

Garfon Peed

TR 6-8305  
Norm

Clement Greenberg  
90 Bank St.  
N.Y.

20  
7  
46

Put in about program -  
~~trustee~~  
woman power etc. Aime

Brooklyn

Volume 19

---

Each Day at Dawn - (cont)  
"CLAIRE"

Barbara Hubbard

May 26, 1958 - Jan. 1960

Lime Rock, Connecticut

How does this  
print

Volume 10

Book Day at Dawn (cont)

CLAIR

11  
11  
11  
11  
11

Barbara

Mar 26, 1928 - Jan 1929

1928

Time

Barbara  
1928

The tub was ready by now. I put  
Alexandra on the bath mat yellow bath  
mat & stepped down into the steaming  
~~hot~~ water. The tub, built to accomodate  
Mark East, was much longer than ~~mine~~ so  
I could never quite relax without  
slipping down & getting ~~my~~ <sup>her</sup> hair wet.  
But the warmth of the water dissolved  
my <sup>her</sup> resistance, & I slid comfortably down,  
feeling the water ~~off~~ warmly wetting  
the hair at the nape of ~~my~~ <sup>the</sup> neck.  
Curiously, when I ~~finally~~ <sup>was</sup> finally ~~was~~ ready  
for ~~her~~ <sup>all</sup> in the tub, Alexandra <sup>when the danger in past</sup> looks  
interested, ~~in the~~ & began to examine her  
image in the mirror, not knowing who  
she was looking at, patty-caking at  
she figure patty-caking at her, with

a bemused expression on her face, as if  
there were something odd about the  
baby she saw, but she was not quite  
sure what. "She'll know what's odd about  
that baby soon enough." I thought *claw*  
"What's odd about it is that ~~she~~  
all a life as she will know it's  
dependant on the fortuitous arrangement  
of cells in that baby she <sup>now</sup> sees as separate.  
A certain ~~of~~ pattern, & she will hear sounds  
& make music of them, another pattern,  
she will see objects & make paintings  
of them, yet another arrangement & she  
will be mainly a mother, or a Cleopatra,  
or a scientist, or a dullard, or a cripple,  
or a freak. Whatever it may be, she

was patty-caking <sup>with</sup> the maker of her ward herself.

"Let's hope you can keep on smiling at that baby, Alexandra, ~~FF~~ You'll call the ward good if you do."

~~Marie~~ said the words ~~she ignored~~ them ~~naturally.~~ I was embarrassed at the sound <sup>of my own</sup> voice. ~~Somebody~~ had asked <sup>her</sup> me the other day why ~~she~~ was so serious, + ~~she~~ had answered because it's the only way I can be gay. \* Gay is what I want to be, but ~~I can't feel gay unless I've done something I'm proud of, that means something serious - serious, as the French mean it, significant, important to me.~~

"But in someone so young." <sup>she</sup> my older friend had persisted, "it's rare to find this deep need to understand," ~~that~~ Has anything

ever happened to you to make you this way. Have you ever been seriously ill, for instance?"

"It's just the opposite," Dave said. "I hadn't thought of it <sup>quite</sup> this way before, but I think I'm so serious, not because of bad things that happened to me, but because of all the good things —"

"I understand," she said, immediately.

"You do?" Dave was surprised.

"You see, I have had the rare opportunity of never being able to blame my troubles on the outside world. I have had no <sup>serious</sup> problems with health, family, money, so I have ~~know~~ never been able to answer any problem <sup>I have</sup> had."

by saying. if only this or that were  
different, if only I had had money, or time,  
or an education, or a good parents,  
or the love of a man, or a home  
or children. I have had everything  
good happen to me & its made me

~~Serious because I have had I know  
that any happiness~~ Because I know

that what I really need, I must earn,  
~~not merely accept as~~ it cannot be given.  
And what I really need is not any one

of these outside things, no ~~messianic~~ <sup>messianic</sup> messiah  
Nothing outside me

~~for me.~~ Solution will do. a ~~must~~ <sup>must</sup> sick  
is the <sup>or all 100%</sup> root of all evil. If I had been born poor, or deformed  
<sup>or ugly or different</sup> I might have spent my life <sup>working to</sup> reforming the world. ~~I~~  
~~earn my own approval.~~ This is a serious

~~take what I need.~~ <sup>must do</sup> (find inset) ~~But~~ I think

the only people who are gay, are glad,  
are those who have done <sup>so</sup> this. And I am  
gay, every now & then." <sup>had</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>smiling</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>sipping</sup>

~~the~~ second quint tonic, ~~feeling~~ ~~very~~ ~~---~~ ~~gan~~.

Alexandra was now trying to stand  
up, pulling her self up, holding on to  
the top of my vanity stool, swaying,  
kneeling, putting out ~~the~~ <sup>her</sup> leg again,  
& finally she was up, facing  
away from me. To see this tiny

figure standing like a human being,  
hardly hid of the plump ripples of

baby fat ~~from~~ along her leg, on her

tip toes, not knowing what her heels

~~to~~ were for, was more than I <sup>have</sup> could

bear to watch without embracing. ~~She~~

~~She~~ knelt in the tub, reached out, swept

her <sup>baby</sup> up in ~~my~~ <sup>her</sup> arms, & carried her

kicking and giggling, into the water

~~with me.~~

she lay ~~on my~~ <sup>Clare's</sup> her on my stomach.

She kicked her legs like a frog & splashed ~~her hands~~ the water with ~~her~~

~~hand~~ with an ~~inborn~~ instinctive delight. Unaware of any danger, she

lunged for the open water to

catch a sparkling splash in her

grasping fist, then twisting over on her

back, she caught her toe instead like an

ape. <sup>Clare</sup> ~~licked~~ nudged ~~her~~ behind her ear

with her own foot & she ~~giggled~~ <sup>laughed.</sup> again. <sup>Clare</sup> was content for the moment while she played,

Half-frog, half-ape, hardly human, ~~she~~ <sup>played</sup>

on <sup>top of her mother</sup> the in the water from which ~~we~~ <sup>they</sup> had

Both me come, not so long ago, creeping out

from the mother sea to the alien earth,

and now from mother earth to alien

Space <sup>then</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>are about to</sup> fly, carrying <sup>then</sup> an atmosphere with  
~~us~~ - ~~that~~ Is it surprising that contentment  
does not endure, <sup>throughs</sup> that it is a fleeting <sup>dash</sup> rest  
pause upon our way, ~~when we have come~~  
~~so far so fast~~. I cannot contain my  
desires for long, <sup>as all living things,</sup> am born to be  
disturbed, contained, then uncontained. It  
is the essence of life that nothing is ever ~~it~~ for  
long, ~~that we~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~never~~ stop believing  
<sup>here</sup> ~~she~~ began to wash Alexandra while  
<sup>she</sup> ~~she~~ protested, turning her face away,  
giving me <sup>me</sup> the raspberry in defiant  
disapproval of having her face washed,  
grabbing for the washcloth, the soap,  
my nose.

There was a knock on the door,  
"Who's there?"  
"It's me."

"Come in."

Suzanne, Stephanie, Caroline + Jupiter entered, <sup>filling the bathroom.</sup> The girls were undressed & carried their pajamas in their hands.

"~~We~~ Can we take a bath with you?"

"All of you!"

The three naked figures nodded their heads, hopefully. Jupiter hopped over to the tub & began to lick Alexandra's

plump arm, hovering <sup>way</sup> over the tub, almost in.

"Sit, Jupiter." <sup>Diane</sup> commanded, knowing

that <sup>she</sup> was never born to be a commander.

<sup>She</sup> never got the proper authority into any voice, the forceful statement that can never

be questioned because <sup>she</sup> never questioned it.

<sup>She</sup> always questioned it, wondering, half

amusedly, what could happen if Jupiter

fee fell into the tub.

"Sit, boy."

He sat, his tail ~~was~~ dusting the floor as it wagged. Alexandra reached for him & he lay down, ~~putting his head~~ hanging his head over the edge of the tub so she could touch him, looking up at <sup>her</sup> with those ~~umber~~<sup>dog</sup> eyes.

"Well, girls, you'll have to wait till I am finished washing Alex."

"We'll play horsey while we wait," Suzanne suggested.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. There's hardly room to move in here. If you want to stay, please sit quietly."

They dropped their pajamas & sat, ~~making~~ the room, which a moment before had been neat, was now almost unbelievably messy, clothes strewn over the floor,

dirty-faced children, + the faint aroma  
a manure lingering on Jupiter's silky coat.  
I finished washing Alexandra.

"Will you girls dry her for me, please?"

They ~~had~~ got up. Jupiter got up,

~~she~~ put Alex on the bath mat. Jupiter

began to lick her back. The girls began  
to dry her, <sup>each with their own towel, choosing a</sup>  
<sup>separate part of her minute body</sup> Jupiter knocked over the

stool with his ever-waving tail

and ~~Earl~~ <sup>Mark</sup> walked in. Towering above

~~us~~ <sup>them</sup> all, bringing with him the smell of  
paint on his work clothes, he stood in

the doorway, surveying the scene ~~the~~

The activity stopped, Jupiter even Jupiter's

tail was poised, waiting ~~whether or not~~ to wag.

~~We~~ <sup>They</sup> all looked up at ~~Earl~~ <sup>Mark</sup> and he smiled at ~~us~~ <sup>me</sup>.

"Do you feel needed, Barbara?" ~~Are~~ <sup>he asked her</sup>

"If ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> is the answer, my problems  
~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup>

are solved," ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> said, smiling back at him.

"What are they all doing here?"  
he indicated the 4 bare bodies with a  
glance.

"They're getting ready to take their  
baths."

"Couldn't they take them some where  
else?"

"Girls, special treat tonight. You can  
all take a bath alone together in your  
own bathroom," I said.

"Yeh Yea Yeh," they cheered, &  
skipping to pick up their clothes,  
then left as quickly as they had

come, Jupiter following behind them, stopping  
to give Earl a <sup>brief</sup> greeting.

That left the three of us.

"I'll be right back," he said, "I'm

going to get undressed. "

I lay in the tub waiting for him, my breasts tightening with excitement, not sure what he meant to do.

He came back & I could tell he meant nothing, when he wants me, there is never any doubt of what he wants and that he can have it just what he had said. I climbed out

of the tub & began to try <sup>her</sup> myself, hoping he'd notice <sup>he</sup> me. But desire

is unpredictable & he did not see me, <sup>her</sup> as she wanted him to see me.

What if I felt like this, and Earl were away, & there, walking alone <sup>alone</sup> in the moonlight

on a warm beach was I & some man who

wanted me. <sup>the</sup> Claire mused to herself. And I wanted him to touch

me, what would I do? <sup>she</sup> knew what I would

do, and was glad that it would <sup>probably never</sup> ~~not~~ happen.

and sad, too, with an aching sadness  
~~at~~ for the things that have to be missed  
for the sake of <sup>the</sup> things that have to  
be gained. The only way not to regret  
my life as it passes is to have chosen  
the right things to gain. But this  
is misleading. What have I ever chosen  
to gain? Did I choose my dreams, my desires?  
Did I choose Earl, or did I  
unaccountably fall in love with him,  
finding that I was possessed by  
my need; did I choose Alexandra? Did  
I choose Lime Rock; did I choose to  
write? Did I choose who I am + what  
I want to be? In what areas am I  
myself responsible? I think perhaps I  
am responsible for the trying to  
do those things which I never choose  
to want to do. If I have any choice,  
if any responsibility, it is in the

area of ~~the~~ effort. My need to write was  
not chosen; but when ~~the~~ <sup>writing</sup> ~~task~~ is difficult,  
I <sup>did</sup> have the choice of laying down my  
pen + falling asleep in the sun, or holding  
my pen in my hand + trying to write.  
My love for <sup>Mark</sup> Earl was not chosen; but  
when I <sup>felt</sup> feel a coldness within me ~~destroying~~  
that love, I <sup>could</sup> choose ~~whether~~ to let the  
coldness <sup>control</sup> ~~destroy~~ <sup>me</sup> to lie down in the <sup>cold</sup> snow + freeze,  
or ~~to~~ can to walk through the <sup>cold</sup> storm to  
the fire which I know <sup>is</sup> ~~exists~~ somewhere.  
This effort I <sup>can</sup> choose to make. For this I <sup>was</sup> am  
responsible. ~~For this I can be proud;~~  
Of this <sup>she</sup> ~~can~~ <sup>can be proved</sup>.

"Darling," <sup>she</sup> said, "I love you."  
I went to him and lay next to him  
in the large <sup>green Saariheen</sup> ~~sun~~ <sup>chair</sup>, putting <sup>my</sup> arms  
around him, holding him tightly, determined  
that what <sup>she</sup> said would be true, that  
I needed, above all else, to <sup>love</sup> ~~take~~ him, ~~that~~  
~~at all~~ ~~salvation~~ ~~lay~~ ~~there~~. It seemed a  
curious <sup>reversal</sup> ~~reversal~~, but <sup>I</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>found myself</sup> ~~was~~  
wishing that <sup>she</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>loved</sup> him <sup>enough</sup> ~~rather~~

Man that he loved <sup>her</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>enough</sup>, knowing that  
his love ~~for me~~ <sup>for her</sup> was dependant on my  
love for him, and that if <sup>he</sup> were unable  
to love, his love would die, and with  
it <sup>their</sup> ~~our~~ home, <sup>their</sup> ~~our~~ children, <sup>their</sup> ~~our~~ future.

And by loving ~~she~~ meant not ~~some~~ weak  
enjoyment now & then the tepid toleration

of each other that passes for love,

but the positive <sup>light</sup> glow of the sun on the  
soil, warm enough for growth.

I'd  
/ " <sup>Claire</sup> ~~Barbara~~, I don't know what  
I do ~~do~~ without you," he said. "You  
make everything alive for me; wherever  
you are, there is fertility - Think of  
the things you bring me, the children,  
the animals, the gardens. You  
know the other day when you were  
in New York I came back to the house  
for lunch & I looked at it, and  
realized that without you it <sup>would</sup> mean  
absolutely nothing to me. It would

be empty of all life, ~~and I would move away~~  
I suppose I could live without you. But  
I don't know how. ~~Your need for me~~  
I depend on your need for me. Without  
it I would be sterile. I don't know  
~~what~~ what would happen to my  
work if you weren't here. I suppose  
I'd try to make it fill the hole you  
left and I'd buy myself out there in  
the studio."

"You don't have to worry about that,"  
Darling," ~~said~~. "I'm not going anywhere,"  
<sup>Clare</sup> said, holding him in ~~her~~ arms, praying  
that ~~she~~ would not want to go <sup>anywhere</sup> ~~somewhere~~  
~~away~~, praying <sup>to herself</sup> that she would need him  
to be the woman she wanted to be,  
that she could find <sup>the woman</sup> strength in his need,  
the woman that would make <sup>her</sup> grow.

If not, what effect for him could  
not be love. She <sup>quickly</sup> dressed Alex & taking her  
into the ~~shower~~ <sup>Mark</sup> returned to the <sup>bathroom</sup>  
<sup>Mark</sup> was just thinking about

Earl, I have been thinking about responsibility,  
~~responsibility~~ Just what am I responsible  
for? ~~let~~ In what areas am I actually  
free to choose? I didn't choose to  
fall in love with you. I didn't choose  
to need to write. I figured out that  
my responsibility is in the area  
of effort. I can choose how hard  
I try to do these things. I never  
choose to want to do. Perhaps  
that is the decisive margin of freedom  
that Niebuhr speaks of.

"I don't think you have  
much choice there, either. <sup>Clare</sup> Barbara!"  
he said. "Your need to write is so  
strong that you're forced to make  
that effort. Your need forces you. At  
least it's that way with me. I'm  
in this thing so deep that I  
don't have any choice about keeping

on going. If I stopped <sup>painting,</sup> I'd be useless  
to myself <sup>and</sup> my family, <sup>and</sup> to anyone  
else. I might have had a choice

some time ago, but not any more.

"I'm becoming less & less fit, do  
anything but paint."

"Then you don't feel that  
you have any significant areas in  
which you choose, are responsible?"

"Well, there are some things  
I choose -- like how much time  
I take from painting to spend  
with the children, how many day-  
light hours, or another thing --  
whether or not to ~~do~~ take painting

to open exhibitions. I don't mind  
<sup>having them sent</sup> ~~by freight~~ <sup>back</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>send</sup> them, but I hate to take  
them, I'm lazy about that."

"That's not a very devious  
margin of freedom," <sup>he</sup> said. <sup>staring</sup>

"Then what will you ever have

to be proud of, if you've had no choice. How will you find the inner-praise."

"It's not praise I look for, it's affirmation," he said. "Affirmation can only come from me - Praise can only come from the outside. I used to think I could tell myself I was a genius, the best there was, but ~~it doesn't work~~. All I was doing was substituting myself for others - & it doesn't work. <sup>And anyway</sup> ~~God~~ I can't make others praise. They either will or they won't. But I do know this, their praise could never be a substitute for my affirmation. I think if I have any freedom at all it is whether or not I trust <sup>my feelings</sup> myself enough. ~~to affirm them~~ so that their indication

that I am right is ~~to~~ an affirmation  
I can accept. "

"That's a <sup>wonderful</sup> good statement, <sup>darling</sup> but  
I don't think it has anything to  
do with freedom," <sup>Joise</sup> said.  
You <sup>can</sup> accept your own feelings as  
affirmation enough is certainly not  
within your control. Either you do  
or you don't. You certainly would want to  
we really know freedom is in a <sup>if</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>choice</sup>  
negative sense. If you lived in Russia  
& were not allowed to paint as you  
wanted, although you never chose to want to,  
you would say you ~~f~~ had lost  
your freedom. But it's odd, that you  
and I, as free from external restraint  
as any two human beings have ever  
been, with nothing outside to stop us  
from doing whatever we choose, can

think of nothing significant that  
we ~~have~~ actually <sup>feel</sup> we freely  
chose. I suspect that freedom

is, like every other important <sup>feeling</sup> freedom,

something we cannot wilfully  
~~choose to~~ feel, <sup>or be, nor can freedom be given</sup> except in a negative sense.  
If I feel free

it simply means I have accepted

myself as I am, as I never choose

to be. But this has nothing to

do with free will, because naturally

I would will to feel free — but

what good does that do me?"

He laughed, snuggling deeper into his

arms, "trapped as I am."

"You've trapped all right," he said,

tightening his encircling arms, "and

you might as well accept it, then

you'll be free as a bird."

"in a golden cage?"

"You're lucky it's golden." <sup>to her</sup>

as ~~she~~ <sup>rested</sup> in his arms

I thought about what Thelma Bradford had ~~told me~~ <sup>said</sup> the other day, &

how angry it had made <sup>me</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>she had told me she had</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>revelous she was to</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>be getting</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>convinced</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~me <sup>the</sup> ~~me <sup>other</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>day</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>growing</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>lived</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~me <sup>the</sup> ~~me <sup>farm</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>because</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>growing</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>lived</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>farm</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>when</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>invitations</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>came</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>did</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>want</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>go</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>party</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~me <sup>had</sup> ~~me <sup>been</sup> ~~me <sup>to</sup> ~~me <sup>a</sup> ~~me <sup>party</sup> ~~me <sup>of</sup> ~~me <sup>the</sup> ~~me <sup>local</sup> ~~me <sup>gentlemen</sup> ~~me <sup>in</sup> ~~me <sup>Spalsbury</sup> ~~me <sup>the</sup> ~~me <sup>farm</sup> ~~me <sup>the</sup> ~~me <sup>other</sup> ~~me <sup>day</sup> ~~me <sup>it</sup> ~~me <sup>was</sup> ~~me <sup>a</sup> ~~me <sup>beautiful</sup> ~~me <sup>sunny</sup> ~~me <sup>day</sup> ~~me <sup>the</sup> ~~me <sup>party</sup> ~~me <sup>was</sup> ~~me <sup>at</sup> ~~me <sup>noon</sup> ~~me <sup>for</sup> ~~me <sup>parents</sup> ~~me <sup>&</sup> ~~me <sup>children</sup> ~~me <sup>the</sup> ~~me <sup>gals</sup> ~~me <sup>had</sup> ~~me <sup>immediately</sup> ~~me <sup>disappeared</sup> ~~me <sup>ran</sup> ~~me <sup>off</sup> ~~me <sup>to</sup> ~~me <sup>the</sup> ~~me <sup>swing</sup> ~~me <sup>and</sup> ~~me <sup>I</sup> ~~me <sup>stood</sup> ~~me <sup>on</sup> ~~me <sup>the</sup> ~~me <sup>bright</sup> ~~me <sup>back</sup> ~~me <sup>porch</sup> ~~me <sup>with</sup> ~~me <sup>its</sup> ~~me <sup>clear</sup> ~~me <sup>green</sup> ~~me <sup>pool</sup> ~~me <sup>surrounded</sup> ~~me <sup>by</sup> ~~me <sup>orange</sup> ~~me <sup>begonias</sup> ~~me <sup>its</sup> ~~me <sup>rich</sup> ~~me <sup>brick</sup> ~~me <sup>with</sup> ~~me <sup>a</sup> ~~me <sup>view</sup> ~~me <sup>of</sup> ~~me <sup>the</sup> ~~me <sup>mountains</sup> ~~me <sup>ahead</sup> ~~me <sup>beautiful</sup> ~~me <sup>then</sup> ~~me <sup>she</sup> ~~me <sup>looked</sup> ~~me <sup>over</sup> ~~me <sup>the</sup> ~~me <sup>people</sup> ~~me <sup>she</sup> ~~me <sup>had</sup> ~~me <sup>seen</sup> ~~me <sup>at</sup> ~~me <sup>parties</sup> ~~me <sup>&</sup> ~~me <sup>worked</sup> ~~me <sup>with</sup> ~~me <sup>an</sup> ~~me <sup>committee</sup> ~~me <sup>for</sup> ~~me <sup>seven</sup> ~~me <sup>years</sup>~~

other day. It ~~was~~ <sup>had been</sup> a beautiful sunny day. The party was ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> noon,

for parents & children. ~~then a parade~~ <sup>town</sup> ~~the gals~~ <sup>the gals</sup> ~~had immediately disappeared~~ <sup>run off</sup> ~~to the swing~~ <sup>to the swing</sup>

and I ~~stood~~ <sup>had</sup> stood on the bright back porch, with its clear green pool, surrounded

by orange begonias, its ~~rich brick~~ <sup>rich brick</sup> with a view of the mountains ahead,

beautiful. Then ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> looked over the people she had seen at parties & worked

with an committee for seven years

and with horror <sup>she had</sup> realized that they  
were total strangers to <sup>her</sup> me + <sup>she</sup> to  
them, but that they were all the  
community <sup>she had</sup> had, these nice, ~~and~~  
people, living out their pleasant  
~~medicine~~ lives, ~~made~~ people <sup>her</sup> my  
ward, and <sup>she had</sup> felt deeply hurt,  
wounded in my pride that because  
they were all <sup>she had</sup> she needed to  
be liked by them, but because <sup>she</sup> she  
felt like a stranger  
~~didn't like them~~, they felt it +

treated me as the stranger I was,  
at least so it seemed.

<sup>she</sup> was condescending and disinterested  
in their <sup>their understanding</sup> esteem, at the same time.

<sup>she had</sup> stood there in silence, surrounded by  
gaily chatting people, raising my  
face to the sun, hoping it would  
warm me, that it could burn away  
the loneliness.

"you look sleepy. <sup>Clairie</sup> Barbara." some one said.

"It's the sun," <sup>she</sup> said, + left.

When I told this to <sup>my friend</sup> Thelma she <sup>had</sup> said,

"oh, I could never ~~be~~ stand that. I

have to have variety in people. I would never have put up with ~~that~~

that, especially at your age, but

then, I was much wilder than you."

this is what <sup>had</sup> made <sup>Clairie</sup> me angry. That in <sup>my</sup> efforts to build <sup>a rich life</sup> within the limitations

of <sup>my</sup> community, <sup>that</sup> because ~~she~~ had ~~bravely~~

accepted the limitations ~~in order to~~ ~~to~~ ~~destroy~~ ~~my~~ ~~family,~~ ~~she~~ was being called

tame, pitiful in <sup>my</sup> <sup>acquiescence</sup> ~~acquiescence~~, this

enraged <sup>her</sup> me. <sup>she</sup> felt like shouting

at Thelma, "I'm wilder than you'll

ever dreamed of being."

But was <sup>she</sup> indeed wild, ~~strong~~  
or was <sup>in fact</sup> ~~she~~ weak, a timid soul who

want accepted the golden cage because  
somebody else liked to see her being?

"It all depends on whether or  
not I like <sup>the</sup> golden cage, " <sup>doesn't it?</sup> <sup>she</sup> said  
to Earl, extricating myself from  
his arms, standing up, stretching,  
bewildered. "I will to love it, I want

to love it, but do I?"

<sup>the</sup> thought of the marriage vows

"Do you take this man to love, to  
honor, to cherish till death do you  
part?"

"I do."

As if such promises could  
be made. Acts <sup>he</sup> can promise to do.  
Feelings <sup>she</sup> can not promise to feel.

Feelings <sup>were</sup> unfortunately beyond willing.

Yet the acts of love without love  
<sup>were</sup> as empty as the rites of

(get alex out)  
religion without belief faith. Is there any  
way known to man to ~~force~~<sup>will</sup> faith,  
to ~~force~~<sup>will</sup> love, or am I helpless?

