

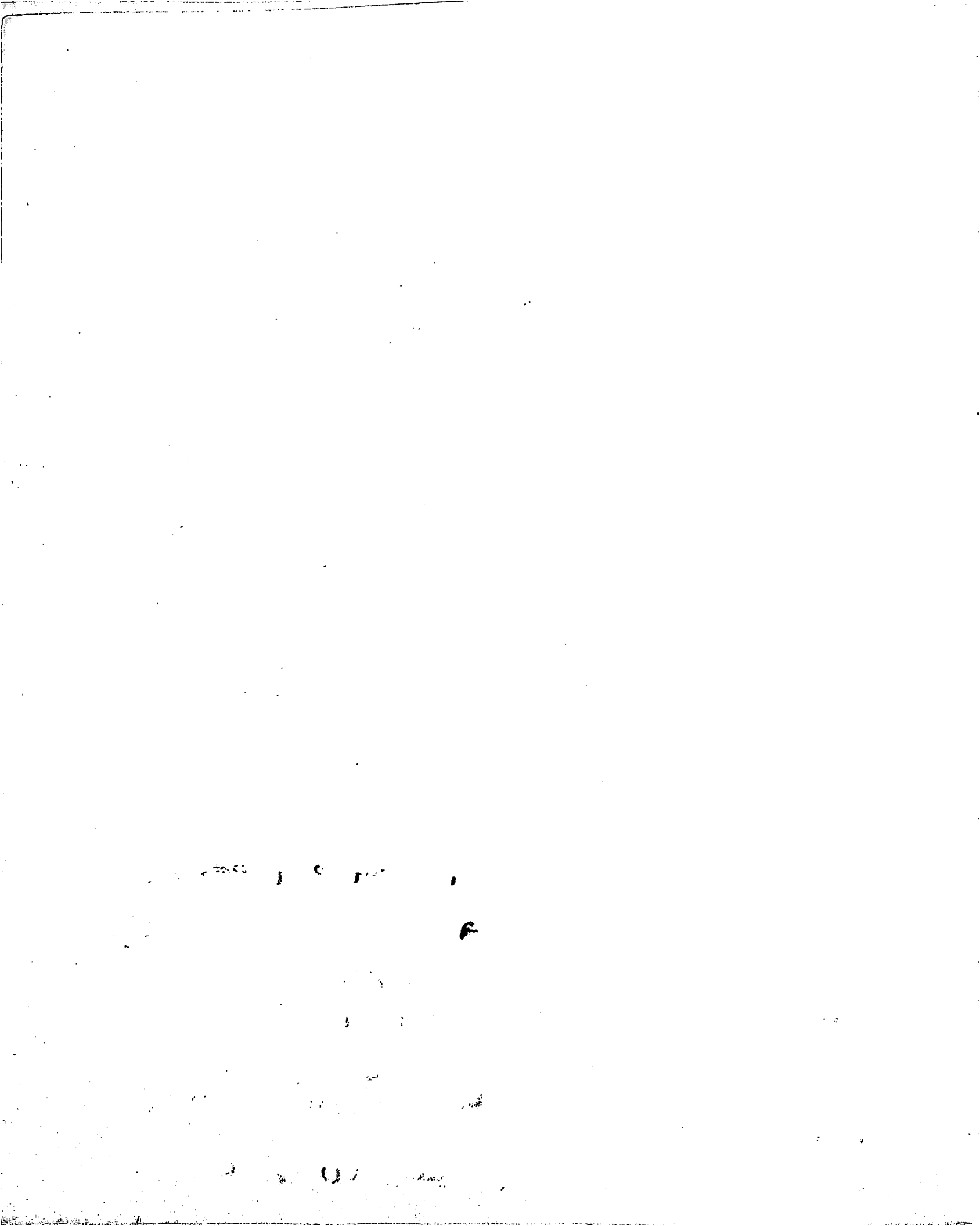
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Tuesday, December 6, 1960 - Tues. Feb 28, 1961

117 E. 72nd St.
N.Y.C.

Garbanas, Hubbard



grin.

He turned back to Sarah and reaching up for her face (Sarah is $3\frac{1}{2}$ ^{years old} to his $1\frac{1}{2}$) he brushed her cheek with his hand. "Nie... Nie" he said (for nice).

Sarah smiled sweetly. "Hello, Wade."

Wade drew back, gazed at her again,

then resumed his attack, ~~upon her~~ ^{trying} ~~encircling~~ ^{encircling} her in an incomplete bear hug. ~~incomplete because of the ti~~ She turned her back on him & tried

to walk away. But he pursued,

pushing at the small of her back,

encircling her waist with his

short arms, trying to ^{in every way possible} knock her

down. "Wade, stop it!" said Sarah.

hovering between tears and laughter, not sure whether she was being

mistreated or admired.

"Now look here, Wade," I said
picking him up ~~like a stuffed~~
toy + sitting him down on my lap
like a stuffed ~~toy~~ doll, amazed that
within this ~~here~~ ~~baby~~ smaller ^{arm-full} ~~lap-~~
or inarticulate child ~~felt~~ so much ^{at} formed intention could

reside, " You mustn't hurt poor

Sarah " but he was wiggling,

Squirming violently to get down.

and he did so, + instantly took

up the attack, jiggling across

the playground to where Alex & Sarah

Sarah had retreated, He ^{made straight for Sarah} ^{grabbed her} ^{knocked her} ^{pushed}
with his robot-like gear hug, ^{made straight for Sarah} ^{grabbed her} ^{knocked her} ^{pushed}
down, & climbed on top of her, +

then, leaning over, stroked her head,
saying, I am sure, "nie, nie."

This time Sarah's Nanny went to
the ^{rescue} defense, picking Sarah up, dusting off
her little navy blue coat, putting her
tam-o-shanter hat on again, wiping
her face with a kleenex.

I of course took my son
off from the scene of violence, ~~to~~
~~be~~ smiling despite my indefensible
position as Mother of the culprit, at
his other irresistible masculinity,
that combination of ^{dominating} strength + gentle
tenderness (once they he's got the girl in
his grip,) cemented by unswerving desire.

Fortunately, he became attracted by
the slides, ~~at~~ a ^{recent} discovery for him.

His interest in the sliding was as single-minded as a moment before his interest in Sarah had been.

He jogged over to the ladder and waited impatiently until white rollers died twice his size climbed laboriously up. When the ladder was free ~~clear~~ he started, without the slightest hesitation, the precarious ascent... precarious to me, but ^{evidently} not to him. At 18 months - an age when Suzanne had just begun to walk steadily, he had the balance & control to take the ~~step~~ steep steps with me

right after the other, quickly, until
he reached the top. I was right
behind him, my hands hovering
~~about his~~ ^{near} just behind him in
case he lost his balance. But
he never did. When he reached the
very top he stood upright
and shouted with glee, holding
lightly on to the railings, with
the ease of a born athlete. Mothers
~~as~~ standing around the slides looked
up to him.

"Would you catch him as
he comes down." I asked one of them
afraid to leave him alone at
such height.
The mother moved into

position.

Wade smiled down at her.

"Come on, Wade," she said

holding out her arms to him,

he swung ^{his God, back to the} ~~slightly~~, ^{still} holding

on, and then suddenly, deftly,

he knelt down, put his hands

out in front of him & went ^{during} down head first on his stomach, stopping himself ^{just} before he reached

the bottom of the slide, giving the waiting Mother no chance to

help.

He climbed off & in his

mechanical doll fashion ~~and~~ raced

around to the ladder, & climbed up, ignoring my presence behind him, and ^{he} went

down feet first, lying on his back.

Then crawled again, and again & again,
trying new positions, experimenting,
until I gave up following him
about, being utterly superfluous
simply watched, occasionally ^{holding him} intervening
~~to give~~ back from the ladder
when, through the speed with which
he moved he had two or three
turns to ^{another} ~~the other~~ children's one,
at this point Alexandra joined
us.

"I want to slide," she said,
jumping up & down. "You help me
Mummy."

"Alright dear," I said. Alexandra
~~to~~ approached the ladder slowly. Wade
whipped around in front of her
and was half-way up before

I could get to him. "Just kiss me, Wade," I said. "Then it's Alex's turn."

As soon as he was safely on his way down Alexandra approached the ladder again. She had taken one careful step when Wade appeared at her rear, trying to climb around her, pushing her aside.

"No, my boy! You will have to wait your turn."

I grabbed him in my arms and placed him playfully down. He ginned at me & waited, watching Alexandra, painfully, timidly testing

every step before she made it. When she finally reached the top, she sat down.

"Mummy, Mummy..." She reached out her arms toward me.

"Down you go, Alex."

"Nooo..."

"Oh, come on Alex."

She grinned shamefacedly, but would not budge.

I climbed up and gave her a shove.

"No, no, no," she screamed, until I dislodged her ~~and~~ clinging to the sides of the slide, she inched her way down at a snail's pace. Wade was already at the top

of the slide. Down he went, just in
time to give her the final
shove necessary to get her off
the slide.

"I want to try again," she
said, now that the worst was
over. She managed to fit in
a few trips up & down between
Wade's rapid transits, enjoying
herself in her own way - which was
so ~~very~~ different from her Brother's.

Wade continued to slide
till I became bored by it. - at

see ~~that~~ "Let's go back to the

Sand box. Wade," I said, taking hold
of his tiny hands.

He pulled his hand away, shouting
~~in~~ a negative reply, he
hastened back to the side.

Finally I had to carry
him away, forcefully preventing
him from wriggling out of my
arms.

Back at the sandbox was,
unfortunately, Sarah King, peacefully
playing, squatting among ^{var} pails, ^{several} ~~sets~~ ^{shovels}

as if continuing an unfinished
task, Wade toddled over and
gave her a decisive bear hug. She
fell backwards into the sand. He

lay on top of her, a padded lump
of red nylon ^{with} dirty brown shoes at the top.

~~On~~ his head

Fran under this Gaby boy,
peered the ~~bewildered~~ face of
the smitten Sarah, eyes

frightened, mouth smiling, ^{hat askew} ~~totally~~
confused by these rigorous attentions.

As ~~she~~ her Nanny approached

I decided I had had enough.

It was time to go home. (It is
rarely a question → Wade having
enough.)

I grabbed him, protesting
naturally, and buckled him into
the royal blue stroller.

be best. It was properly rounded +
w/ a nice curve.

- "But I don't think I ought to
leave you alone with him."

"Maybe we could have Tommy
here, painting the walls." I said,
laughing.

We laughed about the predicament
of me being attacked by Norman Mailer.

She left late that night in
the best of spirits, promising to call
as soon as she could ^{to} set ^{up} the
interview.

I heard from her later in the
week, saying that he was out of
town + she would contact him later.

more than it can possibly give me,

"I understand completely," she laughed.
"I do the same thing myself - I think I must scare off any number of men by my probing questions, earnestly trying to get at their deepest nature ^{desire} at a cocktail party. Its ridiculous."

We both laughed at ourselves. Then we went on to discuss the interview.

"We just can't use my apartment," said Patricia, "its ^{just} too stuffy."

"What about Daddy's..."

We finally decided that Louis' would

I don't know of anyone I've ever met
who has more intelligence and ability to
animate people. You really sparkle -
when you get going. Why -- you could
be anything you wanted to - Eleanor
Roosevelt - anyone. We've just
got to get you in the proper
place to use your abilities."

"Oh, that is what I saw,"
I said, deeply touched by her care.

"It ~~is~~ not is not natural to me to
have all my contacts with people ~~see~~
only on a social basis. I ~~would~~ ^{want} to
be on a working, more serious level -
sometimes, at least, so I would not
have to demand a social life
for someone to come along.

and put me in a larger world."

"There's no reason why we can't.
And I love working with you."

"I love working with you
too, dear. I don't see how it could
be anything but successful. Of course
I'll be prostrate with nervousness
at the thought of Norman Mailer. I
certainly have admiration for you
being able to go through with these
things."

"Believe me," she said, "the
first few were horribly tense, but
now it doesn't bother me at
all. You'll be terrific. How dare
we finally admit that."

"Do you think that would hurt the continuity of the program," she said.

"Well, if you are on the air with a weekly program, I don't see how ~~now you would~~ it would hurt to have ~~an~~ ^{all} occasional guest interviews.

"That's true," she said. "I'll need it. I think it might be just the answer for us."

"Yes - we could ~~to~~ seek out those spirits that seem significant to us - and find up our own world - instead of sitting back, as I so often seem to, waiting for something to happen, for someone to come along,

and then you could use it when you like. But it's really up to you, Patricia.

