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67th

Mr. Diaz & Co

$$\begin{array}{r} 3000 \\ 2500 \\ 2500 \\ \hline ,3000 \\ \hline 3 \underline{11.000} \\ \hline 3.666 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 11.000 \\ -3.700 \\ \hline 7.300 \end{array}$$

Ernst Halpert



Sign of Ernst



150

Tuesday, October 18, 1960
Thru Tues. Dec. 6

117 E. 72

New
York

!

Barbara S. Hubbard

11:30 - P.M.

I am too excited to sleep, so I have gotten up & made myself some hot chocolate. ~~and~~ I am sitting HERE, in NEW YORK, in my living room, which is exactly where I want to be.

What I am excited about is the response to Earl's work.

It seems that we are no longer surrounded by indifference. Other human beings are responding to us, finding sustenance in the gift we have to give.

Today Lain brought a man (whose father-in-law is director of DuPont!) to see

the paintings at the gallery,
The man walked into the room
looked at the painting of me
and said, "I want it." ~~It~~
"Barbara"
He took out his check book
asked how much it was, and
said he wished to pay right
then to be sure he got the
painting. ^{Clancy called me hastily & we agreed on \$2500.00} Neither Louis nor
John Clancy said a word.
When they left, Louis reported
that his friend was so
thrilled he went bouncing
down the street. He thought
he had bought the greatest
painting he had ever seen.

Now... I know that

This sort of response does not occur in a vacuum. It is not an isolated, accidental phenomenon. It happened is rather an historical event, part of the current of things. Our feeling^{is vindicated} that people wished to see an image of man affirmed, man, not a helpless neurotic, not an absurd bundle of suffering, not a defeated being, but man ^{responsible} ~~in control~~, his destiny, man ~~responsible~~ accepting his freedom with joy, ready ~~to~~ ^{to} be courageous enough to face the universe without man-made gods to limit its vastness.

with faith in his own spirit
to guide him if he will but
listen - and in listening he
will be hearing the voice
of all things, for by that
spirit he is related to all
things. ~~But~~ it can

Earl's paintings express this
because it is his experience.
That is why each ^{person,} painting, he
paints has such miraculous
reality - it reflects ^{the} expression
~~is true to~~ ^{the} deepest &
Earl's feelings.

The only question was

With would his experience touch
others — would others be
seeking comparable experience,
evolving a comparable image
of their own humanity, wishing
to see it manifested, realized?
It ~~now~~ seems very possible

that the answer is

yes and now.

Wed. Oct. 26

At the opening an admirer asked Earl:
"how did you happen to come upon this
style way of painting? How did it
happen?"

"It happened," said Earl, "through
total submission to my feelings."

This has become our definition

a courage: the daring to trust one's own feelings.

Earl has done this. — and
and ~~thereby~~ ~~has~~ occurred
~~he~~ had already accomplished what
what he calls the only ~~is~~ miracle:

Self-affirmation, has occurred.

That, of course, is the great reward
of such submission. But there is
another affirmation from without,
the "yes" from other human
beings, the "yes, I do need you
to help me affirm my own being."

And we are beginning to experience
this second miracle.

We feel that every human individual

has two births possible to him:
the first the physical, the second
the spiritual, when the inner man
is matured to the point of ~~fee filling~~
~~out to include~~ ~~per~~ complete
coincidence with the physical
man, so that eventually every
gesture reflects the essential
individual that is, for example,
Earl Hubbard.

Paintings is Earl's way of
giving up, ~~of~~ of creating
his inner being which is his
own spirit. If his work ~~to~~ is to
be valuable to others, if any work
of art is to be so, it seems to

me that it is so to the extent that
it helps someone have the
courage to submit to his own feelings,
thereby to affirm himself.

Before the opening Earl and
I took a walk. The weather had
changed for us. The cold, clear ~~winds~~
winds had come down from the
North. Clouds obscured the sun,
~~making~~ ⁷ the heavy making inside
warm & outside encouraging.
We walked arm in arm, friskily,
gratting with pleasure the
~~cold air~~ turning our faces
into the wind.

Earl looked up ~~up~~ to the

stay and said, " Man's greatest creation: God, -- seems to be smiling on us today."

I laughed, holding his arm tightly. " You are only made ~~tolerable~~ ^{You know} It's only your brilliance that makes you tolerable." Often it's tip and duck, but you always make some brilliant remark

" We are entering the second phase of our life together," Earl said. " I feel this opening is the official beginning of the public phase. The first part was private. We established our love and I learned to trust my feelings. Now I am setting the work out

to find out who needs me. I expect to stay in N.Y. ~~for~~ 5 years or perhaps a little more to find this out - Then ~~then~~ we will move back out to the country.

I say nothing about this - for who knows how we will feel in 5 years & why man the present by discussing future disagreements.

"Whatever you like, darling,"

I said. We walked along in silence for a while.
"You know," ~~said~~ Earl ^{smiled} + said
an artist knows how hard it ~~is~~
is to sell his soul. That's what
I'm trying to do - I am demanding
of people that they love me,

that they need my work - which is
my soul. It's an arrogant demand...

But for years I could not sell
my soul, no matter how hard I tried.

Do you remember all the ^{things we} ~~ways we~~
did: trying to set
~~free~~ - getting the paintings into

Bonwit's window, having the sculpture
photographed for Vogue or Charm
or Glamor - ~~exhibitions~~ trying to
set the collages into the Craft
Museum - You know something,

Barbara - as a prostitute I was
a failure — It's not easy

to be a successful prostitute -
I found that out the hard way - by trying... .

I laughed with delight -

"Earl. I love ^{your} ~~you're~~ honesty. If
is so same, so healthy.

My mind is a whirling mass
of confused feelings. If I do not
put some order to them I shall
be lost in my own frantic
madness, total loss of self. So
I shall permit myself to write
without plan - just to get things
out of my system.

First of all the exultation.
It has moved to me the danger
of the excitement that comes from
receiving ~~the~~ positive approval.
It feels so good. That it
creates in me the desire for
more and soon.
at the opening feeling about

Earl's work rose very high,
sweeping former doubters such
as Alan Bole up along on
the crest of enthusiasm.

I had bought a vivid
orange dress for the opening
because I thought it would
go well with the paintings.

As when Earl and I arrived
at the gallery, ^{the main room} it was empty
except for Clancy and one other
man. ~~in the back~~ I took off
my coat and entered the room.
The paintings hung there, looking
moldy & serene. The gallery was

immaculate, its warm grey rug +
buff walls pristine.

Only I, it seemed, was trembling.
I saw myself so brilliant in
orange, ~~picking~~ echoing the golden
tones ^{of} the paintings, glowing
against the grey.

"Control your nervousness..."
You ~~are~~ can be calm." I told myself.
"You have learned to live with ~~the~~
indifference - so nothing that
happens can take that from you.

I sat there on the couch listening
for a word of approval from the
stranger. He looked at the paintings -
the product of a life's work - our life's

work, and he said... nothing.

A familiar numbness ~~of~~ seeped through my limbs, ~~the more~~ a self protective haze came that deadens ~~feelings~~ to pain.

"Have you heard the latest one about Nixon + Kennedy?" he asked.

Earl stood there, ~~tall~~, ^{lean,} tall, extraordinarily handsome. holding a ~~glass~~ I knew that he was drawing on his past experience. He knew how to ~~reflect~~ suffer indifference - ~~this~~ knowledge He had fully accepted the responsibility for self-affirmation. Let the whole world say nothing.... His saying would suffice.

Earl smiled slightly + said - "No -
what is it?"

"Well, Kennedy is promising so
much that Nixon is going to
vote for him...."

Earl and I and John Clancy
laughed.

Clancy offered him a drink which
he accepted.

I decided to say nothing more
to him.

"Did you know Reginald Marsh?"
he asked Earl.

"No," said Earl mildly, "but I
have always admired his work...."

I stopped listening, thinking
with dismay that his opening was

going to be like all the others, that
our fate was to be forever ignored.

He finished his drink. No one
else had yet arrived. It was almost
5:30. "My god - is it possible - no
^{come}
one will ~~come~~ --" I thought, my
hands damp with perspiration.
Knew it wasn't possible, but it
is much easier for me to believe
in failure than in victory,
since we had never in our
lives * had a single major
victory - made from outside. We have known
only inner victories.

Each I thought of Earl's remarks
during our walk: "It's up to
"Everybody around me is waiting for
a miracle -. I've got to be a

miracle-making — to sustain their
belief. I must produce a vast
chorus of praise from strangers — in order
that my friends + family can continue
to believe in the work. They want
to believe — but they can't without
a miracle to help them. They can't
see that the real miracle is the
work — & that's all that should be
needed — but it's never that way. is
it. Look at what happened to
~~Jesus~~ Christ. The miracle
about Christ was his ~~the~~ words,
his teachings, ^{his being . . .} but was that
enough for his followers? Certainly
not. He had to produce all sorts
& tricks to bolster their morale.

enough so then could get him in
his real listen to what he
taught + learn.

Earl was right, I ^{felt} thought
ashamed of myself. Even I ^{wanted} ~~wanted~~ a
miracle besides the work itself.

"Well," said the stranger... "I

guess nobody else will be arriving
for a while... ~~- when was the opening supposed to
be - from S. 7?~~ I'll be going..."

"It's always ^{his} that way."

Said John calmly, "at 5:30 you ~~are~~
wonder where everyone is and
by 6:30 you wonder where you'll
put them all."

My heart sank. I remembered

Earl's words a scorn about his so-called intimates (other than me.)

"Oh ye a little faith . . ." he had called them.

And yet I^{too} was actually fearing that no one would come.

"Thank you . . ." said our stranger . . . "I enjoyed the show . . . very interesting."

His sentence trailed awkwardly off and he left, leaving Earl, John and myself alone.

I looked frantically toward the elevator door, trying to wish someone into the room, as I used to, long ago, concentrate my prayers upon the phone that it would ring & be a certain voice.

In came Mrs. Masters - dowager ^{in canade} resident at 117 E. 72 - affectionate, social, interested in touching youth & vitality. She looked about.

"Isn't the gallery attractive,
and my... the paintings are well-hung." She looked carefully around.

"Fascinating," she said hesitantly, "absolutely fascinating... And you, my dear," she ~~said~~ taking my hand, "look so beautiful. I love that dress... the color is wonderful. I do hate black, don't you. I never wear black if I can help it..."

"I bought the dress because I thought it would look well with

the paintings." I said

"Oh it does - the whole effect is really terribly impressive.
You know, Mr. ~~was~~ ^{his} ~~Master~~ husband would have come but he isn't well - He has had a series of things one right after the other". (She has told me this every time I have seen her. She ^{is} ~~was~~ extremely sensitive about his illness which have ^{left} rendered him partly paralysed + doddering)

"I do hope he is improving."

I said as usual.

"Well - a little. But it's alright. People come to see us. We do want to get you up again soon to have dinner with us."

"Thank you." I said.

Earl came over + ~~shook her hand~~ to greet her. I heard her say to him, "These paintings

are going to need a little explaining ...

"No," said Earl, "either you understand like them or you don't. There can be no explaining."

In came Norman Dorson <sup>Van den Heuvel
campaign manager</sup> a friend of Wayne's, who had ~~had~~ had dinner with us the evening before. He had said he would come to the opening.

Earl turned from Mrs. Masters to shake Norman's hand.

"Well, here's a politician who keeps his word," said Earl. "I'm all for you..." he smiled.

"I can only stay a minute," said Norman briskly... "the campaign... He looked around the room. There

was Mrs. Masters, John Clancy + the
paintings.

"Oh, God," I thought. He came
to see people not paintings - &
he certainly will be disappointed.
There's only the paintings.

~~I was ready to accept~~ The
opening was a failure. I accepted
it.

At this moment the ~~big~~ people
began to pour in, and within 15
minutes the room was jammed,
the smoke filled all the space not
occupied by people + the
paintings could not be seen
because of the ^{crowd} ~~numbers~~ of people -
except for the self-portrait, which

hung high above the mantel,
Surveying the scene with
perfect equanimity. At the opposite
wall hung the "Pregnant Woman,"
withdrawn, serenely listening for
the new life. These two paintings
comforted me. They were done &
could not be undone. No matter
what I might be feeling at
the moment, panic, elation, defeat,
victory — ^{that feeling} would not alter the
paintings. # I could not destroy
~~them~~ by my faltering feelings.

~~Aunt Rose~~ Prince Ashwin

de Lippe was one of the next to
arrive. Tall, with his long pale

face, brown moustache + thin lips he
is the classic picture of effete
aristocracy. He said nothing about the
paintings, but questioned me about the
children, the new apartment + my
sisters and brothers.

