

Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler Lovelace Family Papers.

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1-6-61

Today ... smiled ... I got a ... [illegible] ... one (rather ... going ... to bed ... Bert leaves me day ... until ... a ...). Had ... coffee and ... [illegible] ... hair that ... Subscribed to ... paid V.D dues, ... informals ... wrote a long letter to ... brought ... up to date, made one phone call to ...

Went out ... Nicol's and met Dr. ... from ... St., who asked if I was going to ... Strange to ... all the people in ... who think of me as a political ... to make up my mind about canvassing. ... On to fish market - all bare and worn and ... and raw and dusty - I'm kind of the place - ... bought two ... for 65 cents. Study, eh? The lady now calls me "sweetheart" - ... whereas she'd always been extremely ... before. Politics again. I almost think ... the fish ... people are Tories, and ... lady) probably knows I'm V.D but my ... Kennedy buttons ... fact might have ... that we're Democrats under the skin ...

Annie was ... up this afternoon. ... dressed, I'll ... my nails and shave and ... I'm obviously not going to work much ... Bert said last night ... and I hope I please him - I am reading the Life of Pelagius!

We were in New Haven with Teddy and Ursula ... New Year's. New Years Day was dark and rainy ... we all ... [illegible] ... Vale - the Hoffmanns till 2:00, ... till 2:30, ... till ... 4:00. We spent what ... was left of the afternoon ... the ... room table, drinking coffee and eating muffins and jam - also hot ... who ... and ... and pickles and cheese and ... on ... had the ... hangover ... the ... looked very pale ...

and Ursula was fine. She would be. Fedor and I went out later, to forage for milk and bread and ice cream. It was very dark and very cold, with Christmas trees shining from the windows of the funny gingerbready Victorian houses. Then we had drinks and a very late dinner - wonderful beef stew with artichoke hearts in it, and Baked Alaska, which was fun to watch being made and terribly good. I went to bed at 11:00 - Bert stayed up practically all night, I gather, reading Schirer's Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.

Slept till noon on Monday. Fedor had gone to his office to work, and Ursula gave us breakfast. We packed, and walked over to the university. I don't love Yale the way I do Harvard - don't know it as well - but any college town gives me a good feeling. (Annie is driving - I'll go on with New Haven next time!)

1-9-61

It's early, and I'm drinking coffee in bed. Back to New Years weekend -

Dorothy Sayers said it in Gaudy Night, oddly enough, I must take back to the library, but that would be cheating. It's not an illusion of being back in my own college days - rather a sense of return to a vast & unbreakable bubble of a world, not so much sheltered as completely self-sufficient, in which one can know that almost ten years have passed since one was there one's self and yet feel that nothing much has changed.

Anyway, it was a good weekend. We came back by Pullman car, and I felt terribly elegant - with Bert with his pigskin valise, and overcoat (that still seems funny), and wool print scarf. Glad good to be home.

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As Bert said last night - and I hope it [illegible] him - I am reading the Life of Riley

We were in New Haven with Teddy and Ursula over New Year's. New Year's Day was dark and rainy and we all [illegible] the lake - the Hoffmanns till 2:00, the Hills 2:30, [illegible] Clement 4:00. We spent what was left of the afternoon sitting around the [illegible] room table, drinking coffee and eating muffins and jam - also hot tea which Ursula had and [illegible] and pickles and cheese and [illegible] on [illegible] had the [illegible] looked very [illegible]

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Fast week, quick -

Tuesday I went upstairs to NF, and stocked up on "office supplies" at a stationer's, and came home and revelled in the study all afternoon, fixing up the new niceties.

Wednesday Lucille Babcock - old friend of Mom's from Minneapolis - came to tea, yes, tea. She is rather awful - the brightly girlish, henna haired, smartly dressed type of old lady who's always asking you if her hair looks all right - and so determinedly lit'ry - though hell, she really has real stories, so why shouldn't she be? And yet - off on wrong foot. I'm thinking about Stella, who was a redhead at 80 (real, I think, but one never knows), and adored clothes and was as vain as they come, and was an utterly charming woman till the day she died. And my mother, bless her, and Ouie - both also charming women in different ways. In other words, you don't have to stop being a woman when you get old. The answer may, I hope, be terribly simple - that women like Lucille Babcock didn't have charm at 30, either. (Think it's the determined, twittering quality of the girlishness that goes wrong.) Of course, there are other successful old lady types the frail, white haired, dainty, shawl-wrapped kind who seems like a distillation rather than a continuation of her earlier self is one, like Faye Rattenbury. One quality all my old ladies - attractive ones - seem to share is self-confidence. Rather think that the older you get, the more you need it. Awful thought.

Anyway - I produced the sterling and the tea tray

and the Chinese laundryman's. Chinese tea and applecake and cream, and hope she had a nice time and will report favorably to Claremont. And, from what I remember of what Mom's told me about her, she's had an absolute hell of a life, so I shouldn't be mean.

Also on Wednesday I gave the cookbooks their de-soaking of their lives and arranged them on the new shelf under the kitchen clock.

Thursday - Antoine's at 10:30. I asked Denise about the Christmas card on display from the Robert Kennedys, and she was just saying oh, yes, Ethel Kennedy came there and so did several others - in fact, one was there now - when one of those small geysers of confusion that erupt from time to time in any self-respecting beauty salon erupted - and she was off, leaving me with two rollers stuck into a wet head, to wash somebody who, I gathered, was in fact one of the lesser Kennedys. I couldn't see the woman then - she was in the washing booth next to me - but she had an amazing, deep, bubbley laugh, and was chattering away about how good she felt, and saying she'd be in again before the inauguration (I should hope so!). Saw her later, under the dryer - small, dark blonde (as much hair as she had), and very pretty, shoes off, doing her own nails with a bottle of pink Revlon polish. Her name seemed to be something like McCooey - must look at the family portraits next week.

I'd made an anise bread for Nannine in the morning, and after I got home, I packed it up and took it upstairs to her - late Christmas present.

I was standing at the corner of 8th Ave. + 50th St., waiting for a light to change, when I found myself looking up at the very broad blue-overcoated backs of three cops - I think there's a station house near there - apparently going on duty.

The middle one, who, I now when I passed them, was a very handsome medium-dark Negro with a moustache, was saying to the one on the left, who was white, that he'd just bought 12 stereo records. "What works ya getting?", the white one asked. "Whole thing for $16.00." "What works?" "Oh - Tschaikowsky - 1812 Overture - Beethoven - Brahms." Sounds of approval. "1812 Overture - that's the one they use real cannons in." "They used to use real cannons," said the Negro, and the conversation turned to technical discussion of stereo as I moved ahead of them.

Possibly I am a bloody snob, but I was pleased in a surprised kind of way, and thought it was nice that anybody as miserably underpaid as a New York cop would want to fork out $16 to the RCA Society of Great Music or one of those deals. Commissioner Kennedy, who wants his boys to improve themselves off duty instead of making more money, should approve, and I hope my musical cop has a brilliant career ahead of him.

It was Thursday night that Bert came home with all the news from Conover-Mast - Ulsass going to the new magazine, Ewald taking over S/A, Barby out, maybe, Bert and Vic under consideration for editorships.

I'm so glad when he tells me things that I always worry about making intelligent worries so he'll be glad I did. Hope I did that time. [redacted]

Friday I wrote about. Had very good time with Annie. Bert came home really unhappy and worried. I think - Ellin had left C. at noon. [redacted] I do not have to feel that I've won my peace and happiness at the expense of another person's misery - I was working things out fine in the late fall, and I certainly did nothing to bring this on. But I wish it hadn't had to be this way. Hope Bert - I want him to look at this whenever he wants to - doesn't mind my saying that much. If he does I'll ink it out.

We went to the last of the Mozart series at the Metropolitan Museum Friday night - the "Dissonant" quartet and another quartet and a quintet, all very nice sleepy music and Budapest and Trampler in great form.

Saturday we slept till after noon, and had eggs and toast for breakfast, and Bert went up to the office and I to Nicola's, Al's, shoemaker's, and came home and made paprika chicken. More Budapest Saturday night - Beethoven quartets and the Grand Fugue at Kaufman auditorium. I liked the first quartet (early) best - afraid my grasp of complex music still very limited, though I'm certainly coming along.

Sunday slept almost as late, and had breakfast and read the paper (Bert read - I messed around in) - and made it up to Cenacle-West at 4:00. I'm pinch hitting on B/CA. We did one dummy together, and I tried to cut a stencil for him and loused it up beyond belief, and we came home at 7:30 with four more articles to dummy, which I tackled after dinner. With help of ~~a pint of~~ ice cream, got through by 2:00. It was fun, and I love working with Bert and Hope I do a halfway decent job.

It's 11:30 now. Must wash hair, get laundry out, and get to work on beastly story I'm supposed to be researching for NF. (Funny - I did put in quite a few hours of work last week, and I didn't even mention it.) Bert's having dinner with Moss and Ewald tonight re shakeup - I should try to get that batch of New Products done. It's a very bright blue day.

1-11-61

It's 1:15. Spent morning at Progressive Grocer reading about low calorie foods. Walked there and back (6th avenue & Spring St.), and stopped for lunch at Mother Hubbard. Very young man next to me struck up conversation while devouring rye toast and two baked potatoes. He turned out to be a dancer in "Tenderloin" who lives above the Village Vanguard. He's moving to Jersey next month, and has what sounds like a lovely 3-room apartment for 55? that he wants to sublet. I'm going to tell Tom, who

just got evicted and has found a new place, but I doubt if it's that cheap.

I am vastly sleepy - in fact, think I'll sleep for an hour or so before I get back on the telephone for weight control duty.

Hardly worked at all Monday. Cleaned. Did hair. Took laundry to Chinaman and laundromat and went to Nicola's. Saw two little boys across the street attacking a big brown-suit Christmas tree with an ax - if I heard right, they were shouting "Kill it!" Probably pretending it was a Thing From Outer Space, and I'll bet they never read Hans Christian Andersen! Collected laundry from laundromat and brought it home and put the towels away, all warm and laundry-smelling, and ironed. Finished both The Child Berger and Rabbit, Run, which was quite a dose of horror for one day. Had frozen chicken pie and watercress salad for supper - rested on new stool in kitchen - and puttered at new products till Bert came home, late and terribly tired. Oh, I also made apple sauce.

Yesterday I got right on the telephone in the morning, making appointments. Went uptown at noon and went up to Barbara Harmon's office to give her $3 for the tickets to her International Fellowship concert that we won't go to. She was looking overblown and pasty, and in a rather gleeful, self-pitying mood, poor kid. I didn't have lunch with her because she had the inevitable sandwich, and I hadn't felt like dragging something up to eat with her. Went on to News Agent to pick up pay check. Then to library for an hour with Thomas Register. Then to Chain Store Age for research. Fell into

hands of young editor who is perfectly afflicted with tactlessness, like a disease, and didn't escape till 6:00. (Heard all about his triumph in getting a company story out of A+P, which is indeed a feat - they hire their p.r. people to keep them from getting publicity.) My trouble is that when I'm with people who talk too much, I get terribly embarrassed and start making encouraging noises, and they keep talking. Still got home before Bert, and got sleeveless and changed to black velvet slacks and black cashmere sweater. Did more B/C# drumming all evening.

I am going to sleep now.

1-16-61

Nice neat date.

It was so beautiful when I woke up last Thursday morning. The sun was pouring into the room through the open Venetian blinds and the thin white curtains, and the view out of the far window was terribly deep blue sky, cut off on a diagonal by the big apartment building across the street, stained pearl gold by the sun. I got up and went to make coffee, and when I came back, I saw the bed, all white, the quilt thrown off on the floor, really startlingly white and big in the middle of the big sunny room. And I had the strangest feeling that this moment was exactly like some moment six years ago, when we'd first come here. I think it was the sense of spaciousness - this apartment seemed so huge to me after Charles Street that it actually made me lonely sometimes, but this was a happy feeling. I am happy, really happy, more and more these days. I should be.

Went to Antoine's. The Kennedys in right. Long letter from Augusta, which I read going up in the taxi. She is fine. Dantschi still bad.

Can't remember what happened to the rest of that day - oh, yes. I spent the afternoon working like a beaver on two B/CA articles, both terrible.

Friday B/CA all morning and uptown to have lunch like ladies with Steph, who is freelancing since her movie magazine folded.

We sat around in the Fons' impeccable decorator apartment, drinking Vermouth (me) and white wine (Steph) and talked about her short stories, and about the Trib photographers who'd been up to shoot the apartment (and Steph at the piano) that morning, and about Norman Mailer, and eventually went down to the Croyden Coffee Shop for food. Had been. Still got a childish kick out of being able to do things like that, even after a year out of office. Walked down to the 53rd Street subway, and bought a Nickel lipstick on the way.

Concert Friday night. Russian pianist named Dimitri Bashkirov, who banged out some Schubert so badly (we both thought) that we kept exchanging stares of astonishment - I really thought he sounded like an unenthusiastic student - then played a lot of Prokofiev awfully well. Then a Brahms sonata that he pretty much came out on top of. Then encores - announcing them in Russian in a very charming voice - more, and with less urging, than anybody I've seen since Van Cliburn. One definitely got the impression that he likes to

play the piano. We left while he was still at it.

Saturday we slept terribly late, and had bacon and eggs and read about Mrs Bashkirov in the Times. Bert went up to the office and I to Nicola's. I'd just about gotten home and settled down to some NPs when the phone rang and it was Ellin. I was staggered - had gotten such a very definite impression that we just wouldn't see them again. She had a copy of a German magazine that she thought Bert would like, and could David, who was going to walk the dog, drop it over, and they would pick it up next day to return to her parents, who had given it to them? Idiotically, I dashed into nice sweater and slacks and makeup. David didn't show for about an hour, and then sent Fitz, who he says won't go out with him without Ellin. He handed over the magazine and stayed maybe ten minutes. Seemed a little embarrassed. Very eager to ask about BICA when I gave him a lead; I assured him new guy not in same league with Ellin, which is undoubtedly true.

Well. Bert came home, and we had fun with the donned magazine, and I don't know if this was an overture or merely an aberration. We'll see, I guess.

We went out after dinner - tried for a movie, found SRO, went on to Paper Book gallery and bought a lot of nice lightweight books. Came home and Bert read Irwin Shaw while I slogged onward through Rise and Fall of Third Reich (it is a marvelous

book, but I've been at it for two weeks and only gotten to fall of Poland) with a pint of ice cream at hand.

1-19-61

Afternoon - it's been snowing since noon, the very fine, powdery kind of snow that fills the air with a moving veil and hardly settles on the trees, except for clustings in the crooks of branches. And now the wind is coming up, blowing solid white gusts off rooftops and ledges. It's so quiet out back - usually is in the winter, of course, but it feels quieter when snow is falling.

I went to Nicola's early, to get a head of the snow, and went to Osborne's and had lunch at Hamburger Heaven and came home and slept, which shouldn't have because Pioneer is coming due. The fact that News Trent is a bloody mess whether I get my stuff in on time or not does not make me more conscientious.

Bert just called. They took Mama out to lunch today and had an elegant time, it seems. But I'm idiotically depressed because he's coming home Sat. Must get over this - it is a vestigial, shall we say, reaction, and simply will not do.

I left off at last Sunday. Woke up at noon when Dave Rain phoned, wanting to come over for his magazine. Another lazy day. Bert made soup. It boiled - real bouncing little boilstones when I went down with the trash. Did New Products. Read Third Reich. Made waffles.

Monday morning I went to News Trent, left time cards, said hello to Tom, and went to Met for tickets to Don Giovanni. There was hardly any line at all, probably because the weather was still

pretty miserable. Went to Cyclax in the afternoon. I still feel fantastically like a lady, and a little silly, going for facials, but it's fun. And Miss Watkins is such a perfect English nanny type that I really think she missed her vocation.

I think it was Monday night that Bert and I had a strange conversation that meant a great deal to me. I don't want to write it down - just to say enough so that I'll remember when it happened. No, it was Sunday - and it was about him, and us, and understanding and self-sufficiency and some of the things I've thought so hard about in recent months. It confirmed some of the ideas I'd formed about how I want to try to live with him from now on. And it stirred me very deeply, and left me feeling very happy and a little afraid of having gone too far and immensely humble. How very, very slow the growth of understanding is between two sensitive, proud, reserved people - and I'm just as reserved as he, though in different ways!

We did talk Monday night, at some length, about Ellin, and I hope I made some sense and didn't presume too much.

Tuesday I holed up all day with my books on the current Pioneer, who happens to be Swift, the most mon. Read in the bed, with books and pads and pencils all spread out and WQXR drivelling away and hard boiled eggs and toast juice and endless coffee. Emerged groggy but immensely knowledgeable about Swift, who was an old s.o.b.

Bert home late. I read Third Reich and absorbed

it along about 8 for The Young Lovers, and we had Tyrolean-hamburger-you spell it for dinner along about 9. Stayed up late. I was in bed already when Bert showed up with the story he wrote while I was in Europe - he'd been looking for tax forms in his desk when it turned up. He said So we read it. It is far too long, and some of the English - incredibly - is a little awkward, but I still think it's damned good. He could write stunning fiction if he wanted to. He has a really original mind — and original eye — some of his descriptions are so very good — and he just makes words do things. And he is pitiless with his characters, which I think you must have to be. He simply strips away their pretensions and turns them inside out - and with such terrible economy — the story is too long because it includes too many elements, and perhaps because some of the longer descriptions could be cut, but not because the important parts are overwritten.

And yesterday I was 30. A thoroughly strange and disconcerting business, but not really upsetting.

I walked up to the Met in the morning for tickets to Figaro - terribly cold and windy, but I felt like walking. Long line outdoors. Stopped off for waffles and bacon and coffee, went on to News Front, cashed, picked up pay check, went to bank and home on the subway.

Took a nap, and spent the rest of the afternoon doing my hair and nails and giving myself a masque (smells like chocolate candy) and so on.

Bert came home with tulips and ice cream and

Santa Blanca - presents to come - and we had a very fine time, I think, although my mood rather bounced up and down like a rubber ball all evening and I hope he didn't mind too much. We had steak for dinner, and I opened two packages from Barton, which contained the biggest jewelry box I've ever seen in my life, a silver bracelet and a tiny gold compact. Then we went to a very, very good late movie - "The Rules of the Game," pre-war Jean Renoir - and came home and had cocoa and coffee.

It's dark now, and still snowing, and I'd better go and clean up the living room and myself and start dinner. Must write Swift tomorrow, if not tonight.

1-24-64

It's snowing again - and another dementia catastrophe has struck 72 Bank Street - only this time it's not the poor house's fault. A main has burst, or whatever, and there's no water south of 28th St. It does seem absurd - and sort of appealing when you can keep from being annoyed - that a great big city like New York could cope with nature any better than it does. Bert reported no water as soon as he got up this morning, and went downstairs to investigate. There was still some in the basement - we didn't know what had caused the drought then, of course - so he brought up a big potfull, (still in pajamas and bathrobe, of course) and managed to shave and give me enough to sponge my face and make coffee. Ben Ellin called and reported no water on Jane St. Bert left, and I got dressed and went downstairs for another pot of water and found one of the twins gloomily washing his face in the back kitchen and Mrs. Tanner in the

telephone, as always. Hamilton Brooks was printing a sign to go over the sink, warning all and sundry that water was rationed (for some reason, it's kept running in the basement - pressure, I guess, or less pressure needed, but it will stop if the main isn't fixed soon), and Mrs. Tanner got off the phone and started telling him the sign wasn't big enough. She and I reviewed the situation, decided there was nothing to be done, and quite seriously discussed the possibility of melting snow from the back yard. (She told me it was a rubber.) It's funny how when talking to Mrs. Tanner one moves into a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland world where anything that happens is taken for granted and disaster is met with a shrug and "something must obviously be done at once, so let's do the least practical thing possible," and, amazingly, whatever she does works. (Shrug not quite fair - she gets terribly annoyed sometimes. But her annoyance at a leak in the roof or a burst boiler is not at all like the ordinary householder's rage at inanimate objects that break down. There is no element of resentment at her possessions' not functioning properly, which most people feel.) Third, she doesn't expect them to; and no element of outrage at violation of the proprieties of civilized life or upset at disturbance of the normal order of things; she observes no proprieties and expects no normal order except her own, and her own includes leaky roofs and burst boilers and no water pressure as it includes drunks in the hall.) And, of course, she treats relatively minor annoyances, like the hall light going off and the carpeting on the stairs coming loose with such total indifference that one feels foolish about one's own annoyance. (The house does bear a charmed life, in a way. Anywhere else, six people would have broken their necks tripping on that carpeting by now.) She treats roofs, boilers, sinks, lights, carpeting and drunks

with the kind of indulgence most people reserve for small children or elderly relatives. And nothing in the world surprises her. If she finished a conversation with me with "oh, yes, and Tracy has been standing on his head all day," I wouldn't bat an eyelash. Living with her is very salutary.

So.

Friday I did write Swift all day - took off at noon to listen to Kennedy's inauguration. It had moved in Washington, too (moved here till Friday afternoon), and apparently getting ready for the inaugural at all had taken a practically super-human effort. Cardinal Cushing of Boston gave an invocation that I thought was practically indecently unimportant. A fire broke out in the podium. Marian Anderson sang the Star Spangled Banner as though her lips and throat were paralyzed with cold, which of course they probably were, and she's not getting any younger - but it was one of those performances where you die for the singer every time she reaches for a high note. Robert Frost came a cropper when he tried to read an introduction to the poem Kennedy had asked him to recite - couldn't see his ms. in the glare from the snow and lights, even when shielded by Johnson's top hat. It was awful to listen to - the introduction, what he managed to read, sounded like terrible poetry (as indeed it proved to be; it was printed in the Times next day). But since he'd written it, which was nice of him, it should have gotten read; and since the whole thing was a first and he was so proud to be asked, it should all have gone off smoothly. But in the end, he carried it off like an English professor reading to a seminar - he just

didn't seem to care that millions of people were watching him (although I'll bet he did, a little), and he read "The Soft Overnight" - recited it, rather - magnificently. What else? Johnson bobbled his oath, but I guess he's Vice President anyway. And Kennedy's inaugural speech was very, very good. When he got going on "together (we and the Russians) we shall explore the stars..." he really started shaking me up. It made me a little sad, though; I'm afraid he's crying in the wilderness. Don't think most of his generation - and ours - gives one damn about rising to the challenges he's always talking about, and doubt if he can inspire us that much. If he does it will be by giving people things to do - like sending kids off in this Peace Corps - and I wonder if that can be done on a large enough scale to make a difference. (Funny - Stevenson asked nothing - is that really true? I don't know his speeches that well, but it's the feeling he's left me with - except straight thinking; and he inspired so much you wanted to work for him almost because you felt he really wouldn't get there without you. And it always seemed to surprise him a little. I'll never forget the rally in 1956 at City Center, I think it was, when he came up before a cheering, screaming, singing crying mob and started his speech, "Thank you for wanting me so much.") Back to Kennedy. In spite of all the hobbles, inauguration was impressive as hell and made me feel patriotic in a way that always surprises me when it happens (" I don't want us to be a second-class power!")

Didn't quite finish Swift.

Bert came home with a beautiful, beautiful real gold bracelet. (Thursday night he came home with the Gourmet Cookbook, Vol. I, and the Diane Kuzas cookbook. I'm so glad he likes my cooking.)

We had such a nice weekend - nothing special, just nice. (So many gifts have been given back to me, and I'm so grateful.)

Papers all full of inauguration. Saturday afternoon we redid the bookcases completely and counted the books while we were at it - 637. Sunday afternoon we went for a walk - it was bitterly cold - and went to the Paperback Gallery. Oh - and Friday night we saw "The Cranes are Flying," which is a nice, sentimental Russian war movie and was fun, but wouldn't have gotten such stupendous reviews if Americans weren't always so dazzled with hope and joy at any sign that the Russians are human.