"I don't see how it could hurt," she said. "My only fear is that if you worked with me, you would dominate me. I have never been able to operate on my own well when you - or Louis - is around."

"Well, I don't think I would get in your way," I said. "I would have nothing to do with the running of the program. I would just do an occasional interview, which you would then use or not use as you saw fit."

perhaps I might enjoy doing some interviews, that it might help me gain some contacts with the outside world, since my ^{written} messages do not seem to be getting through to

anyone. It was a Sunday evening and we had just heard Norman Mailer and Allen Ginsberg interviewed ~~on~~ by John Crosby. He had done a terrible job. We were discussing what questions should have been asked, when Patricia said suddenly - "how would you like to interview Norman Mailer. I can set it up for you and we'll see how you like doing it."

"That might be interesting," I said. "I could do the interview."

England

I am a misfit, too, in my own, Mrs
Feminine way. If I am not careful
I could even find myself believing
that "everyone ~~was~~ is against me"
which I know is ridiculous. But
emotionally its easier to take than
accepting the fact that I am not
needed or wanted by others in the
way I wish to be. BUT The truth
is that time and circumstance ~~at~~
not happen to be working in my
favor. For the first time in a
long while I actually broke down &
wept today, disturbing Earl & disgusting
myself. The final straw was this:
Last week Patricia had suggested that

with the responsible man rather
than with the "rebel." It is
his predilection for responsibility,
his sense that his manliness
depends on accepting ~~leadership~~ ^{responsibility for} ~~his~~

~~culture~~ society, rather than
making faces at it, or withdrawing
from it into some private
retreat - that sets Earl
apart & makes him the
true. Mrs fit ~~not~~ ~~the~~

~~is~~ today.

would be in, not out, & once
you're in, you're responsible for
how things go, for what "they"
are doing, you have become
"them" & are no longer a
child. This leaving the
nursery is what they cannot
stand. For oh the
difference between being
parent & being child. How
~~different~~ the world looks
to each.

Earl instinctively identifies

4 insist they are unpopular, that ^{*} society is against them — for their popularity consists of them being rejected, misunderstood.

~~They~~ If they acknowledged their popularity they would castrate themselves in their own minds, since their manliness depends on "them + they" being shocked + disgusted with them. If they recognized the fact that important segments of society support them — then they would have to accept society as part of themselves. They

* today society sanctions its misfits.

Allen Ginsberg is seen on a popular T.V. interview program during prime time saying he believes he ought to be ~~as~~ given lots of time on a national hook up to read his poetry. He ^{will} ~~would~~ certainly get it - if the language is not too obscure - for he is a popular misfit - he can fill an auditorium any time, he proudly said.

But on the other hand, popular & even chic though they are (Dior has a "Goatnik look") they

whole life ~~is~~ - attitude is not even
~~mentioned~~ suggested as a human
possibility, no matter how remote,
by Miller, arch-type of today's intellectual.

Earl ~~is~~ takes neither of the alternatives

Miller indicates. ~~He chooses neither~~ as far
as he is concerned there is only
one manly, human attitude: to

Use the freedom given him to submit
to his own feelings, to trust those feelings,

to do what ~~they~~ he feels he must ~~do~~

Sanction his acts himself, taking

full responsibility for their value.

Freedom to Earl means the opportunity

to be responsible to himself rather
than to others. ^{Be} ~~become~~ responsible

every whim, building nothing that
means anything to anyone ^{including the man himself} (Freedom)

In the end Gay gives up his

mustanging pleasures (a man's work)

because the word had changed ^{these pleasures} _{into}

to settle down with a child-mother

M. M. who identifies with

everything IN ITS WEAKNESS, in its

mortality. What he will do -

slavery - or freedom - is not touched

upon.

that
~~The~~ reason Earl is a misfit

in Edan's society is indicated by

the fact that Earl's choice, Earl's

mysterical naked," as Allen Ginsberg so eloquently put it in his popular poem "Howl." The best minds are destroyed. Only the stupid go on living ^{sane}ly. The popular young painters, poets, writers, intellectuals all eulogize the Misfit. He is the modern hero, the sensitive one, the one who understands.

But as Earl said last night - after seeing the movie. "I am the real Misfit today - ~~there is~~

~~in the~~ I am the one that is completely out of step. The so-called Misfits are in."

In the movie Arthur Miller posits two choices for a man "working for wages" (slavery) or "living for the moment, following

*
Last night we went to see the
"Misfits," written by Arthur Miller,
directed by John Houston, played
by Marilyn Monroe and ~~the~~ Clark
Gable. The paradox of our times
is ~~that~~ the misfits are the
fits - those that are most
fitted, suited to the current attitudes
of today's so called thinkers, are
the misfits, those who do
not fit into society, ~~nor who~~
~~seek to change society to fit~~
~~them.~~ "The best minds of my
generation destroyed by madness, starving

answer FEELS Wrong, because

~~HELP~~

I have looked + looked inside
myself + have found it impossible
to accept my own performance +
have that acceptance do,

Earl says he discovered that
he worked because he liked to
because there seemed to be no
other explanation.

I would

↓ Be found acceptable in Heaven's sight.

And that they maybe is the only prayer
Worth praying. May my sacrifice

Be found acceptable in Heaven's sight

Keeper. Let the lost millions pray it in the dark!

But Frost never tells where
Heaven is. Who is doing the
accepting? Without the

Acceptor, what is the sacrifice,
the gift worth? Is the acceptor
the Giver. Must God + Man be one,

Every thought I have points in that
direction. But when I arrive there, the

What is needed to vindicate the
whole incredible labor of
human beings is at the very least
~~one~~ one individual
~~who~~ who can sit back, receive
it all and say: Thank you. I
am pleased. But such a one
I have never known.

~~That's what~~ ~~when Frost~~ has Paul

Yes, there you have it at the root
of things.

We have to stay a fraud deep in
our souls

Our sacrifice, the best we have
to offer.

* if they are like me, is to do something for someone else, to please someone else in order to please them self. So how can I please myself by pleasing them if their pleasure consists, as mine does, of pleasing another.

In other words, how in God's name is anyone ever pleased, where in this infinite buck-passing, is there a final recipient, ~~who~~ upon whose pleasure the whole ~~God damned~~ world depends? That Great Receiver used to be God - but he is gone

by me in any other manner, but so
good, so right, that they can
never be dismissed by ~~man~~^{me} as irrelevant.
Feeling is all we ever have to go on in these
matters.

But the point that I seem
to be coming to is important: It seems
to be impossible to do some thing
for myself without doing something
for others. My own pleasure, seems,
unfortunately, to be dependant upon
others being pleased by me, and
the only way others can be
pleased is if something is given
to them which they need. But
to push the point to its
conclusion: what they need,

I work for myself first or all because
I must in order not to feel myself
dying, dying with every breath I

take; But in order ^{that} for the ~~sense~~

work done for myself actually

help myself. it MUST be done for
~~given~~

to strangers as well. At least this
has been my experience. The
few times I have produced something

that I believed was good AND

some other OUTSIDER read it

and said it was important

to him. have been moments of
intense pleasure - joy really. unobtainable

or labor to give birth to a child, who was still-born, + say
I think the only people who ^{I knew} ^{the boy} ^{was} ^{born}
talk that nonsense about writing
to please themselves are those who
have always thereby pleased
some others — + NEVER knew
what it is to be alone with
a work done.

Of course Gertrude Stein did
say somewhere else that she
worked "for herself AND Strangers!"
This is accurate. The approval
of friends + family who love ^{me} ~~you~~
for other reasons is relatively
meaningless to ^{me} ~~an~~ ^{an} artist.

This instinct follows so fast
upon the moment of artistic
achievement that there is
practically no time at all
left for me to "please
myself" in. The more "pleased"

I am by some performance ~~of~~
in writing, the more intense
the desire to have it used, appreciated,
understood. This is simply a fact.

I can no more write to
"please myself" and say I had
done so, then I could masturbate
and say that my sexual life was complete.

Because
Pleasing myself is IMPOSSIBLE

alright, so I like something I
write — some illumination has been
~~br~~ brought to bear on experience,
some sentence is true, some
fragment of life has been
preserved. ALRIGHT — what

is the IMMEDIATE instinct
after such an act. SHARE IT —

give it, free the given light
from the ~~bar~~ four walls of my
room to shine out beyond.
as light will do if allowed.

8
really need ME to do. Therefore
a rote job, such as ~~can~~ could

be done by any number of people,

will not satisfy. ~~When~~ I must

give to others what only "I"

can give. The egoism is extreme.

I do not want merely to serve.

I want to give something that is

uniquely mine. But give I must.

I have never ^{shared} ~~believed~~ the

Gertrude Stein ^{attitude} ~~philosophy~~, so often

stated by her & many others,

that she worked to please herself.

on the same hour ground as I have^d
been on for the past 10 years, ALONE
in a sea of silence in which I
feel I may drown.

The children are the only
rafts in sight. They are always
there to rest on - to do something
for, something undeniably important

(to them) I need them for what
I ~~can do~~ can do for them. There is

~~and so being~~

nothing I can do for myself
unless I find ways of doing
something for others, that they

having to generate by myself
enough energy to permit
the next time I ~~met~~ ^{met} a 'whif
person, to ~~be~~ soon for a
moment. again, only to drop
back to earth on the same
warm plot of earth, my studio, where I study.

And so here I am at my
desk again after 6 months in N.Y. / often
Earl's show - which seemed at the
time to be meaningful to some
people, after two unpublished articles
& a volume of Journal have been
written, in exactly the same position

Once there was a girl who
knew she was best and knew
she was worst, knew she would
live & knew she would die...
Who was surrounded by love,
but was all alone;

Just what never happens to
me. I am always left sailing
away up in the clouds to
which I have so ~~of~~ ~~so~~ eagerly
flown. I circle & circle, looking
for some place to land - but never
find any place at all except back
at my own little study, at my
own little writing table, at
which I ~~stand~~

~~*~~ Nancy looked at me, smiling, and said in her ^{soft, passive way,}
"You worked so hard, Barbara...
Why?"

"... I don't know, Nancy. I can't
help myself, ~~what what~~

I thought about this later
and I decided that one of the
reasons is that I wish to feel
used. What I would have liked
to happen would have been ^{to have} that
Mr. Weiner ~~had said,~~ ^{said,} "Barbara
I could use these ideas; I feel
that you could be useful to others."
and then thought of some way to
use me.

But this, unfortunately, is

~~So on.~~ about searching for spirit's in modern
form.

~~By the~~ When time dinner was

announced he held me by the
hand and said, "not only are
you beautiful and brilliant, but
you have a beautiful spirit.

Meeting you is like seeing a
work of art. I shall always
be the better for it. You will
always be with me. (hope)

See you again, but if I do
not it shall be the same."

' When I sat down after dinner
near Nancy Cowles, I sighed a
sigh of a job well done.

me. Good God but you're self-centered,
I thought as I watched myself
trying to gain Mr. Weiner without
losing Nancy or Mrs. Hellman, all
the while conversing intently
& ~~with it~~ brilliantly, I thought
about architecture.

But as I said, once I
seemed to have definitely caught
Mr. Weiner's attention, I began
to relax and ~~do~~ tell him my
thoughts on about what to do
when so much has been given ~~me~~
whether to help others get it, _{& others}
or learn to use it myself... &

more at me - and then I was
~~Satis~~ relieved of anxiety, and
became quite gay

~~He was saying that he
thought it was very bad for
children to be brought up
in an over-secure home -~~

and even solicitous of the other
women, wondering whether I was
alienating them in my efforts
to attract poor old Mr. Weiner.
I did not want to make enemies
of them, because both are in
a position to introduce me to
people who might be interested

was an elderly city-planner named Paul Weiner, but he was alive and charming, so I began, ^{standing cocktail} one ^{in hand} of 3 women, Nancy Cowles, Geoffrey Hellman's wife, and myself, to try to draw him to me. I am really a predatory female, & felt myself attempting to shine brighter than the other women, noticing ~~where~~ which one of us he looked at as he made his comments; how first he looked more at Nancy Cowles, but eventually, as I talked about ^{how} modern architecture seemed founded on transience etc., he began to look

how interested people might appear to you
to be, they are not really interested, or
something would HAPPEN, something
would light and burn, ~~not~~ instead,
being a mere spark, brilliant
perhaps, but ~~catching~~ ^{warming} nothing,
~~is~~ ~~its~~ and so, going right out
cold.

