ^{beyond}. The man-made moon ^{is} ^{instrumental} ^{with} ^{which} ^{we} ^{shall} ^{see} ^{and} ^{hear} ^{and} ^{feel}. ^{Going} ^{18,000} ^{miles} ^{above} ^{the} ^{earth}, ^{man-} ^{made} ^{senses} ⁱⁿ ^a ^{man-made} ^{moon} ^{will} ^{send} ^{back} ^{information} ^{the} ^{word}, ⁱⁿ ^{language} ^{of} ^{our} ^{own} ⁱⁿ ^{vention}. ~~that~~ ^{As} ^{well} ^{as} ^{being} ^{as} ^{to} ^{The} ^{moon} ^{will} ^{be} ^a ^{platform} ^{as} ^{well} ^{as} ^a ^{reporter}

a platform to the moon, and from the moon, where not whether is now the question. Humanist that I am, what thrills me is not so much the moon, but man; that man did it, that this creature, a minute ago an ape, ~~has realized~~ in fact

~~the fantastic~~ ~~impulse~~ wishes has ~~learned~~ through knowledge & desire

some hiked matter to fire and fire not enough to and fire to force

strong enough to escape the market ^{slipping} earth, ~~circle~~ & see beyond, ~~to~~ simply

Because he wants to. ^{see beyond.} ~~know~~ Simply

that. Other reasons ~~that~~ come later when we know more; wealth & power & fame & ^{adventure}

will send legions of men ^{into} ~~the~~ outer space ~~the~~ ~~moons~~
But before the beginning ^{impetus}, ~~when~~

men worked ^{together} & alone & then in
league with other men,

before ^{all other} considerations of practical application
was the congenital curiosity of man

^{who} ~~that~~ want to know. ~~They~~ ^{then} extend before

Space Travel became a project with

a purpose, when it was ^{but} a flicker

in ~~some one's~~ ^{man's} imagination, there were

those who devoted their lives to

the dream, I am ~~then~~ ^{inspired} by the

human race, full of wonder ~~at~~ with

an achievement, ~~on~~ the rapidly

of our development staggers me,

and when I try to imagine what

we will have done a minute

hence, 60,000 world years from now, I

know that there is no conceiving of

it, just as Neanderthal man had not

the faintest ^{conception} ~~knowledge~~ of what he probably

I am astonished by the blindness of
so many of my friends who tend to
see the race regressing. They complain
we have lost our sense of craft because
that art + literature of culture ^{we do not build this to last}
has become vulgarized, ^{because every one has access to it} that television
depresses ~~our~~ ^{limits} our knowledge
of the world, that science is making
monkeys of us all. That they speak
of man's ~~great~~ achievements as if
they were something done to man
not by him. They do not ^{sense} see that
unleashing the energy in matter, flying
like ~~so~~ through outer space, speaking
in a whisper across the world, ~~seeing~~ ^{what}
~~that~~ ^{such} deeds as these does our species
evolve ~~that~~ ^{that} by such acts as these
from fire to the wheel ^{in the way man grows}.

that ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~of~~ doing something a new way means we forget how to do it the old way, and that in transition as we always are from ~~new to~~ ~~old~~ old to new, past to present, we regret our loss without seeing our gain, ^{especially} if we are not the people occupied with the new achievement, regret our loss without seeing how it may be preserved & strengthened in the new, as ^{for instance} the craftsmanship of yesterday is ~~transposed~~ preserved today in those who make the perfect mouse ~~like~~ machines that ~~was~~ produce the things we use ~~in those who~~

But ~~rather~~ there really is no argument at all in this question of whether or not mankind is going backward or forward. Let anyone cast his eye in our past a little further than yesterday to gain perspective and could anyone say that the human race has not evolved, ^{has} ~~is~~ not always been evolving? And so we are

Today ~~was~~ ~~enter~~ making man mean more
I would like to put myself on record
as saluting the human race.

I forgot to mention that it
was Russia who launched the moon - ~~on~~
Russia an enemy. But this achievement
spans divisions, heals ~~the~~ ^{my} wounds of
fear + hatred for the moment, in the
awareness that ~~by~~ first we are all humans
and all share alike in what any man
does as we are a part of mankind, and
that ^{only} secondly ^{we} we are separated into countries,
into friends + foes, the ultimate classification
is in common humanity. + Russia's
achievement is mankind's, ~~is~~ what difference
does it make now whether Tribe A
or Tribe B discovered the wheel? The
important thing is that some one did.

Thurs. Oct. 10

* "The brute facts are, whether you like them or not, and nobody gets drunk on the smell of work, that sweated labor is the only authentic builder. All the intervening diversions or dissimulations only serve to put off the necessity of picking up the handrum tools yourself, brush, broom, shovel or pencil; and fashioning an object out of your own muddied dregs; even if it is no more than a fumbled one-eyed potato."

Caitlin Thomas.

There you are: the ~~eternal~~ ~~inescapable~~ Truth, "That sweated labor is the only authentic builder." There is ~~the~~ ~~reas~~ perhaps the hard rock of justice upon which we all must stand. There is the reason why it does not really matter what you have been given to start with: beauty, wealth, health, family, ^{intellectual} genius. The gifts of God are tools, which if not used

* turn into weapons of self-destruction. In this sense we are all born equal, whether in a mansion or a hovel, whether beautiful or ugly, intelligent or stupid, it is by sweated labor that we build, and if we are not building, we are dying, miserably ^{all of us} ~~if we are building~~ we are this is why there never will be a utopia ^{for man or a state} ~~an~~ ^{there can be no} ultimate achievements upon which we rest, happy.

It is not what we build but that we build which ^{otherwise I could} matters. How infinitely different to me are the words I write from the words some one else writes. Because my salvation can only come from my work. No one else's work means anything ^{but} ^{tantamount to} ~~to me~~ except as it prods me to work at my own, to fashion an object out of my

non muddied dress."

I have always felt that the greatest gift to be born with, the only one that matters, is the ability to fashion an object, as Caitlin says. ^{to be} It is ^{by act of the act,} ~~the~~ fashioning that I live; the object fashioned matters only incidentally to me. It ^{will} ~~may~~ be important to others to the extent that it prods them onward towards their own laboring.

What is that ancient story of ^{Sisyphus} ~~Tantalus~~ whose punishment in hell was to roll a rock to the top of a hill only to have it roll down again for him to roll up again, but an accurate description of human endeavor with the joy removed? Because even though collectively we ~~achieve~~ ^{may} progress, even though one generation ^{may} benefit

from the achievements of the past,
individually there can be no accomplishment
that satisfies ^{us} but momentarily. Once the
thing is done, the object fashioned, I must
be working on the next for my survival.
Since it is not ^{the} having done, but the
doing which I always crave, I am
like Tantalus who either luckily likes to
push rocks up hills, or unluckily, does
not like to.

~~I~~ suppose the punishment
involved in Tantalus' fate, is ~~no~~ supposed
to be that he ^{must always} wake to no avail, not
that he must always work. We are
by nature builders. But if I evaluate
endeavour in terms of personal happiness,
~~it seems~~ that the prize must go to
those who love ~~what~~ they do, rather
than to those who ~~succeed~~ have

*
~~build the biggest~~ ~~but~~ building rather than
those whose buildings others love.
It is not so it is not to what ~~avail~~
~~we work~~, not ~~from~~ ^{the} results of the working,
~~but~~ that ~~we~~ I find joy, but if there is
to be any ^{sustaining} joy, I find it in the act
of working. Am I not then a Tantalus
who likes pushing rocks up hills?
who, if the rock finally stayed upon
the hill would push it down again
in order to feel the ^{power} magnificent strength
of my muscle pushing the boulder
the hill again. Is it not the rock up
strength of my own muscle ^{that} ~~is~~ ^{the} delight we
feel, not ^{a number} ~~the~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{to} ~~pile~~ ^{of} ~~of~~
rocks upon the hill?

* Tues.

Sat. Oct. 15

Nature's dying in the fall
~~relieves~~ ~~ease~~ is ^{easy} dying because
I know that ~~from~~ ^{inherent in} the death ^{is} comes Spring.
Or perhaps the ease is only my
large perspective. For the death of
a single leaf is absolute. The tree ~~and~~
lives on, not the leaf. If I were
larger than ^{human} human, ~~the~~ birth and
death would be ^{another} but Spring and
fall ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~and~~ all winters ~~pregnant~~
~~winter~~ ⁱⁿ between and I could speak
of human death with ease. It is
my ^{mortal} ~~human~~ dimensions that make ^{human} ~~my~~
death ^{seen} decisive. To a leaf, or to

A Summer's insect, there is no Spring
nor ~~and~~ fall; ~~to~~ ^{nor} winter, only ^{one} ~~a~~
~~century~~ warm season that is all of life.

Mon. Oct 21

I compiled several entries about
births + typed them up. I plan to
send it in to Ladies' Home Journal. Really
if ever, I know it is not complete, is
only two fragments badly sewn together,
but as usual I don't know what
to do with it. I only know I
want to reach out with my writing
to touch a larger world. I want
that desperately and shall never stop
wanting it. So I might as well
send manuscripts out now + then
to give me that ^{all important} ^{achieved}
sense that I am ^{trying} to get what
I want. Better to fail than not to

Tue. I backed with a writer, Eric
Hatch, at the Morosani's dinner party
last Saturday. He told me that if

I expect to get something published. I must obey the rules; that handing money was a terrible handicap because it kept you from ever handing to learn the rules. "Do you mean to say..." I asked. "That if you had had a lot of money you would not have written."

"Oh, no, I ~~was~~ would have written, but it would have been bad. I would have written poems here and had them published privately. But that's no good. You can't write for your own pleasure."

"I don't see how you can write for anything else."

"No, you've got to think of other people, what they want. That's what

* the rules help you to do.

"Of course," I said, "that's not what great artists do. They don't follow rules, they make them. Perhaps not in purposeful defiance, but simply because the way they see is different, & so

a new set of rules ~~grow~~ harden around what was first simply one man's way of seeing. Then ^{others} ~~then~~ say this is the way you ought to see.

Until some other artist comes along & sees another way, & then you have

new rules. Not that I think I'm some great artist - it's just that if I'm

to be any good at all, in others terms, it will be because I write for my own

pleasure, my own need. It's the only need

I know & writing is my way of

Trying to satisfy myself, to explore my world
You & you look upon your writing
as ^{your way of} discovery?"

"Good God, no."

"Then it's 'not an art to you.'" I

said. "A work of art, it seems to me

always amounts to an act of discovery —
for the artist. He is not simply recording
what has already happened — that's journalism
not literature."

But all the while I was
talking to him a voice within me
kept mocking me; you don't know
what you're talking about because
you haven't done it. You've written
nothing that is more than two brush
strokes on a canvas, no painting yet — (and)
— you're talking to me professional, published

writes about what a writer does.

"Have you ever had anything published," he asked

"No but I'm trying to," I said.

"I've just compiled several entries from my journals about birth."

"Is it going to be an article or a story?" he asked.

"Well, neither, exactly. It's simply my reactions toward pregnancy + birth, ^{especially} about how out of the coldness of my heart a love came that took me by surprise." ... But tell me, what do you mean by rules - what kind of rules.

"Well, it's just feelings you pick up after 30 years writing. ~~Well~~ Like - you never start off with a long paragraph - No editor will get through it."

✓
You start some where in the middle
& catch the interest... And now -
can we get to resolve something in
each story. What are you resolving
in your story about Ginko - that's
the important thing. Did it bring
you back to your husband, for instance.
You had been estranged & the Ginko
brought you together. What ~~is~~
~~is that your~~ what has problem
have you resolved?"

"Well, it isn't so much that I
resolved a problem, but that I learned to
broaden the whole scope of my life through
his new love I experienced for
my ~~old~~ baby."

"That's no good."

"But it's the truth, I loved

my husband before the baby + I loved him afterwards. what can I do about it? "

" Make it up, for God's sake. You don't have to stick to your personal experiences make up a husband.. "

This is ^{my} the familiar blank wall. I do not want to make things up - I do not know how to, + the wish to undermines my whole need in writing up, which is to ~~bring~~ light to light up my world so I can see it. ~~not~~ r.

Tues. Oct. 2?

I went to a meeting of mothers at the Salisbury Central School yesterday. to plan a covered-dish supper before a PTA meeting. I felt totally removed from these people as if I were watching some ^{foreign} tribal meeting. I have been immersed in a private world, going about my daily

tasks with my mind concentrated
upon an inner core of experience

Wed. Oct.

I wish my discontent would explode
~~so~~ me, shatter me into pieces, so
I could start over again, instead of
simmering with ~~the~~ ^{the} contained
contamination of my sense of failure.
I can hardly believe that it is I
who am feeling such persuasive
defeat, I, Barbara. What do I feel
defeated by? Myself. I used to feel
capable, sure that if I were thrown
out into the world with nothing but
the clothes I wore, that I would

rise right up where I belonged. But
none of the ^{unspoken} promises of my youth
seem to be fulfilled. I achieve nothing,
day after day after day. I am no
writer. It becomes harder & harder
to find something of value to say.
I feel tied up into a small, tight knot.
~~of my~~ I want desperately to write
myself out of that knot. To unravel
myself with clean, clean words.

And BY GOD I will. I must.
I will not lie down in darkness
at the age of 27. No! I refuse.
I say I am proud to be human,
to be a member of the species
which sends moons into space, paints
pictures, builds empires. I am proud,
but only if I take my ^{full} part in
the achievement. That is when I
feel like such a stranger yesterday at

*
The meeting of Mothers. I sensed that
they took for granted that this,
this infinitesimal ^{effort} contribution, was their
adequate participation in the affairs
of the world, this sitting around discussing
paper plates & the size of casseroles
was their proper rôle. I watched them,
not with contempt, but with fear. Because
I, too, was there, discussing paper plates
& casseroles as if I were one of them.
I don't ever want to be one of
them. I don't want to touch them,
as if they were a pacifying narcotic
poison that creeps
into my very soul at the touch, lulling
me into accepting myself in their image.
Of course I would not fear them, if I
had an image of myself which I liked.

I would enjoy them for what they do with such love + care. But my own self-distrust casts an evil shadow out beyond me. For instance at the L'ine Rock Post-Office. I rush in + out of that dark place as if they were a colony of lepers, because ^{in my condition} they are contagious. They have the disease I fear to catch. Waste-time is the disease.

Don Evans, son-in-law, ~~is~~ tall, always unshaven, sitting with a tooth pick ^{in his mouth} waiting, endlessly, always ^{saying he causes both sides} uncommitted whatever the issue is, zoning Mrs. Ward, standing, waiting, ready to ~~complain~~ ^{complain} at the race-track, politics, uncommitted because he wants to be on the right side no matter what happens, ending up in limbo, a nowhere of his own making. He has no children. He is married to the daughter of Ward. She is mentally ill + has a heart condition. He calls his mother-in-law, "Ma" + lives with his in-laws in a large white house next to the post-office where he spends all day every day, sitting, reading the

Daily News, listening to the ball games.
Then there is Mrs. Ward who ~~sits~~ stands
all day in the Post Office waiting for
the mail, waiting for the day to end
so she can wait for another day to
begin. And complaining about the weather
or the neighbors or the trolley, or those
who try to do her in - Mr. Ward senior
who pollutes the streams, etc. ^{that runs behind her house}
And there is Mr. Ward, the only ray of light,
because by some miracle he has kept
a sense of fun, a tribute to the
indestructible quality of some human
spirit. But he too, spends all day
at the ^{dark} post-office.
I cannot get out of that place
fast enough to visit me. The Wards
represent to me the terrible truth that

The ordinary life ^{might} ~~may~~ as well never been
lived for the amount of pleasure it
gives the liver of it. The life is
worthless - a waste of the divine spark.

Some times I feel people ~~would~~ ^{must} rise
up in an army of protest ~~rather~~
against such waste ~~than~~ ~~as~~ ~~only~~
~~moment~~ of consciousness forever

But they don't often. No. They accept
the waiting days passively, even though
each day is lost forever in all eternity -

priceless, ir retrievable, never ~~under~~ ~~at~~ ~~even~~
though they are waiting for nothing,
then go on waiting. I am writing
about myself.

Ayn Rand says that the victims
go there without a purpose.

~~Mon.~~ Nov.

~~+~~ An ^{interior} sense of success or failure seems to have little to do with objective achievement. Brad ~~+~~ was telling me that Jackson Pollack's psychiatrist said that Pollack was ~~driven~~ suffered ~~agonies~~ acutely from a sense of failure; that he was deeply unsure of himself, ~~+~~ driven wild by feelings of inferiority + insecurity. Yet his paintings are perhaps the most influential in contemporary America. This is an old story, ~~on the other hand~~

Brad went on to talk about me.

"Barbara," he said, "I'm half in love with you, you know. I'm never disappointed when I see you. You're a real woman, not a half-woman like most Americans - you have such warmth and maturity - you're not trying to be a boy like most of them, with their boys' figures, short hair, flat breasts, no hips - you

know the strength of being a woman."

"Brad," I said, "it always does me good to see you, because you tell me that I am already what I only hope to be. You see more in me than I do."

We drove on towards Sharon, and I mused at how helpless Brad's affection

made me feel, because ~~it did~~ his words only emphasised to me the hollowness inside. There was nothing he could say,

no image he could ^{assign} verbally describe

that could ~~make~~ compensate for my own

sense of inadequacy, of stupidity, of wasted

effort to ~~+~~ misbegotten dreams. It was as

if he were talking about a different

woman. I ~~reached~~ ^{tried} hungrily to incorporate

his image of me into myself that it

might become my own self-image. I

wanted to feel about myself as he did. But

of course, I could not. Recently this experience

has reoccurred time + again. Henry Mole
said to Bill Harris one evening, "I want
you to meet this girl. She has real
intelligence; she's one of the few who
has something to offer."

"What does she have to
offer?" asked Harris, who is a director
of Fortune Magazine.

"Well, for one thing, she's the
spark behind Opinions Unlimited. She's
got all these speakers to come up
here. But the main thing is, she's
intelligent; she knows what's she's
talking about - besides being beautiful."
Henry smiled at me + kissed my cheek.
Now if there is anything I do not feel
at present its intelligent, I have the
utmost difficulty to drag out a coherent
statement about anything.
So knowledgeable

I read about rockets, for instance, and it is
with great difficulty that I concentrate because
my attention is magnetically drawn &
dispersed into ~~the vast~~ a ~~gitter~~ the
vast areas that I do not know
whip myself ^{mentally} because I all I do not
know & consequently am unable to understand
the sentences I am reading. "You're 27
and you know so little, almost nothing
even about what interests you," you're
expert about nothing, you're a fool, a
fool, a fool."

This, ~~later~~ is what I cannot help
from doing to myself. I believe that
I am paralysing my mental functions
with ~~the~~ continual poisonous injections of self-criticism.
So when Henry says I'm he thinks
I am intelligent ~~I wonder what I have~~
ever I feel that he must know
through intuitions or what I might potentially

* be, rather than ^{because of} what I am.

Another such experience happened when Yovan was talking about the gallery - "We need someone who is ready to grow with the gallery - someone to represent us, to ~~guide us~~ ~~and~~ go to Holland if we have a show in Holland - to be out front & someone who can make things happen. I think Barbara is the only one who could do this. What about it, Barbara, are you the one?"

"I'm ready to grow, Yovan, you can count on that."

A flood of desire rose up within me as I caught ^{sight of} Yovan's picture & me going to Holland, in control of events, deciding what to do & doing it, meeting new people, being effective. Oh god, I loved it. I clung to the image that Yovan seemed to

have of me. But actually, I knew that
have trouble organizing a cook & a
cleaning woman; that most of the
creative ideas about the gallery have
come from Earl, & that the most I
am is an inefficient sort of secretary
who can barely type.

I have had the same experience
with Earl. "Earl," I said yesterday as
we walked around our property, "~~it disturbs~~
~~me~~ ~~the~~ I am disturbed by the way I
feel about most of the women I know.
It's ~~not~~ not simply that I have no interest
in their daily lives, it's that I am afraid
of becoming like them; after all, I do the
same things they do every day, drive the
children to school, take care of the house,
go to the same parties. I'm afraid that
despite my desire not to be like them, I am
becoming ~~just~~ just that."

"That's ridiculous, Barbara," he said.

"It's not what you do, but how you do it - and what you think. You might as well face the fact that you're different than most women, that your interests are wider, that you want a different life - and that you are leading a different life. But don't fear them - ~~or~~ you might really end up being like them. You usually end up ~~getting~~ being like the very people you fear - because you put on a protective ~~coating~~ front. You know that you are more intelligent than most of them. You're still young - wait a few years till you begin to understand that your time is limited, that there is no time to do

anything but what you like. Remember that the only value that matters is the value you put on what you do.

"I know you're right, Earl, but ~~what~~ there is no way to make yourself feel valuable. I can tell myself from now till doomsday that I am valuable, but I am incapable of making myself believe the word of it. Either I do or I don't."

"This is where I leave you," said Earl. "If you don't know how to do ~~you~~ doing what you like, then there is nothing I can say to help you. It's just too bad." "I don't know about you - I know I'm happy. You're happy, aren't you?"

He bent down and looked up into my face. "Could it be that I'm so wrapped up in myself, so oblivious of what's going on that you are miserable & I don't know it?"

"You're not miserable, are you?"

"For heaven's sake no," I said
anxiously. "Let's I don't want to talk
about myself any more - I'm fine."

I ~~to~~ was truly disgusted with
the subject.

Wed. Nov. 13

* I decide I am going to do one thing
at a time. "said Virginia Marosani, "that's
how I get it done." She had been
describing how she educated her six children
at home by the Calvert method. I had
asked her how she possibly found time
to do it.

"at first I tried to do other things
in the morning. But once I decided that
this was all I was going to do each
morning, it was very easy. Actually, I don't
spend much more time at it than other

mothers do transporting their children to and from school."

I have remembered this simple statement: "do one thing at a time." ~~Some~~ how it has the effect. The crux is concentration. In everyone's life there are myriads of details. During my days, these details constantly impinge upon my efforts at concentration, ~~bombarding me with~~ ~~alarm~~ ~~irradiation~~ so that when I am in the act of accomplishing one thing, my ~~eff~~ vision is befogged by remembering all the other things I must do, so ~~to~~ no one act ~~ever~~ ~~has~~ ^{do I ever bring} my full attention. For instance at this moment I ~~am~~ ^{also myself}

^{to be} distracted by such thoughts as: call the school the riding academy & tell them Suzanne will ride today; ^{inform the} ~~call the~~ school; ~~to~~ make a doctor's appointment for Alexandra, buy a kitchen clock & buttons for Stephanie's coat; order flowers for Friday's ~~night's~~ dinner party; ask Grace to sew the button on my red slacks, to ~~in the~~ coffee table; return the overdue books to the library,

buy Genny Carson's new book & read it before
you see he comes for dinner; make a woman's
appointment for Zipper & Pegasus, get the
book on Golden Retrievers before you ~~go~~
go to Scarsdale; call Jackie; buy the
~~the~~ Atlantic Monthly & find the address
to send you manuscript on Ruth; buy the
New Yorker to find the place to send Suzanne's
drawing to have it made into an ashtray;
try to get a good picture of Suzanne today,
Earl will need it first thing tomorrow
morning, read Ruth Gannet's book to the children before
she comes to dinner.

This is the first level of distractions
which disturb me. The second level is ^{is} more
profoundly irritating
~~deeply disturbing~~. While I am thinking about
these petty tasks, I am at the same time
thinking that even if I ~~were~~ did not have
these annoying duties responsibilities, I would
be distracted from my writing this morning by the
thought that nothing I have written in the
past is of any value, that it is all fragments,

4
+ that what I am about to do this morning, if I get around to it, is no more at best than adding yet another fragment to the waste basket of my past efforts. Since what I am about to do seems valueless and what is keeping me from doing it, the petty details, also seem unimportant, I am trapped in a void of meaninglessness, ~~petty~~ or one half petty, one half profound but all without meaning or value.

~~This sense of detachment~~

This distracting sense of the valuelessness of my past efforts deters me from my present efforts, not only ^{from} the effort of writing which I consider the most important, but the lesser, yet still significant, ~~attempts~~ efforts to make life interesting such as Opinions Unlimited and the Art Gallery. At the very moment when I am trying to think of ideas for next season's exhibitions, I am deterred by the nagging realization that I did not have any good ideas last year; or how to do have any good ideas, I am not sure the details being so numerous

that I feel paralysed before I begin, For instance, I want to have a jury show to all distracted by the impending details from a cogent thought about the over-all idea.

~~to the~~ From out of the darkness of this morass, I cling to Virginia Morosani's phrase, "do one thing at a time." If I could clear my mind of other details, of memories of past failures, from inflated hopes for the future, if I could sweep all this entanglement away from the present moment and live it clean & whole, I would be saved. For I know I cannot be as stupid, as helpless, as I appear to myself. I know that my mind is not a totally useless instrument, that if I give it a chance it can serve me well.