Yesterday, Monday, I got up early and finished Swift, and dispatched it to News Front by messenger, and went to Cyclax. It was snowing - snowed most of the day. I walked in the snow from Cyclax (Madison and 69th) to Yorkville. Had lunch in the 86th Street Proxy and went to my German butcher shop for knackwurst and blood and liver sausage and sauerkraut. The Yorkville neighborhood has suffered more from the building boom than any I know of - much more than the Village, which has fought back to hand every step of the way! It seems as if every other building is empty, with big white x's in the windows and the inevitable sign about "an umpteen-story luxury apartment residence" (how I hate that phrase) going up. And Yorkville really used to be as much of a neighborhood as any in the city, I think. Now practically all the German atmosphere is centered in 86th Street, and it's terrific. But the Penn Stube is still there, and so is the store where they sell Christmas tree candles

under the counter. Downtown my taxi, which was nifty, but cozy in the snow, to University Place where I picked up the prescription for Bert's glasses (he's broken the frame and will get the prescription checked while he's in the business of getting new ones). Walked home crosstown.

"Don Giovanni" last night. I loved it. Cesare Siepi was an absolutely perfect Don from, and all the cast very good - Sheltzer a terribly fat Donna Anna, but that's part of the form - except Don Ottavio, who had a fatuous grin that he never wiped off his face all evening. It's such a beautiful opera. Listening to "Don Giovanni", for me, consists of waiting in a sort of state of suspension for one incredibly lovely thing after another to happen. And the Met is such a wonderful, plushy, gilded old place. Audience fantastically rude, but friendly. I like the way the standees move into the orchestra seats when the people who paid $10.00 for their tickets get bored and go home.

I forgot. Carol Greitzer called me yesterday afternoon, to ask me to do some work for the Community Service Committee, of which she is chairman now that she's not president of the club anymore. I said yes, though I'd much rather not, but do feel I should do my civic duty entirely. I have really decided that I simply cannot commit this year, and I told Carol so - didn't particularly want to, but it came up in connection with my saying I'm through with evening meetings. She was really, genuinely shocked. I didn't, of course, go into much detail about my reasons, but I tried to explain that I felt that a) it simply took up more time than I could go on giving, that I wanted that time at home, and b) that it was too hard for me to maintain an extremely absorbing, time-consuming activity that Bert didn't share and that was

completely outside the pattern of our life together. I said I had thought terribly hard about it, which is certainly true; that I'd have dropped out last year if I'd made up my mind in time, but didn't feel I could leave them in the lurch on short notice; and that after all, I had been practically the only married woman in the club who was really active when her husband wasn't. Carol had to admit this, but pointed out that lots of men are active where wives aren't; to her, the principle is just the same - to me it isn't. Asked her if she'd give as much time to the club as she did if Herman wasn't in it up to his neck, too, and she said yes. That as a matter of fact, he had "resented" her being president.

Odd and interesting thing - and reason why I'm going into so much detail - was that it was just as if Carol and I had suddenly started speaking different languages. And - since we like each other - it was embarrassing, but there was just nothing either of us could do about it. I am deeply convinced that I'm right in putting my personal life first when I feel there's a real conflict between personal life and outside activities; she is just as deeply convinced, I think, that it's a betrayal of one's self to give up an interest or activity because it doesn't fit into the pattern of one's marriage. I guess she's a feminist and I'm not, to oversimplify a good deal.

Of course, what she doesn't realize - and I don't try to explain - is that politics has never, at any time over the past five years, been really fundamental to me. I stayed in the club as long and worked as

hard as I did for three reasons: 1) it was, undeniably, fun and interesting and challenging; and I got a good deal of satisfaction out of being pretty good at something I'd never have believed I'd be at all good at; 2) I am - due in large part, I think, to my knack of self-confidence and fear of not being liked, the original girl who can't say no; 3) and most important, I truly think, the sign - "All that is necessary for the forces of evil to win in the world is for enough good men to do nothing." And none of this really gets down to my fundamentals. (As for as #3 goes, I have decided that I've served my hitch, so to speak; if referm politics is going to use amateur workers who have no thought of personal ambition, it has to cope with a turnover problem, and that's that.)

But the whole thing reminded me all over again of what Bert has said several times about not really belonging to any group... if I have understood correctly what he means. When I was in politics, most of my friends, who are totally unpolitical animals, simply thought I was crazy - and I could understand perfectly how they felt. Now that I'm getting out, the V.D will think I'm crazy - and I can understand, I think, how They feel. But I'm somehow incapable of being either a joiner or a non-joiner, to the extent of feeling that my side is right and the other side wrong, or that my side is friendly and familiar and the other side largely populated by a bunch of strange animals.

Could go on about all this ad nauseum, but won't.

1-30-6[illegible]

It snowed 5ft and on all last week, and was bitterly cold - temperatures down below 20 every night.

I can't remember such a white winter. Today, Monday, is bright and still cold. I've been working all morning, and have to go uptown this afternoon and get my social security card changed to my married name - after six years - so we can get my self-employment payment off with the income tax in proper shape.

Last Tuesday - the day the mains broke - I went to Altman's in the afternoon and bought lots of terry dishtowels and a few other things on the white sale - and a 12-inch Revereware frying pan to replace the old aluminum one, which fell to pieces a couple of weeks ago. Came home and had a lovely time stashing things away in the linen chest, which I had cleaned out over the weekend. (Mains were fixed in the afternoon.) Rosemary came in, with Gabrielle, to use our telephone to call her lawyer. Seems she was married once, to a man named Oswaldo who she says owns Jack Delaney's restaurant, and he's not sending her Gabrielle's support. Rosemary married to a solid Village Italian restaurant owner type is very hard to imagine.

Wednesday I worked on B/CA till the middle of the afternoon and then started making an apricot tart - the real thing, with pastry cream and glaze and everything. The crust fell to pieces the first time and I did it all over. Tremendous fun, and it did come out looking pretty. We went to hear Benno Moiseiwitsch at the Kaufman Auditorium in the evening... Beethoven and Schumann mostly.

Thursday Antonia's and a long session at the library with Moody's for figures on meat packing companies. I think it was Thursday night that I got furious at the U.S. government because I found out that we couldn't deduct the cost of the new shelves in the study from the income tax, but would have to depreciate them. Perfectly ridiculous, I still think, to treat a professional (?) person's office expenses as if they were General Motors buying a new assembly line - but Bert got right into the spirit of the thing and started figuring out how much we could take off with the two depreciation methods they let you use, and then we started talking about everything else in the study that could possibly be depreciated, and it was terribly funny. Would make a marvelous short humorous article if I thought I could do that kind of thing, or had the energy to try!

Friday I went up to Conover - most to talk to Mike Gray about some special writeups I'm doing for B/CA. Unnecessary - they're not that hard, and he spent most of the time I was there talking about his girlfriend. But it was fun, and I met Bert's new assistant and the new B/CA managing editor. And Bert took me to lunch at Ronny's Hideaway. Friday night we went to a very funny English movie, "I'm all Right, Jack" - with Peter Sellers and Terry-Thomas and that incredibly bland young man whose name I can't remember - some new that seems to show up in every other funny English movie you see, until you get the feeling that they're real - imaginary people moving through various incarnations.

Saturday we went to the matinee of "Marriage of

Figaro." Very good. Slept again - if I were 15 years younger, I'd have a wild crush on him. Three intermissions, in which we went up to the Sherry's and consumed vermouth, whiskey and coffee in that order.

Most of rest of weekend devoted to income tax. We owe the government something like $270 (including state)... in spite of dazzling ingenuity on my deductions. Our whole tax is over $3000, counting withholding. Well, I'd rather be paying it to Kennedy than Eisenhower. Talked about Fire Island and car - how to pay for, that is. Played "Marriage of Figaro" all through again on Sunday, to find out (from reading along with the score) what the hell had been happening with all those notes.

NB: I have finished Third Reich.

2-9-61

Today is lonely. The cold has broken, for the time being, at least, and the tons of snow are starting to melt and everything was bright and shiny and wet this afternoon. West 11th Street has been cleared of snow along the sides, but not down the middle, for some reason - maybe just car troubles - and when I went by along West 4th on my way to Nicola's, the sun was setting over the railroad bridge way down at the river, and the sky was pale gold and so were the two cleared, wet strips of pavement with the dirty snow between - two bright streams, with the tall piles of snow rising above them at the curbs and the tall buildings - dark in the glare of the west -

using alone the computer. It's so long since I've been in a winter with a real lot of snow that it's all seemed new and tremendous fun, and now the midwinter thaw does, too. Went up to Antoine's this morning and walked my way downtown running assorted long-overdue errands. Went to Paperback Gallery and got "Faust" in English so I can try to read through the German with a shot before we go next week - the Hamburg Theater company is there. Had a Prexy hamburger and came home and read the new New Yorker and the Mademoiselle I'd bought because I read an article at Antoine's that I want Bert to see - Nancy Lynch interviewing Norman Mailer, which would have been something to be a mouse under the carpet for. (She did a pretty good job, I thought.) Cleaned. Went to Nicola's. Came home again and fixed myself up and made a cup of coffee, and here I am.

Last week was practically nothing but weight control. I got through the research Thursday morning (fairly slipshod job, but the kind where you've learned enough old facts to cover up for the important ones you don't know) and wrote all Thursday afternoon and all Friday. I bought a can of Metrecal in the line of duty - it tastes absolutely fine, but I was starving two hours after I drank it.

We went to the second Benno Moiseiwitsch recital that Wednesday - all Schumann. The poor old guy (Moiseiwitsch, not Schumann) must have been chilled through when he arrived at the Kaufmann Auditorium - he didn't really start playing well till the second half of the program.

And Friday we heard Nathan Milstein at the Metropolitan Museum. It started to snow hard around noon, and Bert called first after five

and said why didn't we have dinner uptown. So I dressed and went out to the subway - not a chance of a cab, and anyway, I didn't have any money but a handful of change. It was snowing terribly hard - goodsized flakes, but not the enormous, soft ones - covering the dirty drifts with fresh white, and hurying the cars all over again, and the streets were so dark and quiet. I walked from Times Square to the Algonquin, and arrived with my coat and scarf covered with snow and my bangs combed straight. I love the Algonquin. Don't know if it's really "in" any more and don't care, but it makes me feel that way. Bert was there, drinking a highball, and I had a martini and a lot of peanuts, and we went out into the snow again and miraculously caught a taxi to Hans Jaeger's. Had a marvelous dinner - venison filet, with potato dumplings and green beans, and herring first, and roasted turtle (me) - and a marvelously good time, and hiked through the snow to the Museum. Can't remember what Milstein played, but I think it was the best violin I'd ever heard.

It snowed right through till late Saturday afternoon, and turned out to be the biggest snowstorm, I think, since 1888 - I'm sure it beat 1947, anyway. And the longest spell of below-freezing weather in years and years. (It was down to zero a couple of nights last week.) We went out after breakfast on Saturday - while it was still snowing - and sledded.

Went over to the Kertmans' to dinner that night. The Mayor had ordered all non-essential cars off the street, and it was so lovely and quiet -

great heaps of snow all over, still white, and you could walk right down the middle of 6th Avenue! Had a very good steak dinner and played pingpong and beat.

Quiet Sunday. I cooked a new chicken dish out of the Gourmet Cookbook and made cheesecake.

2-13-61

Spent the first half of last week working very hard on BICA, while the city dug itself out of the snow.

The Mayor kept the ban on cars and trucks through Monday, but Tuesday the trucks came back. I had to go uptown to do the captions for weight control - walked up, I haven't been walking enough, and it was positively frenzy how maddening it was to have the streets clogged with trucks again after three days without them! (I really think private cars add very little to the total confusion - they weren't allowed back till the end of the week, but you hardly noticed the difference.) And the trucks were so completely helpless in the snow - like prehistoric monsters struggling through the ice ages, only, unhappily, they won't become extinct! I was walking along through Chelsea when a relatively small truck started skidding backwards at an intersection - just couldn't pull out. And the huge truck behind him moved forward, very gently, and started to push. The driver didn't even lean out of the window and curse, as he would have under ordinary conditions at the delay.

Annie came over for coffee on Tuesday. Her mother is very sick - went to the hospital several months ago, came out, seemed better, and now

they've found out she's got cancer, among other things. She'll probably just fall to pieces within the next six months or so. Annie is thinking of quitting her job and commuting between Maine and New York, and she wanted to talk something awful.

Wednesday night we went to the third Moiseiwitsch recital. All Chopin, including all the preludes, for which we took along Johnny Northrop's score. Very good. I think that was the first time I'd ever been able to read music and really lean in my head what was coming next - it was a marvelous feeling.

There's a small house on 91st Street just off Park that we always pass on our way to pick up a taxi after we've been to the Y. Two stories, and probably just two families, with one entrance at each side. White front, whitewashed stone, I guess, or maybe something like concrete or stucco. Big window across the front on the ground floor, with semi-transparent drawn curtains. When you look in, you see the most incredibly elegant living room - I just don't know periods, but I imagine it's some kind of 18th century French. The night we found it, there was a bottle of champagne, one champagne glass and one partly empty highball glass on the coffee table in front of the small sofa. That was the only sign of occupancy we've ever seen, to say nothing of people. It's the most romantic looking room I've ever seen - probably belongs to a nice stuffy family with a great deal of money, but That's not what it looks like.

There's a nice house on 92nd Street across from the Y corner, too. An old-fashioned frame house, like the one I live in on Bedford Street, only smaller and prettier, with a

real front porch.

Last Thursday I wrote about.

Last Friday Baldy had one of his gloriously unnecessary meetings, after which I came home and puttered. The thaw was still on - still is, in fact, and the whole city seemed to be slightly afloat. Friday night we went to "The Virgin Spring," which is very beautiful and not as sad as I'd thought it would be.

Saturday was a little colder, and we went for a walk in the half-frozen slush. We wanted to see the river, and went down to the little pier at 14th Street - but the sanitation department was dumping there, and it was all full of big yellow dump trucks and little orange pumpers and assorted private trucks - they must have gotten every private trucker in Greater New York into the act - and the workmen chased us away. So we puddle-hopped down to below Christopher Street and found a stretch of waterfront with no warehouses on it. The water is solid for 100 yards out, I'd say, with a grey, corrugated layer of dumped snow-dust shifts and cracks when the waves come in from boats passing by, with here and there a great big chunk of icy snow that hasn't settled down yet and looks like an iceberg. But further out, the river is fairly clear. We probably should have gone down two weeks ago to see any real ice floes.

The Newthrops came over for dinner Saturday night, I made Ursula's beef stew with artichoke hearts in it, and we played

hearts again after dinner and had a very good time, I thought.

Sunday we slept very late and had a lazy day. I've started reading "Faust" in German and English. Very slow going, but at least I'll know exactly what's happening all the time, and I think I can grasp a little of how beautiful the German is.

2-14-64

We've been on Bank Street six years today.

I've been a little bit sick for the last two days - first the kind of thing where you have a slight sore throat and feel as if your head would fall off if you shook it very hard.

Slept till after noon yesterday, ordered by phone from Nicola's, got a little work done but very slowly, and read "Faust", also very slowly, all evening.

I'm still slightly woozy today, but I don't want to sleep all morning again. Have too much to do.

Things at Cowles must seem to have come to a head - and are staying there, without any definite decisions. But he's talked about it a great deal, but some. I wish I knew what he really wants to get out of it all.

What, if anything, has been happening with

Ellin over the last few weeks, I simply do not have any idea.

I have been having some trouble with depressions lately... can't say just how long, but a month or so, maybe. Just off and on, but still no good. Have inflicted them on Bert a couple of time.

And above three paragraphs sort of bring things up to date.

I've been meaning, ever since I started this thing, to make one more or less obligatory remarks about why the hell I'm doing it

I talked myself into it largely because I thought it would be a good idea to keep my hand in at some kind of descriptive writing... about scenes and incidents and people. And that is a good idea, and I should try to do a lot of it.

But it has run away with me a little and gotten more personal than I intended, and I suppose that's ok, too. It does me vast amounts of good to write about my moods and emotions and problems, and anyway, I am such a personal person that I can hardly separate my external and internal lives. Main reason why I want to keep it from getting too personal is because I - because other people, notably Bert, are involved in much of my internal life, if I can call it that, and I feel as though it's rather presumptious to write intimate things about other people - believe I would feel that even if I were not afraid of Bert's minding. And - even for the strictly personal things - which no one else is involved at all - I do have the grace to feel foolish about, or ashamed of, some of my extravagances. Think it's better, when I really have to get something off my chest, to

write it all down somewhere else and burn it.

In short, I don't want to get sticky, but as long as I can avoid that, don't see why I shouldn't make observations about my words as much as about the things I see and do.

And, of course, one reason for keeping a diary is that it's fun - both to write and to have and read.

I suppose the reason I have to go into this is because keeping a diary seems, in a way, like such an oddly, self-conscious sort of thing to do... at least, it always has to me, although I've always enjoyed it when I have, which is probably why I've started and stopped so many. (Dust and laziness.) But why the hell not, really? The facts are that I a) like to write and b) lead a very busy life inside my own brain - busy if to a great extent purposeless - and this combination would seem to make me a natural born diary-keeper. So, as I said, why the hell not, so long as it doesn't waste too much time? - which so far it really hasn't.

Back around my birthday, when I'm afraid I was feeling rather childishly solemn about my advanced age, I wondered if there would be any point in trying to write a self-portrait, or self-dissection... and since I've kept on thinking about it off and on, I guess I'll give it a try.

I started off, inevitably, thinking about maturity - and decided that this is one of the most misused of the many misused catchwords of our generation.

All maturity means to me, I think, is the ability to cope with life... to believe, most of the time, more or less as both we ourselves and the segment of society with which we are involved expect us to (most people today are lucky, I guess, in that they have pretty free choice - if they care to exercise it - of their segment of society)... to live with other people without causing either them or one's self unbearable pain.

And if you're going to be able to cope with life, you have to be able to laugh at it, and at yourself... to lie in the beds you make... to learn that you're not going to get everything you want all the time... to compromise; in short. But not to stop wanting... not to lose passion and imagination... not to look upon "settling down" as a positive good. ("Settling down" in a physical way is neither here nor there; most people are pretty settled down during most of their lives, and we don't know how the few whose lives seem wildly adventurous feel about what they do. Maybe when a test pilot goes up in the X-15 he feels just as matter-of-fact as the postman does when he starts out with the mail; maybe, on the other hand, some postmen don't feel matter-of-fact at all.)

The first part of this definition sounded pretty negative - but the positive things, sense of adventure, sense of fun, joy of living; love - have very little to do with this coping business. They may make it either harder or easier. The main thing - I seemed to find myself saying further along, though I hadn't thought it out in advance - is not to lose them while learning to cope.

Anyway, me. What do I have and what do I lack, and what have I done and failed to do, and - it sounds absurd, but what I really want to ask is do I deserve all that I ask of life, and how can I deserve it better?

Well, I'm at least reasonably good looking. (I seem to have really managed to shake the obsession about aging that plagued me last year.)

I'm healthy.

I have more than enough to make life pleasant in every material way, I have every prospect of getting more, but know I could get along cheerfully with less if need be.

I'm in one. This is so important that it could come first or last or in the middle and would still stand out like all the stars. I'm happier and luckier in love, in spite of the hard parts, than I could ever have hoped to be. (And, because it's important enough to be said straight out, I don't think I could possibly get more happiness from sex than I do.)

I have good intelligence, presumably above average, if you accept external evidence like the college I got into and the grades I got there; but more about that later.

I've had a marvelously interesting life, I think; and, during the six years I've worked, I've done very modestly well... no prestige, no big money, nothing I'm really

seriously proud to have written, but I have not; during most of that time, been particularly ambitious, and I think that's my right. But more about all this later, too.

As for as the coping with life goes, I think I can say I've made some progress that justifies my being 10 years older, now, than I was 10 years ago!

Mostly in externals. I've learned how to dress; I've learned a good deal about taking care of myself, and I've formed some of the habits I should form and am working on others. I've lost most of my gaucheness; it's a long time since I said anything so embarrassing that it rang in my head for weeks, and I did use to. I've pretty well stopped getting drunk, which was a very silly heaviness, though I suppose it never happened that often. I'm a little more orderly, a little better housekeeper, than I was five years ago or even two; but this is a very recent development, and I still have a very long way to go.

A few more important things. I've been through two really hard times in my life; the first time I was 20 and 21, and I came so close to falling to pieces and making a complete hash of things that I emerged sort of held together with baling wire and leaving very little to be proud of. The second time I was 28 and 29; and I did keep functioning, both at home and outside, and although I caused both myself and - I think - Bart very bad pain, and though I have a lot to be ashamed of, I have things to be if not proud, at least

respectful of, too. (And the strain was vastly, incomparably greater.) So maybe that's something.

And the most important thing of all is - if it's really true, and if I can make any good use of it - that I believe I've learned more about love, and about living with reverence our loves, over the past two years than I ever knew there was to know.

And there are other things that will emerge as I go on, I guess, but these are the most clear-cut. (Having gotten them down, I feel as if I'd be positively retarded if I couldn't think of at least this many ways in which I'd grown up - but I'll let that pass.)

My worst fault - my very worst, and the one I'd give the most to lick - is my morbid imagination. I don't know how much Walter Mitty-ism is good or bad, really, or all right or too much. I do know that imagining the kind of things I do is simply unhealthy, and that it casts a pall over my moods at times when I'd otherwise be perfectly happy.

I could go on for pages of self-analysis about this, but I don't want to. If I ever do, it will be strictly for burning. I'll just say that however tangled the roots may be, what has grown up is insecurity, or fear, or lack of faith. I do have a feeling that the things I cherish most - even life itself - will run out on me if I'm not careful, or, maybe, if I'm not a good girl. And remember along the line, I got into the habit of imagining disaster almost as a superstitious device for warding it off... a foolish, painful, evil habit which I must break myself of if I'm ever to live as well and happily and

productively as I think I can. (One more thing, I'll say, because maybe I'll feel better for having said it. None of the crazy things I've imagined have ever happened. I have no reason to believe I'm psychic or anything like that, if there is any such thing. Absolutely none. That dream about Sergio in 1963, which I wish to hell I hadn't had, may have been some kind of ESP, but a very different kind; it also may have been wild coincidence. OK, while I'm talking sense to myself - although that wasn't the purpose of the operation - I'll mention one more thing - that comforting line I read years ago about Aeschylus's chances of having something spectacularly awful happen to them being a good deal worse than their chances of winning the Irish Sweepstakes. So there.)

Next really bad habit - procrastination. This too I have to a really neurotic degree, I think. And it is thoroughly uncomfortable for me and annoying to everyone who has anything to do with me. It's such a prosaic little old bad habit - although I believe the psychological roots might be fairly picturesque - that I can't find much to say about it, except that I do work on it and simply must keep trying.

Next: physical slovenliness. Have made some progress here, as I said, and think I'll go on making more without too much trouble - partly because keeping myself pretty and the apartment clean and things running on schedule is something I can do that I'm quite sure really gives pleasure to Bert. My trouble is that although I get great aesthetic pleasure from having things nice, I do not get the equivalent amount of pain or displeasure from having them a mess, or even dirty. And - let's face it - it is more fun to

wax a floor or clean out a closet after it's really gotten messed up enough so that you can see the difference. But I'm not keeping horses for them.

Next: mental slovenliness and lazyness. If I'm as intelligent as I think I am, I should put my mind to much better use. I should read for study, not just for distraction. I should think, not merely ruminate, about what I read in the papers and hear on the radio. I should observe, and make myself remember what I observe, and be curious. (I had a glorious time in Europe, but I should have seen and learned so much more; and I should remember so much more; and all that applies to practically anything I've ever done, anywhere I've ever been.) If I could only work as hard, and use my powers of observation and my memory as well, on everything worthwhile as I do on my emotional problems! That's probably asking too much, but remember next.

It would probably be a good thing for me to take the big step and start doing work that would challenge me more than the work I'm doing now. But that is another problem, and one that I may not go into here at all. (I feel that my failure to do so is so bound up with all my other weaknesses, in ways so obvious to me, that it's hardly worth going into.) But <u>regardless</u> - since, as I said before, I don't think I'm terribly ambitious, and even if I were working on more ambitious things, I don't think they'd absorb all my energies by a long shot - I should work very hard on toning up my mind.

Next: Shyness, reclusiveness, insecurity - not the same problem, but all of a piece. These qualities have, I'm afraid, gotten a little worse over the past two years, as I suppose was

inevitable. Back around 1958, I was really - for me - a pretty social animal; interviewing, VID meetings and canvassing, seeing quite a lot of quite a few friends. I found it easier than ever before to believe that people liked me and found me interesting and attractive; I found it easier to make the effort to see people and do things with them. I still had attacks of social insecurity, but, if I'm remembering fairly and accurately at all, they were rare and minor.