~~How~~ However, it only took me
about 15 minutes to do what
I always do when I meet
some one who attracts me
even a little bit. I began to
try to attract him to me. He

* cutting me off from social
I am cutting myself off - But how? I do not know.
I live in total silence. Odd.

I wish I could have a clear
view of my situation. ~~For~~ I don't

understand why nothing ever

develops in my relationships with
other people - when often I have
the sense of a real rapport having

been established. For instance

last week we went to a dinner
party at the Bradford's. I had

told myself - now don't try to

go deeply into your ideas. You've

done it so often & no matter

no body is interested in my opinion - &
in having me as a friend. ~~all~~

No doors open for me. No body

wants me (except Earl + the children + Patricia + ^{Julian})
(course) Yet, ~~with all this reject~~ I

know that this sense of rejection

is not realistic. I could not

possibly be, objectively, that

undesirable. I see around me

people w/ far less fewer

attributes being sought after, while

I am ignored. There is some

real flaw in my nature, of which

I am not aware, which is

I am stunned by my incapacity to get a favorable response from anybody, amazed that what seems so important to me, seems so unimportant to my peers.

I am cut off socially and professionally from my generation and live a lopsided existence, adoration at home, indifference from outside, + ^{within,} burning desire to give form to my energy - which I occasionally do - only to find that nobody cares but me.

The telephone never rings; nobody asks me to do anything;

time to Paris Review. But I know it
won't be accepted. I send it out
only for the sake of doing something
positive - ~~the act~~ ~~healing~~ any act
being better than ~~the~~ ^{giving way to the} ~~sinking down~~
^{sense of} ~~down~~ ~~down~~ into ~~the~~ ~~depth~~ of
~~self-condemnation~~ ~~and~~ ~~sense of~~ Total

failure to be recognized as valuable
by anyone ^{outside} ~~but~~ my immediate

family. ~~It is~~ ~~s~~ I have the
strange ^{combinations of} feelings, ~~the~~ conviction of
~~my~~ my own value, combined with
sense of failure, superiority combined
with inferiority.

~~_____~~
Wed. Feb. 15

My article was returned by Norman Podhoretz of Commentary magazine with a polite note saying it was not "right" for Commentary - what ever that means. He made no further comment and was evidently totally disinterested in the ideas + the writing. I reread the piece ~~at~~ just now. At first I felt ashamed of it - for not being liked - but then my own estimation of its value came asserted to the fore - and I decided to send it out again - this

appears the more, in this mood, does
it pain & confuse me. For
instance my love for Alexandra
She delights me utterly. Every
ringlet on her head is precious
to me; when she enters the
room my heart almost bursts with
tenderness for her. When she
says to me in the morning
"Let's both be Mothers &
sits herself down next to me
to "work," I can do nothing but
play the game with her with
all my attention.

I can see ~~to~~ what place it has^t
in ~~the over-all Pattern~~, how it relates to the
other shapes & what place it has in
the over-all Pattern. The trouble is,
I do not see the over-all Pattern.

Just when the shapes seem~~ing~~ to
about to coalesce & make a figure
~~out~~ of which they will then be
part, ~~the~~ something shifts. The

figure - about - to - immerse, no longer exists
even in my imagination, and I
am left to look at the bald, unadorned

~~the~~ drifting shapes. ~~It is the~~

beauti The more beautiful or
loveable a particular shape

not because the word is "good" or "bad"
but because the individual ~~sees~~ sees it
~~so~~ ~~beco~~ with ~~eyes~~ ^{certain} good-making eyes

Now when I look at the world
my eyes see ^{objects + events} patterns ^{every} where,

Some ugly, some beautiful, some

lovable, some amusing, ~~but~~ some

frightening, but instead of being

able to look at each thing for itself,

as it comes, my eyes insist on

~~make~~ trying to make all the patterns

relate to each other to make

ONE PATTERN. Hence no

one event satisfies - or means anything, unless

do, no matter how ~~many good~~ much love
my family has for me, I am still
at the core of my being waiting in
silence for a sound.

One of the ^{most} terrible things I have
learned is how very little even the
greatest goods in life mean ^{to me} when
^I you have them. The capacity
to enjoy "life" ^{resides in} the individual & is
independent
of ~~situation~~ circumstance. It
transforms neutral events into
pleasures. People with such capacities
are the "first born" ^{spiritually.} ~~spiritually,~~
~~the~~ those who are pleased by
what they see of the world—

inner awareness of my own life. Or
will it prove like every other boon
so astonishingly proves to be, a vanity.

Will taking my place among my
peers in the world of achievement

change my psychic well-being? Or will

it simply be one more thing to
take for granted along with love,
health, money etc. etc. And will I
again be left alone, to face my

own sense of having each day

to make something out of nothing,

to ~~make preserve~~ ~~something~~ and failing

failing, failing ~~to~~ to do so.

It is now, no matter what I

I must enlarge my home ground, not step
off it. The purpose of coming to
New York was enlargement. If, however,
I live exactly the same life,
hour by hour, in N.Y. as I did in
Lime Rock, except for a few more
pleasant distractions, it will not make
the difference I ~~had~~ ^{still} hope it will.
If I do not make contact through
my work with strangers - the
N.Y. experiment will not even have
been tried. What fascinates me
is - ^{if it happens,} will that contact and ^{the} consequently
larger channels for my energy,
make a real difference in my

Consider me worth cultivating as a
writer. What I ~~would~~ feel I deeply
need is some sort of outlet for my
work. If I could write monthly
essays for some publication, it
would give me a sense of direction
which I lack.

In my desire for contact
with the world outside my home
I do not want to ~~step~~ give up
my personal quest for meaning.

~~because~~ If I did that, ^{working} writing
would lose its value to me - and
I would have a career for the sake
of a career, which is NOT what I want.

Friday, Feb. 10

On Monday

sent my article on Modern Revelation
to a Norman Pudhoretz, editor of
Commentary Magazine - on the advice
of Patricia. I try to keep myself
from having any hopes whatever
on the well-founded superstition that
nothing expected ~~ever~~ ever happens
to me. It was only when I
truly gave it no more thought
that someone (Santha) so
read my book and understood it.
But of course, having submitted it,
I can hardly help but hope
that he will at least

too intrinsic for renown:
E. D.

This song can never be possessed
either in space ⁺ or time or out of it.
It cannot be possessed within those
limits because what draws the
listener is not within the mortal
world - that intoxicating loveliness
seems to promise.

M.C.L.

"Every well-wrought play, M. Anderson
once ~~has~~ observed, has a scene in
which the hero recognizes his
mediocrament & faces it." M.C.L.

9 drama of
Essence of Paul's paintings - also Rembrandt,
self portraits

Archibald MacLeish.

... the tragic, like every thing else
in man's experience, comes wholly
alive only in the presence of its
opposite. ... To taste the human
tragedy one must taste at the
same time the possibility of
human happiness, ...

"Aye, in the very Temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sooran
slime"

Keats

"Still wouldst thou sing,
and I have ears in vain —

To thy high requiem
become a sad"

(spelling -) where the rays of
light definitely come from outside
and light the passive figure.

"Well, my ~~its~~ kindred spirits are
those that know that the light
comes from within, ^{who know they} lighting the
dark ~~universe~~ with that inner
light - and who trust that
light because they know that
without it they ~~live~~ would
endure a living death in ~~the~~ utter
darkness.

to defend it by human values. I don't like ^{the} fostering of such irresponsibility. Everything in the end must be judged in human terms - since we know no others - but using God as a front for action ^{often} postpones this judge human evaluation.

This Spirit of Frost, + mine - this sense of human responsibility + limitations - has happened before in history - in Greece, in the Renaissance - in Rembrandt.

Do you notice that in Rembrandt the light always comes from within. ~~to~~ In contrast to Caravaggio

there so much difference?

"Yes, there is," he answered with some vehemence.

"The difference is work ~~for~~

If God is the excuse for all acts — then there is no way of ^{a man's work} judging ~~them~~ in human terms — If God ordered it, it is justified, whether it be the building of a cathedral, the obscene life of monks, or the burning and maiming of men & women. Using God as an excuse is a way of taking an act out of human hands ^{for the moment} — & the perpetrator ~~for~~ has no responsibility.

wanted to do — there was no time to
waste. We would all die too soon.
One of us wanted to be
a writer — — he is now selling insurance,¹⁰
another was going to go into politics —
he's in the travel business — and so
on — — but not me. Of course, I'm
different. I trusted my ~~low~~ feelings —
all the way. I never had any
alternative. I have submitted
completely ~~to my instincts~~ — my
voices — ~~he smiled at me...~~

~ and ~~the~~ reason I think my
^{Frost's} kind of faith is ~~the best~~ superior
to the kind that uses God as an
excuse.

"Why is that?" I asked. "to

* "I remember," Earl was telling me
this morning, "how ~~after the war,~~
~~when so~~ ^{all} ~~of~~ during the war
I felt I was invulnerable. I never
feared death. Then, after the war,
for three or four years, I had
this delayed reaction. I sensed that
I was temporary; I could go at
any minute. This feeling was common
among the ex-G.I. at college. We
all felt it. --- ~~life~~ Life seemed
precarious and precious. There was
no time to do anything except
what we really wanted to do.
None of us would ever dare to do
anything but what we most deeply

authority exists above, spiritual & ~~ethical~~ ^{secular},
to care what he does - and insist

upon certain behavior. There are those ^{offer} rewards & punishments vers

who claim that, ^{then} like the freedom
but miss the being cared for.

Well, says Earl, you can't have

freedom and still be under the care
of a superior force. You have to decide between them. Earl says he

chooses freedom. He likes the indifference,

because there is something he loves

to do. He responds to his own work,

trusts his own love, & calls it important ^r

because he himself loves it. Frost liked

freedom, too. as he cruelly but accurately *

expressed it: "Democracy (freedom) is the
best system for the best men."

look for bias ^{from within myself} ~~within ourselves~~ (self-affirmation)
~~or~~ and from others - (love) I We probably
will never get enough of either - but
it is ^{no choice} ~~better~~ to look ^{for a man like Frost} ~~to~~ ^{but} keep looking
to those ~~trusted~~ human sources,
for there is no alternative which
can bear ^{on} the weight. Anything else
is more than the truth.

Earl says Frost is the
most "modern" of all poets, because
he ^{alone} understands what freedom means,
and lives it. (Is there any one else who likes freedom writing today?)
It means indifference. The universe is
indifferent to man; and the state is
^{in general} also indifferent to him. If God or state
is not indifferent, then man is not free.

"Eyes seeking the response of eyes
Bring out the stars, bring out the flowers,
Thus concentrating earth and skies
So none need be afraid of size.
All revelation has been ours."

The universe is indifferent to man.
There is no counter-love or original
response to be guided by. There is,
however, man, ^{an individual,} who is not indifferent
to himself, or to other men, or to
the universe. He has in the past
projected himself out into the universe
in order to get back ^{human} an answer
to his cries for response & love.
But this is more than the truth -
therefore too weak for man - for Frost -
The only ^{human} response she can

me by opening the ears of the
world to his message which he
had chosen to communicate through
me, unworthy though I am etc. etc.

But Frost did not describe his
experience this way. "Anything more
than the truth," ~~is too~~ ^{He said he did not dare count on} ~~was too~~
weak

And when he ^{cried} looked to heaven
for "counter love" for
to nature, for "original response,"
nothing ever came of it. One when looking for a
he ~~recalled~~ ^{saw} the ~~truth~~ ^{facts embodied:} symbol a
Sign

Great buck emerged from the water,
& shedding poming like a waterfall, washed ~~off~~

And... that was all."

~~So~~ he said in "an Revelation"

for inspiration; & then going to
England at great financial risk
without a single ^{human} connection &
guarantee of response to his ~~own~~
poetry, and being there, finally, ~~heard~~
^{heart} heard.

This life could easily have been
described as "God-directed." God told
me that I must leave teaching,
must cut my ties with this ~~past~~
life and go into the country to
listen for His voice, trusting
entirely in Him. Only by putting
my ~~whole~~ ^{whole} life in His hands
could I ~~then~~ find Him. When the
time was ~~near~~ ripe He told me
to go to England. I followed
His guidance, and He rewarded
~~me~~ ^{me} ~~securely~~ ^{securely}
taking no precautions for ~~my~~ ^{my} security.