It seemed as though every person
that came at the beginning of the
opening was sent expressly to
disappoint me - & Because after this
initial group, the response was
positive, growing to an all pervasive
+ victorious enthusiasm toward the
end. But by that time, I was,
in Frost's words: "no longer elatable".
I enjoyed it - but ~~fortunately~~, I
never trusted it enough to depend

on it, to sink back on it as
on a ~~too~~ loved one that can be
trusted.

Aunt Rose arrived with
Uncle Mickey + Audrey. <sup>+ her most treasured
friends Emily + Joe Low - patrons</sup> She was ^{the arts.}
atwitter with excitement. She
made her way through the people
over to me. "Barbara," she said,
"you know Mickey + I love paintings -
and we feel them deeply... Well -
I am so thrilled because Earl's
paintings have given us one of
the most moving experiences we
have ever had. — and we are
related to the artist! You can't
imagine how ^{much that} exciting ~~it~~ means
to us."

I was leaving the main room to get myself a drink when a tall dark young man with a beard blocked my way.

"Who are you?" he ~~said~~ asked staring into my eyes with a piercing glance, hissing with a pronounced Spanish accent.

"I am the artist's wife."

"No! You must be the artist's mistress."

"I'm that too..."

"You're unique," he said, taking my hand and kissing it. "Every other woman in this room is dressed in dark clothes - but not you - you stand out among them all... so beautiful..." he kissed my hand.

"I ~~had~~ wore this dress because

I thought it would look well with
the paintings?

"It looks well with you --
that's even more true," he said.

"But ~~R~~ I want to tell you," he
lied, "Your husband has done
something fantastic. He has
developped the most original
approach to portrait painting ~~in~~
the last ten years. He is a
superb artist. I have learned
~~more~~ from ~~to~~ so - so much
from just looking at these
paintings - He is a sculptor
with paint... I would love to
see what he would do with
Sculpture - he has a magnificent

Sense of building in space ...

"What kind of painter are you?" I asked, wanting to place him.

"Oh - an abstract painter," he said, brushing the question aside.

"But why does he paint people with such a terrible pessimism and hatred?"

"Pessimism! + hatred!" I echoed, astonished.

"Yes, these people are brooding, we bore down on the word, ~~atmos~~ deepening ^{his voice} are filled with hate - nothing but hate + pain. I would like to see what he can do with other moods, with joy, with ecstasy, with laughter + good humor."

"This is fascinating to me," I said. "I have never heard anyone describe these paintings as pessimistic. On the contrary,^{to me} they reveal the strength of man — they emphasize his control not his weakness."

"Oh, no — they are an expression of hatred — the most powerful I have ever seen."

"Louis, come here," I called to my brother, "listen to what this painter thinks — he thinks they express terrible hatred..."

"Hatred". You know. This is another proof that they're great," said Louis. "Different

people can see such different things
in them. ;

I left the two of them, to
greet Jane Grant, former wife of
Harold Ross, now married to Bill
Harris, U.P. of Fortune Magazine. She
calls herself — + insists that everyone
else does, too, "Miss Grant." There
is no Mrs. Harris.

She gave me an affectionate
kiss and said, "I would like you
to ~~to~~ meet Mrs. + Mrs. Haupt.
I was immediately attentive, since
Aunt Charlene had told me that
they were great collectors, the kind
that would spend \$125.00 for a
Cézanne.

"How do you do," I said — "I am

so glad you were able to come. Aunt
Charlene thought you were still
in Europe."

"No, we just returned. And
Barbara - I want ~~to~~ you to know
that we ~~to~~ went all over Europe
looking at paintings, and ~~nothing~~
nothing that we saw compared in
originality with your husband's
work. I am very impressed."

Charles David, Aunt Charlene's
son, a young man ~~at~~ about 28 years
old, came up to me & said. "Barbara -
I'm not saying this because I'm
family or anything like that, but
I want you to know that these

are the first paintings I have ever liked. Paintings just weren't for me — they were 3rd down the line after books + music. But this — it's great, really great."

His wife, timid, blond, with regular little features and a conservative little black beanie perched on the back of her head, echoed his words shyly.

"You know, Barbara," she continued, "Aunt Charlene would like to have a portrait done of Charles."

"Doree," I said, "I must explain to you how Earl feels about commissioned portraits. He does not want to do any until he has established his reputation as a painter. He does not want to be known as a portrait painter. Later

in, he may do certain commissions -
but by that time people will come
to him because they want
a Hubbard. ~~one of these~~ - not
because! Understand, Barbara, "she
said sweetly.

"I'm so glad, Doree - and
I am so very pleased you like
the work. It is the reaction of
people like you - who are not
involved directly with the art world -
that is so important to Earl."
One of the most ^{significant} ~~important~~ results
of the opening was his acceptance
of the portraits as paintings. The
first sale, & all subsequent sales
were made to people who never

~~even questioned the fact that~~ considered
~~they would~~ hesitated to "buy a picture of
another person" — for they evidently did
not think of the paintings in those
terms.

This was the major worry of both
Brad + Wayne. Wayne, ^{had} said the
~~evening~~ ~~night~~ before: "I don't want to be
a wet blanket, but I don't see how
people are going to want to buy
paintings of other people — no
matter how good they are... I hope
I'm wrong..."

"You are," said Earl, smiling
with the light-lipped smile which
he had come to recognize as his
self-assertion-in-the-face-of-doubters
smile. "You are, wrong. Wayne... —

The only thing I am not sure of
is timing: whether or not they
will like them this year or next
year or the year after I am not
sure. But, yes, eventually they will.

To Earl's eternal credit, he
dared to be convinced and to
state this conviction BEFORE
ANYONE ELSE did. The miracle
of self-affirmation occurred, ^{in this man.} Even I,
full of faith though I am, never
dared to say: Yes, people will buy -
in the face of doubters I always
hedged with 'maybe's', perhaps's
and 'if's. But not Earl. "Yes,
they will," he said - and this
after 10 years of saying 'yes,'
and being answered by "No, they won't."

Life is opinion Marcus Aurelius

~~Notes~~

~~Other~~

Russell and Nancy Cowles arrived. ~~He~~ is Russell with his weathered handsome old face, and Nancy a real beauty. Earl told me afterward that they had both been ~~more~~ ^{deeply} impressed with the work. Nancy, ^{to} Whom she was leaving Nancy, ^{who is a poetess & writer} took his hand and looking up at the Self-Portrait she said, "Earl, that is you."

This is just the feeling I have - that the painting is more has a higher degree of reality than does Earl himself at any one particular moment. For the painting is the essence of Earl made manifest - while how often is the living man able to express at any one moment, the

We have had the same response
essence of his being - from the most
diverse people, the ~~real~~ some who
know Earl well, others who hardly
know him at all: the paintings
^{they say}
to Earl. When it left the apartment
I felt acute actually bereft, as
though an ~~to~~ important presence
had gone out of my life. Earl
himself was often not an adequate
substitute!

Earl told me later that during ^{the opening},
a younger man, had come up to
ask mild, unobtrusive looking, had
come up to him, to ask say he
liked the paintings very much. He
wondered whether or not the Self-
Portrait was for sale. Earl

said he didn't think it was that
he wanted to keep it for a while
at least to have it to ^{check} new
work with - But that if he did
decide to sell it, it would cost \$5000.
He thought this price would keep most people from
Earl had no idea who the ^{even as late as} young
^{morning after the opening}
man was. But the ~~next morning~~
Louis called and said that "Sx." ^{of his} a friend,
whose family owns General Tires
lock, stock and barrel, had just
called him saying he wanted the
Self-Portrait, was willing to wait
a year for it and would even
allow Earl to have it for 6 months
each year for a while.

Louis felt we ought to try
to persuade him to buy one of the
others - keeping the S.P. ~~for a main attraction~~

which had been Earl's original idea.
So we told Louis to tell Sy the
painting was still not for sale.
However, the following morning, Earl
became anxious. He ~~wanted~~ waited in
my studio study.

"Maybe you better call Louis
and tell him we will see the
S.P. if Sy wants to pay \$5000.
What do you think?"

"Yes, I think we ought to.
If he wants it that much, I ~~can't~~
~~see how~~ think he will see that
it is well-hung + cared for."

So I called Louis to tell
him he could let Sy have it.

In about an hour Louis called
back. "I don't think you should

see the Self-Portrait to Sf," he said.

I'm pretty sure he'll buy one or the others - & I think you ought to have the painting in your control -

to use it to ~~get~~ ^{it should} people interested in Earl's work. It's a great painting.

You can sell it to Sy anytime by just picking up the phone. &

Hicks

~~I~~ image it should be hanging in the apartment or the gallery - in a year or so you'll know more people and ~~you~~ in the art world - the painting ought to be in an important collection or else in a museum. I really think you ought to hold out for that. Answer

* I relayed to Louis opinion to Earl, who ruefully shook his head

in, agreement. "Louis is holding up
under the strain better than I am,"
he said. "He has the steady nerve -
to stick to my original idea - which
I panicked into backing down from.
Louis is right. We'll ~~hold~~^{hold} the
Self-Portrait."

So I called Louis back, giving
him the decision. I felt ashamed of
myself. I should have said what
Louis did, I suppose. But my
instinct was to make this show,
right now, the biggest success
possible, not concerning myself with
the fate of ~~possibly~~ greater
future a single painting might
have if held. But I did not
even have the courage that

conviction. I agreed with both points
of view & consequently was of no
help to anyone.

To follow through this
particular thread - Sy went back
to the gallery several days later
to look at the other paintings.
He liked Man with a Guitar and
Man in a Red shirt. Finally,
after checking one last time about
the self-portrait, he decided to
buy Man in a Red Shirt for \$2500.
He was the second young, affluent
man who was instantly moved
(*..see insert further on)
by the work. The paintings
sold themselves Without a single
return from insert
ward or Salesmanship. Earl is delighted
that young people respond to
see the work

He has the feeling that his influence will start with those of his generation, or younger, rather than with the older group who came to or age with abstract-expressionism, ^{liberalism, + a concern for the weak rather than the strong.} He is pleased that young men of power respond to his work - because Earl is painting for those who ^{accept} take responsibility for their own lives - and for the destiny of America. Earl says he has a stock reaction to every complainer we encounter. He says to them: "if you've got something to build, build it. This is your moment. Who else is going

to do it if you don't.

This reaction to the ^{self-appointed} critics
is not met with anger

The people who catch the spirit of Earl's work, seem to be those who do have something to build, those who accept freedom as a opportunity rather than as a burden. Earl sees in these responses the possible beginn'gs of a nucleus, attracted about his work, of the young men & women spirit in America today.

And I believe Earl has a good chance of creating just such a nucleus. For I have been witnessing his spiritual growth

to the point where I now sense
in him as "presence" of extraordinary
power, a power built on one
thing: ^{The} Self-affirmation of himself &
his work, the total acceptance
that he is his own judge & it is his verdict that
of his own value. This makes him ^{matters}
a blessed man. In religious times,
such a man would feel that
God loved him & spoke through
him & he would be called a
prophet or a holy man. In
our times, such a man is
an artist, he does what he
does out of love. And through his love,
he creates value. The work is valuable
~~At 36~~ ^{At 36} & starts to begining
to him because he loves to do it, needs to
~~to reap the~~
do it.
be needed by those who wish

to affirm themselves - to give value
to their own lives, & thereby to
all society, since a good society
is nothing but no more than
a large number of life lives
that have value to the individuals
living them out day by day. What
other criterion is there?

Earth is ~~the~~ ^{pain't's} painter for those
to whom anything ~~less~~ ^{more} than the
truth is too weak a support (to
use Frost's words). Anything more
than the ^{serious} truth that there is ^{myself}
nothing and no one outside ^{yourself} ~~oneself~~
that can call ^{me} you good and make ^{me} you
believe it. It ^{I must do it.} ~~must be you that does it.~~

Anything more than the truth, such
as ~~that~~ ^{children} a God, a State, a ^{wife} loved one,
can take the responsibility for

me, is ~~but~~ more than the truth.

There were several uncanny omens before the exhibition & since Earl & I are both superstitious we noticed them.

One, which I mentioned earlier, was the weather. There had been no fall at all through September and October. The days were tepid, muggy or hot. Earl complained bitterly, as if accusing heaven of a personal insult. He is like a hibernating animal in reverse. He only comes alive when the shift weather is chill. For 2 months he insulted N.Y. weather - in vain - until

The day before his show, when, as if by direct command of the power above, a North wind blew down upon the torpid city, ~~the~~ tingling our blood with fresh, cold air.