And then, for a time - and it was inevitable, and I couldn't talk myself out of it even though I knew it was exaggerated, I simply felt that I'd failed at everything that mattered, that the whole pattern of life I'd built had been wrong. I withdrew into myself not only because I'd lost confidence, but also because people just didn't seem worth the effort. (This from late 1959 to late 1960, roughly; the first 10 months of 1959 were an orgy of sociability.) And, as the hard time ended, I wanted so awfully just to be alone with Bert that it was funny in a way.

That's about all I want to say here; I've already said more than I meant to. I'll remember the things I've left unsaid, and the conclusions I think can be drawn from them. I'll only say that I think I'm pretty well back to normal in this whole department, and that I should, from now on, be able to see it all in a better perspective... I hope.

All this leaves me with the problem of what I think must be called basic insecurities...

or lack of faith... That I started out with and that underlies most of what I've written here. And with my tendency to self-depreciation and denigration. And with my moodiness and emotional upheavals. These last are what I think Bert minds the most about me; but, although I want very badly to control and/or conceal them for his sake, in a way they worry me least. I feel that if I could erase all the other, more clearly definable bad habits, I'd like myself better and acquire more emotional control in the process, and thus be easier to live with. I also feel, though maybe I'm very wrong, that some tendency to self-criticism and some uncontrollable emotion are simply part of me, and that if I rooted them out, some good things would go along with them.

So my little old basic insecurities and what to do about them? I don't want to go into analysis and doubt if I ever will (I suppose the possibility of my having a breakdown one of these years exists, but I don't think it likely)... and I doubt if I'll start going to church. I do have ideas, but. They are too small and hopeful to be written down.

Good things - I ran through some of them right at the beginning, but I can elaborate on them, I guess.

I think the best thing about me - and I'm going to end up sounding like a bloody schizophrenic - is my capacity for joy of living. I can be marvelously happy, and I often am. I can see things clearly and beautifully sometimes, I think. I can have a great deal of fun out of very small, everyday things, and spark to unexpected things. I think I have a sense of humor. I think I have a good share of kindness and tenderness and interest in people (these have been kicked around a bit

during the last year or so, and I didn't like being afraid I was losing them; but they seem to have emerged unscathed.) And I thoroughly like being a woman, in every way - which seems like a pretty simple and obvious thing to me, but, I gather, isn't.

It's amazing how self-conscious I wrote that last paragraph - after scribbling away like mad for pages about my faults and weaknesses. Maybe I really do downgrade myself too much - much too much - if I simply can't bring myself to put my good side down on paper. Or maybe it's simply becoming modesty. Or maybe - and I think this is partly it, at least - it simply is and should be harder to express the things that give happiness, because they are - and should be - the most precious.

Anyway, I will stop trying, perhaps without doing justice to my better nature.

But all this reminds me of something else that I've become aware of, really, only recently. It comes partly under the heading of slyness, and partly under a couple of others. I still have a very great deal to learn about giving myself - offering myself, without, or in spite of, fear of rejection. About behaving spontaneously. Good, I think I became really aware of this at about the same time that I began getting better at it; but it is very, very important to me. Again, I don't want to say all I feel about this, but I'll remember.

Oh, lordy. I am thoroughly tired and less than thoroughly convinced that this hasn't been a waste of time. It's a beautiful day, and I'm going out.

2-21-6[illegible]

It's 6:00, and I just lit a fire in the living room and am listening to WQXR's pleasant late afternoon drivel that you don't have to listen to.

I showed Bert this whole monster, including self-analysis, last Wednesday, and he was so nice about it and I'm so glad I did.

Had coffee at Annie's last Wednesday afternoon. She's quit her job, and is completely triumphant about it, in spite of worry about her mother. I don't know, where are all these college educated women one reads about who love their careers and are miserable if they have to stop working? It was also her birthday, and I assured her that she'd survive being 30, having survived it for a month myself.

Wednesday night we went to the movies - "The Rest is Silence." an awfully good German version of Hamlet, brought up to date, with Hamlet the son of an industrialist who was killed, supposedly in an air raid, during World War II while the boy was in the States, and it all going on from there. But he can't kill; in the end, the mother kills The stepfather (which was the worst flaw to me - I didn't believe she could have killed, either), and Ophelia, instead of drowning, is packed off to a mental hospital. Marvelous cast. Came home and I struggled on through Faust while Bert read this.

Thursday I took both Fausts to Antoine's and read them like mad under the dryer and then while I ate lunch at Hamburger Heaven, and finished.

And Thursday night we went. I thought it was

absolutely great; Bert, who'd been there before, got restless. They did it on an almost bare stage, with a small platform in the middle for whatever scenery was used and most of the action. And for the two real wild scenes - the witches den and Walpurgisnacht - then filled things up with people, motion, lighting, loud, modern music. The man who's the big wheel in the company - Gruendgens, I think - played Mephistopheles, and was marvelous - clowning and funny and ironical and frightening. Faust was terribly handsome, but slightly wishy-washy - suppose it would be hard to make him not wishy-washy at all. Gretchen was lovely, I thought - Bert seemed to have seen better ones.

We met Bert's new assistant, Walter Leonard, afterwards (he's a German major, of all things, or was) and went to the Algonquin with him. He is funny and nice and seems terribly young for 28. Algonquin lovely, with the big buffet with whole hams and turkeys that you can't imagine actually eating.

Also Thursday - I forgot - I had tea with Lucille Babcock over at the Van Rensselaer. Liked her better.

Friday I began getting ahead some on BICA. I have had literal mountains of stuff on hand for their April issue, and more has kept coming. But I really felt groggy all last week, and had an awfully hard time getting things done. Peterman popped in Friday afternoon to borrow Billo pads and reported that Gabrielle (also, it seems, has recently moved out on Rosemary and Steven and in with Mrs. Tanner) has scarlet fever, and I wondered could I possibly... but I've had it, so it was most unlikely.

Saturday nice and uneventful. Sunday we went with Barbara Northrop (Johnny baby-sat) to the Figaro for a reading of a Samuel Beckett one-act play. First time any of us had participated in this popular Village indoor sport, and it was fun. Play terribly Irish and earthy and clinical and sad - didn't think it was so great - and readers quite decent, except that their brogues kept slipping. Figaro jam-packed and smoky and bustling as if it was waiting for an arty photographer to come and take its picture. Back to the Northrops for an hour and home to make soup. It was a beautiful, beautiful day... the first that really seemed like pre-Spring rather than midwinter Thaw. Bert went out in just sweater and slacks, and I had my duffle coat open over a cotton blouse (The pink one from last summer) and corduroy skirt

2-24-61

It's really been 2-24 for the last page - I just took up where I left off Tuesday night. Want to catch up.

Monday and Tuesday I worked like crazy, just taking time off to do minimum of housework. Radio on all day - the daytime junk on WQXR sent me. And the manuscript have vanished.

I was almost done Wednesday, but it was Washington's Birthday and Bert was home, and I worked a little in the morning before he got up, but no more.

Soon after breakfast, Ellin called and he

went out to see her, which sent me into a burst of activity. I typed for another hour, cleaned the bathroom and kitchen, and was cleaning the living room when he got back. Then she called again, and he was on the phone for almost an hour. I retreated to the bedroom and read "the Joy of Cooking." Then he joined me and we started talking and went out for a walk. My head, at least, needed clearing. Things are strange, it seems. We walked to Washington Square and back and stopped off at the paperback store that used to be a bookstore. Came home and had goulash for dinner, and apple cake and whipped cream, and spent the evening reading Eric Ambler, all of which was exciting.

Yesterday I scooted up to Antoine's and back and spent the rest of the day finishing the B/CA. I've made over $200 on the special issue, which is nice. But I'm tired, and behind on News Front. Went to bed fairly early with an old Agatha Christie book.

Today is lovely. I just went down for the mail and stuck my head outside, and Spring is in the air again.

After Bert left this morning I got back into bed with pad and pencil and made me of my periodic long list of everything in the world I have to do. Then I started cleaning up, and Renee Veron called - she's just in town for a couple of days and we went be able to get together, so we talked for about 20 minutes. I never liked Renee

much in Mexico, but I've liked her better whenever we've met or talked over the last few years. She seems to have turned into a nice, sensible, comfortable kind of person. Tom called next, woebegone. I promised Ford (current Pioneer) for Monday.

And now I'm lying on the bed, with coffee, and trying to decide what to do next. Think I will go to fish store, Nicola's, laundromat, deli's, Mr. Iacovone for wood, then uptown to French and British bookstores for originals and translations of the plays we're going to see the Comedie Francaise do next week and the week after. And will try to get onto Ford this afternoon. Tonight we're going to an NYU chamber music concert.

3-1-61

It is freezing. It is just plain bloody cold, and the cold seems to be sapping my a) energy and b) good humor. Except for a few glorious hours last night and this morning, we haven't had heat for over a week.

It has been funny, though. The furnace has been sick pretty much all along, but last week it really started acting strange, and Bert and Mrs. Tanner were down in the basement most evenings administering first aid. Then Friday night it blew up in Bert's face. Mrs. Tanner very sensibly got scared and made him leave it alone, and he came back up practically covered with black -- one of the furnace's troubles, or perhaps only a symptom, is that it's

been making fantastic quantities of soot.

Saturday morning she came up to use our phone, hers being out of order, and it developed that the repair man had come, taken one look, said he'd been repairing furnaces for 20 years and had never seen one like this, and stalked off again. So she was calling the repair company to try and persuade them to send somebody else.

(Basic difficulty, of course, is that the furnace is a) ancient and b) made by a company that now has its headquarters in Boston, so practically nobody knows how to fix it. She and I spent some time - I still in my mum mum, having just gotten up and started to drink coffee when she knocked - trying to remember the name of the repair man she used to have who died, on the theory that his wife might be able to recommend somebody. I went and asked Bert, who was still in bed and half asleep, and nobody could remember anything except that it was a short Czech name beginning with "S.")

So that was all for the weekend.

Monday morning, her phone still out of order, she came up to telephone some more. Man at Petro (repair company) was, it seems, being sympathetic but stern. Said that if she got a chimney sweep to come and clean the thing, and bought new electrodes for it, one of his skilled craftsmen might be prevailed upon to come back and fix it.

Sweep came Monday. Electrodes were ordered

Tuesday. (We paid rent in advance.) Wednesday the man from Petro came and said that some work had to be done by a plumber before he could do his work (think all these guys must be in league to combat the recession), so the plumber came - and whatever he did miraculously started the furnace going!

However, today she had to turn it off because it was making loud again, and as of late afternoon, the Petro man had not reappeared. Maybe tomorrow.

We were terribly lucky over the weekend - it was warm, see the way up to 60 on Saturday, I think.

However, we had to wash - Bert had it gotten all the soot out of his hair Friday night, for one thing - so we went over to Abingdon Square.

Ray was by himself - Annie's mother had a relapse just a day or two after) now her last, and then went up to Maine, and Mrs. Royal died over the weekend, so Annie was still there with her father. We had him back here to dinner - he seemed awfully at loose ends - and had a nice time. ( ) was glad - it was the first time we'd spent an evening with Ray on his own, without Annie, and although he loves to hold forth at times, he's really a very shy guy.)

Sunday was still quite decently warm - and of course, we've kept fires going all the time. One nice thing about all the [illegible] with

the heating system is that we've gotten into the habit of using the fireplaces more!) gulped down a book on Henry Ford Sunday afternoon and evening.

Monday) wrote steadily all day (except for time Mrs. Tanner was up planning) and got something resembling a story on Ford finished in time to get it up to NF before 5:00. Stayed to retype it (I take my own typewriter up there, the office ones are so dreadful) and went over to meet Bert at his office and go home with him.

Tuesday) ironed in the morning and went uptown to continue hunt for French and English versions of Comedie Francaise plays... Last Friday) got no further than the Librairie Francaise in Rockefeller Center, which had two of the three in French. Went to other Librairie Francaise, on Madison, in search of third play. No dice. Seems a lot of other people are going to the Comedie Francaise and had the same idea earlier. Went to British Bookshop for Moliere in Penguin. Went to Hamburger Heaven for lunch. (That place is one of my vices.) Went up to Yorkville for sausage, sauerkraut and potato pancake mix. Came home and started a fire - the weather had turned cold and drizzly. We went up to the Modern Museum Tuesday night to see a Max Ernst exhibition. I was feeling awful - headache and funny, sharp pains in my chest - but) liked him, especially the birds and the dark forests with bright life-eyed worms above them.

Wednesday went to the dentist. Pleasant chat and no cavities. It's funny -) have at least as many "roots" in New York by now as) ever had in

Garden City, leaving aside the fact that I like New York vastly better. Funny because it doesn't seem like eight years that I've lived here, or since I began living here. But there it is - Bert and I have been going to Dr. Fulton for eight years (he's just beginning to look middle-aged), and if we have kids they will undoubtedly go to him... and Dr. Ingerman for six years, and Nicola's and the Perry Laundromat, and so on... and we go by the church we were married in probably once a week... and places like the Peacock and the White Horse where things I remember happened... and my house on 12th Street, and places I shopped in on 6th Avenue...) am more at home here than I've ever been anywhere, except possibly at college, which was such a world-in-a-bubble. In Garden City, one of the simple facts about the place was always the fact that I would eventually leave it... not even eventually, but in 1952 if not sooner. (And I suppose Mom and Dad, although presumably they wanted me to put down roots there in the worst way, since that was one reason why they bought a house and everything, contributed to this state of mind because they never really belonged there themselves, and made no bones about it. I can't be sorry they didn't stay in New York, though, because I'm glad I had New York to come to.)

Back to Wednesday morning... went on to Adler's to see if maybe I could find Racine's "Britannicus" in German. No luck. Had waffles. Came home and knocked out rewrite for Tom. Sent it up to NF by messenger and went over to Barnes & Noble to continue book hunt. Found "Baitannicus" in English, but am still looking for elusive third, Feydeau's "Dindon", in French and English. (Searched at Barnes & Noble for an hour, but nothing. Walked home in cold, drizzly rain. Began feeling really awful, as if getting flu. After dinner and went to bed early with an old Ellery Queen. (Found marvelous

new one - new to me - earlier this week. about mass murderer on the loose in New York.)

Felt better this morning, but still not up to snuff. Maybe I never got over the flu I didn't quite get two weeks ago. Went to Antoine's, Wide waved for pictures of Ford, lunch at Coffee Mill, Bonwit's to try on cotton knit shirt which I will buy if they order me one in green. Peck + Peck next to buy $25 sweater for Ann and $95 topcoat for me. Ford Motor Co. for more pictures of Ford, NF to leave pictures, and home to cold apartment. I've put on warm red turtleneck sweater and lit fire and started dinner and am feeling rather more cheerful.

3-6-61

A new gray, rainy Monday morning. March is being extremely March-ish so far.

I woke up Friday with a beastly cold and sore throat. Lay on the sofa and read "Britannicus" most of the day. Still no heat, but it was warm outside and the sun came through the living room windows and warmed the room. Went out to Nicola's in late afternoon, came back and called Annie. I'd been feeling guilty about her all week, but needn't have - her aunt and uncle from Chicago had stopped off in New York on their way back from the funeral, and she'd been busy with them. She was alone when I called, though, and wanting company, so I went over and drank quantities of tea with her. Funeral and aftermath had apparently been large family affair with everybody trying terribly hard to be cheerful. Chicago uncle was so drunk when he took off for New York from Augusta the day after the funeral that he wouldn't fasten his seat belt - told newspaper that in Chicago you don't have to -

and, according to Annie - I can hardly believe it - the plane turned right around and dumped him! By then, Annie and her aunt had started back to Waterville, so Uncle Alvin was on his own, and he promptly hired a car and took off for New York overland. Annie and aunt stayed on over the weekend with Mrs. Royal. And this week, in New York, they've been doing things like taking her to the Four Seasons for lunch and shopping at Bendel's (she bought a $235 coat that Ray's making her return), and Uncle Alvin has been creating gentle alcoholic commotions all over the five boroughs (day he arrived, he decided he didn't like the weather in New York and took off for New Jersey, but soon returned). Annie is sort of exhausted by the combination of high life and emotional strain, and mad because her school hasn't found a substitute and she's succumbed to conscience and said she'll go back and stay till they do.

Friday night we went to "Britannicus," and it was fantastically good.

Saturday morning Bert got up early and went out, and I stayed in bed reading "Tartuffe." He got back around noon, with croissants, and made a fire, and we had breakfast. Heat came on in the afternoon, and all seems to be well. I was still feeling bad. Lay around all day, except for going out to Nicola's, and went to bed early.

Slept very late Sunday. Cold still miserable.

Good Heavens, I completely forgot - early Saturday evening Ursula and Fedor showed up! They were in town on one of their periodic shopping trips. We gave them drinks and had a very good time, but couldn't talk them into staying

for dinner, which was too bad, because we were having blood and liver sausage and had twice as much as we needed, and I'd made a new cake. They both have new contracts from Yale for next year, but Ursula got a raise and Teddy didn't because he hasn't finished his bloody dissertation. (Wonder if he will ever begin to mind her being more competent and success-prone than he is? Probably not; she adores him and defers to him in everything. Hope not, but there are potential sources of friction there, as there must be in most marriages. On her side, too. She could get ahead like mad on any faculty anywhere, I think - least by academic brilliance - think Teddy has that if either of them do - than by sheer talent for groupsmanship - and she's not unambitious. But she'll always have to let him take the best - probably the only - spot in whatever department they're in. Other side of the coin there would be that she loves being married and considers herself fantastically lucky to have gotten somebody as nice as Teddy.)

Sunday night we went to "Tartuffe," which was delightful, but neither of us thought it came off quite as well as "Britannicus."

It's fascinating for me to see the stars of a repertory company changing characters practically overnight. Annie Ducos was "Agrippine" in "Britannicus" and "Elmire" last night, and I'd never have known she was the same person if I hadn't had the program. Ditto for Francois Chaumette, who was Narcisse and Orgon. Louis Seigner we've seen as Burrhyuss and Tartuffe, and I think I would know him no matter what he was doing, if only because his looks are fairly indelible. They are all marvelous.

I've been having fun reading the prefaces and prologues and things, as well as the plays. Knew nothing about classical French theater, and feel as if I'm plugging hole that badly needed to be plugged. Never realized even before. (And Moliere's prologue to "Tartuffe" is as good an attack on censorship as I can imagine - and funny.)

Cold much better this morning, but I want to stay downtown all day if I can possibly manage it. Owe Tom captions, but maybe he won't call. If I don't really feel good in a couple of days I'll go to Dr. Ingerman for a vitamin shot.

Have so much to do. Apartment is a mess and so am I, due to lack of hot water and my indisposition. Am behind on NPs. Feel generally as if I've backslid badly on all my good resolutions of recent months about keeping things in order. And Bert has seemed preoccupied and tense for the last week or so. He swears nothing is wrong, and I'm trying to believe him, but it's not easy... and rather disturbing to think I could make it up out of whole cloth. (Of course, it's hard for me to believe that he could not be upset about the situation in the office, which as far as I know hasn't developed at all.)

Well, I will get up and about and attack things.

3-7-61

The hens-and-chickens are sprouting down the street, and the buds on the magnolia trees are turning fuzzy.

Today was very bright, but deceptively cold. I went out in my raincoat and wished I hadn't.

Yesterday I finished the smaller batch of NPs I've got on hand, and washed the pile of dishes from Sunday, and ran errands - laundry, A&P's, drug store, liquor store, bakery, Nicola's - and took down loads and loads of garbage. Then washed and set hair, shaved, plucked eyebrows, did nails. Took new lease on life, in short. Went to bed early and read Eric Ambler, but couldn't sleep for an awfully long time. Think "mot balanche" is a marvelous phrase, but maybe that's just because the lights outside our bedroom are so white.

Today we overslept till 10:30. I went downtown for lunch with Astrid Monsen, to talk about the zoning business Carol Greitzer wants me to find out about for V.D. Took a wrong subway connection and ended up way south of Lafayette Street, which is where the City Planning Commission is, but had nice walk back. Downtown Manhattan is still a maze to me, but I've gotten to the point where I get un-lost after I've gotten lost almost by instinct. Lunch was moderately interesting. Came home and wrote up a few notes for Carol and went over to 12th St. with them.

3-9-61

Weather has done a back flip - it rained last night and is cold and sleety and grey today. I just got back from a trip to the 8th Street Book Shops to price books for Bert - bought 49¢ strawberries on the way home and am having coffee and croissants.

Tuesday night after dinner. I went closing up to the

City Center to buy the script of "Le Dindon," all else having failed and the City Center concession people not having gotten their copies in till certain time. And even then, they had only French - no translation. Walking into a theater lobby at intermission when you haven't been seeing the play is a weird sensation. I found - the noise is simply deafening and the crowd impenetrable. When you're part of it, you don't notice it at all.

I started reading ahead of Bert and marking odd vocabulary, and we both got along with it fine - it's very simple conversation - but it was so funny that we stayed up with it till after 3:00.

I slept till after noon on Wednesday, and Bert came home at 4:00 and went back to bed, and we finished "Dindon" before and during dinner and went off to see it. It was, indeed, very funny, and we had a good time in spite of the miserable weather going to and from. (It wasn't nice rain this time - just damp mush all the way down, with a lot of wind.)

Antoine's this morning. Shelley Winters was there, and she looks awful! Came right home and wrote PPs till middle of afternoon, then went out to look at me and Nicola's

Convoy. Most situation seems to have resolved itself satisfactorily. Vic will stay (worst possibility, I guess, was that he'd accept another job offer, which could have put Bert in impossible position of having to take someone else's being brought in as editor), Randy will be kicked upstairs for time being and Vic and Bert will run things together. Neither of

them are getting much that's concrete out of the new deal for the moment, because Kandy will still be clogging things up, even though his authority will be gone ... but that's Conover-Mast's (misplaced?) kindness of heart. I hope so awfully that Bert is reinstated. That's he should be.

3-11-61

We have acquired the Hartmans' dog for ten days while they take a spell of the moment trip to Nassau. She is a fine worth old female bulldog named Daphne, currently asleep in front of the fireplace while Rosemary's Gabrielle, who came to visit, is brushing her teeth in our bathroom.

We took Daphne home from the Hartmans with us last night ... think she sensed a rat while we were getting her belongings together (two dishes, two rubber toys, dog food and vitamins) ... and started shaking. We got her leash on and she flopped flat in the Hartmans' front door ... Johnny had to hoist her up from behind and turn her out. She followed Bert home on the leash readily enough, but we had a terrible time getting her up the stairs. Bert had to carry her, all 20-30 pounds, and she was so scared when we got her into the apartment ... shuffled around and finally hid behind the armchair. She wouldn't come out, and then when we carried her into the bedroom wouldn't leave there. Bulldogs are funny - they are terribly stoical, and don't whine when they're unhappy, it seems, and their faces are always sad - it's hard to say how we could tell how scared she was, even, except that she wouldn't move but we certainly could. She didn't even go to her water dishes after we

filled them and put them on the papers we spread out for her in the living room and bedroom... and she didn't want her toys or try to play when we petted her. We went to bed and fixed up a blanket for her on my side, and she flopped down. Then, while the light was still on, that funny, round bulldog face with the big brown eyes and row of little teeth sticking out popped up over the side of the bed, with one white paw... she had apparently decided to make the best of a bad job. She was very good all night - padded around a little and finally went over to the water dish... and was round asleep when I woke up at 9:00 to give her breakfast. Bert took her out for a walk when he went for the paper, and she haggled at the stairs (her legs are no short that stair-climbing suit her long torso, at best), but navigated them. He came back commenting on how people talk to you when you're walking a dog... seems everybody thought she was a French bull, presumably because she's still so small for a real bull, though too big to seem like a puppy. Bert went up to the office this afternoon and I took her for a walk... to Animal Kingdom to buy her a brush, 8th Street to order Bert's books, and Nicola's. She walks on her leash quite nicely. Met Gabrielle and Mrs. Tanner on the way in, and let Gabrielle bring her upstairs on the leash and come in to play with her.

Thursday afternoon and evening. I got out my other red notebook and made notes on the five short stories I've had in my head for months. I'm afraid that actually starting to write them will be an awfully big hump to get over, but I do think I should try.