This attitude, says Earl, is understandable, but not admirable — nor really useful for human behavior and growth. He believes that modern mystical experience has been best described by Robert Frost. His whole life has been ^{an} act of faith and trust: ^{turning aside from "worldly tasks"} ~~the~~ taking his ^{own} ~~family~~ ^{pen} family into the Vermont country, working in such isolation that for eight years they did not once go out to dinner; spending a great part of his time meditating, walking, sitting, listening, if you will,

Tuesday, Feb. 7 *

What interests me most at this moment is: in what forms will spirit be embodied for our time?

Earl says that ~~formal~~ religious ~~thought~~ feeling is "all too human" rather than ^{too} ~~other worldly~~ ~~supernatural~~ —

all too human in the sense that

it is ~~only too~~ ^{natural, but} ~~natural~~ ~~cloddish~~ and

less than manly ^{to} ~~say that~~ ~~wish to~~

have an ^{outside} superior force ^{is} taking responsibility

for ^{one's} ~~my~~ acts. The religious attitude

"it is not I who wishes this or that, but God... It is God

that wants me to build this, or

teach that or do such + such —

Such moments I always seize
run over in periodic breaks &
eternal nothingness.

to do something cheerful - to [#]
ignore myself. So I do something
cheerful. I go into the kitchen
& cheer up Grace with pleasant
compliments or ~~static~~ solicitations
about her health. I chat with
the ~~for~~ children, make up
menus, play with the bursting
bundle of energy called Wade,
Thanking God for these distractions,
but never free for an instant
from the sense of failure -
which is eternal - for all

↓
commonplace, mediocre and
missing out on living a life
that soars, that has scope,
great events, a life that
absorbs me all I have to
give.

The warmth is gone and I
am left sitting reading
meaningless words to wiggling
infants, hating myself for
being a failure in my own terms.

Then in self-defense I shrug
the feeling off, saunter defiantly to
hell with it, and set about

that could make my will function
well - I know I have it in me
to use.

I am going through a period
of intense love of the children.
They give me pleasure almost
constantly and I do a great
many things with them
joyfully. But no sooner
have I become deeply immersed
in an activity, such as reading
to them, than does an
agonizing shiver of discontent
pierce the warmth generated by mutual
love - ~~the~~ telling me I am

I am whipping a load horse.
Yet, if I stop, I feel even
worse, as if I had given up
and no longer even had
the dignity of trying. I feel
weak & have a sore throat—

but I cannot tell whether
these symptoms are physically
induced, or are psychic means

to relieve me from having to
face the impenetrable depths
of ^{the} wall that separates my
conscious will from resources of
energy.

My life has not changed. I try
to write every morning & what
comes out is still formless
material illuminated occasionally
with an insight - but NOTHING
to say I've done & see something
I can be satisfied with. My
latest article about matter
& spirit was liked by Pat &
Fred but in trying to rewrite
it this morning - and several
other mornings - I find my
brain REFUSES to deal with
the material. I feel so strange

began to develop.

Mon. Jan. 30

I have only one sense of sin—
yet it is all pervasive. The
sin I sense is still — energy
unused. I say ~~sense~~ sin because
the feeling is so similar to
that described by more usual
sinners. I feel guilty, almost ill
with frustration, unable to
GET AT my ideas ~~to~~ liberate
the energy which I feel burning
inside me. New York has
made no difference — for

the Indian people believe. He told them to trust in the One God."

She went on to discuss ~~tell~~ the story of the hail falling on the Philistines and frightening them so much that they left their superior armor behind & fled.

This from a child who eight months ago was unable or unwilling to recount any story, whose sole means of dramatic expression was drawing.

I am filled with gratitude for the gift of Suzanne's growth.

I could teach & urge forever - until something happened inside her, & ~~totally~~ unconsciously she

in a most interesting way, gleaning
the wisdom of the story ~~that it was~~
~~stupid to imitate~~ o

Earl, on his mettle now, rose to
the occasion, commenting how Tom Paine
had argued the same way in urging
the American people ~~to~~ not to
have a King, which many of them
wanted - just as the Israelites did -

"It's better to have God as
a King than a regular man - because
God doesn't boss you around." ^{so much} ^{update} ^{your things} said
Suzanne.

Earl and I laughed with delight.

"And Daddy, ~~the~~ Israelites Samuel
told the Israelites it was wrong
to worship ~~idols~~ idols. He believed
that God did not live in idols - or

or even suggestion from us, she has organized her life. She gets up in the morning cheerfully. Slips off her nightg, folds it, puts it away immediately, + in 5 minutes she is perfectly dressed, ^{buttoned} combed, + ready to draw for Yzankam before breakfast!

~~"You know what, Daddy." she continued, "We're reading in the Bible about the Israelites ... they were told by Samuel that it was wrong to want a king, because God was their king. He said they were like babies who ^{want to what} copy ^{everybody} else is doing. Other people have kings, so the Israel~~

Then she continued on, recounting a Bible story about the Israelites foolishly wanting a king on earth.

find her, without the slightest urging
from us, voluntarily writing music!

"Then," she continued, "I did my
homework - writing script in my
notebook, and then, let me see -
I straightened up my studio
and put everything I needed into
my new brief-case so I wouldn't
have to rush in the morning."

Well! Earl and I stared
at her with wonder. This child
had been so slow, unable to
put anything away or get anything
ready without incessant urging
& commanding from us.

Now, without a word

-- Then I played the recorder - and I wrote down the notes. ^{after the time I was playing}

"Was that a school assignment dear?" I asked,

"No - I just wanted to do it."

She showed us the music she had written. Except for 2 half notes she was absolutely accurate in both rhythm + notes. I was astonished, since her stumbling block with the piano had been the reading of notes. She had shown such absolute antipathy to the discipline of reading, that although she had a fine ear, we abandoned the piano lessons.


Now, 2 years later, we

Last night for instance we went
out to dinner, leaving Suzanne home
alone for the first time since she returned
this morning. As we sat at breakfast
with her she said

"Do you want to
know the things I did
last night, Daddy?"

"Yes, Suzanne."

"Well, first I did a
drawing of Shiva - but I had
trouble with the hands. I can't
figure out how to draw hands
but the way ~~he~~ has his are.
I looked very carefully at the way
they bend - I know just how they

So  but I can't do it yet."
"You can't do it? So to the library + find some books on Indian art -
can you look at it? Would you like that idea?" "Yes, thank you," she said.

she each bedecked in jewelry. Carl wore his hand elegant dressing gown. Suzanne still had on her green plaid traveling dress, but she had taken off her long socks & shoes to put on the airy fairy chuples, which revealed her beautiful legs, slim, tan, long & filled with grace. with perfect feet. I was about to suggest that we all retire, when Suzanne began to talk, pacing back & forth the living room floor, stepping over and around the scattered things.

(Patricia is going to do a tape recording of her talking about the trip, so I won't bother putting it all down.)

But I just want to say that I am in awe of her development.

more accurate than Earl's. I don't
have to say this to him. For
he must know, as he found
himself the center of Suzanne's
attention, the essential witness to
the ~~outpour~~ lavish outpouring of
impressions, facts, stories and ideas
that she needs him profoundly and
loves him dearly.

Faubron + Sai left ^{at} about
11:30 p.m. The living room floor
was covered with tissue paper
and presents. Alexandra was
scudding about in her slipperly
slippers, eyes ~~wide~~ ^{two beaded} large with
exhaustion. Stephanie sat upon

Earl had had no faith in her love for him. He ^{had} felt rejected by the child and had said she had a heart of ice, that she did not need him, that he was utterly useless to her & that therefore she was useless to him. He also said the trip to India would mean NOTHING to her and even if it did, we would never know it for she would tell us NOTHING.

I record ~~these~~ ^{Earl's} misjudgements in order to remind myself that my instincts are trustworthy in these matters. — and in a disagreement with Earl, I am justified in following my own ^{feelings} ~~convictions~~ because they are

Worthy of appreciation.

"Of course, I like it. And it fits me perfectly."

I could see that Earl was deeply touched.

I received an exquisite Sari, perfume, an ivory cigarette holder, & the ^{other} children, Grace & Robbie were showered with chuples (st Indian slippers) purses, dolls, ~~jewelry~~ necklaces, bracelets rings... and for Wade a jointed wooden snake cobra.

But it was clear that the most important gifts as far as Suzanne was concerned were to Earl's. She kept returning to him, pointing out yet another yet unmentioned beauty in wood or ~~the~~ shape or color.

earnestly.

"Oh, I do, Suzanne - thank you very much."

He examined the carvings very carefully, commenting on ~~various~~ ~~for~~ their beauty. She hovered over him, glowing with pleasure.

Faubion had had a dressing gown made for Earl, out of a beautiful handwoven material lined with a red silk sari that had belonged to Lady Rama Rau. It fit him perfectly.

"I told everyone that you were the handsomest man in America - and it's true," said Faubion, as we all admired Earl in his robe.

"It's magnificent," said Earl.

"Do you really like it?"

Faubion quivered - as if ~~seemed~~ relieved that such an offering ~~was~~ ^{seemed} truly

The heroic element in us is the never ^{being all} settling for less.

To return to the return. By this time we had arrived at the apartment. Suzanne & Fabion wanted nothing but to open the suitcase full of presents. As the gifts were presented one after the ^{other} next I watched Earl's face. For it was clear that the things Suzanne had given the most thought to were Earl's ^{his} presents. She had selected a beautiful hand carved ^{rose-wood} elephant with tusks and a stalking lion carved from bone.

"I wanted you to see where how they carve wood - Don't you think it's beautiful." she said to him

the kind that are equally sure of their
own vision, ^{and} but failing to make
others see, continue to believe in
the reality of this vision until

eventually or posthumously, others see too.
(Cézanne, Van Gogh are examples)
(What if others never see, & the man
dies believing alone for all eternity.

Is he heroic? I think so - or mad...
Others seeing ^{is} what distinguishes
saint from insanity - ~~in need~~ ~~stupid~~ - ...

Yes. Others, ^{eventual} seeing matters terribly.

The third kind of hero is the
one like Faulstich - & perhaps he -

who have occasional contact with
ourselves, ~~producing~~ with doing what
we do out of ^{natural} love & interest - and who
never again can settle for anything
less, whose lives are a constant
quest for the discipline of desire

This year has ^{been} a time for searching, reappraisal for me. I have to decide where I am going."

I feel a deep sympathy for him. For some of us ^{guiding} the voices are dim and intermittent. ~~and~~ we are left long alone in silence with nothing to go on ~~but~~ ~~guesses as~~ ~~but~~ sheer ^{faith} ~~conviction~~. Other people have ~~got~~ more reliable channels of communication with their own inner beings, and what however intense their struggle, they are never cut off from the life-giving source of ^{direction} ~~self-affirmation~~. There are several kinds of heroes: the kind that are utterly sure of their own ^{righteousness} ~~rightness~~ and succeed against enormous odds to change the world - (Exp. St. Paul)

Knowing how terribly bored she was
but ~~never~~ never showing it, ^{Making everyone} ~~feel special,~~

thought imagine what would
happen if that Great Mind of hers
were not combined with infinite
goodness — you know Santha is
absolutely incapable of evil —

why she could destroy ~~at~~ every
one of those people with ^{a single} ~~one~~ word.

But of course she never would
dream of hurting anyone.

I agreed with him about Santha
and then questioned him about
himself.

"Did you do much work
while you were there, Faubon?"

"Well — I worked — but I
didn't get much done. This is

intensely boring - Sankha is bored
to distraction - but she's being the
dutiful daughter. You know, her
parents are getting on. She
plays Scrabble with them everyday -
and puts up with the entire family -

Oh - I hate family. They're so
nosy; watching every move you make.
Every letter that comes

they say "ewee ~~oo~~..." (British accented 'oh')

Who is that from ... " + then discuss
food and children ... ^{Have you ^{heard} Adha is} ^{with Dick} ^{having a little thing}
I suppose I never
want to hear food ^{or children} mentioned
again as long as I live! +

" But Sankha is extraordinary
I thought as I watched her
politely talking, evening after evening

"Oh, Fabian, I know. You have given her a priceless gift. And you know, I was never worried about her for an instant..."

"Really..." his voice deepened with emphatic pleasure.

"Yes - with you I knew she was safe. - And how was the trip for you?"