The day of the opening was even colder. Dark clouds went scudding across the sky, ~~making~~ the sun light piercing through them, lighting buildings here & there, ~~pecking~~ illuminating with brilliant gold a dark grey building, a church spire, an auburn tree. Just Earl's kind of light, just Earl's kind of wind, and weather.

The next day, the warm, moist sultry air returned. Only those two

dans had been for us. It has not been cold again since then.

The other omen was Grace's dream.

She dreamt that Mr. Hubbard was doing some sort of secret work for a foreign country - His paintings ~~ha~~ were placed on the ceiling of a great building. A man with a beard was standing off under the paintings. He said pointing upward, "These paintings are here so that when all the men come in they will know where to look and what to look for." The men will be very ^{happy} Then she dreamt that there ^{was} a message for us on page ~~111~~ 110 of the old book of knowledge of the

bible. I looked found my old Bible
and looked up the story turned to
page 404. There, to my astonishment
was ^a the most accurate description
of our kind of victory. It is the
The dream referred to the 4th chapter
of the Book of Samuel, in which
Israel is overcome by the Philistines
The Israelites had ^{fell from the} lost favor with
God because they had lost touch
with the substance of their religion,
relying on the magic powers of
the ark of the covenant to
~~make them~~ ^{will} make them prevail
over their enemies. The Philistines
the Philistines conquered their fear
of the magic powers of the ark &

wringing themselves to "Be strong,
quit yourselves like men, and fight."
And the Philistines fought, and
Israel was smitten, and they
fled every man into his tent."

~~to~~ I feel this dream is
prophetic for us. Most ~~of the~~
paintings and sculpture done today
relies on magic to persuade
people of its power. There is
no substance - it is all incantations,
made-up words + ^{the} fittering of
fairy wands. It casts a spell -
but a false one, because as soon
as the magic words die away, and
daylight shines on the painting -

they can be
it is seen for what it ~~is~~^{they are} - sheer material,
powerless to communicate, mute as all
material is.

Earl - & those who respond to his
work, his army, represent the
Philistines in this story, for they
are ~~that~~ dare to challenge the
magical powers that are said to
inhere in contemporary art, i.e. by
plain, human strength. Earl represents
~~the~~ ^{humane} ~~human~~, man, relying-on-himself-alone,
asserting ^{conscious} man's powers in the teeth
& so-called supernatural forces. The
Supernatural forces, the ~~ark~~-q-^{the}-council
today in today's terms, is "the unconscious,"
"the irrational": the power of much
a non-objective art is supposed to come

from this source, so that the
merest flick of the paint on
a white canvas can be said
to represent an unconscious, universal
truth. This saying so, this muttering
of abakadabras, has made the
flick seem to represent unknown
forces. And as long as it seems
to enough people, to do so, it
in fact does. But the moment
it no longer seems to be so...
it's symbolic, it no longer is. It
is merely a flick of paint on
a white canvas.

Earl sees it as a flick &
not a symbol. He has "de-magicked" it.

so that it has no power over him. He does not actually challenge it, for it does not exist as a power ~~over~~ ^{for} him.

what does exist, & in large size, are the high priests of the unconscious, the interpreters of the flicks of pain & god's word, It is they that Earl will conquer. He will conquer the priests as a representative of humanity, man in those areas in which he is conscious of himself

as throughout history the "human" aspects ⁱⁿ of man, has always asserted itself eventually over the irrational in man. If this had not been so, civilization could not have grown. Mankind would have

destroyed himself in a dark age
of infinite length & blackness.

But light has always prevailed.

And light means man at his
most human, his least bestial
& irrational. It is this humanity

that I believe E's work

manifests.— in its most powerful
(^{Ego part present})

+ glorious form

~~the~~ 

The hind young man was the
mysterious Dr. Nicholas Jankas
from New Haven. Several days
after the opening, around 6:00 pm,
when the gallery would ordinarily
be closed, John was just about

to leave, when a huge hulking young man, about ~~6 ft~~ six foot four inches tall, "built," as John later reported, "like a foot-ball player," walked into the gallery and after looking at the paintings asked, "are these paintings for sale?"

John said they were.

Then he pointed at the Pregnant Woman. "How much is that one?" he asked.

"Three thousand dollars," said John.

"I'll take it," said Dr. Dankas.

John told him it had been invited to the Corcoran Biennial in December.

The young doctor said he would

prefer to have it
go to the Corcoran because he
wanted it as soon as possible.

John said it had already been
committed and that he could only
have it after the Corcoran
exhibition. We agreed and gave
John his address for delivery.

Dr. Dankas is a total
stranger to us, to John, &
to all friends I have asked
about him.

In each case the paintings
have sold themselves, and instantly.

(cont)

There are times when it is necessary to probe reveal irrational forces. But if this revelation is to have meaning, the conscious mind must organize the messages from underground in a way that makes them comprehensible. Much as painting done today does no more than present disorganized or accidental impulsive gestures. The priests make an interpretation, and the public is supposed to believe it. The priests are only powerful as long as the public believes. There are many indications that the public does not believe.

Earl's work will have an

des profound impact on them - because
of no Priest is ^{needed} ~~necessary~~ to act
But as an ~~go-between~~ ^{intermediary}
Anc between man + God - God being
mos the message of the work or art.
s i Earl's work can be interpreted
th directly ^{by the layman}
ma difference between
t-f Catholicism and Protestantism
tt between totalitarianism & democracy
~~use~~

If Earl's work is truly
my accepted + needed it will mean
fra that people in America wish
af to a person seems Earl's work
ve for the first time needs no one to
be No priest or party leader is

necessary to interpret. The viewer is capable of personal response without interference.

And Earl's work encourages just such a response. No one feels any hesitation in expressing a strong, immediate + personal reaction: This is in contrast to our experience with Earl's abstract paintings. So often people would say .. "Well, I don't know much about art" or "I don't know what to say - but I like it - it looks like fun . . ." etc. ad nauseum.

This ~~the only~~ + ~~this~~

The last thing that happened
is that of two young friends of
Bud Louis's, Danny Lufkin & — would
ask, after hearing Louis talk about
most the paintings at a party, asked
Louis to buy for them one painting
as an investment. Louis thinks
he will select "Man with a Guitar",
the painting of John Siring.
Louis has turned out to be
the most effective single force
outside ourselves. He believes in
the work and is capable of
speaking about the paintings
in such a way that people
go to see the show, predisposed
to ~~see~~ see the work in the proper

light. Their & their reaction &
judgement has always been
their own, of course, but the sent
~~to~~ he created a ~~for~~ favor by
his absolute conviction he
created a sympathetic climate.

2
Quotes from Emerson's The Conduct
of Life
"The true meaning of spiritual
is real."

"So intimate is this alliance of mind
and heart, that talent uniformly
sinks with character."

"Men talk as if victory were
something fortunate. History is.
Work is victory. Whenever work

is done, victory is obtained... You want but one verdict: if you have your own, you are secure of the rest.

"He is great, whose eyes are onward to see that the reward of actions cannot be escaped, because he is transformed into his action, & taketh its nature, which bears its own fruit, like every other tree."

"Life is hardly respectable, - is it? if it has no generous, guaranteeing task, no duties or affections, that constitute a necessity of existing. Every man's task is his life-preserver.

"The only path of escape known in all the ^{world's} ~~world's~~ works of God is performance. You must do your work, before you shall be

released."

"Honor & fortune exist to him who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great, always feels himself in the presence of high causes."

"... the high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit, which finds him in employment & happiness."

"Slow, slow to learn the lesson, that there is but one depth, but one interior, and that is — his purpose." (meaning one's own.)

"How respectable the life that clings to its objects." (aspirations)

"The hero is he who is immovably centred."

~~R~~ Reading Emerson is spiritual nourishment, the kind of nourishment without which I starve. He says to me all the things I say to myself, in words that ~~are~~
But not quite being able to live by them, I need to hear them said, over + over again.
I know, for instance, that work is victory. But what is my work? Em rightly says the highest prize is to be born with a bias to some pursuit.

Am I to trust the bias I seem to have - that writing is my work. I must. We know that

courage is the daring to trust your own feelings. Well, it takes more courage to trust those.

- - - -

The review from Art news just came in - Earl dashed out to buy the magazine. It is abominable - ~~something~~ ^{like} stuck in the back section among the unnoticeables - saying something like "Earl Hubbard shows studies in portraiture which are like the switchings around of a cardboard jigsaw puzzle."

Mon. Nov. 14

(What intrigues me about meeting
Stanley again is that I was
able to generate an image of
myself ~~powerfu~~ magnetic enough
to become a symbol to a
man for 10 years of his life
at a time, when I have a very
low impression of my own personality,
when I seem unable to think
get at my own personal responses &
consequently react in company with
ex nervous, superficial comments
on the subject at hand, hearing
my own voice speaking foolishly,

at such a moment, it gratified me
to know that ~~he~~ had had such
~~an effect~~ . . . and may again.
when I am in possession of my
powers, as I was when I met
Stanley, I am a presence, a
force, ~~a person~~

The ironic thing is that while
he has been spending the last
10 years of his life preparing for
THE MOMENT when he could
show me a SUCCESSFUL STANLEY,
successful in the terms he thought

I accepted cherished valued ~~he~~ money, power
in business etc., I have been
attempting to find significance
~~through love, through~~ through love,

~~know~~ knowing that only if I did what I did out of love, would my life have value to me.

What I sought in a man (and found) was one who could help me have the courage to be + good sense, since there really is no alternative, to seek self-affirmation rather than approval from others.

Stanley's life represents exactly the opposite of the life I wish to live:

He has dedicated his life to the achievement of such power as would win him my approval.

~~R~~ But the "I" for whom he worked
does not exist — and never did.

That "I" — the image he had of
the one whose approval was to have
justified his existence, is
the God that always fails. For
it does not exist. The only

"I am" benefactor, the only approver whose opinion heals
reality is the I ^{the wounds + saves the soul} inside — or the

God inside — "Life is," as Marcus
Aurelius said, "opinion" — my opinion.
"Our perturbations come only from the
opinion which is within..." and
I add that our joys as well
come ~~not~~⁵ from that source alone.

This is the way I met
Stanley again.

Earl and I had been invited
to a party given by Dick Adler
to the popular composer (Pygama
Game, Damn Yankees + many others)
and his wife, English actress
Sally Ann Howes (or is it Howell?)
who played the lead in My Fair
Lady after Julie Andrews.)
As we walked from our
apartment on 72nd Street to theirs
on 67th I was filled with that
combination of excitement and dread
with which I face any
important party. The excitement is
the ~~hope~~ of anticipation of a real
contact with a human-being who

interests me. I say miracle because
the touch cannot be willed, any more than
love can. But when it happens - as
it happened ^{for me} with Santha, for instance,
I am fortified for ever by the
~~know~~ memory of her valuing
that in me which I most deeply
need to value, and of me being able
to affirm in her something that
she needs affirmed to affirm herself.
Such meetings are precious & rare -
but it is the hope ^{that} that one will
occur that makes for the real
excitement before ~~a~~ a party. I
no longer the anticipate being
admired - as I used to - because I
almost never feel I am admired.
I feel I am either loved (rarely) or

ignored (usually.)

The dread I feel is the dread of being ignored, of being introduced to a stranger, feeling my mind so blank with self-consciousness, not being able to make think ~~a~~ a single natural remark, speaking as if I were repeating lines I had read or heard somewhere but that are now out of context & meaningless. It is a terrible feeling, one that always fills me with resolution to go into solitude & write until I can speak words which are my own.

Such were my feelings approaching the Adler apartment. We went

up in the elevator. ~~and~~ ^{My hands dampened with perspiration} ~~the harsh~~
~~light, the silence, the slightly~~
~~sickening falling~~ ^{as I endured} ~~the prison like~~
~~trap of us rushing upward through~~
~~a black & empty shaft~~ ^{intimate} ~~the~~
embarrassment of close contact with
the strange elevator man - a forced
intimacy never to be acknowledged,
all eyes being cast downward, ^{each to the} ~~fearful~~
~~to catch~~ ^{catching} the glance of the stranger.
and having to recognize
I peeked up from ^{under} my downcast ^{grows} ~~glance~~
at Earl. Slim as a dancer ^{he was} ~~is~~ black with
his head bowed, ^{his} black hair curling shortly,
slightly at the base of his hair line,
voluptuously, face ^{and his} ~~tense~~ ~~with~~ pursed
in concentrated ~~blankness~~ concentration.
I moved closer to him. My movement
startled him ~~out of~~ & he smiled at

me, breaking my tension & reminding
me that ~~with~~ whatever my opinion
of myself, Earl needs me strong &
~~I shall not allow myself to not~~
~~to respect myself - It is out of love~~
~~for Earl that helps me overcome~~
~~my tendency towards self-depreciation.~~
~~It is not fair to him to leave him~~
~~embracing~~
and I shall not fail him. His
need for me is ~~the greatest stabilizer~~
~~comfort and stimulus. or Because he~~
~~has no woman from me~~

When we stepped out of the
elevator the first thing we saw,
was at ~~the~~ door beside the Adler's
door, was a perfect orange pumpkin,

- in the studio of my being -- Earl
talking about creating spirit in the
studio of his being.