I have no wish to write fiction full time, even - and I have some ideas for articles in my head, too - but right now, I think I'll have a better chance of actually getting something done if I try the stories. Also my article ideas involve huge amounts of interviewing - they would take forever and make it hard to keep up with my regular work, and also, I'm still feeling too recessive.

I showed the notes to Bert, and got so terribly upset about his misinterpreting some things that have personal connotations that I can see why so many of these gals write about adolescents in decaying Southern towns!

Friday I got up early... Roundabout, Nicola's... and worked hard on NPs till mid-afternoon, and finished them. Went uptown, dropped them off at Convers-Wast (came in while Ewald and Randy were having the football conference and found Vic and Bert chortling in Bert's office) and went on to Bonwit to try on green suit. It's nice, but the jacket was badly cut and they're ordering me another one. It was bitterly cold and windy. I had pie and coffee at Hamburger Heaven and took the IND home and got into the bathtub. We went to the Kortuscys' for pre-dog-collection dinner, and their German pointer friend who used to go with Johnny's sister was there. He is short, wiry, dark, not quite handsome but one of the most attractive men I've seen in a very long time, and quite nice. He and Barbara seem to be awfully good friends, in a way that they just might not get away with (assuming, as I do, that Barbara doesn't want a love.) if he weren't quite a few

inches shorter than she is! We had prime ribs and Barbara's eggplant casserole, and cream puffs frozen with icecream that came from a mix and, I'm afraid, tasted it, but were good anyway. Listened to Johnny's tapes after dinner until time to collect Daphne and go home.

3·14·61

The collapse of 92 Fourth Street has progressed a little further - wooly wool is looking all over everything. It rained - not even too hard. Last night, and this morning the finish on my desk was cracked and hooks on shelves rusted. Mrs. Tanner has been alerted. She had the keys up there a week or so ago, but whatever they did was obviously far too little.

Daphne is settling in nicely.

We went out Saturday night, and when we came back she was leaping up to meet us at the door, shaking all over and practically out of her mind... she'd never been left alone before, and apparently it had been a traumatic experience. She had also made a mess on the bedroom rug, but we didn't have the heart to scold her.

We'd gone to hear the Budapest in the last of the Beethoven quartet series - They were very, very good.

Sunday Daphne acted funny all morning - running when you came near her, practically. I got up at 9:00 to give her breakfast and spent the morning straightening up the

study. Then Bert got up and took her for a walk to get the paper. After breakfast and paper, we took her out together - all the way to Washington Square - and by the time we got back, she was acting like herself again. She is so proud of having learned to climb <u>any</u> steps that she now climbs every one she comes to. She's very standoffish with other dogs and with people, though. Sunday night we read Dashiel Hammetts and Bert did some work. . . I went out late to the Paper Back Colony for <u>more</u> Dashiel Hammetts, and we stayed up terribly late.

Yesterday I walked to the subway with Bert to get Daphne out early... she hasn't been eating much breakfast and we thought we'd get her hungry. Was in and out doing errands all morning, then uptown for two hours looking for books for next picture - and Daphne was delirious with joy when I got back, but not half so worked up as Saturday. Gabrielle came in to play in the afternoon - she and Daphne chase each other up and down the apartment like a couple of racing cars (They approached each other rather cautiously at first, and when they first started playing, Daphne knocked Gabrielle right into the fireplace - she hasn't grasped the fact that Gabrielle is much smaller than Michael.) Also let Gabrielle go through my jewelry box, remembering how I used to love Mom's and Stella's... and play make believe with the little dolls and vases on the linen chest. She has turned into an amazingly nice little girl.

Listened to the Patterson-Johansson fight last night - we were rooting for Patterson, and he won, though not very gloriously. And read through

Colliers, a new magazine we're getting that devotes itself to reprinting articles from foreign magazines and papers. Bert hadn't thought they did a very good job on the first issue, and neither did I. It's a good idea, though.

Daphne went to sleep in the living room last night, and when Bert came to bed, he brought her along. She promptly went to the john, so papers had to be changed, and then she wouldn't go to sleep again - kept trying to climb in bed with us and play. We finally turned the light out and lay there whispering, and me struggling not to laugh, while she padded around. She finally settled down, but at 4:00 or so she woke Bert up. She'd gone to the john again - on and off the paper, so that had to be dealt with (she actually seems to be only about 3/4 housebroken), and it all started all over again. She finally went to sleep off her blanket on Bert's side of the bed. It was a terribly funny, and exhausting, night.

Took her to the subway this morning in the drizzling rain, and Gabrielle came in to play again. We had a fine time, and Gabrielle helped me - really helped - clean the study floor and rug and the fireplace. (I decided to get some dirty work done, since reading my books was out of the question.) Gave Gabrielle milk and toast and took her back to Mrs. Tanner around noon.

Bert says Daphne doesn't look sad - just thoughtful. Actually, she has a thoughtful face.

and a sad one, and a positively hateful one, depending on what way she looks at you. She's a very funny, ugly, appealing chunk of dog. Sleeps a fantastic amount, and snores. Gets too playful for her size, and claws vigorously at hands, wrists and sleeves. Loves to climb up on bed or chair arm with her front paws and peer over. Has a very beautiful brindle coat, with white heels, paws and neck, and funny brown spots in the neck fur. Brindle face and ears, with a white streak running down her nose. She's a scream when she gets her dinner at night - squeals like a pig while the horsemeat is cooking, and comes leaping after the dish, knocking against the furniture, when you carry it in from the kitchen. She gobbles her dinner and licks the dish, although breakfast interests her so little. It's really very hard, still, to tell when she's angry and when she's happy and when she's scared... partly because of that funny face (the expressions are so striking that you can't help thinking she looks the way she feels, as a person would) and partly because she throws herself around so when she's in any kind of an active mood. And she's so stolid most of the time that her bursts of activity are positively startling. I met a real bulldog fancier in Nicola's yesterday, I forgot to mention, and he fell in love with her. All in all, we're having a fine old time with her, and I kind of like having company all day.

She's snoring happily now, and I have to go out,

3-22-61

Daphne is snoring away under the desk... she

seems to like the study. Maybe she keeps Barbara company while she writes. The Northrups are due back today, we think, and we won't be heartbroken to see them... she is fun, but she's also a handful.

Last Wednesday - a week ago - we had Walter Leonard to dinner. Had a very good time and I think he enjoyed it, but I was a complete idiot and mixed too many drinks and got loaded. It didn't hit me till after he'd left, fortunately. It had been such a long time, and I really had thought never again, as I commented just a few pages back... and I was simply astounded with misery, both physical and psychological. Well, I guess nothing is ever really never again, except for things you know are a matter of practically life and death... and it's so hard to have hard-and-fast rules for drinking unless you drink a great deal regularly - so much depends on how tired you are and so on. So if I can keep it down to once every couple of years, and not make a fool of myself in public, I'll try not to have a thing about it.

Drank quarts of milk all Thursday morning. Crepes and after Autorino's, and was subdued all day.

Wrote the movie pioneer story on Friday in absolutely record time - between about 9:30 and 2:30. Because I was expecting Bert to bring Vic home in the afternoon. Got the place all clean, which these days involves removal of quantities of dog hair from everything

that picks up, went sleeping, and rolled down to retype the story. The messenger arrived while I was in the middle. It was the service's fault, not mine. I'd told them 4:00 and he came at 3:30. But he was such a nasty, surly little man that he gave me the jitters, so I banged the thing out as fast as I possibly could, patching in good pages of the original, and got rid of him. Then we Vic, so we had a lot of paprika fish for dinner.

Saturday we took Daphne for a long walk in the afternoon, and after dinner, Roy came over to meet her. We'd asked him to come around and feed her on Sunday because we thought we'd be out late.

Sunday was the annual concert-with-running. They played a very modern cacophony for odd instruments and voices. Then came Bartok that I liked better than most Bartok... Then a Beethoven piano concerto with Glenn Gould. He was worth going for, all by himself - he is such a character. He is long and lanky with a shock of dull red hair - looks almost like a cheerful Irish Reep - and wore a dress suit with a gray vest that looked as if it had come from a disreputable masquerade costumier's. He did, indeed, as the Time critic had reported, have a glass of water on the piano throughout, and it jiggled alarmingly throughout. His chair was so low that he sat practically doubled up, and when he wasn't playing, he collapsed like a bellows, sometimes drumming the keyboard. I guess he sang, since his mouth was moving vigorously most of the time he played, but I can't swear I could hear

him. We went to the Russian Tea Room for tea and pirozhki after the concert, and Nannine talked as incessantly as always. We got away pretty early, and were home five minutes before Kay arrived, so we kept him for a drink.

Monday morning I started driving lessons - forgot to say I went down for my learner's permit last week. My instructor is straight out of "Guys and Dolls," but good, and I think I'll make it this time. Met Ellin walking down 14th Street with Fitz when I left the school, turned around and walked a block with her, and came away practically unshaken. Vic finally showed up for dinner Monday night... he and Bert got here early and sat in the living room and leafed the magazine over - having a fine time, seemingly - while I cooked spaghetti.

Yesterday was a lazy day... I spent most of the morning reading Perelandra, which I picked up at the British Book Store when I was shopping for the French plays... I still love it... and then started re reading Out of the Silent Planet, which we picked up in California last fall, which is better. Went uptown for Pioneer pictures in the afternoon and came back to take Daphne for a walk down Hudson Street. She started throwing up when we got back, but it doesn't seem to have been anything serious.

The only real scare she's given me was last week when I found her chewing a

used pipe cleaners. I had horrible visions of nicotine poisoning... called Bert and couldn't reach him, then goosbred the phone book and started looking for a city outfit called the Poison Control Bureau that I'd read about in the New Yorker weeks ago. Found them, and they were terribly nice - assured me that pipe cleaners collect mostly tars and no harm was done.

Had my second driving lesson this morning, and have been writing letters and this ever since I got back. Have to go upstairs for more pix this afternoon.

The lease for the Princess is here - will move back in the weekend of May 27. Oh, I hope it's a good summer.

3-24-61

Well. Daphne is gone. Barbara called last night, and believe it or not, my heart sank when I heard her voice... and I felt an absolute wave of affection for the damned dog. We took her home in a taxi, in a miserable wet night, and she settled down very nicely. Funny, but she looked bigger to me all of a sudden over there... and more self-assured. Rent D. Barbara and Johnny are marvelously brown and seem to have had a fine time.

Yesterday was a wild day. It began to rain and hail and snow - very wet snow - late Wednesday, and by yesterday morning the living room ceiling was dripping steadily. I had to go upstairs for an interview with a C-E man about the home building industry, and by the time I got back, the study ceiling - which had seemed to be ok

after stopgap repairs - was leaking, too. It was awful. I had Gabrielle in to play with Daphne, and if I hadn't, I think I'd have laid down and kicked and screamed. (Strong feelings about emotional control in front of children.) The living room rug and floor, and Daphne's papers, were soaked. The study floor was soaked. The shelves above my desk, including contents, which included Steinberg's Labyrinth that we've bought for Dantschi, were soaked, and the finish on my desk is practically ruined. And both ceilings were dripping like small waterfalls. I tried to cope with sheets and old raincoats and piles of newspaper, and decided that the only damned thing to do was pretend it was funny. Had a nice time with Gabrielle and Daphne, and got the silver polished. It kept right on raining and snowing till night, and the water kept coming down harder than ever... every little while there was a sloshing sound from the study as a pool that had accumulated on the raincoats on the shelves poured down into the pail on the desk.

3-27-61

Bert came home at about point... he's out to dinner tonight, and I have just washed and set hair and made myself a highball.

To return to Thursday's flood... Bert came home and replaced my ineffective raincoats, newspapers and sheets with effective towels (I'm afraid there's some element of masochism in my impracticality) and got a big old rug from the basement to protect our rug in the

living room, and we settled down to life in the middle of a Chinese water torture. It did stop in the evening, though. We took Daphne home (in a taxi) after dinner.

Friday morning I cleared up all the piles of wrapping towels, and went for a driving lesson at 10:00. Lesson went very well, but I had a blow afterwards - discovered that the 5-for-$16 rate I'd signed up for means only 3 hours of driving and 2 of a lecture course that I'm quite sure I'll never even get to. I just hadn't read the fine print in the contract. I felt like such an idiot, and called Bert because I'd been miserable all day waiting to tell him... and he told me nobody reads fine print and asked me to come up for lunch, so I felt vastly better. It was a lovely bright day, and we walked from 42nd Street up to a shiny place in the 50s with a super lunch counter and had a huge lunch of pancakes with meat sauce. Then I went to the library for old movie pictures, and to News Front, and home.

Saturday we slept very late and went for a short walk and were doglessly lazy.

Sunday I had to get up for a driving lesson at 9:00. But the lesson was a joy. No traffic. I've been driving through heavy traffic right from the start - first time ever - and it's fun in an awful sort of way, but it was lovely to have clear streets. (Driving through Union Square is exactly like plunging into the middle of a dog fight on weekdays when the trucks are out.) Came home and read the paper till Bert got up for breakfast. (I had coffee and a Danish from the bakery to tide me over.)

Went for a lengthy walk in the afternoon. It was the first real spring day in Washington Square... with the Circle jammed with people and the icecream men out. Went boat-hunting on the way home. We have been having an orgy of detective stories lately... which is all right for Bert because he reads good stuff all the time, anyway, but disgraceful for me. Bert made soup for dinner.

Today was another beautiful day. I went skiing again, and came home and cleaned the stove with Easy-Off Oven Cleaner, which is the beastliest job there is, but satisfying when done. Was going to proceed to shampoo the rugs, but Rosemary came in... Stephen has taken off and been gone for almost a week, and she wanted consolation, or at least somebody to talk to. She brought Gabrielle and Jason, who is such a funny little 16-month-old boy. I can hardly believe that Stephen is his father - he's just too fun and kinky. Shortly after Rosemary left, Annie arrived, and we had coffee here and moved over to Washington Square for drinks.

Forgot to mention that right after the flood, I pulled down our vented shower rod trying to get the raincoats off it. The bathroom has been rather damp for the last few days. Smillie is coming to put up a new rod in the morning, bless him.

3-29-64

It's a little before 7:00, and I'm drinking a highball and eating Hungarian sausage and waiting for Bert to get home.

I shampooed both the rugs today, and they're drying in big dark circles and look all rubbed the wrong way, as always, but brighter, too. And I think I got rid of all traces of Daphne.

Bert called me at noon after his driving lesson (he started yesterday), and I went over to Pam Pam to have lunch with him. It was a lonely day - spring is trying.

Spent most of the afternoon reading an Europe letter, which was nice, and odd, and I'll write about it some other time.

Yesterday I drove at 10:00 and went uptown to have lunch with Roberta Kepper, who's working at Columbia. It's nice up there, with the broad streets and the view down to the river and the feeling of spaciousness that the campus manages to create right in the middle of the city. We went to a bar-cafeteria place for lunch... the Columbia boys must love it, because the food is very good and they pile it on. I got twice as much beef stew as I could eat.

I took the subway down to 72nd Street, which I'm fond of because it's Bert's old stop, and got out and surveyed the neighborhood, which has some shiny new storefronts but hasn't changed awfully, and walked all the way across town through Central Park and then up to Yorkville. The park was lonely - pale, faded winter green, just beginning to perk up. Every time I'm in it, I'm surprised at how big and bare it is - more like real meadowland than any big city park I can

think of. Went to the Pork Store for knockwurst and sauerkraut, and bought the Hungarian sausage too, and took the subway home.

It rained last night, and we blanketed the baby with towels, but nothing came through.

4-4-61

April is coming in cold.

I started ironing as soon as Bert left this morning, and both irons started sticking again, so I'm talking a break till they cool and I can get after them with Brillo. Must take them to be overhauled, today if possible.

Last Thursday I had a driving lesson at 9:00, and went up to Antoine's and from there to Lord + Taylor for coat-shopping. Found a black faille with big three-quarter sleeves and a stand-off neckline, for $40. More than I wanted to pay, but since Bennett goofed on my green suit and I can't get it, I'll skip a suit and make the coat my only major purchase. Went on to Altman's for a drawer certain liner and hats mat and odds and ends.

Friday I went to Dr. Hubert to get a cept out... I'm going to keep going and let him do a job on my back, which is a mess. I've been feeling so awful about it, and pretending that if I ignored it, it would go away, which things don't. Got to St. John's for the three-hour service about 1:00. The preacher was the Episcopal chaplain from N.Y.U. a round-faced, kind,

friendly type where meditations were practically pure Eisenhowerese. I leave a feeling he was quick-hitting for Father Goal on short notice. And he was one of those priests who seem to have decided that they have to make religion "meaningful" in terms of Freudian psychology and so on, and almost have an inferiority complex about it, which I can't believe is necessary. But it's still a beautiful service.

I wish I knew what to do about religion. I — Oh, hell, if I write about it now it will take hours, and I must quit today. Think I should try one the next few days, though.

Had a driving lesson at 5:00 on Friday. Bert came home just before I left and went to bed, and slept till 7:30 and didn't want anything but sandwiches for dinner. The office must be a perfectly awful round of conferences these days.

Saturday we got up pretty early. Bert was driving from 12:00 to 2:00 and me (>) from 1:00 to 2:00. Bert seems to be doing awfully well. He came home the first day saying bicycles had it all over cars and seeming sort of let down. But since then he's been talking as if he likes it a little better, and he just doesn't seem to be having any trouble at all.

I should have been reporting on the Model Auto Driving School in more detail - it's terribly funny. It's a little hole in the wall on 14th Street, run by an assortment (at least 4 or 5) of rather slimy

characters who treat the customers with a kind of patronizing friendliness but don't patronize much - create an impression of being frantically busy with important business. There are 8 or 10 instructors, and about a dozen cars, most of which are parked and double-parked right outside the school most of the time. I've had the head instructor - Danny, the Damon Runyon horseplayer type - right along. He's very good, and quite a lot of fun - tells me all about his good and bad luck at the races, where he seems to spend all his free time, tells stories about his students, complains about how hard he's working, plays the radio and sings. I'm pretty sure he's single, and the Model Auto Driving School seems to be his only home. Bert has had a whole bunch of instructors, none of them as colorful. There was Sam, who didn't talk, and Hoover, who, it seems, was kindly old enough to please (Danny told me late that Hoover hadn't been supposed to start teaching until he'd been out with him, Danny, to learn the ropes!), and somebody else who looked like Victor Mature and somebody else who told lurid tales of his and his relatives' problems with having and not having children. None of them seem like great rookies or teachers, but Bert is learning! The lovable thing about the place is the casual way everything is done... none of the cars are perfect - directional signals out of order, or brakes too tight, or some little thing wrong with every one - and no two are alike. And they're always

running out of gas and telling you to drive to the gas station they are in 10th Avenue, which happens to be very hard to get in and out of. And on Saturday I double parked while Danny went into a delicatessen to get sandwiches for the boys. It's so different from the Lexington, where I went in 1956 - everything ran with clock-like precision there, and you were never even reminded of the crude fact that cars need gas. This is much better, actually. It's more like real driving.

Saturday night I dyed Easter eggs - one of the most completely joyful and uncomplicated and relaxing of occupations. And we went to see "The Misfits." It is incredibly corny, and I don't really think Marilyn Monroe can act, but I liked it anyway. It was up at Lexington and 23rd, and we walked both ways in a nice, cold, moonlit night.

Sunday (Easter) I got up and went to church at 8:00, and then to Sutter's for stollen for breakfast. Pat went driving at 11:00. I spent most of the afternoon in the kitchen, making an apricot tart and roasting duck and having fun.

Yesterday I took my driving test, and it was awful. I had a two-hour lesson before it, and we went over and over the test site and I did fine. Felt perfectly calm and confident until I was actually in the car with the examiner - but before I'd driven a block with him, I started literally shaking. I didn't lose control of the car at all - in fact, I think I drove pretty well - but I was in such a panic that I was practically driving by instinct. As soon as I got out of the car,

the test just bleached out - I still can't remember in any detail what I did or might have done wrong. I think I drove well enough to pass, but I also think I'll probably fail just because I was so nervous. The examiner must think I'd be a menace on the highways, although he was terribly nice. Model Auto pupil before me was a Puerto Rican who was taking the test for the fourth time. I don't think I'll be that bad, but I should have passed yesterday - I'm really driving as well as I ever did - and I feel kind of silly about it.

Came home and slept like a log all afternoon.

Bert stayed upstairs for dinner, and I had a frozen chicken pie and read Eric Ambler.

4-5-61

I passed! Notice came this morning, and I have been bouncing around ever since. Cool. I knew the examiner's name so I could write him a thank-you note.

It's another cold, cloudy day. Spent the morning (before going down for mail) darning socks and sewing buttons in bed. Went down for mail. Read notice. Called Bert. Wrote check for driver's license. Then settled down to telephone - called p.r. man for next Pioneer, Tom, Stephanie to make lunch date, Barbara, Leonard Tuck (had two more ideas for him, but he's already done both - must keep trying), Joanne Grimes +

offer my services for market research interviewing, and Annie. The Turk and Gyimes calls were because I've decided I must make some more money over the next few months. I'm falling off, and we need money awfully. Turk would be no great - $150 a story. Gyimes would be fun money, but if I could pick up even an extra $50 this month, it would be nice. And I do like interviewing.

Gabrielle came in yesterday, and I set her hair and we had fun. Also washed and set my own, cleaned the place up, and did general constructive puttering around. Bert got home very early, and we played a lot of records and had Kaiserschmarren for dinner.

4-12-61

Bert is having dinner uptown again. I've just washed hair and shaved legs and am having a drink.

The Russians got their man into space today! It's still simply incredible to me to be over 30 and having things happening that would have been pure astounding Science Fiction when I was in college, even. They got him back, too, and he's terribly good-looking - I'll bet every highschool girl in Russia has a crush on him. Our guys are being polite.

I've got a week to write up, but I spent most of it having a cold... went over to Annie's last Wednesday afternoon, and Helene was there, very pregnant - baby due that day, in fact. We rode over to the Paperback Gallery in Helene's Fiat, and Helene went home to await the baby and Annie and I drank

vodka and juice and talked grocery bills.) bought a new red sling chair cover while we were out wandering around, and of course left it at the Schildknechts', but it's since been retrieved, and is on the sling chair looking very new and red.

Thursday) woke up with a heart of a cold, but) had a lunch date with a p.r. man and didn't want to break it. So) struggled up to Antoine's and from there to the Algonquin and from there to Dr. Hulbut, having decided to keep all my appointments and the hell with it.

P.r. man (Kellogg) was a very solid, dull young Midwesterner. We really talked Kellogg practically all through lunch, because) couldn't think of anything else to talk to him about! Lovely lunch, naturally. These publicity lunches are such a funny business.) like them simply because) love eating in good restaurants... and) always feel as if it's my part of the bargain to put out and give the guy a good time, since we both know a) that the business at hand could be better discussed in his office, and b) that) won't give his company a better break because he's bought me a free meal (or) hope he knows that — sometimes) wonder). And nine times out of ten they are dull, so giving them a good time is work. Maybe Bert is right and)'d be a good call girl, but) seriously doubt it.)'d get involved.

Friday) stayed in bed all day and started rereading Dorothy Sayers, who) find vastly consoling when) m sick. Tom kept telephoning

all afternoon, but otherwise I was undisturbed. Ordered round steak from Nicola's so Bert could make beef tartare for dinner. It was a horrible cold - the kind where you feel as if the water is dripping through your bones.

Was very rich and lazy all weekend. Sunday night it started to rain, and we had to clean out the study shelves and drape blankets and towels and rugs all over everything.

Steph was supposed to come down for lunch on Monday, but I called and pleaded my cold to break the date. The ceiling was still dripping like mad and the whole place smelled damp and was most unpleasant. It stopped in the afternoon, though (the rain), and I got things mopped up.

Yesterday I finally dragged the box of old clothes for the Brusses down from the top of the closet, and took it to the Post Office. Horrible lot of forms to fill out. Then went on to News Front and commiserated with Tom for a couple of hours. Then home and attacked a bunch of Know-How in the afternoon. Bert wrote his first new-regime editorials last night.