"Ach... for me it was very difficult. I hate travelling, you know. I like to ~~live~~ ^{live like we did in England.} to go to a place & never travel. ^{we went for 2 wks. & stayed 2 yrs}

live, - ~~like~~

But this trip was so quick-moving from place to place... I don't think I'll write the letter from Bombay for the New Yorker... And there was so much family. Oh, it was

we have Suzanne. That child is
a thoroughbred. Everywhere we took
her, from a Maharani to the
beggars in the street, she ~~st~~ was
perfectly at ease, exquisitely
mannered. You know - this trip
~~has been~~ will change the rest of
her life. She will never be a
provincial. ~~What you are~~ All the
prejudices that you and I had
to fight to overcome - she will
never have. ~~She will never~~ (Faubian
has a habit of including others in
his ^{frequent} self-condemnations). She will never
think someone's odd because of color
or custom. And she's a natural born
traveler - never sick, never irritable,
never upset. She was a joy to us."

her. ~~But~~ That I was her mother,
that she had grown inside my
body + had been born, a ~~mysterious~~,
yet unidentified human, who
gradually grew into this graceful,
radiant child - this seemed to me
overwhelmingly mysterious and I
was in awe.

While we drove back to the
apartment in the Rolls, Suzanne
sat up front with Stephanie.
She was still not mine. Fashion
I was hearing about her from
Fashion rather than getting a
feel of her myself.

"I want to thank you,"
said Fashion, "for bringing letting

After about half an hour, ^{waiting.} we
saw the little group approach the
large glass doors, ~~the glass~~
which swung open by electric
eye, to let them through.

"Suzanne!" we all cried.

By the time I reached her, Alexandra
and Stephanie were already embracing
her, and so I had to hug her sisters
to get to her.

She radiated joy, but
I was not easy with her yet.

She ~~start~~ and I could feel
was the miraculous blessing of having

"Suzanne, Suzanne." we called,
shouted, screamed, waving wildly
at the tiny figures below. For
a few moments they did not hear
us - and then, Ruth ^{looked up, saw us,} ~~saw us,~~ and
told the ~~to~~ others. ^{their heads raised.} They looked up.

The miracle happened. In that
mutual seeing, Suzanne was ours
again. She waved, smiling broadly,
looking every inch a young lady.
We blew kisses back + forth.

"Let's go down," said Earl,
"We can watch them go through
customs."

So we stood and waited at the
door that separated us from those
still traveling, unhomed, strangers.

The forward + rear doors both opened -
the stairs were lowered, officials
appeared ^{at} ~~at either end of~~ ~~from out~~
each door - and then, the very
first passenger at the rear door ^{exit}
was a tiny figure in camel's
hair coat and hat, slim legged, white
gloved... and then followed Jai,
Ruth + Fabrian.

"Oh, God, there she is,"

I cried, weeping openly, amazed

at the great release of tension - that
I had been unaware of
~~I hardly knew I had been feeling this~~
past six weeks, ~~#~~

her face beet bright red with
cold & the flush of an almost
hysterical anticipation.

As we ran along the snowy deck
^{she was} Alexandra grasped my hand,
utterly disheveled by the wind &
cold, her curls ^{onto} falling from
beneath her green velvet hat, her
ribbon bobbing on the end of
a curl in front of her eye,
her collar askew, one boot
unzipped, her brown eyes vivid.

The Air-India jet stopped
directly ~~to~~ in front of us. We were
silent, watching intently for
that first miraculous sight of a
child who is part of our very life.

~~The forward door opened - an
airline official~~

out beneath us like heaven on earth.

"There it comes," Shouted Earl, pointing to a huge airship gliding ^{down} on the runway before us."

"No, it can't be" I cried, ~~tearings~~ tears filling my eyes + ~~poor~~ wetting my face with icy stickiness.

Stephane was sobbing with excitement, "I can't believe it... my darling Suzanne is coming... Oh Suzanne, I want you so... I'm crying, Mummy, she said in a strangled voice,

Mon. Jan. 24

~~A Story I~~

My darling Suzanne returned home Saturday night. ^{When} We drove out to Idlewild, I was calm. It was almost as if she did not exist. I could not realize Suzanne's existence. She had become a memory. But as we entered the glittering terminal, an excitement mounted. The memory was going to be made real. I felt as if ^a it ~~was~~ a miracle - were about to happen. We were told that the plane was to arrive at any moment and we all went out on to the observation deck. The wet was clear & freezing. The lights on the air part were sprawled

absorbed in the events, in the step
by step living of it, that he
is not aware of his own reactions
to himself.

As for Jacqueline Kennedy -

When I asked Earl what he
guessed her inner feelings were,
he said:-

"My husband doesn't love
me."

I never want to be someone else -
but I ~~would~~ always wish I could
know, even if only for a few instants,
what it feels like to be another.

What is the basic reaction. Queer?
Excitement? Fear? Pride? — or
probably a combination of these — PLUS —
the fact that no matter how
grand ^{the} external situation, life
as it is lived ^{on the} inside
always proceeds step by little
step, soaring, not by external
fiat, but by ^{inner} inner grace, occasionally.
But this occasion is so grand,
such a great victory for a
young man whom ~~a~~ few
thought had a chance to win
the nomination much less the
election, I do wonder what
he deeply feels.

Or is he perhaps so

Today is the inauguration
of John F. Kennedy. I am
too competitive to feel anything
but uncomfortable - and curious.
What does it feel like to be
in such a position of power &
responsibility where every idea
you have can be ~~tr~~ translated
into action, tried out ~~in~~ instead
of talked about, ^{when everyone wants you & you can raise & lower whom you will.} It is the quality
of the feeling that interests
me. When he wakes up in
the morning & realizes that this
man ^{whom} that he has always been is
now President of the greatest
nation in the world in a time of danger.

to be any such thing as fulfillment.
The alternative is Eastern
doctrine, such as the Tao: "The
perfect Sage... by practicing ^{wu}
~~wu~~-wei, and making no attempts
makes no failures, and because he
does not grasp anything, he has
nothing to lose." - - - - I might
add that he has precisely **NOTHING**
to gain. The alternative to
Emerson's ^{deeper} Western credo - "Victory
is work," is the Eastern doctrine
^{Work is Victory}
that victory is absence of desire.

I am profoundly Western by instinct
so I had better give "all to love"
which means in my case: write.
Hang everything on that.

~~when you are~~
bound to succeed. I suppose that
by the gesture of giving all to
love, you have already succeeded.
For if the fulfillment does not
lie in the process, in the act,
it could not be ~~worth~~ enduring.

Any concrete, definable success has
very short-term pleasure-giving power.

Practically on the next morning—
a new goal emerges from the
warmth of victory, turning attention
from that victory to the next
task, so—the fulfillment better
be the passage, ~~from~~ the work—
& not the goal, if there is to

Jan. 25 - Thursday Fri.

I read my article ^{the illumination quest} only Earl's work
to Patricia + a friend of hers - who
is a recent convert to Catholicism.
They both seemed to be deeply
impressed and Lynette, a brilliant
graduate in psychology from
Harvard, felt it ~~was~~ was publishable.
I wonder - and I shall try.

Earl says if you try you will
succeed, meaning that if you
submit entirely to your feelings,
giving all to love, ^{spending} ~~meaning~~
all your devotion on your chosen
avocation, ~~giving as Frost says~~
"all to love," you are there.

related to God the Spirit - and
that he had been persecuting
himself in persecuting Christ
& his followers. Christ
represents the divine, the
Spirit, in man.

~~I want to hear,~~

" You are Christ's Body . . .
There is nothing ~~but~~ Christ
in any of us. "

From that moment on Paul's entire life changed. He was related to Spirit.

Now it is obvious that Spirit cannot appear like that today. As I have written ad nauseum, these voices have always been our own. ~~When Christ said~~ What happened in modern language to Paul, it seems to me, is that in a guiding revelation he realized that he himself was

When he regarded as a threat
to the true religion. As he
was walking in the heat of the
noon-day sun, ~~he~~ and according
to the story his entourage, saw
a blinding flash of light
refuse the sky and heard
a strange thundering. Paul
fell to the ground and Christ
appeared to him ^(not to the rest) ~~the~~ coming came
down out of heaven and
spoke to Paul saying: "I am
Jesus of Nazareth. Why do you
persecute ME?"

for light to see by. ↙

This state has been brought
about by my incessant writing
on the subject of the spirit
being within, ~~of the gods~~

If what I know is so is

so - why ~~is~~ is it forever

dark & silent at the crux of

my life? Why am I always

forever waiting?

I have been reading about

the conversion of St. Paul, he

was on his way to Damascus,

as a leader of the Jews, to

persecute the Christians,

The word has little reality
for me; I hear it going on
about me "dimly through
the thick walls of my separated
self. I talk with people,
but my own^s voice has
become as ~~use~~ insubstantial as
the others. I hardly seem
real to myself, except ^{at} in the
infinite, black, utterly silent
center of myself where all
is a waiting, a straining

useful to someone - until either it proves
useful - or never does. That is the worst
that can happen - & it has already
happened so often - that I have nothing
to fear. For I do survive. And well!

Jan. 11, 1961

* I am living in a state of
spiritual anticipation, from sleep
with excitement, close shut up
in the silence of my own being,
listening, listening, listening,
for the voice of my soul
which will relate me to all
being. I am in intolerable
isolation, in solitary confinement.

what I have to give: my ideas, my writing - & Earl's work, most important of all.

The fact that I am not so needed makes me feel a stranger - alien to the world I live in.

As ^{with} most things, ^{in life,} however, there

is a certain compensation. Since

I am not needed by others, I am learning to do with out their

need, to warm myself by means

of pursue my own interests in what I read & write.

at the same time I shall not stop trying to write my life into a meaningful whole - and send it out to

the market place - It is our failure to prevail in the market place - with our work that makes me doubt our potency. There is that desire within me to cohabit^{ate} with the ~~the~~ ~~strangers~~ ^{It is} to create a meaningful relationship between ourselves & the world of people outside our home - that I intimately desire.

Earl says I ~~must not make~~ demands that what I am demanding of others is that they affirm me - tell me I am good & right, that ~~until I stop making such demands I will be unhappy~~ are ~~in vain~~ & always will be.

But I know instinctively that what I desire is good & natural. It is being responded to & valued ^{& needed} for

^{my} faith in him, my absolute conviction
in his value, tells me that he is
right supremely worthy of my love -
and ~~potentially~~ the most truly
potent human-being I know.

I have indeed given all to love
as Robert Frost advises. My reward
has been great. I have at
~~the care of my life~~ love

My self is not alone. It includes
another, and is thereby infinitely
enlarged.

Earl's potency has been established
with me. But we two live in
the world. To quote F. again, he
says no man can forever avoid the

It is true that Earl's paintings did
sell - for the first time - and that
which was momentarily exciting. But
as Earl pointed out to me the other
night - it seems to be his ^{impreferable} fate
to live in utter silence. ^{confronted by indifference} For we
have never heard a single word from
anyone who did buy. There has not
been one single observable response
from others - except at the opening -
~~but nothing else.~~ It is as if we
lived in a vacuum, all a reality
existing where we stand & nowhere
else.

I resent ^{bitterly} this isolation - and
~~at such times,~~ despite myself, I
resent Earl for not being more potent -
for not having an effect upon the
world at the same time

But I had been feeling depressed for
the past months because it seemed to
me that Earl's prediction had been
correct. We ~~were~~ ^{had indeed} trading the
isolation among the few for isolation
among the many. Although I
much prefer isolation in N.Y. to
Lime Rock, since here there is always
hope, nevertheless, I have felt
bewildered, unable to understand why
we, who seem to me to ~~be~~
have so much to offer in the way
of ideas, work done, ^{& general observations,} are not in
demand. No body seems to need or want
us - (except for Patricia) - ~~on the~~
~~days~~ for what we want to give.

man's potency. He is taunting me -
you have married a cripple. He cannot
have an erection. Perhaps he has
no penis. You can see - he has
no legs - nothing to stand up on.

The final remark - you shall
have 100 servants at your wedding - in

the market place's prediction that
nobody will ever want to
or buy the work.

we shall have no friends, ~~the~~

^{we} only those people, ^{we shall have around us} whose ^{are} ~~free~~ ^{presence}

we can buy. We shall have

in our marriage nothing but ^{what} ~~my~~ ^{my}

money, can buy.

This is ~~undoubtedly~~ the most
possible
brutal analysis of our life. ~~as is~~
possible to ~~con~~

protect him (why?).

The Vulgar proprietor

represents the public, the art

market - who can look at the

work and ^{cheapen it, render it important} demean it by ignoring

it or not liking it. I want

to protect the man I love

from his castration by
the Vulgar market place

but I cannot, ^{while} for my lover works

for it. In order to ~~be~~ marr

free him from his job as Soda-jerk

I have to release him from the pro.

his employer the proprietor, so I have to
face the pr. to tell him of our marriage, much as I dread
doing so.