I must clear away the paralyzing debris of what is not, & what I am not, in order to see what is and what I am. I must learn that when I am doing one thing I am never under any circumstances doing another; that no matter how

* much I have to do. I can never live more than one moment at a time. It is instant by instant I live my life; instant by instant I love or hate, succeed or fail. All achievement is done ~~minute~~ by ~~minute~~; Alexander the Great conquered the world that way. If I can learn how to live one minute well, I have my life in hand. Life can be destroyed by trying to see it whole, ~~to be~~ by neglecting ~~the moment to e~~

* Thurs. Nov. 14

The significant thing about this age is the struggle between civilization and Utopia. We are going to decide once and for all between them. So says Robert Frost. We are learning what science can do and what science can never do. There is at least half of man that science can never reach. We are going to have to learn that.

~~I think he is~~ By stating that the struggle is between civilization and Utopia rather than between democracy and totalitarianism, ~~as~~ as is usually said, he

~~Makes the~~ reveals the essential conflict.
It is not between people who choose to be
free and people who choose to be slaves -
for no one chooses to be a slave. The
conflict is between those who ~~to~~ want
to be guaranteed happiness and those
who want to be guaranteed the pursuit
of happiness. Utopia guarantees happiness
and produces dictators and slaves. ^{Civilization} Democracy
guarantees the pursuit of happiness and
produces public servants + free men. Utopia
~~misunderstands science, thinking it applies~~
~~everywhere, organization~~ ~~think says~~
~~that happiness consists of certain things,~~
forgets that the essential pleasure of man
is not to be given but to get, not to
receive but to give; ^{not to be similar, but, unique} ~~that of a child~~
~~were born to the Utopian~~ the child who
inherits the Utopian ^{achievement} ~~dream~~ of his father, will
strike out and ^{destroy} ~~shatter~~ that achievement, ^{so that} ~~so that~~
~~rather than~~ so that he can build his own.
he may become a man.

rather than accept a ready made world. ~~as~~
As Frost says, "it's not the freedoms I'm
given but the liberties I take that matters."
In a Utopia I may be given freedoms, but
I cannot take liberties. The same may
be said of jail. Utopia will always be another
what the jailers call the jail.

Calling it a struggle between
civilization and Utopia helps me to
understand ~~the~~ our handicap in the
~~can~~ so called battle for men's minds. Utopia
sounds so much better than civilization.
all Utopias lie, because they promise to give
what can never be granted given: happiness.

~~But to people who have~~ But how does
~~anyone who has lived in prison~~
Civilization acknowledges failure, but in that
~~acknowledgement~~ It is the Utopias ~~which~~
are unscientific, for surely one of the
essentials of science is to know where the
method may be applied. Science can never list the
sum of things needed to produce happiness. ~~It is true,~~
~~it will be testified~~ that some future man will, ^{inevitably} be known

that their happiness depends precisely upon
the rejection of that particular list.

~~If civilization does not offer the~~

~~best~~ ~~ready made guarantees of Utopia of today,~~

~~Soviet Communism, is confronted with a
rather embarrassing situation. The Utopian~~

~~condition which they hold up as bait to~~

~~their slaves has already been achieved by~~

~~civilized means. What Khrushchev is promising~~

~~his people is exactly what we already have:~~

~~a high standard of living & international~~

~~power~~ ~~in a civily. society~~ ~~individual~~

~~I would guess that happiness~~

~~is the most ~~unevenly~~ democratically distributed~~

~~quality, because it is common to people irrespective~~

~~of position, intelligence, beauty, achievement~~

Mon. Nov. 18

~~Through~~ ^{fields & drying} ~~the~~ ^{fields & drying} ~~flowers.~~ ~~autumn.~~ The
leaves ~~at the~~ From out the sweeping
hills of hay rose clusters ^{Rap weed}
Egyptian ~~asters,~~ ^{casparian} ^{yellow} ^{people,} this
morning sculptured mist, white cottony
fingers of fog from ~~with~~ lit to radiance
by the cold November sun. The withered
leaves ~~at the~~ ~~bar~~ upon the hollow stalk,
^{were} ~~traced~~ the color of old pennies. Other
weeds rose out of the hay, like clusters ^{the New Sp. aster} ^{constellations}
of golden stars, ^a galaxies of flowers ~~heads~~
upon each slim stem. ~~the~~ ^{clustering} ^{gothic} ^{constellations} ~~the~~ ^{constellations} ~~reaching~~ erect
toward ~~the~~ heaven from out the supple
grass. ~~caught & filtered~~ the sun. The red heads
of sumac floated above the lesser weeds,

their branches lost in the background, leaving
the ~~branches~~ ~~the~~ magenta heads to
make great mobiles against the
blue-green sky. ~~at~~ hungry from



the sky. I saw an empty
bird's nest low among the branches of
a naked shrub. I saw the muted
elegance of bronzed oak leaves, ^{turning} ~~making~~
each tree ^{into a} a blossom of bronzed

gold. I looked and everywhere I looked

I saw ~~an~~ infinite numbers of beautiful
things. I saw the world around me

as beautiful in death as in life, and

I thought of Frost's phrase: "all we really
crave is to signify." I looked in longings

at each delicate weed, gave me a meaning,
became a symbol of something to me

make an epiphany happen; ^{come} ~~come~~ ^{you} shed
your silence and speak to me, I silently
used the still ^{fields} in hopeless prayer.
I ~~knocked~~ ^{opened} my mind, exposed my thoughts,
stretched them taut like a sail
to catch the faintest breath of
~~air upon the calm wind to move~~
me to set me ~~get~~ moving from out
the deadly calm of a motionless
sea. But the taut sails sagged,
unable to remain ~~of~~ unfurled without
a breath of breeze. For no breeze came.

What do I do, ~~upon a becalmed~~ call
for wind that never comes? I row.

There is no choice. I row or die; I use
my hands ^{as} an oar ~~with~~ my hand and
paddle across the ocean ~~to~~ ^{to} make myself

go, move,
If ~~the~~ nature does not respond

to my call. If the New England critics do not
make themselves a symbol for me to understand
the world with, then I, unlike Robert Frost,
will have to go along without the benefit
of ^{such} revelations. I will write about them
anyway, and make the significant ~~out~~ will
be that I have no choice but to try
to signify. That there are certain things
that I cannot give up trying, whether I
ever succeed, ~~except~~ & I had no epiphany
this morning, I wrote anyway.

Tues. Nov. 19

~~Yesterday afternoon~~ It was a grey November
afternoon. The drizzling rain turned the bare
arms of trees to ^{fluid} ~~living~~ black against
the pale sky. I was reading Dilan's
The New Class, about the brutal ~~to~~ power
of the Communists, with the horror & bewilderment

I always feel when I ~~hear~~ ^{confronted} ~~with~~ ^{face} the cold-blooded cruelty of man to man. I was aware of gleeful, hilarious laughter in the children's room. Their taunting merriment had been going on at such a pitch for such a long time. With a mother's instinctive distrust for prolonged periods of silence or laughter, I put down my book to and went into their room.

I was struck with a chill wave of horror. The Pegasus, the kitten, ^{hung} ~~sagged~~ in helpless agony from the bottom of the many-so-round. ~~where he had~~ ~~He had been~~ tied by a hanger had been inserted into the buckle of his collar, and hung over one of the brightly painted horses. Pegasus' head + body ^{sagged} ^{down} like a rag doll from the collar, his ^{paws} feet barely reaching the floor. The many-so-round was just coming to a stop. The children had been laughing &

round and round at a good speed, ^{for the past half hour} watching
~~with~~ Pegasus struggle and then finally
surrender to the torture, incapable of even
making a sound. Then he had tightened the
collar around his fragile neck so that
it would not slip off and free him.

"My God, what do you think
you're doing?" I shouted, furious enraged
by the ^{terrible sight} ~~terrible~~ helpless hanging cat.

I grabbed Stephanie and spanked her.

"I didn't do it; I didn't do it;
it was Suzanne," she cried.

I turned to Suzanne, "I didn't do
it; I didn't do it; it was Stephanie,"
she wept. I spanked her, and turned

to Pegasus. He was beyond protest. That
was the worst of it. He was unable
to fight back. His body hung, alive, ~~but~~

but heavy like a sack of sand. That they
could have enjoyed his helpless agony
gratify me. I gently unattached ^{the kitten} him, and held
him close to me. ^{From} the inert body. I
felt the wild beating of his heart.
He lay in my arms. He was not trembling.
I was. When I spoke to the girls, my
voice ^{sounded foreign,} ^{trembled,} I could hear it in my ears.
as a separate, ^{alien} ~~thing~~ sound.

"What were you laughing at?" I
asked in the low strange voice.
They stared at me, speechless.

"Answer me."

"Nothing," said Stephanie.

"Do you know you might have
killed Pegasus? Do you know that you
who are so much stronger than he
were torturing him. Do you know what
that means. ~~Do you know~~ Can you imagine

what it would feel like if some giant
tied a rope around your throats ^{+ swung you away} and laughed
at you?"

You were acting like monsters, like beasts or
~~worse~~ Do you realize that?

They nodded. "~~We didn't mean~~

"~~I don't want to see you again~~
today. You will stay in bedroom room -

~~and I'm taking Pepasus~~ I don't want
to have anything to do with you. I'm

taking Pepasus. I'll take care of him

from now on."

"Please, don't take Pepasus, I

love Pepasus; I'll take care of him; please,

Mummy, please. Don't take ^{4 yr. old} Pepasus away

from me; I love him." Stephanie broke

down in deep sobs. Pepasus ~~to~~ had come

to us, a stray kitten, several weeks ago.

Stephanie has always liked kittens. She

discovered Pepasus that day. He began to follow her

around and sat on her lap, licking her hand,

purring, rubbing his soft small face

against her soft small face. We decided

to let her keep the kitten. She needed something
all her own to care for, to possess, ^{exclusively} so
that she might be ^{somewhat} relieved of her own ^{jealous} need
for exclusive attention, ~~from~~ ^{from} her own
~~inordinate~~, ^{doomed-to-failure demand} need for to be loved alone. "You like
me better than Suzanne, don't you?" she would
say to ~~a~~ ^a new visitor, sitting on ^{the stranger's} ~~her~~ ^{her} lap,
taking ~~them~~ ^{her} aside, whispering in ^{her} ~~their~~ ears,
throwing her arms around ^{them} ~~them~~ smiling her
encharming ~~winning~~ smile, so charming that
the guest would usually agree, for the moment,
that he did indeed love Stephanie best of all.
We hoped ^{to help her by} ~~that~~ ^{by} Pegasus ~~by~~ giving her
~~something to~~ to a pet whose love she
would not have to ^{compete} fight for.

Pegasus became her beloved kitten. They
were inseparable. Stephanie wanted Pegasus
near her every moment. She carried the poor
animal with her everywhere she went, tucked
under her arm, & when she sat, Pegasus
sat upon her lap. Stephanie tried to shield
herself from shock by stating as a fact
the very thing she most fears. "Pegasus

will have to go away next summer, & won't he?" she asked.

"No, darling," I answered, giving her the assurance she craved, "Peppercorn will never be taken from you, as long as you take good care of him..."

"Oh, I ~~never~~ do take good care of him, don't I, Mummy?"

"Yes, Stephanie, you certainly do..."

So here too I was faced with the weeping child, miserable not because she had tortured her beloved, but because her ^{possession} beloved was being taken away,

sorry, not for the crime, but for the punishment, in fact, emotionally unaware that a crime had been committed. ~~It~~

was my reaction that ~~united their father~~

from amusement. Neither of them possessed a guilt-

in moral reaction against cruelty. On the contrary, they seemed to have an innate enjoyment of

for me. For the sake of torture, ^{of watching the animal} Stephanie's ^{pleasure} so called love for the kitten had in no way diminished her amusement. Her laughter had rung out as loud and long as Suzanne's. I had to tell them this act was wrong.

~~Nothing within them told them so. I looked at Stephanie & thought of the Nazi butcher weeping over a child's broken doll.~~

The horror I felt was that I knew intuitively that I too must be capable of such a crime. ^{my horror was the recognition} I could believe, reading of the Nazi butchers, the communist torturers, the legions upon legions of executioners, inquisitors, that perhaps they were totally different than I; that no taint of their lust was in me; ~~But my own children~~ that it was inconceivable that I could ever, under any circumstances, torture ^{or murder} a living creature with pleasure.

But faced with my children, with their laughter ringing in my ears, with the

Sight of the ^{lump half} strangled kitten before my eyes, I knew I shared their ~~best~~ fate & that the guilt I felt was learned.

Friday, Nov. 22.

Alexandra is trying to turn over. I see here ~~the~~ ^{on} endless struggle ^{revealed is} the essential motive that drives us all, not love nor self preservation, but the primitive itch to do, to act. Why does she struggle so to turn over? } drawing up ~~wrenching~~ her little body into a half-moon of ~~str~~ tense and yearning muscle, arching her back, pushing with her feet which keep slipping ungrappling, ~~struggling~~ ^{finishing} ~~stretching~~ her heavy, unweild unwielding, unyielding head, reaching for balance with her wild, untamed arms, groaning with effort, crying with frustration, shuddering with

anger at the unnamed power which makes
her want to turn and yet refuses to
help her?

She does not so do battle through
rational knowledge of the victory she
seeks. She knows nothing about ~~the~~
reasons for turning over. She simply
wants to because of an itch in muscle &
brain as ~~warm~~ vital
integral to her as the blood
which flows silently, darkly,
causes unknowingly through her body.

And she will turn over; she has
occasionally already, startling herself,
that this is what it feels like to
do what she had been turning so
hard to do. I have seen the surprise
in her eyes, when ~~by~~ ~~luck~~ the uncoordinated
seizures of her leaning body by luck resolve
themselves and over she goes from back
to front. Up comes her turtle head, her eyes
wide with astonishment, her mouth open,
and when I bend down & put my head in

front of her, ~~as~~ smile so wide that
her whole body ~~responds~~ ^{troubles} wriggles ^{wriggles}

finishing the smile that was too ~~to~~ ^{contain}
~~profound~~ ^{broad} for her face alone to hold.

And then she begins again the tense +
straining effort to turn from front
to back, because it was not to get

from one side to the other that she
wanted. It was to ~~ease~~ ^{satisfy} the primeval
craving of her being ^{to realize in action, to do}
~~to act, to do, to~~

be what is possible for her to do, + to
enlarge that possibility in the ^{act, ~~enlarging~~ so strong}
in several months, when ^{that she may never rest until} ~~during~~ she

over is easy, will she ^{be} ~~rest~~ content
with that, ~~her~~ her victory. Will she
turn from front to back + back to

front forever? Of course not. She will ^{try} ~~begin~~
to crawl, her whole being ~~will be~~ consumed
in ^{the} with an irresistible urge to crawl more
from here to there + back again.

all this I take for granted in
a child, forgetting that as an adult,
these unending desires of my own to
do ~~and become the image of my~~ ^{to} what
I ~~only~~ vaguely know, but that I
can never stop trying I know so
~~well~~ ~~I only~~ I only vaguely know

what, springing from the same source as
Alexandra's urge to flop her body over.

~~The main difference between my child &
me is that the infant cravings to act
are well defined & ^{ordered} limited, to sit, to crawl,
to stand, to walk, to run, while my
adult ~~desires~~ ^{desires} have no such
limitations. I am no longer ^{so} guided by my
instinct that ~~the~~ ^{what} ~~scratch~~ ^{this} itch desires to
~~turning~~ ~~over~~~~

And that, like Alexandra, like all
living human beings, there is no end to
our desires that only death. There is no

accomplishment, nor is there any failure
complete enough to ^{quiet} ~~satisfy~~ ~~or~~ ~~my~~
these fundamental unbs
desire to do, to make, to ~~no~~ go, the

~~fundamental verbs of language~~

~~I~~ ^I ~~the~~ ^{myself} ~~desire~~ to ~~to~~ ~~justify~~ ~~our~~ ^{my} ~~desires~~, to keep
~~ourselves~~ that ~~the~~ ^I have a good reason
for doing what ~~the~~ ^I do, that it is ~~not~~

~~the~~ ~~an~~ ~~living~~ ~~of~~ ~~or~~ ~~for~~ ~~others~~ ~~live~~

the purpose of ^{my} ~~an~~ acts that motivates
these acts. But this is not true. Purposes,

~~are~~ ~~the~~ ~~understanding~~ ~~of~~ ~~are~~ an after-thought

to make the itch ^{for action} ~~seem~~ reasonable. There

is nothing ~~to~~ ^I really need in this life but

something to do.

Mon.
Sat. Nov. 23

I am going to try an experiment with
Suzanne + Stephanie: ~~for one hour each day~~

~~I will read to them~~ ~~to~~ I want them to

act up to capacity. They are not doing so
and their academic education does not

provide the rigorous stimulus and discipline
necessary to make them even aware of
their capacity. For one hour each day, I
am going to present to them the best
literature I can find, the literature that
has endured ~~because it~~ and I will prod
them to ~~read~~ ^{ferret out} what the literature signifies
to them, in relation to their own lives,
loves, problems. There are two main things
I will be providing them with: the exciting
material, and equally important, the techniques
of concentration, ~~without which they will be~~
~~the latter is what they sorely need.~~ I
~~do not want them, at this crucial~~
~~age, to learn to be satisfied with themselves~~
~~at half-capacity; ^{this is what they are learning in school.} I want them to ~~feel~~ feel~~
~~in the core of their little souls the~~
incomparable joy of using their minds as
best they can. My standards for them
are not that they be better than some one else,
but that do what is possible for them to do.
~~I hope, that if I can give them a~~

They set a taste
~~taste~~ of what it feels like to do ^{the} what
is best they are capable of that taste
will create a life-long ^{appetite} hunger ~~in them~~
~~that nothing else will satisfy but~~
~~doing their best, living up to their~~
~~own capabilities.~~

As things are going now, Suzanne,
who has ^{strong} ~~great~~ powers of imagination, is,
through a disinclination to make the
effort of concentration, allowing herself
to day dream through most of her experiences
For instance yesterday ^{Earl} called ^{the} ^{Shirley} Point,
her indoors to watch a ballet, on television.
It was a poignant description of ^{her} ^{isolation} ^{her} ^{yearning} ^{for} ^{contemporary} ^{epoxy} ^{flutaba}
young girl's loneliness, and her yearning for
love, and then her first shy meeting
with a young man, ^{frustrating} ^{her}
withdrawal, her drawing near, and finally,
they touched, they danced together and
as the lights dimmed to darkness, they lay down
together in consummation.

When the Gallet was over, Earl ^{said to Suz.} asked S.

"What do you think the Gallet was about?"

"It was beautiful."

"Yes, but what do you think was happening?"

"A Gallet was happening."

"Do you think they were telling a story?"

"Yes."

"Well, what was the story?"

~~Out of her stack~~ ~~from~~ Suzanne began under this pressure, to organize her vague impressions.

"It was about a girl."

"Do you think the girl was happy or sad?"

"She was sad."

"Why?"

"Because she was lonely, all the other people were playing, but she couldn't play with them."

"Then what happened."

"Then a man came and wanted to touch her."

"How did this make her feel, happy or sad?"

"This made her feel happier, but she ran away. She was afraid, but then she wanted to play with him and they played together and she wasn't afraid any more. They danced together & she was happy."

"That's very good, Suzanne." said Earl, "I think you're right. What did you think about the music?"

"It was soft."

"~~Do you think there was a whole symphony orchestra~~ why do you ~~think~~ ^{suppose} it was soft?"

"Because there were only a few people. If there were more, there would have been more music."

"That's right. What instruments did you hear?"

"Well... a flute, and some sort of fiddle."

"That's right. Did you hear any brass, anything like a trumpet or a trombone?"

"No, nothing like that. Maybe there was... what's that with big gold and stripes--"

"You mean a harp."

"Yes, a harp."

"I don't know, maybe, but I didn't hear that. What you were hearing was a string ensemble - a viola, that's a large violin, a cello, a woodwind. Can you say that, string ensemble?"

"String. En... en... sem..."

"Ensemble, that means together."

"Ensemble. Together. String Ensemble."

"Good girl."

"Now, Suzanne, what did you think about the hearing?"

"It was beautiful."

"Yes."

"It was dark. ^{There were little lights} There eyes looked dark."

"Don't you s

"Yes, don't you suppose that was because the light came from above. The Grows cast a shadows over the eyes."

"Yes, there were shadows. They were black and white - you know, Daddy, it looked like your portraits of Grandpa + Stephanie + me."

"You're absolutely right." Earl said. "That's an excellent observation. That's just what I use in the portraits, the patterns of light + shadow, black + white."

What had happened here. Suzanne was persuaded to explore her own reactions beyond the first ^{empty} statement. It was beautiful,

it was a ballet. Earl had applied just enough pressure to make her aware of her reactions. Without this awareness, she will never be able to use or enjoy these reactions; they will hardly exist unless she learns to articulate them one way or another. If she does not learn how to articulate, to force her the amorphous responses into a shape she can recognize, she will be frustrated all her life. Because the responses will occur, they will fester unused, and if she does not learn to concentrate now enough to articulate them.

I am going to start out with Bullfinch's Mythology. These are stories of enormous dramatic impact, ^{here they will find} not distortions ^{of} human nature like the goody-goody world of friendly dragons, but ^{on} here they will find not distortions but caricatures, - not distortions like the goody-goody, oh so nice world of friendly

* dragons & socially conscious elephants, but
characteristics, poetic exaggerations of the basic
truths of life, ~~the love~~, the hatred,
love, hate, lust, cruelty, vengeance, tenderness,
devotion, fortitude, the whole magnificent
range of human emotion described by
dramatic incident in the lives of gods &
mortals.

I will read me each day. Then we
will discuss it. I will try to help them
formulate their ideas. I will ~~force~~ ^{demand} them
to ~~pay~~ ^{their full} attention. If I do not get it,
I will ask which ever one is the offender,
to leave, & continue ^{alone} with the other.
~~I hope this experiment will teach~~

them of fact and I do not challenge
the children to act up to capacity, to
expect their best from themselves, no one
will. Their present teachers are incapable of

doing it. of that I am sure. Yesterday
I had a talk with Stephanie's ^{kindergarten} teacher,
Miss Travis, a smiling, doughy faced
woman of a certain age. Earl + I had
been annoyed because day after day
after day Stephanie would come home
with drawings which Miss Travis had
drawn + Stephanie had colored in. Never
once did we see an original drawing.
Or else she brings intricate ^{cut out} baskets
turkeys etc. which Miss Travis had
drawn + Stephanie had cut out along
the teacher's lines.

Do you ever
~~don't you~~
drawings?
let the children do ^{their own} ~~these~~ on
Stephanie brings home nothing
Traced drawings colored in. ~~Don't~~
~~you think it is important for them to~~
~~use their own imagination~~

"Well, Mrs. Hubbard, ~~they~~ do you
know how they are, they say they ^{to their own} can't
and they ask ^{for help. It} drawings to color-in."
Does Stephanie tell you she

can't do a drawing?"

"Oh, yes, she is always asking for help."

"Well, Miss Travis, Stephanie can do her own drawings. Please don't ever let her tell you she can't. I want you to tell her she can. I want to see her bring home her own drawings from now on. It is more important than coloring-in."

"Oh, coloring in is very important. It teaches the children to handle the pencil."

"Well, how about letting us keep them to color in their own drawings. That way you would ^{stimulate} accomplish both the creative & the technical aptitudes."

"It is so hard to get them to do their own drawings, Mrs. Hubbard, — ^{with Stephanie} Miss Travis."

"Of course the children have made good progress this year in handling the

scissors - Many of them didn't have the faintest idea how to use the scissors at the beginning of the year."

"I am glad to hear that. But, I'm going to tell Stephanie that I would like her to bring home original drawings - and I will tell her that you ~~expect~~ know she can do it now - and maybe that will stimulate her pride in what she can do on her own. But please, Miss Travis, don't believe it when she tells you she can't."

"Oh, you know how they are, Mrs. Hubbard," she smiled as if to comfort me, "they've all like that."

"Goodbye, Miss Travis," I said, sensing the hopelessness of the situation - accepting a ^{as a fact} four year old's statement that she can't draw. "That's how they all are" + that's how they'll all be, if Miss Travis has a strong influence. But, bad

as she is, Miss Train is probably no worse than average.

It is up to me. And I look forward to the challenge. I expect it to be as stimulating for me as for them.

Thurs. Dec. 3 -

I am in a strait-jacket, bound and gagged. I have two choices: to try to struggle out of my bondage or to accept it. Whenever I glance inward, I cringe, as if I touched an open wound with alcohol. I am in such pain that I can hardly speak. I see little of the world; I remember little; I can ~~hardly~~ hardly repeat what I have seen, much less evaluate or use it. When I sit in a shroud of silence, as if the message of the atmosphere were pervasively crushing me, holding me in upon myself, suffocating, blinding, deafening me, I look back at the years of young adulthood as a gradual ^{inner} ~~own~~ immolation;

a gradual calcifying of ~~the~~ the vital organs,
until I am inwardly stone, with only the
deceiving skin of me remaining warm. When
I try to respond, it is as if stone tries
to flow. I cannot. The ^{primary} reaction of my
senses reaches my brain, & there is
trapped, is calcified forever by the
mysterious chemical which is turning me
to stone petrifying me. I watch it
happening. Occasionally I struggle. A
moment of hope, and then I feel
the oppressive weight of inner stone
and fall quiet, in defeat.