Did Know-How all morning today. When I went down for the mail, I discovered Jimmy Campbell prostrated outside our door. The man is simply indestructible - he looks like the same dissipated Santa Claus that he did six years ago. Oh, the heat has been off for two days - and it was bloody cold in the apartment today. It just went back on late this afternoon. I'll say one thing for the peculiar conditions

here - you remember to appreciate things. It's always so lovely when the radiators start hissing and the hot water comes up again after a couple days of freezing.

I went up to the Model Auto Driving School at noon, and they're trying to pull a fast one again! They don't really want to give me lessons on a Volkswagen at all, although I'd made it perfectly clear all along that that was what I was interested in. Seems their "foreign cars" are all MGs, and they tried to persuade me that there was practically no difference. I called the VW people when I got home and they strongly suggested that I hold out for a VW - which I guess I can - but I suppose they have an ax to grind, too! Home to tell Bert, but what I'm inclined to do is settle for the MG if it has a floor shift but not otherwise. Came home and cleaned up and did more KHs. Mom and Dad called at 6:00, while I was in the bathroom with cream on my face and one leg half shaved and nothing on... they just wanted to talk, and it was fun.

For the last few days, I've been thinking so much of New England... almost longing for it. The big meadow in back of the house in Wentworth, full of daisies and asters and black-eyed Susans and goldenrod, and grass that scratches when you lie down in it... and the crooked apple trees full of little green apples that I couldn't eat, but Bert could... and the dark roads we walked along at night, with the sky black and full of incredibly bright stars, The Milk, way so thick it's practically solid, and everything so quiet

that you can hear a single car coming a mile away. And the woods. Light falling through the trees onto the brown pine needles... pine needles are the slipperiest things in the world... and the wonderful smell of dry pine and soggy leaves on the ground... and the feel of the leaves when you push them aside, and the crumbly dirt beneath them... the earth is so full of life in the country, and especially in the woods... and the bright, thick, shiny green moss that lies in patches on the ground... and the mossy green creepers with their thin delicate roots - I always felt sorry, when I tore a piece up, and put it back again... and the fernny, ugly, bright-colored toadstools with crinkly edges. And the sunny trails and small, unexpected patches of meadow. And the brooks - into pools that almost stand still and miniature waterfalls that rush against your ankles, the water so ice cold that it turns your feet numb in seconds while your body is still hot, and the bruising little stones - you come out from wading with your toes all sore. And the look of the mountains - round and gentle. And the swimming hole in Wentworth - so small and deep, the clearest, greenest water I've ever been in, like a bathtub... and the big, shallow, reedy lake we bicycled to... and bicycling along those smooth, winding roads... and the clean, shabby, white towns.

4-13-61

Bert came in at that point last night, so I stopped. He was terribly tired, and very distracted.

It's still raining hard this morning, and the

leaky areas are like a bloody swamp. I'm going to work in the bedroom this morning.

It's supposed to stop around noon, but I suppose it'll be too wet to play at Yankee Stadium (Forgot to say I listened to the opener Tuesday. Yanks lost to ex-Washington Senators, now Minnesota Twins, 6-0.)

The weather has been simply awful. Except for those few nice days in March. I can't remember a worse spring. Even when the sun is shining, it's cold and windy and raw.

4-19-61

Weather is still awful, and we are engaged in an irresistible force - immovable body sort of conflict with Mrs. Tonner over the roof. We haven't quarrelled with her, and I hope sufficiently that we won't, but we are after her constantly and getting practically nowhere. And it is wearing.

Finished most of my knew. News on Thursday, typing on the ironing board in the bedroom.

Friday I drove two hours on the MG! It's tremendous fun, but very hard. Actual straight-away driving is easy - the car is so tiny and scoots around things so beautifully - but shifting gears is murder. The gear shift moves in a very constricted space - I was always going down into fourth when I meant to go over into second, because the positions felt the same - and the engine is so tremendously powerful that you get a roar and a jolt

from the smallest pressure on the accelerator, which makes it hard to shift smoothly. And the damned car decelerates so quickly, just when you take your foot off the gas, that you hardly use the brakes for control at all, which is terribly hard to get used to. When you do use the brake, you come to a jolting stop. It would be wonderful after you got used to it. I can see how sports car addicts are made. Model Auto's MG is bright red and very cute, but rather elderly, I think. Foreign car lessons are given by none other than Mrs. Murray, the owner, who is 60-ish, big, white haired and florid, and not a very good teacher. She's impatient and doesn't explain thoroughly. I drove for two hours and came home completely exhausted, in a pleasant way. Made lentil soup.

Saturday we were up early because Bert had a driving lesson. Went for a long walk in the afternoon, all the way over to the second-hand bookstores on Fourth Avenue. Bought detective stories. Peered into cars all the way over and back to see how various models are equipped, and had fun.

Sunday it began raining again. Bert had opened the big guns on Mrs. Tanner on Saturday, and she'd gone so far as to send Freddy up to spread some tar; the leak in the study seemed to be stopped, but the living room was as bad as ever. Mrs. Tanner showed up Sunday morning with the man she's been talking about who's supposed to do the real roofing, and he proved to be large, red-faced, slightly drunk, and competent-seeming but most unenthusiastic.

I tried to charm him and failed miserably. (The story, to date, has been that first she had to get the roofing materials from somebody named Dolf, which involved days of delay, and then to round up this guy to do the work - more delay, since he had gone to Rhode Island. Since both he and Rolf are doing it all just as a favor to her, I'm sure, their attitudes are definitely unbusinesslike and she shies away from any suggestion of calling in a real roofing company that would have to be paid. Bert had her just about up to scratch on Saturday, then her Rhode Island mom showed up and all was lost.) Since the study was safe and didn't require constant attention, we escaped on Sunday afternoon and went driving with Annie and Ray so Bert could get some extra practise. I was right - he is a good driver. He has gotten complete control of the car in about 12 lessons, and drives very confidently, no nerves, and the same energy that he does everything with. We headed downtown and crossed the Brooklyn Bridge and roamed Brooklyn Heights. There was no point in trying to get out into the country on such a nasty day, and Bert wanted more driving in traffic, anyway. We all had fun. I don't even think Ray was worried about the Corvair, more than anybody is any time when someone new is driving his car. Two phone calls Sunday - one from Gene Foster, of all people, who's in town playing with the Moiseyev dancers, and one from Jean Snowden. I was absolutely delighted to hear from Gene - I was so crazy about him when I was a kid Jean

Swanbeer is a bloody bore, but I've dodged her the last two or three times she was in town, so I made a lunch date with her.

Monday was a clear, cold day - perfect for roofing, but Mrs. Tanner had flown the coop to Stamford. I went up to News Front early to turn in time cards, came home and cleaned the place up, and Jean came over at 1:00. She's lost some weight, but is still terribly large and sloppy, with the same awful aura of unattractiveness - you're not even sure why you don't like her, you just can't! I made her a fondue and we went to the Lion's Head for lunch. Came home again and finished cleaning, and baked a pie, and settled down to wait for Bert and/or Gene, who was expected vaguely for dinner. Amazingly, Gene actually arrived in time to be fed. He's changed very little - when he first walked in, I thought he looked exactly the same. Actually, he's filled out quite a bit - he used to be such a shrimp-boy - and his face has aged somewhat, although I don't think he looks 37 or 38, which he must be, and the hair has gone from bright red to brownish blond. He still talks six to the dozen and drinks quarts of beer. If he's less irresistibly charming than he used to be, it might be that I'm not as easy to charm as I was at 14 or 15, but I think it's that he's started taking life and himself more seriously. If a person is totally self-centered, as Genie always was, the only way to carry it off is to be carefree about it. When you add a sense of responsibility to the self-centeredness, it starts to get boring. He has also lost the touch of the Blarney Stone.

trust he used to have - or maybe a grown-up cousin doesn't strike him as a suitable subject for blarneying the way an adolescent one did. Gene was the first man who ever made me feel good - and when he first met me, when I was 11 or 12, it must have been sheer kindness to animals. I'd have thought, through, that he was the kind of person who made everybody feel good - especially women, but also men, cats and dogs! Funny. Probably, if he's less of a flirt, which is what it comes down to, it's again because of the increased seriousness. He used to amuse himself, I think, by charming the gold out of people's teeth - now he amuses himself by worrying about money and family tangles (the situation with Uncle Norman sounds even messier, now that I've heard his side of it). Well, in spite of all the above, he is still very charming indeed by ordinary standards... and I like him an awful lot. But doesn't, damn it - I'd really hoped that he might. And if he doesn't now, he never will - genie is not the kind of person who grows on one. We had a brainstorm and called Mum and Dad, and I hope it was a good idea - Gene said Mum started to cry on him, but she sounded fine when she was talking to me.

Yesterday it started to rain and drip again. I spent the whole bloody day writing notes to Mrs Tanner, chasing up and downstairs to see if she'd shaved up yet, telephoning Bethel to see if she'd turned up there, and sewing.

She finally called us from Bethel at 9:00 this morning, and insists that her son-in-law is available and will do the job as soon as weather permits, so chances of getting a real roofing company in look slim. She'll be here late today, the 29th, and I'll have to talk to her. The trouble is that none of her characters will do any work unless she is there to needle them, and she's only here half the time.

She really has seemed sympathetic when we've had her up to see what a mess it is. But I think that it's only in one small corner of her mind that she realizes a) that leaking roofs are unpleasant and b) that we are her tenants - rent-paying, and every month, and on time, incredibly enough - and that it's her responsibility to keep the apartment in livable condition. All her real sense of responsibility goes out only to people who are completely helpless, which we are not... although I do think she likes us.

She wouldn't understand that we worry about things being ruined, because she doesn't have any possessions worth worrying about. She wouldn't understand that I, at least, practically feel as if we can't have company, because she is totally lacking in the kind of vanity that makes you not want to have people see you at your worst. She wouldn't understand that it is just plain ugly and uncomfortable and depressing, because she is really, I think, as totally out of tune with her physical surroundings - oblivious to them - as anybody

can be. Like a yogi, if they really are like that. Not even a Buddhist monk – I believe their monasteries are clean, at least! She wouldn't understand that it's a damned nuisance to drag rugs and towels around, because her life consists of one nuisance after another and she simply ignores them. And she wouldn't ever be impressed by the fact that I'm cycling myself to pieces and have pains in my chest from the dampness, because she undoubtedly thinks that if we stopped drinking and smoking and ate health foods, we'd be impervious to the atmosphere, which maybe we would be.

All you can do is say, in effect, "Mrs. Tanner, the roof must be fixed" – never mind why – and just barrel through by sheer stubbornness and force of personality, which is not my long suit. And try to stir up whatever ancestral memories of ordering living she may have.

If I thought it would help to have hysterics on her, I think I'd throw my pride out the window and have them, but I don't think it would – hysterics she's used to.

4-26-41

It's turned hot. The magnolia down the street is in bloom, and our wisteria vine – still all gray over the weekend – came out green yesterday. The first wisteria buds are a very pale, dull green; and sharply.

Yesterday was hot and sunny in the morning, hot and cloudy and almost muggy in the afternoon, with rain at night. Today is a bright blue sky and shredding clouds kind of day, rain going in and out.

I've started exercising - a month to go to get in shape for the Island.

A week to write up again.

We went to hear the Concertgebouw at Carnegie Hall last Wednesday night. Beethoven grand overture, and a modern piece by a Dutchman, and Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, Jochum conducting. Sat in a box. Audience heavily Dutch. I like Carnegie Hall the way it's redecorated this year, with the white walls and red plush. Think Lincoln Center is a big waste of money.

Went to Antoine's Thursday morning, and to News Front, and to Fifth Avenue Motors to start search for a Volkswagen. Small, elegant showroom with one shiny new pale green VW, one ditto Karman Ghia, and two very nice young salesmen, one of whom told me that they're expecting a nice '58 sedan in in about two weeks, so that was that - no chance to drive. Stopped off at Macy's on way home, bought tights, spice jars and cold cuts, and walked rest of way.

Puttered around at home Friday and sent off new batch of ideas to Record Tech. Gabrielle came in in the afternoon, and I read her "Ferdinand" and poems from my old children's poetry book - she's

much too young, but seems to like the sounds. We went to hear Francescatti play the violin at the Metropolitan Friday night - very last concert of the year.

Saturday Bert had his next to last driving lesson before the test. He went to the office in the afternoon, and I hiked up to Altman's, bought perfume and cologne and stockings, and on up to Conover. Went to meet him, and we proceeded crosstown to meet Gene for drinks. I had two, and Bert is never more charming than when he's with someone who knows him but who he's decided he has to make the best of, so I guess Gene did, too. He seemed exactly like his old, ebullient self this time - or maybe images merge.

Sunday the warm spell began. It was a beautiful day, and we went to Washington Square. Our stupid Parks Commissioner has kicked the folk singers out of the circle, and naturally, there's been a great community row going on. This Sunday they got a permit to sing in Thompson Street, and the street was closed off and absolutely jammed with singers, cops, and well-wishers. The singing groups collected along the curbs, all singing different songs, of course, with all the guitars and all the voices blending into one soft chorus, except when you pass close to one group and their song leaps out. Sarah Schoenkopf was distributing leaflets for the Right to Sing Committee, which has been formed to come to the singers' aid. Guess they'll get back in the square -

I hope so. That musical drama is part of the round of summer in the Village, like cricket in the country.

We went on to the Newthrops' and spent the rest of the afternoon in and out of their garden, which is full of daffodils and narcissus.

Uptown Monday morning for an interview with a p.v. man on a story I'm going to do on the candy industry. Had lunch with Betty Brown, who is happily settled in the photo library at Look, and as nice as ever. I forgot to mention that Barbara Harmon got married two weeks ago. We found out when we called Annie and Ray to make plans about the driving and Annie was talking to Barbara and Ray hooked me in on their fancy phone system. So I pumped Betty about her husband, who is a drummer connected with "Bye Bye Birdie" road company and gone for six months, and the report was almost too good to be true. Sober, hardworking, reliable, good natured, etc. and crazy about Barbara. And not particularly good looking. So different, in short, from all the men she got messed up with, and seems as if he really might be right for her and b) be able to handle her. Left B and went back downtown to Fred Taylor and bought new black patent leather shoes, and walked home.

Walked up to News Front yesterday morning, along Eighth Avenue. Tail end of the Village. Then across 14th Street

and into Chelsea, practically solid Puerto Rican; the grocery stores and the signs in store windows and the movie and even a few billboard in Spanish. As much Spanish as English spoken in the street - that clicketty-click dialect, and they have so fast that you don't see how they manage to keep breathing. The Puerto Ricans seem to out of place here in the winter that I'm always glad for them when spring comes - they're like little dark, lively animals coming out of hibernation. Farther up into the 20's on 8th, the stores and restaurants start turning Greek, though I think the Puerto Ricans are crowding most of the Greeks out. There's a wonderful, fly-specked pastry shop up there, with the window full of baklava and the other Greek pastry with the shredded wheat look and the translucent green candy rolled in powdered sugar. It always reminds me of Mom's Syrian in Brooklyn - their pastries were very much the same. And then the funny little odds and ends stores with the incredible assortment of merchandise piled on outdoor counters - stationery, hardware, toys - where I buy the note pads Bert uses. After the Post Office, you're in midtown, on the fringe of the garment district.

Anyway, I went to Penn Front - and collected piles of books, and had a quick lunch at Chock Full 'o Nuts with Isabel, and came back home on the subway. Read and pottered and went out to shop and started dinner at 4:30, which always makes me feel very well organized.

Bert called when he was leaving the office and asked me to meet him at the subway with an umbrella - it was pouring - but by the time I got there, it had stopped and was just a pleasantly damp night. Still girls warm.

He'd taken the driving test at 11:00 - called first before I left for NF to say it was all over and hadn't been too great, and we hashed it over before dinner. I just can't believe he didn't make it. He's driving so well. But it sounds as if his examiner was a simply incredible fussbudget, and he may not have been cautious enough. We will see.

Finished "History of Israel" I've been reading last night - practically only serious book I've read since "Third Reich", except for the plays, which is pretty awful. The Jews were interesting enough in spots, although I found it rather hard to sympathize with them - but what I'm really glad I got is a rough outline of ancient history in general, the Egyptians and Assyrians and Babylonians and so on. I'd really never had a very clear picture before of who was where doing what when.

Bert's giving me a little work from Space/Aeronautics.

He's in Philadelphia today, and probably won't be home for dinner. If I can get hold of Gene, I think I'll go uptown and have an early dinner with him.

Should work this afternoon. Don't want to. Would

like to turn out closet or defrost icebox, which is glacier like again, or go look at Volkswagens.

Anti-Castro rebels tried to invade Cuba last week and got clobbered. Made us look like idiots - first time Kennedy's goofed.

"Ultra" generals tried to take over Algeria This week. Threatened to invade France, even. De Gaulle, who one first can't help liking, clobbered them.

The world is a bloody mess, but still an interesting one.

Have just flipped through all I've written here, trying to vent & get a fix on the year so far.

I have been terribly abstracted... I've tried to keep from rambling on about my moods every time I write, but I can tell. Whenever my descriptions of things get rambling and foggy, it's likely to mean that I was really Thinking of other things.

Let's face it, for most of this year I've been fighting demons of imagination - The kind that get into your brain and make you scream "no, no, no" inside because you can't get them out. I've been fighting the feeling that my life is going to burst like a soap bubble.

This isn't to say that I haven't been

happy at all - I'm easily distracted, and when I'm distracted, I'm perfectly happy - on the upper layers, so to speak. But the tension is still there underneath.

And it is also so God-damned silly.

My inability to shake - or come to terms with - the events of the past two years is something else again, although I'm sure it's closely related. And that is silly, too.

I talked to Bert about it a couple of weeks ago, and believe it or not, although I said practically nothing I hadn't said to him at numerous before, it helped me.

I still feel as if there are so many loose ends - things I don't understand that I wish I could. Things I resent that I wish he could explain in such a way that I could stop resenting them. Things I did and failed to do that I'm sorry for and want to be reassured about.

But - incredibly, to me - I just don't think Bert is very interested in the whole business anymore, and that fact - if it's really true - should give me some of the reassurance I want.

Nothing more, in all probability, is going to happen. No more crises, no more catharses, no more catalysts. I have to do what remains to be done myself - stop wondering, stop regretting, stop resenting, and obsess all. Keep on trying as hard as I possibly can to

make use of what I believe I've learned from the whole business.

Maybe my completely idiotic apprehensions about the future are a masochistic device to keep my mind in the past. But I can explain them away a dozen other ways, and they're still around. Here, too, nobody can really help me but myself, and what's required is just simple mental discipline.

Oh, I'm too tired inside my mind to try and figure it out now. And must get started doing things. More next time, maybe, if it doesn't really all start going away - and maybe it will. The last few days, with the weather so beautiful, I've really felt as though I'm starting to come out into the light. And if I am, I should relax and let it happen, and not keep bedeviling my brain with all this nonsense.

Funny - The first few weeks of this year, I think I was almost completely happy and secure. The pleasing contrary rounds that way. And then the demons started coming.

But I must stop.

7/12/61

Almost three months since I've written, which is too bad - so many nice things have been happening - but I'll try to catch up on them.

Re last installment - I am much better -

not free of fear, but almost, though God.

And the memories and regrets and recriminations are down to very manageable levels. What comes to my mind most now - really, honestly - is wishing that things could have turned out more happily, the way Bert wanted them to last summer. Possibly they have, for Bert and Ellin, but I rather doubt it. One of these days or weeks I suppose I'll ask him - we have almost literally not said a word about the whole business since the beginning of April.

And I am so very, very grateful that things are as good as they are... I wish I could do a better job of telling Bert how grateful I am, and how I love him, and how sorry I am for all my bitchiness.

Today is very hot. supposed to hit 90. I'm lying on the bed in one of my $2.99 housedresses from last summer, and a little breeze is coming in the windows.

We have a green jungle of treetops outside the living room again.

As long as I can be lazy, I like very hot weather. and I'm being lazy this week.

Worked very hard through May and June. Bert gave me a huge bibliography to do for the S/A handbook, and then, because Leonard was in the hospital with a mysterious lung ailment, started me doing copy and proof reading and dummying, too. And then several hundred

new literature items, and it all kept growing and growing. I really worked - it was hard at first because I was so scared of the technical stuff and generally of doing things wrong - and made something like $600 and had a marvelous time.

I'd always wished we could work together, and thought we'd get along well, and I really think we did. Hope Bert does. I took longer on everything than I was supposed to. partly poor planning and partly that it did grow so - but otherwise I don't think I was too much of a nuisance.

And I learned more about what really goes on in his work than I had in nine years, almost. Before — not that I couldn't have before if I hadn't been so lazy.

I'm so awfully glad it happened. And I'm going to go on doing abstracts, and - This will really be fun — a new feature they're starting about engineers' problems.

We got the car - it's a gray-blue '56 Volkswagen, and we like it very much.

And we're back on the Island weekends, since Memorial Day.

Angus was here for a long weekend early in May.

The Kovacks showed up.

I was godmother to Julia Northrop in June.

We had Johnny and Michael out to the Island for a weekend, and Ursula and Peder last weekend and Annie and Ray this coming one.

Ray and Johnny are both going into business for themselves, electronics and municipal bonds respectively.

Now that it's summer and it wouldn't matter awfully if the furnace broke down, the electricity in the house has started acting up.

We've been to a lot of movies.

I'm trying to learn chess out on the Island, and embarking on one of my periodic efforts to read more, and am absolutely, positively going to start German again while we're on vacation, if not sooner.

I had a large piece taken out of my behind in May - same thing as last year's piece out of my leg - and have a scar that looks like a fish.

And that is the last three months, very much condensed.

I want to write all about getting the car, and about the Island, but not

must have. Have to go to Nicola's and get stuff for a chef's salad, and move the car from W. 4th St. to Bank St. — having a car parked on the street in New York adds a whole new dimension to one's life.

7/24/68

Heat wave. Temperature's been in the 90s for three days, up to 97 on Saturday, and the horses is molded for two weeks.

Had a fine weekend with Connie and Ray, although it was raining and foggy most of the time.

Last week was fantastically busy. But is easing up after the handbook and left late every day, so I didn't even pretend to get going till the middle of the morning. Got some shopping done and shirts shortened and little else. It was hot all week, though not like this last weekend, and fortunately, the movie situation was pretty good, so we could get some air conditioning. Saw "Two-Way Stretch" — very good and funny — and "The Bridge" — very good and sad.

Saturday afternoon we took off into Westchester in the car — drove up the Saw Mill River and Taconic Parkways to a state park with a lake, and then on to Carmel in Putnam county and back. Beautiful green country. Nice little farming towns. Hot dogs and beer.

yesterday afternoon we went to see "The Guns of Navarone" - very thrilling, and one of those almost-three-hour jobs, so we got a lot of air conditioning. Walked back down the hot, quiet East Side and bought reversal paperback thrillers and came home to bake.

Today I'm starting to work again. Going up to see Bert and Vic about second Readers' Roundtable. Have green beans for salad in the icebox, and should make the salad before I go.

9-18-61

Today is the first day that feels like fall - all crisp and blue and bright. It would be wonderful, but the furnace - naturally - is on the blink now that we need it.

I'm all full of energy and good resolutions and what have you. Going to clean this week, although it is bloody discouraging to try and make this place look nice when the roof's never been fixed and the living room ceiling is one huge human blister.

We're starting to move in from the Island - stacks of laundry piling up waiting to be ironed. But we still have two more weekends before we close the house.

We went out last Wednesday night, for half of Bert's third week of vacation.

The weather stayed hot till Saturday, and it was so beautiful. And practically nobody on Glen Wells but us.

We got in Wednesday in time to go to the beach. Bert headed straight for the sandbar, as usual when the ocean is nice, and I went out after him as fast as I could. It's the strangest feeling to be out beyond the breakers so you can't see the shore when you look back, and swim ahead with the roaring of the sandbar breakers out in front in your ears. The water gets foamy as you swim out, and then the sandbar breakers are crashing right in front of you, but they shift so that you can't always get into them.

Thursday the surf was very rough and we took the raft out and rode in to Dunewood.

Friday it rained in the morning, and we walked to Saltaire when it cleared.

Saturday - Bert's birthday - was fair and windy and cool. We played with our flying platters in the shallow water, and I swam. The ocean was icy - I guess I've really toughened up some over the summer. I gave Bert a new fountain pen, and a book of essays by Mary McCarthy, and an Tom an two more volumes of the Alan Nevins Civil War period history. And we had yorkish and a rather peculiar apple cake - baking out there is frought

with hazards because of the peculiar size and shapes of the dishes.