~~glow~~ yellow light glowing from its
symmetrical orifices, each eye a
perfect triangle, the mouth a
centered ~~new moon~~ ^{centered} curve
the stem thick & cocked just
right. It was so much the
perfect pumpkin that it lacked
charm or reality. It was a picture-
book pumpkin.

I forgot who let us in

The apartment was "decorated"
not furnished. It looked as if
everything had been bought at once
Emerald green wall to wall carpet
flored everywhere. Large mirrored
coffee tables, blond top deep-cushioned
couches mushroomed up out of the

the thick lawn & carpetting. A smaller room off the main living room was furnished with black couches & chairs, bowls of polished sea shells that looked like ors d'oeuvres, and a mirrored wall lit from behind which included an elaborately equipped bar, hi-fi, & television, I think. ~~The room~~ The lights were very dim.

Dick Adler had greeted us at the door. He looks "Broadway" though & though: swarthy, heavy featured, with a thick pompadour of black hair, & a ready smile. We were the first to arrive. He led us into the smaller room, & "Well..." he said, smiling, "We're

only having you two."

"Good," said Earl, ^{believing him, &} meaning it, for he ^{much} prefers small groups to large ones.

Dick laughed . . . "I didn't really mean it," ~~he said~~.

Sally Ann came in, her pretty face perfectly made up, each eye enhanced by a skillful ~~s~~ curve of black that tilted ~~gaily~~ at the amidst the fine lines at the outer corners, ~~each eye~~ her blond hair puff whipped up like spun sugar to make a half balloon, fringed at the forehead. Her slim body ^{was} covered smoothly in a plain black ~~sheath~~, low at the ~~the~~ bodice revealing plump little breasts. Breathing up ~~and~~ down ^{as she} ~~up & down~~ ^{nightly said hello.}

"What a charming apartment,"

said.

"Oh, I don't know." she said, ^{in a half voice}

"Every time we give a party we swear we'll stay ^{here,} but then the rest of the time, it has its

drawbacks. The heating system needs to be redone - + the building itself is not well-run . . . nothing like yours."

"Well, it looks lovely to me."

I said. "Did you decorate it?"

"Oh no, ^{Dick did it} it was finished six months before I came here."

"You mean Dick did it all himself?"

"No, he was helped by Joan

~~Eliophot~~^{Eliophoton} " (her husband is Eliot Eliophont, a top Life photographer)

" Oh .. " I said, thinking how very different was this marriage from ours, where everything is done together, & has been ^{for all my} ~~all our~~ adult life.

" Would you like to see the rest of the apartment? "

" Yes, indeed."

She led me through the corridor of green to their bed room. It was all blue: bed, rugs, chairs, drapes, walls, lamps.. baby blue.

" Goodness! " I said. " It's so all on a piece."

~~Then she~~ Next I followed her into a small, narrow room shaped like a shoe box.

"This is where ~~the boy~~ Dick's children sleep when they are home," she said - "but mainly it is Dick's study."

My impression was of linoleum and synthetic fabric. Everything was, I think, plastic, except for one startling thing. ~~which stood out~~
From the ceiling ^{in the middle of the room} hung an early American chandelier with two arms, each holding ^{an old gas lamp} with green glass ~~the~~ shade that had been converted to electric light.

"This is Dick's ^{new} possession," she said. "But we never turn it

on. The light is perfectly ghastly..

"That's often true of any kind of chandelier," I said. "Can you turn it on?"

"Oh, yes." She flicked the switch at the door. A harsh greenish light showed the scuff marks on the composition floor.

"I see what you mean."

She hastily switched the light off. We went back to the bar room.

"We ~~would~~^{can} sit here for a while," she said, "until more people come. Then we'll have to move into the other room." Four of us sat down while Dick brought us drinks. I began to smoke nervously. ~~Why~~
~~is it~~ that recently I can find

~~Nothing to say.~~

What can I say to these people...
What? What? What? The question
drummed through my head, making
thought impossible. I

Dick Adler began to speak
& I was flooded with ~~the~~^a most
~~desproportion~~ disproportionate admiration
for him simply because he could
think of something to say.

"Well," he said, sitting forward
in the black chair, his body, dressed
in black, lost in the black, only
the face, ~~hat~~ and collar & cuffs
showing ~~up~~ in the dim light,
~~"Who's going to win?"~~ "I hope
I'm not speaking out of turn with
you two, I don't know how you feel,

but I certainly hope Nixon wins."

"You certainly are not talking out of turn," said Earl. "That's just what we feel — and ~~we think~~ he will win."

Both of us were amazed, because we had been sure that Dick, like almost every ^{artist} single ~~artist~~ acquaintance friend we have would be a Democrat especially since he had invited us to his party specifically to meet Larry Adler (no relation), whom we admire profoundly as a ~~harmonica~~ ^{musician} ~~play~~, but who has had ^{more} ~~government~~ troubles about communist associations.

"The way I feel is this," said Dick. "The country has changed. ~~Dear~~ what is needed now is a conservative

government. Look - either we believe in democracy, in capitalism, in freedom - or we don't. If we want socialism, let's face it! But if we want to ~~to~~ have democracy + cap to continue our way of life - then we have got to support the conservatives now. It's all a matter of timing. In the 30's

I was an ardent leftist - supporting labor movements, Pro the New Deal - because at that time that was what was necessary to preserve democracy. But the trouble with most of the others who supported were on that side there is that

they can't see that America needs something else now. The pendulum has swung too far to the left — & if we want our ^{-our} American system to survive — we've got to control labor and the growth of big government."

"How intelligent you are!"

I said, amazed. ~~at~~ "You are the only person who was once a ^{Roos:} liberal, understanding that liberation today lies with the conservatives. The forces which must be controlled checked + balanced today are labor + centralized govt."

The door bell rang. Dick arose + returned from the front room with the new arrivals. He introduced us to Mr. + Mrs. Sidney Kingsley. The name

was familiar to me, but at that moment I could not place him - was he a writer, a producer, a director - I couldn't think. He sat down next to me and again I ~~began~~ became paralysed with self-consciousness. What can I do about this malady?

I usually have one theme that is about which I have deep & personal feelings. If I can manage the conversation onto that I come alive - that's bad enough, but now I am in between themes and find myself quoting myself, feeling second-hand second-rate, just as if I were plagiarizing a stranger. Faubion, who had introduced us, had told me that Dick was "fascinated by me" and said there was something

"very special about me" There is . . .
but God - it's hard for me to be
~~at ease enough with people in order~~
~~to but who but only when I am at ease,~~
& not frozen by embarrassment. If I
can discover the root of this paralyses
I shall be enormously relieved. It affects
my writing, too, so that I became
aware only of my mental hesitation,
and not of the substantial experience
I wish to reveal & organize.

So Dick thought there was
something fascinating about me
and I was unable, at the moment,
to remember what it was! -

I could think of nothing to say
to Sidney. His wife sat on the other
side of the coffee table. She was
about 40 years old and plain, but she

spoke as if she was used to being
listened to. I admired her confidence
at such moments. I am childishly
easily impressed by any one who
seems simply to be able to converse
with ease & animation.

The next to arrive were
Sandra & Fanbrian. Sandra
comes sailing into a room like a Queen,
smiling, regal. ~~dressed in a~~ ^{her} ~~which sets her apart like a crown.~~
~~or off~~ I have met several other
flouring, her hands in front clasping
a little bag (full of cigarettes.) She
has a way of making any one she
talks to feel favored - as is the way
of Queens.

Faubion came over to me and gave me a kiss.

"Darling - it isn't my fault we're late."

I laughed and gave him a kiss on the cheek affectionately.

"I am in a terrible mood," he said. "I just can't stand people."

"You're like me, Faubion. You always expect the so much - and we usually ~~get~~ find so little. We should be more like Earl. He never expects anything from people - and so he isn't disappointed."

As I said this it sounded stupid and ~~untr~~ inaccurate, as if I were skimming words off the top of my mind, unable to make them represent something I ^{really} thought or felt.

~~The~~ People began to arrive in groups. I was introduced to

Jha, Indian repr. in the U.N.
Ambassador Dja ~~Dja~~ (spelling?) and
his wife, an exquisite painted doll

She had a full & ^{wide} with pointed ^{black} ~~breast~~ eyes were entirely lined delicately to ~~extincted~~ with black, & in the middle was the ~~brief~~ ~~Scarlett~~ castle mark. Her skin was rich gold and in the middle of her forehead was the Scarlett castle mark. The ambassador was, as almost everyone I talked with felt, a great improvement over Krishna Menon, who ~~formerly~~ represented his predecessor at the U.N. He was friendly, embracing the ladies and appearing to enjoy himself.

I was next introduced to Mr. & Mrs. Alfred de Haagre Liagre, (the producer of "J.B.") a tall distinguished man who looked like a British

diplomat.

I began to talk with Mrs. de Lierre.
"I am so glad to meet you," I said
"because I have been wanting to
thank you for recommending the Steiner
School (she had told Arnold Whitridge
about it; he had told me and suggested
I call Mrs. de L. to get more information,
which I had done). Do you remember,
I called you last Spring - - -

"Oh, yes, of course," she said, "I
was so glad to be able to tell you
about it."

"Well - the school has had almost
a miraculous effect on my eldest
daughter, Suzanne. She had always
been slow verbally; she didn't read well,
she spoke hesitantly — all her imagination
expressed itself visually, through drawing
+ painting. I was afraid that she would

never be reached verbally. Well... after about 3 or 4 days at the Steiner School a transformation took place. She began to tell us long stories; she wanted to read, to write poetry. She became animated, articulate - trying out new words, new phrases she had read. It's as though her little spirit had suddenly been let out a prison to speak freely & clearly. I just wrote Mr. Barnes a letter ~~thank~~ telling him about this miracle -"

"Oh I am so glad to hear you say that," she said, her lovely face, eyes lighting up.

"There are many schools which

talk about being interested in the individual spirit of each child, but the Steiner school is the only one I know of who really ^{is}, _{is}, _{able}, _{to}, _{read}, _{it}, _{in}, _{that}, _{spirit.}"

"How has your daughter done since you transferred her to Brealey?" I asked.

"Well they were very difficult about it at first," she said - "then talked about dropping her back a year because Brealey standards are so much higher, but since she was so tall for her age, they ^{wanted} _{needed} to let her go into her own class."

As Mrs. de Liagre continued to talk more & more guests were arriving.

Engrossed as I was in our conversation,

I did not notice Dick Adler approaching with the latest arrivals until he broke in between Mrs. de L. & myself saying: "Barbara, I would like some

to meet Mr. & Mrs. Stanley Weiss."

I looked up and there he was,

smiling, ~~but~~ holding my eyes with
~~his~~ staring silently at me.

"Stanley!" I gasped, transfixed.

"Stanley!"

"You know each other?" Dick

asked.

"Know each other? Yes, we do,"

I said staring at Stanley, ~~not Dick~~.

As he held me with his eyes, I

~~left~~ knew instantly he still loved me, I
that in the room filled with people

there was, for him, one person alone,
and it was I, this whom he had loved
& hated so passionately, 10 years ago.
Not since then had we seen each other.

"Yes, I believe we've met before," said Stanley, bowing slightly, taking my hand. My cheeks burned. He spoke with a strange, soft accent, part British, part Spanish, and a very, very small part, apparent perhaps only to my familiar ears, the old Philadelphia-Jewish. He had transformed himself ^{in demeanor,} from ^{the} wiry, common, crudely ^{I had known.} ambitious boy ^{had the dash,} into a gentleman. His suit was superbly cut, his body heavier, his hair controlled, his features fine. ^{He looked like} a Spanish bull-fighter.

"This is Mrs. Weiss," said Dick.

I looked at her searchingly.

"How do you do, Barbara," she said.