No matter whom I am with, Earl,
my father, General Greenher, Idella, even
my own children, I feel as though I
were separated from them by this invisible
shield. I feel I cannot speak. Actually, I am able
to converse, but not to initiate conversation.
If they stop talking, I stop talking. I
feel panicky - I search my brain for

something to say, to assert myself, to feel
alive at least, but ~~unusually~~, I can
find nothing. Emptiness. infinite
void. I am frightened. I smile and
act as if this is the way I am
supposed to be, this stone woman.
I have no understanding of what
is happening to me. I only know that
the enormity of my failure overwhelms
~~any~~ ^{any} thing I do to rescue
myself. As I write this, there is
a soul-moving yearning to believe it
is not true. ~~But~~ Putting it down outside
myself is my only hope. But it is
impossible to purge yourself of a cancer.
Surgery is the only hope, & I am no
surgeon.

What are the seeds of this failure. How did

it begin to grow, to gain control? The most obvious
^{answer} ~~thing~~ is that from the moment of my marriage onward,
I was unable to live up to the image that I

had of myself; to lead the kind of life I
~~also~~ wanted. The fateful, lethal move to
Lime Rock was in retrospect a terrible mistake.
I don't like the life I lead or that others
around me lead. I think of any one of my
friends, and I cringe with aversion for
the life they lead. There is not one single woman
that I know ^{well} whose life is anything but
distasteful, uninteresting to me. Diane, Janet, Martha,
Betty, Lois, Jean, I think of them & my mind flies
away ^{involuntarily} as ~~if~~ from my finger & would jump away
from contact with fire. Those hopeful young
years of the ~~20s~~ early twenties spent among people
whom I hoped would be like had an
effect on me. I was not strong enough to
come out my own way. I tried everything - all
committees, ^{Garden} ~~Nature~~, ~~was~~ every party, writing, reading,
piano, politics. But either I was bored, as with
the committees, & parties, unfit, as with politics,
or lacking in ability as with piano & writing.

I kept on trying, but and I kept on failing.
The ~~the~~ world that excited me, the world
of achievement I could respect, grew further
& further from my grasp. There is not one
single thing I have done that I am
really proud of, that I could legitimately
claim as a claim to the fame & scope
I desire.

Earl, my darling Earl, has offered me
the strength of his magnificent confidence
in me, in my "brilliance"; my writing, my ~~brilliance~~
~~my~~ ~~loving~~ - and I have left him loving
a figment of his imagination. I am no
longer the girl he loves. And he will
slowly but surely find out that I have nothing
to give, that I am stone & he is
alone, talking to a loving stone, hard,
cold stone. He will take a course to
realize it & when he does, he will

I find strength by gave it within himself
because he has not failed himself as
I have failed myself. Although his
lack of worldly success has hurt us
both, it has hurt me more, because I
am weaker than he. He believes that
what he is doing is valuable. Thank
God for that. I believe that everything
I've done is valueless. And it is - except the
children for which I simply offered my body.

But everytime I drove on in my
journal about this wasted withered person
that I call myself, a voice of protest
comes crashing, surging up from the
depths of me calling out NO
NO NO it is not so. You are
alive and you have strength and

I will not let you die - And
I grasp at this voice as
~~a draw~~ to lead me out of darkness -
~~The way~~ I grasp and the hope
fills me with light, lighter
because of the darkness everywhere,

Friday, Dec. 6

Yesterday I had a needed shock.
I called Cynthia & Richard Bottsford
to ask them to come to a party.
Richard told me that Cynthia was in
a ~~sanatorium~~ Sanatorium, recovering
from a nervous break-down, Cynthia,
the talented, ^{artistic, worldly} poised girl I knew
at Bryn Mawr, whom I had admired
for her good, talented manner, her self-control,
her flair. Since I had known her at college
she had married Richard Bottsford and produced

four children. I had not seen her since my
sophomore year at Bryn Mawr, 8 years ago,
when I heard that she ~~was~~ & her family
were moving to Sheffield. Why Sheffield?
an isolated community between Great Barrington
& Salisbury, connected to neither. What would
the brilliant Cynthia be doing there, I wondered.

We met at Diane Hewats, who had gone to
Brealey with her as a child. Diane had had
a similar ~~the same~~ impression on her ~~that I had~~.

Diane remembered ~~her~~ Cynthia as a little
girl with blond curls playing with the boys
in Central Park, advising Diane ~~how~~ about
how to behave properly, how to be charming
& sophisticated. Both Diane & I were

curious to see ^{the one admired} Cynthia again.
When I first saw her she seemed

unchanged, although she was pregnant with her
fourth child, ^{she still appeared tall & slim.} The heavy, dramatic face with
its aquiline nose, ^{pale skin} eyes faintly deepened with
eye shadow, the witty smile, the golden hair,
the ^{now} sophisticated voice, were the same.

We three, Diane, Cynthia & I were intent upon
impressing each other with the lives we
had created for ~~each~~ ourselves. Each of us
had come from wealthy families, had grown
up in ease & luxury, in well staffed houses,
with parents ~~who~~ ^{of} prestige &
influence. Diane had ^{spent her childhood} grown up on a multi-million
dollar estate on Long Island ~~being~~ remembering
her mother coming to ^{kiss her good-}
night in evening clothes ^{emeralds,} ^{sparkling} ^{in an} ^{essence} + diamonds.

Cynthia's family I have heard were wealthy,
social, elaborate. And then there was I,
daughter of a tycoon, ^a ~~the~~ ^{protector} ~~the~~ ^{two} ventables
American legend ~~of~~ ^{from} ~~of~~ ~~keys~~ ~~to~~ ~~riches~~.

What were we three daughters
doing now?

Diane had four children, a large house,
a hectic day of housework & child-watching, a
teacher-farmer husband, a social life limited to
the Salisbury area, she spends every day in

blue-jeans, ^{cleaning, driving, cooking, cattle for children's needs} The spacious house + ^{motherly} ^{is} ^{needed} dominated by children, dogs, chickens, cows.

Don gets up at 5:00 to milk the cows and by 9:00 at night, the weariness of the day is more than he can bear, and he drifts off to sleep no matter where he is. When ^{Don or Diana} ~~anyone~~ gets sick, the household is thrown into a turmoil, because the farm, the children, the house, the gardens, ^{the dog} demand care regardless of illness.

I am the wife of a brilliant, unknown artist, living well on my father's money with servants and three adored children, ~~enjoying~~ trying to write about my life.

Cynthia has four children, ~~no help~~ no help and a husband of uncertain occupation. Earl does not like him. I do. I sense in him a person who is trying to achieve a rich life outside the ^{accepted} pattern. "I am trying to get the old rating system rating system out of my system," he said to me. "I want to live

my own way. free of messes that are not of my own choosing. But it's a hard thing to achieve. It'll take me a few more years, I'm certain."

After seeing Cynthia that night at Diane's my guess was that she had not lived up to her dreams of herself, as I had not, while Diane had found ~~what~~ the kind of life that suited her. Diane feels free to complain because basically she likes her life. Cynthia + I do not dare complain, because our sense of defeat is so near the surface, that complaining opens the sluices of despair. We must keep the dam ~~highly~~ stopped up, or we are lost. So Cynthia acted as if she liked her life. But I knew it could not be so. A girl like Cynthia could not possibly be happy in an isolated country town with four children, no help,

a groping husband. The main difference between
Cynthia and me is that I have Earl & she
has Richard. Earl is not groping. He is
grasping with all the energy at his command.
All his tributary interests such as music
and writing have become absorbed in
the main stream of an exclusive endeavor
to paint the world in his ~~own~~ image.

~~The~~ It is rare to find a man
whose ~~own~~ strength is so directed. I
cannot bear to think that he will
continue unrecognized forever. Some times
I look at his paintings & I cringe
with horror at the thought that
they will rot unseen, untouch, unneeded.
I turn away from this thought as from
a searing lion. But his strength is my
savior, for the moment, at least.

Cynthia does not have this savior
grace. She is being brined alive. So when
Richard told me that she was in a sanatorium
I was shocked, but not surprised.

"How are you, Richard?" I asked.

"Not so well," he said in a low, dark voice, "Cynthia's ^{Cynnie's} ~~not~~ at. ^{Cynnie's} ~~Cynthia's~~ not been well."

"Why, what happened, Richard."

"Well, she... she had something of a nervous breakdown. She's in Westport, now."

"Richard, how terrible... what happened."

"Well, I suppose it was just too much for her, physically & mentally in this enormous house. You see, ^{Barbara,} Cynnie's been used to wealthy friends - her mother entertained elaborately & all that - and Cynthia tried to live up to it - but it was just unrealistic in this house without help. This goes a long way back. Cynnie's never had the love she needed. She had that mother & God knows, she never got any love from her. We thought moving up here would be a good thing. You see, Barbara, when we lived in

west part, it was a small house and we all
were ^{always} top of each other. We looked around
for a larger house - but then we all
so expensive. ~~they~~ For \$32,000 you ~~to~~ just
get one of those small builders houses,
while for the same amount up here
we could have this ^{lovely} large house + property.
We thought it would be the answer -
but it hasn't worked out quite that way.
You see, Sheffield is quite different than
where you live. There's nothing here. The
doctor's said that when Cynnie comes
back, she has to be away from the
house. You know Cynnie's a very unusual
girl - with a great many interests - she
writes + acts, plays the piano beautifully,
you could be an enormous help. Barbara, if
you would think about this problem - + maybe
suggest some things for her."

"Richard, I will. I think I understand."

For a girl like Cynthia must have a sense
of failure if she is not using her productive

abilities. The house is not enough. It
practically drove me out of my mind
up here until I found some ~~ways~~
~~of~~ outlets -

"That's it, Barbara. Not just
social."

"You're right, Richard, pure
social life without a creative life is
almost worse than nothing for a girl
like ~~Ann~~ Cynthia. But fortunately,
there are things up here which I can
see would interest Cynthia - especially
the Creative Arts Foundation. There
is something where her imagination &
energy is really needed. I will talk to
her about that when she comes back -
and introduce her to some of the people
working on it."

"Barbara, that would be just wonderful.
Possibly it won't work out up here and

we'll have to put the house on the market.
I hope not. Forunately the house is really
3 houses with 3 separate heating systems
we are going to shut off 2/3 of the house
- time in one section. It more realistic."

"You are going to have to find
help, aren't you?"

"But we'll have to. We can't afford
it, but we'll have to. I'm just afraid
though that someone will take one look at
the house - the children & ask, 'Where's the
staff?'"

"I don't think so, Richard. No one
has a full staff up here. All you really need
is some one to take some of the measure of
so that Cynthia can get out. That's the
main thing."

"You're right, Barbara. Well, I do
appreciate you're calling - and I shall let you
know about coming on the 13th - it's just
the sort of thing Cynthia would have

enjoyed.

You let me know, Richard, so I can look for you after the meeting.

"I will - and Barbara, I'll give you Cynthia's address. It would do her a lot of good to receive a little note from you. It's the Westport Sanatorium, Westport."

~~"Of~~
"I'll write her immediately, Richard. And please let me know if I can be of any help with the children."

"It's wonderful to know I could see you, if worse does come to worse." said Richard and we said good-bye.

After I hung up, I felt as though I had been offered a miraculous reprieve

~~after being sent~~ from a death sentence.

I had been facing the way of Cynthia - if

I let myself continue waiting in helplessness

against my own sense of futility. I had

Mon. Dec. 9

For the record, ~~When we were~~

~~On Tues. Dec 3, several days after
the President Eisenhower suffered a
"stroke," General Howard Stryker Snyder
called my father. He said that
Eisenhower was medically unfit to do
what he was doing, that his doctors
had recommended against such activities
such as residing at meetings, but that
he had been so disturbed by the way
the papers were pushing Nixon up to
take the President's place
that Eisenhower after ~~rea~~ was so
disturbed by the way Nixon was being
pushed by the press to take over that
he decided, ~~to~~ against his doctor's ~~order~~
advice, to get right back on the job, to~~

assert control, He is ignoring the advice
of his doctors and risking death in order
to get on top of the situation. "Either I'm
President or I'm not," said Eisenhower.

He has decided to be President although
according to his doctors he is medically
unfit to do the job. Ike does not like

the way Nixon - & Dulles - for that
matter, started to take over. Ike is
fighting for control at the risk of his
life. So Howard Snyder told Daddy on

the phone from Washington before
the public had been told what the
effect of the stroke might be, while
the possibility of resignation was being
discussed, & still so for that matter.

although Daddy did not mention it
at the time. Snyder also told him that the
had decided to go to the annual NATO meeting
barring a serious medical set-back.

I ought also to mention that Eisenhower
has called Daddy several times, doing the
number himself from his personal phone,
to ask Daddy's advice. Also he asked
Daddy to come to Washington for 2 years
as his personal advisor. Daddy turned
it down because he wants to watch
supervise Louis. Louis is involved with
an oil project by which he has the
chance of making a billion dollars.
"Who ever gets a shot at a billion?"

Daddy asks rhetorically, because ~~the~~
the Louis & Bob Wood, son of General
Wood of Sears Roebuck, are partners. ~~in a~~
~~venture~~ they have a method called
secondary recovery called in situ combustion,
by which they can bring oil out of the
~~ground~~ loose sands on land that previously been valueless.
Bob Wood has a team of men out in

buying up all the land in Texas on which this method can be used. There was a column in one of the N.Y. papers which hinted that some people were working on a project which would advance the petroleum industry more than anything since the beginning of the industry... the meaning is in situ combustion. If it works we will all be millionaires many times over.

Not only is Louis working with oil, but he is also bringing in young friends of his into the toy business gradually so that the ^{upon my father} measure will be gradually relieved. Louis

Louis has also shown a fine understanding of the stock market. He will be able to handle the family investment after Daddy is gone.

At 26 my brother is well on his way to becoming the executive head of the family, leaving Daddy the freedom, for the first time in his life, to think of entrepreneurial direct his

energy & interests toward other fields.

There is a manifest change in
my father's personality. The ^{the pessimism,} tension, ^{the severity,} ~~the~~

the need to dominate overtly & constantly,
seems to have evaporated, leaving a
^{some} gentle, warm man. For the first time in

my life ~~the~~ I do not feel, when with
him, the pressure of his rating system bearing
down upon me, ^{distorting}

He ~~was to~~ is reluctant to

type because he says he wants to
write a book. The toy business seems
to have lost its challenge for him. He

~~can't~~ cannot make a great deal of money
in this country because of labor & taxes.
He says that if he cared to, he could

make a fortune again in Hong Kong, by doing

~~the same thing~~ that building up the
business over there is the same way that
he has already done it in this country.

But ~~time~~ this prospect does not excite him, particularly since he has Louis to supervise & to contribute to the family income. He seems to be in transition toward a new plateau of endeavor.

Thur. Dec. 12

Roger Strauss & S. Ferrar, Strauss & Cudahy, is virile, cocky, witty in a ~~rough~~, blasphemous. He came to the Bradford's dinner party after dinner. Thelma & I & Dorothea Strauss, a homely, vivacious woman, with a bit virility to match her husband, were walking down the stairs after having been to the ladies' room. Roger entered the front door at the foot of the stairs.

"Thelma - I've been out looking for your gold-vest panties," he said, kissing her hello.

"Guess what," he said, turning to his wife, "—'s been accepted at Choate."

"I don't believe it." Dorothea burst
out.

"It's true," he said, beaming. "Even if
he does badly on his exams, he's still
in."

"I'm going to call him right up."
said Dorothea.

"Alright but don't tell him, not to
tell Poopsie. Poopsie's his best friend."
Roger turned to me with his broad,
masculine grin.

I knew he was a publisher
but he did not seem like anyone else I've
ever known connected with the bookish
world. There was an earthy, masculine
vigor which implied action, control, power.
These qualities are not associated editors
in my mind.

A Let's face it. I can't write anymore,
just as I can't do any God-damn
other thing. The only comforting thing
is that it is not that my writing
ability alone has been submerged, but
every other ability as well. The whole
personality is involved. I write
as ~~if~~ under the influence of a
paralyzing drug, a drug which made
every gesture almost impossible. Some things
inside me begin screaming out for
liberation, while the rest of me helplessly looks
on, numb. I say to myself, you've got to
keep going, so I keep going, but I do not
move. I wanted to write about the dinner
party the Bradford's gave for us. ~~I was~~
to But I cannot write about the other
people because I was so totally self-conscious,

* so utterly strangled by my inability to think clearly + make clear statements. That this ^{intricate} fight of my own, going on behind my party smiles, absorbed all my energies.

So all I said: I was really humiliated about these such little things as, "why can't you think of something to say."

For instance I had just gotten dressed in my red velvet dress that Brad liked and I looked well. (knew it. I went down stairs + there was Brad. It was as if ^{one of the gods had} struck me dumb, + turned my tongue to stone. I smiled; he smiled. I reached wildly

for a subject, but my unaccommodating mind would not serve me.

"I think I'll call home," I said.

I sat by the phone picked up the phone

I dialed 0, hoping the operator would
come quickly, so I wouldn't have to face
the silence. She answered after an interminable
time, during which I sat, conscious of my
beauty has a startup inconspicuously, ^{100-Queen}
come-on to nowhere. A man might look at
me and be attracted, but ~~then he would~~

~~fall into the vacuum of emptiness that~~
~~is what I am today~~ if he approached me,
lured by the beauty, he could not help but
be bored because I am in bondage & do not
respond. Like Io, the nymph transformed by
Jupiter into a heifer, unable to make
even her father recognize her, ~~so I felt~~
~~myself trapped dumb in a disguise~~
opening dumb & unrecognizable, trapped in
a disguise not of my own making.

I made my phone call. When I was
finished Brat asked me what I would

have to drink.

"a scotch or Soda," I said, smiling, hoping he would be interested in me despite my lack of anything to say.

"~~What if you had come did~~ you like the Mondrian show?" I asked.

"Very interesting," he said. "I wish you had been with me - I wanted to introduce you to Sweeney - You & Earl would enjoy meeting him."

"We did meet him once - up at Williams where Earl's brother-in-law teaches art. Earl & he got into an argument - Earl said that he thought Frank Lloyd Wright was the greatest modern architect.

Sweeney said ~~it is~~ Wright was not a modern architect, he was a Victorian architect.

"I'm inclined to agree with Sweeney," said

Brad.

as usual, I didn't really know what I agreed with.

"~~It~~" "Anyway, the argument turned into Semantics."

"They usually do," said Brad.

Silence.

Earl came down the stairs. "Brad, what have you been up to," said Earl laughing, looking at a large ~~muscular~~ ^{Picasso-esque} painting of wife, women & lecherous men. ~~I painted~~

"I painted it for my club dinner & so many friends have asked to borrow it that I'm trying to figure out how to mount it."

"Why don't you try masonite," said Earl. And he & Brad began a discussion ~~about~~ ^{the} glue, while I sat dumbly there, leaning forward in my seat, as is my habit, so

+

if attentiveness could make up for lack
of ideas.

Mon. Dec. 16

Yesterday afternoon we went to Alexander Calder's home in Roxbury to choose a mobile for our Christmas present to each other. Last week when we were in New York we stopped at the Perls Gallery, ~~to~~ ^{represent} to look at mobiles. The Perls Gallery ^{to} gilt edge artists, Léger, Chapall, Pascin, Calder. The usual well-groomed, sophisticated young woman sat at a desk by the entrance of the chic Madison Avenue Gallery. The gallery was empty except for her.

"Do you have any Calder's mobiles we could see?" Carl asked her.

"Oh yes, we have a great many Calder's," she said. ^{nodding her bland, frenchified} "I'll call Mr. Perls. She picked up the phone on her desk & called him. A wave of anxiety went through me. ^{In the past} Usually whenever we ask to see a gallery owner it is to try to sell Carl's work rather than to buy. I smiled at my mistaken nervousness. ^{made} ~~made~~ ^{or} ~~all~~ the difference in the world that we were there now

to sell, but to buy, at least superficially
it makes ~~all~~ a difference. But fundamentally
the same desire to succeed exists whether
I am buying or selling. There are
~~successful~~ intelligent collectors, those
who know what is good, & will be called
good in the future, & there are those
who do not know, who buy foolishly.
So the shift in position from seller to
buyer was not as fundamental as it
first seemed. Just as I want Earl's
work to be special, to be
valued, so I now wanted
the mobile we would choose to
be an especially good mobile. There
is no situation in which I must expect
my success in one instance consists of
producing something valuable, in the other of
buying something that will be called valuable.
Both demand superior intelligence & artistic

Mr. Perls came down the stairs smoking a long, fresh cigar. He must have just lit it. He wore a ^{conservative} blue suit and glasses. He had a simple, unpretentious manner, neither the ~~artificial~~ supercilious artiness of a Betty Parsons, nor the over-eager obsequiousness of a Panoras.

"Let me show you what we have downstairs first," he said with a pleasant

German accent, ~~the~~ The cigar smoke made me feel comfortable & safe, as it always does. We ~~went~~ entered a basement room.

From the ceiling pipes hung a confused fantasy of floating mobiles, a delicate fro forest, leaves & branches intertwined. ~~Mr. Perls took a~~ It was difficult to tell which limb grew from which tree, which leaves from which limb. Earl and I raised our eyes in delight at the maze of brightly painted shapes, red, black, blue and white.

Mr. Perls took a long pole with a

look on the end and began to fish among
the mobiles, ~~in~~ to catch one & disentangle
it from the forest.

"Now, there are two basic kinds
of mobiles," he said, fishing upward with
his pole & puffing on his long pipe.
"Those with ~~the~~ horizontal pieces &
those with vertical pieces, & then of
course, combinations of the two. The
horizontal mobile is made to be looked
at from underneath - & can be hung high -
the vertical mobile is to be seen
from more or less at eye level."

"We have a high ceiling living
room, so perhaps the horizontal type
would be better," I said.

He fished one out for us, gently
"How much would one like that be?" That
disentangling it. "One like this, for instance would

be about \$3,000." he said. "There are 3 sizes." 2,000 2,000
1,000. "He showed us ^{several} ^{hills} ^{each} ^{for} \$3,000 or even

My eye kept returning to one that
hung off by itself in a corner, a flurry
of pure white ovals, ~~I thought~~ I ~~thought~~
felt the hush of falling snow, the wet
whisper of snow ^{at light} when a light pierces the
darkness and ~~it~~ illuminates the flakes
which ~~seem to~~ ^{seem to} float rather than ^{to} fall,
~~so that~~ the world ^{is} seems full & I ^{am} feel
weightless, a ~~flat~~ flake like the
snow that rises ^{lightly} white into the black night.
And I felt the Greatless wonder of a
snowing night when I want to speak in
whispers or not at all, under the strange influence
of the snow which quiets & covers everything
it touches, under which the wildest thorns &
strangest trees ^{and I, too,} became submissive & soft.
"I like that one," I said. Perks
unhooked it for us. "I would hang that in
our bedroom," I said. I thought of lying in

bed on dawning mornings when the ^{whole like} mountain
still ~~rests~~ ^{is} across our valley rests ~~is~~
dark in shade & the sky is pink with
sunlight. The white mobile would move
silently, driven by the fresh air coming
in the open windows. It would be
white like the silver birch outside
our wall of glass. And when spring came
the young leaves would flutter on the
same breeze.

"It would be beautiful hanging
over our Miso rug - It's a cream white . . ."

"We have a white Miso rug
in our bedroom too," said Perls. "The Dream"

"That's the one we have," I said.
"It's a beautiful rug. Ours is away at some exhibition."
"How much would that, ^{one cost,} &
mobile

Earl asked.

"That one would be under \$2,000."

"Now I'll show you the table models
if you like," said Perls. He put down his
pole and went to the cubby holes that were
built in along one wall. "These were all
done in 57," he said, bringing out a small

mobile. It had a ~~study~~ ^{triangular} strap base of copper
and heavy, painted aluminum out from which
grew a delicate floating limb with
six vigorous, angular polygon~~s~~-shaped leaves.

"Oh, Earl, I like that very much."

I said, "Somehow the idea of being able
to be close to it appeals to me. We
could put it right on the coffee table
and be near it. A hanging mobile ~~is~~
must be so far away."

The coffee table is the focal point
of the room. We sit around it. What ever
stands on the coffee table is a constant
source of attention. I would be aware of
the mobile much more often if it stood on
the table than if it hung from the
ceiling where I might forget to look at
it. I am forgetful visually. I forget to
look.

"Yes, I think I would prefer the

table mobile," I said. "I want to be close to
it." "I see he's signing them now," said Earl.
"Oh, yes, we had quite a battle with him, he did not
want to do it. But I told him we had to see
the one hanging in the dining room," said
Berls. We climbed the marble stairs that

led to his apartment above the gallery.

In the spacious dining room was spacious. A butler
was polishing the table. Set off in a like

a jewel in a ~~gray~~ window curtained with
~~gray~~ silk hung a black mobile, brilliant in

its blackness. But I had made up my
mind that I wanted a mobile I could
sit near + touch + never forget to look at.

~~We went~~ He led us into ~~his~~ a room,
so elegantly furnished, lined on one side with
art books, on the other with the gold frame
rims of ~~hundreds~~ paintings neatly filed
in built in slots, from floor to ceiling.

Those paintings were probably Leigers, Chapalls,
Pascins. We sat ~~on~~ down. Berls turned

on lights which illuminated two upholstered
~~wood~~ portable easel/shelf combinations designed

to show painting + sculpture to clients.
We brought up the table mobile we
had selected along with one or two others
& set ~~it~~ ^{them} on the shelf for us to
study.