The proprietor's snide glances
at the 2 of us are ^a questioning of my

"Oh, good - I wanted to know how
much it would cost to get one for
the girl. I want to help in any
way I can."

~~Earl~~ ~~interprets~~ the first dream

~~this way:~~

Interpretation:

The blind cripple ^{represents} is Earl as
to me - He is going on blind instinct
without any visible means of support
or propulsion - he can't get anywhere
or support himself. Yet he is
able to go on. ^{working.} ~~I am attracted~~

He is serving soft-drinks - the
work is not capable of having
a ~~strong~~ powerful effect on anyone -
I love, ^{admire & desire} ~~the~~ ~~pit~~ want to

I thought - using this meeting
as a pretext for social gossip.

At that moment the phone rang.

It was for me. I left the

large conference table & went

into an adjoining ^{charming} sun-garden

room where the telephone was,

"Hello, Barbara - it's Patricia.

Do you remember how much you

paid for that beige gaberdine

maternity suit? (my favorite mat.

suit - which I lost - ~~gave~~ ^{lent} it to someone

who never returned it)

"Yes, it cost ~~39~~ thirty nine
dollars."

would set something on fire. I was afraid to go near the stove for fear of burning my hand on one of the coils.

The only other scene I can remember ~~is~~ takes place at a committee meeting of some sort.

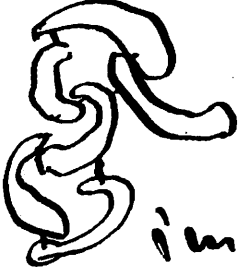
I think it was a group concerned with exercise & dance (I am going to watch such a class today). I

was the secretary. I sat there with pencil poised waiting to keep the minutes of the meeting.

But nobody ever said anything worth recording. They talked about each other, gossiped about members not present.

"What fools they are"

Parliament cigarettes.

I returned to the cottage and began to try to cook a meal. But the stove was ancient and strange. Every time I turned one of the old fashioned ^{black} ~~grey~~ handles (like the ^{old} gas stoves used to have) instead of one burner (electric - not gas) going on, 4 burners would glow red. The coils were interlocking,  so that it seemed to be impossible to turn one on without heating up all the others. I was boiling something in a little sauce pan & was afraid that the other ^{red-hot} exposed burners,

Barbara, not Patricia."

Then the P.O. man - Bill Ward
said to me, "You know Mrs...? (can't
remember the name, but it was an
elderly Lime Rock lady) doesn't like
you at all. She says that every
time you come in here you kick
up your heels and say, 'look how
pretty I am.'"

I was furious. "Well -" I
~~hiss~~ hissed, "What does she
want me to do, crawl in here
like a worm!"

I made some ^{other} retort which
seemed to me to be devastatingly
mean - I cannot remember it, and
left with two packs of

my doorstep it had silted down
to a gentle lapping, rippling stream,
barely wetting the steps.

I found I needed some provisions,
so I went to the local store
(which turned out to be the old
Lime Rock Post-office.)

I entered & asked, "Is there
any mail for Barbara Marx?"

"Who is Barbara Marx?"
they asked.

"I am." And "if any mail
comes in in the future for Barbara
Marx, you'll know it's for me,
And don't forget - my name is

The more I looked the more obviously
he did I see that the clouds were
waves. They became deep blue instead
or grey. I watched the waters
draw up into towering, cresting
masses and then roaringly
relax and crash.

I began to run in panic
and fear back to my little cottage.

The tidal waves were coming
closer & closer, gushing towards
me across the valley.

I ~~was~~ ran into the house,
locking the door behind me. I
watched out the window. To my
astonishment and relief the
gigantic waves began to subside
and by the time the water reached

of arrangements.

I decided to go for a walk.
A storm seemed to be arising
across the valley. I watched
the great grey clouds form,
turbulent, racing towards me,
when suddenly to my horror,
I looked again and saw that
the turbulence was not cloud
but water, mountainous waves
breaking upon themselves as they
crashed towards me. I could
scarcely believe my eyes. I looked
carefully, squinting into the distance

affair: that with him it would be
a matter of all or nothing. Either
he loved me completely + would have
no ~~other~~ interest in any other woman
OR he would stop loving me entirely
~~and~~ and look for another.

But he ~~did~~ ^{had} not lived up to
his word. He had had an affair
behind my back. A certain glow
of vindictive pleasure ~~fitted~~ filled me.
I enjoyed my martyrdom.

Earl, however, did not seem
repentant. He was simply annoyed
by his predicament. He left me
in a little house in the ^{old-fashioned} country
all by myself while he went
to the city to make some sort

help him. He will be upset and it
I feel responsible. I consider various
means of handling the situation.

Perhaps my brother Louis knows
of an abortionist. Obviously, marriage
is out of the question - since -
and I laugh to myself - Earl
is already married ... to me.

This strikes me as amusing.

But as I continue to dwell
on how to help Earl my feeling
changes from concern to anger.

~~What~~ How dare he sleep with
this girl when he told me
that he never would have an

situation. Then he pins and
says. "Well, you'll have a
hundred servants at your wedding."

Another dream - (dreamt the
next night)

I am in the country. There is a
girl in our household - who is pleasant
and my friend. She comes to me
to tell me that Earl has gotten
her pregnant. She has great confidence
in me.

My first reaction is that
Earl is in trouble and I must

front of the proprietor of the
place in which he worked. I
to loathe this man. He is vulgar
& ~~common~~ and I dread telling him
of the marriage because I know
he will make some common ^{obscene} remarks,
and I cannot bear, above all things,
for anyone to hurt the pride of
this brave man I love, who
despite his horrible handicaps,
lives an independent, even cheerful
existence.

The man laughs scornfully
when he hears the news. His
eyes dart back & forth from my
lover to me, ~~seizes~~ sizing up the

at any of them no matter what they do to him.

This man loves me - but he has never demonstrated his love in any way because he is blind & crippled & does not wish to impose himself on me. But I want him

despite all this. I am filled with desire for him. I walk up to the bar and bending over the bar I touch his face, ^{will know I am there,} so he and then I kiss him. He returns the kiss passionately. ~~all~~ His entire being is expressed in that kiss - out of the blackness of his

blindness he gives himself to me. I tell him I want to marry him. Then I ask him if he can have intercourse. ^{he says} Yes. ^{to} marry him.

We are standing together in

Another Dream - Jan. 9

I am passionately in love with a man (who looks something like Charles Laughton whom I saw on television the night before). This man is blind and has no legs. I see him behind a circular bar where he is ~~em~~ working serving soft drinks to a group of unidentified people. He can barely be seen above the bar - because he has no legs. His body is fitted into a sort of barrel contraption, the which ~~rest~~ holds him from toppling over. I am filled with violent emotion, thinking - he is so brave - but so vulnerable - he can't strike back.

(God image) inwardly shown in the (3)
sense of guilt & outwardly in the fear
of God, & we know an unspeakable
sense of joy, the joy that always
comes when the Ego approx. the
Ego-ideal." (like T. Reik)

R. S. Lee (1)

"Religion constructs an order of values to be expressed in + to direct every activity of man... It derives this order of values from an intuition of the whole universe + of man's place in it.

Religion shapes the ends men seek to fulfil... - science supplies knowledge.

Christianity is an other-worldly or supernatural religion in that it maintains that this world + esp. hum. life, is not self-explanatory but requires another to give it meaning.

God image a product of the

② unconscious

Death means to the unconscious a return to the womb

Like glorifications of the past, utopias are the expr. of an overstrong death instinct driving us to flee from pain to magical ease of womb.

In the Super-Ego is set the Ego-ideal, the ideal self, to which the Ego tries to conform. In the meas. that it suc., it experiences a sense of well-being, happiness + confidence that can rise in extreme cases to the ecstasy of bliss.

Atonement - by identif. with Christ who was perfectly obedient to God man. "we escape from the condemnation of the Super-ego"

democracy where no civil sanction of life ~~on the~~
exists, and scientific discovery, which has
swept the heavens clean of the
reigning dicties ~~to~~ ^{whom} ~~sanction~~ ^{which} ~~worst~~
dedicate the soul, ~~to~~ provides
the perfect soil for man's acceptance
of himself as the source of revelation,
and (return to re-insert)

In America today, the forms of society
& government are such that no individual
or ~~even~~ group is in a position to
bestow meanings ^{or value} on the lives of great
numbers of other men. This is not true
of Russia or China today, where the
leaders definitely do have such power
given to them, we must not ~~for~~ fool
ourselves, by ^{a sufficient number of} the masses ^{of} they whose
lives they direct & evaluate ^{in the name of} Leaders ^{the state the}
~~ready to accept this responsibility~~ ^{which} ^{we} ^{have} ^{they} ^{quit}
~~exist, potentially, in every large~~
~~community. But in American~~
~~democracy there is no ideology to~~
~~permit their emergence.~~
_{Dem + science}

^{Propitious} ~~Thus it seems to me that a~~
~~fertile moment exists for the torrents~~
~~of~~ ^r
This ^{po fertile} combination of American

to look within, ^{rather than without} for spiritual ^{power} meaning.
+ meaning.

And the terrible malaise
pervading American life ^{will perhaps may} is, I believe,
^{to be} the impetus which will hasten
such a inner seeking. The malaise
is, I believe, essentially due to
the ~~the~~ ^{secular or religious} lack of sanctioning, valuing
power in society, which whether
arbitrary or benevolent, has been until
recently, so natural a condition that
no one realized how much it was
depended on by the mass of humanity
to give value to life. I am not, of course,
speaking of those rare individuals who have
always, in all periods of history, ~~had~~
had the power to value their own lives,
but rather of whole societies.

#2
It is perhaps the experience of democracy, especially the affluent, relatively classless dem. in America which makes will make this acceptance inevitable. For in such a democracy

the individual is forced to take responsibility for his own ^{desires} choices.

No power above him ~~is~~ exists,

as in ~~former~~ monarchies or present day dictatorships ~~totalitarian states~~ to ~~which he~~

~~for~~ who will accept ^{+ demand} responsibility for his life's energies. In America

~~the~~ each man must affirm for himself the value of his own

existence. There is no one else to do it for him. This lack

of a ^{civil} power to bow down to, offering

a life time of devotion in return for

a sanctioned life is the best experience possible to lead us

* Source of revelation ^{+ the maker of religions, the judge of} seems to be the ^{himself, the giver of meaning to human life.}
~~the~~ ^{acceptance}
essential act of courage, of heroism
needed today. It will ~~be~~ ^{symbolize} mankind accepting
manhood. 200,000 years ^(check age of man) is certainly
not a long ~~time~~, in ~~cosmic~~ ^{geologic} time,
for a ~~species~~ ^{man} to take to mature.

This act of courage will be
based, as are all great ~~for~~ courageous
acts, on faith. The faith

~~The faith is~~

being, ~~that~~ as it has always been,
the belief that we are not only separate and
mortal, ^{which we certainly are} but also ^{at the} related by spirit to all
existence and therefore infinite
~~greater~~ immortal & divine.

to me to be the essential act of
courage needed today.

* ~~By such courage acceptance,~~

outside himself, he ~~is~~ condemns himself to
to ^{seeing himself as} ~~be~~ ~~ing~~ ~~in~~ ~~an~~
silence, the absurd, vulnerable speck of

^{momentary} ~~being~~ ^{life} whirling on an obscure planet around
a ~~set~~ one of a billions ~~of~~ of gaseous stars.

which of course - he has always been. But,
since it has ^{now} become ~~manifestly~~ impossible

to ~~rationalize~~ ^{given} this ^{new description of his} position - and his

own behavior on this obscure planet -
to embody spiritual reality ^{as a} in the form of ~~the~~ ^{of the past} God.
in terms of ~~the~~ ^{just + man-centered} ~~being~~

he has no alternative but to return
to the source of revelation, ~~aware~~ his own inner being

^{again} ~~unable to~~ resisting the fatal, childish
desire to project his discoveries

into Father images of one kind or another, turning
down to ^{mother} ~~them~~, because it is less frightening to bow before
This acceptance of himself as the ^{powerful} ~~power~~ himself.

~~is~~ a human context. The prime example is his Bird in Flight, that piece is at the same time pure material, a shining curve of bronze AND the spirit incarnate of flight.

However, the current schooling

abstract expressionism.