Is there any way to keep the  
promises I have made? ~~She worked~~

"It's no wonder I have never  
read a book <sup>about</sup> that how people make  
love endure," she said to <sup>Mark</sup> Earl. "It's  
because no one knows how it happens  
~~Authors can only write that it happened~~  
~~or that it did not happen, or stopped~~  
~~happening, but never about what makes~~  
~~love last.~~ And yet it seems to me  
the most important <sup>part</sup> point <sup>the filling</sup>  
in the sandwich, so to speak."

"and do you think you know," Earl <sup>Mark</sup>  
asked, smiling at <sup>her</sup> me as he turned on his  
shower.

"The only thing I know is I cannot accept ~~it~~ <sup>life</sup> without love and that I will search until I learn until I die."

~~Put out~~

I think we are living in a slightly different world today, which <sup>might</sup> explain

my state of mind," I said. Today, perhaps

for the first time, it is apparent

that there is no justification good

reason for doing anything except love.

In the past the good reason was

survival, fighting to stay alive. But

now, ~~particularly~~ in America, <sup>personal</sup> survival

~~is assured~~, it is no longer a motive for

action, as it was in our pioneering

days, or during the industrial revolution.

~~And the virtues of survival are no longer virtues.~~  
for instance. Power for power's sake is

no longer a motive as it was when

power meant survival. Power has been

~~cut~~

exposed as a means of self-destruction  
as well as self-preservation - ~~the~~  
individually - the ulcerated executive  
in nations - the brink of suicide <sup>to which /</sup>  
power + Russia's power have brought <sup>our America</sup>  
not the other, but ~~the~~ themselves

Nationalism, the fight for survival  
through strengthening the state, has  
been revealed as destructive to the  
nation itself. Religion, the struggle  
for survival through faith in God,  
is no longer believable

~~But~~ The ~~old~~ virtues that grew  
out of our need to survive no longer  
seem <sup>the needed things</sup> ~~virtues~~ Strength,  
Power, endurance, thrift,  
patriotism, faith in God's ~~country~~, what  
good are these virtues when my motive

for action is not survival, but love  
The welfare state is ~~assuming~~ <sup>assuming the responsibility</sup> ~~personal~~  
<sup>indiv. survival has become a community project</sup>  
The ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> challenge is no longer how to survive,

2  
new private  
the challenge

but how to lose the life which we  
have been given, <sup>to act for love sake, not for survival's sake</sup> what do you suppose  
more angry young men in England are  
angry about; they've been assured a living,  
& they find that a living ~~without~~ is  
worthless, an insult to human dignity,  
if there is nothing to love. But they  
never would have discovered that  
if their living had not been assured; if  
they had had to fight for life it  
self, then living <sup>would seem</sup> ~~is~~ reward enough. But  
once ~~life~~ survival is assured,  
loving becomes <sup>as</sup> necessary as ~~life~~ <sup>living</sup> itself ~~is~~  
seen before.

---

You know what <sup>I think has</sup> happened, <sup>Mark</sup> "East?"

"What?" he said from within the shower.  
"We've gotten to the point in this country"

where there's no good reason for doing something  
except for love's sake we used to work to  
~~unless we love it. Survival used to be~~  
survive, <sup>P</sup>

~~the reason for the P for working. The~~  
~~prover, the worker, the habits we worked~~  
and an children's lives  
for the sake of our <sup>very</sup> lives. ~~And if~~  
we failed we died, starved or diseased.

~~or~~ But now, in America, we don't  
<sup>have to</sup> work to survive. We'll be cared for  
physically. almost no matter what we do. The  
welfare state is assuming responsibility

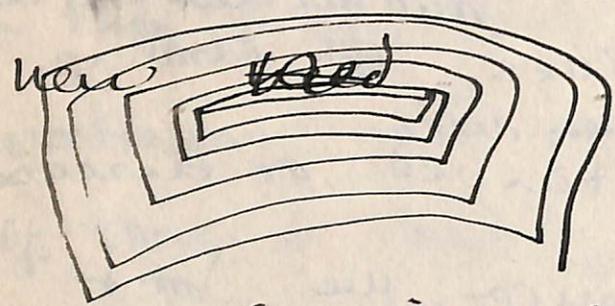
for <sup>keeping us alive</sup> survival. Individual survival is  
a public <sup>challenge</sup> ~~project~~, not a <sup>private</sup> personal one

any more. The old heroic virtues of a  
man alone <sup>at the frontier of the world</sup> ~~against the elements~~, winning

triumphing ~~against~~ <sup>over</sup> with by strength,  
endurance ~~craft~~ wit - over the wilderness,  
<sup>or these virtues at (the) ~~frontier~~ <sup>passing</sup> away</sup>  
The wilderness is no longer without. It is  
within. we need <sup>different</sup> ~~the~~ virtues to conquer ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> wilderness.  
The destruction we fear today is

self-destruction <sup>hatred</sup> personally + ~~internationally~~.

~~The dream we dream~~ And ~~what~~  
~~do we want.~~ Self-preservation  
is becoming more + more to  
depend on learning to love. ~~the~~



And what do we

work for, ~~if not to survive~~ now that

<sup>physical</sup> Survival is not the major motive?  
feel

~~now that~~ We used to be justified  
in working without love, <sup>is not loving - the work we do</sup> because it

was for the sake of our <sup>from love</sup> lives. We  
~~no longer~~ feel so justified, <sup>because survival is a</sup> there

is no good excuse for working  
without love anymore, <sup>Since survival is assured since</sup> and so, quite

rightly, we are dissatisfied, when  
we find ourselves caught, physically <sup>if someone would pick me up</sup>

secure, but spiritually empty. <sup>is the is</sup> when survival

my life is at stake, it is a sp. nec. to work for my life's sake. When  
~~This new fact has changed~~  
my life, <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ assured, it is a sp. nec. to work for love's sake

Take marriage, for instance  
attitude towards marriage. There used to  
be lot of good reasons <sup>for a woman</sup> to get married  
& stay married, economic, social  
& religious reasons. Now there is only  
one: love. ~~There~~ There has never before  
been such a burden <sup>put</sup> on our loving powers.  
If a woman finds herself married  
without love, that marriage no longer  
seems justified, <sup>no longer is, in reality, for</sup> ~~economic~~ she can

~~earn her own living; she will not~~  
~~be ostracized~~ money is <sup>no longer</sup> not a justification,  
social disapproval is <sup>no longer</sup> not a threat, and  
God has lost his ~~meaning~~ power to  
give meaning to a loveless marriage.

H I don't think we realize how much  
we <sup>have</sup> depended on the ~~necessity~~ struggle to  
survive to provide moral sanction  
to our lives, to provide meaning, standards  
of conduct, <sup>definitions of</sup> virtues & vice, goals to attain  
dreams to dream. and people look back

People are shocked at the divorce rate

with regret, <sup>claiming</sup> ~~saying~~ the old virtues are gone, ~~the old heroes are dead~~ we must return to them. But what they are really asking for is a return to the time when <sup>physical</sup> survival was the challenge. Virtues grow out of necessities. Today, there are new necessities, & there will be new virtues.

"Look at me. I'm a good example.

I feel I will have failed in my life if I have not learned to do what I do with love. This is a failure my father would laugh at, call indulgence, the bad effect of having too much ease or ease given me. He used to say to us as children, "I've deprived you of ever amounting to anything by giving you money." what he was saying ~~was~~ that the struggle for survival is what makes man

great, what ennobles him. If this is  
so, we're doomed as a race, for  
it won't be long till everyone has  
enough, more than enough, to live  
on. For all their talk, all Russia  
& Asia & Africa ~~are~~ <sup>what</sup> trying to do  
is catch up with us materially.  
And they will. It's inevitable, and  
I'm glad. Because then everyone  
will be in the same boat I am in.  
They'll all know that when life  
is assured, love becomes necessary.  
And I'll be ~~at~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>others</sup> ~~new~~ <sup>like me</sup> kind of pioneers,  
conquering ~~no~~ a new wilderness, as  
uncharted, dense & dangerous as any  
verdant continent, and as rich,  
as fertile, as big with promise.  
~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~now~~, ~~carried~~ ~~away~~ ~~by~~  
her words, ~~full~~ ~~of~~ ~~excitement~~.  
I think Christ came too early  
in history to have his <sup>had</sup> message taken  
seriously - or rather ~~historical~~ for

He himself to have believed that love was the ultimate achievement, the main difference between Christ and the old Testament is that in the old test. God promised rewards on this earth for good conduct & in the new test. Christ promised rewards in heaven for good conduct for love & charity. And the ~~Christ~~ <sup>means</sup> ~~Christ~~ a strongly materialistic flavor. He promised wealth & power in undreamed of amounts to those who would love, poor, here & now. ~~love, as the~~ <sup>that was his aspect according to</sup>

~~Christ was not only a means of success but the way to wealth & riches. Love was a means to a universally desirable end, power, wealth. But people, weren't~~

willing to wait till they died. They wanted  
power <sup>now</sup> now; and on earth, the way to  
the power they wanted was not  
love & mercy, <sup>& renunciation</sup> it was battle, & effort  
and intelligence. So to Christ, although  
worshipped, was never taken seriously.

A religion of love could not be taken  
seriously while men remained poor & weak.

But make men rich & strong, not just  
a few of them, with hordes <sup>of starving</sup>  
wretches <sup>desiring</sup> desirous of their <sup>positions</sup> <sup>as it has always</sup> <sup>been in the past</sup> <sup>positions</sup>, but  
make many of them millions & millions <sup>of</sup>  
them, <sup>make most of them</sup> rich, & the need for love will

dominate the earth, & the need to conquer  
& hatred will produce the new heroes, the  
new virtues, the new art, the new messiahs,  
but they will be men, not gods. For it  
was men who conquered poverty, & it will  
be men who conquer hate, if it is conquered  
and then'll conquer it out of necessity.

as they conquered poverty out of necessity.

"What you're saying is that now, for the first time, survival depends on love, isn't that it," said

Mark  
Evel.

(probably right to go on about old quilt)  
(decide later whether to use.)

"Yes, darling, that's what I'm trying to say." <sup>Clare</sup> said, and left the bathroom in <sup>her</sup> my negligence, to be

alone for a moment to think, but

<sup>her</sup> my thoughts, independent <sup>of</sup> <sup>her</sup> my

will, remembered

~~the~~ Dallas Edward

and ~~she~~ gave in to the memory and

lying down upon <sup>the</sup> deep, cushioned

God's cradling couch, ~~she~~ stared out at

iron branches ~~and~~ holding back the sunlight

Sky holding back the ~~setting~~<sup>heavy</sup> Sun which  
made the branches black as  
night in silhouette, a black +  
tangled barricade between ~~me~~<sup>her</sup> +  
the ~~butterfly-wing~~ blue ~~of the radiant~~  
darkening sky. And ~~she~~<sup>she</sup> ~~felt~~<sup>sensed</sup> my body  
through ~~touch~~ the longing eyes of Edward  
who had ~~to~~ stayed with ~~us~~<sup>them</sup> a ~~weekend~~<sup>weekend</sup>  
~~weekend~~<sup>before</sup> she felt her breasts + her  
hips + her legs ~~travelling~~ through  
his eyes, contours by curving contours  
she savored myself through his desiring  
eyes and exulted ~~freely~~<sup>freely</sup> ~~from~~<sup>uninhibited</sup> ~~undisguised~~  
~~concealment~~ in his ~~eyes~~  
desire. unmistakable desire for her.  
His ~~impact~~ she had ~~been~~<sup>been</sup> drawn to him at  
first by the brilliance of his mind.  
Young, Swedish, a writer, ~~of~~ his

mind was like a lake that every  
where is ~~clear~~ clear, ~~that every where~~  
~~revealed~~ whether in a cup <sup>hand</sup> ~~full~~  
ful of water that revealed the palm in  
clear detail, or in a lake full that  
reveals through ~~feet + feet~~ <sup>tons</sup> of water, the  
crystal grains of sand upon the bottom.

He was tall & ugly, at first, with  
heavy Roman nose, tired eyes &  
a sensitive mouth, <sup>but</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>a shock of brown, unruly hair</sup> ~~that slanted~~ <sup>unbecomingly</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>crossed his</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>eyes</sup>  
began to talk, the his eyes lit  
up with pleasure and his ~~face~~ intelligence  
commanded <sup>such</sup> respect that his face became  
beautiful to her ~~and~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~studied~~ <sup>of</sup>  
while he talked, like a piece of  
sculpture in whose

Asymmetry <sup>is</sup> ~~to~~ its beauty & while  
he talked of history & politics &  
America & England, in that British  
accent which held <sup>claim</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>through</sup> its precise  
sounds, ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> heritage, the excellence of western  
civilization, ~~the polished instrument that~~  
~~was at last~~ ~~can be~~ a mind  
perfected & a law respected, while he  
talked on, he looked at her & when  
carried on another conversation,  
~~he~~ was amazed that he could at  
the same time discuss the complex  
history of ~~Greek~~ <sup>the</sup> Greek, Turkish - British  
conflict in Cyprus and look at  
her & smile at ~~her~~ & speak to  
her on such a different subject,  
while his audience, the other people there,

hung upon his every word and  
marvelled at his the breath of his  
knowledge which seemed unending  
like a box that contains a box that  
contains a box, each perfect, each beautiful,

~~she~~ had gone  
went on a picnic with  
friends and lay in the sun, sipping  
~~from~~ sun warmed wine + grapes,  
fragrant in the heat as if they  
had just come off the vine,  
while ~~the~~ children + ~~her~~ friends  
children played among the grave  
stones that marked the hill where  
~~she~~ sat, watching the lively children  
innocent of the fertile dead beneath them  
Edward + ~~Olivia~~ lay together among ~~her~~ friends,  
close enough to feel the ~~magnetic~~ pull  
between ~~them~~, separated irrevocably by ~~her~~  
commitment, ~~she~~ having said I do, I will

+ committing my life to this doing, this  
willing. If ~~she~~ had turned over the world have  
been in his arms; if ~~she~~ had moved her hand,  
her hand would have been in his; if ~~she~~ had  
looked directly into his eyes ~~then~~ <sup>my</sup> lips would  
have touched. ~~she~~ moved away a fraction  
to tell him <sup>what he had to know</sup> ~~that~~ was not available, & then  
turned ~~my~~ head toward his to look into  
his eyes, to smile, to lower ~~my~~ eyes, to tell him  
~~she~~ knew, but that he was never to touch  
me, only to look, to feel with his eyes,  
& ~~she~~ felt so sensuous in the sun with him  
there that every gesture ~~she~~ made, stretching,  
lying on ~~her~~ stomach, on ~~my~~ back, sitting  
up & clasping ~~my~~ knees against my breast,  
every gesture ~~she~~ made, ~~she~~ made for him to see.  
& took pleasure in his seeing. And wondered,  
how different is ~~this~~ <sup>the</sup> than dreaming  
than ~~the~~ doing, how different is the eye's  
caress from the hand's caress, the

body <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ longing to touch <sup>from</sup> the Goddess  
touching? Can I committing adultery  
do I care. What I really wanted,  
a course, was to be able to do  
as she wished and then return to her  
life as if I had never even wished  
to do <sup>what I did</sup> ~~so~~ she wanted to give in  
to <sup>her</sup> ~~my~~ desire, to discover its depth,  
to explore ~~this desire~~ its dimensions  
and resume <sup>my</sup> ~~her~~ life with love.

But ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> was ~~the~~ <sup>horrible</sup> crucial point. If  
she did as she now desired <sup>she looked at Edward</sup> ~~would~~ <sup>stretch out beside her</sup>  
love <sup>mark</sup> ~~tail~~ again, or would ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~treachery~~ <sup>murder live</sup>  
~~forever~~

Faithlessness destroy ~~my~~ <sup>love</sup> and condemn  
~~me~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~turn~~ <sup>my</sup> commitment into a sentence  
of life imprisonment. ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~relected~~

she desire, ~~the~~ <sup>it</sup> tolerant of its natural animal  
uses, ~~she~~ <sup>might</sup> ~~would~~ forget it. But if I

succumbed to it, ~~could~~ and worse, if she  
enjoyed it, ~~fully~~ wholly, ~~and~~ <sup>might</sup> thereby  
wrench off from <sup>man's</sup> ~~her~~ ~~and~~ ~~live~~ ~~alone~~ ~~with~~  
make it impossible to ~~give~~ ~~himself~~  
whole, ~~to~~ ~~him~~, ~~And~~ ~~since~~ ~~this~~ ~~giving~~  
whole, ~~to~~ ~~being~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ say I love you  
& ~~mean~~ ~~it~~ I mean it. This was punishment  
too severe to be contemplated. My then  
decision was made, but it did nothing  
to assuage the longing & ~~she~~ ~~felt~~  
her eyes ~~glaring~~ <sup>glaring</sup> with excitement &  
her cheeks warm, not only with spring  
sun, but with the <sup>marvelous</sup> passion ~~she~~ ~~felt~~,  
lying there, loving the longing & ~~felt~~,  
for the war it made ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> alive.  
She looked at the graves, the  
slight, tell-tale humps in the ground where  
the <sup>Gods</sup> ~~Gods~~ ~~coffins~~ were buried, & felt in contrast  
to their coldness <sup>her</sup> ~~my~~ heart, my blood,  
~~my~~ ~~desire~~, ~~my~~ ~~life~~ & ~~her~~ ~~soft~~ ~~breast~~,  
~~her~~ ~~curling~~ ~~hair~~, ~~her~~ ~~desire~~, ~~my~~ ~~her~~

life in all its unfulfillment so  
extra vagantly ~~beautiful~~ precious  
that ~~she~~ arose, left them all, my  
husband, <sup>my</sup> friend, my <sup>my</sup> lover, &  
the dead, and walked by <sup>by</sup> myself in  
the woods, when ran, ~~the release~~  
~~the unbearable pressure of the impossible joy.~~

I lay there on the couch, remembering  
~~Edward~~, & warm & sensual, in the darkening  
room and <sup>then</sup> I remembered another man, an American,  
a writer, too, young, too, who had just  
received excellent reviews for his first  
novel. We had been talking together  
all through a dinner party and then  
afterward, over coffee, I began to tell  
him about my search <sup>to understand</sup> ~~for~~ how to  
make love endure. I told him how  
I had fallen in love with Earl, suddenly

passionately, irrevocably. "I committed myself  
totally to him," I said, "and it is  
that feeling of complete commitment  
which I want to sustain, for it's  
~~the only way~~ because it's the  
only way my life seems valuable  
to me: when I am <sup>fully committed</sup> so committed. <sup>Always</sup> <sup>loved</sup>"

He looked at me thoughtfully  
and said. "I don't think you committed  
yourself to Paul when you fell in love  
with him. You're <sup>that</sup> trying to commit <sup>was something that happened to you</sup>  
yourself now. That's what you're

Searching for."

I was startled by the truth of his remark.  
"Why, you're absolutely right,"  
I said <sup>to him</sup> ~~startled at the truth of~~ ~~surprised at his~~  
<sup>his remark</sup> <sup>perception</sup>. "I ~~must think about that.~~"

"I want to be committed to what I do,  
to the life I lead. It's the only way to  
be free, to ~~accept~~ <sup>be fully</sup> committed. And when I  
do not feel committed, when I ~~reject~~ dream

of all the other times I might be leading,  
without taking any steps positive  
action toward to fulfill these day  
dreams, each one of those dreams is  
a siphon that through which my  
energy, my life, <sup>itself</sup> trickles away  
wasted, unused. Thank you," I said.  
~~to that~~ I shall think about what  
you just told me.

I looked at him & wondered  
how he had learned about commitment.

"And what are you committed  
to," I asked him.

He laughed. "I'm committed to  
my writing."

"And your children, your family?"

"I try to include them," he said.

"I see," I said & dropped the

subject, with, "that ~~is~~ might be alright for  
a man, but it's no solution for  
a woman."

He smiled at me

I arose from the couch and ~~suddenly~~  
the ~~land~~ ~~the~~ ~~dormitory~~ room <sup>seemed</sup> oppressive. I  
wanted light. Bright light. I went  
about turning on all the lamps, which made  
suddenly the world outside ~~go~~ <sup>went</sup> suddenly black, the  
trees, the purple sky, the hills, lost as  
the lights went on inside.

"That's where the light must be,"  
I thought. "Inside," ~~the~~ and went about  
straightening my room. I wanted it  
beautiful. I rubbed the walnut wood  
of the coffee table with ~~my~~ the hem  
of my negligee, ~~polishing the wood to~~  
a ~~light~~ ~~pat~~ bringing a glow to  
the surface. Then I ~~did~~ rubbed

the great broad leaves of the Sheffield  
plant with the other side of my cotton  
robe. Smiling at my housekeeping  
methods. Then I straightened the  
magazines, Vogue, Art News, The  
Atlantic Monthly on the polished table.

I ~~put~~ unstacked the wobbling pile  
of books that invariably seems to  
set itself up whenever I am

I put them neatly upon the table  
<sup>the magazines</sup> next to Theodore Reik's  
Of Love & Lust, The Beat

Generation, The Bible, Jung's Answers

to Job, & thought when I saw

<sup>mean</sup> it, "what an interesting girl I  
am," and then answered myself back,

an interesting girl wouldn't be impressed

by a display of books."

"No, but it's not just a display,  
we read them..."

"But an interesting girl wouldn't  
be impressed because she'd read them. She'd  
take that for granted. The fact that  
you can be impressed by a pile of books  
shows you're not very bright."

"But if I really weren't bright,  
I never would question my brightness..."

I struggled to stop this independent,  
ridiculous chatter that <sup>occasionally</sup> ~~often~~ takes place  
in my mind when the voice of fashion,  
who sees everything I do in terms of  
how it makes me look to others, suddenly  
intrudes upon a serious or loving gesture,  
to approve <sup>or disapprove</sup> of it, as Vogue would.

"What are you doing," Earl said, as  
he opened the bathroom door, wrapped in a

towel, his face covered with shaving  
cream.

"I'm straightening up the room."  
He laughed "You must be hired."

"I suppose I am," I said.

It is a joke between us that whenever

I am exhausted, I become abnormally sensitive

to disorder & will at 2:00 a.m. decide I

must rearrange my desk or clean out

my <sup>closet</sup> drawers. "I just wanted to make

our room as beautiful as possible. To

Show it off for what it is," I said,

scanning the room, with its 8 foot (ceiling)

and skylight above, its rich mahogany walls,  
~~freshly waxed~~ <sup>it</sup> slate floor, ~~freshly waxed~~

to ~~look~~ <sup>a</sup> like watery green and the  
large Miró Rep. "Dream," a cream  
white wool, soft & thick, with  
brilliant shapes of red & blue & golden  
wool as sharply as <sup>etched</sup> colored into just spilled.  
One of Earth's paintings done several years  
before hung over <sup>the fire place</sup> ~~my desk~~, against a glowing  
orange background, red cyclamen blossomed <sup>with swelling curves</sup> <sup>of green leaves</sup>  
out of a pot of cerulean blue. Looking  
into the bathroom I could see ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> wall  
full of Suzanne's drawings, primitive,  
bold, highly stylized animals, cats  
with ~~the~~ <sup>green</sup> striped eyes & feline  
tongues of red, a gentle lion, his head  
to one side, peering coyly out from an  
<sup>orange</sup> tufted cloud of ~~orange~~ mane, a jungle scene,  
miniature in size, of enormous palms  
& tropical plants with pairs of giraffes  
travelling proudly trotting by ~~to~~ <sup>by</sup> two by  
two, ~~across~~

I followed Earl into the bathroom + stretched out in the chair while he finished shaving.

"You know what I think, Jarling?"

I said.

He ~~looked towards me~~ turned his head <sup>slightly</sup> towards me while keeping his eyes on himself in the mirror, shaving.

\* "I think I've felt guilty all my life because I <sup>never had</sup> did not have to do anything ~~due to~~ ~~out of~~ ~~necessity~~ to survive, <sup>quietly</sup> because that the only reason I've ever had for doing something was that I wanted to, for the love of doing it. But it just occurred to me that I should

not feel guilty; I should feel proud, even if I fail, because to do something out of love is a far greater act than to do it out of necessity.

There is no hope in this world unless we are ready-made. But frame work to hang them young ideals. Statue they know of no group solution to indiv. problems

And it's not easier, its much harder. When I was talking to Valerie Pary the other day. she was telling me of a certain lost feeling among her friends at Radcliffe who did not know what to choose to do with their lives. She said that these young people regretted not being swept up in a cause larger than themselves that would provide direction. There is nothing they had to do; they could easily get any jobs to earn a comfortable living, their parents did not insist on a particular career; no cause like ready-made liberalism New Dealism, provided a solution to indiv. problems. They know of no group solution to indiv. problems

to make the best use of the better we have

These <sup>young</sup> people, at the ages of nineteen, twenty, ~~twenty one~~ <sup>are finding</sup> found themselves forced to discover on their own what they <sup>can</sup> ~~could~~ do with love. There

was no other reason provided.

"Well, Earl, <sup>you know what</sup> it ~~occurred~~ struck me as Paby asked?"

"What, darling?" he asked, turning

off his smoochy face.

And I do believe <sup>young</sup> that these people, although they ~~don't~~ <sup>might not</sup> know it, although they are being maligned by their elders as weaklings, <sup>reactions</sup> ~~from~~ these people are the new heroes, <sup>will come</sup> the New Young Lions,

fighting a battle that's never been fought before on this scale, a battle so subtle, so all-pervasive,

that they don't even realize they're fighting it.