So we haven't seen any stables.
Said Earl. "I was just wondering if we
oughtn't to ^{take a look at} look ~~see~~ some before
we make up our mind. Do you have any
stables here?"

"~~Cadder likes to show~~ No, the
stables are all up at Calder's. And he
usually likes to make them for the
particular site. Why don't you go to see
him." "Oh, Earl said. You know, we live up
here near him." "You mean, just call him up."

Do you know if he is around now."
"Oh, you do." "Why don't you call."
"Yes, call him. People don't

realize it. But ~~Cadder~~ ^{Sandy} just advises to have
people stop in to see him. Why don't you come this
Sunday. I'm going up there to look at some
new work that we will put in line

show in February."

"That's a wonderful idea," I said.
"Will you tell him we are coming?"

"Yes, I'll arrange it."

"We'll come after lunch on Sunday."

"Fine," said Mr. Park, & we left.

On Sunday we was a brilliant, mild day. The melting snow hung in pearls and splashed in diamonds. We set out for Roxbury about 2:00.

As we approached drove closer & closer I was filled with an almost unbearable nervousness. I ~~dreaded being~~ feared that filled with warmth & excitement for Calder & his work that I would have nothing to say to him, would be unable to communicate, would be sealed mute within myself, unable to ~~escape~~ ^{set out}, entirely dependant on his good will.

~~As we stood at the~~ We saw the ^{pale} sun light reflected on the window wall a ~~thin~~ ^{his studio's} living room, turned in his & rutted drive way. came to a sign that

said STOP and stopped. To the left, toward
the studio were some stables: ~~are~~ a
black one, a Pegasus in spirit, a flying
~~horse~~ ^{creature} upon the ground, ~~are~~ the shapes
thrust upward in untamable ascent,
in black ^{joyous} defiance of the ^{downward} pull of earth.

~~There was another stable~~ further out away
^{rose}
A monumental red T-bar, luscious as a
ripe tomato against the dark brown soil,
from the soil and yet not of it.

we stood at the ^{old} heavy white door
and knocked. A faint low undertone of music,
like the sea at a distance ~~was~~ sounded
from inside the house. We knocked again,
and when no one answered, we opened
the door and walked in. "Is anybody
home," I called. As I remembered, the narrow
entrance hall way was all coats on one side,
all coats on the other. It looked as if
20 people must be there from the lumpy
rows of winter coats hanging on top of each other

the coat was entirely hidden under the cloud
of over coats.

Louisa appeared in all her earthly
glory) ^{holding an opened book in her hand.} The fine featured, beautifully complexioned
face, ^{was} framed asymmetrically by her always
unmanageable blond hair, as susceptible to
the tentacle gun as would be a cloud of
cocoa cotton candy. ~~Whole~~ She wore blue jeans and
a poncho slint. She might have been a man
or for that matter a large ^{hump of clay} ~~block of stone~~
for all I could tell of the ~~sharp~~ contours
of her body. She was simply a ^{covered} mass.
"Oh, hello, I'm sorry, I didn't hear
you," she said in her cultured, British
accent that goes only with her face.
Face + voice are one woman, hair + body
another. "Why don't you go out to the studio.
Sandy is out there with Klaus + Polly."
"Fine," Earl said, and we walked
from the house to the studio, walking
down cement steps to the door, which I knocked
upon and opened. It was a kaleidoscope released.

~~Glittering~~ Mobiles hung in serene confusion
some glistening newly, others ^{dimmed the} ~~marked~~ with
just the straps → many years. Directly
facing us ^{was} ~~with~~ a storage corner, literally
heaped with mobiles, wire sculpture,
stables, set wall projections, the accumulation
of many years all related to each
other by the common dust they
shared. I have never seen a room so
full. The only ^{open open} ~~clear~~ ^{place} spaces were formed
by ~~pushing~~ ^{clearing} ~~away~~ ^{by} piling more things
on top of each other ^{to clear a space}. His desk amounted
to an indentation in the mobiles, papers,
clippings, ^{cards, tables} blue prints, tools, metal filings, wires
A large black leather chair sagged & sunken
like the skin of an old elephant, shaped
to the ample calder contours was in front
of the desk - or rather writing space. On
this shelf ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{towering} ~~the~~ ^{pile} ~~papers~~ ^{of papers} had been piled, revealed
fragments of his bold beautiful handwriting,

large, rounded letters written with thick black lead. The floor was a maze of metal pieces, wine, ~~cigarette butts~~ & undefinable remnants.

And there, in the center of the ^{live} ~~the~~ ward, stood the magician himself, Sandy Calder, talking with Perts & his wife, Polly. Perts came forward, dressed in a handsome corduroy Norfolk jacket. "Good to see you Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. Hubbard." He shakes our ^{his wife & to} hands & introduced us to Calder.

~~"Oh, I remember~~

"Lo," said Calder, ~~in his~~ loudly, yet as kindly as his manner. He looks ~~more~~ ^{as though} he had been ~~carelessly~~ ^{carelessly} stuffed ~~with~~ & overflowing.

"I remember that," he pointed at my lockcase, which I had worn especially because of the joke he had made about it. ~~The "What is it," he had asked us. "What ever you think," I had answered. He "You're~~ It says WC & your initials were B.M." "You've got quite a memory," I said

laughing with him. It had been a year ago that we had he had seen me at ~~the~~ a gallery opening wearing my free form silver necklace. He had stopped ^{briefly with his great beard} me & said, as many people do, "What is it?" "What ever you think," I had answered. "It says WC;" and he was right - the free form, prancing horse or dancing snakes did indeed spell W.C. "What are your initials?" he then had asked. "B.M. - before I was married." His lusty guffaws had filled the room.

Sandy began rummaging about the studio, picking out miniature black stables, similar to the one we had seen outside ^{Grassy} them out to the relative clearing in which we stood. "We went over to Waterbury this morning to see the new stables," said Perk. "They were magnificent." His voice had a tremor or real excitement. I looked at him and ^{sensed} ~~threw~~ he really enjoyed the work. "They are monumental" "you can't ~~isn't it~~ ^{how} ~~hard~~ ^{then look full size,} ~~to~~ ^{how} ~~see~~ ^{how} ~~usually~~ ^{how} ~~how~~ ^{yes, I can't & can't} (said).

~~monumental they look like in full size.~~

"This one's about 9 feet" said Calder, gripping forward ~~to~~ a ~~big~~ ^{small model} ~~stable~~. They had an unearthly look to me, as if they had grown on another planet where life is different. There was a sense of ^{strange} ~~foreign~~ life rather than man-made fantasy ~~fiction~~ ^{construction}. They appeared at once natural and strange at the same time. The fantasy ~~was~~ ^{seemed} natural like ~~the~~ exotic desert plants, or ice formations. Their power ~~they~~ ^{seemed} derived from natural sources of energy.

Calder brought one after another forward with to show us. I was touched by his gentleness and ~~desire to show the~~ work pride & eagerness to show the work to us, as if it mattered to him that we found something we liked in the show.

"Sandy, I think we will have the Stabiles - and wall mobiles - well have you seen the wall mobiles?" Perb asked me. "Yes, I saw them at the museum." "Yes, he chuckled - because it's same - mobile." That do ~~it~~ ^{it} sound like you - something "Ha - ha" he laughed out.

Percs pointed to a red board in front of which hung two cut-out free shapes on string, one a definitely Maltese cross shape.

"I've never seen this before," I said -
"Is this something new..."

"Yes," said Mrs. Percs...

"No - not new..." said Sandy

"You see, it will all be one piece,"

said Percs, pointing to the make-shift wire

which projected out from the top to hold the
daughter's painted aluminum shapes. ^{It's a brilliant idea, but I still think the shapes have to be somehow more coordinated, Sandy.}

Earl & I too walked about the sun-splintered studio, rummaging among the tangle of works of art while the others discussed the forth-coming exhibition.

"Does anyone have a cigarette?" Polly Mrs Percs asked.

"No, I don't," said Carter - "I'll

get you one," said Carter with the hospitable

instinct I was beginning to sense in him.

"I think I have one," I said,

taking a crumpled package of Kent's out of my
Pea-Sachet pocket. I took one & handed her
the package with one remaining cigarette ^{left in}
"Where can I put this," she said, looking
at the package.

"On the floor, on the floor," said
Calden heartily. I looked down and noticed
that he had advised others to do the same.
The floor was scattered
Cigarette butts so old that they had almost
become part of the floor, along with the scraps
of metal, wire, paper & ordinary dirt.

"Oh, no," said Polly. ~~The~~ ^{her}
hand still extended holding the package.
Calden took it from her, walked behind an
easel, dropped it on the floor, spat quietly
and returned to the group.

"I ^{have} had an idea ~~to~~ that could
make a fortune," said Polly.

"You do? What is it," said Sandy.

"Oh, I can't tell."

"You bastard," laughed Sandy,
throwing his arms around her & fixing her a

lug - "She's lying," ^{you so the idea holdi putting her} ^{from we didn't} ^{he said} ^{you} I laughed
delightedly - "Go, do - it's practically lifting her off her
my idea." feet.

Meanwhile Earl had been at the storage
end of the room. There was a clatter of
metal. We all turned around.

"Ahh, ahh," said Sandy, loudly.

"It's all right" Earl called back.
Sandy took him at his word + went
on talking.

I walked over to see what Earl
was doing. I found him gently untautling

a mobile from the maze, ~~it was~~

~~He withdrew~~ ~~in the drawing~~ a rambling, delicate, dusty
table mobile, ~~he disassembled~~ ^{disentangled} it, with

his sure + steady hand, and ^{he} carefully

carried the living breathing thing to

the center of the room. ^{look the mobile, nicely}
Sandy went towards him + ^{is} a real beauty. "he

got to the + setting it down.
said, setting it down on a table ^{upon} which
Calder had hastily cleared made a clearing.
we all stood back and watched it move

float lightly upon the air. From a ~~steady~~
upturning stable base hung a lily pad
shape, hovering. Out from the lily pad
grew a limb & from this limb another
smaller floating shape was hung and out
from it delicate tendril vibrated, like
~~the~~ nervous leaves upon a slowly
swaying branch. ~~It stretched out about~~
~~four feet~~ & moved easily in a
four foot radius. Its balance was ~~vital~~
living & muscular, ~~based as from~~ ~~as~~ ^a ~~nanoo~~
Trunk ~~was~~ ^{span} ~~a vast~~ ~~spreading~~ sustains
a vast & spreading tree, or a slim
Skeleton supports two arms spread out
to ~~reach~~ ^{span} ~~both~~ ~~horizons~~ the world. It has the
vitality of living things which range so
far beyond the narrow base ~~upon which they must stand.~~
~~upon which they stand.~~ upon which they stand.

"I think Miu is one of the best I've
ever seen." said Earl. "Could we have any more

one.

"~~It's not for~~ I don't want to sell it."

Said Sandy. "You know there once was a Mini painting I wanted. I asked Mini about it & he said no, he was saving it for Pilar. Pilar's his wife. I thought that was a pretty good idea - save some Mini's for the family. I'm saving this one for my family. But I could make you another one - wouldn't be exactly the same - but similar."

"Why don't you let them have this one & make another for yourself?" Perls suggested. ♣

"I'd never do it. No I'll keep this one & make one for them. You're not in too much of a hurry, are you?" he asked us.

"No - how long do you think we'd have to wait?" I asked.

"Well - you don't have so much more work to do for the show," said Perls. "Three more stabiles + than the wall mobiles."

"That sounds like quite a lot to me," I said.

"It ~~ent~~ does to me, too," said Mrs. Perls.

"A month or so," said Calder, answering me.

"A month's not so very long, I guess," I said.

"It's hard for me to imagine how I could like another one as well as this as this one. That floating movement is something you haven't done lately, have you? When was this one done," Earl asked.

"What would it be, Sandy - about nine been forty," Perls suggested.

"About that," I think . . .

Louisa interrupted us, opening the studio. "Novolo's on the phone for you, Sandy."

"Keep a note of where I was," said Sandy. We all laughed, he joining lustily in as

said Carl, ~~just~~ looking back at it as we made our way toward the door.

Sandy stopped in front of near the door in front of a large white sheet of paper on the wall.

"What about having this in the show -

It's ~~the new~~ ~~the blue print~~ "Idle wild," Sandy said to us. It was an architect's cross-section drawing.

Pats peered at it. "But it doesn't show anything, Sandy."

"Well - yes - but it shows the

space where the mobile is . . ."

"But no body'd know that -- Oh,

no, Sandy -

"Just hang it in the back somewhere."

Sandy persisted - "It's interesting."

"Oh, no, Sandy," said Pats.

Sandy shrugged mildly. I opened

the studio door and we all filed out. Sandy clasped

his great arm around Carl's shoulders. "You've

pretty good to have spotted that mobile,
he said "pretty good" - ^{then he took Earl aside} "Will you come in
and showed him the stabiles - 0
for a drink." he said to us.

"We'd love to." I answered with
relish.

We entered the house, walked through
the walls of book + coat + turned left
into the living room. It is a verdant

cafe, ^{with} a great hearth, walls
of living ^{blooming} plants that rise to the ceiling,

~~where they meet the serene flat of~~

~~mobiles ~~which~~ hang like natural~~
mobiles ~~low~~ hanging ^{low} over head like

^{natural} growth from the crevices of a rocky ~~table~~

~~the cross~~ Lousa ~~arose from the~~ a

mind painting flickering brightly out

from behind plants. Furniture that
looked as though it had grown there, ~~pieces~~

arrayed ~~from~~ around the fire, as plants grow

toward the sun.

It began to take off my jacket, Sandy
stepped in back of me to help. I was touched

(Inset - Dec. 23)

Today John Atchley returned the portrait Earl did of him. When he first saw it, he had been thrilled by it. "This is the way I'd like to be," he said. "I think it is magnificent, I don't see how you do it. The patterns themselves when you're close to them don't look like anything at all, but when you stand back - it's me." "What did you call it?"

"Dr. John Atchley," said Earl
~~raising~~ ^{using} my full name. But for some
reason, I think it important now. I'd
like it to be titled, "John Adams Atchley, M.D.
You know I'm a direct descendant
John Adams, eighth generation, and I'd
like you to note on the back that this

is the first portrait commissioned, I've
always thought you've work will
be something important I'd like to
get credit for being the first.

Might as well," he replied sheepishly.

John had been the first to commission
a portrait. Earl said, "Alright, I'll
do it, and then you can decide if
you want to buy it. I need models."

"No," said John. "I ~~was~~ don't want
to be a model, I want you doing
it for me, John Adams Atchley."

"Now, John," Martha had interjected.
"Maybe you ought to wait and see
it."

So John decided to wait & see.

Now that he had seen & liked it,
he called Martha and asked her to come
over. "Dar, you've got to come over. The
portrait is terrific," he had said to her

on the phone.

She came. When she opened the front door she stared a moment at the painting. ~~We~~ John and I were silent, watching her.

"Don't stop talking," she said.

She sat down next to me, took a sip of the drink I had made for her and turned to me, saying, "How was the forum on Friday. We couldn't make it." She looked at me, her back to the painting.

"My God," I thought, "isn't she even going to look at it?"

"The forum was very interesting. Brooks Hays was especially good."

"What did he say," Martha

asked.

To my discredit I tried to answer her, dragging my thoughts from the only subject that concerned me at the moment. The conversation ~~stumbled~~ filtered out.
"Martha said, 'What do you all think of it?'"

"I really think it's great, don't you?" said John.

"I think it reveals the very best of John, his intelligence + his gentleness,"
"You know, Paul learns about his reactions to a person by doing ~~the~~ a portrait. He came in from the studio one day & said, 'You know, I never realized it but John is a very gentle man.'"

"I don't see where you see the gentleness," said Martha, looking at the painting. He looks strong & sure."

"Sneering!" said Earl. "I don't see that. He looks powerful, ~~and~~ and there is a wit + humor in the face. He is looking right at you."

"As if he were appraising you," I said.

"I don't know if I could stand having him stare at me like that all day," said Martha.

"What do you mean, Martha?" asked John.

"Well, you know - I'm ~~glad~~ ^{relieved} to get him out of the house in the morning -" she laughed.

"You take it home with you," said Earl, "and live with it for a while."

"I wish you'd come over + suggest where we ought to hang it," said

Sohu

"No, that's your decision. I'll come over to help you, though."

"What about that gold frame. Do you think it will be alright. Every fixture in our house is chrome except the Korean chest. And when I put that in I was afraid the architect would have a fit." said Martha

"You can change the frame, if you like," said Earl. "But the pictures need definition. Silver wouldn't be good. It would not stand out from the white. And I think black + gold is a rich combination."

"Do you think it will fit in our station wagon," asked Sohu

"Oh, sure it will."

"Why don't you help them, Earl."

I suggested

"No, I want them to handle

it themselves." he said.

"Is it breakable," John asked.

"John, I threw a panel from the balcony of my studio ^{down} onto the cement floor to test it. Nothing happened. I really hate these panels to last.

"and that's unusual today," I interjected.

→ They said good-bye & left, carrying the portrait. \$

"The Martha calls asking me to come over & have it, Tell her I will as soon as they decide to buy it. I can only go so far," Earl said.

"Well, John really liked it," I said.

"Yes - I couldn't wait, I had to call him as soon as I bought the

painting in. We wouldn't have been happy
~~seat~~ sitting here this evening, not
knowing what he thought about it.

"Do you think he'll be able to
stand up against Martha?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know. He really
committed himself before she came. But then
he's pretty weak. The thing that interests
me is that Martha doesn't like to
see John strong. I think she only feels
secure when John is weak. Besides
I know these upper state N.Y. women.
~~They~~ They don't let go of a penny for
out. For motor boats + houses - but
not for paintings. Her grandfather - of
Welsh grape juice was as tight as
them come. \$350.00 is nothing for a portrait - ~~as~~
I know these ^{women.} ^{Oh} ^{Friday} a few days later, not having
heard a word from them, Earl called John

at his office to ask ~~what~~ what their decision was.

"You caught me unawares."

John had said. "Give me a little more time, will you. Martha thinks it is looking accusingly at her."

"I'll give you till Monday."

Earl said.

we spent a good deal of time

trying to figure out what their decision will be.

"John's going to go home +

make a last ditch stand," said Earl.

They'll probably have some people in this weekend - and if they like it,

he'll be encouraged enough to make believe in himself."

"I'm afraid they won't buy it."

I said. "Martha's stronger than John."

I bet it'll be Martha that calls to tell us."

"You're probably right," said Earl.
"I tell you what we'll do. When she calls, don't act upset. Just ask her when she can bring the painting back. When she does, tell her that I would like to do a portrait of her - for myself. Tell her her type interests me, it does, too. I'd like to try to catch the character behind that pasty, blank face of hers. And I'll tell you something else. I bet she'll try to wriggle out of it. The thing that interests me as I think about her reaction is that I was wrong in ~~be~~ taking it for granted that most women want to see their husbands strong. They don't. Who do we know that really admires her husband for his strength?"

"Well, I imagine Charlotte Reid does?"

"Charlotte, yes, and that's about it," said Earl. "But you, know, I don't even think that most people would like a strong portrait of themselves. It's too much to live up to. It would show them up, point out their weakness. I made a mistake with John. I should have made him soft + weak. Then Martha would have been happy. But I can't do that. I've got to paint my way and my way's strong. I can't make them like it. I can't even give paintings away. But by God if I change my way, I'm left with nothing."

We heard nothing over the weekend.

^{this} Monday morning at breakfast Earl said, "Well, I'm going to call him this afternoon."

"Oh, Earl, you gave them through, Monday. Maybe John's still ~~deciding~~ trying to persuade Martha. Give him the extra time."

"Don't be ridiculous," Earl said, his voice full of imitation. ~~to them~~ It's not going to make any difference. They're not going to take it no matter what I do.

By God, if ever I make it, I'm going to be the worst bastard in the world. The horrible thing is that the only way I can make it is through people.

"I've got to keep seeing people, keep trying."

We left the breakfast table + I went in my room to dress. ~~See~~ a while

later Earl came in + I heard him

asking for John.

"Oh, Earl, don't call him so early give him the extra time," I said from the bathroom. He hung up the phone.

and said flatly, "he's already brought the painting back - and the frame is cracked. I'm calling to tell him that he'll have to pay for it."

a miserable wave of hot & helpless anger went through me.

"Broken! where is it," I said.

"It's out in the studio. He said that Robin ^{+ Betty} Gordon + Eddie Brauer had all seen it + thought it was sneering. Martha can't stand living with it.

~~He said he just couldn't keep it~~
I said all these people are weak, that the portrait was too strong for them. He said he couldn't help it, but he just couldn't live with it now. ~~He said~~

a fearful depression settled down upon me. ~~We had~~ Earl had hoped that through portraiture he could set his paintings

hung in homes around here - ~~get people~~
get the paintings out where they could
be seen. ~~So Earl~~ had worked himself into
a state of nervous exhaustion with John's
portrait, 8-9 hours a day until the
job was done. If John liked it, & others did
we were on our way. Earl & I thought it
was the best he portrait he had ever
done.

"~~The~~ I can't afford to stop thinking," said
Earl, listlessly. "There is nothing for me to do
but to keep on going doing the best
paintings I can. I'm afraid the only ones
who are going to like my work at first
are the lunatic fringe. They need the
strength."

I went into the bathroom to hide
my state of mind from Earl. I heard him
pick up the phone again. "Beth," he said.
"I understand you saw John's portrait. What

did you think of it?"

"My heart sank at the sound of Earl's voice." He was listening to her.

"Alright, Beth - thank you for your help. John brought the painting back. I just thought you ought to realize the effect of your reaction. All I would ask of you is ~~that~~ you had ~~thought~~ up to think a little before you react. Weeks of work + planning went into the portrait. The least you could do is take a little time to evaluate it. It's not a snapshot. It's a complicated work of art. . . ."

"No, of course I wouldn't want you to lie - I just want you to think before you give your reaction. Now name of us in this community are used

to portraits of ourselves. It's not
like a photograph which catches one aspect
or appearance. I wanted to ~~have~~ have
paintings in homes in the community. The
few sales I have made have all
been outside the community & I guess
that's the way it's going to be.
But I want you to understand the
effects of your quick reaction in
this context. You're close to - + I thought I'd
tell you this.

Do. I know, Betty. I realize
you didn't mean to - Git you did. Some-
was milled with the portrait when
he first saw it. My client was satisfied,
that's what makes it so good."

After more a such talk, he hung
up. The leeches were there with
the Ford's and the Walkers. John had the
painting ~~at~~ resting against the piano.

'Now before you say anything, let me
what you think,' he said to them. Well -
the facts - they all thought Sam
was sneering. . . . He just couldn't take it.
He has to please everyone. He's weak.
But I just thought Betty ought to know.
The strange thing is we ~~can expect~~
get no help from our friends. 'Do I
want her to lie. . . . If she has to
put that way, it shows she has
no understanding. Oh God, ~~if~~ how I
need those one or two people to like
the work.'

He went back out to the studio
to work on my portrait.

Friday, Jan. 3, 1958

Mrs. Robert Flaherty rose to speak. She was to introduce her husband's P film Moana to an audience of students & friends at the Institute of General Semantics where she was participating in their annual Christmas seminar. In the ~~darkness of her~~ ~~the room~~ Her black-clothed ^{+ shawled} figure receded into the darkness of the room. Her face, ^{her clasped hands} + the white, waiting screen behind her ^{reflected} ~~caught~~ the little light there was. Screen + face ^{+ hand} glowed. Her white hair made her face ^{in contrast} seem young; warm, + tanned and strong-boned, ~~indestructible~~ impervious to the years which ~~whitened~~ ^{had} ~~it~~ greyed her hair and padded the long lean body with sodden accumulations of flesh. But her face was a pearl that ~~gave~~ lustres as it ages, ~~that~~ that gathers light as it lives.

she paused before she spoke, as if to create a special silence receptive to her.

"It gives me great pleasure," she said, to be speaking of Robert Flaherty's films to a General Semantic audience. ~~He was a film maker and the business of a film maker is to communicate on the non-verbal level.~~ ^{unique} Her voice was low; she spoke slowly, deliberately, as if ~~the each~~ word were being carefully placed in she were reciting a profoundly familiar poem.

"Some people have called Robert Flaherty the father of the documentary. This was in a way true, because he was the first man who ever made pictures about real people and real places. But his films were not documentaries. Documentaries have a social purpose just as in Russia the films have a political purpose, a propaganda purpose. Robert Flaherty's films ~~was~~ was only interested in the thing

for his own sake, to reveal the thing that
was his only purpose. You know that
Robert Flaherty was, as he used to say,
'an explorer first and a film maker a
long way afterwards.' He rediscovered islands
in eastern Canada, in the Hudson Bay region
that had been lost since _____.

He did this exploring alone, for the most
part, with only the eskimos to help him.
He had to depend on them for everything,
for food, for shelter, for guidance. He
gladly took the Eskimos. He said that
although they were the people who
had the least resources of any people
in the world, they were the happiest
people he had ever known. He decided
that he would film them, their life, what

they did. He took 70,000 feet of film. ~~He~~
brought the negative backs ^{with} the winter editing the reels.
~~total~~ ~~the~~ ~~fray~~ ~~it~~ ~~back~~ he dropped ^{it}
after all the work was done, when he was packing the coded film
to lights, cigarette on the film, and the ^{negative} ~~film~~

~~was destroyed~~ + ~~the entire film~~ was instantly
destroyed. The audience groaned.