~~is~~ He has altered ^{his image of} the nature of the universe, ^{through scientific knowledge} ~~through science~~, and in so doing he ^{creates} has invalidated his ^{own} image of God as the Father of this universe. ^{that is all he has lost is something he himself once made.} It is necessary for him ^{+ Father of man.}

to turn his inner ear to the source of all past religious revelation; himself, in order to ^{hear} release again ^{in modern language} for ~~modern times~~, the voice of the spirit. But Only by accepting responsibility as their god-maker of the past, can he do so. ^{release these voices} ~~This acceptance seems~~ ^{if he listens for revelation}

A the work. For this is the beginning. What
Earl has done ^{for 10 yrs} is ~~to cover~~ build his own

building blocks. They are now built.

~~He~~ All he has to do from now
on ~~to~~ is organize them, to build with
them. The excitement has begun.

His years of ^{blind} faith in his ~~the~~
~~reality his own voice and my~~ himself,
and mine, equally blind, in my love for
him, have ~~so~~ culminated in grace.

This is my Christmas joy for
the year of 1960.

I want to mention that I think
Brancusi is ~~the~~ ^{or} ~~an~~ contemporary artist
whose ^{work} expresses the unity of matter
& spirit - ⁱⁿ on a natural rather than

come from the mysterious inner being of ~~man~~
man, ~~himself~~ ~~As part of nature, he is part of the~~
~~mystery - so where else he is, an the obvious source~~
that inner being which relates him to an Being as the source of ~~creation~~

By taking responsibility for ~~these~~ ~~products~~
~~creating these~~ ~~miracles~~ ~~of~~ ~~consciousness~~

Voices man could listen for them
again - not out THERE, where
they are not & NEVER HAVE BEEN,

but inside himself, where they always
have been, miraculously ~~at~~ inhering
in the withering flesh and animal instincts

~~Nature~~ of natural man. Is there conceivable
mystery ~~miracle~~ greater than this?

Earl's work expresses this
miracle ^{to us} because Earl believes it
The religious feeling has been dammed up because it is no
longer possible for man to believe in the reality of his own past, creation
It is thrilling for me to (cont)

contemplate the future development of

Spiritual Flourishing - Since the greatest
ages have often been the ~~ages~~ in which
Gods have been made by man as
a crystallization of centuries of experience.

~~If, out of the chaos and barbarism of
modern experience, it could be revealed~~

is the only way to heal the ~~terrible~~ wound
left by the ^{gradual} disappearance of a loving
God ~~from~~ watching us from heaven

Because, by ~~re~~ ^{realizing} ~~admitting~~ that he alone
has put this ^{particular} God up in that ^{particular} heaven,

Man would ~~know that~~ ^{recognize}
~~that the voices out of the whirlwinds have~~
~~the eternal truth - the truth that~~
has always been true, ^{to} he
are symbols of man himself, ~~namely~~ ^{that} the voices
out of the whirlwinds have always

If the work continues to develop - as it inevitably will, Earl has a chance of making ^{effectively} the ~~is~~ great healing statement needed so desperately today.

~~the~~ ~~sta~~ He may, by his paintings, be one of those who will ~~reunite man and God~~ reveal for his this age, in modern terms, that the Kingdom of God is within.

Earl has said that man has ^{in his past} been a great God-maker, creating gods according to his deepest needs ~~in his own image, of supreme~~ but that

the time has finally come for man to "own up", ^{to recognizing} that ~~it has been~~ he has

been ^{remaking & breaking} making gods all this time, ~~not~~ ~~that~~ out of his ^{own} spiritual imagination & need

~~Uisa Versa~~ This owning up ~~would be a~~ ~~might~~ produce a great

AP I looked directly into the eyes ^{to seek} ~~for~~ them
meaning ~~and~~ ~~to~~ ~~and~~ behold I was
~~struck with astonishment~~ wrenched from
startled even amazed ^{in my utter concentration} to notice that
the ~~expression~~ ^{light in the eyes} I sought to follow
~~was so profoundly~~
~~traced into~~ ~~traced~~ ^{actually} ~~was~~ simply a ^{small, irregular} ~~thick~~ ^{daub}
~~of white pigment.~~ I moved instantly

back from the painting. The dot of
paint disappeared; the ^{inner} light ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{human} ~~temp~~ ^{experience}
~~illuminated the face~~ ~~the~~ radiated

from the eyes, again. This transfiguration
of ~~that~~ ^a speck of paint from a real daub,
to a real revelation of human spirit is
~~passed~~ the essence of Earl's "style."

He ~~was~~ seeks to organize pattern ^{to} ~~so~~
reveal ^{material + spiritual}
that the two realities ~~become~~ ^{are} one — ^{at once}
as they are in life. ^{therefore pattern must be a}
^{obviously pattern and obviously}

Earl's style is, consequently, a perfect reflection ^{of his intention.} ~~This is a miracle.~~ ^{is an exact description}

to rediscover the material, the ~~triangles~~,
splintered blacks & whites and ochres
which lay mute^{ly}, ^{obviously,} upon the masonite['] board,
~~where they had been~~ and see that
whatever reality was expressed
was expressed by nothing but
these blocks of color.

I had ~~an~~ similar sensation
once when studying a Rembrandt
Self-Portrait. I became so ^{completely} ~~engaged~~ ^{engrossed}
in fathoming the ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ~~with~~ quality of life expressed by
the eyes that I approached close
to the painting, as I might to
a person I wished to hear more clearly

† necessary to put paint exactly the
pattern he saw. But for years and
years he painted pattern — and the
painting was just that — shapes,
material. Then, gradually, like a
mathematician approaching the
equation which would give matter
meaning, Earl worked towards the
human being. Then, at last, he
painted himself. In that self-portrait
the simple shapes he used were
transfigured, totally ~~absorbed~~ digested
with reality, so that they became
^{the man} Earl and were no longer patterns,
material was lost in spirit. Yet it
was always possible to ~~see~~ refer
~~the~~ with a wink of the eye

concept revealed in Michelangelo's ^{picture} ~~painting~~
of God about to ~~give~~ touch ^{with life} the limp
hand of Adam has come to a fruition.
God has entered Adam's body, and
He is indistinguishable from him.

~~This is the precise situation~~
~~humanity can~~ truth for our age. This

is modern revelation. Spirit is not
~~as it once seemed to be.~~
out THERE in heaven. That heaven
has been explored by man and matter
was found ~~there~~ ^{THERE}, as it is found ^{HERE}

No ~~amount~~ ^{need} of additional quantities
of matter, ~~as~~ matter ^{discovered} flung out there

the ^{illimitable} inconceivable vastness of space,
Or inward ^{in the equally vast spaces} bearing the flux of the atom
will ever again ^{be} for ~~the~~ anything
but more of the same matter. ~~The~~
~~stars~~ ~~are~~ ~~For~~ ~~more~~ ~~things~~

separated from the other.

~~Earl's~~ painting illuminates ^{for me}
this unity of matter material and spirit.

~~It has been his faith that~~
~~in his figure portraits~~

Spirit is not something that can
be separated from matter. It is

in it and of it but not it.

Earl's portraits ^{are} made up of ^{obvious} patterns

as clear as day, but ^{just} ~~my~~ ^I body ^{am}

~~made up of~~ ^{common} chemicals, but patterns,

and chemicals; ~~is~~ organized, miraculously,

to live.

~~I am now aware that~~
In these ^{Earl's} paintings the religious

The beauty of the ^{H's} transformation
is its clarity. The material, the
simple patterns, ^{were} are so ~~clearly~~ patterns,
so obviously ~~undisguised~~ painted ~~and nothing but~~
~~paint~~, with no attempt ^{made} to ~~make~~ ~~the~~
~~do~~ ~~make~~ ~~the~~ ~~pattern~~ fool the eye,
while at precisely the same
instant this ^{undisguised} ~~undisguised~~ paint is ⁱⁿ spirit
undisguised.

This is an ~~exact~~ ^{exact} ~~accurate~~
description of the mystery of
life. ^{as I see it} This ~~hand~~ ~~that~~ body
of mine is at one + the same
time pure material, ^{cheap} chemicals
easily analyzed, ~~and~~ ^{immaterial} ~~ME~~, ^{unique} ~~unique~~ ^{soul, unique}
in time + space. There is no
point at which one can be

flick of my imagination the
shapes ^{were} ~~are~~ transformed they
~~are~~ no longer shapes,
they ^{were} ~~are~~ the very essence of
the ~~ART~~ ^{ART}, Santha. The form
has become content, ~~as the word~~
~~became~~ ^{found} flesh, and I find myself
in the presence of a soul which
engages my soul - the only
engagement worth making.

~~Radiating out of these patterns~~

I am not viewing ^{not} a "likeness,"
~~not~~ ^{not} a ~~de~~ mute object, ~~as all~~
but rather I ^{am} witnessing material
of ~~as every thing & everyone~~
~~is~~ unless ~~metamorphosized~~ ^{metaphorized}

transformed by art into ^{another order of} reality
related to the reality of my own being.

There were no props, no references
to events, to nature
not even to birth or death. ^{all that} ~~only~~
was there ~~was there~~ for me was the direct contact
~~with the~~ → "I am" which is the

heart of all matter. ^{yet, with I could always}
^{listen again and hear the}
^{four voices instruments}
^{sounding pure}
^{sound.}
^{nothing}
^{else}
I feel that ^{in the last 2 portraits} East is ~~doing~~ ^{make a similar thing happen}
~~pattern~~ seeking to do with pattern ^{what}

~~Beethoven does with sound. East~~
~~strips the face of a break~~

~~builds the face with shapes~~

~~I usually~~

~~when I look at Santha's face which~~

is the one he is working on now.

I can view it in such a way that

it is pure pattern, just shapes as
I could hear ~~the quartet~~ ~~can be heard~~ as just

sounds. Then, with the identical

imagination those four sounds
were transformed
became ~~real experience~~, ~~conveying~~
~~directly~~ ^{to me} ~~the content~~ ~~The~~ ^{then} ~~sounds~~

no longer existed for me as sounds.
They were expressive of that ^{spiritual} force ^{spiritual} which
which ~~at~~ animals' material, ^{in some miraculous} way they sounds
had become **WERE** that force. They did
not DESCRIBE it, they were it.

Those sounds, ^{seemed to me to BE} ~~were~~ Beethoven, stripped
of all accidents of time, place,
body, + events which I would have
encountered if I had known Beethoven
the man. There was nothing in the
music that sounded like anything.

many different composers, I found I
could buy for Earl nothing but
Beethoven. I sensed a ~~relation~~
kinship ~~of intention~~.

As I listened to the quartet
the meaning of this kinship became
apparent. Both men pushed pure form
~~up to~~ to precisely the point where
the form becomes content — and no
further. In the quartet I was
able to listen to the form ~~in~~
~~instrument~~ sounds in such a way
that they were pure sounds, pure
form, unrelated to anything ^{but some} else.
Then, by a flick of my auditory

Dec. 29. (Lime Rock)

For Christmas I gave Earl
Beethoven's middle quartets. That
night when the children had
finally been put to bed with
their new dolls + horses ~~poiled~~
~~lights~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ tucked in beside
them, Earl + I went into the
living room, turned off all the
lights but those shining on the tree,
and ~~is~~ put on ~~the~~ one of the
quartets.

when I had been shopping for
records, although I listened to

4
because ~~nothing important~~ ~~seems~~ I
could not feel that anything ~~was~~
~~had been lost~~. Not because life is
not ~~valuable~~, but because any
life. ~~any loss - physical death~~
because ~~the~~ ^{physical} life that was lost would
inevitably be ~~lost~~ ^{destroyed} sooner or later.
What is ~~not inevitable~~. But this

man, was this unique being Jay Follet,
was still-born ^{that}. The spirit within him
had been wounded and would ^{never} recover.
all that was going on living was
was the dying flesh. But there was
no growth to be expected. Only death.

Therefore I felt no sense of
tragedy. I was indifferent to his
death as I had been to his life.

So we are confronted by two people
who are stunted spiritually. In this
respect they are ~~profoundly commonplace~~.
Then there is nothing to suggest to
me that this husband ^{or} and wife are
capable of further development. All
that can happen to them is age.

We are shown Great Grandmaw who
at 103, is a grotesque senile reminder
of the inevitable physical ~~is~~ decay.

Jay and Mary, the husband and wife,
~~seem~~ ^{seem} ~~are~~ ^{are} by contrast, so alive, so full
of the future.