Yesterday was cooler and windier. We walked down the beach to the state park, with huge long breakers rolling in slantwise and the wind roaring in our ears. It was hot on the porch in the sun. And I can't remember a more beautiful day all summer, with the sky such a deep blue and the grass on the dunes bent by the wind and shining in the sun. Such a nice, relaxed end-of-summer feeling about it. I put on slacks and a sweater and walked barefoot up to the end of the walk where you stand and look down at the beach, late in the afternoon before we started packing, and the whole beach was empty except for two white seagulls. There were more gulls than usual last weekend, for some reason, and they look so good, white against the blue sky.

The weather out there has been fabulous all summer. It only rained once - the weekend Annie and Ray were out - between the end of June and last Friday.

It's hopeless to try and write about it all... purple wild sweetpeas growing all over the dunes in June, and all kinds of birds, but mostly redwinged blackbirds, and bright red Navy helicopters buzzing the beach, and ships going by on the horizon. And all the view from our terrace - the ocean stretching out like a big

lake on calm days, and covered with racing bits of white foam on windy ones, and the sunsets, and the little lights that you can see at night from all the way across the bay. And the red roses the Colahans planted around the house. And the morning I walked down to Ocean Beach, very early, with everything so quiet, just gulls on the beach, and the ocean pale gold in the sun. I tried to remember the words of the hymn that goes "Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee, casting down their golden crowns upon a glassy sea..." And our vacation... waking up early when the sun poured in the window of the red room, and going back to sleep for hours, every day for two weeks. We'd have breakfast around noon and spend the afternoon on the beach.. sometimes I brought sandwiches and beer down late in the afternoon. Then we'd go back and have hot showers, and eventually move out to the porch, and eventually I'd get down to Eddie's to sleep for dinner. Then drinks, and dinner, and reading all evening, and I went to bed early ( ) must have slept 10 hours a day at least all the time we were there) and Bert late. The Kerthups were out for a week, and Johnny came over to play cards one night and Barbara to dinner another night (that was when I spilled hot olive oil all down my legs and got a set of scars that are still fading). It was a fantastically lazy existence, and we both think we could keep it up for a whole

summer. And good food, how I ate! Bacon and eggs for breakfast, and peanut butter sandwiches, and beer and milk and icecream and cookies, and big dinners. It was the first time in a long time that I can remember eating just for the pleasure of nourishing myself – a very childlike feeling, and quite different from eating because you're actually hungry and/or because the food is good, although both the latter were true, too.

Annie and Roy came out for Labor Day (with Angus), and Annie and I stayed over. Then I went in town on Thursday to vote in the primaries, and Roy came back out Friday morning and they stayed over the next weekend. That was all the vacation they got, what with Roy's new business. We had a wonderful time with them, tossing platters on the beach and riding the raft, and playing hearts and blackjack-for-paperclips at night.

Wonderful swimming all summer, after June. There were days when you could have stayed in the water for hours. Shells. Sandpipers. We're both very tan – Bert most – and my toes are practically straightened and de-callused. I had nice clothes this summer, I think – lots of white shirts and shorts, and a turquoise top and a black knit one and a black terry one and a pink shirt and a red-and-white striped one... my beach bathing suit is completely shot from hard wear, I don't even think I'll bring it back to the city.

It's noon, and I've taken a load of laundry to the laundromat, washed T-shirts and socks, collected summer dresses from Chinaman to go into storage at Al's, been to Nicola's, paid two small bills, and cleaned slightly. Am now lunching on coffee yoghurt and waiting for the World Series game to start.

Our last long weekend on the Island was blue and white and green and beautiful. We could still swim on Saturday the 30th. Packed and got out on Sunday in fairly good shape. The Volkswagen was loaded with: 3 suitcases, 1 overnight bag, 1 small duffle bag, 1 huge, bulging laundry bag with broken cord, 1 typewriter, 1 Thermalcamp, 1 carton of food. If the VW people had seen us, they'd have taken a picture for an ad. Hope we go back next year.

It's fun to be back in the city. I feel so good that I'm almost – since I still get the creeps now and then – afraid to say how good I feel. But I do, and the hell with it.

Tuesday I worked at Conover-Mast all afternoon, and we went from there to an opening at the Modern Museum — colleagues, some good, some hilarious. Met Stephanie and Dick. Had dinner at the Champlain.

Thursday we went to see the Rem(m)acken – a cabaret group from Dusseldorf. It was mild, on my head, but they were such good actors that I got quite a bit out of pantomime, and I loved it. Met Manfred and Brigit. Had drinks at the Algonquin.

I cleaned the kitchen last week – emptied every single thing out, till the

bedroom and living room were simply ditched. Took me all day, and it does look nice now. Will do a halfway job on the rest of the place this week. No point knocking myself out till the blasted roof is fixed – the painting will be so messy. Ceiling fixed, I mean – the roof. I'm quite sure, is all done.

Got a permanent last Friday, and think it's going to be quite successful. Stopped. Got the encrusted black for but that I resisted last year.

Friday night we saw "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," and both weekend afternoons we spent at Annie and Ray's watching the series on TV.

And I'm wondering, even if it doesn't sound like it. Bert's giving me a lot of Concern. Most stuff again, because Walter is busy on a special issue. And I keep grinding along on News Front – ashamed to admit it, but I'm awfully bored with the damned thing. Can't afford to let them go, though, and wouldn't as long as Tom's there. Must get another batch of ideas off to Leonard Tuck. I'll have to check with him sooner or later, and I'd like to have another client by the end of the year, partly to look better on the tax form.

10/24

We are having a lovely fall... making up for last spring when it did nothing but rain.

Weekend after I wrote last, we drove up to Barton. First time both there since Christmas '58, I think. The drive was so beautiful – leaves every autumn color from maroon to lemon yellow. I think the most amazing is that red of translucent rose –

and red sumac all along the highways. Car behaved beautifully. We left New York at noon, got into awful traffic in Boston and Cambridge, and hit Forest St. at 5:30. Dinner that night at Kovacks' - very good for once, paprika chicken and veal, but horrid frozen pecan pie for dessert. Boys bigger, naturally, and both very charming. (Peter's list of people who epitomise the '60s for him - "Presley, Brubeck, Bernstein, and - uh - Kennedy.")

Saturday we went driving with Dantschi and Dick - more beautiful country. Dantschi looks tired and sad, but must be much, much better than a few months ago, from the way Angus talked then. I wish we'd gotten to know each other better during her healthier intervals. I really think we could be friends, and it's pretty hopeless when she thinks of me as all sorts of things I'm not. Had dinner at Forest St. and watched TV and played blackjack.

Just sat around on Sunday, and started back about 2:00. It was raining, and Bert had to go down in the rain before we left and scrub off the obscenities that some Cambridge juvenile delinquents had written on the poor little car! Weather cleared half an hour outs the Mass Turnpike, and the rest of the drive was lovely.

Last week I worked at New Front, mostly, and spent a couple afternoons at Cerner-West.

Drove out to Montclair on Wednesday to help Annie get moved. The new house is very pretty - but awfully small and flimsy, sort of, for $32,000! Beautiful location, though - high on a hill, with a big lot, lovely, winding, tree-shaded, no-sidewalk road, and something called Eagle Rock Reservation in back - nice big woods that presumably won't get built up. We had a lovely day, unpacking cartons and moving furniture around. (New houses smell so good.. a kind of fresh, empty smell with paint and varnish and wood shavings in it.) Got lost coming back, and was late getting home to start dinner for Vernon, who had suddenly popped up a few weeks ago after a disappearance of over two years. It seems he's had three breakdowns, and been in Bellevue and the New York Psychiatric Institute. He seems fine now, and says cheerfully that all poets have to go mad. We had a very nice evening with him, and dinner was good inspite of late start and the place looked nice in spite of peeling ceiling, and the hostess stayed sober.

Friday we went to a SAND cocktail party at the Northrops'. Guest of honor was a Burmese diplomat who got cornered by two earnest guests & had to spend whole evening being grilled about neutralism. It was a pretty nice party - about as nice as a fund-raising party can get. We were going to go to dinner with the Northrops and some very nice neighbors of theirs, which would have been fun, although I'd rather have just gone with Bert. But the neighbors couldn't come, and one of

their SANE people - a pretty awful woman - died, so it was pretty grisly. She was one of those unsuccessfully aging bleached blondes who talk six to the dozen and act as if they think they're charming and aren't - They are horrible parodies of charm. And you feel sorry for them and can't help finding them repulsive and think "my God, could I ever turn into that?" all at the same time. A joiner of everything in sight, naturally. ("I used to be in a group called the Committee for Non-Violent Alternatives it broke up after Korea the lady who organized it was quite elderly so naturally she died...") Well, it was now over - dinner, that is - and the poor thing had to have dinner with somebody. I lectured myself on the perils of vanity all the way home.

Nice quiet weekend. Heard Gorimon Novaes play Schumann at The Metropolitan Sunday night - There was also some Bartok, which I liked, and some Bachianos Brasileiros, which are lovely movie music.

Yesterday I went to the eye doctor - have cysts, and have been going to Dr. Ingerman for some mysterious shots, but the eye kept swelling - and to Conover - Mast to work.

Puttering day today. Better go mow car now.

10/30

Got very little done last week, in spite of best intentions. and have to work like mad this week - News Front story, Round Table, and BICA.

Annie came in from last Thursday, and we had lunch at the Casa di Pre and cleaned the old apartment in the afternoon.

Made sauerbraten Saturday.

Yesterday we drove out to Stony Brook. Bert and Vic wanted to get some talking done. Beautiful drive - leaves all rust-colored now. Huge dinner with the usual crew of relatives - spaghetti and meat balls, and then pork chops, mushrooms, potatoes and salad, pie and cake, with Vic's father's wine. Bruno is almost two, and quite cute, with ear-length blond hair.

It's now 11:30 Monday. I got up early to get the car out of the illegal spot we parked in last night, took it to the garage for two hours, went back and had them check the tires and drove around to 4th Street. Have cleaned fireplace and gotten laundry out and things generally organized, and been to Nicola's - there's a mile line on, but Nicola's is having limited supplies down from upstate. And must get to work.

I'm being foolish again. Bert is driving to Philadelphia Wednesday, and I've got the jitters. Good Lord, what a record of nervous this thing is going to sound like! I wanted to write a little this morning to remind myself that life is sane and normal and I must be, too. Work.

11-6-61

It's 4:45, and I'm giving myself a masque, so

I'll write while it dries. Smells like chocolate. I worked like crazy last week, and will have a pile of B/CA stuff to get through - all tomorrow, I hope.

We went to hear the Albeneri Trio at the Carnegie Recital Hall last Monday and Rubenstein at big Carnegie Hall Wednesday. Rubenstein again tonight.

Saw "The Hustlers" (all about pool sharks, with Paul Newman, who looks like Dick Kennedy) and a collection of old silent comedies Friday night.

Drove out to Montclair for dinner with Annie and Roy Saturday night. They've acquired two kittens - a black and a black-and-white one.

Worked most of Sunday, with time out for goulash and apple cake. I finished Round Table at about 2:00 am, and couldn't get to sleep till 5:00.

Awfully tired today, but got started on the B/CA. Smillie came to look at the ceilings, and he'll do all the painting for $50, bless him. Had long telephone talk with Steph, who says she's been so worried about me that she hasn't been sleeping.

Things have been bad - Berlin, mostly, and now the Russians testing again, and I've had my share of fits, but I'm not scared that way.

A nuclear bomb hitting New York would be

The end of the world, as far as we were concerned, and you can't be afraid of that. God knows I'm afraid of death. I don't want to die and leave the people and the world I love behind me - not for as long as I can help it. I don't want Bert to die and leave me, and I have a childish horror of the physical facts of death. But the idea of a nuclear apocalypse is so huge that it swallows all these things up. My sadness and fear and anger when I think of World War III are - I really, honestly believe - mostly for the world, for all the good and wonderful and beautiful and nice things of civilization, for people everywhere, for life. I know the destruction might be far from total, and the corruption of the human race by fallout less than some people fear, but so very, very much could be lost, at best. I don't think I really believe it will happen. I think that here I have the faith in God that I find so hard to hang onto in my own everyday life.

11-22-61

Day before Thanksgiving. Annie came in for coffee and to buy our turkey, since we got a late invitation to the Van Thorps', and we discussed her plans for the largest Thanksgiving dinner ever cooked - her first. I've washed my hair and am waiting for it to get dry enough to set. I'd honestly rather we weren't going to the Van Thorps', but it was nice of them to ask us, and it's silly to want things exactly the same every year.

Over two weeks since I've written, and Indian summer is absolutely over. We've had a few flecks of snow, even.

Two weeks ago Monday was the second Rubenstein concert, and we had dinner first at the Steak Pommes Frites. Got to Carnegie Hall at 8:00 and found that we can beat all the elderly ladies to the box and get the front seats, but I felt so guilty about blocking their view that I'm not sure it was worth it! However, it was a very, very nice evening.

Wednesday that week I drove to Montclair - in 45 minutes flat - and Annie and I planted some of the bulbs we'd bought them.

Week otherwise mostly work.

Saturday we drove down the Jersey shore - via George Washington Bridge into Jersey, out of Jersey and across Staten Island, and back into Jersey again. Ended up in a little town whose name I can't remember. That must be a real honky-tonk resort in the summer, but was all boarded up and quiet, and walked a little on the beach. Then back across Staten Island again and home on the ferry. We left the car down below and went up and got hot dogs and coffee, and stood out on deck watching that amazing night skyline... first time I'd been on the ferry after dark in years, I think.

Last week Smillie finally came to paint the ceilings. He was here two days, and we're beautiful, relatively. And I worked myself practically out of the woods. And we saw "Breathless" - very good movie, with, among other things, a

needlessness portrait of an American girl in Paris.

Friday we drove to the Metropolitan for the first Budapest String Quartet concert - Beethoven. Roisman has a mustache.

Saturday we drove up to West Point - an absolutely beautiful trip, and the views from West Point itself are too lovely to be wasted on the poor cadets.

Sunday was the third Rubenstein concert, and the best of the three. When he really gets rolling, he's marvelous. The Hartmans were there and we drove home with them and got invited for Thanksgiving.

Monday This week I had lunch with Irmengarde at the Toque Blanche, and did some house shopping at Altman's on the way home.

And yesterday I had a beauty spot out of my eyelid. Very strange little operation. After the freezing, which hurts like hell, the lid is turned back and actually taped, I think, to the forehead, and your eye feels as big as your whole head usually does, and there's that weird sensation of feeling every snip of the scissors with no pain. It hurt horribly afterwards, and I came home and took aspirin and brandy and slept, and we had a pizza from La Mamonetta for dinner. Took the bandage off in the evening, and the eye was one great red lump. Bert went out and bought me a pile of pocket novels, and I went to bed early and read with an eye

patch as.

Doctor at 9:15 This morning. Got home at 10:30, and Bert had overslept completely and was just leaving. Was lazy for two hours, and then went back uptown to meet Bert and go look at a new rug for the living room at Altman's, and have lunch, and got home to find Annie waiting on the steps.

1-2-32

New Year, and today is as nice and shiny a day as you could ask for.

December and the holidays were very fine. Lots of concerts. Nicest were four Sunday afternoon Haydn concerts at the New School, with Alexander Schneider presiding. Had dinner with ER at the Cosmopolitan Club before one of the Budapest concerts at the Museum. Ibsen stein series came to a crashing finale in the middle of the month.

First Christmas card - sent of like first robin - early in December, from Kiko Castro. Ran into hibernation - I drove to Brooklyn with the garage man. Christmas shopping, and the study piling up with packages and shopping bags and wrapping papers and ribbons. Ran into very pregnant Ida in Ford and Taylor one day, and had lunch at the Bird Cage, which is one of those absurdly ladylike things to find oneself doing that it strikes me funny, a little. (Does everybody find it rather incredible at times to be successfully grown up, or is it just me?) Packages wrapped and mailed; rather earlier than usual. Lunch with Bert at the Museum (Modern) and card-picking expedition. Ended up with an orange Klee angel

(from the Museum). Got them printed at the little store on Eighth Street and mailed. Rick Kennedy blew in for over two nights.

I got the wreaths and greens up the week before Christmas, and the Kerthopes came to dinner on the Thursday. Johnny and Barbara are having problems, damn it, which I will not detail, and the evening was a trifle sticky but on the whole o/k. Next day, Friday, I practically circled Manhattan shopping for Bert, ran into Barbara in the ten cent store on Sixth Avenue where I was buying Christmas tree junk and had coffee with her, and tramped home to find Bert already there. The office having fallen to pieces as usual on the day before the holiday. Saturday it snowed. Annie and Ray were due in for dinner and didn't arrive till 10:00 - but we had a very good time when they did, and went on with them to a party at their friend John Oakley's, where we danced the Twist (more or less) and stayed till about 5:00. Got the tree in that afternoon. It's a very big, thick table top tree - so beautifully shaped and woodsy looking that we ended up leaving off the candles and tinsel.

Christmas Eve day I spent baking - started at 1:00 after very late night, and finished just in time to go over to Kerthopes and help them set up wild and wonderful toys for Christmas and India. Then home to call Mom and Dad and put the ornaments on our tree.

Christmas Day I went to church at 10:00. Had stollen and sausages for breakfast and opened presents. Spent afternoon listening to Bert's operas - "Rosencavalier" from Mom and Dad and "Otello" from me. Good goose and terrible potato dumplings for dinner. By late evening, Bert was already coming down with a cold

and no, although I didn't admit it, was I.

Christmas to New Years week was rather groggy with colds. I barely managed to finish current Pioneer and household conditions deteriorated.

Friday night we went to see "Purple Noon", and bought two Alastair MacLean Thrillers and an old Ellery Queen on the way home and spent most of the weekend reading them.

New Years Eve we went to "The Mark" and came home for a quick steak dinner and met the NorThrops at a party the Don Cooks were having. Don't know if I ever mentioned the wild coincidence of Don and family having moved in as the NorThrops' tenants, but they did last summer, and this was the first time we'd met them. It was a very good party - small jazz band for dancing, even. Don has gotten pudgy, which does not suit his type of ugliness at all, and I rather think his charm has somehow gotten pudgy too, but he seems nice. We left the party about 3:00 and went downstairs with the NorThrops - who were having a very fine time, at least for the evening - and cooked bacon and eggs and played Barbara's old 78s. Home about 5:00 again.

I got up at 2:00 on New years Day, and went out into a very gray, drab, comfortable Village to buy and find a paper. No go. But got up at 3:30, and we were very lazy all day. I got the Christmas presents put away and the cards down from the bookcases and into a big bowl for temporary keeping, and straightened up the study. I do like New years Day if one is not having one, which

we weren't.

Also like the first New Year week - so many nice, turning-over-new-leaf sort of things to do. Today, I'm afraid, I have a piece of 1961 left over, in the form of February Round Table, which I must finish.

1-3-62

Noon, and I'm just getting down to work on Round Table. Will finish tomorrow a.m.

Worked till late afternoon yesterday, then cleaned the place up - most that accumulates over a three-day weekend is staggering - and went to Nicola's and came home and made macaroni au fromage. It was cold in the living room, and we had a huge fire. Resumed "Anglo Saxon England" after dinner. Went to bed early but couldn't sleep, and amused myself planning menus for Tommy Kovach, who is coming this month, and Chayes, who I hope will come next.

Overslept this morning - But didn't leave till after 10:00.

1-4-62

Furnace has broken down again! It's supposed to get fixed today, and I hope so. I'm chilled through and have a rotten cold.

Worked pretty well yesterday. Went out late and collected three packages of laundry from Chinaman and all my frontier posts from A.I. (everything broke down over Christmas) and shopped for dinner.

We went to hear the Budapest play Mozart at the Kaufman Auditorium - The usual two quartets and a quintet with Trampler. All lovely.

Income tax forms came, with a New Frontier touch - letter to taxpayers on front quoting Oliver Wendell Holmes about it's fun to pay taxes.

Stupid morning. Had Round Table all rolling in my head and was just getting down to work when Tom called, had to decide on next month's Pioneer for this month's Blends. Worked an hour on the telephone checking possibilities. Now it's getting on for noon, and I think I'd better go out and chop and order wood while it's sunny, at least. Then I'll still have the afternoon to try and finish in.

Late Christmas card from Lois in Paris - Toby in in line for job as scientific attache to French Embassy in Moscow!

Forgot to say how beautiful the drive home last night was. The Christmas lighting this season was so lovely, and a lot of it's still up. Park Avenue is lined with white lighted trees, as always. And the view from the park doesn't need Christmas decorations. When you're driving through in a taxi, especially heading south, and look up and out through the trees at those masses of tall, lighted buildings, it's like being on an island within an island. And the ground is still covered with snow - really dirty gray, probably, but white by night.

1-9-62

Off to Montclair in about half an hour, which just about gives me time to catch up.

Worked through Friday morning on Round Table.

Finished. Took it up to the office and had late lunch at Schuffels. Saw automated train in shuttle, standing there all repaid off in solitary glory. Went to Budapest Beethoven concert at museum Friday night - only two quartets, to even things out, and really think two is the most absorbable length. Or two and a short piece - but don't recognize much music for string quartets has been written, other than formal quartets.

Saturday we slept very late. Bert went up to the office to collect a manuscript or whatever. I went to Nicola's. And that was the extent of our activity. The furnace, which had been fixed, gave us a brief scare but righted itself.

Sunday another lazy day. I took the tree down late in the afternoon - trimming and untrimming Christmas trees is such a lovely, fragile ritual. And Bert took it downstairs and chopped it up for firewood, which seems like a much nicer idea than throwing it away. I made stuffed cabbages for dinner and cooked a chicken for future curry. Read Anglo Saxons, who keep getting in trouble with Danes.

Yesterday I spent the morning doing February abstracts. Along about noon, a shabby little man with a sheaf of papers in hand knocked at the door and handed me a subpoena from Municipal Court and the Building Department. I stood there staring at it and said, "But I don't own the house." And then I saw it was to an action against Mrs. Tanner. Went racing downstairs to find her, and found her gloriously unconcerned. Seems when the Fire Department inspectors came around last year, some of the

types insisted that they pay rent - which I very much doubt, occasional contributions maybe - and now the Building Dept. won't believe she's a two-family house. So I and an assortment of the types am (are) going to court tomorrow.

Recovered from the shock and went uptown with the abstracts. Walked way back downtown doing odds and ends of shopping. Ended up at Bon Bazar to look at burlap for new living room curtains. Did I ever say that we got a new rug, before Christmas?

We had a fairly hilarious time before dinner, talking about how I should behave at the trial - Bert wasn't called, which is fortunate. Guess they picked me because I met the Fire Dept. inspectors last year.

After dinner, we read backwards through the Oxford Book of English Verse, and I went to bed with a heating pad. My shoulder is hurting like bloody hell - some arthritis-type thing I had for two weeks last summer.

Straightened up the kitchen slightly this morning (part-holiday) and tried to iron, but blasted iron is sticking again.

I'm going to take the new camera from Mum and Dad out to Annie's. Didn't say it finally arrived, after snarl with customs, last Friday. Tiny thing, in a box with flash attachment, batteries, flashbulbs and film. It looked so delightful - grownup toys are fun. I loaded up on film Saturday.

1-10-62

Day in court over, and a complete waste. Mrs. Tanner has to go back on the 31st with a lawyer.

I must be a psychosomatic mess. I still have a bad pain in my shoulder and neck that comes and goes, and last night I got cramps in my right leg to join it. I feel sick to my stomach from hunting. I'm laying down with the heating pad now, and will see if I can clear up the shoulder enough to be able to get something done this afternoon.