"No," she smiled her slowly
broad smile, "Bob said it was a good
thing; the film was bad, ^{it was dead} because he
had learned to explore, but not to
reveal. He knew the people but he
did not know his camera. He was
an explorer, an engineer, a scientist, now
he had to learn to be a film maker, a revealer.
He decided to go back. He ^{+ film these people he had learned} finally ^{to love} persuaded
Révillon-Frères, the furriers, to finance
him. He ~~he~~ went back and ~~from~~
~~for~~ and selected ~~the~~ his crew. He ~~found~~ ^{chose}
Nanook and three other younger men +
their families. It's cold work filming in
the North, so cold that sometimes when
they ^{tried to jump} threaded the film it would shatter
like glass. ^{Nanook would carry the film under his clothes, against his stomach,} ^{she placed her hands upon her own stomach, "but same place he warmed Bob's feet."}
accidents with the equipment, the cameras

Once Bob was trying to repair his
Graflex. The complicated shutter mechanism
he worked for days but
he could not do it. He had to give
up. And ~~then~~ ^{then little Tommy said he would try, & he} ~~little~~ Tommy fixed it. Her
face warmed with an affectionate smile.

"Bob wanted to develop the film as
he went along to see what he was
getting but he discovered that the
light ~~was~~ wavered too much; so they
blocked in all the window panes, leaving
a space just large enough for one frame
and they developed the film by the
cold light of the arctic sun. Now of
course none of the eskimos had ever
seen a camera or film. So, Bob
called all the people together, the men
women & children, sat them in front
of the screen & showed them the first
of the film. It was a ^{hunting} scene of Nanook hunting
walrus. They could not understand it. Nanook
was sitting in the room and there he
was on the screen. But when the walrus

appeared, ^{on the screen} pandemonium broke loose. They all rushed to the screen to help Nannok get the Walrus.

They ~~loved~~ ~~Bob~~ loved Bob, they cared for him like a child - and Bob said he never, in all the time he spent with them, heard a single cross word spoken to a child.

The worst of the work, Bob said was waiting for Nannok to find the igloo at the end of ~~the~~ a day, ~~of work~~. One evening the wait seemed almost intolerable, the cold was almost more than Bob could bear as he stood waiting watching Nannok ~~find~~ putting the last block of snow in its place. When ~~at~~ last Nannok had finished, and lit the candles inside the house of ice, he called Bob in. The snow glistened & gleamed and glowed like the dust of diamonds. Nannok

smiled at Bob + said, ~~was~~ ^{wasn't} 'better than the white man's house?'

When the film was finally finished ~~For~~ Now the film had to be sold. Bob brought it home. Of course, the result was forgone. No one wanted it. ~~For~~ Every single distributor turned him down. Hollywood dominated the motion picture industry and ~~Hollywood~~ to all films had to fit into a certain slot; I think of it as buttons being made from a mold, one after the other.

I'm going to tell you a story about ... about Mayer." She paused looking down at her clasped hands + then raised her head smiling.

"Mayer had gotten a number of famous high-priced authors + playwrights on his payroll. One morning he called them to for a conference. 'Gentlemen,' he said,

There are certain things that the public demands, that the public simply must have. I am going to keep you ~~these things~~ what these things are: ~~and then I want~~ the public must have class, high society, glamour; then of course they must have some religion, and then they demand action, and naturally sex. Now what I want you gentleman to do is to think up a formula."

"The distinguished writers conferred and this is the formula they presented to

Mr. Maner:

"~~C~~ 'For God sake's,' said the Duchess, 'set your hand off my knee.'"

~~the~~ Her ageless face lit with amusement at her own joke and she stood quietly, the quiet hands stillly clasped

while the audience laughed and then slowly ^{came} to attention. As I listened to this woman all, was the courage to believe in myself & in Earl, the faith to remain true to ourselves, the strength to know we are right without being told so, the only strength that can endure & sustain. She continued:

freres, two French firms agreed to distribute the film. Pathé freres wanted to cut the pictures up into small pieces, but Revillon Freres persuaded them to leave it whole and so the picture was shown all over the world, and Nanook was famous. Bob said that he had had a premonition when he left Nanook, that Nanook would be known all over the world.

In Burma they had a new word for strength; it was Nanook. I was in Berlin at the time and went to buy an ice cream, pie, and eskimo pie - and it was called Nanook, & there was a picture of Nanook looking up at me

From the wrappers. I was speaking to some German producers about Bob's films, discussing what it was about the film that made it so loved around the world. One of them said it was that the viewer could identify himself. Now I don't think he meant identify as with a star, which is the whole purpose of the star system, to create people ^{with which} ~~that~~ the viewer can identify himself. I think he meant what is called in psychiatric terms, "participation mystique": when the scene is absolutely true, when there isn't a false gesture anywhere, when the viewer participates. That is, I believe what Bob was able to achieve.

A friend told me that when I am introducing Bob's films I must not talk too long. That I ought to think of

what needs to be said and say only that; that I should try + think on one word that ~~says~~ says everything important.

I have thought of the word. It is:

non-preconception." Non-preconception," she repeated the word. "This is the ^{important} difference

between Bob's film + other films. Holly-

wood films ~~are~~ are preconceived. Bob's are not, and to the extent that they are not, they are art. No work of art can

be preconceived. ~~An~~ An artist must wash his brain clean ^{+ clear.} and ^{she said these words, I thought} ^{of the purest mountain stream at it} ^{some} ~~hesitant~~ again as

child, as sensitive as unexposed film, to

look and see. Leonardo da Vinci said that

where ever there is life, there is warmth; and

where ever there is ~~act~~ warmth there is action,

and wherever there is action there is love;

Without love, there is no life. ^{It is} This is what

film can do better than anything else, can

express this love. This is what Bob was able

to do, as a film maker. A French philosopher -

Scientist said some where that the invention
of the ~~cam~~ film was usually ^{powerful} ~~important~~
in its way as the discovery of atomic energy
because of its power to ~~reveal~~ ^{communicate} ~~love~~ ^{love among different people}
~~For the film can bring people to what Bob~~
was interested in showing was not
~~the~~ ~~diff~~ how different people are, but how
much the same they are. He wanted
to reveal, ^{the closeness of people} by showing ^{with his camera} what people do, how
they eat + get their food, how they make
their clothes and care for their young. Of
course after Nanook everyone wanted him to
do another film. Paramount pictures called him in
and said, 'you can write your own ticket.'
only do another Nanook.'

~~old~~ ~~that~~ a friend wrote Bob and said
Bob ^{that he} should come to Samoa ^{to and} to make
his film, that if he hurried there was
still one place left where the ~~great~~

beautiful ^{Polynesian} ~~Samoa~~ culture could ^{still} be observed

So we decided to go to ~~the~~ Samoa. This time Bob was not alone. I went with him, and on three small children and a nurse maid. On the way over, ^{we spent hours after hours discussing how we would find enough action to make a good film.} ~~on~~ ^{the} ~~boat~~ ^{then} we heard reports about enormous sea monsters which had been sighted near the South Sea Islands. Bob was in a fun of excitement. ^{He thought this would be} ~~We spent the best~~ just the right thing.

When we arrived, our luggage and equipment was waiting for us - and our reputation had spread. Seeing ~~the~~ all this expensive equipment they thought Bob was a millionaire - and they made him a chief and all the ^{other} chiefs came to bring him gifts, and he had to visit each chief. ^{as soon as we were settled} Bob began to search for the sea monsters. For a full month he searched every day, until finally he simply had to admit that ~~there were~~ no monsters ^{expected} there. ~~Then~~ ^{then} came a terrible two months when Bob just sat, day after day, rocking on

the front porch, trying to think of how to
make the film. You see, he was confronted
with an ~~new~~ entirely new problem: how to
~~make~~ a film about people he really didn't
know. He had a preconceived idea about
making another Nanook. He had to sit
for two months in ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~period~~ of
fertile vacuum so often necessary to
art. Finally he realized that it was the
life of the Polynesians that he wished to
reveal, ~~and as he~~ and we began to film.

I want to say this. An artist has
~~only one~~ one and only one axe to grind.

It is his unique business to share his
delight. This is what an artist ~~must~~ does:

^{he} shares his delight.

I am going to stop now. ~~But~~ you
will see Moana. After the film I will say
a few more words to be happy to

answer any questions about anything whatsoever
that interests you."

§ She walked erectly and quickly to
her chair, as the ^{small} audience applauded. ~~Flaherty~~

~~There are some people~~ France
Flaherty is a woman

* ~~When we finished~~ Bob began to film everything.

He ~~took~~ ^{shot} 300,000 feet. ~~When we use~~ a film

when we were ~~sailing~~ ^{sailing away from} the island in the

ship with the cans of film down in the hold

I looked back at the disappearing ~~land~~ ^{land}

and knew that the great culture was dying

and that ~~it was the film that~~ ^{on the} ~~the~~

~~the~~ ~~ti.~~ we were carrying the living culture
away with us, down ^{the} the hold of a ship

Tues. Jan. 7

Earl's portrait of Stephanie was accepted for the Madison Square Garden Show Art: USA: 58. We received the notice several days ^{after that day} when I collected the mail I saw John Atchley had returned his portrait. The envelope bearing the ~~the~~ heavy black letters Art: USA: 58. Earl + the children were in the car, waiting for me. ^{as I stepped down the post office steps} I hid the envelope between other letters + returned to the car.

"Anything interesting?" Earl asked.

"No," I said, feeling the cold sweat on my palms, "No, nothing."

I'll let him open it when we get home, I thought to myself. I cannot bear to open it + see the fatal checks in the rejection box and have to turn to him + say, the portraits were rejected. ~~the~~ The five minute drive from post-office to home seemed intolerable;

I carried the mail into the

house - Earl was ~~was~~ still down at the airport. Grace began to talk to me about household matters.

I looked at the pile of mail on the coffee table. While Grace talked I shuffled through the mail, found the envelope, and, discussing

Alexandra's feeding schedule. I opened the ^{envelop.} letter. I must not refuse to face things. Not knowing is worse than knowing. I made myself take the yellow slip out of the ^{envelop} immediately. I saw that the checks were placed

in opposite columns. One had been accepted.

"Stephanie" was the one. Accepted. My

~~God~~ how different ^{Not} ~~from~~ Rejected. The space

~~of a~~ a fraction of an inch to the right

+ the red check would have symbolized Rejected.

It reminded me of ~~ref~~ stories I ^{have} read about

refugees, who suddenly obtain a passport. They

are the same ^{people} person who an instant before

had no passport, and yet they suddenly live

in a different world, a welcoming world,

~~They are~~ accepted. And all the great ideas

about man and God ~~can not~~ can

not ~~alter~~ wipe out the difference between Accepted + Rejected. I looked at the

portrait of John and he no longer hurt me.
In that instant I usually imagined our next
meeting. I felt sorry for him. Poor John,
~~was~~ Gullied John, who could not ~~continue~~ sustain
his opinions without support. I smiled at him
and said how glad I was to have the best
of him hanging in my living room.

Then I rushed down to the carport. "Earl,
Earl," I called, "Stephanie's been accepted."

"Really?" he said coming quickly out
of the carport towards me, his face alight
with excitement.

"Yes," I said, "oh, darling, I'm so relieved."

He ~~put~~ held me in his arms + I buried my
head against him, ^{silently,} ^{holding tight} ~~not~~ ^{holding up} my voice to sneeze

I showed him the yellow slip of
paper + we walked up to the house together.
"You know, it's a strange thing, but it
always hurts so much more to be rejected than

it gives me pleasure to be accepted. It's not proper hands
he said.

"Come on, Earl, don't say that. This is
wonderful," It was to me like the first bite
food to a hungry man. ~~at~~ ~~with this~~
~~encouragement~~ ~~my~~ ~~desire~~ it tasted so good
and I wanted more, with a wild & ravenous
desire to fill my hungry belly. Let me
say this now that I never have been &
never will be one who does not crave
~~success~~ fame & power. I do. Give me
the slightest hint that I might have
what I want and my hopes became
flaming desires and I am shot through
with energy ~~ready~~ & sure that I can
am the giant I long to be, ready to
be magnanimous to all. All the ~~hated~~ ^{anger}.
& fear of ~~not accepted~~, of ~~rep~~ or me
rejected, of me not accepted, evaporates, and

accepted, I suddenly embrace the world. To
be a giant is for me to be filled with love.
The accepted is to have ~~red~~ warm blood
run through my veins where before cold
water ran; blood so warm that,
warm whatever I touch. Carl says he
will be a god-damn bastard if he gets what
he wants. He might, but I won't. I'll be
an angel. And why not? ~~With no one hunting~~
~~me, whom should I wish to hunt?~~

~~✱~~ Wed. Jan. 8

Last night the snow was falling heavily.
The children to bed, the dinner done, the coffee
finished, the ~~fire~~ ^{the} ~~burning~~ log all ember,
~~the~~ hissing red in the black cave of a hearth, we
turned off the inside light, ^{turned on} the outdoor ^{lights} ~~curtains~~
wide. ~~to~~ ~~invisible~~ glass Nothing separated
us from the night but glass we could not

See. The wind-blown falling snow ~~swarmed~~ ^{flakes}
swarmed about the ^{part} ~~spot~~ light like wild
insects maddened by the ~~light~~ ^{glare}. As I stared
into ~~the~~ sweeping currents of flakes my eye
~~was~~ ~~unwillingly~~ drawn instinctively, tried to
follow the ^{course} path of ~~an~~ one stream of flakes.
But no sooner ~~had~~ ^{did} I focus upon a
certain wind ~~sp~~ swept current than it
~~disappeared~~ disappeared out of the circle of light.
I raised my eye again and again I fell
with the falling snow and soon I felt
as though I too were falling; each time
my eye fell I fell - and I tried to
stare at a single place, letting ~~my~~
the snow fall past me, but I could not
hold on. The snow swept my glance first
one way than another according to
the wild winds way. Then I tried to
see the seething circle whole, to widen

~~+~~ my glance to include all the light ~~could show~~ ^{revealed}
to see the lighted snow contained by the darkness
all around, to believe that only the light snow
white flakes existed, nothing else, so that
I would not fall away into the black, but
remain where there was light. But this I
could not do. ~~I am not able to look at~~
~~movement and not ask where; I cannot~~
~~watch a falling ~~was~~ ^{million} stars ^{flakes} + not~~
~~ask from where + whether. There is within~~
my eye my ~~own~~ ^{an} ~~species~~ instinct for direction
& for order. ~~Either~~ My glance craves
either to come to rest with the fallen
flakes or to make a stable pattern from
the falling flakes. I cannot live at random
I could not bear to keep on falling nowhere;
I wanted to fall somewhere. And so I turned
away from ^{the} circle of light and looked
out the other side of the house toward the
mountain. The light hidden in back of

Garden wall threw their beams up upon the
solid mountain shape. Here was the order I
craved. The snow was given substance by
the shapes beneath. It lay passive + neatly
piled upon the garden wall. It clung ^{heavily} to the
hemlock, bowing the limbs to the ground. Upon
the rhododendron ~~upon the slope~~ it collected
in balls that trembled. It made thin white
~~ribbons~~ ^{arms} along the thin white arms of the
silver birch, and transformed ~~the~~ ^{the} withered,
complicated chrysanthemums into crisp sculptures.
The yellow ^{mushroom} lights in the garden.

~~Mushrooms~~ capped with snow, illuminated
the snow covered earth, ^{showing} the rough frozen mud
made smooth + undulating like ~~the~~ ^{a river of sand.} the whitest sand.

Then I watched the glowing logs, their ~~warm~~ ^{hearth + screen} murderous heat
contained, controlled to gentle warmth by ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~fire~~ ^{fire} ~~side~~ ^{side} + went
to see ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~fire~~ ^{fire} ~~side~~ ^{side} + went
The room was half lit by fire, half by snow, the red radiance of the fire
disappearing into the white radiance of snow light.
to the window to see more of the white night.

~~The fire~~ I felt the cold hovering along the
sheet of glass and looking out I saw the
red fire burning in the snow. A reflection,
repelling me as a magnet repels

~~The snow, the fire and I. The ice and the flame~~
~~either ~~that~~ ~~destroy~~ by me, by man, controlled. Exposed~~
~~to either, I die. I stared at the fire in the snow.~~

~~Exposed to the fire, I burn, exposed ^{to} the ice, I freeze~~

and as I watched, I knew that ~~death~~ for
me the fire + the ice meant death for me

unprotected, ~~Our strength has grown from~~
and that ~~it is~~ from this ^{very} frailty ~~that our greatness~~
^{my human strength} ~~came~~; that I am so vulnerable

exposed has made me build the world in my
own image - to the extent that I have

~~to that~~ I am safe. ^{Every living thing} ~~creative~~ builds
according to ^{its} ~~its~~ needs; ^{according to its weakness} the bird its nest ^{high} ~~in the trees~~

~~the beaver its dam, the ant its tunnels down in the earth~~

Because ^{I am so frail, because} my needs are endless, undefined
is illimitable, never to be formulated ^{never to be} & satisfied,
I shall never stop building.

I turned from the fire burning
~~in the~~ unquenched in the falling snow, ~~to~~

Earl's portraits caught my eye, and I suddenly understood what he is doing. He is making people the way he needs them to be. Earl needs strength in others to feel his own strength; he does not need their strength to support him, but to measure ^{+ know} his own. He is creating a world of equals that he may ^{be} ^{in peace,} ^{sure} ^{assured} of ~~his~~ his own strength.

Continuation of Calder scene

again by his consideration. Beneath Underneath the stirring words, the rough manner, the country clothes, there is a gentleman; the gentleness somehow sweeter for the rugged exterior ~~of the man.~~

"What will you have to drink," he asked, "whiskey, wine, period?" How far along are you?"

"Not very far - Nowhere, in fact," I said, laughing.

"Do you think you ought to have period
drinks?" Earl asked - "with that awful
stomach. Its that ~~liquorice~~ liquorice drinking isn't it."

"That's all in the," said Sandy, going out to
get the drinks.

"Can I help you?" I said, following
him out to the kitchen.

Louisa was there, getting out the
glasses & ice. Sandy picked up one of the glasses.

"Not clean," he said ^{to her,} holding it up..

"Its clean - its the ~~dishwasher~~ hard
water in the dishwasher - always comes out
that way," Louisa said.

"So do ours," I said, looking around the
kitchen.

"I'll always remember that Marcel's
table full of food you had at that party....."

"Well, it starts out well, but then
it ends up a mess.." said Louisa.

Oh, & there is some of that delicious bread.
I said, seeing a plump loaf on a table near
the men.

"Want it?" asked Sandy.

"Oh, no, thank you," I said quickly.

We went back in the living room and
sat down on a leather stool in front of
the fire with Mrs. Pelt on one side &
Luisa on the ~~at~~ couch.

Sandy poured the drinks from a
large wooden table. As he ~~he~~ held the
Pernod bottle, his large hands shook
slightly. He gave me my sea green drink,
in ~~to~~ holding it out ~~to me~~ with his
trembling hand.

"I like this mobile," I said, looking
~~at~~ at the mobile on the table in front of
the fire. "Is that an old one. I think I
saw it last time we were here."

"Oh, yes, it's been here for years.
It's filthy, the flies ^{take free} ~~like~~ to ride on the

white pieces & they leave stains all over
it.

"Here, want a Turkish cigarette?" Sandy
came over & picked up the box of cigarettes
from the table, offering me one.

"Thank you, I will try one."
Sandy went to the raised, open fire place & heaved a log or lengthwise
upon the already blazing fire. "No Sandy, it's too hot. Nobody can
sit on another log." Not too hot
Mary Calder came into the room &
sat on another of the leather stools in front
of the fire, roaring, spitting conflagration.

She speaks like her mother & looks
like her father, heavy set, ^{dipped + British} with blunt features.
in the family uniform, blue jeans her soled
legs filled out the pants. The old, dark green
sweater was also ~~well~~ ^{fully} packed with her
vast & shapeless bosom.

"Hello, Mary," I said, "are you still
at Putney."

"Oh yes, it's my last year."

"Have you decided where you
want to go to college?"

"We're thinking about Sarah Lawrence,"
said Louisa. "I think Harold Taylor
is pretty good."

"Yes, I've heard he is," I said.

"Mam, I hear you've given up
smoking," said Polly Perle.

Mam laughed. "Said she I'm
some sort of addict. Well you're not
allowed to smoke at school, unless you
get permission from ^{the} your doctor."

"That's a strange rule. What is
the doctor to say. 'You won't get cancer,
and someone else will?'" I said.

"I don't know. It doesn't make
much sense."

"How do you like ~~the~~ being in a
co-ed school?" Earl, ^{asked} asked.

"Fine."

"I think I'd like my children to
go to a co-educational school," I said.
I think it's a bad thing to see boys

only in a social way, only at parties.
It's not a very good preparation
for marriage learning to live with men...

"Some people never learn..."
said Louisa.

We continued talking about schools
& education while Sandy & Peck finished
their discussion about the st coming exhibition.
Then Polly arose to go.

"Come & see us when you're in
New York," said Polly to Louisa — and if
ever you have time for a meal, we'd
love to have you. When are you coming
in next?"

"We'll be in next Wednesday & Thursday,"
said Louisa. "... we might be able to have lunch
on Thursday before we come back."

"Wonderful," said Polly.

Sandy kissed her good-bye, & Peck
gave Louisa an affectionate kiss &

they left.

"I think we ought to go now." said Earl.

"No, don't go. Have another drink," said Sandy, taking my glass.

"I think we ought to."

"No - Don't be silly. Stay." said Louisa.

"Alright thank you." We'll stay
~~a few~~ ^{five} the ~~four~~ of us settled down
around the fire, May, Louisa, Sandy, Earl &
I.

"Well, May, how are things?" said

Sandy. "School going alright? How
are the boobs up there." ~~he~~ ^{he imitated a nasal voice} ~~suffered~~ ^{accents}

May - as ~~he~~ ^{he used} ~~his~~ ^{his} phrase.
"Wasn't it a shame about

the film society closing." said Louisa
to me. "what happened... I thought people
liked it."

"Well, I think the trouble was that
the Stuart theatre ran a foreign film

festival at the same time, & people preferred
going to the comfortable theatre where
the acoustics were good."

"That's a shame... we thought
starting one here - at Gunners -"

I was very interested in his remarks.

~~She has~~ ~~takes~~ an interest
She is involved to some extent in community
life; ~~she has~~ ~~there~~ she wants ~~to~~ to
create certain activities to take place. ~~There~~
~~is~~ ^{means} ~~not~~ she ~~has~~ ~~needs~~ needs the
community & does not want to live as
a self-sufficient unit here in Roxbury,
drawing all her friends from outside.

"Who are the Osborns?" she asked. "Have
you seen them lately?"

"They're fine," I said.

"I don't know," said Earl. "We don't

see them very much," said Earl.

Finist Caeder later

Sat. Jan. 11

I am surprized by the coldness in my heart towards a child that is not mine. Cynthia + Richard Botsford's child Caroline is staying with us until a foster home can be found for the four ^{Botsford} children. She is three years old, an intelligent child, ready to learn, eager to please, trying in every way she knows to ~~get~~ make herself loved. ^{securely accepted} When Stephanie is invitabl with her, she says, Stephanie, I'm going to bring you a present. Frequently she throws her arms around me and says, "Mummy, I love you." "Not Mummy, Aunt Barbara, dear," I say. "Aunt Barbara, I love you, Mummy," she says. She has mastered her fear of Jupiter and learned to say I beg your pardon instead of what. She wants "Daddy" Uncle Earl" to know she has been a "good girl". In other words, she is an endeavoring

as a child can be. But, being a year younger than the Stephanie she is not able to keep up with them and ~~they~~ she annoys them and they become impatient, even when her reaction to their incessant arguments is either a flat whine, or a loud wail. At first I would rush in to protect her, but after a while I grew tired of being the constant angel of mercy. I began to let her whine & wail as she does at least once every 10 minutes when the children are together. I sit in my room and listen to the cry and am absolutely unmoved. If she screams loud & long enough, I am forced to attend to her, because I cannot concentrate on anything else. I do take care of her, and well. But coldly, it is this coldness that surprises me. I put my arms around her when she jumps on my lap, and I kiss her and hold her tight as

she nestled next to me. But ~~I feel as though~~
I am playing a rôle. I feel almost nothing.
There is nothing I can do about this. There is
no simulating emotion. This incapacity to
feel the way I want to feel plagues me
in many other areas of my life. I was
telling Earl last night of my ~~desire~~
reaction towards the community. I ~~tempted~~
it, but of strong aversion. When I drive
about the country side, ~~looking at the~~ and
see familiar faces driving by, I want
to pass by them as quickly as possible
to have no contact with them, for they
remind me of the limitations of my
own daily life. I yearn with a passion
to get out of here, anywhere, and But
I cannot. Earl must work everyday. It
is his life, & ^{his work} ~~it~~ is my ^{only} hope for ~~for~~
broader horizons. If I went without him, I
would destroy my family & his love for me. The
fixed solution, to which I turn ad infinitum,

to that I must bring them I want her to me
and I am doing that with Carl's help.