" They are the first generation forced to ~~to~~ act out of love. They have to get married for love; they have to find a job they love; they have to enjoy their leisure; they have no excuse for having children but for me

They are deprived of every prop; ~~every~~ <sup>every</sup> rationalization for avoiding the responsibility ~~crutch~~ <sup>crutch</sup> ~~to help them stand, the~~ <sup>of loving</sup> ~~at all other~~ every other ~~has~~ <sup>disappeared.</sup> Love at last has become the necessity. ~~the~~ demands on this generation

for strength & maturity is extraordinary.

~~Instead of feeling proud~~ Do you realize,

~~East,~~ that we have no adequate goal, <sup>no</sup> criterion of success, but love, not wealth, not power, not social position, just love.

We envy them <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>no</sup> comfortable, familiar battle for wealth & ~~we do you know~~ <sup>power</sup> because we know

that what ~~we know~~ how to do what  
they're trying to do, grow physically,  
is child's play compared to figuring  
out ~~it~~ how to grow spiritually,  
to to ~~how to~~ which is what  
we have to do. How can we accept

the familiar religious solution:

~~the~~ <sup>renounce</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>up</sup> ~~you~~ to our wealth &  
concentrate on our souls. For we  
know that the moment we cease  
to be physically strong, the ~~Russian~~

totalitarian system will dominate the  
earth. So we can't comfortably

give up everything. We have to

maintain our power on one hand, while  
slave states

the poor ~~upstarts~~ of the <sup>world</sup> ~~east~~ catch up  
with us, <sup>will we help them</sup> catch up? So their <sup>would</sup> ~~would~~  
and on the other hand, <sup>deliberate</sup> ~~would~~  
<sup>us</sup> ~~their~~ ~~murder~~

we must pioneer the new wilderness,  
how to love, ~~the~~ not hate.

~~Learn~~ ~~or the~~ ~~but the~~ ~~we~~ ~~can~~ ~~be~~ ~~more~~ ~~fully~~ ~~human.~~  
conquering  
defeating  
element  
not the jungles + the Indians,  
hate + fear + sickness so that  
we can be more fully human.

"I think it's one of the most exciting periods of history that we're living in. . . . If I only remember to realize it," I laughed. "My God, every ~~other~~ in the past every philosopher, every theologian, every one who cared about human beings had to base his dreams, on whether he admitted it or not, on slavery, poverty + disease, the human condition. ~~There's no culture to compare with Western culture today, especially in America~~ For the first time in history a whole nation is ready for the grand experiment: not how to subsist, but how to live.

\* "Some times its hard to feel a  
~~part of~~ I am taking a part in all  
this, living up here, leading a quiet,  
ordinary life, but I must remember that  
the ~~heart of the matter~~ center does not  
have to be where the crowd is, although -  
from the outside <sup>where I am</sup> looking in, ~~as if~~,  
it sometimes seems so. I want to be  
where the people are who are  
forming this age into the shape the  
future will see know it by. I suppose  
the best way to <sup>know</sup> find them is to be  
one."

"I want you to remember  
what you just said," said Carl. "You're  
just beginning to understand how much

is up to you - up to us, what we're  
trying to do is create our own reality.  
We don't find it ready-made. That's  
the main reason I want my work  
to be seen, to sell: to extend my reality.  
When my work is rejected, my reality  
has been denied."

"~~to~~ I think what you're doing  
demands extraordinary courage," I said.

"It's got nothing to do  
with courage," Earl said. "It's simply a  
matter of self-preservation for me."

"What I mean, darling, is that  
most people after 7 or 8 years of rejection  
would have lost faith in themselves,  
in their own reality, as you put it."

"If I denied my own reality,  
I might as well be dead. It's as  
simple as that," ~~said Earl~~. If I gave

up painting, it would be a form of  
suicide. And I think the same thing  
is happening to be true of you. If you  
can't, through your writing, <sup>or some other way,</sup> create  
your own reality, you will never be  
happy. You'll have to get rid  
of those notions about wanting fame  
& glory.... That's not what you  
really need. You want to be read,

to get a response from others in order  
to extend the reality of the world you're  
trying to build. "

"I know you're right, Earl."

"But, I hope I don't have to be said.  
So on like this for much longer, you  
see, as it is now, with no one caring  
about the work, I feel I can't stop ~~working~~  
working. When I stop, everything stops. But

if some one else were committed to the work  
if I had a gallery, or a patron or some one  
who cared enough about the work to try  
to sell it for me or buy it from me,  
then I would be able to relax for  
a moment ~~without~~ <sup>without</sup> feeling the anxiety of death  
itself, ~~knowing~~ <sup>feeling as I do</sup> that if I'm not working  
my reality does not exist at all. It's gotten  
to the point where I'm only happy out  
in the studio. The only way to relieve  
the pressure for me is to work. But  
the trouble is, this makes for a narrow  
life, increasingly so, it seems. I hardly  
feel alive except in the studio - or with  
you of course. But being with people  
who do not like my work, or don't care  
about it - well, I get less & less able  
to bear it, much less enjoy it."

"I understand, darling," I said, struck

with the devastating truth that there  
seemed to be nothing he or I could  
do except go on. There was nothing  
~~she~~ could do by loving him that  
would assuage his anxiety which  
could only be settled between him & ~~the~~ <sup>strangers</sup>  
~~word~~. ~~She~~ was too close to him to help.  
~~for~~ My confidence <sup>in him</sup>, to the extent that  
I felt confidence in him, was too  
subjective, too woven with needs that  
did not concern his painting, to help  
extend the reality of ~~his~~ <sup>which he spoke,</sup> ~~word~~.  
The reality of him as an artist. I  
~~too~~ could love the man; only ~~the~~  
~~word~~ ~~can~~ strangers could love the  
artist.

I sat there a moment, and an  
immense relief spread through me. I was

surprized. What had relieved <sup>me?</sup> why did  
I suddenly feel so light? ~~she~~ she searched  
for the cause of this lonely feeling.  
It had something to do with the word  
strangers. What was it? And she found  
what it was that relieved her. In that  
instant she ~~accepted the fact~~ accepted  
her aloneness, the immeasurably, impenetrable  
~~aloneness~~ ~~human~~ - to - be bridged abyss between  
~~one human~~ <sup>herself</sup> being + another. ~~For~~ ~~not~~  
~~denying~~ ~~any~~ ~~+~~ ~~#~~ Although she  
could touch her husband, & he needed  
that touch to know where he was,  
she could never reach deep enough in to  
make her affirmation his. Nor could he  
make his affirmation hers. At the inner core  
of her being she knew that there was only  
~~the~~ ~~some~~ ~~one~~ ~~some~~ yea-saying some for each person.  
~~And that~~ and she knew where it was not: Outside.

The relief came from knowing that she had no responsibility for affirming any one's being but her own. For whether or not she would, she <sup>never</sup> could ~~not~~.

And the reason she could be surrounded by people who loved her & still feel ~~the~~ <sup>the pain & loneliness</sup> ~~alone~~ was that she was looking to others to tell her what they never could tell her.

Elaine, you matter, you signify. <sup>she could incorporate</sup> <sup>she remembers</sup> <sup>another's</sup> <sup>insert part about wanting to</sup> <sup>image of herself</sup> <sup>now</sup> to tell herself

that, how to believe that, her aloneness

would be not a sorrow, but a joy; <sup>if she were not alone</sup> ~~her aloneness~~

<sup>put in</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>unique</sup> identity, ~~her~~ <sup>aliveness</sup> ~~aloneness~~. <sup>she would not be alone</sup> ~~she would be her~~ It was a state of grace

~~she~~ sought, she knew. And like all

such states, unseekable, <sup>not-to-be reached rather</sup> ~~unreachable~~; given or not given.

But at least, she had the courage to say that nothing else would suffice. She would not accept a "reality" which is meant defeat, <sup>where</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>a growing</sup> ~~growth~~ maturity

<sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ defined by how many unwanted facts <sup>older, weaker, threaten</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>resigned</sup> ~~could~~ get <sup>used</sup> ~~used~~ to. She would not let the gift be wasted. She would affirm her life with her whole heart.

What are you thinking, Barb Claire, asked Earl.  
"I was thinking at first, how helpless I felt that with all my love for you there was nothing I could do to help

Her spirit rose higher. She gave Mark a hug, childishly, gaily, and stepped out into ~~the~~ ~~the~~ her bedroom door into the candlelit

sun deck, feeling the cold, clean  
Spring night ~~upon her body~~. She  
opened her robe to feel the  
weight <sup>let</sup> ~~upon her~~ ~~body~~  
~~weight~~ ~~upon her~~ ~~closely~~. She The  
stars that had been burning all  
day, invisible, grew ~~to~~ silver, grew ~~big~~  
to Claire's eyes now that her  
~~world~~ <sup>earthly</sup> her planet, her place  
in the universe, was dark enough  
to reveal their light. If there were  
no night <sup>on earth</sup>, I would never know  
the stars, she thought.

She wrapped her robe around  
her, bringing the night in, the world  
in, and closed her arms around herself  
to hold on, to possess, to never relinquish  
herself, which she held in her arms.

~~Only if I have courage to~~

~~say I matter, will I have~~

And <sup>s</sup> looking up at the <sup>heavenfully</sup> suns that

were not her sun <sup>burning</sup> <sup>millions of years</sup> <sup>away, ago,</sup> <sup>coolly</sup>

in dark, she said to herself to the <sup>which these matter like</sup> <sup>herself, only, made of the same</sup> <sup>material</sup> night, to the stars, "If I have

~~the courage to know I matter,~~

~~simply because I am, I live, only then~~

Only if I know I matter, ~~if only~~

then will the world matter to me.

For I must have the courage to

say I matter by standing alone before

the universe before I can turn

back to my home and care for

will I have the warmth to love,

Only if I have the courage to believe

In The

So The greatest courage of all

She felt

she knew what courage is.

She knew the essential courage:

She ~~had the courage~~ <sup>the heroic strength</sup> to believe <sup>without</sup> ~~in the face of~~ <sup>being told</sup> ~~the universe~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~she would~~ <sup>end</sup> ~~without end~~ <sup>it</sup>

She, Claire, alone, alive - a moment, &

~~fragment~~ Claire, <sup>mattered</sup> ~~signified to herself~~ <sup>(a part)</sup>

~~by affirming her non being,~~ she grew

~~warm enough to love,~~ because... she

was Claire.

Dec. 24, 1958

I am Cain. I knew his story  
would be mine, ~~my~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~trial~~ <sup>my</sup> trial mine,  
~~the~~ ~~temping~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~ ~~fact~~ to be <sup>have</sup>  
my best rejected, my sacrifice unwanted.  
Except I have no one to hate, no  
one to murder. Viking Press has  
burned down ~~down~~ my book. For a  
~~week~~ It had been a week and a half  
since I had ~~given~~ Marshall ~~my~~ ~~book~~ <sup>the manuscript</sup>  
~~to read.~~ He took it to N.Y. in <sup>left</sup>  
my manuscript at the guest cottage  
for Marshall to read. He ~~had~~ <sup>called</sup>  
a week ago Sunday to ~~ask~~ <sup>say he had not finished it</sup> ~~if~~ <sup>he</sup> could  
he take it to N.Y., ~~to~~ ostensibly to finish,  
but I knew he would need to show  
it to someone else at Viking before  
he could tell me what he thought.

all that week I waited for the mail  
and dreaded the telephone. I knew two  
things: the book was all the truth I  
knew; ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> it would not be accepted.

~~and~~ yet I could not keep my hopes  
from rising, my imagination from

leaping with joy at the words:

We want it. It is good. You have

written a great book. And then - ~~to~~  
who would I tell first? what would

I do with the joy. I would call

my sister and my Aunt & Thelma.

"My book is going to be published." and

then to talk with the editor who

liked it. To hear a response, to feel

at last I had touched as I wanted

to touch, & could be touched back. Felt

as I am.

and then the little petty delights; the telling of  
it to the people who would begrudge it, who  
wished me no success, & to the people  
who had hurt me, I would tell it, freed  
from them, from their power to <sup>hurt</sup> ~~hate~~  
me because I had felt they were stronger,  
stronger now myself in that at last I  
had done what I chose to do, ~~make~~  
and had succeeded in the market place, where,  
as Frost says, we must all eventually  
come.

So I waited through sleepless nights,  
awake with expectation impossible to  
extinguish, awake with ~~the~~ dread  
impossible to forget, that I was to  
be a Cam. That great as I thought  
my book was, it would be written in  
the wrong language, & I would be  
speaking to a world that could never hear me

isolated, talking forever + ever to myself etc

and so it ~~is~~ <sup>was</sup>.

Yesterday I went to N.Y. to have  
lunch with Paty. I had made up my  
mind to call Marshall to end my

expectations, not to have to feel those

flickering, ready to grow <sup>into</sup> it to a

bonfire or celebration. flickering impatiently,

waiting to be fanned. To ~~end~~ the

light I called him.

"Hello, Marshall."

"Hello, Barbara. You in town for  
a little Christmas shopping?"

"Yes, Marshall."

Well, Barbara, I finished the book.

There were parts that I found beautiful,

the philosophy, the ~~see~~ descriptions of  
nature - but I didn't trust myself  
because of my natural interest in you -  
so I gave it to another editor  
to read, someone ~~the~~ who ought to have  
been sympathetic - not Pat Conici,  
someone who didn't know you at all.  
Well, ~~I was very disappointed in~~  
his reaction was completely negative.  
I was very disappointed, but his  
reaction was so definite that I  
felt I must have been too  
influenced by knowing you. He ~~felt~~  
the book was too self-absorbed. <sup>to have</sup>  
<sub>to be or any</sub> <sup>consequential possi</sup> ~~the~~  
didn't feel it was possible to identify  
with Jane, because <sup>her situation was so</sup>  
~~it was such a~~  
Special ~~situation~~ - it would have no  
interest to anyone who didn't know  
you - and none of the other characters

were developed enough to create any  
interest. I don't quite know what  
to tell you to do - whether you ought  
to try to develop the other characters  
to make it more of a novel - or

"It's not a novel, Marshall,  
and it never will be," I said. "If the  
reader has no interest in Claire the  
book has failed and no amount  
of other characters would help."

"I'm afraid you're right."

I could see that Marshall had  
finished. His voice sounded as though  
he wanted to go away.

"If you like I'll write you  
a little report on it," he said.  
I probably won't have time to do

it until ~~over~~ the New Year's weekend,

"Why don't you do that, Marshall.  
It doesn't matter now."

"Well, a Merry Xmas to you, Barbara."

"Same to you, Marshall. Good-bye,

I hung up. I was sitting at

an open phone on the lower floor at

Mark Cross. Several women had been

waiting impatiently for the phone.

Patsy was tactfully gazing at

some ice buckets. I arose and walked

toward her.

"Just what I thought. The  
very worst I thought. Completely

negative."

She took my arm gently &  
we walked through the crowd of

Xmas Sheppers to the street &  
into the cold December twilight.

"He thought the book was  
too self-absorbed. Would have no  
interest - because it doesn't apply  
to anyone else."

"He's wrong," said Patsy, who  
had read & loved the book.

"That's what's so horrible."

I said, "I know I am dealing with  
a situation of vital importance -

I see it all around me. How do

you find a meaning for your life

without a God when physical survival

is assured. I wasn't just kidding

about myself. I've talked to too many

other people who feel exactly the same need. ~~to~~ The problem is central. So the book is a total failure because dealing with this central problem it utterly failed to communicate even what it was about. A total failure."

I felt numb, heavy, unable to go on. But I will go on I thought grimly. There's no where else to go but on. It was like when I was having Stephanie & I was desperate to escape the pain. The doctor told me I had ~~no where~~ there was no where I could go. Oh so it is.

Patsy walked me towards Gr.

\* Central.

"Shall I wait with you on the train, she asked forlornly, sensing my unhappiness, part of the failure herself in that she had loved the book and being so much like me had lived through a lot of it - was the same God-damned self-absorbed

Clare that I was, dreaming of glorious creativity, of producing some thing of which we could be proud, and then being slapped in the face & told that what we had produced ~~was~~ would be no use ever to anyone.

"No, dear, you might as well go." I kissed her good-bye. I dreaded being alone, afraid to sit down alone & feel

\* The weight of the depression + to think  
of the future. Getting up each morning  
& going out to the guest cottage  
to write. What? Thrilling words that  
I think nobody but me, a + ridiculous  
act of communication to ~~the audience~~<sup>empty space</sup>.  
A pathetic failure.

Cut it out, Barbara. Self-pity  
will get you nowhere. Every author has  
had books turned down. This is your  
first rejection. Surely you're not going  
to cave in at that, why, it's even  
possible that some other publisher  
will like it. Try Hiram Hayden at  
Random House. I'd prefer that to  
dinking any way...

I know all about being strong -  
& I'll be strong. What else is God's  
name can I be but strong. I'll  
go home & smile & try to be gay

For the children's Xmas & then I'll  
start to write again. What I don't  
know. But something because otherwise  
I'd go out of my mind. The emptiness  
would drive me insane. I need to write  
now more than ever. And I suppose I'll be more  
self-absorbed than ever. The more I  
fail at it the more I'll need it  
the less I'll ever have of anything  
else.

~~X sat~~ ~~to~~ ~~see~~ So I thought as  
I found my seat & sat, the harsh  
light hurting my eyes so near to tears.  
You're lucky you don't have  
cancer. The thought rose up in me.  
What if you had just been told you  
had cancer & would die next year.  
Never recover. Compare that with

this. You know you'll recover from this  
rejection. If you don't you're not  
wasting savings anyway.

I know. But how can I trust  
myself - or Earl for that matter, when  
we're always so wrong. Wrong  
about everything. Earl thought his first

book would sell. It didn't. He thought

his second novel a masterpiece. It

was rejected by every publisher in

N.Y. including Viking. Then he turned

with all his strength to painting &  
for years & years & years has

had almost no one caring at all

about the work - in the face of

his powerful conviction that his

~~work~~ was in his work ~~has~~ the way

heart of his country ~~which~~ he  
is such a fervent citizen, that he  
was to be the spokesman for American  
~~the art.~~ And I, with all my  
hopes & plans - with my excitement  
for the ideas I had discovered in  
my writing, with my marvelous  
conviction that what I said would  
be of major ~~imp~~ importance to  
my world; I too was totally wrong.

But whatever wrongness exists in  
us, ~~whatever~~ <sup>exists</sup> ~~warp~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>vision,</sup> ~~is~~ it  
exists in so deep <sup>down</sup> + so far that it is  
us + not a superficial ~~a~~ speck of  
dust. If we are wrong it is our  
very nature to be wrong - to be  
wrong in an evaluation of our own work

in the terms by which we evaluate it,  
the world we live in + their essential  
need for what we do. Will we  
ever be needed if we have to so  
continue so long? I don't know. But  
the interesting thing is that there is  
nothing we can do to change who  
we are. We have no alternative things  
to turn into. We must live it out as  
Earl + Barbara. → then die.

~~When I told Earl about Dikrup's reaction  
at last the train arrived at Mullington. I drove home +  
came home. I drove into  
the dense war + seeing the festive  
chain of Xmas lights twinkling  
along the walk + the smoke  
coming quietly out the chimney  
+ the golden windows shining  
the dark December night. ~~the~~  
conscious on the lights without a~~

the darkness within me, I watched  
slowly & deliberately up the steps. Before  
I got to the front door, Grace opened  
it, ~~putting~~ <sup>leaning out</sup> her black smiling face.

There you are, Miss Hubbard.  
We was worried about you.

— Hello, Grace. You know the  
the train is always late.

Suzanne came to the door.

"Mummy, mummy, there you are."

She said hugging me the moment  
I stepped across the threshold —

Earl stood in the middle of the room,

I went to him & kissed him, holding  
on to him. Holding him. The

Xmas tree stood decorated & lit. The

fire filled the hearth with golden  
flame. Dinner was set for

\* as at the coffee table in front of J.  
The scene was so beautiful it made  
me hate myself for not being happy  
in it. While Cain murdered his brother.  
I turn upon myself. That is the difference  
in our stories.

I told Earl about J casually  
& we went on to talk of other  
things. He probably knew how  
badly I felt, but somehow it was  
not to be mentioned between us. ~~Then~~  
all his encouragement of me, he never  
could help resenting that I cared  
so much about a book I did -  
it took away from my caring  
about him, my needing him  
he felt. And so - when it was  
rejected, I ~~was in~~ could not come

to him in tears, to use his strength  
that I had willingly ignored in my  
attempts to create my own name &  
identity apart from him.

I went numbly to sleep. In  
the middle of the night Earl sneezed  
and I awoke, as if from a good  
dream into a bad reality.

"Completely negative reaction.  
Claire is of no interest. We don't  
want you."

I began to weep, my ~~pillow~~  
tears soaking my hair & pillow.  
Silently I wept, wanting desperately  
to feel the comfort of Earl's arms -  
but somehow not daring to go - afraid  
he would reject me, would pat me  
on the shoulder & kiss me coolly &

Fall when. ~~So I stayed~~ Because I had  
hurt him deeply + was a real trouble  
to him — ~~and~~ and he didn't really  
love me any more. Why should he.  
I was insisting that life in L.R. was  
intolerable + that we must move  
to N.Y. He had finally said  
alright, he'd have to move because  
I made his worthless the way I  
was hating it. But he wanted me  
that my failure to be made happy  
by what he had been able to  
give me was bound to change  
his feelings for me. If I did  
not love him — how could he  
love me? I think I kept most of the night

The next morning we both woke up  
to the tune of Alexandra's baby singing  
down the hall.

"Good-morning darling, Earl said  
how are you?"

"Fine," I said smiling. Just then  
hid his eyes, shielding them from the light.

So now lets be done with  
it & go on to write another book. Let's  
work well, Barbara, & never lose courage.

~~You are to <sup>be</sup> going to do~~

Tuesday, Jan. 27

I am in a real quandry about the book. I let Nancy read it. Her reaction was positive; she felt it touched upon a central issue and touched upon it profoundly. Like Thelma she thought certain parts should be expanded to give a clearer picture of the outward situation against which Claire was rebelling, but that the book was definitely ~~set~~ publishable. Marshall still has his copy. He said he wants to show it to a woman reader. Naturally, I haven't heard from him yet. Should I spend more time reworking the book? Should I leave it alone for a while + write in my journal daily as I used to do, waiting for something to emerge, as Claire emerged? Or should I try to project myself beyond my immediate experience

into an imagined situation?

I think I'll give the book  
one more try. I have not reread  
it in over a month, having felt  
almost a physical revulsion at  
the idea of returning to it, returning to  
the old ~~the~~ excitements which have  
been furnished ~~in~~ rejection, each sentence  
mocking me: you love me + you love  
alone. Who likes to love alone?  
~~Nobody~~ But surely it is better than  
not loving at all, so I had better  
not become the others + reject  
myself. I am filled with the deepest  
admiration for anyone who has  
continued to trust himself in the  
face of rejection, without self-hatred  
or hatred of others, ~~etc~~ alive. Someone  
in other words who has remained

ALIVE.

One thing I have discovered in  
the past month of suspended animation

It is that the first book was essentially  
an unearthing of those questions ~~with~~  
about which I will write the rest of  
my life. I do not need to find new  
questions, rather to keep asking the  
same ones in new ways, in new contexts.  
I have had a strange time the  
past month. Grace has been sick, so  
I have been taking care of the house,  
cleaning, cooking, with the children  
constantly, living from moment to  
moment, from task to task, sealed  
off from the larger issues, the eternal  
questions, sealed into a warm cocoon  
of womanly work, into a womb, really,  
dark, comfortable, concerned only with  
keeping life going, not asking how,  
why or where. The result? A living  
death. When I stop working, I rest,  
empty, until revived enough to go on  
to the next task, till I stop to  
rest again, still empty. Every now &

then a flicker of light will enter the  
warm darkness, a phrase of E.S. Cummings,  
a crescendo of music, the sound of  
a winter bird, and I remember the  
passionate excitement of being alive to  
the world, in love with it, aware of it,  
discovering it anew with every breath  
I breathe. But the effort required  
to respond fully, to tear myself from  
the dark room, to go naked again into  
the light is more ~~to~~ energy than I  
can muster, so I turn my back on the  
light and proceed with the next task,  
arranging flowers, folding diapers, cutting  
into the firm, white flesh of mushrooms,  
~~grate~~ saying to myself that after all  
Grace is sick + these things must  
be done. Lying. Dying.

Another factor is that now that  
Earl has consented to move to N.Y. in a  
few years — he says 3 — my attitude

Howard - Lime Rock is a waiting one.  
Waiting to leave. I feel almost totally  
removed from the community + its  
activities, no longer resentful, merely  
indifferent.

My interest in the world of men  
+ things is now definitely centered in  
New York. Through Thelma and Brad we have  
met quite a few interesting people:  
Stuart Davis, James Johnson Sweeney,  
Adolph Berle, Max Lerner, Max Eastman  
as well as many younger people, which  
~~with~~ I look forward to knowing when  
we move to N.Y.

The relationship between Earl +  
me is difficult to analyze. I ~~have~~ <sup>am forever</sup> forced  
him to uproot himself, ~~make~~ <sup>make</sup> it clear  
that I cannot live in the way  
he wants to live, that I must be given  
access at least to the world that  
stimulates me. He has acquiesced

I suppose because it was more disturbing  
to his well-being to be constantly irritated  
by my resentful discontent than  
to move to a place he does not want  
to live in. His reaction was basically  
selfish, as was mine, ~~as are all reactions~~  
He did not take refuge in selflessness  
or injured pride or martyrdom. He said  
he ~~was~~ is fully responsible for his  
decision, ~~the~~ and decided as he did  
on his own free will for his own sake.  
given the circumstances — me being  
the circumstances!