Court was teeming and slightly depressing. I arrived at about 9:30 - great big echoing old building - and climbed the stairs following "Magistrate's Court" signs and presented my subpoena in the clerks' office. Was told court didn't convene till 10:00. Went out for breakfast. Got back at 10:00 to find Mrs. Tanner - who'd still been braiding her hair when I left the house - and Joe and Tracy Kingman just arriving. Room full of large, prosperous men with building plans and blueprints, and less prosperous, lower middle class small businessmen types, looking worried, and a few really shabby people - you wondered how they'd scraped up enough to buy a building. Looking baffled, lawyers all over the place, better-pressed suits and prettier ties than their clients, on the whole, whispering with the clients and with the young prosecutor, who sat at a long table down from the dais with the judge's bench, putting each other on the back, hefting briefcases and acting very important. Judge looked like a wormed potato. Seemed conscientious and nice. Holding

of course seemed like a complete mess, to the day observer at least. Of course, I couldn't hear half what they said, even after I'd moved up to the front row. They were called one right after another, and one lawyer would stay at the bar cajoling the prosecutor while the next was harangueing the judge, so that the poor prosecutor had to have his mind on two cases at once.

Mrs. Tanner was called and went to the bar herself, looking very fragile and ladylike in spite of a wild peoples kind suit, and the judge - a Bill Owen type, really - was shocked that she didn't have a lawyer. Leaned forward over the bench to argue with her, his face a mass of concern. "But this is a crime you're charged with." Decided that she should have it out with the prosecutor. So she sat down again, and conferred with the prosecutor during the breaks several times during the next few cases.

Jane, in slacks, socks, toeless shoes and fur coat and quite drunk, and Tracy in old fur-collared Khaki coat and I went out for cigarette several time. I'm afraid I don't like Jane at all. Got quite unpleasant with her once and was ashamed. But the two of them carrying on about disgraceful conditions at 72 Bank made me so mad. If Mrs. Tanner left the house, they'd be in a worse hole than we would by far, and we're probably the only ones who really care. Maybe I'm wrong - you can, of course, be rude to and about people you love - but it seems as if the saddest thing about Mrs. Tanner is that she's spending her old age trying to be good - in her own very peculiar way, granted - to people who are so rich that they're practically incapable of gratitude, much less of being any kind of help

to her when she's in trouble. And I do think part of the reason why she does it is because she wants to be not only needed, which she is, although they won't admit it, but also loved.

After a couple of hours, we were all sent over to Part II of the courtroom, where Magistrate Gomez - a big, broad Aztec figure type. Though he's probably Puerto Rican - was sitting. He's good - I'm quite sure I've read about him as being one of the more liberal and intelligent and humane magistrates. He and Mrs. Tanner greeted each other like old friends, since she's had her hearing before him. He also said lawyers, and she reluctantly agreed.

We filed out of Part II, followed by the building inspector who'd made the report. He likes Mrs. Tanner, too, and was almost trying to apologize for having reported her. Also trying to explain that the changes to be made in the house were really small, and that she was almost sure to get off with a suspended sentence. It seems that you can become a multiple dwelling not only by renting to more than one person, which they're rather ready to admit she does not, but also by having more than a fixed number of kitchens and baths. So she'll have to rip out some equipment. But at least the people in Part II seemed to understand what she was all about. The prosecutor back in Part I, it seems, had been telling her she ought to get an architect. Architect, when she has to scrounge to pay the fuel bill!

We all came home in a taxi, at Jane's and Tracy's insistance. Typical. Subway from Chambers to Bank is so convenient that not even I would have dreamed of a taxi.

1·11·62

Wrote most of above today. I just conked out yesterday. The shoulder was so bad. Lay under the heating pad all afternoon, and slept a little.

Then Bert came home, and I told him all about court, and we had dinner and went to the Y - last of the Mozart series. The "Dissonant", which I like and do not think is so hard, and a very good second quartet and quintet. I wonder what they'll do next year? They can't alternate Beethoven and Mozart at the Y and the Museum year after year, or can they? Home in a very cold night.

Tuesday at Annie's was fun. I took a whole roll of color film, and she told my fortune with Tarot cards, which are her latest passion.

Shoulder is better today, and we are probably, if we ever make all the necessary contacts, going out to dinner with the Schildknechts and Renee and her husband, who are supposed to be in town. As of yesterday, Annie still hadn't reached Renee in Boston, and we overslept this morning, so if she called me before starting in to her analyst, I missed it. She gets out of her session at 1:00. I think, so I'd better get out and shop soon and be home by then.

It's a freezing cold day. I guess - supposed to go down to 5-10° last night - but the

furnace is working fine (knock on wood) and I am quite cozy.

Want to start off cast back over last year. It was a nice year, no doubt about it, in spite of my odd depressions and fears. I'm really a kind of schizophrenic - I do enjoy life and the things I do, even while a neurosis or two is simmering away inside. Probably most people or many people do. It is very damned complicated.

And, of course, during last year the events of the previous two finally faded into the past tense, where they are now. I last asked Bert about Ellin in August - he told me he was not seeing her at all any more, and didn't like my asking

I wish I could have shaken the whole thing months sooner than I did. I also still wish very much that I'd coped better during the second half of 1960. But in a way, although God knows he wanted me to be happy and tried to help me, Bert did make it hard for me - I don't think it's too unfair to say that. And since I can readily admit that he could not have behaved differently, I should be willing to admit the same for myself, I'm just sorry. Not, as I've said before, that it would have changed anything. In fact, if Ellin and I had really been friends, the catastrophe at the end of '60 might even have been harder on everyone than it was.

If I did one valuable Thing during 1961, I think it was that I attained more external emotional balance than I've ever had. Since last summer, at least, I've made fewer scenes, thrown fewer crying fits, been less irritable and less ruled by even petty things.

I made a deliberate effort to do this, and it worked. I can really manage to remind myself now that whatever I'm unhappy or mad or hurt about is not important, and that I'll be a damned fool if I let it bother Bert, and keep it pretty much to myself. And I think this is partly because of my conscious awareness of, and overwhelming gratitude for, the things that are important.

I think it's also true that Bert is nicer to me than he was before 1959. But it's very likely that I just appreciate him more.

I've gotten some perspective on the 1954-59 period - I no longer feel, as I did a year ago, that I spent it slowly but surely driving my marriage straight into disaster. I loved Bert very much, and tried hard, by my then lights, to do a good job of living with him. It's easy, me being me, to remember that I was selfish and careless and tactless and irresponsible and demanding. It's harder, me being me, to remember that undoubtedly at many times and in many ways I was all the opposites. And we were happy and did have fun. I never denied that, of course, but now it has returned to its proper proportions. I just had a lot to learn.

I can also see now - have been able to for a long time, really - that whatever I was really like, it is foolish of me to blame myself for what happened to the extent that I once did. Bert always hated that, and I can see that in a way I was trying to deprive him of freedom of action. I don't think I'd turn to another man if Bert came home drunk and

beat me to a pulp every night, or anything else. So I have to admit the opposite - that he might want other women even if I were the most marvelous woman who ever lived. I still wish I'd managed to grow up a little faster during those first years. I was unsatisfactory in so many small ways, and muffed so many small chances for happiness. But there's no reason for me to feel violently or bitterly about it. And, as I've said, I probably wasn't half as bad as I think I was.

Back to last year. I slowly but surely improved my housekeeping. I became rather more conscientious about taking care of my looks. (Such ridiculous things for a woman my age to be still working on - or, again, are they? Yes, I'm afraid they are. Immaturity is not a mental sin, and I am working on it.)

I didn't do very well in my work, although my income for the year is quite nice. I procrastinated inexcusably, and was slipshod on my News Front articles.

I did nowhere near enough serious reading.

I could have done a better job of maintaining my friendships. Just to take one example, I should have spent more time with Barbara in the month between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

However, the two most important things are 1) that it was a nice year, with a lot of happy things in it, and 2) that I really began learning to control my temper and temperament.

The temptation to make New years resolutions is irresistable.

Three big ones. Keep up the temperament - control. Do not let nightmares or obsessions get the upper hand. And give. ( ) must not forget what) believe I've learned about that.)

Next, DO NOT PROCRASTINATE.

Next, continue to improve housekeeping. Living room and kitchen routines aren't too bad now. Concentrate on bedroom, which can, with some effort, be made not to resemble the back room of a combined drycleaning and laundry establishment, or a storage warehouse. Also study -) don't have to achieve Bert's standards, but) can meet him half way. Also: do dishes every night without fail. Clean bathroom oftener. Empty garbage more regularly - probably every day and no help for it, and Think about how low the rent is. Take laundry out more regularly and don't put off ironing.

Next, continue reasonable care of self. Wash, wash and set hair every Monday or Tuesday and exercise daily, both absolutely without fail. Do not go over 115 pounds. Try to stay at 110.

Next, read more. Read MUCH more.

Next, learn German. Discuss this with Bert without delay.

That is part of a minimum program. Other Things That would be nice — get one or more new clients and try to get income up

over $4000. Spend some time on fiction and/or poetry. Really. It couldn't possibly do any harm. Do a little - not too much, never, never again too much - volunteer work. See more of friends. Give some serious thought to starting to go to church more regularly.

And an afterthought, because I've only come to see it as a fault or problem very recently - do not let vanity seep away with me. It could be a curse. (Trouble is that being so blasted lazy, if I were not at least slightly vain, it would be harder to keep myself on personal care routine, which is only common sense. However, worrying about lines and gray hairs and watching for myself in every mirror I pass and brooding about the possibility that I look my age is not good.)

1-15-62

A very dark, rainy day, rain rattling on the roof. Can't about to start New Products.

Rather think I will start New Products, and write tomorrow, maybe.

1-16-62

Today is bright and shiny again. I'm heading uptown to typewriter repair shop, bank, Bloomingdale's (they have beds on sale and we are finally buying one), Yorkville. Then down to visit Lida and Bobby on way home. I hope.

We finally ended up going out with the Schildknechts and Goldens on Friday instead of Thursday, after much telephoning. Met at the Calgon gym. Goldens late. Proceeded uptown to Joger House, where Bert and I had to rush through dinner and leave before dessert

because we were going on to hear Beethoven at the Museum. Since I like being in nice places so much, I find it annoying not to have time to enjoy them, so I was annoyed. Also, Jerry Golden is nice but an awful ass. He and Renee had seen a play about Thomas More the night before, and this inspired him to open conversation at the algonquin with a speech about the blessings of democracy (as opposed to despotism a la Henry VIII, which seemed extremely far fetched.) Conscientious and naive. You could help thinking he'd be nicer if he stuck to materials handling and didn't bother about culture - but if he really likes highbrow plays and the Alexandria Quartet, there's no reason why he shouldn't enjoy them, and apparently he really does. This, I suppose, is the great American Cultural Revival. He's not even good-looking. Sturdy but nondescript build, pleasant but lumpy face. What did Renee see in him? Anyway, the Budapest was nice.

Saturday we slept late (we've been in semi-hibernation these winter weekends). Went walking, bought records, exchanged Bert's shoes. Went to a good French movie with Jean Gabin and a silly Italian one in the evening.

Sunday slept late again and had a lazy day.

Yesterday I puttered fairly purposefully, except for about two hours with Rosemary and family. She came banging in around noon with Gabrielle, who had gotten a nasty cut in the arm from a piece of glass on their bed, of all things. Poor kid was shocked and screaming, and we got it washed and peroxided - which must have hurt like bloody hell - and bandaged. Then they all stayed - Jason had wandered in, too, naturally - for coffee (Rosemary)

and solace. Trouble is I like Rosemary. Wish I could give her a good talking-to about organizing her life, but this is not my long suite, and she can't be quite psychologically all there or she wouldn't live the way she does, so I probably couldn't get through.

Times ran a special page on the new African countries yesterday. Bert could recite practically all the capitals by heart. I am saving page in hopes of observing data at leisure.

We went to the movies again - "Paris Blues", which has wonderful photography and wonderful music and very good acting (Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Sidney Poitier, Diahann Carroll) and a pretty silly Hollywood story, but fun.

3-8-62

Almost two months, and so much has happened. Today is a beautiful bright day, after weeks and weeks of cold and rain and slush - very little snow, nothing like last winter.

This is the first real relaxed week I've had in ages, and that only relatively, but it feels good. Spent the morning paying bills and washing socks, and have to go uptown to S/A in about an hour to do some telephoning for Round Table.

Tommy Roach was here the weekend after I wrote last. He's a nice kid, fantastically bright, I think, and we had a very good time with him. Took him to the Guggenheim and the Metropolitan (to see the expensive Rembrandt) and to "La Belle Americaine", which is a marvelously funny, happy movie, and to the Statue of

February.

The day he left - Sunday the 20th - we set off for Burlington, Vermont, in a huge routed station wagon. Bert was invited to give a speech at GE up there. We had such a wonderful time on that trip. I wish I'd written about it when it happened. Sunday night at an elegant motel outside Albany. Took off early Monday morning, a terrible raining, freezing day - it was nice to have the big wagon. One awful skid. Drove Through Saratoga and along Lake George - twisting little mountain roads, heavy fog, very lovely. Then across the Vermont border and into the clear. Vermont flat and empty. No place to eat for ever an hour. Then very good lunch in little town called Vergennes. Then on to Burlington motel, arriving about 3:00. Rested all afternoon. Bert worked on speech for about 20 minutes, which staggered me - I'd have spent days on it. GE men picked us up and drove us to hotel. GE men and wives on stuffy side, especially wives, but very nice. Cocktails, which lots of them didn't drink. Roast beef dinner. Speech very good. Out to pancake joint with GE people, back to motel, up at crack of dawn to fly home. Little plane, two stops on the way.

Next weekend, Dantschi and Dick came in. In fact, Dantschi arrived Thursday and stayed with us while Dick was at an Amperex meeting. She is very well, and we had a good time together the way we did in the summer of '58, for which I'm very glad.

First two weeks in Feb, I guess I must have worked pretty steadily - got a Round Table out, late

again, and started on BCA special issue.

Then on Feb. 13 I started jury duty, and that lasted till the 28th, when Anyes arrived. It was fascinating - I'm so glad I didn't beg off, as you can if you're a woman. Will try to find time to write all about it this week or next. Bert's on now.

Had a very fine time with Anyes. Saw Julie Harris in "A Ghost in the Dark," shopped, roamed Yorkville, baked coffee cake and strawberry tarts. She stayed over till this Monday morning.

Good Lord, I forgot Hilde, who arrived on the France on February 8. I think it was, and occupied us very thoroughly for almost a week. We took her to the Rainbow Room the first night she was here, so I finally got to see the place. It does have an unbelievable view, and she was staggered. In general, she was - and is - a scream, with her eight cocktail dresses and no traveling dresses, and her telephone calls and her battle with Greyhound about travel coupons. Got a card from her this morning from New Orleans.

And that's about all the catching up I can do now. Lots of concerts and movies, but can't even remember them all. New bed - King size - arrived first day Dantschi was here, and is wonderful. Jason and Gabrielle have been having chicken pox, and Jason howled all night every night for at least a week. Went to see Lola's baby. He's nice, and Amy, who's two, is an incredible child - talks like a 3-year-old, recites poetry, recognizes letters. Visited the Northrops while Anyes was here. Must start having people to dinner.

Tom has really, definitely this time, left News Front. Sort of quit and was fired simultaneously, I gather. And what will happen without him I don't know.

I keep remembering things - we finally got Colonel Glenn into orbit on February 20, and the country went slightly mad, one gathered. New York certainly did. And I was stuck in Cerenty Court, damn it - I'd have loved to listen to it all. It's all so unbelievable - and S/A is running a perfectly sober, serious article in the April issue about landing rides on the moon. When I was in college, even, it would have been Astounding Science Fiction stuff.

3-11-62

11 o'clock Sunday night. Bert is at the office - took off after dinner. He's still on jury duty next week.

We've had three lovely days in a row - temperature up in the 40s.

Friday - after Antoine's & lunch at Hamburger Heaven - I went up to Bonwit's and bought a wild turquoise-blue knit suit for spring. Hope I don't get sick of it. Then headed down to the Village and went to Fred Brown's for shoes and took lighters to be repaired, and went up to Lola's for the rest of the afternoon. Amy was on a date, but we had a nice time anyway. Papillon fish for dinner, and went to see two old movies in the evening.

Yesterday we walked up to Sears at 31st Street

to get the $3.77 stretch slipcover I'd ordered for the leaking armchair. It's dark green, and looks quite decent. Lease for the Princess come.

Today we both worked all afternoon - I had a bunch of proofs for S/A.

Have been slogging through "Der Sonnenuntergang" for last hour.

We passed the ILGWU coop on way uptown yesterday. It's almost done, and they're apparently leaving two little churches - a Greek Orthodox and an Episcopal - right in the middle of the apartment buildings. They look cute.

Went to another "Musica Aeterna" concert at the Metropolitan Saturday night, I forgot to say. Such a good little orchestra, and they're playing lovely things. Also Saturday - with the lease and membership renewal notice from the Modern Museum - came the subscription blank from the Y for the Budapest next year. They're playing a rather mixed bag, but a lot of Haydn, and we sent them a check for $40. So many signs of spring.

3-14-62

Nice week. It poured rain on Monday - a real, drenching rain, all day. Kitchen ceiling is leaking around the skylights. I climbed up to the roof and draped a piece of the flashing or whatever it's called, from last summer, over the skylights, and it worked nicely. Bedroom ceiling is starting to give, but no drip yet. It was a mild day - I went out in sneakers and no socks. I cleaned, got laundry out, baked a chocolate

cherry cake that didn't rise (think window shop chef left baking powder out), made half-hearted attempt to start a News Front story.

Bert came home with news that he's on a second-degree murder case - a woman who shot her husband. Very thrilling.

Yesterday I spent all morning reading "Vor Sonnenuntergang." Went out in afternoon - lovely day, wore cotton shirt under duffle coat - to inspect possible sublet for Mom and Dad. Not very good. Then to Village to renew sublet ads, had a hamburger at Prexy's, went to New School to get tickets for Schneider concert on Sunday.

Talked Reid all evening. Went to bed early and read till late.

This morning "Vor Sonnenuntergang" again. Think I know what it's all about now. I've cleaned the place up, and am going upstairs to take money for house out of savings account.

Steph is pregnant - I talked to her Monday.

3-27-62

What a March we're having - blue sky and sun and temperatures up in the 50s.

Window washer came this morning to get rid of winter's accumulation of dirt.

Gabrielle is rolling in the garden - not that she can accomplish much, poor kid, and how I'd love to spend a couple hundred dollars down there - in red coat and black tights. Jason is there, too, bawling.

We have turned into unpaid sitters for these two, partly because Jasen, who cries constantly, sets on Bert's nerves so much that he can't leave him alone... so we trade back and forth, yelling at Jasen to shut up, feeding them both milk and fruit, letting them out of their filthy room to go to the filthier bathroom. Every so often I get miserable about it, and wonder if I should put Children's Aid on to Rosemary - but she does love them, and I just can't bring myself to do it.

Almost two weeks to write about.

Saw "Der Sonnenuntergang" Thursday week before last, and I really knew what was going on all the time. Characters all totally different from what I'd imagined, especially "die gehorene von Rübsamen", whom I'd thought would be icy and aristocratic, and who turned out to be a vulgar, lovelmatted, rather appealing girl with a mop of red hair and a very overblown figure and impossible clothes. But Bert said that could be a Prussian-officer's-daughter type. Ernst Deutsch was a very frail, pale Clausens. He's a marvelous actor, but he just barely made the love affair believable. Maybe because the girl was a real hockey team type who looked as if she could push him over with her little finger. (I'd thought he'd be rather like my father, and let my non-existant analyst make the most of that!)

Friday Annie and I went to the flowershow. Had marvelous fun. Don't think I'd been since I was a kid, and I'd forgotten how nice it is, and smells. Annie bought catnip. Then to Nannie's to sit with her between departure of maid and arrival of night nurse - did I say she's gone

and broken both arms? I'd been absolutely dreading it, but we managed to talk quite steadily and I was glad I'd gone. Got a pizza for dinner on the way home.

Quiet weekend - we walked up to Cemeter- most Saturday (Bert is doing a lot of overtime, with the jury duty). "Musica Aeterna" Saturday night and Schneider Sunday afternoon.

Pottered and worked on BICA last week. Got skirts to Miss Kay for straightening, and am having new skirt made of material left over from Madras bedspreads and drapes. Had awful scare with pain in left breast - Dr. Ingerman out of town, so went to her locum tenens, who turned out to be very nice, and was told that my breasts are full of cysts, like the rest of me, and if I sleep in a bra for a while maybe they'll go down (the cysts). Fine, just fine. Maybe this is my odd ailment for This spring and I'll get away without being cut up anywhere.

Made a coffee cake Friday - my first attempt without Oxyeast - and it rose and everything.

"Musica Aeterna" Saturday night. Went to the Northrops' Sunday afternoon, took them out for a walk and back for a game of chess for Bert and Johnny. Barbara seems miserably unhappy.

Finished BICA stuff and June Round Table questionnaire yesterday, and took both up to office.

Car's coming out of storage next week - I've written the insurance man and called the storage people and made a date with the garage man on 8th Avenue to give it an overhaul.

Better get to work on Mary Round Table.

7-24-62

Four months, good Lord! It's now 8:20 on a rather mild July evening, and I'm drinking a highball and waiting for Bert to get home from a session with Vic and Dave Ewald. Jason is howling and Rosemary is shouting at him down in the garden.

12-5-62

And at that point five months ago, Bert came home and I stopped.

I really haven't written since March. Reason I like this kind of diary is that there are no blank, dated pages to make you feel, if you don't write regularly, that you've broken a nice little pattern and there's no point in taking it up again!

I think of this because I just unearthed my old steamer trunk from the hall closet (words almost literal, so much dirt!) for a VID rummage sale — not the trunk, just stuff therein — and found three old diaries - '52, '53 and '55, all written for a month or so and then blank, blank, blank.

I shouldn't be writing now. I'm in the middle of a Round Table, boldly <u>wrote</u> a picnic. This

Friday, though he's not going to get it, I fear, and I absolutely have to keep the work moving because next week I should start Christmas shopping. And I'll have huge amounts to do for a party we're having on the 15th. And Bee Fox is coming up in an hour or so to go through the stuff for the sale and take it to the club.

But I do want to get caught up.

The car is back in storage - I took it to Brooklyn Monday, and am childishly, anthropomorphically if you say that about inanimate objects, pleased at the idea of its being all washed and covered and like-nothing.

Main events of last 8 months: Easter in Barton, awfully nice, with everybody well and happy - Dantschi really seems to be on the track now - and a big German Easter breakfast, hard boiled eggs and stollen and Wammerl (sp?). Mom and Dad here in May - June, kind of an upsetting visit for reasons I should try to write out sometime. Quantities of hand book work all spring. Fun summer on the Island - don't know if I approve of fun as adjective yet or not, but that's what it was. Straeges and Cantors across the street in July, Straeges with us in August. Social acceptance by Bidermans; which shocks me as hilarious. Lots of company, lots of booze, lots of amusing things happening. Sand pointing. Sandbagging. Will try to write more over winter. Fall - lots of music, Budapest, Musica Aeterna, Arrau playing Beethoven at new Philharmonic hall, which is very blue and

gold and modern. Dantsdin and Dick here — Dantsdin twice. Us in Boston. Thanksgiving in Cambridge with Hoffmans. Lots of running around with Annie. Deniers back and forth with Schildknechts, hilarious night out with Stragers. Steffie had her baby in September — a minute girl. Tremendous amount of painting and refurbishing of apartment. Continuing project of getting Rosemary moved to Martha's Vineyard — entering final phase now, I think. Bert is in a real chess kick that began in the summer — he studies like mad, and he and Johnny Hastings play most weekends. Hastings are still in a beastly mess. Cuba crisis. Elections. And that, in a very tight nut shell, is it.

It's 2:30 now, and I could still scoot out with the laundry and get to Nicola's before Bee gets here. It's a rainy day, not very cold. Nice in here, radiators hissing beautifully, though the furnace is really in a shaky state.

12-6-62

Taking break from Round Table, which is very complicated one with lots of charts.

Bee didn't show yesterday, so I went through the stuff myself, and took it over to the clubs This afternoon. Wedding present Taste tray and awful lazy Susan were main items — also guest towels, cocktail napkins, doilies (some lovely hand-crocheted ones), coffee canisters, ash trays, yard goods, embroidery silk, knitting yarn (I have been thinking of starting to knit again, but shouldn't hold my breath until I do!), evening bags and God knows what

else - I've forgotten already. But going through that trunk was marvelous fun. I found my class notebooks from Mexico, as well as the old diaries.