Calden, cont.

Somehow we got onto the subject
of Evangelina.

"I don't

"She's quite a dynamic
woman," I said.

"I don't like her," said Louisa

"A long time ago, about 1935, I guess, she

came over here and asked to rent a

mobile. For five dollars a week (?)
She kept it for a while & then

she returned it. Can you imagine, renting
it in the first place, and then returning it

~~I was surprised at Evangelina's~~

surprised at her lack of perception," I said.

"Well, I've got to admit I like

her," Earl said. "She bought one of my sculptures."

"Ha, ha, bought something, did she," Sandy bellowed, laughing. "That's why you like her," and he slapped Earl vigorously on the back. "Can't blame you for that."

Louisa had been reading Caitlin Thomas' "Left Over Life To Kill."
"How did you like it?" I asked her.
"I can't stand her," said Louisa.
I was surprised. "I found her somehow very sympathetic," I said. "The only difference between her & the rest of us is that she acted out her destructive desires - but the ~~the~~ the desires themselves, to her no less, ~~have a universal~~ are not so unusual."

"That might be," said Louisa, "but ~~at least we keep~~ I don't like the idea of exposing all that. She should have

kept it to herself. all that self-pity
is disgusting."

She spoke with great conviction
we heard the door front door

open. Louisa + Sandy got up. Two
men walked in: One small + dark, the
other a middle-sized, ~~black~~ middle-aged non-descript
looking man who ^{what was left of his} combed ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{thinning} hair

~~straight~~ straight forward onto his forehead.
We were introduced to ^{the sculptor} Nicolo, and Marcel

Breuer, the architect.

"How do like this tie," said the
little, dark Nicolo to Sandy. "My wife
made it for me, as she began to pull it
out of his trousers where the end had been
tucked. It kept coming + coming, like a magician's
trick." Scarf. "She made it long enough."
He said, when finally the entire length
of the narrow knitted tie was revealed.

Sandy bellowed out his lady Suffolk. He began to make drinks for them.

"Where's Marilyn?" asked Viola, with a lascivious grin. "Let's get Marilyn over here."

"There's some good architecture - hey," said Sandy laughing and pointing ^{to the Miller's} ^{on the beach.} "The Miller's are the Calkins' next door neighbors."

"Is she still planning to have F.L.W. build her house?" Earl asked.

"She wanted a 'mad house' & st. . . ."

"When Arthur first brought Marilyn up here, we thought we ought to be friendly and asked them over," Luisa said.

"So we invited them for Sunday lunch. They were supposed to come at 12. Well my sister was here & a few friends ~~Sandy's mother~~. Well 12:00 went by, and ^{at 1:00} ~~at 12:00~~ ^{past} and still no Millers. Finally

at quarter of two Arthur came over with the children, & no Marilyn. 'Marilyn won't be able to make it,' he said. 'she's exhausted from housecleaning.' Can you imagine that,

Marilyn exhausted from ~~too much~~ housework. ~~was~~ "She's impossible," said Louisa.

~~This story~~ so we all laughed at the ridiculous picture of the sex queen Marilyn ~~and~~ Tued out from housework.

But it was evident that the Calder ~~feeling~~ had been hurt by her rudeness. After a short while we arose to go. It was now dark & we really had to get home.

"What's your phone number?"

Sandy asked. He got out pencil & paper & I wrote it down for him while he watched carefully over my shoulder.

"We'll hear from you then," I said.

"What size did you say you wanted it?" he asked again, "a little ~~larger?~~ ^{bigger?}"

"No," I laughed - "well, maybe a little if you want."

Thank you for a wonderful afternoon.
We enjoyed it so much.

I clasped ~~both~~ his hands with
both of mine & said Good-bye!

We drove home exhilarated.

"God, its good to see some one who
Calder - to know someone strong exists," said

Earl as we speed along in the cold
blue winter twilight.

Sat. Jan. 18. Tues. Jan. 21

For the record:

We went to New York last week, had dinner with the Bradfords, saw Paul's portrait of Stephanie ^{the opening of} at Art. USA: 55 and had lunch with Gino Marguerite.

First, the Bradfords:

Soon after we arrived at their large medieval apartment, with its ^{two-floor} wall of glass, its ~~gold~~ its Crown velvet walls, its gold + plush throne-like chair, its great hearth, its black and red dining room, Brad ^{began to give his views on} ~~asked us about the~~ Madison Square Garden show.

"I wouldn't think of going to see it," he said. "It would depress me for weeks to see all those paintings at once. I can't look at more than a few paintings at a time."

"Did you see how it was advertised?"
Earl asked. "Right under the Ice Show."

"I can't agree with you, Earl, about mixing up the art with entertainment. What do you want, the crowds from the ice show seeing the paintings? People who want to see paintings know where to go. You don't have to give them an ice show. The others don't matter."

"Brad," I said, "the people who already know + like paintings know where to go; but the vast majority haven't been exposed to paintings. They don't know whether or not they like them. Now I'll admit that most of the people at the ice-show won't even like paintings; but what if a few, just a few, become interested for the first time because of this exhibition. There has to be a first time for everyone. This show will make paintings available + accessible to some people for the

first time. I don't understand why you disapprove of that."

"It doesn't happen that way. You have to need painkings - and that starts when back when you're 3 or 4 years old."

"It seems to me, Brad, if you followed your argument through, that you wouldn't bother educating the public, ~~the~~ ^{the} forcing ^{all} children to go to school. If they need it, they'll find it."

"No, I don't follow that; that's entirely different. Barbara," said Brad, his large, ^{hands and} head shaking disapprovingly on its bull neck. ^{Brad's} Head and neck are one sculptured mass. "I wouldn't think of having one of my painkings in that show."

"Brad, I don't think you ought

to talk that way." said Thelma

"What way?"

"Tearing down the show - Earl is in it..."

"Oh, Thelma," said Earl, laughing.

"It doesn't bother me. I need the show; Brad doesn't. I've got to show wherever I can."

"You're right about that," Brad said. "I ~~had~~ have an idea for a festival of the arts in Central Park during the summer. We'd build ~~the~~ pavilions out of corrugated steel for the various parts of the festival."

"That's a wonderful idea," Brad said, puzzled because it did not seem so very different ~~than~~ ^{from} holding a painting exhibition at a public place like Madison Square Garden. "The difference is," Earl said to me afterward, "that Brad thought of one and did not think of the other."

"~~One of~~ have other people because

interested in this idea," I asked Thelma.

"Oh, yes, it's been talked about for 2 years now."

"Brad ought to talk to the Gimbels about it," I said. "Bernard is trying to make N.Y. a summer tourist attraction."

"Oh, Brad won't ~~talk~~ talk to the Gimbels. Brad knows exactly what he'll do and what he won't do. And raising money is one of the things he won't do. Brad is like Earl; he's immovable. Nothing changes him. Earl is like that; that's why Brad likes him. You know if Brad doesn't think some one is worth bothering with, he ~~can~~ can be very cruel. But if he likes some one, he is as generous as any human being can be. He won't waste a minute with anyone who doesn't interest him."

"Earl is exactly the same way," I said
"He is absolutely unswerving in his standards
and very few people can meet those
standards. Earl has the would rather
see no one for months & months rather
than see people who don't interest
him. ^{at a particular time} If there is no one he likes, then
he prefers to remain alone. Of course
I'm not at all like that."

"Neither am I," said Thelma.

"But we have men who can't be
moved - a quality of genius - and the most
creative thing we can do is help
them grow. It's the only way we can
live with them. After the first few
years when you've ^{completely} explored each other
physically ... (I thought of the sex
spoken, dignified Brad exploring Thelma
physically - completely explored, was she?
And Brad, too. Has she completely explored him?
I wondered what that unspoken to included.)

"then," she continued. "A woman must

help the man to grow. It's the most creative
thing in a woman's life. If I could ~~do~~
~~get one~~ → teach women one thing, I'd
be satisfied," she said. I want to
teach women self-respect. Women in
this country have no ~~so~~ respect for
themselves as women. They only have
respect for themselves as men, but
they're ^{men & they're not happy} not ~~happy~~ ^{trying to be men} ~~being~~ a man. No one
woman — not the head of Lord & Taylor
or anyone, ~~can~~ has anything if she's
trying to be a man. The Europeans have
no understanding of this. They believe
the American woman is spoiled, powerful,
controlling everything. The American
woman is not powerful because she's
not a woman — ^{she's trying to be a}
^{& she is failing at that, so she's weak.}
man — ~~and~~ ^{that's} the only way a woman
has power — and that power is enormous
frightening — is through her femininity.
why, when I realized the power I have over

Brad, I was frightened to death - to have such complete power over another human being. But this gives me my reason for living, my chance to be creative - using this power to help Brad grow. It's not that Brad couldn't live without me - he's strong, he'd survive, but he certainly couldn't live as well.

"I am interested to hear you say these things, Thelma," I said, full of admiration for her. "I'm just beginning to feel this way about being a woman - or trying to ^{at least.} But anyway I have to get rid of just about every image I have of myself as a success in this world in order to do it."

~~the~~ I had followed her out into the kitchen, watching her taste the delicious-smelling casserole filled with half split squabs, mushrooms & herbs & juices. I filled the glasses with ice water and we sat down at the long, black

table with its red glasses, place mats & red Chinese red wooden chairs. I sat next to Brad at one end of the table, Earl sat next to Thelma at the other end.

"How did your discussion about the Negro turn out," Brad asked.

My mind, as is usually the case when I am suddenly asked to ~~pin~~ focus on a broad topic, was a blank.

"It was very interesting," I said. "Quite a few Negroes came & asked questions."

"I imagine that's quite unusual," Brad said.

"Yes, it is. And they had the courage to ask some difficult questions. For instance, one young Negro got up & asked said, hesitantly, 'I would like to ask the speakers what they think about... the ~~the~~ ~~problem~~ sexual... I'm not sure that is

the right word - but the sexual problems of 'integration.'

"What ~~did~~ answer did he get?"

"Well, they said that going to school together doesn't necessarily mean ~~getting up married~~ having children together."

"Of course it does," Brad said.

"Well, what is it doing. What is really wrong with it, ~~except that right now there are so for the social~~ ~~if it weren't for the social~~ problems created. . . ."

"If it weren't for the social problems created. . . ." Brad mimicked me. "You ~~have no idea what and when do you expect the social problem to disappear?~~ You have no idea what hell it would be for the people involved - is that your liberal idea. . . ."

"Brad, I'm not saying it would be easy now to marry a negro. But the

Situation is in transition. ~~To~~ Some people
always bear the brunt of social changes.
Some people are extremists, but if it
weren't for people like that, nothing
would ever change. I'm not saying they're
right, but I am saying we've
got to have some of them if society
would never move. They're the needle -
+ a needle is necessary sometimes."

"I think it's ^{basically} more of an economic
problem than as well as a racial one."
Earl said. "Once the negroes start
doing well, having prestige, influence,
money, ~~the~~ some of the pressure
against intermarriage will lessen."

"That's right," said Thelma

~~the~~ "One of the speakers pointed out
that statistically the older you were
the more you were opposed to ~~segregation~~ ^{intergration},

and the richer you were, the less you were
opposed to it."

"Of course," said Brad, "the
younger you are, the less you know +
the richer you are, the less ^{integration} ~~it~~ affects you.

I don't believe in any change that requires
force. Nothing can be gained by force,
and nothing can be held by force for long.

"Unfortunately, that isn't always
true, Brad," I said. "Of course nothing,
good or bad lasts forever, but given the
temporary nature of all governments,
~~force has~~ to people have been held
by force - look at Eastern Europe right
now..."

"What's the matter with you
Barbara," said Brad sharply. "Why are
you and Earl so argumentative. Where
do you stand; where are you in the
mind of all these opinions - first you're
for intermarriage, then you're for force..."

You and Earl feel you must have opinions
on everything - and consequently you're
so dispersed it's impossible to know you.
I don't think you know yourself. What
do all these views mean is it you
really want? What would you like to
be at 50?

"At 50 - if I could have anything
I wanted..." I paused. "What I would like
more than anything in the world would
be to understand my own life and to
have written about it to the best of my
ability. Yes, that's the gift I'd ask for."

"That's good; that's right," said
Brad. "Now you better start working on
yourself instead of being dispersed & lost -
and having views that mean nothing to you..."

"Now, Brad, after all, you asked me

what happened at ~~the~~ Opinions Unlimited
you brought up the negroes, not us.

"I know - now don't be annoyed
with me, Barbara, I'm just trying
to help you know what really matters
to you. Do you really care about the
negro?"

"No..."

"Well, what ~~do~~ value do your
views have - to you..."

"I'll tell you, Brad.. the real
value to me is that they are my
means - inadequate as they are, to reach
out this moment and touch you... they
are what I really want is a sense
communication - of reaching + touching. I
don't know how else to do it."

He was smiling warmly at me.

"You're alright, Barbara," he said
"You're really worth something. That's alright,"

now I understand - and ~~in~~ I'm with you.
Just remember what you said, ~~in~~

I can see how you might have
I think that I was dispersed, lost - but
I don't see how you could have thought
it about Earl, " I said. " I have never
known a human-being so ~~de~~ totally
directed toward one thing, to a fault,
I sometimes think. Why he cares
about nothing but painting, - he does nothing
but paint 8-9 hours a day. "
" It's not how many hours
a day that matters," Brad said. " It's where
your thoughts are - Earl's thoughts are
dispersed - he can't find himself. He
wants something from painting that he'll
never get. He wants power. Where do

you know an ^{American} artist -- any ... who has
any power? He's in the wrong business
if it's power he wants."

"No... Brad... I know -- and it
worried me terribly. He wants it so badly --
he says he'll be the first one.
regardless of what you say, he works

for it constantly -- and the chances are

he'll never, never get what he wants.

Even if -- + I think he will, he becomes
the 'chance' that

known as an artist, ~~he~~ I ~~don't~~ see
he will be a power one... have the influence
~~how~~ he'll be able to

~~he~~ ~~traces~~...."

Tears came into my eyes and

I turned away from Brad, ^{legs} ~~filled~~ with

desolation at the thought of Earl, in

all his heroic strength + confidence

deprived of the influence he ~~was~~

feels destined to exert.

~~We left the Bradford's about 10:30~~

~~to go over to Madison Square Garden.~~

Sometimes I feel as though I am
living a lie. I am supposed never to say

or even think that Earl's work will not
be influential. But ~~see~~ even now + then
I look at a new painting and I know
~~if~~ I don't like it, that all the things
Earl believes about it are like a Mother's
~~to~~ faith in a worthless child. The portrait
of Suzanne, done in color, is to me a garish,
insensitive painting. The orange background + face
the green hair, + black hair, the red lips coating
~~the dead~~ which Earl calls ^{bold + dramatic} pastels
colors, ~~taken from~~ ^{of} American ~~to~~ strike me as inharmonious
and make me feel ~~as~~ physically sick. In
the lower right hand corner there is a
block of dead white, which was a black
block in the black + white portrait. This
block of white seems to me entirely unrelated
to the colors or patterns ^{in the rest of}
the painting, ^{as though in the middle of a landscape there were}
^{a perfect rectangle of flat white} look at the painting;
I know what it means to him. He believes
he has for the first time ^{successfully} related ^{and integrated}
pattern + color; that he has related ^{abstract} color

for Matisse, Léger, Stuart Davis, and develop
that this is the first painting that is
all his own; that this is the kind of painting
America needs, paintings that celebrates the
individual, his joy, his strength, his
dignity. So Earl tells me as we sit in
front of the new painting that he has
just hung on the wall where all each
new painting is hung when he first brings
it in from the studio. I sit and search,
longing to like it, needing to like it,
for if I do not, I must live a lie. I
cannot say to Earl, "I think it is a
very bad painting." Not now. It would be
like ~~striking~~ striking a ~~dead~~ man swimming
for his life ^{up} stream against a fierce
current. If he were safe on dry land, then
I could say, I didn't have much hope for
you when you were fighting for your life.
But ^{not now,} while he is fighting for his life, and the

the man's fight for identity, is indeed a fight for life itself.

~~I have two choices: to lie or to~~

~~tell the truth ~~to him~~~~

I don't say that I could wound ~~destroy~~ him by a frank opinion; I would intensify his desperate determination to create an identity for himself. He is at the point of no return. No ~~more~~ rejection will make him give up; it will only ~~trick~~ deepen his loneliness & strengthen his conviction born of desperation, that he alone is right, must be right.

Either I will attempt at least to keep him warm & falsify my reaction to his work, or I will be blunt and deepen his already profound sense of isolation. ^{And} if Earl is isolated, so am I.

~~But the awful quest~~ But I can not see that I can keep him warm. When

he brought in the portrait of Suzanne my
~~entire~~ false enthusiasm was so tepid, so
inadequate. that it could scarcely have
helped him.

How do you help the man I love
~~at~~ at those times ^{when} I do not believe in
the work that is increasingly his life?
When he is alone, when nobody cares about
his work, when nobody needs this man
but me; what do I do.

After we left the Bradfords
we took a taxi to Madison Square
Gardens. ~~at the~~ ^{the} side entrance ~~manuscript~~
had ~~the~~ marked Goldy upon it ART: USA: ST
We walked down the cement steps to
the exhibition hall, ~~where the~~ The huge,
harshly lit room was filled with people,
strange looking, misfit-looking people; women
overly-made up in gaudy dresses, men with beards,
with pimples, with pasty ^{crudily} faces. Most people
had carried a drink in one hand and wandered
about the labyrinthian display of paintings, a ~~new~~

staring, gaping. Most of the people there were artists, we imagined, artists come to see their own paintings hanging with 1499 other paintings.

~~The paintings~~ ^{row upon row} ~~seemed to me like refugees~~ ^{waiting in endless line endlessly} ~~shrouded without a passport, without identity~~ waiting for a passport to give them identity. A work of art is not like a human being unless it has a name + a place to go. ~~These paintings~~ We looked for the H's, passing quickly by the silent, demanding paintings, looking like every artist there, for our own. We found it finally, and it was to me like coming home. There was Stephanie, sitting erect, her hands folded, ~~her face~~ ~~looking out~~ clear ~~to cut~~ ~~upon~~ the crowd quietly, the patterns etched as sharp + clear as shadows on a fall morning. I felt refreshed. But then I noticed behind me a painting with a plaque under it. My heart sank. The prizes had

been distributed. I looked back at the portrait,
hoping I had missed seeing a plaque.
But the painting was bare. Stephanie
had won no prize. There was to be no
passport to rescue her from anonymity.

We wandered about looking ~~for~~ ~~pc~~
at the paintings. I tried to keep
my spirits up. This was to be
a triumph for us. But I felt
deeply added instead, by the artists &
by their paintings, sickened by the
thought of these men & women, ^{painting} ~~working~~
their lives away alone, in studios, hour
after hour after hour, alone, for what?
For these mediocre, imitative echoes of
other paintings. Dull echoes. ~~As if by magic~~
~~magic~~ ~~at art~~ ~~so~~ ~~is~~ ~~this~~ ~~what~~
After a while I doubt I would have

recognized an original piece of work.
Everything seemed tainted.

And yet, in theory at least, I thought
I approved of the idea of bringing paintings ^{together}
from all over the country and making it
accessible to ~~the~~ ^{for} a large public.

But emotionally I ~~was~~ craved exclusiveness
Paintings en masse are as depressing as
people en masse. all significance is lost.
The individual no longer matters, no longer
exists, I wanted to go home.

Thurs. Jan. 23

I heard a bird sing when I awoke
this morning. Suddenly I was gay. ~~As~~
~~if I had just awakened from a night's~~

Nothing had changed except it did not
hurt me any more. I was free from
pain. My mind ^{soon} swiftly sought out
the old wounds ^{to see if they were there.} + touched them, Earl's career,

lack of friends, my unblossoming writing.

But it was as if these problems belonged
to some one else, not me; as if I were

touching another's wounds and could not feel

it. I was ~~immediately~~ boundless immensely happy for

an instant, whole, clean + free and then the

truth closed down in upon me darkly and I

was once again myself. But in that ~~instantly~~
^{for me to be happy}

~~joy~~ instant of joy I realized that things ~~do~~

do not need to be different. I need to be different

A change in attitude is all that stands
between me & heaven.

~~When I say all, I am not an~~

Friday, Jan-24

~~I wonder if other people ^{live}
their days ~~out~~ ^{live} with a constant under-
current of emotional evaluation of my
state of mind. This is an uneven current,
smooth for a moment, then rough, then
falling headlong down rapids. ~~outwardly~~
~~remain on an even keel~~ Each morning
I drive the children to school. I watch
the road & listen to their chatter, but
inwardly I am evaluating myself & my
life~~

64

$$\begin{array}{r} 76 \\ 152 \\ \hline 76 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 152 \\ 2912 \\ 1064 \\ \hline 152 \\ 2912 \\ \hline 30 \end{array}$$
 Mon. Jan. 27

$$\begin{array}{r} 176 \\ 64 \\ \hline 3704 \\ 1056 \\ \hline 106304 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 176 \\ 31 \\ \hline 2176 \\ 5216 \\ \hline 5456 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 176 \\ 31 \\ \hline 2176 \\ 5216 \\ \hline 5456 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 176 \\ 54 \\ \hline 3704 \\ 660 \\ \hline 3704 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 704 \\ 1056 \\ \hline 11264 \end{array}$$

I opened my eyes for the first time ^{the morning's} that day, feeling that instant's groping for identity. for who and where I am. In that ^{moment} second of discovery, in that flashing instant before I recognize myself, in that interlude is my judgement day, each day at dawn. Do I approve or do I not? I gazed up at the bland winter sky through my skylight. My sleep warmed senses hovered, tentative, waiting my verdict. And then it came. No. I do not approve. My senses cringe and seek escape in sleep, in the dark ease of unknowing. But there is no turning back. The judgement is in; the sentence must begin. I cannot escape the truth of who ^{I scan the day:} & where I am and that I do not approve. There is breakfast to be made, children to be dressed,

Good morning + good-bye kisses to be given;
~~then I'll wait~~ I will drive the children to
school, come back + write, ^{pick up the children} have lunch, read
the papers, take the same old walk, do
odds + ends, read to the children, have dinner,
~~watch television~~ talk to Earl + read a bit
and then to bed. This is what I will do.

~~to see~~ For all the grandeur of my dreams,
this is my day + of these days is made
all of life for me. I lay staring at
the sky wondering how it ~~all~~ ^{this way} happened, and
if it would change, or if I would change,
or if at 28 I had lost control. I
smiled to myself at how 28 could sound
so young and so old at the same time
according to which way I looked at it.
When an older person, even someone 10
years older, asks me how old I am
and I say 28, they always say, so young;
and am ~~to~~ comforted. I still have a lot
of time. But then I think it over. 28
is different than 18. In those fateful 10 years,

life-long commitments have been made,
irrevocable choices have been acted upon.
a husband, 3 children, a home. There are
any number of things I know I will never
do that I did not know at 18 I would
never do. At 18 I could rely on the
unexpected; at 28 I cannot; that is the
major difference. At 28 I can rely on
nothing but myself to make my life
the way I want it; not chance fate, or
father, nor prince charming. Just me.
And at 18 I did not mind being unhappy.
It was an experience, the sign of a
rich + poetic nature. at 18 I thought
happiness was commonplace, despair rare +
provocative. At 28 I know, of course, that
joy is the rare thing; ~~that~~ sorrow + sadness
the common; ~~the~~ ~~everyday~~ ~~the~~ that. When I
succumb and take no joy from life, that I
have joined the masses. at 28 I mind

very much being unhappy. If I do not change
my life, no one will and I will have joined
the rank + file in ever-lasting defeat.

With these thoughts I gazed at the
sky. It had begun to snow. In the face
of these ultimate challenges, my plans
for the day seemed so hopelessly inadequate.

I ~~too~~ Earl began to stir beside
me, ^{slipping} his long, bed-filling body.
He lifted his large, handsome head
from the pillow, ^s ~~the blankets~~ still
holding the blankets tightly around him,
snuggled like a child and smiled at
me a sleepy smile, his eyes squinting
in the new light of day. "Good-morning,
darling," he said. Down went the heavy
head and his eyes closed again. I moved
over towards him. He tucked on his back
and raised his arm that I might nestle
close beside him. The warmth of his body
was delicious, like a ^{spring} sun-bath. I closed my eyes
and wondered how I could love so deeply and still

be so alone, ^{feel so defeated.} ~~when~~ Engulfed in the absolute security of his love for me and mine for him, I was alone, ~~except~~ in life as I will be in death. ~~the~~

We heard Suzanne let her dog out. He padded down the porch on two

large puppy feet, too big for his body. Zipper, ~~the~~ French poodle, uncurled himself from the corner of the bed + stretched, first one back leg, then the other, then the front legs. Then he shook himself and yawned. We'll be back in bed, " I said, giving

him a kiss and turning away from the precious ~~warmth~~ warm body.

"~~Then~~ When some one asks me what happened to New England winters, I'll know what to say. Nothing has happened to them," Earl said, stretching and looking up at the snow falling down. ~~around~~

I looked over the valley at the steel grey mountains floating in snow.