To the extent that I ~~am~~  
deny his capacity to make me happy,  
I ~~have~~ cut him off from me. <sup>But</sup> all  
I have really done is faced up to the  
reality of the situation. He was not  
making me happy; he was preventing

<sup>me from</sup> living the life I want to live, and I finally  
decided that I could not stand by & see  
myself accepting a life that bored me.  
I was not nice, nor feminine, nor  
lovely, sacrificing, sweet or charming.  
I made a stand for my own sake with  
no frills.

The surprising, the instructive  
thing about it, was that once I had  
made such a stand unequivocally,  
I was irresistible, not to be denied. ~~The~~  
~~opposition~~ ~~met~~ Earl's adamant  
opposition was actually based on the  
fact that I ~~was~~ had not been adamant,  
had been soft and giving in my  
demand, when I was not, he changed.  
Have we gained or lost in our life  
together. I can only see a gain. No  
relationship can be based on sacrifice &  
survival. Resentment will destroy it.  
Fortunately for me, I do not believe that

\* Earl will accept himself as a sacrificial lamb. He will not sacrifice for me. He will defend his vital interests, I must help him do so.

This all sounds very cold. And it is. ~~the~~ Where is the love that accepts all, that follows the lover to gaol, to prison, to war, to exile, that needs only the lover to live. Gone. That love is gone. And we are each left with an own needs to satisfy in our own ways, sometimes together, often alone. Have I destroyed ~~it~~ <sup>that other love</sup> &

Have I laid the foundation for a greater love? I do not know.

Feb. 3 - (Earl is 35 today)

I reread my book and found it tepid. ~~the~~ ~~excit~~ There is not enough ~~living in it~~ and too ~~are~~ too many

conclusions and not enough living in it.  
The conclusions, the ideas that I distilled  
from living experience, are not in them-  
selves strong vital enough to make  
the reader experience them. And that  
is what literature must do. Give  
the reader an experience as intense,  
more intense, than his own, so that,  
when he is finished, something  
has happened to him; he has  
not simply been told something.  
What he has learned he has learned  
through experience, the only way  
that counts. That's the vitality  
of literature, the art of it.

Anyway, most ideas are old.  
We've all the great ones are. We have  
heard them since we first learned  
to speak, to hear, to read, what is  
new, every time, is individual experience.  
My experiencing the old ideas, discovering  
them, rejecting or accepting them, that's

new.

So, what shall I do with my book. There are a few parts that make me live as I read them, but relatively few. Earl says that I have now reached the point where art comes in. Now that I am removed from the problems a bit, no longer in the act of discovering them, I will be able to dramatize them, to calculate my effects with a reader in mind. ~~rather~~ Now that I have lived through the book, I must make the book live on its own. This is what rewriting means for. Patsy says that she doesn't think I will feel revived enough to begin anew until I get out of this womb-like existence here in Lime Rock.

and take a renewed interest in the world  
around me. I told her how incapable  
I seem to be, or rousing myself out of  
the torpor <sup>into</sup> which no-people, no-activity  
puts me. She says she understands  
this perfectly & knows that once in  
a new environment, after all these  
years - I will bloom. But it is  
dangerous to wait. I begin to doubt  
my very capacity to feel alive, to  
accept myself as the dreary, common  
creature I seem. And how I hate to  
feel ordinary; how ordinary such a  
feeling makes me; how vicious the  
circle - and how tedious yet just  
when I ought to take interest in  
outside things, when that is the fuel  
I need, just at these times, am I  
barely capable of caring about anything?  
I wonder if I ought to try  
some experiments to unlock the  
life within me. Just start writing  
about someone & see what happens!

"It see to him he should be most  
in a hole if his history should  
prove all a platitude.

I haven't lived with a  
vain imagination, in the most  
besotted illusion.

The terrible truth was that  
he had lost, with everything else,  
a distinction as well; the things  
he saw couldn't help being common  
when he had become common to  
look at them. He was simply  
one of them himself - he was in the dust,  
without a peg for the sense.

9 difference

He had wandered from the circumference to the centre of his desert.

--- That all the while he had wasted the wait itself was his portion

The escape would have been to love her, then, then he would have lived. She had lived since she had loved him for himself; whereas he had never thought of her but in the chill of his egotism & the light of her use.

\* What is this terrible resistance to writing which I am suffering from. The fact is, I do not want to write and would accept anything else to do if ~~there~~ were anything else to do. But there is not. The reason I don't want to write is that I seem to be incapable of writing of anything but the immediate experience I am living through - & this ~~exp~~ the essence of this experience is that it bores me beyond endurance. I have been getting up at 6:00 to write in the hopes that in that twilight hour I might be able to penetrate the veneer of my boredom & get to living experience. But I don't seem to write any differently at 6:00 than I do at 9:00 or 12:00 or 3:00. What I dream of doing is writing out my desires, projecting the intensities of my unlied

\* hopes into words, to live my life that way.  
I am such a ludicrous picture to myself  
away? sitting with pen in hand, waiting  
for something that never comes, wholly  
centered upon a self that is wholly dormant,  
always & forever half-alive, half-awake.

The curious thing is that I do not  
give up, absolutely cannot give up,  
with an instinct as strong as  
self-preservation, I must hang on  
to that limb over the abyss. That's  
the way I feel about what would  
happen if I let go, stopped trying to write.  
Curious. It is self-preservation. What I am  
trying to preserve, to save from eternal extinction,  
is all that is within me untouched. This  
is life to be preserved, worth preserving, as sure  
as I breathe. Yet, it is incredible to me how  
self-centered I increasingly am. Oh, to  
think deeply about something else for a change.

Lydia insisted to herself that she would not settle for a life as she was living it. She was an American, an heir not only of the ages but of a particular father who placed her among the privileged in the most privileged of nations. At the apex - that's where you are, you ass - she joked with herself as she drove her three children to the small private school in the small town, Genond-exungia even, where she & her artist husband <sup>had</sup> lived for the past 10 years. Either Pioneers, her husband called them, discovering new spiritual values for themselves, given things - all the things they needed, or money enough to buy them - and given no god, a universe devoid of purpose except the purpose they gave it, ~~the~~ ~~accepting~~ ~~the~~ unknown as a requisite to their freedom.

Mon. Feb. 16

I have been reading about a fascinating woman. <sup>Rule Benedict.</sup> ~~Why fascinating?~~

Because she was, at my age, so like me. She has given me courage. I am not alone. Her problem - before she found anthropology, + perhaps even afterwards was, how to draw together into one stream of energy, three selves: The self that needs to love, to be loved and give love; the self that needs to write, to discover patterns, to be intensely alive to experience + finally, the social self that wants to work effectively among its peers, to prevail, to influence, ~~to touch + be touched~~, to be at the active center of an enterprise of value.

Before she fell in love + married she ~~it~~ while she was teaching in a girls' boarding school, she felt that

if what was lacking was love. Although  
her job bored her, was something to be  
endured, she <sup>with like itself</sup> quite naturally felt  
that the answer would not be another  
job, but a man to love, & children. Then  
the man came, wooed & won her &  
in an ecstasy of joy, she felt  
at last alive, her existence justified  
by the aliveness, the joy, indeed the  
only "justification" that suffices. She  
looked with loathing at her former,  
dead self that had hoped to find  
justification & meaning through  
accomplishment, good works, if not through  
love. The central core of a woman's  
life was to love, <sup>that was</sup> the only fulfillment.  
This lasted a while. Her husband was  
a brilliant professor of medicine, <sup>naturally</sup> he worked <sup>all day</sup>  
and for a short period she <sup>enjoyed</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~at~~  
her leisure at home, <sup>warmed by</sup> full of the new

light that love <sup>shed upon her</sup> ~~filled her~~ with content  
to bask in it. But how long can <sup>one</sup> ~~you~~  
lie in the sun? Much ~~was~~ she loved him  
& he her, she had her days to fill.  
She made plans, she would write a  
study of three women, Margaret Fuller,  
Marian Wollensthaft & one other, who  
had shared the restlessness she knew  
so well; she would study Goethe &  
a new language etc. But what  
happened? She tried, but seemed to be  
unable to direct her energies with  
purpose. Her intelligence seemed  
mussy - (oh familiar...) her <sup>direction</sup> ~~purpose~~  
unclear. She could not tolerate  
life without direction, refused to settle for  
the minor routines that made the life  
of women acquaintances seem so pitiable.  
If only she could feel intensely, burn with  
a passionate flame - but how? She was  
faced with the same problem I was. Once  
you have love, it does not consume all

your energy nor justify your whole existence.  
Love becomes, not an end in itself, but a  
vital fuel with which to go on growing.  
I asked a friend of mine the other night  
how she thought love could be made  
to endure. "By parting frequently" she  
said after some thought. The only woman  
she could think of who continued to "part  
for her husband," was one whose husband  
was always going away on business trips.

Now ~~is~~ obviously my friend was talking  
about the endurance of a certain kind  
of all-consuming love - which in general  
lasts only till consummation becomes an  
accepted, if ~~wonderful~~ <sup>+</sup> ~~useless~~ reliable  
state. This is ~~clearly~~ <sup>clearly</sup> ~~the solution~~ <sup>the solution</sup>.

It is  
like answering the question, how can I  
love life, by suggesting that I almost  
die every day, ~~get very sick~~ <sup>take</sup> mortal

asks in contrast with which she were possession  
of the life spirit becomes a desire  
blessing, as it is in that context. B

But to return to Ruth Benedict.  
When was she unable to write well  
& keep her love, too. I am not sure  
this is inevitable, but one seemed to  
deny the other, to jeopardize the other. Her  
husband was resentful that she ~~seemed~~  
so desperate to need a  
job of her own to pay her own way

(figuratively) - a purpose of her own.  
It seemed to him a rejection of their  
love, of him. She denied that her need  
should be so construed, insisting that  
such <sup>personal</sup> fulfillment as she craved could  
only enhance their love if she succeeded  
and she became determined to succeed...

by will power.. with her writing. Again  
familiar... But her will proved ineffective.  
she perseverated; she disappointed herself,

she did not know who she was writing  
for, herself or others. She wanted to  
be published, to "prevail," but she was  
not doing so, & began to doubt her  
ability <sup>self</sup> as well as her love. What did she  
do? she turned to her social self, began  
to organize day nurseries. Being  
competent, she organized them well,  
providing jobs for women & nurseries  
for babies. But what was her reaction?  
After months of this "busy work" she  
came upon a stray poem she had written  
& wept for the self, the writing  
self, she had been denying all this while.  
Unfortunately, her journal does not  
continue beyond this point. Just what was  
her reaction to her eventual total  
commitment to anthropology, I do not  
know, except that she became a

brilliant success + separated from her husband.  
This conclusion is certainly better than  
remaining with her husband, her love for  
him atrophying, her creative nature  
disorganized, + her social self limited  
to odd jobs at off hours. That would have  
been total failure. Instead she achieved  
a partial success. I suppose that the  
creative + social aspects of her nature  
were united in anthropology. <sup>But</sup> what happened  
to the woman for whom love was the  
only justification in living? Did she die? Was  
she absorbed in the other two? Or did she  
go on desiring?

What I am aiming for, naturally  
is a trinity, a three in one, a total  
fulfillment. Along with Ruth Benedict I  
sense the vast difference between what  
most human beings are + what they could  
be. This is not only a woman's problem  
But being a woman, I tend to ~~miss~~ the

particulars with which I deal are feminine.  
particulars.

How to write these 3 faces of Eve Do I  
know of any examples. Has any woman done  
it? I will look through literature a bit  
to see. As I see myself now, I

am trying the horizontal approach  
to try to move all three parts of myself together, knowing  
that to leave one or the other beyond would  
be partial suicide. But I am not  
moving very fast, if at all.

Earl says it is very difficult  
to know how to help me.

For him to know how to help me  
is not a simple matter of you  
wanting to write - you would simply do  
it. But you complain that something  
you are unable to write as you

want to - that your experiences have  
been too limited, But anyway you aren't able to get at  
them.

my to write. And I decided not  
to interfere, not to ask you to read me  
writing even because then I

might be influencing you + denying you  
the independence you seem to need. On  
the other hand, if I do not know what  
you are writing, you turn to strangers  
to share it with, & a split develops,  
cutting us off from each other. That's  
not good either. I wish you'd solve  
this problem, Barbara. If you can  
write about this well, you'll have  
not only women readers - but men as  
too. Because men are baffled by women,  
they don't know what to do about  
their ~~problem~~ <sup>women</sup> - so it is a man's problem  
too. The best advice I can give  
you is trust your own interests -

" I hope you're right. After the  
last book I got rather intimidated,  
afraid that I am not interesting -  
or that what interests me is of  
no interest to a reader. - But I  
know this is not true. I think

I could say without hesitation that every woman I have talked with whose been to college + was living through the next 10 yrs with children + husband was facing the same situation I am - the main difference is one of degree."

"Yes. What you've got to do is be completely feminine in your point of view. To the extent that you write like a man - or try to - you will fail. That's been the main difficulty of women who want to have the kind of need you do - they imitate men. They'll never be good at that - and it will never satisfy them either. Write like a woman, ~~about~~ <sup>not</sup> a man. Profoundly womanly <sup>you are</sup> the better. There's your answer." said Earl.

I smiled at him.

"I knew it would be a man <sup>who</sup> that found it."

Sat. Feb. 21

Sandy Richardson read the book for Lippincott. He compared it to a relatively weak play performed by a group of unusually competent players. He gave me the famous advice:

Dramatize  
Dramatize  
Dramatize

He said Springtime Passion was actually an essay in extreme form, that I must try to think of a story first & let the ideas develop from the story around. Rather than the other way. The people at Lippincott think I've "made a good start." Oh God!

Jack &

The large beer-hall was ~~empty~~ almost  
~~empty~~. ~~dark, dark & empty~~ ~~empty~~  
~~the~~ ~~f~~ A few with that  
hollow coldness of a place that <sup>was</sup>  
meant to be full. The <sup>varnished</sup> wooden tables  
reflected the dim light mournfully; the  
waitresses, dressed in peasant blouses & shirts  
with large collars, were grave, Leslie  
thought. They did not sink into the  
emptiness, but rather smiled cheerfully  
as if everything were as it should be.

March 10

My desire to write has subsisted,  
but its withered ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaving</sup> and ~~left~~ <sup>leaving</sup> an emptiness,  
~~withered down~~ and ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaving</sup> a memory  
like an ~~old~~ ancient passion, ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaving</sup> a memory  
of ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> passion, ~~a long~~ <sup>a long</sup>. I ~~miss it~~ <sup>miss it</sup>, know  
I am less alive without it, more at  
rest, but the kind of rest that  
comes from emptiness rather than fullness  
I say to people: "The most wonderful  
peace has descended upon me. I guess  
it must have something to do with  
pregnancy - the last few months. For  
I know that nothing I do can  
compare in importance with simply being,  
waiting. What a relief it is not to  
feel I must do something."  
But I do not mean it.

April 21

"Well, what do you think I'm trying to do?"  
Earl asked as we sat settled down in front  
of the portrait of Alexandra which he had  
brought in earlier that evening.  
I studied the painting, stimulated by  
his direct question to muster the vague  
reactions which remained in darkness - in  
side me.

"I keep wondering if the painting  
is rich enough." he continued as I sat  
thinking. "Some times it seems too simple -  
simple-minded..." he laughed drily &  
relit his cigar.

"What you're trying to do, it  
seems to me," I said slowly, "is to  
~~revitalize the great~~ <sup>portray</sup> the greatness  
of the individual - ~~for~~ <sup>yourself</sup> years. You remember  
how we read that passage from A Farewell  
to Arms in which Hem. said he couldn't  
bear to any longer to use words like

\*  
courage, honor, glory - that the only  
words that had any dignity left  
were numbers & names of places. Well,  
this is not true for you. Numbers  
& names of places - faceless things -  
are not ~~the~~ what you are going  
to focus on. You have the courage -

the need, let's say, to use those great  
words about ~~yourself~~ <sup>you have seen enough mourning,  
enough funerals, enough of a man's  
cruelty to</sup> man again, <sup>you've</sup> <sup>realized</sup>  
all that is the common place of our time. You need to realize  
what in man is not ordinary, not weak, or brutal or stupid.  
interested in <sup>partrahue</sup> in order to realize  
extraordinary the strength within you, <sup>a strength that does not come  
from gods or things</sup> actually. You

are doing self-portraits all the time. Your  
interest is not in the sitter - any more  
than F.L.W. was in the clients. You  
~~do~~ want to make your strength real,  
actual, & painting these people is the  
way you try to do it... That's why

\*  
I think you're a man of faith, a  
religious man: because this strength

in yourself which you believe in - it's fact based on faith. You are not in full possession of it. You're trying to possess it by painting people who manifest it - like the Word made flesh in the Bible, "

"Well how would you compare what I'm doing with ... ah ... Bonnard ... for instance?"

"It seems to me that Bonnard is painting a word in which man and his environment are in equilibrium. Man has created a home; the home reflects the man; the man reflects the home - and when Bonnard paints a breakfast table looking out on a summer garden - he's doing a portrait. If he paints one apple he's still doing a portrait, because he lived in one of these precious, balanced ones when man had created a home

in which he feet at ease, <sup>where everything is radiant with his touch.</sup> it was his  
he made it and it seemed secure. That's  
when I think his ~~po~~ figures blend  
so into the background. They are not  
lost; they are simply at peace with  
their world.

"Very interesting,"  
what would you say about Modigliani's  
portraits?" he asked.

"Ah - there's a different thing's  
happening," I said. "His men and  
women are no longer in harmony with  
their environment. ~~It~~ His people are  
not in control - nor are they striving  
to gain something or even to protect themselves.  
~~They seem to be~~ It's as if they were  
letting something happen to them. For all  
the sensuous beauty & those <sup>nudes</sup> ~~heads~~, there <sup>they</sup>  
<sup>suggest</sup> to me the melancholy of a picked flower,  
which at its height is nearest to death -  
a passive death, a withering away."

.. And you notice how the figures have emerged from the background? That wonderful harmony between man + his world no longer exists - his people are not at home - they are aliens. ~~do not know~~

"That's a very interesting approach, Barbara," said Earl - "about people + the background. What would you say about Rembrandt?"

"Rembrandt... I thought for a moment while <sup>the</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>great</sup> self-portrait came heavily before my eyes. "Rembrandt <sup>with</sup> <sup>his</sup> world." I was not at ease ~~in~~ his world." I said - "think of that self-portrait. Don't there a profound uneasiness in his expression. And the way he emerges from the depths of the background - the only light there is <sup>with</sup> <sup>darkness</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>around</sup> <sup>look</sup> that's the way of a man who is not at home. His world does not equal him in stature; his values are not

the values of the world in which he lives.  
That's the only real reason a man  
has to be uneasy, ~~to~~ because he is  
not at home, <sup>because he has no home.</sup> You're like Rembrandt  
Earl. You're not at home <sup>you're still have you</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>home to build.</sup>  
world you live in is not a reflection  
of your grandeur, your strength. That's  
why you can't play. Do you know  
that you are incapable of playing...  
~~it's as if you felt that if you stop~~  
working, there's nothing to sustain you.  
You fall into an abyss - because you've  
no home. A man can't play unless  
he has a home he's sure of. Well  
you're desperate to create that home -  
and you're doing it through these  
paintings; filling the world with people  
who share your values, who are ~~you're~~  
your equals. Because, after all, a home is only safe when  
there are enough people who share your values.

You're ~~much more like Rembrandt than like~~  
~~it.~~ You ~~are much more like~~  
uneasiness <sup>is</sup> quite different than Modigliani's -  
~~each other than like Modigliani because~~

Your uneasiness somehow implies a striving -  
a desire to create the word that will  
suit you, will rise to your stature. Whereas  
Modigliani's uneasiness has no hope about  
it, something is being done to him; he  
knows it; but he suffers it passively.  
It's as if uneasiness occurred going &  
coming - Going towards the creation  
of a home, ~~and harmony between you & your~~  
word, and ~~coming away, falling down~~  
from that balance - as Modigliani is  
doing. falling. "

" Uneasiness - - why you're right,  
Barbara - I've never heard it said about Rembrandt  
but now that you say it - it's obvious. Do you  
remember those ~~self~~-portraits of himself  
paintings of people in  
costume

in costume - helmets, ~~feet~~ armor and so on.  
It's as if he were trying, almost  
childishly to make the world grand enough  
to equal his own ~~the~~ great humanity.  
But it didn't work. It always came  
off slightly ridiculous. "~~Just~~

"I know it." I said - "very much

like our own age. No matter how many  
things anyone has <sup>acquired to him or has earned</sup>, the things do not  
sustain him, do not seem to create a  
home. ~~to~~ We do not know what

is good, what is worth working  
for - what is really valuable. That's  
why the sinking of the Titanic made  
such a deep impression on people. It  
was not <sup>only</sup> a ship that sunk - but  
a sure knowledge of what was good.  
Even if only a few had it, everybody  
acknowledged its value. But when do that  
acknowledged good today. Who can see

this is what I'm striving for and I am sure that when I achieve it, it will be worthy of my dreams, of my life.

"This is a great difference between us and the Greeks. ~~It is~~ These Greek sculptures, those beautiful youths - they were at peace even <sup>when</sup> if they were striving <sup>even when</sup> were in action - because they seemed to know what they were striving for and that it would be good, absolutely.

The Greeks had created a home, that harmonized with ~~the~~ <sup>them</sup> ~~man.~~ <sup>war</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>war</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> at ease -

just like Bannard's people were -

What about Michael ~~Angelo~~ <sup>as</sup> Michelangelo -

I said. "Were his great sculptured figures at ease, at home?"

"Let's see," said Earl, "then never struck me as being portraits of individuals..."

"I don't know about that," I said - "but it seems to me Michelangelo is closer <sup>in spirit</sup> to the Greeks than to Rembrandt"

because even when his men are engaged  
in heroic struggles — gigantic ~~str~~ exertions  
of strength, they seem to know <sup>that</sup> what they  
are striving for — and so <sup>is worthy the struggle</sup> are fundamentally  
at ease, they were not troubled as you + Rembrandt  
are.

"But, <sup>for</sup> you + Rembrandt, the values  
which you believe in you find in you —  
but not <sup>yet</sup> ~~in the world~~ <sup>accepted by the world</sup> in which you live.

It is up to you to create your own  
world so you can rest <sup>in it</sup> — play <sup>in it</sup> even.

That's when you simply were not  
able to make a background for your  
figures that satisfied you. Remember  
how you kept ~~on~~ doing your father's  
over + over again, making the background

to space larger + larger, filling it  
with thrusting shapes, with geometrical  
shapes, with colored forms — and nothing  
worked. It didn't work for a very good  
reason. That background, that home, <sup>for you to live in</sup> does not

exist yet and you cannot paint as if it did.  
So you were forced to focus completely on  
the figure, on the face even, as Rembrandt  
was forced to, because there is where  
your hope lies - in your own inner  
strength, that it may realize itself  
~~and be effective in creating a ha~~  
and make your world home - take that  
uneasiness out of your eyes so you  
can play.

\* "You know what's so marvelous  
about Picasso? He's found the only  
solution possible today. He has made  
his work play. He makes - believe -  
all the time - ~~think~~ ~~who~~ I never really

thought about that phrase before:  
make-believe ... it's his great genius -  
to <sup>make himself + others</sup> believe totally in what he does, ~~to make~~  
~~others believe too~~.

But there simply is no way today <sup>in our</sup> <sup>country</sup>  
to play ~~or~~ that has any dignity except if it  
can be called work."

+

"What would you say about Rouault," Earl asked. "What was his relationship to his environment?"

It seems to me that Rouault was in anguish because he saw that his God was dying, <sup>the word was not a Christian word</sup> <sup>Christ was impotent,</sup> <sup>his sacrifice in vain.</sup> <sup>bleed</sup> his figures with the background because the destruction of this God affected both the inner & the outer world, & things - both were going down to a flaming death together. What made me think of this was comparing the look of Rouault's people to Piero della Francesca. It's not the religious element that makes for an anguish in Piero's world ~~was~~ people were at peace - it's the destruction of the security which the religion used to offer that causes the trouble. Think in contrast of Piero's world. All his people are at ease - even if they are being flogged, they seem calm in the knowledge that the world is their home and their God provides absolute security since there is nothing else anywhere but Him - no unknown, no irrational

forces, no ~~abyss~~ that evil that <sup>is</sup> was not  
redeemable, is not somehow to be harmonized  
by God's goodness. Or think of Chartres -  
the joyousness, the gaiety it expresses.  
It was a time when people <sup>some one</sup> knew what  
was good."

"I think you're right, Barbara - and  
you've given me something very interesting  
to think about. We might say that  
the times for great portraiture are when  
man is not in harmony with his  
environment - that is when the individual  
emerges."

"I think that's right." I said. "and  
how exciting to think that your <sup>personal</sup> need  
has guided you in exactly this direction -  
for certainly man is not in harmony with  
his environment today. That  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the world  
is trying to build a home - physically - and  
we in America ~~have~~ were the first  
to do that, <sup>on a 6th scale</sup> ~~must~~ had build that home spiritually."