Curiously I could form no impression of her. I could not focus my mind on her.

Dick introduced me to Joan & Elliot Elisophore and ^{then} ~~she~~ ^{led} them & Stanley away from me & Mrs de Liasse.

Mrs. de Liagre continued to talk about Brealey, but I was no longer concentrating.

I heard Faubion talking with Stanley. "How did you happen to know Barbara Marx?" he was asking, bubbling with that animated curiosity which is part of Faubion's charm.

I could not hear the answer. Some one else came over to say hello to Mrs. de Liagre + I quickly left, running + taking the few steps towards Stanley + Faubion.

"~~ST~~ Faubion - how in the world do you know Stanley

"Stanley... I just can't believe it. I knew I would meet you again - but it's such a shock - so unexpected...

she
Did you know I was going to be here?

"Yes, I knew 20 minutes before I came that you would be here — I was almost going to call you — so I wouldn't have an unfair advantage, but I decided against it."

"But how did you come — & how did you know Faubion?" I was dazed with questions.

"Oh, I've known Stanley for years," said Faubion. "Stanley Weiss is one of the most wonderful men in the world — and one of the handsomest." Stanley flushed and I felt the my cheeks warming as ~~the~~^{my heart} blood beat rapidly. ~~thought~~ "But how did you know him?"

"Stanley was my first love." I said.

Stanley smiled widely — a child-like smile of pleasure, it

seemed to me.

"I haven't seen him for 10 years... not since we parted."

"No!" said Faubion - "How exciting! - Does Earl know?"

"Earl knows about Stanley - but I'm not sure he will recognize him."

"Don't introduce them." said Faubion, glowering with interest - "What will Earl be like? Will he be like Stanley?"

"No," I said, "he's too possessive. He could not possibly like Stanley."

"Are you possessive, Stanley?"

Faubion asked.

"Yes," said Stanley. The word hung there, for me to grasp + understand.

"Is Stanley jealous?" Faubion turned to Lisa Weiss, who had been standing on the fringe of our group silently.

"No... I don't think so," she said.

Slowly. "I believe everyone's jealous when threatened." I said. "It's only a

question of ~~whether~~ touching a sensitive area. Now, for instance, I'm not jealous of Earl. I feel personally pleased when any one, man or woman, likes Earl — because it seems to add to my own glory, it's like being admired myself..."

"Barbara's extraordinary about this," said Faubion. "She's amazingly self-effacing."

"Oh, no, Faubion," I countered. "It

has nothing to do with being self-aggrandizing.
It's a form of pride. BUT - if
I felt threatened; if I felt Earl
did not love me exclusively, then
I would be jealous of everyone who
smiled at him."

"Where is Earl?" Stanley asked.

"I pointed to Earl who is
inevitably distinguishable by his height
and striking good-looks.

"Oh, yes," said Stanley. "In those
past 10 years I have collected every
possible bit of information about Earl
Hubbard - always hoping to hear some
criticism of him --- but I never did -
even from old classmates... nobody
had anything but praise."

Faubion and Lisa had, I suppose,

sensed that we wished to talk - we had to talk - so we were left alone. They disappeared.

"Let's sit down," said Stanley, drawing up an extra chair. ^{for me} We sat down face to face.

"Stanley," I said, "I still cannot believe it's you - that after all this time you could suddenly appear like this. And you look so marvelous." ^{I paused,} Did you looking at his dark, well-cut suit, his coat, so immaculate make you millions? ^{the collar, conservative tie.}

"Of course," he said smiling. "Really! ^{Oh, how wonderful!} You said you would and you did. Then nothing was wasted - none of the part was useless, was it?."

"None of it," he said staring into my eyes. I was scarcely aware of the demands in those eyes until later, when I left them, and they haunted up the

memory of them looking, looking, and wanting, wanting me with the pure, inextinguishable ^{desire} flame of an obsessive passion. "And my instincts were right about you." "They always were," he said. There was a silence.
B. "How did this happen - where do you live - It's impossible that I know you so well & yet know so little. Tell me ^{when} everything."

"Well, after you left me, I went back to school; first to Georgetown University and then to Paris to the Sorbonne . . ."
And you went to the ^{Science} Po too - didn't you? I saw it in the p. Times in your the announcement of your engagement . . ."

"No. I didn't go . . . I put that in the papers just for you. ^{to see} . . ."

"Oh, no - you didn't. Stanley -

I did see it - it haunted me for weeks & weeks that you should have gone back to Paris and lived the whole time over again... And then what happened?

"Then I went to Mexico..."

"You mean absolutely cold-wise, out any definite plans."

"Yes, absolutely cold. I went to school there for a while ~~& then~~
~~→~~ But - the millions... how in the world did you do it? What is your business?"

"Afghan Manganese - I own mines."

"Mines! For heaven's sake. And you live & work in Mexico?"

"I live all over - Paris, London - Lisa wants to live in Paris for a while. I ~~would~~ like to live there - but not work there. There is the

possibility of trouble in Mexico -
they might nationalize the mines -
but . . . let's not talk about that!

How is your family? How's Louis?

"Louis is amazin'. He worked
for Daddy for a while, winding
up toys every morning, as he put it.
Then by chance he got into the
oil business. & the father of
one of his Princeton friends asked him
to ~~the~~ buy half of some wild-cat
venture in Kansas. He did - not
even know where it was.,
of the biggest wells in Kansas. Louis
didn't even know where it was.,
Ever ~~since~~ since then he has been
in the oil business. I think he

makes more money than my father-but
nobody really knows. Anyway, he's
a natural - and right under the
nose of an extremely dominating father,
he was able to go his own way. Now
he has his own office, staff - &
his own business - called Deerfield
Oil Co."

Deerfield Oil Co. Isn't that
wonderful," said Stanley. "Isn't that
wonderful. And how about your father?
How is he?"

"He's fine - more mellow than
when you knew him..."

"You know - I've had that
cover picture ^{of him} that was on Time Magazine
over my desk all these years."

"No! Why? To stick pins in?"
Stanley laughed. "No.. as an
inspiration. Your father has done more for

me than any other man."

"Wait till I tell him!"

I said sleepfully. "Wait till he hears what you've done. He was so wrong about you... and I was so right...."

"The only ^{thing} I feared," Stanley said slowly, "was that I would see you again too soon." He looked quietly into my eyes.

"Stanley. You've performed a miracle. In ten short years you have transformed your life... just as you said you would. What does it feel like ^{to have done this?} Has it been good enough?"

He shook his head. "No, it hasn't. He looked at me so deeply, that

I had to know what he meant. But I could not acknowledge it. To have recognized his meaning tot would have been to bring the past alive give the past a rebirth, into the present, to grow into something else.

My deepest feeling was a ^{victory.} ~~relief.~~
My life with Earl It is very difficult for me to know what my attitude about anything is until it is tested by the offer of an alternative. My love for Earl proved so strong that I had built a life so good that although the past lived, it had no hold on me strong enough to jar me.

My life was good; my love for Earl was growing. I was not

vulnerable to My past had
no hold on me, no attraction
~~to~~ strong enough to sever
me for an instant from my
present life.

~~It is only at such moments~~
That it is "possible to ~~get~~ appraise
the condition of one's will (in
Schopenhauer's sense) Is it pleased or
isn't it? The will does not always
assert itself; often it will go along
peacefully enough, seeming to follow
the dictates of the intelligence - but
given a chance to take over, given
an opening of any sort, it will
swell up and ~~does~~ take over entirely.

passionately assert itself.

The reappearance of Stanley was such a test of ^{my} will's condition. If it had not been satisfied with my present life, it would have viciously taken over the reins from my intelligence and ~~of what is~~ directed me towards Stanley... or rather away from me. But far ~~so~~ the opposite occurred. My will began to glow with pride + pleasure. For as I talked with Stanley ^{it or} I realized that I had achieved ^{the life I value} an infinitely superior life... ~~in~~ ~~that~~ though my belief bore for East + my faith in too the significance of his work + to some extent, ^{his} mind, I had found in Emerson's words "a generous, guaranteeing task..."

that constitutes a necessity of existing.
Every man's task is his life-preserved."

I had found such a task: the
building of my relationship with Earl,
and the writing about it."

My purpose did not desert
me. I was steadied by it. I
had chosen "Something like a star."

Stanley, on the other hand, had
not so chosen. He had put his fate
in someone else's hands. In ^{attempting} choosing
to move his wife to me (he
told Fanbrián later that the past 10
years of his life had been directed
solely toward this moment when he
would see me again) he had
sacrificed the one hope ^{for well-being} any man has:
self-affirmation. He had become (as
Faubrián also told me) a power in Mexican

Suzanne is going to India! with
Faublans & Sai. She will leave
She will spend a night in London -
staying with the Countess of Stratford
then on to Bom Ban - to stay with
Santia's sister - for a month
Then one night in Paris with the
Count Jean de Selancy - & home.
How lucky she is. I feel like a
stage mother watching from the wings.

society, living in one of the show places,
his office atop the tallest building
in Acapulco, his enterprises vast and
uncertain - all this ^{in 10 yrs.} from a penniless, untutored boy.

But when I asked him whether
it ^{feels} was good enough, he said no.

Motive is everything. There is no
act which can be evaluated

unless the motive is understood.

There is no real triumph other than

that self-affirmation; there is no reward
but in the act itself; there is no meaning
to life but the meaning ~~you~~ give it.
"Stanley, do you think

I've changed?"

"Not in the slightest," he
said, smiling at me. "You look
wonderful..."

Conversation was beginning to
run down. Either we would have
to acknowledge a new intimacy,
or the electric charge that animates
us would be snuffed out. I intuitively
decided against the slightest ^{direct} glance —
the look into his eyes would have done
^{it would have} renewed the charge. But all the while

I was thrilled by knowing what a
glance could do - if I woud get glance.

Dick Adler brought someone over
to introduce to us. "This is Stanley
Weiss," he said, when he came to
Stanley. ^{After} When he left Stanley turned
to me and said - ~~"you see,"~~ "I never did
change my name."

When I had known him, he
had been humiliated by his Jewish
name ~~&~~ and had considered
changing it to White. Stanley
white. But ^{was in the end} he had always
decided it would be a cowardly act,
revealing lack of self-confidence, ⁺ so in
his stronger moments he had
always scorned his own ~~weak~~ ^{sense of shame}.

By pointing out that he had kept his name in fact, he was showing me his strength.

"I'm glad you did," I said.

"And how do you like the way I ~~can~~ speak now?" he asked ... "like ~~the~~ bear

"It's amazing, Stanley ... you speak like an Englishman."

"I taught myself."

"You speak better than I do,"

I said gently ~~and~~ "and ~~I~~ ~~said~~ you should ^(can't) tell me Stanley, how is

your mother? I remember the first night ~~I met you~~ we went out together

(car, night darkness, kisses, cigarettes + wine — it flooded back into my ~~my~~ mind)

I dared not look at him) you told me you wanted to earn enough money to give your mother everything she deserved - you said she was a saint and you were going to do for her what your father had never been able to do because he was too good ... What does it feel like to have been able to give her what she too ~~what has happen~~
~~what~~ now?

"You know, Barbara, she has never been able to believe in what's happened... I've got her living in a big apartment in Los Angeles - near my sister - you remember Flora?" B

I nodded.

"Well, she's living there with all the money she needs - and she

can't believe she can afford it.
She thinks it costs too much -
that she's spending more than
she should. She hasn't changed a bit.

+(cont)

Lest my vocabulary, he said
laughing. I've studied ~~the whole~~^{all}
the Johnson & O'Connor vocabulary
books. The low point of my life
was the meeting with David
Schine that night at Scarsdale.

(How I remembered the shame of it:
the supercilious, Harvard educated,
megalomaniac David, ~~taking~~ exposing
Stanley to an ^{"abstract"} wagup
war on Stanley by abstract, philosophical
discussion, revealing Stanley's ~~feeble~~
ignorance + inability to articulate, playing

with him, leading him into verbal traps,
rendering him helpless with a flick
of an idea) and all of us, ~~Elvis~~, Sacke,
Patricia & I, listening, (with ~~him~~
Shane, then with ~~her~~). . . "he told me
I had an obsession — and I didn't,
know what obsession meant. Do you
remember?"

"Oh, God, Stanley = ^{I'll never forget it.} wasn't
David awful - he was hateful - but
fairly right - it was a terrible night.
But you'll never have such a night
again. I just can't get over what
you've done in 10 years. It's subject
matter for a good novel?"

"Do you still write?" Stanley
asked.

"Oh - yes, indeed I do. I haven't
given up a single dream. I write

every day. I am the most prolific unpublished writer I know of."