I hate this place, I hate it, hate it, the awful words echoed in my mind - I tried to hate you, Earl, I hate you. We hate you for bringing us here, for keeping us here.

push them out. I could not, so I began to talk to that at least I would not hear the words I have not decided. ^{whether or not} is it better to ^{let all unwanted thought or feeling} allow myself to recognize (submerge) it and change the interior conversation. ^{to} How did you sleep, darling." (I asked)

"Not so well. It ^{often} always happens when I'm working on a painting. I can't stop thinking about it. I go over and over and over it and I can't sleep.

"Well, what are you going to do today." I asked, smiling at him. This is ~~an other~~ ^{another} morning joke. At first it used to annoy Earl, because he always, always, is going to do the same thing: go out to the studio + paint ₌ until lunch time and then return after lunch + paint till dinner time.

"Do you suppose Matisse's wife asked him that every morning?" Earl asked sitting up on the edge of his bed, resting his elbows on his knees, his blue cotton pajamas pulled ~~down~~ ^{brood back} taut across his legs.

"I think today I'll go out to the studio and paint," ^{He laughed.} "I'm ^{And then serious,} working on something terrific. I think it's the best portrait I've ever done. I've finally found a way to use pattern and color that's all mine. It's taken me a long time, but I've finally got it - and it's all mine. It's only a matter of doing it now. It's taken me ^{a long time -} how long is it - about 7 years since we've been married - I can't let anything stop me now."

"Seven years isn't so long to find a way of seeing that's all ours. Most people never do," ^{Painters or anybody else} I said.

"I don't know if anybody'll ever see it or need it - that I can't control. But they'll like it," he said standing up & grinning with boyish bravado
a necessity ^{For Paul} which ^{with that} has no choice. He must go on ^{with that} which ^{is an unknown}
artists ^{be defined} ~~must~~ ^{painting} it has become his life.

"Of course, they will," I said, taking all my courage from him, fighting the outrageous ^{conviction} fear that "they" never would that Earl's life time struggle for identity would be like the tree falling soundless in the empty forest, and caught in the ^{silent} falling tree ^{and} ^{was} Earl has only one reject reaction

to rejection: work, more work. He has only one reaction to encouragement: work, more work. (put in excerpt from Volume 16. An artist is like a priest, if he loses his faith, he loses all

An artist's faith is in himself, ^{his vision,} a priest's in God. For both, lack of faith, is a living death. ~~It is not a quest~~ So

not only must Earl never stop working that's easy - but he must never stop believing, ^{never stop loving} that's not. For me,

anyway. I wake up each morning ~~not~~ ^{not to} believe believing. Not believing ~~any~~ ^{any} of the that Earl's work will ever be needed,

or my writing will ever be worth need. This is ~~the~~ ^{the} a heresy too profound to ad

So I go on as if it were not so that I am an unbeliever.

"Suzanne has had to bolt her breakfast down every morning," said Earl.

"We better get ~~moving~~ ready a little earlier this morning."

I ~~begin to~~ ~~move~~ put on my robe and went into the children's room.

"Good morning, Mummy," they

said in unison, Stephanie from the upper

bunk, Suzanne from the lower, their

faces bright with unaccountable delight.

Jupiter, the ⁴/₂ months old Golden Retriever ^{puppy} lay

across Suzanne's slim body, his head hanging over the bed, ^{too} soulful ^{pr} brown eyes

looking up at me, his rope tail thudding rhythmically

against the blankets.

"Mummy, you know what, Jupiter plays with me too early. He puts his

head under the blanket + finds my hand +
brings it out in his mouth + plays with
it like a toy. Then he pulls my hair.
Suppi. name a naughty boy." she
said, affectionately, kissing the top of
his golden head.

"Swiss Fly me Down Mummy."
said four year old Stephanie, <sup>sitting up in her red
flannel nightgown that has
"Daddy + Mommy" embroidered
on the front.</sup> her face
~~seemed~~ ^{startlingly} beautiful to ~~me~~ ^{Clare} her
smile revealing perfect white teeth,
her ^{long} dark hair ^{moist} ~~dash~~ + wild like a summer
field after a storm, her skin fair + flushed
warm rose with sleep. + ^{Clare raised her arms to Stephanie} took her in my
arms and she ^{embraced me} passionately into her mother's embrace, ^{hugging}
holding tightly as ^{Clare gently carried her down.} as I lowered
her. ^{we} sat together on ^{to} Suzanne's
bed, ^{they} ^{her} ^{arms} around ^{each other} ^{then} her heads on
^{side} ^{side} ^{by} ^{side} my shoulder, ^{together} rocking back + forth.
"Where's my darling girl," I said
as I rocked her, kissing the warm neck.

"Stephanie's your darling girl." she
answered, as usual, ^{giggling.} how can I love any body

as silly as you," I said, spanking her bottom
+ getting up, shuffling off that overwhelming
protective mother tone which is so
suffocating for the mother as for the child.
"Now, humm, Gits. Your clothes are all laid
out. I don't want to have to tell
you again."

They made no move. Then Earl
came in. No sooner did they hear his
footsteps ^{unwound} than ^{the} boys suddenly
wound then began to act, ^{settling} out from bed, heading
towards the bathroom, pulling their nighties over their
heads even as "Good morning, Gits," said Earl

with that mixture of affection ~~and~~ +
severity which with which he controls
them. "Why aren't you dressed?"

"Good morning, Daddy. How are you
today?" asked Suzanne, at six, just
learning the disarming power of good manners. "Did
you sleep well?"

"Yes, thank you, I did," said Earl,

accepting the good manners as his due, but not, as was intended, being disarmed or distracted from his own purposes by it.

"Any girl that is not dressed by breakfast has no breakfast." Earl never says, "and I mean it," as I do, maybe because he does mean it, whereas I do not.

"Yes, Daddy," said Stephanie, like a good soldier, which she is not. For the minute Earl goes, the spell is broken, and they begin to dawdle, to argue, to play with the cat & the dog and their toys, barely making breakfast a half hour later.

After then I went into Alexander's room, lying on her tummy, head & shoulders raised up ~~on~~ ^{by} little arms, eyes wide with curiosity, peering ~~to~~ out between the bars of her crib, she saw ^{of me} me, and she smiled, her eyes crinkling, her nose crinkling, her two teeth revealed, her legs kicking ~~in~~ with enthusiasm, her entire being consumed in greeting ^{her mother} me with joy. It is impossible not

to respond in kind.

"Good morning, Alex." ^{said Claire} ~~and~~

picking her up, swirling her through the air, and then cradling her in ^{her} arms, all ^{six} ~~seven~~ months of her soft, wiggling body. She chuckled gleefully.

"How are you this morning?"

She reached for ^{Claire's} my face with groping hands, clutching at ^{her} my nose. ^{her} My eyes, ^{her} my hair, ^{Claire} lowered ^{her} my face. She ^{Alex} raised her head, & tried to catch ^{Claire's} my nose in her mouth.

"Ouch, tiger, you're don't bite me." ^{Claire} laughed, at the ~~sh~~ feel of her

² new sharp teeth.

she held her ^{baby} ~~head~~ close and ~~to~~ tried to make ^{her} ~~the~~ love for her spread through ^{her} ~~the~~ and ^{melt} ~~warm~~ the ^{icy} ~~cold~~ despair

~~that~~ I was doomed to live in a small ~~town~~ ^{village},

~~located~~ her at here in this S.W. N. England town

she would
I was doomed to live out ~~my~~ her life with no
touch of the grand world participation
in the larger world of imp achievement & success
that ^{she} would never signify; ~~that~~
that ^{she} would live forever surrounded by
PTA mothers and country lawyers, not
one of them, but an outsider, forever longing
one of, or at least in touch with, those whose lives were L
forever seen submitting little manuscripts.
Fragmentary, except from my journals part of the achievement
notes to the S.O.S.'s to those I admired

From afar, with a husband, proud of a life's
work, that passed unheeded, unneeded, ^{nauseating silence}
unneeded, ~~unneeded~~, ~~in the~~
storages storage, or or on or on ^{the} ~~own~~

walls of their country home
she ~~was~~ began to change alexandria, ^{The Gobi} ~~the~~

lay on the bassinet, giggling, kicking, and
Dianna ~~spot~~ played with her, nuzzling my face
against her ribs ~~to~~ to make her laugh
thinking how odd it is that love can
sometimes only point out how cold she felt,
how impotent. Love, that the world was

supposed to be all about that made it go around
this love she was surrounded with, because it's

it was given ^{her} ~~me~~ and yet it did no
more to melt ^{her} ~~my~~ icy heart than a
candle would an iceberg. ~~What ^{made} ~~was~~ ~~this~~~~
~~What kept ^{her} ~~my~~ inner temperature so~~
~~low? so cold that love was extinguished~~
~~at contact?~~

as I played with my baby
trying to be warmed by my love for her,
failing to be warmed,
I remembered ^{the} Greek definition of happiness
I had just read: "The exercise of vital
powers along lines of excellence, in a life
affording them scope."

Here was the core of the coldness.
I did not feel I was
I was ~~not~~ exercising my vital powers.

Here was the essence of my disapproval,

of my failure, + my growing alienation

from ^{myself + most} the women + men ^{of my age that} I knew. Neither

I nor they were living such a life. My

alienation from them was that I cared
and they did not seem to. If they did, they were
not telling me.

"The exercise of vital powers along
lines of excellence, in a life affording them
scope."

Here was the reason that I could sit
at ~~some~~ ^a meeting discussing a local discussion
a local project and feel a suffocating
claustrophobia, ~~a cutting off of vital energies,~~

~~the~~ a strange sense of unreality, of
living a nightmare ~~that was the~~ ^{Did she} ~~the~~

thought so little of ^{her} ~~our~~ vital powers
that ~~we~~ ^{she} was content to ~~use~~ ^{use} them to this for
these limited purposes, ^{plain a} we, human beings,

members of the race that launched a
moon, whose intelligence ^{is it} will soon be ready to
span the universe,

how could ~~we~~ ^{she} be anything but during
sitting earnestly discussing a PTA supper.

~~No exercise, no exercise~~ ^{of} I knew that I ^{she}
was no Einstein, no genius, but I also

knew that there was more that
I could do than this, and that this
unused power was killing ^{her} ~~me~~, choking ^{her} ~~me~~

the crucial problem in ^{her} ~~my~~ life was

how to use this human power, Loving
and caring for ^{her} my family was not
excessive
~~absorb~~ enough of ^{her} my vital powers.
My disapproval of myself was profound. That I was tired &
Waiting for Earl's work to ^{be} ~~needed~~ in no way
Love and self-fulfillment are not ^{the same} identical. That ^{she} ~~had~~ ^{mitigated} ~~the~~ ^{disappointment}
~~important~~ was not enough. For if it
~~could~~ ^{shocked that she} have so much of one & so little of the other
happened what then?
~~Shocked me~~

"Isn't it enough," Earl had once
asked ^{her} me, "that you are the greatest
stimulus in my life, that I love & need
you, that you have a wonderful family
to raise, that you are intelligent &
wealthy & beautiful and young and
in good health."

It was as if ^{she} I felt like a
shining, new airplane being asked if it
were not enough to ~~be~~ have the best
engine, ^{the} broadest wing span
the brightest paint, the most
comfortable seats, everything, but that the
~~ignition~~ ^{starting} control ~~switch~~ had broken & could not be
repaired. ^{she} might be the pride & joy of ~~everyone~~ my family,
~~Everybody~~ loved me, and I loved them as
~~best~~ ^{best} I could, but ^{she} I was grounded. The engine

was cold. What ~~I~~^{she} needed above all else in
the world was exercise. When ~~I~~^{she} said that
at last I could not rely on the unexpected;
this is what ~~I~~^{she} meant. Nothing that
could happen to ~~me~~^{her} would matter; only
~~that~~ ~~what~~ the discovery of how
to unleash ~~the~~^{her} ~~my~~ power would help.

and who could ~~I~~^{she} rely on for this
But ~~myself~~^{herself}? I desired to participate in the world
of significant achievement to gain the
approval of the movers + doers. ~~I~~^{she} was unable
to give up this demand ~~not~~ to achieve it.

With these thoughts ~~I~~^{she} went
about ~~my~~^{her} tasks, ~~like~~ as if in a dream,
watching ~~myself~~^{herself} act the loving mother
to wife, feeling only despair, fearful to
tell ~~the~~^{Mark East} extent about it because
there was no way he could help ~~me~~^{her},
~~and~~ ~~she~~ would succeed only in destroying
his love for me, hoping that ~~my~~^{her} despair
was not real, that it would burn itself
out and leave ~~me~~^{her} free to enjoy ~~it~~ what I
did each day, free from the desperate

conviction that I was wasting my brief moment alive, throwing it away for all eternity.

Alexandra was dressed, happily responding to the cheerful voice of her dreaming mother.

Clair ~~peek~~ opened the girls' bathroom door on my way towards the kitchen.

They were sitting naked on the floor, playing. "5 minutes till breakfast," she chimed & closed the door, walking on towards the kitchen with Alexandra in my arms. From the ~~back room~~ small guest room off the kitchen came Colli's little voice. "Good-morning, Mummy," she called, racing towards me, flinging her arms around ~~my~~ ^{Clair's} legs & hugging me so tight she almost threw ~~me~~ ^{Clair} off balance.

"Good ^{day} morning, dear." I said. ^{Clare} ~~She~~ ^{Clare} ~~was~~ ^{Clare} the 3 year old daughter of a college friend of ~~mine~~ ^{Clare} who ~~was~~ ^{Clare} in a sanatorium recovering from a nervous breakdown. ^{Clare} I had offered to keep ~~her~~ ^{my child} for a while. It was now a month since her father had brought her ~~to me~~. He had promised to ~~come~~ ^{Clare} to see her in 2 weeks... but he had not ~~appeared~~, nor communicated with me in anyway.

^{Clare} I accepted the responsibility because there was something concrete she could do ~~under~~ ^{Clare} a constructive act, despite impatient to ~~the~~ ^{her} ~~my~~ sense of failure, worthwhile beyond any questions of ~~my~~ ^{her} ~~my~~ doubting mind. Also I made ~~me~~ ^{her} feel strong wife & mother with a ~~very~~ beautiful home and a cook. ^{Clare} to see ~~myself~~ ^{myself} as ~~happy~~ ^{happy} from the outside, a happy wife & mother with a beautiful home and a cook.

"I love you, Mummy," said Calli

"Aunt ^{Clare} ~~Barbara~~, dear," ^{Clare} gently collected her. "I love you, too." She hopped up and down with delight, as she clung to ~~her~~ ^{Clare} legs. "Wait till I put Alex down," I said.

putting the baby into her chair and taking
Calli in ~~her~~ ^{her} arms to hold her tight for
a moment. She pressed her little body to

~~her~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{was} comforted by the directness
~~of you don't have love~~
of the ^{child's} need. Here was a need understood.

In a ^{small} child the need for love is so
obvious + the methods of ^{giving} satisfaction

so simple, the results so quickly apparent,
that ~~she~~ ^{she} was relieved from the complexities
of ~~her~~ ^{her} own obscure desires, satisfied to

give satisfaction to another, ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~out~~ ^{out} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~mind~~ ^{mind} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~make~~ ^{make} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~happy~~ ^{happy}
for a moment. It is tempting ^{to} ~~to~~ ~~make~~ ^{make} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~happy~~ ^{happy}

to shift the burden of your own happiness to
another, but of course it cannot be done.

"All right, now, Calli, get dressed. Breakfast
will be ready soon."

She opened the ice box + began to

take things out: milk, ^{cream,} juice, a bottle, butter, eggs,
bacon, Alexandra's cat litter oil, Jupiter's dog food,
tin and evaporated milk, Pepasus' cat food,
the staples of life without which I and

& my ^{her} entourage would die, but ~~with~~ ^{by}
which we are given the fuel to use,
to act. Love is like food, in a way, ~~perhaps~~
it is a ^{necessary} fuel. It is ~~not~~ a purpose.

Without it we cannot exercise our
vital powers, but with it, exercise
^{then} we must ~~or~~ atrophy. Only if I did
~~not have~~ ^{when} ~~foo~~ deprived of these basic

fuels, can I believe they are an end in
themselves. If my lover leaves me,

I yearn for him, I plan and work
and pray for his return. ^{It is my purpose} If he ^{in life to} have his
does return to me and he is mine &

I am his, what then? ~~When back to~~
~~work to~~ I must use this vital warmth

for the development of my powers. It is
the only way to keep on living.

The ~~of~~ ^{spring} snow had stopped; the grey sky
cleared, the hoary clouds were now but airy

mist, the blue that is always above the clouds
revealed, steady, intense blue.

She filled ² the pots with hot water, one
for an egg the other for Alexandra's bottle
she shook the orange juice, watching it
became frothy in the plastic container, and
then poured it all fresh like sea foam into
~~the~~ fine glasses: and then she shook the
milk. She never liked to shake the milk and
usually gave it two or three inadequate
shakes, unless Mark ^{was} near-by, in which case,
he shakes it vigorously until it froths
like cows' milk just ^{came} squirted into from
udder to pail. And then she ^{filled} Earl's coffee cup
~~cup with thick~~ ^{putting} her fingers into the bottle
to start the flow a rich creamy cream, taking
care to pull ^{her} fingers out in time. Then she
put dropped two lumps of sugar into the
cream, The ^{heavy} cream ^{sucked in} the sugar smoothly. By
now the water began to boil. She took the
egg ~~from the ice box~~ in ^{her} hands, feeling the

unused power on my hands as I held the
fragile eggs. ~~I acted to squeeze & break~~

~~them. But instead~~ I dropped them gently
into the boiling water. One egg began

There was a crack in one of the eggs.
~~which I had not noticed it.~~ The water
~~was~~ The egg white shrank wildly out

the crack, wrinkling as it cooked in the boiling

water. The rest of the eggs lay passive,

subduing the water's movement, quieting

the seething water by their coolness,

I watched until the water began to

boil again. The water cooked the eggs,

~~I heated the water~~ the electric coils heated

the water; I turned on the electric coils.

One thing acted upon another to ^{achieve} ~~reach~~

my ^{goal:} ~~desired~~ end: boiled eggs. So simple if

you know how. Then I put the black

iron pan upon another burner and turned

the heat on. ~~As~~ as I peeled the heat strips

of bacon from the package, I watched the

black surface of the pan. I knew it was

growing hotter & hotter ~~hotter~~ ~~properly~~ hot, according to subsequent use.
murderously hot, But it looked as if it were cold. But ^{her} my eye saw
no change. The tan ^{first} the white &
red strips of Bacon upon the smooth
black surface. Instantly the opaque
white fat sunk into itself & grew ^{very} new thin &
transparent, thus revealing the brutal black
beneath. ~~I~~ ~~then~~ put strip in. And then
the melting strips began to pucker ^{to} ~~to~~
to draw away from the heat, the fat
hissed, bubbled & spat; the white deepened
to brown. ^{Her} My mouth watered. I finished
~~making the breakfast, absorbed in the~~
~~numerous details, my alchemy.~~
"I'm already, Mummy," Suzanne came
into the kitchen. At six, she is already
unalterably established in certain directions.
And when is a human being not unalterably established except before conception?
She takes delight easily from the world around
her. Her understanding of what interests
her is intuitive, which means she

makes relationships easily from what she knows to what she does not know.

"Suzanne, did you know that ~~yes~~ ^{yesterday} America, our country, launched a satellite a baby moon is circling the earth. ~~to~~ radio-signals.

And it's sending back signals. It is saying "beep-beep." It has a radio in it... I ~~knew~~ ^{was not sure} ~~that was~~ ^{the exact description} ~~wrong, it was not a radio, what was it,~~

I floundered for the proper word, "instruments in T. Mummy."

Said Suzanne.

"That's right, dear." How did you know that?"

"I just know."

~~I just know; or I just don't~~ know. The children are really on their own, ~~thought~~. Just as I am. The areas in which I can help them are so limited in relation to the ~~area~~ impenetrable, incalculable sources of their own being. I can provide her with books, help her learn

to read, feed her love, but what she makes of it all, is not in my control. Perhaps not in hers either.

Marie thought of Alexandra. She wakes up smiling; she waits for her Gottle
suckles playing; & she giggles when
Jupiter walks across her; she sleeps
outside in her carriage peacefully. I
know I ~~could do~~ ^{was claiming} ~~but~~ I responsible
for the sunshine within her? as
much as I am for the ~~helps~~ ~~I~~ ~~thought~~
planted. ~~She~~ ^{she was} ~~is~~ grateful for it, that's all.

"Good morning, Alexandra," said
Suzanne, kneeling down beside her sister.
"How are you this morning?"

Alexandra kicked her leg
vigorously, and smiled her new, toothy
smile and ~~good~~ "Da Da Da" in a
voice so sweet that the ~~words~~ ~~words~~ ~~words~~ ~~words~~ ~~words~~
syllables ~~because~~ ^{were bestowed} ~~meaningful~~ with meaning
for me. Marie stooped down and kissed her
Glew behind her ear. She ~~laughed out loud~~
smiled her quiet, knowing smile, as if she
had just been told a ~~wonderful~~ secret.
To him that hath, ~~it~~ shall be

given - what an odd system of justice,
I thought, and ~~so~~ yet so true. She
has sunlight in her; ~~so~~ gifts will
be given her freely, for who does not
want to be near ~~the~~ a source of warmth
and light. I do. She picked her up
in ^{her} my arms and hurried her round to
hear her laugh out loud, then put her
down again to finish breakfast.
Stephanie was next to appear
in the kitchen.

"Can we have cream of wheat.
Not horrible old Goid egg."

Stephanie was her version of
dressed, which meant in but unzipped,
unbuttoned, unbuttoned, untied, or at best
buttoned wrap.

"No, we're having eggs this morning.

Come here, I'll button you."

"Mummy, Calli's still in her
Pajamas."

"Well you go in & help

her dress. She's younger than you. ^{I said as she}
"Yes, Mummy," said Stephanie, ^{believed her}
going off with her mission in mind, the
mission: to ^{impress upon} ~~inform~~ Calli her superiority.
In a minute Calli appeared, in her
pajamas, her thick blond bangs hanging
in a heavy fringe to her eye lids,
her pajamas are too ^{small} ^{for her}
The bottoms are snapped to the tops ^{at the}
~~at the~~ ^{front center} leaving her pink bottom
exposed in back. She stood in the
center of the kitchen & smiled sheepishly.

"Why aren't you dressed, Calli?"

No answer.

"Answer me."

* No answer. "

"Come on Caroline, you must dress."

Silence.

Irritation went through me like ^{sudden desire} ~~poison~~.

"Look here, Caroline, I don't have

time to do this."

Her smile disappeared. The lips drooped.

She needs ~~she~~ her quota of love, or special
attention, ^{through} ~~and~~ administered it coldly, like

a doctor giving a shot to a patient.

"Come here, dear." She shuffled shyly over to me, ~~I took her to~~ I sat on the kitchen stool & held her on my lap. "Who's my good girl?"

Little weak smile. ^{I am so enraptured by giving affection as she} My irritation vanished. ^{in my selfless giving} "Now look here, ^{affection} Mary Caroline. You

bring your clothes in here, because I want to watch you dress. You're such a big girl. I ~~to~~ want to see you do it."

Her eyes lit up like gas light suddenly ^{raised} ^{burst} "I love you, Mummy."

She said, bounding off my lap & running to get her clothes, pink bottom joggling up & down. In a moment she returned weeping.

"Suzanne pushed me, Mummy. She's not a good girl. I'm going to tell my Daddy."

"What are you going to tell your daddy?" "I'm going to tell him that Suzanne and Stephanie are mean girls. I love them & they

don't love me. They push me + hurt me
and pinch me + take my things away.

"Do they ever do anything nice,
Caroline?"

"No. [→] I'm going to tell my Daddy
and he's going to spank them hard.
Stephanie had returned + was

listening to an conversation.

"Calli, don't you remember - when
Jupiter jumped up on you, I helped you."

"Yes, Stephanie, you're a good gal."

"I love you, Calli."

"I love you, Stephanie."

Calli gave Stephanie a kiss. There
was an armed time in the endless
battle for supremacy.

"It's my turn to sit next
to you." said Calli.

"No, its mine," said Stephanie

"No, its mine, isn't it, Mummy?"

said Suzanne.

"For God's sake gals. Leave
me alone. I'm not going to sit next

↳ anybody. I'm going to eat alone
up on the roof.
"you're not really?" questioned Stephanie who
will believe anything "yes, really." I said, "I'm kidding. Reassured Steph. Caroline
"I have a good idea," said Stephanie.

"We'll keep a calendar of whose turn
it is..."

"You do that, Stephanie." I can't
be bothered with these constant
Gickering. You remember. I'll leave it
up to you. Now Caroline, go get your clothes & ring
~~up to you.~~ ~~Now Caroline, go back to the bathroom~~

~~where here.~~ ~~class~~ → Claire's
My attention is the key.
prize
for which they fight. They used my
attention as men use land or money
or titles, not for itself. But to
as a symbol of prestige, power, to satisfy
the ~~their~~ ~~use~~ unsatisfiable desire to
be stronger than the others, to be superior
rare moment when what they really
wanted ^{is Claire} ~~is me~~, not ~~power~~ the power ^{over the others} that
my attention gives them.