We must make ~~it~~ <sup>the home</sup> liveable. That's what  
I think you're doing, darling." I said to  
Earl -

~~Maybe that's why Miro is a lesser  
artist than Picasso," Earl said. "Somehow  
he seems to suspect his own magic - know  
it is a trick and he is a magician."~~  
"Yes, maybe

Where can you think of any place in this  
country where people ~~can~~ play - that attracts  
you? The big houses of Palm Beach + Long Island -  
the chauffeur calls with all the beautifully dressed  
women - isn't there something demeaning about  
it. That's why I liked the French Salon at  
its greatest with women like Mme de Staël +  
Mme Récamier. At least there when you dressed  
exquisitely + wore your jewels  
~~to go out, what you talked about, or at least~~  
was you were ~~not~~ going out to discuss

~~With~~ the great men of the age the great ideas of  
the age. ~~the~~ But today the grand manner  
seems cut off from its source of energy.

creative thought ~~+~~ & both suffer, the artist  
& practising his "craft" like any plumber  
and the wealthy spending ~~itself~~ <sup>themselves</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>out</sup> empty  
or else living ~~as~~ like plumbers themselves

"It's true," said Earl. "Think of the  
commuter - ~~the~~ many of them are biggest  
business leaders. How do they live - jostling

for mans ~~evend~~ on the train, dressed in  
mourning with ridiculous little hats on their  
heads, with at the most a flat ribbon  
pressed stupidly against the crown, ~~where~~  
rushing to work <sup>through</sup> traffic-jammed streets  
What's splendid about that - where is  
the color, the flair - the attraction?

"But to get back to an point,

Dear Doris,

Not that the issues we two are concerned about are not burning enough to ~~continue~~ span the time that slow boat takes to get from China to New York - but your letter just arrived and I had to place myself back in the middle of January, writing to you from ~~at~~ my desk, looking out at the grey sky with 4 months to go before the baby. I ~~have~~ always believed that ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup> eternal questions are answers to the eternal questions are, just as influenced by a change in mood, from January <sup>mood</sup> to April mood. So if my reply seems disappointed

Wed. May 6

~~X~~ Is it <sup>necessary</sup> too beautiful to write, on this  
May morning, watching Alexandra's smooth  
cream flesh move against <sup>the</sup> fresh mown green  
of the lawn? Is it necessary to describe  
the Golden coat of the dog as he lies,  
a grazed <sup>shape</sup> ~~piece~~ in the dark green shade  
of a young pine, or the birch leaves that  
just make lemon-green clusters on the  
back of the still gray mountain, or the blue  
sea of sky ~~at the ends of the~~ <sup>conversations of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>bird</sup> narcissus  
their orange frills alike to the breeze, or  
the cock crowing ~~at the songs of~~ <sup>the</sup> the  
white knives of jet trails making surf  
of the sky. ~~blue sky sea.~~

It seems to be necessary. But I  
would rather ~~want~~ <sup>would rather</sup> be able to let be. Just let it  
all be, let myself be. Especially now, with a

Baby growing inside me, so ready to be  
born, ~~the excitement sets me~~ kicking and  
kicking in ~~the waters~~ <sup>the fluid</sup> ~~primal waters~~ <sup>or my sea</sup> my  
body ~~that~~ <sup>which</sup> protects it for the last few  
weeks - How odd to feel both the mother &  
the child. But I do. ~~I~~ My body is a  
mother & my spirit to the extent my  
body ~~asserts its~~ <sup>so</sup> persuades; but then there  
is left the child, the seeker who wants  
to find <sup>it</sup> again, <sup>instead of</sup> provide to another  
peace beyond understanding.

Because I am not only a mother, but a child  
as well, I cannot let be. If I were all  
mother I think I could. But as I child  
who seeks, who <sup>makes</sup> demands, who wants to  
regain the central place it barely knew but  
never forgot, who seeks it endlessly, aimlessly,  
helplessly, in vain, how can I let be.  
It would mean death.

Just as I am both Mother & child  
I am ~~also~~ distorted & misshapen, but nonetheless  
~~also~~ woman. In my dreams. I dream the most

erotic dreams full of passion so fierce. I wake  
up ill with longing - to find, strangely, as  
my ~~eyes~~ <sup>senses</sup> accustom themselves from the  
brilliant dream night to the soft May morning,  
that I am self-contained & do not want  
to be touched, closed like a clam that inside  
is all ~~soft~~ + moist and warm + muscular.

So child, woman, Mother, yet  
all of these, none of them and yet  
infinite others besides, how little I  
know at any one moment of even that which  
is within my own skin, and has been for  
29 years, how little I know of it.

---

Thurs. May 7  
I seem miraculously to have regained  
my taste for life. I am able again  
to savor it. Without that it is all dust.  
With it, nothing else matters. I see  
certainly at a point where ideas do not  
seem to be the essential factor - what  
experience what I know, if I taste nothing

+ life is a waiting for nothing. But now,  
just sitting here watching the birds I am,  
for the first time in months + months, happy,  
for no reason, as usual.

---

\* Both extreme realism + extreme abstraction  
in painting imply materialism - an  
emphasis on ~~the~~ material rather than on the  
spirit or meaning.

---

\* Sunday, May 24

Earl Wade Hubbard, Jr. was born  
at 8:12 yesterday morning, the <sup>quickest</sup> ~~fastest~~  
delivery on my record. I woke up  
at 6:00 Sat. morning to a fresh  
sunny ~~to morning~~ dawn. ~~The new leaves were rustling~~  
were whispering out on the porch where  
they had ~~stayed~~ <sup>slept</sup> out in their sleeping bag,  
right next to the bunny coop. The <sup>air</sup> was thick with  
Jupiter birds' song.

was curled up in the yellow chair, looking  
in at me with his doleful eyes, his tail  
thumping gently against the leg of the  
chair. Earl was sound asleep. His dark  
thick hair ~~was~~ <sup>against the pillow</sup> ~~luxurious~~ <sup>seemed</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> me  
~~very~~ <sup>manly</sup> virile, exciting <sup>curling thickly</sup> I climbed <sup>got</sup>  
quietly out of bed and went out onto  
the porch. The sun was rising behind  
the trees. Some leaves were already gold,  
others remained metallic black in

Silhouette. ~~The May breeze~~ untouched by  
the light of day. Suzanne + Stephanie  
raised their heads ~~as~~ like two turtles.  
Jupiter's tail thumped even more rapidly  
and then he uncurled himself, pumped  
awkwardly at the chair, + ~~stretched~~ <sup>stretched</sup> & rubbed  
his noble head against my leg

' Good-morning, Mummy, in the

girls whispered - "How are you?"

"I'm fine, girls. Aren't you a bit chilly out here?" <sup>they nodded.</sup> "What's Alex doing?"

I walked further down the porch till I could see into their bed room, where we had moved Alexandra to make room for Mrs. Smith and the new baby.

There she stood in her crib, ringlets tight against her head, ~~a~~ yesterday's pink bow drooping among the crisp curls, cheeks rosy, lips blue with standing wet in the chill dawn, and a smile for me so bright & gay, ~~+~~ <sup>sharp brown</sup> ~~forgot~~ eyes

so full of greeting, I ~~£~~ went immediately to her and ~~looked~~ <sup>leaning down, held her</sup> her

solid, ~~Rabelasian~~ Rabelasian ~~figs~~ sharp ~~with~~ my arms.

"Mummy, Mummy - Wanna get up."

she clung to me, giggling slowly, with

some difficulty. I raised her out of the  
crib & giving the squirming shape another  
kiss, I let her go upon her way,  
immediately purposeful, like <sup>an</sup> ant  
always <sup>is</sup> involved in some significant  
project. ~~which is always ready to be~~

~~taken up when unforwards interruptions~~  
continued "Where's Suzana? where's

Stepa? Wanna go see ba ba -  
where's bunny? where's Daddy? Wanna  
go see Daddy."

"Let's go do do first, Alexandra.  
You're all wet."

"Do do, wanna go do do," she  
a ~~needed~~ toddling stiffly towards the potty,  
her bare feet slapping so solidly against  
the polished wood floor."

"Come on, in quilts," I called  
to Suzanne & Stephanie, following

Alexandra into the Bathroom.

I knelt down beside her as she stood next to the pot.

"Oh, what a wet girl," I said, removing the soaking diapers + pajamas. Her teeth began to chatter. I put on a fresh shirt + long sleeved sweater and she sat down on the miniature potty chair.

"Mummy sit," she suggested.

~~I sat upon the~~ I closed the toilet + sat down next to her.

"Mummy go do-dog" she said ~~for~~ pointing at the closed seat, raising her arm imperiously, indicating that I should join her ~~fi~~ literally as well as figuratively.

"Alright," I said, obeying her.

"Shhh, now, let's hear Alex go do-do." She smiled up at me coyly,

listening, then wrinkling her brow in mock  
displeasure, she announced, "Do-do's gone  
night-night," and arose.

By this time Suzanne & Stephanie  
had joined us in the bathroom.

"Get your robes & slippers  
on, dears," ~~she~~ said. "It's chilly this morning."

"Can I go & get breakfast &  
we'll eat with Alexandra?" Suzanne  
asked.

"Good idea. I'll get her dressed  
& go back to bed while you eat," I said.

"~~What~~ Damn this hair," said

Stephanie - "Will you fix <sup>my</sup> this pony tail."

"I beg your pardon - You'll get  
nothing from me swearing like that," I  
said sharply. Her mouth curved down in

a petulant sulk.

A wave of irritation spread through me. I did not want to start yet another day squabbling with Stephanie, descending to her own low level of demand, counter-demand, pout, sulk + make up only to start all over again.

"Come here, dear," I said. "I'll fix your Grands now."

I sat on the edge of the tub. She stood before me. Alexandra got off the pot + sat on the floor, trying to put on her dry panties, which I had laid out for her.

"Mummy sit here," she pointed to the space on the floor beside her.

"I will not," I said, laughing.

"Mummy's busy."

I undid Stephanie's rubber bands and began to brush out her long, black

Hair, when, like a strange, fierce  
fish, ~~shoot~~ breaking the surface of  
the calm sea, ~~a~~ ~~severe~~ ~~body~~-  
~~that~~ stunning pain wrenched my attention  
inward,

"Stephanie," I said, holding her  
tightly against my body, "Stephanie,  
I feel a wonderful pain. Maybe it  
means the baby is coming."

Stephanie's face colored with  
excitement. She turned toward me  
and put her arms around me. We  
held each other tightly till the pain  
subsided and I released her. It felt so  
good to have her <sup>firm</sup> little body  
hold on to.

I finished braiding her hair, Suzanne  
appeared with the tray full of wheat honey,  
milk, sugar & bowls.

"Dummies, numies," said Alexandra, standing up with her pink cotton panties ~~at~~ ~~holding her~~ raised to the knee. She began to hobble toward Suzanne. I finished dressing her, + sat down on the bed to watch them as they clustered around the tray on the bedroom floor, <sup>dishing out</sup> ~~setting up~~ ~~themselves~~ their picnic breakfast.

Another pain etched its began, gained momentum and held me in its grasp ~~fast~~ and ~~exploded~~, rendering me helpless, thrilled.

"I'm going back to bed, quils," I said when it subsided.

holding my hands <sup>against</sup> feeling my stomach, thinking that only this thin veil of skin <sup>separated</sup> me from my child, <sup>so</sup> cherishing the uncertainty, ~~savoring~~ the

moment before the moment that was to

convince me the drama ~~was~~ had begun.

I eased myself into bed beside

Earl. He stirred + stretched.

"Good-morning, darling," he said. "How  
did you sleep?"

"Fine," I said, keeping my suspense  
secret, not wanting to alert him  
until I was sure. I lay there, looking  
out upon the rising day & the trembling  
leaves, alive to the moment, aware of  
the ~~day~~ instant with all the intensity  
that ~~is~~ <sup>makes</sup> of the passing present  
an eternity, as ~~an artist~~ <sup>fullfilling</sup> does.

Another contraction, sharp, incisive,  
Compelling respect. I breathed deeply.

"Earl," I've had a few  
sharp pains. I just had a strong  
contraction. Let's time it till the next

one. "Earl reached calmly for his watch. "It's  
six minutes or seven," he said.

I was too excited to stay in bed

I went into the bathroom and began ~~ambles~~ vaguely to put the last minute things into ~~my~~ the suitcase which had been standing half-packed in the bathroom corner for the past few days.

Another irresistible contraction. I sat down on the green Saarinen chair, and trying to keep my voice from trembling I called, "I'm having another one. What time is it?" Tears of excitement filled my eyes.

"7:00," he said, a note of real alarm in his voice.

"I better call the doctor," I said, walking deliberately to the phone. "Endicot four five two hundred, please."

"Hello," the familiar voice of Dr. Gudernatch answered.

"Good-morning, doctor, this is Mrs. Hubbard," voice wavering, "I have had

several strong contractions. They seem to be coming every five minutes now.

"Oh, good. You bet that's wonderful. You'd better come right down to the hospital."

By this time Earl was out of bed, dressing rapidly.

"You call, Grace, darling. I'll get dressed," I said, filled with the gaiety & vigor that ~~comes~~ <sup>is</sup> intense that comes to me at those precious moments when all possible dreams but one, all possible lives but one are excluded in favor of a <sup>real</sup> ~~cause~~ <sup>action</sup> which is supremely important ~~rendering~~ <sup>deitalizing</sup> all other possibilities, ~~the moment~~

I dressed, brushed my teeth and hair, ~~clear~~ <sup>aware of</sup> each gesture as the last test of its kind before the birth; the last test time I would brush my teeth. I would know, was my child born alive, normal, male, female, like me, like Earl, like

no one, wrinkled + red, smooth and pink,  
easy birth, pain + agony, catastrophe, triumph

"Are you ready, Barbara," Earl called  
to me, his voice tense.

"Yes," I said, "I'll just say  
good-bye to the girls. ~~Flashed~~ You take  
my suitcase." I glanced quickly at him  
to judge his condition. He looked lean  
& handsome in a grey cashmere pull-over  
& corduroy trousers, only the rapidity  
of his movements showed his anxiety.

I walked down the hall. "Girls,"  
I called, "I'm going to the hospital."

"Oh, Mummy, Mummy," they  
came running out of their bedroom  
to cluster ~~at~~ like excited birds around  
a tasty crumb.

"Is the baby coming?" Suzanne  
asked gently, with wonder in her eyes.

"I think so, dear."

Stephanie began to weep, clinging

to me, too excited, for me, to say anything.  
"Grace will be here any minute.  
Now you take good care of Alex till  
she comes."

"Can we call the Bradford's now?"  
Suzanne asked, remembering that Thelma  
had promised to take them overnight  
when the baby came."

"It's too early, darling. Tell Grace  
you can call them at 9:00."

"I can tell on my watch," said  
Suzanne, proud now of the accomplishment  
she had so persistently resisted learning  
from Earl.

"Good-bye, Mummy," said Alexandra,  
her face covered with brown sugar, her  
bib dripping with milk. I kissed her  
& did not want to let go, <sup>my head buried in her sweet</sup> Earl had <sup>soft neck.</sup>  
said he did not think it possible we  
could ever love another baby so much, & it

was true. This child had touched a love  
love for this child had reached a depth  
of passion, an exclusive quality, that  
brought Earl and me very close in our  
mutual joy, comparable only to the  
# # <sup>self-centering</sup> ~~unique~~ wonder we felt when  
first aware of our own love for each  
other. Earl had told me a few nights  
before that he thought the most  
important thing that had happened to  
me in the past few years was my  
love for Alexandra, the enrichment of  
such a love being significant beyond  
all telling.

As I held her close those last  
few minutes I knew that the deeper,  
the more exclusive a love seems, the  
more place it makes for other loves,  
the wider the heart becomes. ~~For~~ The love  
I felt for Alexandra gave me the courage

a word that derives from heart, to be  
~~prepared~~ to ~~include another~~ & yearn  
passionately for another life to love.

"Come on, Barbara, let's go," said

Earl, impatient now.

He took my arm & we left  
the three girls behind. We stepped out  
into the radiant morning, now but  
the sun now fully risen, & the  
~~world~~ illuminated. The new Spring  
vivacious as I.

I stopped on the steps,  
clinging to Earl. "Just wait till this  
contraction is over," I said, closing my  
eyes, engulfed in pain as I had been  
an instant before in joy.

We proceeded slowly to the  
waiting station wagon which Earl had  
driven out of the car port.

My knees were chattering with excitement

"I must say I'm being awfully considerate," I said as we started. "You had a good night's sleep. Dr. Gudernatch had just woken up - and I'm as rested as a mother can be."

"I think we'll take the short cut to Sharon," Earl said, turning right at the base of an driveway down the narrow, winding White Hollow Road.

"Good idea," I said. "You see, I chose an hour when there won't be much traffic."

We passed a few cars coming the other way. I thought, absurdly, that perhaps the drivers might suspect that I was in labor going to the hospital. What else would I be doing on the road at this hour, they might wonder. I smiled at myself.

Another contraction came. I closed my

eyes. Pain is like making love in this one respect: it excludes all else, demands my total attention. I close my eyes to close out all the world but the feelings

"What time is it?" I asked

"7:15. That's every 3 minutes now. My God, Barbara, they're coming faster & faster. ~~You~~ This business about you're

having plenty of time is a joke. We don't have a moment to spare."

I lit a cigarette.

"Do you think you ought to

smoke," Earl asked.

"I'm so excited. I don't see why not," I said, my hand trembling, the cigarette tasting wonderful.

Another pain. "There's no doubt about it," I said. "The baby's on its way." I said, now a full participant in the

drama, it being at last not a rehearsal,  
but the ~~irretrievable, not to be in~~  
indelible opening ~~right~~ for which  
all else has been but preparation.

We drove slowly down the  
main street of Sharon, its giant eaves  
rustling grandly in the morning breeze,  
~~the green~~ shadowing the central  
green with flickering light; past  
Dr. Gudernatch's small country office  
where month by month through the  
brilliant fall & long grey winter I  
had gone to be examined, to lie upon  
the table while he listened to  
the fetal heart beat and felt the  
shape develop, and finally winding  
into the large parking area in front  
of the Sharon Hospital.

"You get right out and I'll  
follow you in," said Earl.

I eased myself out of the car

and into the dim, warm waiting room. I sat heavily upon the ~~the~~ taupe colored plastic-covered couch, thinking how ugly ~~the color~~ it was, filling the synthetic texture with the palm of my hand as I bowed my head to endure a consuming contraction. Earl came running in. He tapped upon the glass of the reception window. No response.

"I'm going to find a nurse," he said, half-running down the corridor. In a moment I saw the pleasant & familiar face of one of the nurses I remembered from Alexandra's <sup>birth.</sup> ~~delivery~~

"Well, Mama Hubbard - I should have been here to greet you." I smiled at her, trying to get up, ~~but~~ unable to stand erect. "I'm not sure I can walk," I said.

"I should have brought the wheel chain," said Georgette, the nurse. "You certainly don't waste any time, Mama," she said.

I took Earl's arm + together we walked down the corridor towards the elevator. A wheel chair appeared from somewhere and I sat down gratefully. The three of us went up in the elevator to the second floor.

"Papa Hubbard, you go and wait in her room," said Georgette.

I wanted to look up at Earl, to smile at him, hug him, say good-bye, but I could not. There was no respite between pains. I was no longer in control. Forces beyond my will were taking over and I, willing or unwilling, was now the vehicle of a miracle, ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~figure~~ in a play.

I was wheeled into the labor room, which I remembered from Alexandra. I took off my black shirt, bra, white maternity blouse + panties, throwing them <sup>with relief</sup> into a heap at the foot of the bed, thinking with pleasure that it made no difference at whatsoever if the clothes were wrinkled.

✓ I put on the heavy cotton "Johnny" dipping it in the front, naked, unconcerned in my nakedness in this hospital world where the body has different meanings, is viewed in a different context. One of the nurses began to shave me. I used to find this procedure intensely embarrassing, but ~~and~~ the pains were coming too fast to allow for modesty.

"You're separating nicely," said Georgette.

"I am!" I said. "Am I dilated?"

"About one finger." she said.

"Alright, over we go." She ~~move~~ The stretcher had been brought in and wheeled next to the bed. With the help of several nurses, I ~~helped~~ eased myself onto the stretcher.

He ~~stode~~ Dr. Gudernatch, his mask on, but still in his outside clothes.

"Hello, Doctor. I am glad to see you," I said, grateful for his ~~as~~ large & comforting presence.

"Easy now. Put your hands at your sides, the doorway is narrow."

I felt as though I were going to fall off the stretcher, as if I were

balancing myself on a narrow plank over a vast height. The stretcher

was wheeled out. I raised my arms over my head and clung to the ~~do~~ top

end, ~~as~~ as I made the short but decisive journey, the journey <sup>between</sup> ~~between~~ <sup>corridor from the</sup> ~~the~~, labor ~~to~~

pregnancy + birth, <sup>across</sup> ~~between~~ the ~~del~~ room to the delivery room.

In the delivery room the great, white  
eye of the lamp focused relentlessly  
upon the table. The ominous leg braces  
and straps stood empty, waiting. I  
was lifted from the stretcher to  
the table. I looked up at the large  
clock. 7:50. The time sunk deep  
into my consciousness. The contractions  
were coming steadily, relentlessly. They  
gave me a shot to ease the pain,  
draped the sheets over my legs, put  
my feet in the stirrups.

"Push, now, Barbara, when you  
have a contraction. It will ease the  
pain."

It was true. Bearing with the  
pain rather than withdrawing from it  
helped. I pushed and felt the moving  
force within me descending, <sup>toward the light.</sup> The pressure  
increased. They put the gas mask on

my face so I could breathe deeply of  
its exhilarating fragrance.

"I'm going to break the water  
now," the doctor said.

"Will it hurt?"

"No, it will feel good."

with a deft movement, he  
released the water and a marvelous  
flood gushed forth, relaxing me utterly  
for a moment. Then the pressure  
increased again. Harder + harder. Again  
I tried to withdraw, to pull my body  
away, rather than bear into the center  
of the pain.

"Push, Barbara, it will soon  
be over. I took courage and pushed with  
all my strength, afraid of that awful  
searing pain of tearing flesh. But it did  
not tear. The pain was endurable;  
the head was out; the pain subsided, +

with the relaxation I felt the rubbery  
unseen contours → my baby slipping  
easily out of me into the doctor's hands.  
I raised my head as I heard its  
cry & saw it with the cord attached.  
"What is it" I cried.

"It's a boy," said the Doctor.

"A boy." I can't believe it.

Oh, I'm so happy. a boy, " I  
began to weep with joy, laughing and  
crying. "to be normal?"

"He's perfect. He's a  
beautiful boy. = You were wonderful, Barbara

"Oh, doctor, you were wonderful  
Thank you. Oh, I'm so happy -"  
I ~~kept~~ kept repeating through my tears.  
"Where is he, let me have him."

"Now, just a minute. We're cleaning him up. And we ~~to~~ still have to get rid of the afterbirth."

He pressed down hard on my abdomen. I groaned. Nothing came out. "We'll have to wait a few minutes," he said.

~~The~~ My son was crying wotily. The Dr. Gudernatch was circumcising him.

"Does Earl know. Has anyone told Earl," I asked.

"Yes, he knows," one of the nurses said. I settled back, engulfed in complete euphoria.

Finally they brought Wade to me, all wrapped in a blanket, Earl's face - it was Earl's face for the 4<sup>th</sup> time - all pink & ~~and~~ clean with rosy lips & smooth, unmarked skin.

"Give him a kiss," said the nurse

pressing his head next to mine. I kissed him on the cheek, overcome with joy and wonder.

The doctor turned his attention back to me, pressing again on my abdomen. The after-birth came out; the last vestige of pregnancy was over. A new life had begun.

"Alright, she can go to her room now," said the doctor. I turned over from back to stomach, ~~at~~ rolled onto the stretcher. They covered me with a sheet and wheeled me toward my room to Earl. ~~I was~~, My happiness was so intense I became shy, tongue tied with joy.

"Oh, darling," said Earl, bending down to embrace me. "You're so wonderful. I clung to him as best I could, weeping."

then lifted me into my bed. Earl sat  
down beside me and held me tightly.

"Can you believe it, darling, we  
have a son. I just can't believe it."

I was drugged still, incoherent, dry-  
mouthed, unable to contain the  
ecstasy of the moment.

"Don't go away," I said,  
clinging to him.

"I won't go anywhere, darling,"  
he said, holding me.

"Have you seen him," I asked.

"Yes, he's beautiful."

"He looks like you, just like

you." "Oh, we're so lucky. You know,

I never thought it would make any difference -

but having a son is a new experience - it

means something new to me. A daughter has

to wait for a man to give her direction,

to put the final shape upon her. But a son must take this responsibility himself. He can't leave it to a woman. So everything counts more in a boy - it's more serious somehow. And I'm so glad he looks like you. You're so handsome," I said, drawing him to me again, kissing him as he laughed.

"There is something about having a son," Earl said. "There is always the hope, even if unstated, that he will move the world, will change the face of the earth. With each new ~~birth~~ <sup>man-child</sup>, there is that hope that makes the birth a moment of mystery. Will this be one of the gods - a man-god?"

I lapsed into a drugged & blissful state, half-awake, half-asleep, waiting fitfully

for the moment when they would bring  
~~the~~ Wade to me. I had learned that he  
was born at 8:12, ~~and~~ weighed 7 lb  
5 ounces and I had ~~seen~~ heard his  
cry & caught a fleeting glimpse &  
brushed his cheek with my lips, but  
I had not held him and he would not  
be real, be mine, till I had held him,  
alone, in my arms.