Stanley laughed.

"I wrote a book - you were in it - ~~everything~~ I tried to understand what happened by writing about it — but it was too personal & no one would publish it."

"I ~~wrote~~ have written about it too," said Stanley, softly.

Again, I felt us drawing together, two trains approaching each other faster & faster — I swerved.

"Isn't that ironic," I said "It's almost impossible to give anyone anything,

isn't it?" I paused again.

"It's very interesting, Stanley," I said. "The past 10 years have been a struggle for me - in quite a different way than yours, and you have met me again just at the point where I sense victory. I had been given by birth many of the things that other people, not having been so given them, work for most of their lives. Being so freed from my accident freed from the ordinary pursuits, I was forced to concentrate on the spiritual essentials. I had to learn to do what I did out of love, and to accept that love as the meaning of my life. In Earl I found a man, who by example, helped me take this responsibility."

when so often my tendency was to escape into some easier kind of endeavor, where someone else could tell me what ~~do~~ to do - & what to when I was good or bad. But the thing I learned from you has been invaluable. You taught me that I must never let another human being be my judge -

"Now I am for the first time ~~standing~~ ^{standing} some of the fruits ~~at~~ ^{at} 30 I feel on the brink of my own life ready to live as an adult rather than as a child. And you - you've done the thing you had to do first in an amazingly short time - you've done what most men spend a life time doing - & then perhaps at

50 or 60 realize it wasn't good enough,
when it's too late to grow. But
you saw it at what... how old
are you now?"

"Thirty two"

"Thirty two! So young." I

certainly had good instincts. I sensed
your strength - it was real. I couldn't
be more pleased, Stanley."

I heard my voice sounding preachy.
~~was~~ The roles were reversed. He
had put me in the position of being
his judge - and in ~~that~~ the
instant of that realization I was
freed from him. For what was
he to me if I could judge him.
I felt compassion, but no attraction

With a rush of feeling, my thought,
my very being turned to Earl. His
need for me was real. Stanley's
was fictitious. ^{Stanley} He wanted ^{from} me
what only he could do for himself.
Earl wanted from me what
he could not do for himself, what
only I could do, that is he
wanted that I need for my life itself,
what he ~~had~~ had to give. He
wanted my need for him. My
need for him could represent the
whole world to him. He could
affirm himself ~~& and paint the and~~
and express this affirmation through his
paintings. But to be fulfilled he

had to have one being outside
himself accept his sacrifice, his gift,
as utterly necessary. I was that
being, and together we could live
without demanding that some fictitious
non-existent judge should justify our
lives.

When we left the party - after
several more hours - I did not say
good-bye to Stanley. I felt guilty
about it afterwards, but at the
moment my instinct had had
been to honor ~~what~~ him, by
not demeaning it ^{with} the
speaking superficial polite phrases
of social good-byes. ~~but instead~~
leaving, as we had met, ~~but~~
I wonder if we shall ever meet again.
and if we do, ~~what~~ where we

shall stand in our own eyes - &
in each others.

It will be where we stand in
our own eyes that will determine where
we will stand in each others.

^(Quotes from Earl)
"Man has always been trying to
~~package spirit~~ ^{experience} to find ways to
package spirit and mail it to
eternity." Earl

"The one thing I learned as a child
when I spent so much time at church was religion
and went to church was about prayer."

"What did you about prayer?"
I asked.

"Yes," said Earl. "It was very
important. I learned that I never
got what I prayed for."

"They would probably answer
that you prayed for the wrong
thing."

"Yes - I didn't pray for what
they wanted. I prayed for what

"That's true. I prayed for what
I wanted not for what they wanted.
But anyway, I never got what I asked for it's been

what good both would it have done me to ask for something I didn't want?

the most useful thing I learned
from my religious years."

"Life has no meaning but
what I give it."

*
"What's people's attraction to
these plays where everybody is
helpless? If you push it far
enough wouldn't you find that
what they really ~~feel~~^{hope} is that
since they are not responsible some
one else, somewhere else, is? And
what they are blindly ~~pushing for~~^{seeking}
is to reach that Great ^{visible}Mother or Father
who is presiding over the nursery

and who will pick them up & care for them, poor provided they fall down noticeably enough. It's interesting to notice where people choose to fall down & act helpless. It's usually in front in the vicinity of some authority - I believe that anyone who falls down & lies there crying believes deep inside that someone who cares is watching & will be forced to help. The difference between me & those others is that I know no one is watching. If I fall down, I know I will lie there until I pick myself up.

Most people spend their entire lives ~~is~~ playing in a nursery - some plan brilliantly, building with straws

all sorts of fantastic structures for Mother to see.

But there are always a few men who know that Mother & Father have gone away - or never were there. These men preserve the nurseries for the rest of them. And that's the attraction these men hold over the masses of men - who want to stay inside the nursery, * punished & rewarded by the adult in charge

"It's, your greatness, that you

I But no one's ^{really} in charge - in a democracy. In a totalitarian state the nurseries are very well kept - what's the attraction of such a state - and is

is much easier ^{were} to believe that
Mother your life is ~~good~~ has meaning
because Mother ~~knows~~ what ~~is~~ you
should do seems to be in constant
attendance ~~is~~ telling every child just
what his life is for.

But because it's a ~~book~~
there, the responsibility to make
life meaningful is ^{dearly} delegated to the leaders.
They in turn delegate it the the
dead leaders, the Gods - Marx, Lenin, etc
~~or~~ ^{or} ~~whatever~~ other figures for other systems -
But somewhere, even in such a system,
there are men who know, as I know,
that whatever meaning there is to life
has been given it by single individuals
who have accepted the fact that life
^{means} ~~means~~ ^(Life is opinion) _{means}
~~means~~ whatever they say it ~~means~~ means.
In this ~~so~~ way, I am beginning

to sense man's position as heroic.

If he is aware that he stands alone on this earth, for an instant, constantly vulnerable, surrounded by the indifference of the Universe, with no one to ~~reward~~ reward him for his pains or praise him for his sacrifices if he is aware of his position, ~~he~~ and ~~he~~ accepts it without ~~acts~~ ~~acts~~

fabricating authorities to tell him it isn't so - then he is a hero.

(Then he knows what it means to be free)

Mon. Nov. 28

When I go to view a Rembrandt self portrait I am in

A Last night at the King's I was talking to a young composer, Clinton Elliot, on the subject of Rembrandt.

He said: "One of the things I don't like about Rem. is his use of costumes - the way he dresses his subjects up in those ridiculous outfits."

I said: "I ^{like} feel that the use of costumes emphasizes the profound dictiony he makes between the soul & the body. Those eyes looking out of the aging, withering face

or represent the spirit - the immortal soul - or the individual - which is housed in a decaying body - The Costumes never emphasize how little the spirit ~~is~~ has to do with the trappings in which it finds itself.

"You - you're not this suit, ~~this~~ hand - certain you're not the clothes nor this hand, this foot - is that you? you wear - ~~are~~ you? Rem. 5 makes the distinction clear."

"That's just what I don't like about him - this Surrealism?"

"Surrealism?"

"Yes, the dictionay, as you put it, between body & soul is

surrealistic — ~~the~~ & in life the split does not exist. "

"Oh, yes, it does," I said.

"It's ~~in~~ the most important fact of life — I am not my body — there is something in me that is a another quality than my flesh & blood — this thing — it doesn't matter what we call it, watches my body age, — ^{my mind weaker} but it does not age, ^{or} ~~weakens~~ except in the last extremities, & even then it has to suffer the outrage of watching itself & put out, extinguished, by a foreign force material force alien [&] to itself.

"Rembrandt's eyes are a that quality:

"I know," said Clinton — "and I find

it creepy - the way those ^{disembodied} eyes follow me around. I don't like it."

"That is exactly what ^{it} do like," I said. "It seems to me ~~the only~~ so far much more interesting than anything else: the seeing eye. Yes, that's it." I said to him, excited by the glimmer of a new thought,

"Rembrandt paints the seeing eye rather than the thing seen. ~~whatever the eye~~ When I look at his 'Self-Portrait' I am 'engaged' with the spirit that sees, not ~~with~~ something the spirit

has seen. I am engaged because
I feel the seeing eye sees me
~~him~~

"Yes, you're quite right," said
Clinton, "that's just what Rem. does.
But I would rather see the world
than see Rembrandt. ~~I would rather~~
~~see a chain - because the artist~~
~~through the was the artist~~
~~viewing painting is a chain, for~~
~~instance, I am touching the art~~

"But Clint, the world you
see is in you. If I know you,
I know can surprise you world -
I would rather work from the
Source outward, then visa versa. If
an artist presents me with things seen, I

then have to work back to the seeing eye - to deduce it from the objects seen. But what is interesting to me is never the object, always the eye ^{that sees}.

Rembrandt's greatness is his
his revelation

As I told Earl about this conversation - + compared his and elaborated.

"What relates you to Rembrandt is exactly this," I said - "You reveal paint the seeing eye as does Rem. Not other portrait painters - even the greatest do not. Their people are

objects seen, masterfully seen, analysed,
revealed - but as an object, not a
subject. You + Rem. ^{somehow} paint subjects,
not objects.

"^{The glauce} ^{of} that Self-Portrait of yours
follows me around just the way
Rembrandt does."

"That's true," said Earl. "They
both have a certain aggressiveness.
You know, I've noticed several times
at the Metropolitan + The National
Galleries that people will walk
through the Rembrandt rooms without
pausing, without any visible response."

"Is this in contrast to their
reaction to other paintings?"

"Yes - for let me see... for

instance, their reaction to the
Monet exhibition."

"Oh yes," I said. "I know
just what you mean. Standing in
front of a painting oohing &
aahing & sighing with pleasure."

"That's right. Yet I
bet if you asked the same people
who was the greater painter, they
would say Rembrandt. Why is
this? They don't like to look at
his paintings, but they call
them great!"

"I think, Earl, it's because
most people do not want to be

seen. I know this is true in personal relations. How few many people do we know who ~~like~~ or are willing - or able - to reveal who they are? You can't ~~get~~ reach the seeing eye or most people. It is buried so deeply buried among the things seen ~~by themselves~~ ~~or other~~ first + second hand, mostly second that I am unable to reach the only thing worth reaching - that within them that is the Seer, the active agent, the subject of the Being.

The demands of your paintings & Rembrandt's is that the viewer confront the painting, Seer to Seer!

If the viewer will not do so, he will be forced to flee, pursued, incriminated, by those eyes that demand.

an original response. Most people
are objects, not subjects, most of the
time. They are acted upon - ~~even by~~
~~him~~ by inner or outer forces. Rarely
does ~~a man~~ act. This is the
common nursery life you were talking
about. And as you said, most people
want to remain in the nursery - ~~that's~~
why they like a Monet - who paints
such beautiful backgrounds, to lose
themselves ~~yourself~~ in. However, I would
imagine there exists somewhere
in every human being the
sense of identity & the yearning to be
seen & to see uniquely. Rembrandt
is called great - but not looked at

long — because he gives them what they want but cannot stand. Recognition, as single + alone.

However, if the viewer wishes to accept the responsibility is a

seer is one of those outside the nursery, the Self-Portraits do not pursue him or incriminate him. They see him, which is

But what I like about him is just that I like to be seen

Tues. Nov. 28

Wade

* We were all standing at the elevator door ready to leave for Washington; Alexandra, Rachel, Wade + ^I ~~Mrs.~~. - Grace was saying good-bye to us. Robbie, who had been standing silently there began to sob ^{clinging} to Grace's heavy body like a ^{twin} leaf blown against the trunk of ~~an~~ ^{harding} to Grace's ample skirts. "I'm ~~a~~ tree not going to have anyone to play with," she cried. "I'm going to be all alone . . . I want to go with you . . ." Her ~~#~~ fuzzy braids, red-ribbed, sticking out stiffly from her little head, bobbed up + down ~~as~~ as she wept.

"Robie, dear, you will have fun here - & we'll bring you back a present..." I said, but to no avail. She continued

to sob, ~~feeling sorrier + sorrier for her slim body herself,~~ ~~for~~ heaving with grief.

~~Wade was~~ During this scene I had been holding Wade in my arms, as is his manner, he had been watching silently. Suddenly he tried to wriggle out of my arms, ~~He~~ squirming his ^{compact} muscular body with such vigor that I could no longer hold him. I lowered him to the floor, irritated, because we had just rung for the elevator, thinking that he was simply tired of being held. But no, he had a purpose. Dressed as he was in his red ^{corduroy} jacket & red hat complete with ear muffs &

chin strap. He began to race around
in a circle, ~~twisting~~ twirling, bowing, kicking,
like a mechanical doll gone ~~wild~~.