~~By~~ I would naturally have
expected myself to identify with them.
When Jay is senselessly destroyed
I should have felt horror at the loss.
But to my surprise, I felt nothing.

the feeling was always followed by
loneliness so awful that death
seemed preferable. So he was in a
trap: ~~false dreams~~ the impossibility
of ~~perpetual~~ childish freedom blocking
one exit; ~~to~~ his incapacity to ~~for~~
grow up ~~to~~ find blocking the other.

He is married to a woman who
wants to love him completely, but is
unable to because she disapproves
of his tendency to escape ~~the~~ in
frankness - as well she might. She
is sustained by a simple faith in
her Catholic God, which is her
way of avoiding ^{present experience} ~~direct confrontation with~~
life. (For instance she ~~will not~~ does
not want to tell her son that she
is pregnant, she says that a
present from heaven is coming)

must encompass both.

We went to see "All The Way

Home" the other day. It is a play

based on James Agee's "A Death
in the Family." ^{It revealed} ~~It indicated~~ ^{to me that} if life ^{special} has no value, death ^{special} has no drama + becomes ~~is~~ ^{is} as commonplace as the life itself. ^{ordinary}

The play ~~is~~ ^{is} concerned with family's reaction

to the accidental death of the

warm & ordinary father, a tender, likeable ^{return} man, ^{who} unable to give up dreams of ^{as}

childhood. A reformed alcoholic who
never ceases to desire the illusory

freedom of boyhood. He himself admits

the feeling he seeks is an illusion,

that when he did get drunk and did
for a moment feel, glorious & invulnerable,

~~the~~ Aristotle, Michelangelo, Beethoven,
Christ, Einstein - ~~they were~~ were
they save? Of course. ~~That is~~
Their ~~of~~ touch with reality was
far greater than the average
man's.

"The trouble with so-called
realism today," ^{Earl continued} "is that out of the
vast scale of reality, the 'realist'
~~chooses~~ chooses one tiny inch down at
the far end, and tries to tell us that
that a single inch is all of life.

What is needed is a true
realist, like Shakespeare, who
reveals the whole range of reality.

For the truth is ~~that man or what~~
~~men have always known - man is~~
Man is
both divine and base base. Realism

1
Specially gifted were crazy, the
doltish rest of mankind being
sane.

"No" said Earl. "The reason
I am ~~ent~~ intrusting Suzanne to
you is because I consider you
one of the few people who
are sane. Sanity is rare, Fashion-
~~ness~~ It's craziness that
is common."

"Why, Earl," said Fashion,
& stopped short. "I suppose you're
right."

"Of course, I'm right," said
Earl. I think of the great geniuses

pleasure in imagining her wide eyed
interest in the world she was
about to see.

Fau Gian is the real
beneficiary.

Earl told Fau Gian last evening
something that ~~for~~ started F.

~~Fau Gian had been saying that
nobody who was not~~

Fau Gian ~~had been expressing the~~
in some context or other had called
himself "crazy," meaning it was a
compliment, thereby expressing
the common view that the

"Suzanne, my darling child. Are you sure you want to go."

"Oh yes," she said. "I don't want to leave you, but I want to go."

I held her, and when I finally let her go I looked carefully into her face to see if she had cried. But her eyes were bright with excitement, I felt relieved - and could bear to stay no longer. It was too painful to me knowing I might still keep her. I would not rest easily again until I knew that she was irrevocably on her way. Then I could casually ~~take~~

which opened out upon the air runway.
I could hear Suzanne talking
about Ahab, mentioning the
dark captain's name in some
personal context. She brings all
she knows to bear upon her
pers own experience, using art
to clarify illuminate her life.
She will be a truly educated
human being. & ^{hearing} ~~heard~~ one of the
powerful jets roaring away into
the night, I turned to look at
Suzanne. There she sat, her knees
crossed at the wrists
crossed her arms resting upon her
knees, her head ^{white gloved hands at rest, serenely still} cocked to one side,
watching the plane, looking so fine, her

I ~~compt~~ disagree with him about
Suzanne, His demands on her ~~int~~
life ~~are not~~ ~~ought~~ not to be fulfilled,
~~indeed, will not be fulfilled.~~ If I have
~~my way~~ = Suzanne ^{must} will be allowed to
follow her own instincts. And I
predict that such freedom will
bind her to us with a devotion
freely given that will prove one
of the great boons of our family
life. Giving this child, on the
other hand, was touched by Earl's caring,
+ loved him all the more. —
While we waited in the
upper lounge of the ~~at~~ B.O.A.C.
Terminal at Idlewild, having a
last drink with Faubion, Suzanne,
Jai and Stephanie sat far from
us at a ~~window~~ table next to
the vast wall of plate glass

paradoxes of Earl's nature. His
~~outward coolness to~~ ~~there are~~
very few most people mean absolutely
nothing to him. All the needs
of a passionate lover must, in
consequence, be satisfied by the chosen
few he cares for. I, whose
sympathies + affections are so much
more easily aroused, do not make
the demands on any single individual
that Earl does.

As ~~one~~ ^{the first among} the chosen, however,
I find that the demands Earl
makes upon my love, the depth
of his need for me, ~~have~~ has become
the ~~essential~~ ^{essential} ~~comfort~~ ^{comfort} of my life. So
I am in love with his nature. But

than to know our child is capable
of a rich life — through following
her own interests.... If you want to
be selfish about it — which
seems to be the case — she's
the child who will have most
to give us, just because she
has a life of her own."

"No, No! That's not so.

I've got a life of my own. I'm
an independent spirit —"



spoke in sarcastic imitation,

me, "but that doesn't mean I

don't have strong affections,

strong needs to be near the

people few people I love."

This is an example of the

to leave us at Xmas. You cut
that child's heart in two ^{void} ~~you'll~~
find ^{solid} ice to

"Why, Earl! That's not
so. I am proud of Suzanne, and
proud of myself, to have
produced an offspring with such
independence of spirit, that she
is able to leave me freely to
follow her interests. That gives
me more pleasure than anything
else - ^{It} this has nothing to do
with her not loving us, in fact -
I think ~~is~~ her free spirit is a
tribute to the warmth generated
by our love - what greater joy

This is one Xmas out of her entire
childhood - going with people she
knows + trusts - on a real adventure.
I don't see how it can help but
be an important experience for her.
"It'll mean nothing to her.
She'll learn nothing... Besides -
she's left a real hole in the
family. Xmas has been ruined.
I don't care about her - It's
me I'm thinking of. She'll
be gone soon enough. But now -
she belongs home + that's where
I'm going to keep her from now
on. India - ah... ~~There's nothing~~
And I must say - I'm a bit
hurt that she is so willing

departure approached. Last night

~~before she~~ we left ~~it~~ ~~via~~ Earl's

feelings on the matter were made
known to me -

"Newer again, I should
have known better than to say
yes to this. Next time I won't
allow it. ~~It's~~ ~~far~~ ~~in~~ Home -
especially at Christmas time - is
far more important to Suzanne
than any trip. We're paying
\$600. to send her to the Bronx
God!

"Earl - it's not as if some
irrevocable precedent is being set.

them. Do you want to?"

Without ~~the~~ ^a moment's delay - her face ^{burst} broke into a smile, she began to jump up and down.

"Yes," she said, her enthusiasm complete. "When, do we go? How many days?"

I decided she should go. The most precious experiences in life are those that are eagerly, unreservedly sought desired. With such intensity of interest brought to bear upon events, she could not help but be enriched by the experience, even if she learned nothing but that home was more important to her than she knew.

Earl however, began to have more and more doubts as the

Jai to point out some slight of interest. She was fully engrossed in her adventure. This has been her attitude throughout. When Santha + Fabian first mentioned the idea, Earl was sceptical, he felt Suzanne would not want to be away for Christmas.

"-alright," I said, "I will ask her without expressing our attitude either way. If she shows the slightest hesitation, we won't let her go."

And so I put it to her,

"Suzanne, dear, the Bowers have invited you to go to India with

Sat. Dec. 17

Last ~~night~~ ^{evening} we saw Suzanne, Faibron
Jai + Ruth off to India. We drove
out to Idlewild in Daddy's Rolls
Royce, floating ~~along~~ ^{along} ~~the~~ ^{through}
the black roads so smoothly
as if we rode that night sky
into which Suzanne was soon
to go.

Suzanne and Jai sat in the
front seat next to the chauffeur.
Jai's head could barely be seen
above the wall that separates
back from front, but Suzanne,
slightly taller, ~~than~~ Jai, sat
erect, ^{and I could see} her camel's hair sailor hat
turning to one side, then the
other, when ~~turning~~ leaning towards

"Man has always been the god-maker.
~~It is~~ The time has come for
him to own up." (Earl)

The other night we met
Tom Hess and his wife Audrey. He
is the leading art-critic in support
of abstract expressionism. He looks
boyish, although he must be in his
forty forties. His wife is a
fanatical democrat, her blue-eyes
blazing on the subject of Eisenhower's
failures as though she were
Joan of Arc.

The major means I use to develop

indispensable for a woman, not as
an end in itself, but as ^{one of the} ~~an~~ ^{the}
essentials means toward this
feeling \rightarrow growth ^{as a human-being} value. The purpose of
a family to me is not nature's —
not simply to produce more
children whose purpose is to
produce yet more. The value to me
is ~~that my capacity for love~~
that I have people to love
unqualifiedly, to care about so
intimately that my ego includes
them and I am thereby enlarged —
growing —

Even my love for Earl is not
an end in itself. It is, perhaps, the

I know of
~~there is~~ no other criterion ~~to~~ by which
to evaluate effort.

"good"; "right"
this "feeling", which I associate in
some mystical sense with growth of
spirit, is for me the ~~ultimate~~ absolute,
the undefinable,
~~and~~ the ~~only~~ ~~mean~~ ~~mother~~ ~~meaning~~
in life. For when I am in possession
of that certain feeling, all other questions
as to the meaning of life, disappear.
Life becomes an end in its self.

I read a ^{simple} comment of Margaret
Mead's the other day which clarified
certain aspects of this subject for
me. She says ~~the~~ talking about
that perennial ^{American} subject, the role of
women, "family life is not an end
in itself" (a woman's career should last longer than a
boxer's or a Gallet dancer's. Her goal should be
the development of herself as an individual, not because
she is a wife and mother, but because she is a human-being.)
Of course, it isn't. It is practically

~~The discontent of the rich is as not on par
as that of the poor.~~

There is
↓ But there is a temptation when
one is rich, as I am, to feel that
giving things to others less well off
than I will produce happiness.
But it never has, that \$100
bonus has done no more to ease
Grace's problems than \$10,000 more
would ease mine.

The end ^{goal} of all endeavor is a
feeling. For any work to be of value
it has to produce in some human
being, a good feeling, the more
profound and lasting the quality of the
feeling produced, the more valuable the work.

more fringe benefits, if ^{beyond a certain point} things are
looked to to create well-being, the failure
is inevitable. ^{The discontent of the rich is as notorious}
~~(I am not, of course,~~
^{as that of the poor.)}
~~Speaking of cases of real poverty.)~~

~~It is simply that beyond a certain
point, more things, no matter how
pleasant, cannot make a man happy.~~

I ~~do not~~ believe that many American
"liberals," rather than ^{confront} ~~face~~ this problem
directly, avoid it by seeking to provide

There is only one way to salvation
that I know of; ~~and it has to do~~
~~with what I do~~ work that
matters to me, work through which
I ~~grow~~ feel that I grow, ^{and perhaps aid others} ~~to do so.~~ Without
such work, whether I be rich
or poor, things will not comfort me ~~and~~

Mm. Dec-11

It is not possible to escape from the prison of personal selfishness by catering to the ^{materialism} selfishness of others.

This is the ^{mistake} fallacy of many liberals today. They assume that as long as the need they ^{respond} cater to is not their own, it has validity, especially if it is ~~the~~ expressed by someone with less money. But the fact is that

~~the~~ belief in ~~the~~ salvation by things exists in all economic groups, from richest to poorest, and fails equally everywhere. It makes no difference whether it be a case of a rich woman coveting another mink coat or a steel worker striking for

Melanie Klein - The Psychoanalysis
of children.
Friday at 11:00

Don Rousseau

53rd East of

413 E. 53rd

3:00

8:30

46th St. East of Broadway
~~46th St.~~

11:30 - Rachel + Elizabeth.

Your birthday +

Our anniversary make Jan. 3 a
remarkable day for us. Many happy
returns from all the Hubbards



Wo. 2-7111

This is nice.

Introject - adoption of externals into one's self

Pl. 5-8105.