At 6:00 that evening, ~~the~~ a  
nurse came <sup>briskly</sup> ~~bursting~~ in with a <sup>small</sup> ~~rusty~~  
package in her arms.

"Here he is," she said, matter-of-  
factly, <sup>she</sup> put him in my arms and walked  
swiftly out. ~~on her rubber-soled shoes~~

I gazed at him, eagerly trying  
to make something I recognized out of  
the ~~&~~ tiny red face, engulfed ~~in~~ <sup>by</sup> that  
amazing tenderness that existed within a

~~mother~~ <sup>me</sup> full-blown, as it were, ready to  
love what ever she has <sup>borne</sup> ~~borne~~, ~~&~~ paper

only  
1 to see the object of love, for the love  
already had been generated, has been  
waving like its tendrils like a vine,  
waiting for the solid shape upon which  
to ~~weave~~ it <sup>support</sup> ~~sustain~~ itself and grow, flourish.  
He had Earl's <sup>broad</sup> generous brow, his deep  
set eyes, his full mouth, his ample  
chin & somehow most <sup>surprising</sup> ~~obvious~~ of all <sup>to me</sup>  
Earl's hands, the fingers shaped exactly  
like Earl's: long, fine, square tipped, with  
nails exactly like his. The nose looked  
like Earl's on top, but the nostrils flared  
wider, the nostrils were all Wade's, like  
no one else's. Certainly there was  
nothing of me to be seen anywhere  
except his ears. This has happened  
now all four times. The only ~~trace~~ trace  
of maternal influence is ears!

I put my index finger in the  
palm of his hand. He grasped it, with  
that instinctively, as all babies do,  
But but it seemed to be his first

direct and personal response to me, and  
tears of joy again came to my eyes.  
I pressed him to me and gave way to  
the unadulterated happiness of the moment.  
This is what I had been waiting  
~~yearning~~ <sup>desiring</sup> for so long, longer even than  
the nine months of pregnancy. I had been  
longing, almost desperately, for the sense  
of completeness, of total fulfillment, which  
at the present stage of my life is  
denied me by any other means but  
child-birth. That is the drastic truth. I  
am unable to respond to life, as it  
presents itself to me day by day in  
Line Rock with anything like the  
full resources of my nature. I ~~confront~~  
~~the day like an engine whose 3/4 of~~  
~~whose cylinders need re~~ The events  
of my day do not ~~arouse~~ arouse my  
full attention, <sup>or interest</sup> & I have been unable to

fabricate events that will. That is why  
child-Girth was such a sought-after  
experience. It ~~was~~ would, ~~to know~~, demand  
and get from me a total, dramatic  
response. I would be a full participant  
in life instead of a by-stander, as  
~~to~~ I had ~~been~~ <sup>felt</sup> for so long. As I  
~~looked~~ searched my son's face for  
signs of his future, I knew that  
of course I could not rely on him  
for long to illicit this full-bodied +  
soul response from me. He would soon  
take his place as one of four, a  
delight, a problem, a familiar part  
of a day already well-<sup>stocked</sup> provided with  
children's activities. My well-being could  
not remain his responsibility; it was mine  
As the days in the hospital passed slowly,

~~The~~ birth, which I had relived <sup>the birth</sup> time & time  
again, in the ~~mid~~ deep night, I went over  
it, step by step, from the first pain  
through the bursting forth of the  
head, the birth, the first sight, the  
first touch, & on through the pleasure  
of nursing as he took the nipple so  
competantly & sucked so firmly for the  
first time, drawing out all the pain  
from my engorged, exploding breasts.

I relived all this a hundred times, and  
savored also the intensity of my love

for Earl, made aware of it by the  
drama of birth, grateful to the birth  
for ~~this~~ awareness it brought. I wanted

to express to Earl the quality of my  
love & need for him; to tell him of my  
deep respect for the standards he set for

himself, working alone, without encouragement  
generating his own cause out of his own

heart that his vision of man was ~~the~~  
~~the~~ seminal + his paintings necessary.

He is heroic, & will be whether or  
not anyone ever gives him & his  
age or other ages respond to his work,  
but without that response the heroism  
becomes a noble tragedy, despite the  
exuberance of his spirit, and as his wife  
& I was filled with fear for him - and  
myself, that such would be our fate. This  
fear increased my love for him, & my  
desire to make that love known to  
him so that it could contribute to  
the courage in his heart.

But as I relived the birth &  
thought of Earl & longed to be back home with his  
~~at~~ worried, half-dead  
even at the same time, I dreaded  
going home, dreaded the ~~loss~~ soul-destroying  
clinging net of details of Grace & Simon's  
problems, of chauffeuring children, of hot

afternoons of aimlessness, ~~dreaded being unable~~  
to find anyt faced with my own to  
~~inadequacy~~ incapacity to find work or  
play to do that seemed to matter,  
dreaded this terrible failure of living  
& loving that I, surprisingly, I who  
had such great hopes for myself,  
seem to ~~be~~ be committing daily  
like some compulsive crime against  
life, against all the good that I had  
been blessed with. I kept <sup>saying</sup> thinking to  
myself. Think of the good; do not dwell  
on the bad. Don't worry about the  
annoying household details. Concentrate  
on your love for Earl & the children,  
your joy in Alexandra, your new son - your  
health, your wealth, your youth, your  
loudly home. For heaven's sake think  
of all that. And so I would & by  
force or will expell all else for a while

And by God I will continue to do so.  
I cannot believe I cannot succeed. I  
will respond to life with the fullness  
I know I am capable of, goddam it -  
as Harold Ross would say.

Wed. July 15

\* I have decided to write and stop asking why or whether or any other abstract question. If I want to write, I will. It's as simple as that and has nothing to do with whether I ought or ought not write. Nor does it have anything to do with whether or not I get published, or whether I am or am not a loving wife & mother. Writing is some one thing, among others, that I need & like to do. It is my way of ~~bringing ex~~ ~~making~~ ~~of~~ bringing experiences to the surface so I know I've had them and can savor the awareness - & talk about it with others which I also like to do.

Jean Brelis said to me the

Other night I could not write and  
be a mother. Perhaps I cannot  
create a fine work of art & also  
be a mother, because such a creation  
takes more concentration than I can  
bring to bear. But if I realize that  
my writing is a way of experiencing  
motherhood more fully, than I am  
relieved both of <sup>my</sup> guilt about doing it  
& my need to be published. Experience  
is all. It has become my absolute  
criterion of life: how rich, how full  
the experience. It is a more realistic  
criterion than "happiness" because  
happiness implies ~~an~~ an impossible  
uniform reaction. A profound experience  
is not necessarily a happy one, but it  
is always a vital one. It is this  
vitality that matters. If writing helps

we feel vital, it is a positive good, & will contribute to every other area of our life.

Rich experience is also a better standard than "achievement." Achievement can best be evaluated as to how it contributes to experience, mine or someone else's. Take a work of art, a painting, a novel, a piece of music. What really matters about such a work? What is the difference whether or not it was done, achieved? The difference lies in its contribution to the experience of individuals <sup>the artist's or others.</sup> Has the particular work of art ~~so~~ caused people to have an ~~more~~ intense experience. If so, the creation has done its work. It has enriched life - because what is the quality of life but the quality of experience. Life can not be evaluated

by how many things, good or bad, I  
may have "done." It can only be evaluated  
by my feelings about what happens I  
make happen + about what happens to  
me. I know this is true, for there  
have been many times in my life  
when, from the outside, it seemed ~~to~~  
I was accomplishing things - nurturing  
my children, working for a good cause,  
running my home, etc., but if I  
<sup>because of</sup> ~~through~~ some terrible barrier, were not  
feeling with intensity the quality of these  
achievements, as far as I was concerned,  
~~the~~ it had all been worthless. But let  
me just sit one morning in the  
sun, + respond with joy to its

warmth, and then all of life seems  
important & good to me.

Mon. July 20

My brother Louis is one of the  
most successful people I know. His  
pleasure in living is contagious &  
after a few hours with him I  
begin to see my own life in brighter  
colors. The essence of his success is  
that he likes doing what he is  
doing and never seems forced by  
circumstances, either inner or outer, to  
submit to ~~situati~~ uncongenial  
situations. ~~He never~~ The "means"  
and the "ends" of his life are one;  
they are never external to each  
other. In this sense, his experiences  
are, to use John Dewey's definition,  
esthetic. He does not work

towards a goal which demands  
actions he does not enjoy; nor  
does he, as I do, become lost  
in his material, always acted  
upon, never controlling, ordering

"There's no hope for me," she thought, as she lay in bed, looking at the clock, knowing it was time to get up, to begin again. She lay there paralysed, trying to resist the depression which weighed her down, holding her to the bed as if her body were made of lead. She had decided to give up all pretensions of being extraordinary, as she had always felt she was as a young girl. She was ordinary. She was not going to do, or say, or feel anything with enough vigour, to lift her life above the commonplace. All her youthful dreams of

expressions had failed to fulfill  
their mission: her writing, which  
had <sup>in the past</sup> ~~always~~ made everything seem  
worthwhile, failed to express even  
the quality of her own future <sup>in living</sup> - ~~which~~  
She had decided the best thing  
to do was to give up, for the time  
at least, all her struggles to attain  
<sup>personal</sup> fulfillment & concentrate on her  
role as wife & mother

---

~~I cannot do~~

Thursday, Aug. 27

I have decided that to get back in the swing of writing I will simply jot down one or two thoughts each day - and see what develops rather than attempting to draw lengthy essays out of my disorganized, mother's mind. Since the Nantucket vacation, during which I missed Alexandra & Wade intensely, I realized that these few years while the children are growing up are precious, irreplaceable years. If I wish them away, dreaming of being another sort of person, I will have lost forever the sweet joys of being wholly aware & responsive to Alexandra, especially. The other children I love, but Alex I adore. With a <sup>new</sup> fresh & vivid intensity I long for her; I ~~to~~ try to visualize her face

her curls, her delicate mouth, her rubbing  
Gabrielle's body. Her intelligence is superior  
to any child's that I have encountered.  
At the moment she is playing in her  
little pool on the terrace in the sun. She  
has no clothes on. The freshly cut grass  
sticks to her feet & her bottom—whenever she  
touches the ground. She is filling a cup  
with water & feeding her "neigh"  
See de neigh drinking de water, "she  
comments to me, totally absorbed in her  
play. Children's play illustrates the meaning  
of the ~~paraphrase~~ Zen phrase "effortless effort"  
where discipline is imposed by desire and  
energy flows unobstructed.

Earl & I were discussing Stephanie  
last night. I was telling him about  
her insensitive reactions to people. Yesterday  
we had lunch at Thelma's & then

Went swimming at the Rosenthal's.  
all day long Thelma was doing things for  
Stephanie, giving her presents, giving her  
special things for lunch, helping her  
fish, jumping up from one conversation  
each time Stephanie thought she had  
a bite, which was every five minutes.

After such an afternoon, we went up  
to the Rosenthal's house for a drink.

Thelma said to Stephanie: "dear will  
you please take my bathing suit down  
to the car. I'm afraid I'll forget it."

"No," said Stephanie sullenly,  
"I won't. Maybe I'll do it later."

The insensitivity of this  
reaction shocked me. How could the  
child not feel some gratitude to Thelma—  
how could she possibly not respond  
instinctively in a pleasant way at the  
very least.

When I talked to her about it in the car, she just stared at me with those cold blue eyes of hers & said nothing. I told Earl about this. "You know what I think," he said. "She is emotionally blind. She does not see. Those ~~be~~ cold blue eyes staring at you are blind eyes. It's pathetic. She is not cruel, nor is she a performer as I thought for a while. She's so inept. She simply is incapable of understanding what other people feel. The way we can help her is by setting down rules, generalizations into which she can fit particular situations. You could explain to her, for instance, what guests do & what hosts do. Spell it all out. ~~Say~~ ~~how~~ ~~Stephaine~~ ~~what~~ ~~host~~ ~~must~~ she wants desperately to do what is right,

but she ~~does~~ cannot feel it out herself.  
This blindness makes her a cripple. And

I believe she senses that something is  
~~lacking~~ deficient in her. The way to help  
her is to tell her how to act, not  
in anger, but cheerfully, as you would  
teach a blind child about a tree,  
realizing that you are helping her see  
what she can never see alone. Because

~~once Stephanie knows the rules, she  
will work like a Trojan~~

I don't know if she will outgrow  
this emotional blindness, but even if  
she doesn't, if she knows the rules  
she will have something to hold on to.

I feel very grateful to Earl  
for those observations. At this stage

I find him marvelously intelligent &

myself ordinary. I am so self-  
conscious that I am partially paralysed,

\* God only knows why, but the release  
I crave is the release out of my  
self into the world. ~~Self control~~  
is quite a different thing from  
self-consciousness.

I look inside  
& all I see is pain & disorder. I  
look outside & the pain & disorder  
disappear from my consciousness.  
I am free

Sun. Aug. 30

\* This evening <sup>on television</sup> we watched Eisenhower

meet Queen Elizabeth & Princess  
Margaret at Balmoral Castle. We  
saw him land at the London airport,  
step into the beautiful British  
convertible with the license USA F  
and drive away into the cheering  
crowd, his hands raised, standing

responding for all America to all  
~~the British~~ welcome, Britain.

Tears filled my eyes & I thought  
to some are given the chance to  
live the great events of each age.  
Would to God I could be one of  
those.

But then I remembered something  
a handsome German ~~man~~ my dinner  
partner last night said to me: "We  
all ~~to~~ must reach the point where  
we distinguish between illusions about  
ourselves & reality. Every adolescent  
has dreams of grandeur. But maturity  
means you give up those illusions  
and face the reality of what you  
are & learn to live with that."

If I face the facts of  
my own ordinariness, will I then  
be mature - or will I be dying?

Tues. Sept. 1

Yesterday I was talking to a friend of mine, Millicent Matland, a lovely looking dark-haired, vibrant eyed young woman with two children. ~~She~~ Her husband was killed three years ago in a plane crash over the Rocky Mountains. With a ~~so~~ God-forgiving grace she seems to have ~~adjusted~~ accepted the tragedy without resentment. After the accident she took both children to Europe. They lived in Austria, Switzerland and Italy for two years. During that time she broke her leg and her ~~daughter~~ while ~~she~~ she was in the hospital, her ~~of~~ little daughter broke her leg.

"I began to feel like Job." she

said to me ruefully, as we sat with  
the door closed in her father's bedroom  
drinking gin and tonics, escaping from  
the children's noise. " But then I  
realized all I had to be grateful for  
with my two children ~~and my own~~  
and everything . . . . "

I wondered what her husband  
had meant to her. How much of a loss  
was it. As I gently questioned her  
about the kind of man her husband  
was I realized how important the  
loss was

Sept. 3

Earl says that the urge  
for beauty is so strong today  
that the artists (abstract expressionists)  
cannot help themselves from creating  
works of <sup>decorative</sup> ~~great~~ sensual beauty. But  
the words said about the paintings  
by the critics or by the artists  
themselves reflect not this  
deep craving for beauty, but rather  
~~the harsh phrases of man's~~ <sup>denying</sup>  
~~plight, his aloneness, brutality~~ but  
rather the popular, current philosophy  
of despair, man's helplessness, aloneness,  
worthlessness, brutality, conformism, <sup>materialism</sup> etc, etc.  
It is as if artists 'are trying  
to rationalize away their attraction  
for sheer, decorative beauty by describing  
their work in serious, ugly terms. and

they shield themselves from an awareness  
of their <sup>decorative nature</sup> sensuality by living lives  
of calculated ugliness. For example  
Clifford Still, who paints vast ~~wide~~  
walls of overwhelming sensual beauty  
that would fill a house with warmth,  
elegance, ~~even glory~~, maintains an attitude  
of anti-social resentment, living ~~purposely~~  
in ~~dark~~ squalor. ~~He~~ To be consistent he  
ought to paint tormented portraits... but  
he does not. Or take Stuart Davis,  
living in bare ugliness, with no breath  
of space or lightness to warm his  
apartment, paints ~~glowing, colorful~~  
works filled with exuberance & skillful  
design.

Despite their conscious behavior these  
artists ~~reflect~~ <sup>express</sup> the age they live in: an

age, in America, that craves not wealth  
but beauty, not individual power

but ~~a beautiful way~~ enjoyment a secular  
age with no unifying belief in man's ~~relative~~ place  
in the universe

Just think of how <sup>super</sup> beautiful,  
what a celebration of beauty  
how luscious a ~~too~~ big open modern  
room with ~~white~~ walls would be

filled with contemporary work - walls by  
Stamos, Skill, Rothko, Pollack on the

walls, to a rug by Stuart Davis,  
tapestries by Rothko, panels by  
Ad Reinhardt. Such a room would  
vie in richness + sensuality with

the most elegant palatial salons  
in Italy or France yet these decorative  
artists,

who in another age would be dressed

in ~~truce~~ with elegance, scorn & decoration,

verbally glorify the ugly, the off-beat, the  
beat. They dress in blue jeans or live  
in rooms purposely untouched by the  
sense of design which they reserve for  
their paintings.

so that, <sup>despite themselves, it seems,</sup> the artists are expressing  
man's deepest need: to make this  
world habitable, to make this life  
livable, since there is no other world  
and there is no other life.

~~But~~ Although I sympathize with <sup>them</sup> ~~the~~  
~~need~~, I do not sympathize with their response  
~~in a way~~ <sup>believe</sup> they are like <sup>not suited to the need</sup> the ascetics  
of old who ~~lived~~ in ~~squalor~~

debase this life in order to glorify

~~the next~~ ~~Only there is no other~~  
~~like ascetics~~ <sup>and finding this world</sup> ~~unsatisfactory~~  
ascetics, who debased

this life, in order to glorify the next.  
<sup>today</sup> the next is not ~~a life after death~~  
but next door, in another room, where

Heaven is, its walls ~~are~~ composed  
of colors so rich, of shapes so satisfying  
that the ugly sinner  
man is at peace <sup>at last</sup> full & comfortable.  
~~at last.~~

What Earl is doing, it seems  
to me, is trying to make the two  
rooms one, to <sup>compose</sup> ~~and~~ the separation  
between heaven and earth, between  
man in the ugly room and man  
in the beautiful room. And there is  
only one way to do this. It has  
been said by Christ: you ~~bring~~ <sup>recognize that</sup> the  
kingdom of heaven within and let it  
shine outward from there. So Earl  
is painting the man, not his  
background, not a place, as heaven is  
a place, but the man himself, trying  
to reveal the kingdom within the device  
spirit in man that has <sup>imagined</sup> ~~created~~ all the  
gods - that heavens have ever been. It is this

divine spirit that ~~links~~ <sup>relates</sup> each of his paintings to the other. Although men differ, each unique, inimitable, they all share the human condition, which is basically, that we are ~~mortals~~ <sup>finite beings</sup> with a hopeless craving for the infinite. It is this hopeless craving that seems to me divine, and that is an essentially human strength from which all great deeds spring.

In Earl's paintings that tragic dignity, that tragic power, with which he himself is so fully endowed, ~~which~~ that ~~works~~ <sup>proceeds</sup> against all evidence as if man were immortal and his work of infinite value. ~~His portraits~~ =

It is the very strength of his portraits that makes for the tragic <sup>quality</sup> ~~aspect~~, that a weak man should be mortal is sad; that a strong man, a great human being, should be mortal, ~~is tragic~~ <sup>is tragic</sup> should Earl makes his

~~his people great~~

Earl's response

But, ~~the~~ suitable to the need of  
is, ~~believe~~, making this word habitable. We  
have been through an ape which believed  
man's spirit could be brought to peace  
by changing his environment, by  
providing him with ~~more~~ food, clothes,  
shelter, <sup>space</sup> in America  
vitality. ~~It is not wrong~~ through the  
story achievement of its goals. In  
America the environment has been

changed enough to teach us make it  
apparent that more such changes  
will have ~~less~~ little effect on man's  
spirit. ~~at least~~ for the time being.  
What matters now  
is not our control over the environment;

it is our control over ourselves.  
~~The abstract expressionists have been~~  
~~trying to create their own environment~~

The focus ~~of~~ must be on man. It is such a focus that Earl is achieving, concentrating his broad <sup>& searching</sup> vision upon the human face. His figures ignore their background. They take it for granted. It is what they are, not where they are that matters.

Sept. 21 - Mon.

Tomorrow Earl and I will go to New York to look for an apartment. I approach this new venture with interest. It is the first time in my married life, or perhaps ever, believe it or not, that I have consciously chosen to change my life against the wishes of those around me. <sup>Before this decision</sup> Everything important ~~that~~ <sup>happ</sup> in my life ~~happened~~ to me. Falling in love, marriage, children, were not choices, they were

~~symptomatic actions~~ resulting from

~~no found~~ white capes thrown up  
by the moving sea. Over ~~the~~  
movements of that sea I had no  
control. But now I am acting  
as man does when he irrigates  
a desert. I am channeling the  
water into ~~the~~ desert land to make  
that land fertile. A willful act.  
I did not make the water; I did  
not make the land; but the  
~~pathway~~ can irrigation canals are mine.

I will be interested to discover  
what difference it makes - this  
willfulness in contrast to the willlessness  
of my past life

I am sceptical of the will,  
believing as I do, that great things

are generated from a depth to which the will is unable to reach, from a source of energy over which the will has no control.

It seems to me that I have just about as much control over myself as I do over other people. I can tell myself what I ought to do, I can insist that I do such a such a thing, I can even ~~make~~ force myself or others to do a certain thing, but what I cannot do, for myself or others, is purposely arrange that the full force of ~~my~~ personality be brought to bear at any particular time. I cannot ~~com~~ willfully ~~reach~~ evoke my own consent, my own "yes" that carries with it the fullness of my being. So it is with the children.

\* I can give them music lessons,  
for instance. ~~But whether or not~~  
I can play with them, encourage them,  
listen to great pianists with them.  
But whether or not music illicit  
from them a profound response  
is not in my control - nor, of course,  
in theirs.

So I am moving to N.Y., ~~placi~~  
exposing myself to that which  
attracts me. ~~Whether or not~~ that  
the will can do. But whether or  
not I am able ~~respond~~ to ~~be~~  
respond with the fullness of my  
being I have no control over. Will  
I be ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> shy, timid, easily wounded  
person I sometimes am. Or will  
I be the loving, intelligent, joyful Barbara  
that I also am. This unfortunately does.

Not seem to be a matter of will.  
Perhaps the opposite.

Where there's a will is often exactly  
where there is no way, the willing  
acting as a paralysing of that  
spontaneous effluence of spirit  
which moves mountains. There are  
certain times when the will is a  
definite obstacle. For instance willing  
to be charming. ~~It~~ is fatal to  
charm. Willing to understand a painting  
often prevents a natural, meaningful  
~~response~~ response. Willing to love  
is <sup>an</sup> anathema to love.

But ~~it~~ I thank my lucky  
stars that it is possible for me to  
exert ~~the~~ my will in moving us to N.Y.

I expect to learn from ~~my~~ the experience.  
I had reached the point here where  
I had nothing more to learn. Like being

Kept in the same grade year after year  
after year. Even if everyone changed,  
the subjects studied were the same  
and I needed to move on.

Mon. Sept. 28

We found an apartment, Earl's painting  
of John was accepted by Dorothy Miller  
for a Berkshire Museum annual, and  
a beautiful grouse flew into Earl's  
studio, ~~breaking~~ smashing a window,  
scattering glass ~~for~~ as it burst  
in, and died beneath the drawing table.  
This trinity of events bodes well for us.

First the apartment. It was the  
first one we saw. We both liked it  
immediately. It is large, 16 rooms, with  
a formal drawing room, sunny library, dining  
room, a large white room with fire

place for a studio, four other bedrooms,  
4 servants rooms, a kitchen, pantry and  
kitchen dining room. Twice the house we  
have in Lime Rock. Many of our physical  
living problems will be solved, ~~to~~ for what-  
ever that's worth. Rooms will be  
inviolable, one space protected from the  
other, one aspect of life set apart from  
another: formal entertaining from family  
evenings, dining from ~~bed~~ sleeping, servants  
from guests, guests from family etc.  
In the Lime Rock house we are  
exposed to each other at almost every  
turn, and this does not work out well  
and causes those ~~is~~ irritations which  
despite the great, good things, like love  
& children, can poison a day, a week  
or even a life time. I have often wondered  
about the effect of close living quarters on  
people who are forced to live in so small

a space. It takes all the intelligence & emotional control I have to live with grace with four children in a country house. How would I manage in one room in a tenement. I think a great deal would depend on why I was there... for I have noticed that the reason for an action determines the emotional reaction to that action as much or more than the act itself. In other words, if there were a war or a flood & I found myself temporarily confined to one room, I would be heroically inspired by the calamity and take pleasure in behaving nobly. But, if I were in that one-room, because I had failed to earn enough money to get out, if I were there out of weakness, in defeat, then

the horror of it would poison my mind and paralyse my native ability to cope effectively, compounded the evil, sinking me deeper into sloth and despair.

That's why I had to move from Lime Rock. I was there for no other reason <sup>than</sup> that I had happened to buy a home there. Nothing more. If I could not permit my life to be dominated by such accidents. There are ~~many~~ <sup>enough</sup> unavoidable accidents to make it imperative to refuse to submit to those that are avoidable or at least un-do-able.