He made whinnying sounds & began
^{about, bent over to make}
^{to hold his hands}
at the ^{worst} hooves — as he
has seen the girls do, shaking
his head up & down, then crawling,
holding his head to the side
buckling, whinnying all the while.

I ~~she~~ watched in surprise until
it suddenly became apparent to
me what he was doing. For Robbie
had stopped sobbing. She was watching
Wade intently and then she began to
smile & at last to laugh out loud.
Wade was dancing for her. He had

turned her ~~mind~~^{attention} from ~~its~~^{her} troubles
child-like, she forgot all about it,

Still clinging to Grace she
smiled happily & said good-bye.
~~as I picked up Wade and~~
We all entered the elevator. I had
picked Wade up in my arms again.

"Bye," he waved to Grace & Robin,
& turning to me he pulled my hat
down over my eyes.

In the taxi - ~~less~~ on the
way to Pennsylvania Station Wade
sat ~~in~~^{rapt} still upon my lap. His
~~entire~~ being lost in concentration. He
watched the cars, buses & trucks with
rapt attention, occasionally turning to
me & saying "ooohoo" in his ~~tot~~ low voice,
pursing his lips & glowing through them,
his eyes alight with interest &

~~tha~~ ~~joie de vivre~~ ~~tha~~

When Wade enters a room he

~~can~~ never walks quietly in - but he
does what in ~~my heart~~ ^{my} secret

heart I always wish to do; ^{he} announces

his presence with a shout, ^{a laughter} as if

to say: Wade is here now! He crows,

"ahh," loud, unadulterated noise.

And then he usually turns tail &

~~runs~~ ^{trotters} out again, his ~~thrashed~~ wings
^{giggling loudly}

in order to have the pleasure of

reentering with another explosion,
some times making a ^{crooked} bee-line for me, ^{laying} his head for a moment against my legs, then bustling out again.

After a series of such entrances,

confident that everyone is aware of

his arrival, he stands in the

center of the room a moment. He
wants to let the impression he has ..

made sink in. Then, quietly, he begins to observe. He will walk over to a guest and just stand there, staring. The guest will often be in the midst of a sentence, & suddenly notice that Wade is scrutinizing him with such intensity that the guest will ^{abruptly} stop talking in the middle of a sentence and stare back... Wade's # glance is so penetrating that many times I have seen people ^{stop} stop dead in their tracks, having caught Wade's eye. On the train for instance, an attractive young woman was walking briskly down the aisle. Wade was sitting on my lap facing the windows. But he ^{must have} noticed her from out of the corner of his eye, for he turned abruptly towards her, & leaning out

over the side of the ~~the~~ pullman seat,
intently.
staring and watched her. She was
looking straight a head, but since
~~Wade leaned so far out into the~~
~~she~~ Wade caught her eye. She
continued for an instant to walk
on, but then she stopped^{& turned to him}. "Hello, there"
she said.

Taken unawares Wade blushed
and flung himself into my arms, hiding
his face in my bosom. But the next
second, he peered out from over my
shoulder at her, giggling & then
hiding again in my arms.

"Good-bye," she said.

Wade reappeared & stared at
her, walking down the aisle. She

as if feeling his ~~eyes~~^{gaze} upon her, she turned around - & caught his eye again, laughing in a pleased way.

Wade disappeared with fresh embarrassment into my welcoming lap - & when he looked again, she was gone. He sat still for a moment, then with that familiar, purposeful wiggle, he disentangled himself from my embrace & trotted down the aisle to find her.

First He pushed open the first door he came to. No. ~~that was~~ She was not there. Then he tried the next door, pushing it open, ^{leaning} putting his firm low-slung body against the swinging door to hold it open while he looked in to see. Yes. There she was, sitting at

the dressing table combing her hair.

He entered, with me just behind, & looked her in the eye, silently, not blushing or abashed this time.

"You're quite a boy," she said to him, ~~continuing~~ turning ~~towards~~ him, holding out her arms to him.

He quickly withdrew, ~~the~~ clasped my legs tightly and then pushed open the door. He was ready to leave.

I took him in my arms and ~~he put~~
and hugged him tightly. <sup>as we walked back to our seat
+ sat down</sup> In the gentlest,

but most purposeful manner he took my face in his hands ~~and kissed me~~. I

turned my face aside ~~or he would have~~
~~kissed me on the mouth.~~ I believe that
~~The other day he amazed me~~

Rachel, our fresh young
kissed him on
Europeans sometimes do
now insists upon it.
face in his hands as
Swiss helper,
the mouth, as
with children. He
He takes my

to give him my check, ^{to kiss} but he wanted
my mouth and he ^{held} stared my face
still while he made a loud smacking
noise against my lips. Then he said
"Mama," in a soft, husky voice & put
his head down on my shoulder, patting
my back in the gesture of affection
I was startled, as I have been
since he was a nursing infant
by ^{his} ~~the~~ maleness. ~~I understand~~
~~intestuous desire - its like another~~
When he took my breast it was
with the same incisive ~~the~~ purposeful
_{ness}

grasping
etc holding ~~my~~ breast firmly, drawing
the nipple to him and sucking with
the ease of a ~~man~~ drinking, raising
a wine bottle to his lips & taking
what he wants. I always feel
used, taken, - ~~had~~ with Wade I was
feminine rather than maternal.
And I still am.
And he still does. His masculinity
is so persuasive, that I instinctively
react as woman rather than mother.
Taking Wade out to the park
is always an adventure.

First there is the struggle to
dress him. Wade the struggle
is half-serious, half-play with him.

"Come here, Wade, let's get
dressed."

He giggles & runs for the closet, dashing in and flattening himself against the back wall behind Alex's messes, hiding.

"Wa-ade" I call
Silence.

"On who" I chant.

"~~On~~. On who" comes the muffled response, then throaty giggles, then scuffling, stamping, yearning to be captured.

I capture him, rushing into the closet in search of the missing boy, looking on the shelves, on at the ceiling, under the floor, until at last, after exhaustive examination I find him, wild with anticipation standing under the flouncy dresses of his sister.

I grab him, his ski suit + hat
and head ^{toward} the bed - He is protesting
already. I lay him down on his
back + begin the unnatural process
of applying ski-suit to boy. In goes
one leg, out it goes, in again ^{wheezed} out
again - still only one leg. I become
annoyed + using my ^{still} superior strength
I pin him to the bed under me
^{tossing} He roars disapproval,
arm + proceed. He grabs for my
hair, my nose and begins to cry
in anger.

"Wade!" I glare at him

in mock disapproval. He sees the
humor - immediately it frown turns
to devilish giggle + then to tender

"Mama," as he reaches for my face to draw me down to him to be kissed. He grabs hold of my hair and pulls me down. I am overwhelmed by love for him and ~~lie~~^{lie} collapse beside him to hold him seriously, intensely in my arms, wondering that so ~~such~~ small a being could be so much to me.

Then we rise to begin again, until at last, ~~the~~ rumped, somewhat annoyed, somewhat ~~shy~~ amused, I strap him into his elegant royal blue stroller with beige leather seat. He is in red from head to ~~to~~ shoe, in a ~~the~~ Out from under the hood comes his ever present to gliver of hair, ^{fixing} half moon new-moon like on the his broad forehead, all the hair he has seem to have to that orange peel a curl.

^{at the} center of his hair line, <sup>which draws all the hair into
its vortex, upon the fine, golden fluffage
and affords</sup>

that even when he is a full-grown
man his ~~for~~ hair, ^{despite all efforts} will fall spring out
inevitably into ^{natural-born in the middle of} a, ^{curl rising} ^{over} his forehead.

Once Wade is in - or as "in" as

Wade can ever be, I dress Alexandra.

Her brown ^{shining} curly mass abundantly about
her beautiful face with its tides

round earthen eyes, its rounded nose, its
& round, plump chin. She is all curves,
~~teeth~~ ^{so small} ~~even~~ ^{its} white-teeth. I hold

her to me for a moment. She struggles, all
soft & pliability, warm, fragrant, ~~incomparably~~ ^{precious} painfully precious.
"Let's ~~pretend~~" I'm Wade, "she

says. "You dress me."

"No, darling. You're not Wade."

"I want to be a baby."

"But I like you big. I

adore you. You're the cat's pajamas..."

I say, rising to the opossum a praise.

"Oh," says Alexandra. "I'm going
to dress myself." She hops out of my
lap & smiles her theatrical smile, flinging
her eyes, opening them extra-wide.
"I'm pretty," she says cheerfully,
"and I'm going to take my baby
brother to the park."

"Is Daddy going to be lonely?"
she asks.
"No, dear, & Daddy's working. He
will see you at lunch."

"Oh."
& she helps me get her dressed and
at last we are ready to embark.
Wade has already become impatient.
He is tugging at his straps, crying out
for action, for freedom. As Earl once
said; ~~he was~~ ^{Harness} babyhood he was
never meant to be a baby.

After a nervous wait in the foyer the elevator appears and we enter.

"Good-morning, Wade," says the elevator man.

Wade grins broadly, face upturned, hat hood askew, curl in place. "Bye," he says.

"And how are you this morning, Alexandra?" he asks.

"Fine. Wade's my grogger."

She flashes her smile at the elevator man.

"You're cute, Alexandra."

"Oh . . .," eyes cast down.
Then eyes upturned, brightly.
"I've got soft skin."

"You've got what?"

"Soft skin."

"I get you do," the man

says smiling.

We leave the elevator. *

"Good-bye," says Alexandra,
then looking back + giving him one
last glittering look: "Don't hurt
yourself..." and we ~~were~~^{are} out on
seventy second street. Alexandra takes
hold of the stroller and together we
walk toward the park. As people
pass by us Wade, ^{selects an occasion} ~~stares at them~~^{at them}
trying to catch ~~one~~^{their} ~~someone's~~ ~~some one's~~
attention. He invariably succeeds, as
~~an~~ ^{an} unsuspecting stranger walks
toward us oblivious of the
fierce concentration with which he is
being stared at by a little boy,
+ then looking, then looking again, ^{the passer-by} focuses
on Wade, and makes some form of greeting to

which Wade answers, "bye - and
on we go.

As ~~we~~ I push the stroller, Wade
is not content to sit back and passively
~~observe~~. ~~the passing scene~~ He is
either actively engrossed in ~~tookee~~
~~Scene~~, seeing, studying something
intensely, or he is actively
trying to get out of the stroller,
or at best, test the limits of his
momentarily bonds.

Watching me steadily, he will
begin to slide down into the stroller
so that his little brown shoes hang
over the foot rest, ^{kicking up damn;} the strap
tightens over. His raised arms, his

head is awkwardly squeezed between his arms; and then he tries to turn over. The feet drag ~~against the wheels~~^{along the sidewalk,} his rear end comes up, his head goes face down ward into the str. seat ^{assumes} & he ~~takes~~ ^{strapped in} on the position of a praying moslem. All the while uttering bursts of angry protest. ~~Wade~~ "Wade," what in the world are you trying to do," I ask with amusement.

He manages to twist his head to the side, catch my glaze out of the corner of one eye, and in obvious control, switch from grimace to devilish smile - & back again. I have rarely seen Wade out of control. Even in genuine anger, he has reserves and if I speak to him, he will open his

Shut eyes and engage my appraise
me, the eyes calm; the rest of him
still in the posture of outrage or injury.
Sometimes he stops crying; other time
he continues, but in either case I
~~feel~~ know that the incident has not ^{touched} ~~been~~
him profoundly.
Seconds. The child has areas which
are not easily violated by frustration.

As we enter the park Wade
usually becomes interested in his
surroundings again. He begins to
point things out to Alexandra or
me.

^{I do not think he will}
~~He does not~~ have the great gift

Suzanne has: the bias to some pursuit
He has ^{rather} another ^{quite different} ^{important character trait gift} quality: self-possession.

the most important act of ownership in ~~life~~
He seems always to be in possession of himself,
in command of his own power, at one ~~and~~
~~at home~~ with his instincts and desires, so
that when he comes in the room and
shouts his presence, he does so
with nothing of himself held back, linking
there to wonder how well he is being
received, how the winds of favor do blow.
Rather he comes in and says:
This is the way I am! and here
I am! Even his shyness has the
~~goes is self-possessed~~ reflects this
When he retreats, it seems to
qualify. He is always seems to
be in order
be retiring to rally his forces, in order
to launch out again full steam ahead
I have never known him to look
defeated, to hang his head in shame,
and bitterness, as for instance Stephenie

will do at the slightest provocation
~~teating~~. Stephanie is like an underdeveloped nation - everything is a personal insult to her. So great alert is
insult discrimination.
She is off ~~radio~~ ~~is~~ being subtiled,
that she creates incidents constantly.