Proceeded with breakfast. My
minor morning project - it was, for one, to
get everything on the table before ^{they} ~~up~~
sat down. ~~My~~ housewifery is smooth.

an education in concentration, is nothing else.
Reminding upon ^{my} emotional problems,
and the children, and even the dog's
cat's, for they, too, have their ~~own~~ problems,
(Zipper ^{my} ~~the~~ ~~applied~~ hand-sexual poodle,
deprived of ^{my} ~~the~~ ~~applied~~ affection by the bounding Retriever
had suddenly aged + saddened since the
arrival of Jupiter), he tried to get all
of the ~~the~~ numerous necessities on the table,
salt, pepper, milk, cream, sugar, eggs, bacon,
Alex's cereal, bottle, cod-liver oil, ^{bits,} coffee,
spoons, napkins ^{etc.} And to get them there
heathly + in time, ~~with a semblance~~ in
order that we might have a pleasant
breakfast ~~seemingly~~ uninterrupted meal. Any
woman who runs a house well, with or
without servants, has my admiration.
~~Earl~~ ^{Mark} was helping ^{her} me. He was
dressed for the studio, heavy ^{black} corduroy
trousers, ^{dark red} ~~dark red~~ ^{worn} sweater, boots, his handsome
face serious, sensitive to the petty irritations
of domestic life, anxious to get out to the studio.
"Painting is the only thing I enjoy any more."

he had said to me, ~~it was difficult to~~
~~persuade him~~ to "This is the time for
work. There are the crucial years for us."

Several days before ~~Clare~~ had suggested
that perhaps ~~we~~ ^{they} ought to consider
moving. ~~She~~ was feeling almost physically
ill at the thought of living out ^{her} ~~my~~

youth + passing into middle-age in
this community where the only people
that excited ~~me~~ ^{her} were old enough to
be my ^{parent} father, ~~Men~~ ~~who~~ had ~~such~~

~~as~~ ~~older~~ + ~~Mark Van Doren~~ + ~~Lewis~~
~~George~~ + ~~James~~ ~~Thurber~~, men ^{sworn} ~~who~~

had participated fully in ~~life~~ ~~against~~
in their youth, who had established a
net work of contacts with their peers ~~all~~

^{all over the world} and could now enjoy the harvest years.
"What about moving somewhere near
Washington," ~~she~~ ^{he} ~~had~~ suggested, knowing that
this was the one city he liked.

"~~But~~ I must be near people that
stimulate me," ~~she~~ ^{he} said. "You have your work -
you can't see paint wherever we are. The
community is of secondary importance to you."

But it's the raw material ~~on~~ my life, out
of which I build my life. I hate it
here. "She ^{had} finally said it to him, side
of pretending, of making the best out
of something that I knew was not
what she wanted."

"I always remember what
Sloan Wilson said to me," ^{she} ~~said~~ ^{had continued}.

"~~He~~ told me ~~we~~ we were discussing
Walden and he said that he had
recently bought a home in the
country with a pond ^{on the property} ~~on it~~. Every morning
he went for a walk around the
pond. 'Let's face it,' he said, 'all I
saw was ~~the~~ god-damn algae. But put
me in a tight office situation, and
I come alive?' Well, I'm like Sloan
Wilson. Put me with people ^{whom} I
in a world that interests me and I
come alive. Up here it's just god-damn
algae. I've explored just about everything;
I know ^{who'll be as} ^{even paid} for the next 10 years
most of the people. I'll be (or'ed)

most local organizations - and gotten
out of them. The ~~only~~ interesting
~~thing~~ about these ~~organs~~, I don't
want to be President of the Soc. League
of Women Voters."

"... I don't understand you, Barbara,"
Earl had said. "Just when things are
beginning to develop, you want to quit."

We've started the Art Gallery. We
have ^{know} ~~gained~~ ^{people who} the interest of ~~people~~
~~who~~ ~~could~~ ~~help~~ ~~us~~. I have a place
to show my work. New England is
a cultural center. We can bring people
to us. ~~Look~~ That's the way to get
to New York. From here. We've got
to build out from here. I thought you
were a builder. What do you want,
Everything handed to you on a silver
platter. Well you can't have it that way.

You don't just want to meet people. You
want to meet them as an equal, as
somebody, not as a little ~~out~~ nobody on
the fringes, or as your father's daughter.

You want to be important yourself; you
want your husband to be somebody. Well
how do you suppose you become a
hero? By doing something heroic. Well
we've got to do it. ^{How can I escape, perhaps some} That's what I'm
trying to do, and it's for you as well
as me and I cannot move now. Take
my word for it. Accept it. I will
not move now. I've just begun to
find my way in painting. I'm 34 years
old and I have no time to waste.
Take the children + go to N.Y., I'm
staying here."

"Don't be ridiculous, Earl." Mark

"I'm not going anywhere without you." I hate you
If only I could, thought Claire, while I'm still young + beautiful.
~~It's~~ But I don't agree with you that
this particular community is the
only place in the world from which
we can develop. Washington after

all, every day is, one precious, irreplaceable
day of our lives. Why not enjoy them
while we're working. "
"I'm fighting for my life, thought Claire
"I didn't realize you were
so desperately miserable."

"I'm not desperately miserable,"
I had said angrily. "I'm just trying
to exert some control over my life.
If you're frustrated, it's stupid to
sit back & do nothing about it. ~~that's~~ ^{that's you.}
I wish you were dead, thought Claire.
~~essence of my frustration is that~~

I live in the wrong place. Its sterile
grand for me. A farmer can sweat
his life away on poor soil. ~~with~~
that's not intelligent or heroic. It's
stupid. This is poor soil for me.
9 times out of 10 I don't care about going out. Local
parties don't interest me; the people I
see are nice people, but since they are
not what I want, I begin to resent them —
to hate seeing them. I can't live this
way. ^{I feel stupid & sterile} Washington would at least be different.

"Washington would be impossible,"
Earl had said. "The business in Washington
is government. There are almost no art
galleries in Washington. I would be
an invisible man, and I cannot stand
that. I could not work in such
an atmosphere. I'm not made of iron
you know. I'm sensitive to people around
me..." Tears filled her eyes she loved him.

And who are the great art lovers
among an acquaintances here?" she ^{had} asked.
"If only I were free from you."
"Do you know ³ people

"I ~~do~~ know about that. But at
least I'm comfortable here. accustomed to
the place. I like the view; I have doctors
and lawyers I can trust."

"Doctors + a view - you could
have that anywhere..." "I hate you. and you
will hate me soon." "Clare
"Barbara, I'm just telling you. I
cannot move now. I will not move. You do
what you like, but I'm staying here."

inset #

Calli ~~was~~ returned to the kitchen, weeping again. "Stephanie threw a sock at me."

"Now look here, Calli. I asked you to bring your clothes in here + get dressed with me. If the girls are ~~mean~~, mean to you, stay away from them."

~~I want to~~ She hung her head. "I want to go back and dress with them."

"I gave up, Calli. You'll have to take care of yourself." She hotted back towards the girls' bathroom. She looked at her with a certain admiration. She wanted to be accepted by them and she was not going to stop trying, she ~~was~~ ^{was} as Aulus did to the earth; to gain strength ^{the better} to do battle. That's what a mother is for, I suppose.

→ I think it's good for you to know that clearly."

"I suppose I can get use to being alone." ^{her hatred, prevented from attacking by her} ^{love, need, resolved itself into} I had said, an indigestible despair ~~aching~~ inside me. What was the right thing to

do? ~~she~~ remembered a remark of Dan Wyck Brooks,
"The line of least resistance is to float
on a dead level." There ~~was~~ no pride to
be taken from bearing up. ~~Only~~ Only
purposeful action could save ^{her} ~~me~~ ^{she} ~~me~~. Either
~~she~~ must exert ^{my} ~~her~~ full energy in making a
growing life for ^{herself} ~~myself~~ here, or ~~she~~ ^{she}
must do it somewhere else. ~~Any other~~
to float on a dead level ~~was~~ to commit
slow suicide. And yet, given the extra weight
of despair, floating on a dead level seemed
to demand more & more energy. The heavier
the despair, the harder it became to ~~keep~~
maintain the dead level, merely ^{getting}
through the day, performing the ^{basic} ~~basic~~ ^{basic} ~~basic~~
acts, required all the energy ^{she} ~~she~~ could muster.
When ^{Mark} ~~Earl~~ talked about plans for the art
gallery, how ^{they} ~~we~~ could make it ~~stand~~ serve ^{their} ~~our~~
need, ^{her} ~~my~~ mind went quietly out a focus, ^{locked} ~~and~~

The future became an impenetrable haze
through which ^{Mark} Earl could see, but not ^{she} through
through which ^{she} had to be led. There was
in ^{my} an uncontrollable passivity which
^{upon} which ^{my} most determined gestures
or purpose had no effect
~~could not move~~ a destructive passivity
lethal, ~~to all~~ ~~it~~ ~~itself~~. "Introspection"
is not your forte," ^{Mark} Earl had told ^{me} me once.

I knew Earl was right to the extent
that it was ^{Mark} possible to build a full life
here. If ~~it~~ ^{we} were ^{used} ^{my} intelligent ^{she} it could do
it, bring people to me. Others ^{Millions} ^{many} ^{many} had done
it before ^{her} me.

So ^{she} fluctuated, ^{an} another aspect
of despair being the difficulty in making
up ^{my} mind. I first determined that
^{she} I lived in the wrong place, then, ^{firmly} ^{meeting}
with ^{Mark's} Earl's adamant resistance to moving,
determined that ^{she} I could do something
with the material on hand if only
^{she} I tried hard enough, ⁱⁿ ^{me}, not in my community.

At last ^{they} were all seated at
the breakfast table. Caroline next to ^{me} me,
Stephanie next to Earl & Suzanne at the head

of the table. Alexandra sat in her "baby's
first chair" ~~on the~~ at floor level. Jupiter
lay upon my feet; Zipper sat on the
couch, staring straight ^{at} into the blank
wall; Pegasus kept trying to jump up
on Earl's lap. ~~They~~ ^{They} were together.

^{Mark} Earl. "Drink your juice, quils." said
The children were in a trance,
as they always are at breakfast. ~~They~~

They had to be reminded every other
minute that they are awake. ~~Otherwise~~
They each picked up their glasses and
~~took~~ a sip put the glasses back down
and when ~~she~~ ^{she} next ~~thought~~ ^{thought} of it, ~~again~~ ^{again} looked at
them and noticed that nothing had happened.
Since the first sip. They ~~had~~ ^{had} simply sat.

~~I wonder what would happen if~~
Under a steady stream of directives, breakfast
progressed. ~~Earl~~ ^{Earl} looked ahead at the day. ~~He~~ ^{he} was
faced with the now familiar fact that they

was nothing ~~it~~ was going to do that particularly mattered to ^{her} me; there was no anticipated event in which I would feel that joyful sense of power & achievement, of new fields opening up, of new people reached & touched, of growth & meaning & significance. She was going to do what most other women ~~of~~ knew were going to do; but ^{her} my image of ^{her} myself to must be different than their image of themselves ^{she thought} ~~she~~ would see their smiling faces ^{as they drove} driving along the country roads with carloads of children and wonder ~~why~~ ^{they} wish that either she could smile as they did, or that she could be somewhere else, doing something

else. "Happiness is there where I am not!" I mocked myself. [#] I remembered a conversation I had had several nights before with a painter. "There is only one important thing in life," he had said. "Giving. It's just that simple."

"Giving is something you can't help
doing if you feel fulfilled," ^{she said;} "but if you do
~~not feel happy with yourself~~, you cannot
give, you can only grasp - then giving is ^{then}
becomes a method of self-seeking, an futile
attempt to ~~the~~ assuage despair. And it
doesn't work. ~~you cannot~~ It's like ~~losing~~.
If you don't approve of yourself, you
have nothing to give. You're bankrupt."

~~I'm afraid it is as simple~~

^{she} returned in thoughts from the
inner to the outer reality, two
different worlds. It was comforting
~~in a way~~, that the outer world did
not reflect the inner. The children
and ^{Mark} Earl were ~~time~~ sitting there, eating
their breakfasts regardless of what ^{she} was
thinking - ^{she} could enter their world at will,
I could smile & talk and they would recognize
a self that seemed to them ~~to~~ good & strong
and ^{she} could take some hope from their reaction

to me. And as I entered into the morning
conversation a voice of protest came
crashing, surging up from the depths of
me calling out No, No, No it is not
so that you are a failure. You are alive
and have strength and I will not let
you die. And she grasped at this voice to
lead ~~me~~ ^{her} out of darkness. ^{she} grasped and
the hope filled ~~me~~ ^{her} with light,
lighter because of the darkness everywhere.

"Suzanne dear, don't forget your
leotard for Ballet today." she said smiling
at the incongruity of my words &
~~thoughts.~~

"I will remember, Mummy. Lisa
says she wants to see Alexandra. Can
she come home with me after Ballet?"

"Yes, I'll call her mother."

"Can I have Impy over, too?"

asked Stephanie.

"No, we'd better wait ~~it~~ do it
another day."

Feb. 12

We went to the opening of Calder's exhibition at the Perls Gallery. We were curious to learn what an opening of perhaps the most important artist in the U.S. would be like. We were dismayed, to discover

~~that the~~ The opening consisted of friends of Calder, young artists, would be actresses, a Roxbury ^{couple} friend who sold machinery, a ^{superstitions} ~~young man~~ who works for Simon + Shuster, some one who does general presents T.O. shows to sponsors. This was it.

Means?

But I wonder, do I have the wrong fate. ~~that~~ I refused to accept this fate. infamous with ~~that~~ I refused to accept this fate. to play the piano! was I to be the and failing: trying to write! trying the for hours of always trying unsatisfactory to me. was I doomed to divided down to insignificant, proving But what if my best efforts always

telling people what

I began to look again examine the
community living in
I had so ~~an~~ accidental
Zolt and I had decided through
I had to persuade my self that
I never did. It was the
I had of. I never did. It was the
Small. People had shared a law
for a quiet, uncommethive life, rich in
Simple pleas was but badly lacking in
that 'ingrained me. I wanted
challenges when I went out I did not
to partner have as my dinner partners a
man who raised a charity, a local lawyer,
mother, a retired & executive, a lot of lawyers,
a small town newspaper editor. The
powerful socialism associated itself. This
was small for me. Zolt said
we were pioneers, we ~~are~~ creating a new
way of life. Again I had to believe him.
I had to be a pioneer of the 'in new &
the simple life. I looked to myself

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Oct-30.

Continuation of autobiography

So, of what was I to be now? I asked myself, in my home, with my baby & my husband, I found that ~~what I was to be~~ was a housewife, the great anathema, the hated thing. Any other description was a euphemism. I am no more than what I do & think each day. Although I played the piano, read, and wrote faithfully in my journal, I found that I ~~was~~ was not building anything that I could take pride in. ~~Strangely~~ ~~nothing~~ seemed to materialize, to grow or expand. Nothing was produced. A deep and unspoken fear took root within me. I was ordinary. I fought this realization. I would practice the piano for hours each day for weeks on end, but I knew that I could not terminate my desire. ~~but~~ ~~my~~ ~~desire~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~terminable~~

bring forth
~~deep~~ the vast stores of energy to through
my finger tips. I sat at the piano
and played and played while the fear
insidiously spread: my desires were stronger
than my ability. I wanted to pour myself
into the music with ^{all me} ~~to~~ ^{passionate} anguish
& joy that I felt unarticulate, amorphous,
within me. But always there was the
barrier of ten fingers and the keyboard,
an insurmountable dam to the flood tide
of feelings. ~~Then~~ there was my writing.
I kept a journal. But what was this
journal? Fragments. A description here,
an idea there, unrelated, unharnessed
inexpressive of the ^{grand} currents of life, expressive
only of isolated tributaries. ~~Then~~ there
was my reading.
~~Like~~ Like a search light gone wild, ~~I~~
I scanned the literary skies in disordered
search for a



means method of production, a means of
living productively. I found Thoreau,
rediscovering him each year at ~~Spn~~
before Spring, when I was waiting,
filled with hatred for winter, ravenous
for the taste of Spring, always hoping
the Spring would be this year in me.

But Thoreau, hardy soul that he was,
did not write for the likes of me.

By ^{poetic} example he claimed the human
right, ~~to~~ the sacred duty of a man
to live according to his own pleasure.

But I always ~~cringed~~ cringed at
what Thoreau's reaction would be to me
if I told him that I did not know
what my pleasure was, that this
crucial capacity was lacking.

~~Sp~~ ^{But} each year in April I read Thoreau,
for in April it is inevitable to hope
for I know Spring is coming. Even so
of nature is symbolic of growth because I
know Spring is coming. Since I know the
▼ (see first section)

direction is towards sunshine + flowers. I
can distinguish between forward + backward.
The frost on the ground is not a sign of
winter coming; it is a remnant of the
past. A biting wind is a farewell; when
a bird flies over my sky light, it is
not going away for the winter. This
I know about April. It makes all the
difference.

↳ With my life it was not so
simple. I did not know which way it was
going. I did not know if moments of
depression were the fragile ice-crusts of
April, or the hangers of a deep,
killing frost, or portents of an eternal
November. I did not know. History is so
strewed with lost lives as is the forest
floor with the nameless leaves of
ancient generations. There is no guarantee
in life as there is in April. In life it is as if
seasons were erratic; as if some years

may followed April; other years April
shifted back to March & February; as if
some years Summer turned hot & humid &
then softened & began anew in Spring.

In life I ~~found~~ found no guarantees. I
had always assumed that it was only a
matter of trying hard enough, a matter of
will & discipline, of doing my best. ~~But~~
I looked at myself and those around me
and at the history of our race, and found
that shockingly, only rarely, rarely is
anyone's I read Robert Frost's

Paul saying:

"Yes. Here you have it at the root,
things.
We have to stay afraid deep in our souls
Our sacrifice, the best we have to offer.
And not our worst nor second best, our best
Our very best, our lives laid down like Jonah's,
Our lives laid down in war & peace, may not
Be found acceptable in Heaven's sight.
And that they may be is the only prayer
worth praying. May my sacrifice
Be found acceptable in Heaven's sight.
(see first section)

Living in

Line Rock brought me to two

~~less realizations: I had no special talent
and what ^{abilities} I thought I had had been
largely dependant on successful coquetry~~

Our one room was gradually furnished & for a while it was my world and all I wanted. Earl and I ~~wanted~~ ^{saw} other people only so ~~we could~~ ^{an outsider} occasionally - to heighten our ~~is~~ ^{sense of} exotic intimacy. & little ~~would~~ sat around our hearth, talking with a friend, aware always that the friend would soon go and that after that the room was ours alone. ~~The miracle of marriage~~ with all obstacles magically removed I would talk of politics or art and be warmed not by the conversation but by the thought of Earl, sitting near me, ready the moment the guest had gone, to take me in his arms, and me so ready to be taken. For a year I ~~the~~ ~~could~~ needed nothing but Earl & my baby Suzanne & the piano, ~~the~~ books, & my daily journal. Earl was painting half the year & writing the other half. He had already had one book published and his reservoir of confidence was deep & calm, filled with the praise-ful years of adolescence. (see first section)

& early manhood. He never doubted that his work would be well received, that he would ^{soon} be influential ~~and~~ in his field, and I took it for granted too.

It did not work out that way.

For seven years Earl worked alone, with almost no encouragement, no response from anyone in a position to help. He worked for ~~two~~ three years on his second novel, The Center of the Universe, stopping in the middle of the writing to study the structure of language, and then returning to the novel, carrying it out sentence by sentence, sometimes spending a whole writing day on two sentences. The

novel ^{told} was a night of epiphany, when a young man ~~saw~~ ^{of understood} ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~word~~ ^{saw} that the word he ^{had} thought he

wanted was made up of ^{stuttering} reflection of himself; that his word - ~~did~~ ^{is}

his own image was totally dependant upon him; if he reeled, ~~the~~^{his} world stood still. ~~He learned that light was~~
Therefore he was alone. No matter how many reflections there were, he was alone. Suddenly he realized that looking for reflections, seeing only reflections, was suicidal. He needed not reflections, but ~~other~~^{another} human being. His need for her, Chris, need for Sunshine, as she was called, was his strength, his salvation. Through ~~his~~^{his} need, he found his manhood that night in Paris.

~~was~~ ~~was~~ The novel was technically experimental, difficult, uneven, highly imaginative. He would read me the chapters ~~as~~ as he finished them. I felt an terrible uncomfortable responsibility as his only audience, as the only outside opinion brought to bear on this meagre product. ~~of~~ ~~his~~ I did not like it, it meant 100% disapproval from the outside world, and often I did not like it. I thought

(see first section)

the style obscene + unnecessarily awkward.
The first time I said so was not
a pleasant experience. Paul had just come
in from the studio after a long day's work
alone. I always tried to have the house
warm + lit + clean when he came in
from the studio, walking across the dark frozen
field on ~~the~~ winter evenings, bringing in
an arm load of firewood and the smell
of ^{cold} night air. After being alone that long I
felt he needed immediate cheer, so I
would draw the heavy yellow curtains to close out
the black night + turn on the lights
which reflected warmly against the curtains
and keep me.

When he brought a finished chapter in
he wanted to read it to me immediately. Before
we said another word. He sat down +
began to read. I listened + the awful negative
protest ~~was~~ formed itself wordlessly within me.

~~"No, I don't like it, I don't like~~

when he had finished, there was a moment's silence while he looked at me expectantly.

"Well, darling, ~~I don't think that~~ I think the style is annoying, it gets in my way. Why do you keep saying 'the right leg of Chris moved, the right arm of Chris moved, the left leg of Chris did something or other...' it's cumbersome."

"No, it is not," said Earl. "You just haven't understood. This is a drunk's scene, Chris' limbs are moving on their own. He's not in control."

"That sounds like a good reason," I said, "but it doesn't work - it doesn't read well."

"Yes, it does," said Earl angrily. "You don't know what you're talking about. Of course it works."

I hoped he was right. I was sure

~~the~~ that if I had seen James Joyce's wife I would not have understood Ulysses on the first reading. I was not absolutely sure of my own judgement. Earl ^{claimed} ~~said~~ he was doing something new with language. If ~~it were~~ ^{so} new, perhaps my standards were ~~to help~~ ^{inapplicable}. I was ~~born~~ ~~between~~ on the horns of a dilemma: my womanly instincts urged me to accept what he did on faith because I loved him. My ~~personal~~ ~~fo~~ ~~for~~ ego demanded that I assert my opinion regardless of our relationship. I did solve the dilemma by ~~sh~~ ^{sh} ~~adding~~ ^{adding} about his work. I emphasized what I liked and minimized what I did not like, I ~~sympathized~~ ~~with~~ ~~it~~ ~~and~~ ~~so~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~clear~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~had~~ ~~become~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~to~~ Earl's life; his strength was mine. Anything I did to diminish his strength undermined my own. I needed him to be strong more than I needed to feel right. ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~my~~ ~~womanly~~ ~~instincts~~ ~~did~~

not tell me, however, that my love of Earl depended on my strength as well as his. There is no love except between equals. My self-esteem is as important to our love as Earl's. I know that now. ~~To~~ ~~It~~ it is useless destructive to our love to believe in Earl more than in myself. To feel weak is to feel hateful and fearful. ~~And~~, Hateful and fearful, I cannot love nor be loved.

~~It was not only~~ my occasional acceptance of ~~weak~~ Earl's work that I did not truly understand was not, however, - the crucial factor in the erosion of my self-esteem. After several years of marriage I began to evaluate my life. What was I? I was a housewife. I was no more than what I did and thought and day. Although I wrote in my journal and played the piano, I found no ~~fruit~~ harvests coming in, no body of work accumulating, no ~~purposeful~~ activity ripening. No time ~~was~~ ~~being~~ ~~lost~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~. (see first section)

I began to ~~look around~~ examine the
community I ~~had~~^{was} so ~~the~~ accidentally
living in. ~~Earl and I had decided~~ Although
I incessantly tried to persuade my self that
I liked it, I never did. It was too
small, people ~~used~~^{who} here shared a love
for a quiet, uncompetitive life, rich in
simple pleasures but totally lacking in
challenges that incigorated me. I ~~wanted~~
~~to partake~~ when I went out I did not
want to have as my dinner partner a
man who raised cows, a chauffeur,
mother, a retired ~~§~~ executive, a local lawyer,
a small town newspaper editor. The ~~Q~~
powerful snobbism asserted itself. This
world was too small for me. Earl said
we were pioneers, ~~we~~ ~~are~~ creating a new
way of life. Again I tried to believe him;
tried to be a pioneer of the inner &
the simple life. I listened to myself

telling people that

But what if my best efforts always dwindled down to insignificance, proving unsatisfactory to me. Was I doomed to the forlorn frustration of always trying and failing: trying to write; trying to play the piano; was I to be the infamous moth ~~trapped~~ doomed by ^{my} desire, ~~that~~ I refused to accept this fate.

But I wonder, do I have the wrong

dreams?

We went to the opening of Calder's exhibition at the Pels Gallery. We were curious to learn what an opening of perhaps the most important artist in the U.S. would be like. We were disappointed, however. The opening consisted of friends of the Calder's having artists, would be artists, a ^{Supernovae} ~~couple~~ ^{couple} who sold machinery, a ^{Raymond} ~~man~~ ^{man} who works for ^{Simon & Schuster}, some are who does ⁷⁻¹¹ ~~shows~~ ^{shows} to sponsors - This was it.

Feb. 12