Seeing that apartment was like looking my future in the face, realizing that whatever happens to us will happen within those walls, that those walls will become permeated with the sound of our voices, the touch of our hands, the ~~subtle~~ shadows of our movement. I had <sup>a similar</sup> ~~the~~ same feeling

one evening 8 years ago when we  
were driving out of Lakeville, up the hill  
towards the Catholic church which  
stood white against the deepening blue  
twilight. We had just bought the  
house in Lime Rock. The town Lakeville  
was yet only a name. Lakeville. Out  
of the thousands upon thousands of towns  
in the country, in the world, we, somehow  
or other, ~~to~~ had chosen <sup>this</sup> one, and were we  
thus to find our life shaped by what Lakeville  
was, by the people, the ~~to~~ houses, the lakes...  
these would be woven into the fabric of our  
life inextricably so that what we were to  
become was dependant on what Lakeville was,  
and what Lakeville was, at that time was  
a name, a church, a main street and a lake

seen from the distance. On such little evidence great decisions must often be made.

But the New York apartment is more than a strange space in a strange town. It is a space suited to our known needs in a city that attracts me. ~~quitters like an apartment~~ this time we are not going in so little.

And I was <sup>made so</sup> happy by Earl's response. He liked the apartment immediately, recognizing the advantages of space + privacy. He liked the excellent location and unpretentious entrance. He knew his paintings would look well there. The studio-room was bright and cheerful, fortunately the one room in the apartment painted white which set it apart like the moon from the stars. Since Earl is not one to act please when he's not pleased, I can accept at face value his enthusiastic response.

He doesn't like the city, but he does like the apartment, and ~~that after all is~~ He says he will never feel at home there, because he doesn't own the walls, the building, the other buildings, the buildings yet to be built which might block his light, whereas in Lime Rock, the house, the land, the mountain are his and no man may lay a finger on them without his consent.

This is all true and I can sympathize with his feeling, but I do not share it. That kind of ownership means nothing to me. It is a burden not a boon.

However, I noticed a subtle & delightful change in my attitude toward the country as we got off the train after an N.Y. trip, driving through the plain little town of Millerton. My

heart used to sink with loneliness each time  
I took the ride from station to house.  
But this time, with the warmth of  
that apartment ~~be~~ glowing inside, I  
felt quite differently. The country  
became as if by magic the country;  
the freshness, the greenness, the cleanness,  
the open spaces and ~~fresh~~ cool air  
a joy. Because this was where I would  
come for weekends, to get away from the  
noise & bustle of the great city. So the  
very qualities I had resented, the rustic,  
quiet tone of life, I suddenly loved, even  
yearned for, knowing what refreshment  
they would bring.

I thanked heaven for my money that  
made this possible. How odd it is to  
find that out of the millions & millions -

millions of poor, I happen to be rich.  
It is as hard to understand the good  
as the bad in this world.

We discussed with Louis the  
advisability of our ~~spending~~ buying  
an apartment as expensive as ours.  
Louis said that we could afford one  
that cost <sup>twice</sup> as much and that  
barring a <sup>national</sup> catastrophe, or sudden  
madness, we could not conceivably spend  
more than we could afford to spend. If  
Louis Marx & Co. were ever sold, ~~over~~ my  
share, 15% of the business, would  
bring me an even higher return than  
at present, since the ~~the~~ several million  
dollars would be invested in good stocks &

Gold. "If you have a lot of money,  
it's almost impossible not to make

more," said Louis. "But if you don't have it, it's almost impossible to amass a lot - today. It would be practically impossible to put together a fortune like yours today. No matter how much you make the gov't takes so much that you don't have much left over."

"It sounds as though the taxes are having the opposite effect from what was intended," said Earl. "They are actually creating an tight ~~class~~ class-system, separating those ~~that~~ ~~have~~ ~~money~~ ~~already~~ - irreversibly ~~for~~ who earned their money before high taxes from everybody else, no matter how successful."

"That's exactly what's happened," said Louis.

Mon. Oct. 5

+ The word has become flesh. The understanding that ~~the~~ my desire for certain worldly rewards, if satisfied, ~~could~~ would, without question, be substituted lead to fresh desires for new rewards, ~~that~~ ~~understanding~~ has finally penetrated my spirit so that I feel it and am absolved from the burden of covetousness. A great weight has been lifted from me. It has happened through my reading of Schopenhauer's The World as Will and Idea. The perfect clarity with which he states the truth that there is never any ~~rest~~ <sup>peace</sup> to ~~be~~ which can be attained by the achievement of any reward what ever it may be has penetrated the fibre of my being, and ~~become~~ This is grace,

because as he says virtue is NOT  
voluntary. It is a deeply felt response  
that cannot purposefully be obtained.  
~~Otherwise I would have obtained it long  
ago, because for years I have known  
intellectually that to achieve a desirable  
state of well-being I must be free  
from the need not put my destiny~~  
"no genuine virtue can be produced  
through moral theory or abstract knowledge  
in general. . . . such virtue must spring  
from that intuitive knowledge which  
recognizes in the individuality of  
others the same nature as in our  
own."

I am helped by realizing that  
whenever I might enjoy bec. he holds  
such and such a position is, if a  
striving, captive human as I am, also  
like I am, striving for other goals  
with the same suffering as I feel in striving.

to obtain the goals ~~not~~ which  
the envied person has already  
achieved. If he is not such a  
striving victim of his will, then  
I cannot envy him because he  
has something which is already  
mine if I but know it.

> ch. describes the source of envy as follows:

"Since man is a manifestation of will illum.  
by the clearest knowl., he is always contrasting  
the actual + felt satisfaction of his will  
with the merely possible satisfaction of it  
which knowledge presents to him. Hence arises  
envy: "

I was tortured by such contrasts  
between <sup>my</sup> the felt satisfaction + what  
it seemed to me others in better  
circumstances than I must be feeling.  
I felt life was passing me by. ~~That~~  
~~of the~~ I took for granted all the

great goods of my life and focussed  
relentlessly on what I did not have,  
~~personal~~ <sup>worldly</sup> ~~success~~ acclamation for  
personal achievement (like my ill-fated  
book for Earl's painting) and participation  
in the great events of an age. I envied every-  
one who had either such acclaim or such  
participation. FORGETTING that from  
where they sat, ~~there were~~ ~~terribly~~  
these things were taken for granted  
and others intensely desired - such as  
perhaps for a woman, an adored husband  
& children. 76

The point is that if one is  
a victim of one's willing nature, WHATSOEVER  
one has is taken for granted, neutralized,  
and the will goes on striving with the  
same intensity & consequent suffering.  
It is impossible to ever be at home  
comfortable. ~~at~~ <sup>one's view of</sup> ~~the~~ ~~rest~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~  
is distorted by such intense willing. A

I used to find my self thinking about  
certain ~~to~~ people, oh, if only such a  
such had happened to me, what  
joy I would feel; what joy they  
must feel, enjoying their position, forgetting  
entirely that ~~if~~ being a victim of my  
will, I would if in the courted position,  
be willing some other God damn thing,  
also forgetting that if I were  
looking at myself from the outside, say  
as a less attractive, less wealthy woman,  
I would most certainly, give my nature,  
have envied the woman who happens  
by chance to be myself! what a vicious, hopeless end.  
What I want to do now is learn  
to live easily with this felt insight.  
~~It~~ tears of ~~so~~ hurt responses must  
I can fall back into my former way  
of reacting. For instance this morning  
I read in the local paper a letter

saying what an honor it was <sup>for the comm-</sup> that several  
members of the S.A. Gallery had been chosen  
to hang in the Wad. Athenaeum Collectors'  
Corner. Through rivalries & personal animosities,  
Earl was not ~~an~~ invited. I was angry  
with the other artists for not seeing  
that he was included which I assume  
they could have done. I wanted to strike  
back. My intellect provided my will  
with various methods of vengeance,  
just as Schop. describes it. I should  
ignore them. Be cold that would fix  
them all. Or I should be forthright  
and tell them I thought they were  
disloyal and I had lost all confidence  
in them. Etc. Etc. My will rejected  
these solutions as ineffective. Galm  
to its wounded pride. My intellect  
tried to think up other responses.  
But while it was thus serving the  
will, it was also observing the  
situation from an objective vantage point.

understanding that ~~at~~ the other artists  
are violent little bundles of longing  
just as I am; they have their  
sufficient reasons according to their own  
wounds, to wish to hurt Earl, or feel  
superior to him, for he ~~highly~~ ~~is~~  
must manifest to them his own sense  
of superiority, and their ~~action~~ <sup>behavior</sup> is no more  
to ~~be~~ as understandable as my being hurt  
by their ~~action~~ <sup>behavior</sup> is understandable. Will  
against will; each will longing to possess  
everything, be the best, the strongest, the  
most successful, each will failing to  
be so, each will wounded, suffering the  
inevitable agonies of ~~unfortunate~~ weakness,  
each will therefore striking out against  
the other. All united in defeat.

This my intellect sees. It tells me:  
Realize your common bondage & thereby be

relieved of it. Sympathize with those  
others who are victims of their will as  
you are. Given their frame of reference,  
even if they had helped Earl it would  
have amounted to the same thing,  
for their will would simply have  
felt strengthened by doing something  
for Earl because they needed Earl, or  
wanted ~~pro~~ protection from him — or  
whatever the reason. For any action,  
whether favorable or unfavorable to  
my particular will, if done under  
the prodding of someone else's will,  
which is <sup>by nature</sup> completely egoistic, is the  
same morally — a selfish act.  
"he can give from mere egotism, as  
from another point of view he would  
take from egotism."

+ with So let me act upon the understand-  
ing, which my intellect provides me.  
Let me not react in kind. Let me ~~remove~~ <sup>release</sup>  
myself from the hopeless striving of my

will to own the world, so that I may  
live in peace, content to love those whom  
I can sympathize with, and do the work I do  
for the sake of the pleasure it gives  
me and those I can love.

\* Schopenhauer is a great help to  
me because he reinforces in <sup>me</sup> my  
best responses. My intellect has always  
realized, when caught in such petty  
humiliating situations, that my  
protagonists were also caught and  
were no more to be blamed than  
I. We were equally to be pitied.  
But my will always abstracted  
me acting upon this knowledge. It  
would say: "that's weakness. You're  
afraid to strike back because you're  
scared they will <sup>retaliate</sup> strike back even  
harder for hurt you more. You want

to be nice so they won't hurt you any more. But you know only the strong survive. So shape up." The language of the will is crude.

But I would never quite shape up in the will's terms. I would not be wholeheartedly threatening to my enemies, nor would I be wholeheartedly nice, <sup>the</sup> <sup>no</sup> <sup>egoistic</sup> <sup>solutions,</sup> <sup>nor</sup> <sup>would</sup> I <sup>fully</sup> act upon my understanding & sympathize with them — the moral response.

What I ~~do~~ hope to do through Sch. is act upon my understanding with natural ~~as~~ feeling. It is within my nature to do so. The intelligence is there. The desire is there. I feel I am on my way.

However, much as I have learned from Schopenhauer, I cannot accept ~~his~~ the inevitable conclusion of his philosophy that the only salvation lies in total renunciation. I believe I would rather suffer than resign

from all willing. He has, <sup>however,</sup> relieved  
me from the burden of believing that  
it is my duty to be happy. my  
birthright, the proper result ~~from~~ of  
proper actions. Happiness is not to  
be expected nor demanded from life,  
for as Sch. beautifully demonstrates,  
life is not organized with a view  
towards <sup>individual</sup> happiness. We ~~are not~~ <sup>come into</sup>  
this world weak, mortal, striving, &  
the end of all striving is never  
happiness, but further striving and  
death. If  
we are not striving, we are bored  
& ~~must~~ fabricate new goals or  
passing diversions. whatever  
happiness we feel is fleeting &  
usually more a relief from striving  
than an enduring peace. |

7  
find it an immense relief to not to feel  
that I have failed when I am not  
happy. I understand now that it is  
in the very nature of things that  
what I have, I accept, and go on  
striving after other goods, which once  
achieved, ~~as~~ I will accept, neutralizing  
their power to make me feel intense  
happiness, & go on to look elsewhere,  
& so on, ad infinitum. It is not my  
personal fault that life is so organized.

But to conclude from this realization  
that I ~~must~~ <sup>ought</sup> therefore renounce all  
willing is not possible for me. When  
I listen to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony,  
for example, I hear his giant gigantic  
spirit burst out in affirmation: I am.  
I will. I suffer but I bear the  
suffering and sing out, despite ~~the~~ my

mortality, in praise of the power within  
me that is MINE. This heroism,  
~~in the face of~~ flung in the face  
of life, moves me beyond words, to  
pride in being of the same species  
as such a man. If the only choice  
open to us too is to renounce  
or not to renounce the will to live, I  
with the masses of men, choose  
to suffer and be, rather than to not  
suffer and not be.

And Schopenhauer himself, great  
genius that he was, blessed with  
his vast comprehension of the human  
plight, choose to describe it, not to  
renounce it. He cared.

I ~~love~~ Alexandra am in love with  
Alexandra, which is, I find, quite a  
different ~~to more glorious~~ state than  
simply loving someone. To be in love  
means that I am nourished ~~to~~ by  
the thought, the touch, the presence  
of the loved one. To love, on the  
other hand, is to be provided with  
the materials necessary to go out  
to find ~~my~~ nourishment. When I  
<sup>Jessamy</sup> was "in love" with Earl, I needed only  
him. I was fed, clothed & sheltered  
by his presence alone. But loving  
Earl, I find does not provide ~~at~~  
fill my life. I must go out & seek.  
And to seek is not necessarily to find.  
But being in love with Alexandra,  
I am, when with her or thinking about  
her, complete. I look at her little

face + sturdy body, at her ringlets  
and witty long-lashed eyes, at her  
smile, and wonder at their effect  
upon me. What makes this face,  
this body, this ~~voice~~<sup>smile</sup> so important  
to me? ~~Of course, there is no explaining~~  
#

---

Nov. 6

+ I am forced to write, even tho  
though I have little to say,  
because nothing else seems to  
be important enough to do.  
We went to Williams last  
weekend to see Nancy + Lee. In  
talking with Nancy I made an  
observation that interested me. Nancy  
was describing to me the desolation  
she felt, ~~the~~ the loneliness and purposelessness.

She ascribed this to the fact that she has been unable to have children. She believed that if she could finally conceive, her problems would be solved.

I told her that children, although important, would have no permanent effect on the central issue which is knowing who you are and what is your relationship to the world.

Pregnancy seems to solve this problem.

For 9 months a woman has given to her a purpose, a significance to have it within her.

It is a blessed relief. But as soon as the child is born, is a thing apart, it becomes, although

closer than most other relationships, as all other things, outside, in its

skin as the mother is in hers. The child requires attention, illicit love, etc, but it is never, once it is born, the answer.

The woman is left to face herself as she was before the child was born.

This is the essence of Nancy's mine, & also Jackie's loneliness. When, despite our will, we are forced to look inward, ~~unable~~ we feel alone, <sup>dissatisfied with, what we are.</sup>

we talked about this, I suddenly realized why I like crave parties - because at a party I forget myself -

for a span of 3 or 4 hours I am relieved of the burden of myself, my attention is outward rather than

inward and I have, for the moment, escaped the prison of ~~my self~~ <sup>self-consciousness</sup> what

I must find when I move to N.Y. is a regular activity which frees

me from the inward glance which is blank & dark, & ~~release my sight~~ turns

my sight outward, <sup>relating me to the world</sup> what I desire  
more than any other thing is such  
release and I must find it in more  
fruitful ways than parties. It is  
humiliating to need to go out to  
be free. ~~and~~

Jackie + I were amused at ourselves,  
realizing how simply our seemingly  
profound malaise was cured: Interest +  
activity in something outside ourselves. She  
said ruefully that the steel case  
had helped her last week. Wayne,  
at the young age of 30, was given  
the job of preparing the government's  
brief ~~for the~~ <sup>to be presented</sup>  
to the Supreme Court on this historic  
issue. She followed the case closely,  
went to court to hear Rankin, Wayne's  
boss, the Solicitor General, present the  
brief prepared by Wayne, had first hand

and genuine opinions - on the presentation  
etc. In other words she was  
genuinely involved in something  
outside herself. She felt alive,  
vital, intelligent. But when she  
the case was over & she returned  
home, ~~so to speak~~, the vigor  
leaked away. She said she was  
trying to learn not to fight this,  
to accept the aliveness. She ~~described~~

~~as free~~ ~~afternoon~~ which she

I told her I had tried this  
and found that resignation was  
small comfort.

So I have two possibilities -  
writing, first choice by far. I know  
no more profound satisfaction <sup>than</sup> when  
the words come. 2nd choice: work outside

the work, to do it

Heroism is persistency. Persist!

the home that I can become genuinely involved with.

One of these possibilities must be realized otherwise I will drift through life empty.

---

Observation:

Through my surprising love for Alexandra I have ~~discovered~~ <sup>inferred</sup> that most relationships between parents & children are no more real love than are most relationships between husband and wife.

~~This~~ My feeling for Alex is of such a different quality than my feeling for the others. ~~It~~

I care for them, I nurture & protect them to the best of my ability, but

alix I adore. I go to sleep thinking  
of her; I wake up wanting to  
see her; she is always with me;  
every gesture enchants me &  
ceaselessly, bad or good, she  
<sup>fills</sup> ~~fills~~ my life with light & gaiety.

This is as rare as enduring love  
~~for a man~~ between husband &  
wife.

---

Nov. 9

I decided ~~to~~ to try to make  
good use of this winter. I shall study  
art.

Nov. 20

~~part~~

Last night Wade awoke at 4 a.m.  
I arose sleepily, responding to his  
lusty demand. I found him in his  
crib, crying blindly, groping aimlessly  
~~in the dim room~~ with his hands  
in staccato, unrelated movements. I  
picked him up, wrapped him  
in his blanket and carried him  
to the kitchen to get his bottle. He  
was immediately reassured by my  
arms and began to play, pulling  
at my hair, giggling, opening  
his mouth wide to take me in,  
any part of me, all of me, with  
no conception of his size or mine.  
When I had changed him & heated

the bottle I lay down with him  
on the bed his ~~tiny~~ body nestling against  
mine his doll's head resting on my curving  
arm. Suddenly he saw the bottle. He knew.

With ~~swift efficiency~~ ~~he grasped~~ and  
passion, <sup>this doll, this infant</sup> ~~he~~ grasped the bottle. <sup>like a man takes a woman</sup> ~~his~~  
drew it to him & sucked vigorously. <sup>uttering a low, soft sigh.</sup>  
He clasped the bottle tightly against  
his chest, his arms around it, his  
strong, sturdy hands crossed.

With a startling intuition,  
I sensed his masculinity, unconsciously  
inhering in his baby body. I ~~sensed~~ <sup>felt</sup>  
his manhood as a positive, protecting  
force that would make of him  
a ~~strong~~ virile, effective male  
that would protect me. This then  
is my maternal feeling towards my  
son: I am ~~nurturing~~ <sup>nurturing</sup> a man, who  
will care for me. I never would have

thought of Wade this way out of  
an abstraction conviction of what  
a son "ought" to be. It was simply  
a perception of his virility in that  
effective, passionate gesture of taking  
what was his and holding it to him.

Then, a moment later, he became  
my baby again, fragile, helpless, mine  
to protect. But my intuition,  
once felt, will remain and I will  
have a certain respect for him,  
and a special, secret love of his  
maleness.

I went back to bed and a  
few hours later I heard Alexandra's  
insistent cry. It was her assertive,  
naughty cry. She was not being

Next; she was being naughty.

Wearily I arose and went into the girls' room. Suzanne + Stephanie were in their beds.

"~~+~~ She said she had to go do-do + when I tried to help her she wouldn't let me. She just stood there + cried." Suzanne said in quick self-defense.

I went into the bathroom. There stood the culpit in next to the potty in her bed + white striped nightie, her diapers down about her feet in a <sup>cold</sup> wet <sup>wreath</sup> heap, her nose running, her ~~eyes~~ curls feathery + askew.

"What's the matter, Alexandra?"

I asked sternly-

"I crying"

"Why?"

"Sueanne's bad!"

"I am not," Suzanne reiterated firmly.

"Steppie's good." Alexandra asserted.

I could tell that the older girls had tried to be helpful.

"Now, Alex, why wouldn't you let Suzanne help you?"

"I bad," she said and smiled ruefully up at me. "I

sorry, Mummy. It's going to be all better."

She ~~walked~~ <sup>walked</sup> over to me <sup>minced</sup> with the wet diapers encircling her feet, and put her little arms around me.

"I ~~to~~ hug you" she said, embracing me.

Dec. 15

Wade stood up at 6½ months. He sat up at a little less than 6 months, and it seemed as if he did it the first time he tried. I can remember how Alexandra struggled to accomplish each of the basic physical movements. How for weeks she lay on her back, anchoring her back, pushing with her legs, her arms flaying, her face red with effort before she could turn over. Then for weeks the same effort to turn from stomach to back. But not Wade. One day he simply turned over, so easily that we hardly remarked upon it. And then one morning he sat up. Straight. Smiling. And once he did it, he had the power to do it again and again, whereas Alexandra had to struggle over & over again before she truly possessed her new skill.

Wade has the build of an ~~all-American~~  
football player, broad chest, powerful  
arms. Ever since I saw Francine's  
Baby, Thaddus, Wade has ~~seemed~~  
looked to me like the all-American  
Guy, in contrast to Thaddus, who  
<sup>is the first infant</sup>  
~~looks~~ like a Giacometti sculpture.

He has amazing slanted Mongol  
eyes, a long, narrow head, a very high  
forehead with abundant dark hair sticking  
straight up in a feathery tuft, long  
arms, and fingers, elongated like <sup>in</sup> an  
El Greco portrait. His body is narrow  
and long. When I returned home after  
~~seeing~~ visiting Thaddus for the first  
time I saw Wade with his  
wholesome, open face, his Eisenhower grin, his  
sturdy body I felt as though I had  
found both the embodiment of all American  
virtues, and failings, too, perhaps. He will

never have that refined, European  
cultivation <sup>look</sup> that can make a woman  
feel, not like a goddess, but like a  
beautiful seductress. He will not be  
a great appreciator; he will be a great  
doer. Perhaps that is the basic  
distinction ~~today~~ between American  
and European temperament today. We,  
whether we like it or not are the doers,  
on our age, and they, like it or not,  
the appreciators, or not-appreciators, but  
the energy is ours. Wade symbolizes  
this to me.

— — — — —  
The apartment is ours now. It  
is difficult for me not to count the  
days laboriously until I can be living  
there. I am finished, thank God, with  
my life in Lime Rock. I am simply  
waiting here, concerning myself with  
the children and trying to be aware  
of what I have and am that is

Good. It is one of my defects that I too easily see ~~for~~ myself as a failure, someone who has not done the things she wanted to do. But what I must realize is that I have done other things, and it is blindness to refuse to see what I have done because of what I might have done but did not.

Louis said a wise thing the other day - "I don't like to question the basic assumptions about my life or other people's," he said. "It can be destructive."

I believe this is good advice.

The basic assumptions of my life ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> that I am happy; I love my husband & children. These 9 years in L.R. have been productive years & now I am about to enter a new phase of my existence.

\* It will be fascinating to me to discover how much difference it will make to me to live in what I consider the proper context for my nature. How much difference does <sup>an</sup> external situation mean to happiness. Does a person flourish much better in one place than another, or are the seeds of <sup>well-being or lack of it</sup> discontent so internal that the outer situation makes little difference. This will be my philosophical <sup>quest</sup> ~~project~~ for next year.

Dec. 18

On television last night we heard David Lilienthal speak about the way in which America ought to give its economic aid. He said the principal motive should be the <sup>human</sup> ~~moral~~ ~~one~~ obligation to help those less well-off than ourselves.

A simple statement.

Afterward Earl and I were discussing

Wino.

Earl said ~~he believed Eisenhower was~~  
~~right in saying~~ the Eisenhower phrase,  
"peace from a position of strength" was  
the only tenable attitude. I said  
I thought Wino was correct, but that  
the position of strength would never lead  
to peace unless there were enough men  
with the largeness of heart to see  
all men as brothers.

He said he did not believe that  
all men were his brothers and he did  
not like to have imposed upon him  
the obligation to "love" everybody.

"I cannot love anybody I don't  
know, and of those I know, I can only  
love a very few. The reason I would  
give to others is not because I  
love them, but to protect my own

rights ~~since~~ & freedom. The only way to  
secure these things for myself & those I love is to  
see that others have them too.

"Earl," I said, "there is a certain emotional blindness in you, just like in Stephanie. You see yourself <sup>too</sup> separate from ~~you don't seem~~ in a way all men are your brothers."

"They are not. There are worlds of difference between me and others. It is these differences that make for individuals."

"It's true there are differences between you and others. But the similarities between human-beings are overwhelmingly greater than their differences. And it is the intuitive sensing ~~feeling~~ my nature in all others that makes me know all men are my brothers. But you never feel this. There is some sort of barrier you have built around you that makes it impossible for you to feel this relationship. You are a-moral,

\* You can be kind and helpful, but never from a virtuous motive."

"For you virtue amounts to identification," said Earl. "You identify ~~an~~ yourself with others. I don't."

"Can it, <sup>identification or</sup> whatever you like, I ~~feel~~

have felt in myself in embryo at least most of the possible <sup>possibilities,</sup> virtues and vices and

if I have not felt ~~me~~, I can imagine

how I might have if circumstances had been different, or I had been born with a slightly different character - given this <sup>all</sup> ~~archers~~

how can I not include <sup>any</sup> other human

being in the circle of my caring. I am

separated by an envelope of skin and by

my own singular mortality, but that

separation does not blind my imagination

from knowing that inside every other

single envelop of skin is a being

who is vulnerable as I. Of course  
I don't always feel this way. When  
I'm angry or hurt or covetous, I feel  
completely separate and ~~wish to be~~  
~~incommunicable~~ - But I always feel I  
be ~~invulnerable~~, so humbly, I'm ~~forced~~  
~~forced~~ forced

But at my best I am related to  
every human being that ever lived or will  
live. Without this sense, I don't see  
how virtue is possible. With it, virtue  
is inevitable."