This morning, for example, I took out
of the ice box the # larger pitcher
of orange juice which ~~she~~ Stephanie
had ~~so~~ proudly squeezed yesterday.

"Here is the juice that
Stephanie squeezed," I said, in the
falsely loud voice I use in order
to make Stephanie feel appreciated.

Stephanie stood in a corner of the kitchen, head lowered, eyes raised,
looking up out through the ~~the~~ strands

or dark hair that forever fall over
her eyes.

She smiled the modest smile
of the praised, as if to say - oh,
Queen, climbing Mt. Everest was nothing.
I would do it for you any day... .

Wade came running towards
me when he saw the juice.

"ah, ah, ah -" pointing eagerly
from mother to juice + back again.

"Rachel, pour him a glass, please."
I said, handing her the pitcher, since
she happened to have a glass in
her hand.

She took the juice + began
to pour.

"I want to pour, I want to
pour -- it's my juice, let me do it."

Stephanie's voice rose higher & higher, as if she were losing something terribly important.

But Rachel had already poured the juice & there was no way to unpouring it. But it was too late. The juice was poured.

"I'm never going to do anything for you ever again. You ^{are} don't like, to," Stephanie said, & ~~tears~~ coming to beginning to cry she stamped out of the kitchen, leaving us all stunned.

Then Alexandra said, "I want some juice?"

"Stephanie," I called, "be a good girl. Come back and pour some

juice for Alexandra."

Stephanie, who had been standing just out of sight behind the pantry door, stuck her head in.

"No!" she burst out, shaking her head.

I am often in a quandry at such moments. Should I ~~try~~ coax her, accepting her insistence that she has been trying by ~~false concern to reassure~~ offended her of my need for her, or should I let her suffer the consequences of her self-made predicament, thereby, ^{perhaps} increasing the sense of insecurity which forces her to behave this way in the first place.

"Come on, dear, Alex is waiting for you."

"No..." but less violently, then in she strode, red-eyed, martyred, but willing to forgive the outrage committed

the extraordinary goodness of her soul.

It was her diff

she poured the juice, but instead
giving it to ^{the waiting} Alexandra, she
marched into the kitchen dining
room, put the glass on the table,
& then poured juice for the rest
of the children, & came marching
back out. ~~Alex~~

Alexandra, unsuspectingly,
strode off to take her juice. She
began to drink it.

Stephanie, watching as she
was putting the pitcher back in
the refrigerator, was galvanized
into action. She slammed the refrigerator
door & went storming into the

~~Doreen~~ other room.

"Alexandra! Put that juice down. You know you are not supposed to drink it before everyone has sat down."

Alexandra continued quietly to
sip her juice, staring at her sister
then at me, ^{over} her uncombed curly, torn pink
nightie + faded blue ^{quilted} flowered robe
making a picture out of a Dickens
novel.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Stephanie,
let her drink in peace." I said,
ruffled, no longer concerned about
academic questions of child care.

"But Daddy said that no
one can start till everyone is
ready!"

"I know - but he didn't mean breakfast. You can drink your juice whenever you like. Breakfast's different than other meals."

"Well!" Stephanie hissed, striding out of the kitchen again.

I cut the coffee cake & put it one slice at each place. Alex took a taste of hers. Back came Stephanie, who rarely leaves completely, "Alexandra! You can't have your coffee cake till after you eat your eggs."

"Yes, I can. Can't I, Mummy?" said Alex, eating, taking another bite.

I had ~~more~~ ~~a~~ fraction of coffee & milk in my hands & was heading into

the main dining room where Earl was waiting for his breakfast.

"Oh, for God's sake, Stephanie — leave her alone. She's hungry & her eggs aren't ready yet — what difference does it make? Let her eat it."

I ^{walked away} ~~left the kitchen~~ in exasperation.

Stephanie called after me:

"You like Alexandra better than me."

* (It's true. I do.)

"That's not true," Stephanie.

I called back, totally ^{unable} ineffective now to alter the incident, which took its place, among countless others, in the full, quivering place where Stephanie collects grievances.

I feel angry, not with her, but

with my self. Stephanie is my child, I have been unable to provide a climate

Yet I am unable to help her, she was born with needs that do not satisfy. She is not nourished by what I give her, and I am repelled by her nature which demands of me something I cannot give: as I have written so often before, she asks to be loved alone, and so, no matter how much attention she gets, it is never enough because it is never exclusive. ~~all the other children.~~

Wade does not make demands on me. He simply takes from me, with one nod or his

head, all I have to give: total, unqualified
love & admiration: there is no substitute of
being lovable.

So, Stephanie's retreats are far
different from Wade's: ^{In her retreat} She licks his
open wounds; ^{in his} he rallies his
exuberant forces, choosing the moment
when he wishes to return to the
scene of his former triumphs.

To get back to the morning
walk. Alexandra, Wade and I ^{were} are
now in the Park. Wade stopped his
squirming for a moment & became
interested in the passing scene
Smiling at people, waving "bye",
calling coos to the pigeons, woofing ^{at} to

Wade

The dogs. Earl says he is the
alexander
sort of person who ~~in world~~
^{will}
never feel ~~at place~~
^{embarrassed} in a Ro
chauffeur driven rolls - even at the
age ~ 18.

His self-confidence seems to
instinctive, — and well founded which is
perhaps the only genuine kind:

Alexandra walks along beside
me, chattering insistently — like a
radio that plays in the background —
I can listen, then not listen, while
it goes steadily on.

"I'm going to tell my
friend Jennifer about all my
new doll. Do you think Jenny will
come over & play with my doll?"

"Oha yes, Alex."

"I'm going to call her up today.
alright?"

"alright."

"Don't just say all right,"
she said, bursting into sudden,
~~unpredictable~~ anger, as is her way,
"so look at me when you say it..."

"alright, Alex..." I mumbled
smirking ~~at~~ other things...gazing at
the people passing by.

"It's not alright. Mummy!
I don't like that."

I began to laugh.

"It's not funny!" she spluttered

"Yes, it is." I said.

"No! It isn't!" she shouted.

"I'm not going to be your friend."

I stopped the stroller & knelt down,
to her, roused from my reverie at last
by the stormy little creature at my
side.

"Oh, darling. Come to Mummy. I
want to be your friend. I love you
so." ~~The sea~~ ~~blamed~~ The storm
subsided instantly.

"I love you, Mummy," she
said, flinging herself into my
arms with such force that I lost
my balance & fell backwards on
the ~~s~~ pavement.

"Alex! What are you
doing to your poor Mother?"
^{I brushed off my coat.}

"I sorry, Mumsy," and as I
stood up she raised her sturdy

arms upward for another embrace. ^{I bent down} She down.
held me tight, kissed me firmly &
let me go, ~~taking her place~~ happily
putting her hand into mine as we
continued around the pond to the
76th St. playground.

She demands constant, overt
demonstrations of affection, and she
gives ~~them~~ such demonstrations as
naturally as she breathes. The
great difference between her and
Stephanie is that she seems satisfied,
pleased by every kiss & every "I love
you." Stephanie does not.

Alexandra's seems "I love you"
is her trade mark just as Wade's
particular gesture is the "old crow"
a self-assertion he makes whenever he
appears. Last night at dinner, for

example, Alexandra had drawn up a chair next to mine & was listening to Faubion talk. The other children & Sai were playing somewhere else.

Faubion was gesturing exuberantly,

"But Earl, do you really believe that America is the greatest power on earth."

"I do."

"But how can you say that, Earl, I couldn't disagree more." ~~Don't you see~~

"We are the greatest power and it is our responsibility to lead - if we don't, there is no one in the West to do it for us - &

~~Whatever happens~~
~~it~~ will be our fault —

"Do you mean that we should
have sent ~~more~~ ships off to Guatemala, that
we ~~ought~~ ^{should be giving} to ~~the~~ ^{rich, wavy mahogany hair} poor and to the refugees
from Cuba "

Alexandra raised herself on
her knees, her cheeks tomato red
in the candle light and leaning
across the ~~table~~ ^{rich, wavy mahogany table} towards Faubion,
she stretched her short to arm in
his direction, ^{pointed at him} and said,
"I just love him". ~~Heaving~~
~~she said~~, smiling radiently.
back her head and

Faubion stopped in mid-
sentence. Everyone turned to look at her,
and then at Faubion.

"Why, Alexandra . . . , I ^{I ... I ... don't know what to say ...} ~~just~~ ^{I just} love you too."

She ~~had~~ laughed with gurgled,
her eyes alight with pleasure, +
climbing down from her chair, she
ran to Faubion + said:

"I want to kiss you." She
nestled her wild curls in his arms
~~at~~ a moment while he hugged
her, then, throwing him another
kiss on her fingers, she got out
her lap and ~~hid~~ hid her head
on my neck, whispering. "I love you, Mummy."

Who by the time we had
finally reached the 76th St. Playground
Wade had had about all he could
endure a sitting still strapped in.
I had difficulty unfastening him, he

strained so hard against the strap.
But finally he was out and up upon
his own two feet, which always
strike me as excessively tiny for
such a man.

He stood still a moment, as
he invariably does, studying the situation,
a little hooded figure in his red
padded space suit.

Then he was off. After what?
I wondered. Oh yes, a Pigeons.
He ^{ran} ~~runs~~ bouncing up + down +
twisting from side to side,
arms bent at the elbows, pumping
back + forth, pitched too far for fore-
ward, or the brink or falling, everything
moving in staccato, jerky rhythms
towards gathering a
After a plump pigeons nonchalantly standing
~~standing~~ about.

Without slowing down he attacked, jiggling into their midst. They scattered. He laughed and chose one particular pigeon to pursue. Bending down in imitation of his prey, he stalked the Gid in crouched position, holding out the sides of his ♀ red nylon padded pants, like a girl ~~wings~~^{wings held} does her skirts, to make the pigeon's wings -

~~the pigeon~~ The ^{experienced} Pigeon had no fear of Wade and went calmly on pecking until Wade was right abo upon it - The Pigeon stepped daintily aside, still within Wade's reach. When confronted with ~~scoop~~ the prize Wade drew back. He

did not dare to touch it. He turned
back to look at me. He saw the
expression on my face and turned
abruptly away from me in hot
pursuit of another pigeon he did
not wish to catch.

I sat in the sun upon near
the sand-box where Alexandra was
~~and~~ quietly playing, returning to me
me at frequent intervals for a
kiss. I watched Wade constantly,
but for the moment he was
fully occupied with pigeons.

One of Alexandra's little friends,
Sarah King, arrived ^{at} the playground
with her nanny. Wade noticed
her arrival & came jogging running

head-long back to us.

Sarah is a gentle, shy child. She stood there uncertainly as Wade approached her. He stopped & stood quite still a few feet from her, staring directly at her. She stared timidly back at him. Then, as if he had finally made up his mind, he rushed for her, arms outstretched, ^{and} ~~bit~~ ramming ^{rammed} into her with the full force of his small body, he almost knocked her over.

"Wade!" I said sharply.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Stop that immediately."

He looked at me with a reproach

I looked cautiously at the black & white drawing pinned to the wall, and my heart sank. It was just patterns - no face. I was shocked when the patterns are just patterns there is no reality what so ever.

So I told Earl that I just saw patterns.

"That's all I wanted to know," he said gruffly, flicking off the light.

"Instead of using the word "~~disseminate~~
"discrimination" to describe anti-negro
feel attitudes, it would be far more
accurate to use the word, "indiscrimi-
nation." It is indiscriminate to
~~feel~~ feel the same way about any
large number of people!"

Discrimination means ~~at~~ Selecting
Dec. 6, Tues.

Earl showed me the portrait of
Santa - he called me into the studio
late yesterday afternoon. He had
worked on the face so long & so
intensely that he needed a fresh
eye. With excitement I entered the
dark studio. He turned on the light.

Quotes from Earl

After seeing a private preview of a Zachary Scott movie: The Young One.

"The trouble with that movie is they aimed for realism... and they got it." - - - - -

* Describing speaking as one of his mother's remarks: "As she said in one of her never-guarded moments"

- - - - -
"The way to be avant-garde today is to show a movie or play in which the white man is the good guy, the colored man the bad guy. This would really be a shocker."

"The universe is transformation;
Life is opinion"

Marcus ~~as~~ Aurelius.

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