"You see me as some kind of <sup>o gre</sup> ~~o gre~~  
Barbara, but as far as I understand it,  
morality at any given time & place  
means what's good for the ~~group~~ community.  
What's not considered good for the group  
is called immoral."

"That's certainly true, Earl. Moral  
values are relative. And I suppose

\* that if it came to a decision of whether to help someone if that helping would destroy my family, or community, or myself, I would not help. ~~But it rarely comes~~ ~~to that~~. There is no justification for destroying those I know<sup>†</sup> for the sake of strangers. But in not helping, I would feel that I had been forced to destroy part of myself, since I am that stranger, too."

This is a discussion which, in various forms, Earl and I have had many times. We never persuade one another since it is a matter of feeling. I feel one way, he another. Earl is far more intelligent than I. But, I cannot help but feel, that emotional, I am the larger person. It is rather nice to have it this way. I can rely on him

to make me feel good.

Monday, Dec. 21

\* Last night Earl and I were talking about the often repeated statement made by people today that America has lost its moral vigor, that, as illustrated by the Van Doren incident, the all-pervading "payola" frame of mind, etc. we are morally flabby, in contrast to the past when the old-fashioned morality was ~~used~~ <sup>accepted</sup> by.

"I don't agree with that at all," said Earl. "~~Just when were we so moral as a n~~ Are we not willing, <sup>even offer.</sup> as tax payers to support help other nations. Wasn't the Marshall plan a moral gesture. Isn't our attitude towards the negro a moral one. What about our great welfare efforts at home. Isn't <sup>our</sup> everyone considered deserving of help

if not with public money, than  
through the <sup>countless</sup> private charities,  
<sup>what about</sup> the <sup>numberless</sup> ~~countless~~ community efforts to help <sup>anybody</sup> ~~everybody~~  
<sup>are not</sup> ~~is not~~ people's enormous love & respect

for Pres. Eisenhower symbolic of an  
belief in morality, ~~what about~~  
Has ever a nation been willing, as  
we were after the war as the  
sole possessors of the atomic bomb,  
to share with the rest of the world  
the means of ~~an~~ <sup>its</sup> total supremacy.  
Did we not disarm? Did we  
try in any way to expand <sup>imperial</sup>  
when we had the <sup>absolute</sup> total power to  
do so.

"~~what~~ ~~is~~ ~~it~~ when ~~to~~ did this  
so called great moral age occur that  
these critics are looking back to. Was  
it during the pioneer days when the  
West was being settled, when there ~~is~~ was  
no law to protect people & strength

alone prevailed? Was it in our cities  
where masses of immigrants & their  
children were not even considered human,  
where children worked like animals and the  
sick were left to die? Was it in  
early New England when the ~~the~~ <sup>tolerant</sup> pious,  
leaders of the <sup>virtuous</sup> community ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~but~~  
~~led~~ <sup>led</sup> the witch hunts and regarded all  
but their own particular sect heretics  
deserving of brutal punishment. Was  
it in the South where humans were  
bought & sold like cattle. ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~their~~  
~~brotherhood~~ ~~Northmen~~ ~~whites~~ ~~profited~~ ~~from~~  
~~their~~ ~~sale~~. Was it even in the Civil  
War when the abolitionists had to  
be restrained from martyring the entire  
South? Was it in the 20's when  
entire cities were dominated by brutal  
gangs, who controlled the police  
along with every one else. Was it in our  
prisons, our insane asylums, ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup>

" Obviously it was not. No - what has been happening in our country is that we have been slowly <sup>enlarging</sup> ~~extending~~ our moral responsibilities, our moral awareness, <sup>The</sup> Constitution, the Bill of Rights, documented a hope, not a reality. ~~we are~~ In area after area, with great effort, we have <sup>been</sup> gradually <sup>tuning</sup> ~~made~~ <sup>made</sup> moral dreams into a reality.

We <sup>are</sup> ~~have~~ by no means finished, But I <sup>to my knowledge</sup> ~~don't believe~~ that in the <sup>entire</sup> history of mankind there has never been a society whose moral concerns were ~~has~~ wide-spread as ours, whose efforts to take responsibility ~~for~~ what ~~formerly~~ <sup>were</sup> considered the very highest past civilizations <sup>not</sup> ~~can~~ the Golden Ages, had areas of <sup>to us appalling</sup> ~~total~~ moral blindness. ~~when we are taking responsibility~~

I don't really know what these critics  
are talking about. It's one thing to  
see our faults and try to correct them.  
Van Doren was wrong, taking payola is  
wrong, but it's not helpful to ~~escape~~ <sup>look back</sup>  
into some mythical past of moral perfection.  
It's a slinking of responsibility, a  
draining ~~weakening~~ <sup>weakening</sup> of the ~~strength~~ <sup>energy</sup> needed to  
deal ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> present situation.

Tuesday, Dec. 22 - 5 A.M.

This morning at about 2:30 (E.C.)  
was stricken with an as yet unidentified  
horror. I got up in answer to  
Wade's cry and was in his room,  
lifting him from his crib when I  
heard the low but instant call,  
"Barbara, Barbara" from our bed-  
room.

I picked Wade up in my arms and

went quickly ~~with~~ down the hall. Earl  
was collapsed on the floor next to  
the bed

~~Call~~ "I can't get up. Help me  
into bed." he moaned.

I tried to raise the great,  
awkward shape ~~into~~ from the floor.

He cried out in pain. With his  
help I got him into bed. "Can  
he hear ~~the~~ can the doctor," he said  
in an instant Oudernatch

answered, sounding alert.

"Earl is in pain." I said.

"He collapsed on the floor."

"~~It~~ ~~case~~ Has he been nauseous.

What are the symptoms?"

"He's had a cold + thought of  
went down with his intestines, but he

hasn't been ~~nauseous~~ ~~12th~~ ~~12th~~ ~~12th~~

Earl groaned.

"Doctor, he's in pain."

"I'll come right over."

I looked out. The first snow of the winter lay inches thick upon the porch. The wind was blowing the white powder in ghostly swirls.

"I want an ambulance for him. It's a terrible night. I'm not sure you can make it. Get the ambulance here." I said, my voice trembling.

"Don't panic, Barbara," said Earl, his fists clenched, with his arms outstretched, taut, as if in supplication.

"I'm not panicking. I want the ambulance."

"All right," the Doctor said. "I'll be

over with the ambulance. Cover him up well. Don't let him get chilled."

I said good-bye & hung up. Earl lay rigid on the bed. I drew the covers over him and got an extra blanket for his shoulders. The house was silent except for the falling snow. Earl was lost to me.

"Where does it hurt?"

"It's my stomach," he said between clenched teeth. "I feel as though I'm going to explode."

"Oh, my God," I said softly to myself, looking out at the snow.

I checked Wade whom I had put on the floor with his bottle, and then rushed into the bathroom to look for the first aid manual. I tore <sup>open</sup> the kit. The little G and leafed rapidly through the little booklet.

Broken bones, suffocation, poison, burns -  
nothing about appendicitis - which I  
thought it must be. I began to  
look for the big medical dictionary.  
I tried to walk softly, not wanting  
Earl to know I was looking for  
something I could not find. I  
searched everywhere, ~~to~~ "God damn it!"  
I kept muttering. I could not  
find it.

I kept checking back with Earl  
every few minutes.

"How does it feel now, darling?"  
He mumbled incoherently, "

"Alright, dear. Don't talk.  
Just tell me if it begins to feel  
any different, better or worse."

"My God, what if it gets  
worse & he dies before the ambulance

comes and I have to stand here  
not knowing what to do,...

A fierce wave of anger at  
my own ignorance & consuming me.

"Oh, God, damn it."

Suddenly my brain asserted  
itself. "The lights. Turn on the  
outside lights." I did so, opening the  
door to look out. The wind was  
blowing the billows of snow into  
drifts. "Oh my God, the ambulance  
won't be able to make it." I shivered  
with horror. "I better see if I  
can get the White Hollow & our road

driveway plowed.

I <sup>rung</sup> ~~rattled~~ the Don Evans number.  
No answer. I rung the Ward's. The  
phone rang, penetrating the silence, calling  
urgently to be answered - No answer.

I ~~rattled~~ the operator. "Operator, this

is an emergency. This is Mrs. Earl Hubbard on White Hollow Rd. in Lime Rock. ~~An ambulance is on~~ I've got to get an ambulance up White Hollow Rd. from Sharon. I'm afraid it won't be able to make it. ~~Will you get me the police. They'll~~

~~know where the plows are.~~

Who is in charge of the plows?"

"The Salisbury Garage. I'll ring them."

A pleasant voice answered. I told explained the situation. He said he could plow up to the Sharon line but + would do so, but could go no further.

Then the operator called the Sharon town garage. No answer.

Then I had her ring the first selectman of Sharon. He didn't know where the plows were.

Then I had her ring the state Police.  
I told her then I was afraid  
the ambulance might try to set  
up White Hollow Rd from Sharon

Could they locate the Sharon plows.

They said they would try.

The operator came back on and  
asked if she could be of any further  
help. I said no, checked Earl

again and found him deep in a  
cocoon of warmth and pain.

I better call Mrs. Gudernatch.

She might know what to do if  
it gets worse, I thought.

She answered, pleasant & helpful

as always. If its appendicitis, I said  
is there anything I can do to relieve

the pain?

"an ice pack would help," she said.

"What about the roads. I've tried

to locate the plows." I said.

"Doctor was called Mr. Barnett and he is having the main roads plowed.

The ambulance is coming around the way of Hotel Riss. Doctor is done there

now. Oh, thank you." I said, <sup>to hang up</sup> enormously

relieved and slightly chastened that

I had not thought first of all to check

to see what the Ordnance had done, ~~or else~~ <sup>he</sup> at least had the sense to

call Barnett, the first selectman of Salisbury.

For all the while I had been on the phone, part of me had been

observing myself with approval. You ~~are~~

~~are acting in~~ as a viewer in a movie, approving of my behavior in a crisis.

I went to find the ice pack. Finding

anything in our house is difficult. My constant straightening up is never quite catches up with the continual disarranging ~~that~~ caused by the children — and me. ~~It~~ <sup>However</sup> to my relief, I found the ice pack in our medicine cabinet. I took it, and Wade, who by now had finished his bottle & was drifting off to sleep on the floor, put Wade in bed & continued into the kitchen with the ice pack. I tried to open it. "By God, it's stuck," I muttered, struggling to open it. Oh damn, damn God damn." I smiled at the stream of invective, dashed into the bathroom, and filled a tumbler with ice. I brought it into Earl, raised the many layers

covers & tried to place the towel against his stomach. As I did so the towel opened & half the ice came out, falling noisily to the floor.

"What are you trying to do?"

Earl moaned.

"It's an ice pack. It will ease the pain, darling," I said, kicking the ice under the bed with my foot.

I covered him up again and went back into the living room. I could not bear to stand there & watch him suffer, since there was nothing I could do for him.

The door bell rang. Startled, I opened it. A young State Trooper entered. He looked so strong & healthy to me.

"How wonderful to see you," I said. "How did you get here so quickly?"

"I was just up at Hotchkiss

When I got ~~the~~ call, so I came right over. How is your husband?

"He's in pain. I think it might be an appendectomy. How are the roads?"

"They're alright with chains."

"Listen," I said. "The snow plows?"

"Yes, ~~I came~~ <sup>they're</sup> ~~there~~ plowing your driveway right now."

"Oh, that's marvelous," I said smiling, beginning to enjoy myself.

"How about a cup of tea?"

"No thank you," he said. "I just had some hot coffee."

I went in to make myself some tea, and then sat down in the living room with the young officer, lighting a cigarette, happy that something was happening to break the routine of the long series of ~~the~~ days, each so

similar to the other.

Earlier that evening before dinner a wave of terrible restlessness had spread through me, a hatred for this place + this life <sup>the limitations of</sup> so intense that I felt ill and could not eat. It was the eve of ~~the~~ my 30<sup>th</sup> birthday. I felt cut off from the world of action and people, alone with my little family and a husband content with his days, able to find <sup>enough</sup> adventure in his work w<sup>t</sup> to ~~earn~~ was look for it from outward sources.

"I'm going to get a drink," I said suddenly, not offering one to Earl because at that time he thought he had a touch of intestinal flu + was eating lightly.

"What's the matter," he said staring at me. "I'm restless," I said,

throwing aside the newspaper that in which I had just been reading about a young woman I knew who had given a party with so many celebrities that the columnist speculated if anyone could start a successful salon in N.Y. it would be young Mrs. Van Den Heuvel.

"Is there anything I can do, darling?" Earl had said kindly.

"No," I said, filled with despair & resentment against myself for not being able to enjoy the kind of life Earl did, unable to feel anger against him because of his sweetness and the greatness of his <sup>courage</sup> ~~fortitude~~ in working alone.

"No, there's nothing you can do."

I finished my drink & feeling a little better I said, "I think I'll have

6. Do ~~your~~ children's laundry in machine

Do whatever needed in kitchen  
- Icebox  
ordering  
etc.

7. Prepare lunch  
+F. lunch - children and Alexandra will  
eat with us outside unless  
I tell you otherwise

8. clean away lunch things. Put dishes  
in machine

9. Extra hand laundry

10. check children's drawers + closets  
Give Mrs. Smith any mending.

11. Time for special jobs if necessary

12. Prepare dinner.

1. ~~Dist~~ Breakfast dishes cleared and put directly in dishwasher.
2. Living room straightened  
ashtrays emptied  
coffee table wiped  
odds + ends put away  
pillows puffed
3. Children's room straightened  
beds made  
bathroom cleaned + straightened
4. Mrs. Smith will do Wade's laundry while you are straightening rooms.  
Mrs. Smith will keep Wade's room neat
5. I will straighten my own room unless I am going out or am in a special hurry.

Mrs. Smith

1. check bottles, nipples, tongs,  
~~get~~ order baby's measuring cup, etc.
- 2 - order diapers, rubber pants
3. check through baby clothes
4. fix up carriage + bassinette

Write Robinson

do

call

Dorothy ✓

"

Conn. Yankee

See Hal. Bring

1. Rehn material

2. Bills

3. remind him of letter to Selig.

4. typewriter

5.

See Agnes

give Hal extra name

Jean Brews

Ms. Bud  
Jan. 4-5778

Marshall  
Richardson's  
Bradford  
Riuep  
Hubbard

Call Thelma  
" Mike <sup>brochure</sup> <sub>eyes</sub>  
" hair  
" Diane  
" Russell  
" Charlotte

G A B C D E F  
H I J K L



A B C D E F G H I J  
K L M N O P Q R  
S

I awoke this morning. The sun was  
shining; the children were laughing; the  
birds filled the valley with songs <sup>and</sup> in  
my heart was a depression so deep  
it ached. I looked at the bright, bird-  
filled morning with wonder, with longing,  
it so light, ~~the~~ so dark, it so full of  
song, ~~the~~ so silent. I lay there trying  
to be like the dawning day, part of  
its brightness, but I was like a dull  
boulder that absorbs light, reflecting none,  
& absorbing brightness, giving back darkness.  
As I focused upon the ache of depression,  
physically real in the pit of my stomach,  
~~like an indigestible meal~~, I was amazed  
that, and it, I and the ache, inhabiting  
the same body, could be such strangers, so

incomprehensible to each other; that I  
could stare at it with my mind's eye,  
stare witheringly at it, or sympathetically,  
or scornfully or questioningly, and make  
no impression upon it. It remained  
impenetrable, aching.

There were many things I  
had to do that Saturday, arrange the  
children's clothes for Nantucket, ~~to do~~  
my bills, so shopping with the children,  
but I decided that before I began to  
lose myself in daily living, ~~to wait~~  
before I even said good morning to Earl  
or the children, I would <sup>leave</sup> ~~sleep~~ quietly  
~~out of~~ the house quietly and go up to  
the hill with my pen & pad to see  
if by writing I could dissolve the ache,  
to see if the ache were not  
that religious core of my godless  
self that demanded everlasting life,

~~eternal significance~~ that core that  
no amount of happy children, loving  
husband, better friends could substitute  
for, that core that represents in  
me the most common, the most  
universal, ancient, prehistoric human  
possession; the spark of life, the difference  
between animation and inanimation,  
between being and not being, that  
vital spark at the core of my being  
that makes me alive; that <sup>that + deep</sup> <sup>not want to be put out.</sup> was what  
ached, ached because since it would be  
put out soon, it demanded perfection,  
demanded that each, ~~precious~~ precious, unique  
moment be perfect. However, each moment  
was not perfect; most moments passed ~~it~~ into  
the eternal trash & garbage can of  
~~wasted, unloved~~ time, unloved, wasted forever

4

So the core ached: <sup>life</sup> ~~it~~ was neither eternal nor perfect. If it had been eternal, it could afford to squander time; if ~~it~~ not being eternal, it demanded that its allotted span be rich, beautiful, perfect, ~~time~~, moment by moment. But being both temporary and imperfect, it ached, resisting my efforts to soothe the ache, proudly refusing to accept ~~to~~ ~~forgive~~ its ~~weak~~ its plight, its ~~was~~ vulnerable condition, demanding the impossible.

So I ~~AE~~ left the house quietly to face up to its demands, to write, because the ~~was~~ word, once written, need never be destroyed. ~~Although~~ ~~the~~ <sup>life</sup> ~~that~~ the deepest satisfaction I could bring to this demanding core <sup>of my being</sup> was that I recognize it and immortalize it.

to the extent <sup>5</sup> of my ability in the  
everlasting words, instead of trying to cover  
it up, to lose the ache in activity,  
I decided to try to reveal it to myself,  
to recognize it every day, to learn  
to live with it rather than  
fighting against it

another."

"No, Barbara," he said with real concern,  
"you mustn't do that."

"I don't feel like eating," I said.

We were having our usual early supper—  
about 6:00. It all seemed so boring  
I thought I wished anything would happen  
to change it. Anything.

Then, as a thousand times before,  
I felt regretful, and turning my personal  
problems, I sat close to Earl, putting my  
head on his shoulder.

"I'm alright. It's nothing," I said,  
thinking by God if ever I get the chance  
to live the way I want to live  
I will and I won't give a good  
God-damn about anybody. Knowing this  
wasn't true. That I was trapped by  
my love for Earl. Now Barbara,  
I tried to tell myself. Next year at this  
time you'll be in N.Y. Then we'll be all

Sorts of ways of letting off pressure, of setting out of the house during the day without having to demand anything of Earl or disturb his life in any way.

Just have patience. Please have patience.

Tears came into my eyes. I got up and brought Earl's soup and baked potato to the coffee table in front of the fire and poured a bowl of soup for myself.

Earl had gone to sleep early and I had stayed up till about 12:00 reading Norman Mailer's "Advertisements for Myself," noting with a certain grim satisfaction that he was as miserable as I, that <sup>anguish</sup> pain strikes the famous & the obscure, the successful & the failures with a cosmic impartiality.

Anyway, something had happened, and it was a relief to me. How complex human-beings are, I thought as I sat there from what strange sources come our miseries, and our comforts.

I went back into ~~into~~ the bed room to check Earl. He seemed to be resting more quietly.

"The snow plows are here, darling, and so is a state trooper."

"How's the weather. Are the roads bad?"

he asked, barely audible.

"Oh, not bad," I said cheerfully, feeling in complete control by now, interested to observe my own reactions. This was another reason I was enjoying the experience. It gave me an opportunity to understand what it feels like to be in such a crisis. ~~How else could I know~~ I craved broader experience with such a passion that I took pleasure in a situation as unpleasant as this. At least it was different and I thereby could learn something from it. This craving for experience must be characteristic

4

or certain deprivations, those unable to identify be aware of their own being unless aroused by external circumstances. The more various the circumstances responded to, the ~~more~~ more various the being. In limited situations where events are routine and demands made are also routine, the being, having little to respond to save its own frustration seethes like a prisoner demanding his freedom but incapable of attaining it without outside help. ~~ready to move, his mind ready to understand, yet trapped in prison because~~

I went back in with the officer and sat down to drink my tea.

Then I heard the ambulance coming up the drive way. I opened the door for the Doctor who came hurriedly in, carrying the snow and cold into the house.

"Stephanie is almost human." (E.)

until. I quickly closed the door against the inhuman light.

"How is he?"

"Well, he's in pain, but quiet now.

He followed me down the hall. "The doctor's here, darling," I said.

Earl groaned. "Well, how do you feel, Big Boy?" Gudernatch asked affectionately.

~~Earl emitted a sound.~~ Earl <sup>spunked out a word</sup> "What did he say?" The doctor asked

me. "He said he ~~feels~~ 'awful.'"

"Alright now. I want you to turn over on your back," the doctor said.

"Oh, I can't, I don't know if I can."

"Yes, you can." The doctor <sup>uncovered</sup> Earl and turned him from his side

to his back.

"Now, where does it hurt?"

"Right here," said Earl, <sup>pointing</sup> ~~indicating~~

his abdomen. The doctor pressed upon it.

"Oh, God doctor, do you have to touch it," Earl's voice ~~rose~~ <sup>rose</sup> ~~rose~~ <sup>rose</sup> in fright and pain. "I can't stand it. Can't you give me something?"

"Yes, I can in just a minute," said the Doctor calmly.

He told Earl he want to examine him rectally & made him turn over on his side. As he pressed in, Earl's voice rose like a frantic animal, moaning.

I couldn't stand it. I went into the bathroom and ~~run~~ <sup>ran</sup> me

hands, literally. ~~I hadn't realize that~~  
~~people really do that, I remember~~  
~~thinking~~ I began to weep and pace the  
small floor like an animal myself.  
I ventured back into the room when  
Earl was quite quiet.

"I think we'll take him  
down to the hospital, now," said  
the doctor. We will probably have  
to operate. Would you like to have  
Dr. Fowler or Dr. Levallo. I usually  
use Dr. Levallo, but he's in West  
Cornwall. Dr. Fowler is closer. They're  
both excellent men."

"Oh, I think we better have  
Doctor Fowler," I said. "I wouldn't  
want to risk waiting for Levallo  
on a night like this."

"Shall I get him on the phone, for you?" "Yes, but I'll speak to him."

I looked up his number. George Foub  
mild, gentlemanly, nostalgic for an  
age when men were more vigorous,  
he <sup>had</sup> told me once at dinner

Jan. 16, 1960

There are times in human affairs when everything will go wrong. Such a time is now for me. There is not one single relationship of mine which one way or another is not poisoned by the intensity of my own need. I thought my relationship with Patsy was inviolable, but I managed to damage it. She was up here for two days during which I spent a great deal of time trying to help her with her approach to interviews. I had done so many times before with real pleasure & enthusiasm, wanting her life to be as rich & successful as possible. This particular day, however, I was feeling deeply anxious that when we finally did move to N.Y. I would be cursed with the same difficulty

I have had here - difficulty in relating  
 my life to ~~others~~ those people who  
 interest me. Patsy, who had suffered  
 this problem herself for years, who  
 suffering I had sympathized with +  
 tried to assuage was now, through her  
 interviews, meeting numerous people  
 finding they liked her, wanted to be with her.  
 of interest, ~~she~~ ~~lost~~ I was springing  
 in lies  
 Everything was growing for her.

We were walking along ~~the road to~~  
 White Hollow Rd. on the cold, sleeky day.

The weight of all my lonely years up  
 here depressed me terribly. We had often  
 talked about how we would share  
 things in New York. It suddenly  
 occurred to me that I might be  
 be able to do some interviews myself -  
 perhaps Patsy could do one one week,  
 I one the next. My heart leaped at

the night.

"Maybe I could work with you," I said, hesitantly.

"Yes," she said, "it is such a help to me to shape my ideas talking with you."

"I know," I said. "Perhaps I could try some interviews myself - although that probably wouldn't work. The program would lose its identity."

"That's probably true," she said.

In an instant I saw clearly that she was depending herself against me, against my taking away of her newly won power. She had shut me out the only time it had ever been in her power to give me something I really wanted.

It only proved to me that when

4  
When a person ~~really~~ needs something  
badly enough, that need repels others;  
~~that people one person gives to another~~  
~~only~~ By asking ~~to~~ Because I was  
asking her to give me something out  
of sheer kindness, rather than  
through my strength ~~was~~ appealing  
to her own need for help, she refused  
me, shut me out. And I was the  
loser because my need for her was  
greater than her need for me.

When a door is closed, one is  
left ~~IN~~ the other OUT. ~~Which is~~  
it how do you know which is  
IN & which OUT. You know by  
who needs who more. I am OUT.  
I wonder if it will be always so. But  
I should realize, that given the intensity  
of my need, NO ONE will want to  
help me. I must help myself. When or if

~~as~~ I do so, then the <sup>5</sup> "help" from  
others will come pouring in - when  
I have something to give, I'll get  
all the help I need. "To him that  
hath shall be given; To him that hath  
not, even that shall be taken away."

After Patsy's rejection of me, I  
began to feel ill. My legs were weak.  
A sharp pain arose in my stomach.  
I retreated into a grim sulk and was  
obnoxious to everyone, myself most of all.  
Oh God HELP ME.