Rosemary's plans have collapsed. Stephen took off for Martha's Vineyard three days ago, with practically all their money, and yesterday night she got a telegram from him saying "don't come, no work." She was supposed to leave today, with a ride. Also, yesterday afternoon she came down with agonizing lower back pains that may be another kidney attack - psychosomatic as hell, I think, she must have been worried about the move. So now she's in a really incredible mess - most of her worldly goods waiting COD in the Martha's Vineyard railway express office, a dozen boxes in the hall ready to go by Parcel Post, practically no money left and Stephen gone with most of what there was. If only I'd been able to give one more day to getting her off two weeks ago! It was before Thanks giving, and Bert was away at an editorial conference, and I packed for her and arranged for railway express and bought the bus tickets for her and the kids and cashed her travelers checks... and then we went off to New Haven, and when we got back she was still here. I would have had to escort her to the bus depot in person. Today she could hardly move with back pain, and when I went out to the VIO I scooted over to Dr. Ingerman, who couldn't get here for a house call, but told me to try and make her go to the hospital if the pain doesn't go.

The trouble is that I wanted her to get the hell out of here for my own sake, as well as hers, even though I like her. Our hall is an indescribably filthy mess, thanks to Jason

and to Rosemary's impossible housekeeping habits; and I've just got to get it fixed up. I'm planning now to start painting next week with her still here, somehow.

Better get back to work, or out to Nicola's and then back to work, maybe. It's a stormy, blowy day, with bright spells in between gusts of rain.

First Christmas card is here - from Kiko, just like last year. Also cocktail invitation from D'altons for 29th.

1-4-63

New year again. The heat is off, but it's not very cold, and I've made a little fire.

The tree is still up - a rather tall, slender one and still very pretty, although drooping at the bottom. And the bowls of greens and holly are still around, and cards all over the mantle and bookcases. I love rooms at Christmas time - they have such a nice, opulent look.

The holidays were lovely. I finished painting the hall, somehow, the day before our party - white walls and red floor. The whole operation was rather like a Strauss comedy located somewhere in Beatsville - with Jason and Gabrielle gleefully rolling paint on the lower walls, to keep them out of worse trouble, I hoped, and give them a sense of participation that might make them want to keep the new paint job clean - and Patrick up on the ladder, and a mildly demented young man named Bob Hendry who thinks he's starting something called the Peace Navy that

will solve all the world's problems, helping too. And me in slacks and an old shirt of Bert's, getting plastered with paint and trying to get something done. End result: a very spotty job, I couldn't reach the upper corners even with an extension roller. And the wall that runs down the stairs is still green and dirty. But Smillie can fix all that, and at least it looks cheerful now. I also got a peppermint striped burlap curtain to hang over Rosemary's door.

Then our party, on the 15th.

Then a frantic week of shopping and getting packages mailed.

Then the long Christmas weekend. We had quite a lot of snow - I came out of Centofanti's at 5:00 or so on Friday to an amazingly beautiful Fifth Avenue, with heavy snow falling and the bells pealing from St. Thomas's, I think it is. We drove to Philadelphia on Christmas Eve day, in a rented blue Rambler, on Cerveau-Most. Bert went to the printer's and I explored. Home in the late afternoon, and Bert went out and got the tree, and I finished boiling my mountains of Christmas cookies. Veal and sour cream for dinner, and then tree-trimming, and I went to midnight mass. Presents in the morning, after sausages and stollen, and we talked to Mom and Dad - having talked to everybody in Cambridge the night before. Goose dinner, and even the Northrops, who were dog-tired and not exactly cheerful, poor idiots.

Bert gave me a dress - wine-colored mohair, I

Think, a straight chemise. And a necklace and earrings.

End of Christmas week was the D'altons' party, after which we went to Jaffa House with the Stroges. Tanya got sick in the middle of the schnitzel, and we adjourned to Riverside Drive - I think I'm jinxed never to have a whole relaxed meal in that place.

New years Eve. The Stroges had a party. We got home very, very late but sober, and had a nice quiet New Year's Day.

And so back to work. I've been pounding out New Products and working on a Round Table all week.

2-7-63

12:25 on a gray day. Gabrielle is singing "I Came From Alabama" out in the hall.

A month into the year, and we've paid the income tax - $560 - some in cash. I am working at BICA on their handbook issue - tremendous fun, I have a neat little cubicle with a white Formica desk and blue formica cabinets, and putter away very happily at $2.50 an hour. Bill Osmun and Art Kohler (who got married and was on his honeymoon last week) are so funny to work with - both hyperconscientious and perpetually worried, and Bill really painfully slow - Art plodding, but deceptively - he gets Things done. Bruce Edwards is the perfect young man about Madison Avenue, spends most of his time on the phone making dates. He seems to write articles about planes, remember, between calls. Mary Lee,

The current editorial assistant, is young and fairly fresh from the Middle West and remarkably competent. And would be absolutely stunning with a lot of makeup and different hair. Might even snag Bruce. Anyway, a very nice crew. I still say I hope I'll never have a permanent, full time office job again, but these temporary desks are fun. And I will make money this month.

We went to a whole string of concerts in January - They got awfully bunched up this season, because the Budapest Quartet went to South America in December and had to play like mad in November and January to get everything in at the Museum and the Y. Robinson was missing after the holidays, we still don't know why, and they had to play trios and piano quartets with Horszowski.

No newspapers since before Christmas - longest strike ever, I guess. Dad is sending us the West Coast Times. WQXR is great fun, with all the correspondents and critics giving reports, and the assistant managing editor and head of the copy desk going on the air every night to tell us what the front page of the next day's Times would look like, and somebody reading the editorials every night, too. I hope they publish a little paper for every day when the strike is over, like they did the last time, but it may be too much for them.

Vernon came to dinner a couple of weeks ago. Gave him baked lamb chops with mustard sauce, and garlic rice, and mixed salad, and cherry pie. Very good time - he is as nice as ever. I was a little

worried about him - he showed up at our party (which I should write more about before I forget it all) absolutely, obscenely drunk, and seemed unhappy and kind of on the brink. But I guess not.

We've been over at the Northrups' a lot, because Bert and Johnny play chess practically every Sunday. They are just as miserable as ever.

Fanny was I remember them when we first knew them as sort of golden - so good looking, and so much money, and seeming to love so much fun together, and Michael on the way, when they were living in that big penny apartment in Peter Cooper Village. I guess they drank more than was good for them - I used to go home after work with Barbara when we were having dinner with them and we'd start tossing down highballs before Johnny and Bert showed up... and Barbara told me that they drank themselves slightly fuzzy every night. But none of us ever got drunk. Maybe they should have kept it up. And then 10th Street, and Michael there, with a baby food ad baby - and Barbara's wonderful food - she still cooked then, even though they had a full-time maid - and Johnny's stock market game, and bowling in the big dining room. I wonder how Barbara remembers it, now that she's so miserable - and she really is and I'm very sorry for her, even though I can't help believing that the whole mess is more her fault than John's.

Time to get up from to BICA - and we're

going to see the Mona Lisa tonight. She is on loan from France, and at the Metropolitan after a month in Washington. Nice of DeGaulle, even if he wouldn't let Britain in to the Common Market.

3-26-63

I didn't have time to write - have Round Table and Pioneer on deck and really wish I was a two-headed monster with four hands and two typewriters.

But I just want to note the fact that it's warm way up in the 70s. And after the beastly cold winter we've had, spring is something. The weekend was nice - I went out for a walk on Sunday and it seemed as if everybody in the Village was on the streets - but the heatwave just began yesterday. Klaas was here yesterday afternoon, using Bert's typewriter - he came back into the picture rather strangely a couple of months ago - and Bert came home at 3:30 saying too hot to work. Bert rushed out his summer shirts for the cleaner, and when I went out to Nicola's I bought Vichyssoise and chives (didn't have them - it was cool enough for hot soup by evening), and we drank spritzer - the first of the season. It really felt as if something was happening. Usually, I think, the first warm days come after a few weeks of on-and-off mild weather, and you don't notice them so much. I bought pussywillows on Sunday, and they're lovely - pale green under the fuzzy gray.

Back to work.

9-14-65

My longest lapse since I started the journal -

obviously, it's a journal, not a diary' - and I will have huge amounts of recollecting to do.

Today is Democratic Primary Day - a nice sunny one - and I'll be at the polls all afternoon and evening. I have not really become politically reactivated, and don't intend to; but helping out on Primary Day is the least one can do. I really meant to get in a couple weeks of canvassing this year, and feel guilty that I didn't - the club is having a rough time. We've been gerrymandered so that the V.D district now runs way up into Chelsea, down toward Canal Street, with the whole West Village scooped out, and the new line will probably be a break for Carmine, who is trying for yet another comeback. We are no longer in the V.D district - we'll be voting for the new Chelsea Club leaders today.

We've moved, yes, we finally did it - a year and a half ago, February '64. We're now at 36 Grove Street, in a five room, $250-a-month apartment that I love more and more the longer we live here. We decided we'd have to leave Bank Street in the summer of '63, I guess... The house was almost literally falling down around our ears, and Mrs. Tanner's finances were going from bad to worse. We paid so many fuel bills for her that she owed us a couple of hundred dollars when we left, even though we kept cutting down on the rent to make up for the loans. And early in '64, one of her mortgage holders foreclosed and she lost the house. The threat of foreclosure

made it a little easier for us to leave — we could pretend to her that that was our reason, not the general impossibleness of living conditions in the house. It took us about three months' serious looking to find the new place, and we fell for it as soon as we saw it.

It's a cute little red brick house, impeccably kept by two pleasant, rather fussy, presumably homosexual gentlemen. They have the two lower floors, and Mr. Kilian, who's in the basement, has turned the garden into a perfect country garden in miniature. A pair of good-looking, wealthy, and I suspect — rather stuffy newlyweds have the second floor, and we're on top. We have a twenty-five-foot living room, with windows on the street and floor-to-ceiling bookcases at the rear, with a moulding running around the walls and ceiling about two-thirds of the way back, dividing the room very naturally into living and dining areas. Bert's study — bigger than the one we shared on Bank Street — is off the front end of the living room on the west side. In back of the living room there's a tiny square foyer, tiled in big black and white squares, and off that to the east is my cubicle of a study. Doors from my study and the foyer open into our bedroom, which is a shade smaller than the one on Bank Street. The bathroom is due west off the foyer, and the kitchen runs down the back of the apartment next to our bedroom on the west side. The kitchen is a dream — big sunny windows at the north end, room for a big drop-leaf table and

chairs in the corner by the windows, built-in shelves, yellow tiled counter, lots of cabinets, wall-in pantry and tiny broom closet, double sink, nice stove, refrigerator with freezer top. It's painted white with Dutch blue trim. The bathroom is blue now - it was beige when we moved in - and the other rooms are all white. The kitchen floor is black linoleum, splattered with yellow and blue. The bedroom floor is black with a little yellow pattern, and all the others are just plain black. Stunning when freshly waxed, but a job to keep up. The ceilings are low; That was the only Thing Bert didn't like when we first saw the place, and he still misses the sun we had in the living room on Bank Street. But it's such a lovely place - like a little house. And I Think I'm keeping it nice. I'm still no prizewinner as a housekeeper, but I work twice as hard as I did on Bank Street, and the results are about four times as good, because one doesn't have to cope with falling plaster and chipping paint and splintered floors and roaches. I love taking care of Things here. When I've waxed the floors I sit at the north end of the living room and look down across the shiny black-and-white foyer and into the shiny kitchen and glow.

We have a cat. Gabrielle acquired a scared, skinny little gray kitten in the summer of '63, and during the fall it steadily and persistently moved in on us. By the time we moved, it was more ours than the HawThornes', and we brought it along. It is a she. We call her Silver, since Gabrielle's "Silverbelle" seemed a bit much, and she is now sleek and elegant (part Abs, we think) and thoroughly lovable.

It's 11:00, and I should be starting to get the show on the road. I'll go to Nicola's - to which I'm still loyal though six blocks away - and get a couple of cans of soup and a loaf of French bread, and set up supper for Bert, since I won't be home till the polls close at 10:00. Later, in fact - I'll go to VID for what I'm afraid will be the walks, and then to pick Bert up at chess.

He's been playing serious chess for three years now... correspondence tournaments, and two or three nights a week at a little place on 7th Avenue South called The Queen's Pawn, which opened early in '63. It's run by Lisa Lane, who used to be U.S. Women's Champion - now 26, very pretty, very nice, and runs a delightful club. I go and kibitz. I ought to get down to business and learn to play a decent game. I'm having fun being a non-playing chess buff, but I think Bert would like it if I played, and it is an endlessly fascinating game. Trouble is, it requires much very hard study and I'm so lazy. And I doubt if I could ever give Bert any competition. He seems to be quite a strong amateur, though he won't admit it.

I have just reread my first month of entries - January '61. And am surprised, amused, at my reaction to Kennedy's inaugural. I didn't think he could shake us up. So much has happened in the last four-and-a-half years, so much has changed; I was very wrong. We, collectively, are shaken up, and all, I think, for the better. Mostly the civil rights movement, which

was just getting underway in '61, but many other things, too. I should try to write about this at some length if - as I rather hope - I'm settling in for another fairly long pull of personal-writing. But obviously not now.

What I'm remembering now - as I do every election day - is the first election day I worked at the polls, the Presidential election of 1956. Long before Kennedy and Johnson. Long before "Freedom Now" - though the Montgomery bus boycott started the year before. Long before the New Frontier and the Great Society and the War on Poverty. Long before the test ban treaty and the astronauts. Long before the "new radicalism." There we were, smack in the middle of the good old apathetic '50s. And I walked down Bleecker Street at about 5:30 in the morning, to the Lutheran church on 10th Street, the polling place for my old 15th e.d. It was still quite dark, of course, and practically the whole city was asleep. And though I knew, rationally, that Stevenson was going to lose that night, I had the most marvelous, exciting feeling that a new day might be dawning. I think I was excited, too, simply because I, incredible as it seemed, was playing a part in the election of a President. I was one of the thousands of cogs in the immense wheels of a hugely complex piece of machinery. And all that day, sunrise after sunrise and sunset after sunset, all across the continent, millions of people would be going into voting booths, keeping the wheels turning.

I think Stevenson gave us a new sense of the possible, or a new set of possibilities. That's not quite right, but it will do as an idea to work on.

9/20/65

Well. The VID won last week - by over 600 votes as compared with 41 two years ago, when Ed first ran against De Sapio, and around 150 in last year's rerun. I spent the day down on Clarkson Street, in a solid De Sapio district. The De Sapio captain and his watchers were all very good-natured people, and we quickly settled into the kind of political camaraderie that I enjoyed with the Cooles, father and son, in my last couple of years in the 15th. The inspectors were VID types, and that really is a joy - not because you know they're on your side. Though that helps too, but because they're reasonably efficient and intelligent! I ran over to Grove Street to vote the straight Ryan ticket as soon as a watcher came in to sit for me, and took off for food at the Fish 'N Chips around 9:00, then back for the closing. The watcher was a nice little girl, terribly tense, and left to her own devices would have challenged every other vote with an Italian name. I told her we had a good board and take it easy.

She and I went back to the clubs together with our tally sheet (3 to 1 de Sapio). As always, it was organized pandemonium. Several hundred people packed into the club shoulder to shoulder - you enter by the rear door and pass your tally sheet up to the platform, then squeeze back into the crowd. TV cameramen (how wild that would have seemed back in '56 or '57!) with their heavy equipment and hot floodlights and yards

of cable threaded through the crowd for people to trip over. a big TV set on a table in a corner, so we could see what was going on two blocks away at Tamawa. Monty Berger on the platform calling out the returns for each l.d., and Nicky Wolter behind him, chalking them up on a big tally board. Tension very, very high; Ed never lost the lead, but everyone had been so worried about this one that we could hardly believe the tide wouldn't turn as the South Village came in. Once, for some obscure technical reason, one of the TV cameramen wanted us to turn off the sound on the set in the corner. "Kill the audio," he yelled over at the young man who was tending the set. No response. "Kill the audio," he shouted again, this time in a rasping voice that was honestly tinged with hysteria. The room went quite quiet for half a second, the sound on the TV went off, and a moment later, Monty took a deep breath and said, "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but this is our club."

9/22/65

To continue... it was from De Sapio on the TV that we actually heard we'd won. His poll watchers must have checked in faster. He looked quite old and dreadfully tired on the screen, and made a rather long statement, every sentence of which was booed, hooted and laughed at by the crowd at V.I.D. When he finally said at the end that "some attempts will have to be made to unite the Democratic Party," Monty called out "Tell him a membership in V.I.D only costs five dollars!" We went on with our tally - The Tamawa

Tally could have been off. But everybody was less tense, and now Marty was polling as the real hard districts (Block 14, Bx Sapio 298, like that) dicked in. Finally, Ed and Carol came up to the platform, and the place went wild - the cheering must have gone on for two or three minutes. Somebody, inevitably, started singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow", but the attempt was drowned out in the general pandemonium. Ed is 40 now, and that afternoon at the meeting we had before the polls opened, he looked 45; up there on the platform, very pink and beaming from ear to ear, he looked 30. Carol, who is my age, I guess, and gets handsomer all the time, looked magnificent in a white silk dress with huge navy polka dots. Ed had his arm low around her waist, and they looked like lovers - which I am quite sure they're not and never have been! But they must be, by now, so much of a team that I wonder if Herman Greitzer doesn't mind a bit. Ed made a feeny, exhilarated, and very good speech, and that was more or less that, though I imagine it must have taken hours for the crowd to evaporate. When I left, the tide of euphoria was at its highest, and the word was going around that Nixon had carried Manhattan, which he didn't quite. I went down to the Queen's Pawn to pick Bert up. I'm glad I've been in on a couple of VID victory nights after all; it was kind of a shame to miss out on the 1961 primary, though I know I did the right thing.

Day after the primary - last Wednesday - I went over to the Village Lindsay headquarters and volunteered.

9/28/65

Good God, how much utter nonsense there is in life and how it can obscure the essentials! It's 10:05 in the evening, and I'm sitting in the old armchair trying to write while Silver-cat kneads my stomach. I just called Annie and asked for a rent-loan of $200, which I happen to know she has available but still, of course, would rather not have asked for.

I am having a rent of tense time, and Bert chewed me out for it tonight. Cuz when one is virtually surrounded - oh, fringed - as we are, by objectionably neurotic types, one cannot. I can't - help worrying, every time one enters a tense period, about being objectionably neurotic. But I suppose I am not that, if only because I have the worry. The ones who are, are so blasted sure that they are right and everybody else is wrong.

I got a surprise assignment from Space/Aeronautics last week - finished article from rough notes by a writer who has gotsped and can't complete a special section he was assigned. (It should all have been in three weeks ago.) Bert is writing one of the articles, I another, another freelance type the third. It's an interesting assignment, about Venus and planetary exploration, and I hope to God I can handle it OK. But will really have to.

work like a beaver the rest of the week. Spent yesterday and today sweating over the writer's notes.

We are beginning to take a stab at what I call "redecorating" - nice ladies' magazine word for replacing stuff that we bought 11 years ago. I think we need it; Bert says he doesn't think so. And you can look at this lovely apartment either way - you can say it deserves good furniture because it's such a great place, or you can say it kind of lends distinction to crummy furniture because it's such a great place.

I don't even aspire to the real good stuff - one can spend $1,000 for a bloody armchair, I found out last spring when Annie and I went around to the decorators' showrooms. But right now, we are just a little too shabby for successful carrying-off, and something has to be done.

So we've been to Macy's two weeks in a row. Last week we looked at upholstery fabrics, and Bert picked out something with green squiggles on chocolate brown that was $75 for the whole job on the chair. He has magnificent taste, and maybe I was completely wrong. But I - blaming liberal that I am - thought it looked too lower-middle-class to live with, and said no, and then felt awful. And we didn't take it. (I'd spent the afternoon at a store on 7th Avenue that had dozens of)

beautiful fabrics for twice the money.) Last night we went to the regular furniture department, and he picked out a chair. It's traditional, lumpy, and ugly enough to have class in its own way, I will probably become fond of it, though I'd much rather have a square modern one upholstered in a good abstract pattern. I will now proceed to get a new black corduroy couch cover, brand new bright plaid chair pillows, and fabric to upholster the six little dining chairs myself. And a new bassock — the one in front of the old chair is plastered with black masking tape where it's ripped. Then all we'll need will be a good rug, and maybe that I can get really good — a nice shaggy Scandinavian one.

This is what I mean about the nonsense that obscures the essentials. The furniture thing has been a good deal of a strain on us over the last few months. We wanted to go ahead so badly, and he has pointed out — quite correctly — that we couldn't afford it and therefore should hold off. And now, when we still can't really afford it, we're doing it on a crash basis because winter and company season are coming and I have simply insisted. I should have insisted two years ago. But what a ludicrous Thing to quarrel, to hurt each other about! It isn't worth it; and yet isn't the essentialness of life made up of inessentials? Isn't the essential fabric woven of inessentials? The reviewers panned Mary McCarthy's "The Group" a couple of

years ago for its over emphasis of the inessential — The kind of flow coverings young marrieds in the '30's had, The kind of casseroles they cooked. But isn't that a very large part of what life is made of? I think it is. So does Mary McCarthy. She wrote a remarkably good essay on the novel for Partisan Review, about the time "The Group" came out or a little before, about the substance + I think that is accurate — of pre-modern novels, the recipe for strawberry jam in "Anna Karenina", all that sort of thing.

No, I have not forgotten the real emotional agony of five, six years ago. But part of it, that 'afternoon in November '59, was coming in and looking — after everything else had been absorbed — at the line of dust under the Bosch chest, and thinking "She saw that!" Life consists of endless permutations and combinations of the sublime and the ridiculous. (Why didn't Bert ever let me have them to dinner? I am a very good cook.)

Mom and Dad are coming in on Friday. I said to Bert before he went out to play chess tonight that if we ever have a kid, we'll have another one, so that they can share the burden of being Their parents' children. Being an only child of loving parents [redacted] who keep insisting that you're the greatest when you know you're not — when you even suspect that you haven't worked hard enough to realize your maximum potential —

is very difficult. One feels guilty for every failure of generosity and thoughtfulness; one feels guilty for not keeping up with old family friends whom one finds totally uncongenial, even alarming; for not remembering birthdays and filing requests on time, so many blasted things. And the trouble is that the older Thomas gets, the less tolerant she becomes of small failures and forgetfulnesses. That, I suppose, is her right, and I will have to try harder. And probably, just because I'm steeled to expect the worst, we will have a lovely two weeks this time.

Since I am having a long, relaxing-type evening, though I should be asleep, I have just gone back and read more of 1961 in here. My handwriting was neater, but mostly it still reads like me. Most of my massive self-analysis of early '61 still applies. However, I do not remember - not precisely - the things I said I was sure I would remember about living with Bert. If, in future, I ever really feel that I want to remember some thing - want to remember how I felt about it at the time - I'd better put it down more clearly. I do believe, though, that I have absorbed the knowledge I was talking about.

Tennyson. This is, perhaps, because it expresses many feelings about <u>measurements</u>, one of the truest entries I've written yet. Hope Bert does not mind it utterly if he reads it.

The thing that strikes me most in that massive self-analysis is the part about "offering myself...

without, or in spite of, fear of rejection. Behaving spontaneously. When I wrote it, I think I was talking - primarily if not exclusively - about my relationship with Bert. Well, that was perhaps a case of putting the horse before the cart and expecting it to push, rather than pull - which I think is harder, were I knew more physics. I have, over the last year or so, been behaving alarmingly (to me) more spontaneously, simply in conversations, discussions, reaction to people and ideas. I've been standing up for things. And this has, in turn, had its effect on the way I live with Bert, on the way I discuss things, react to things with him. I do not know if this has made me more of a "real person", to use the pseudo-psychiatry jargon that I detest, or a more interesting person, which is probably what the bastard jargon means in practical terms. Maybe it's just made me harder to get along with. I hope not. It's probably, like practically everything in marriage, six of one and half a dozen of the other.

I've decided over the last few months, on the evidence provided by Barbara's Nor Things and Haruun (Karl), that a hell of a lot of people - mostly women, I think - expect too much of marriage and too little of themselves.

There is just too much to ramble on about; so I think I'll go back to early '63, the last entry before I started this round, and list the major events, private and public, that I might get around to going

back to in detail.

Summer '63: Lovely time on the Island, with Strages, Cantors and Billiards all piled into three houses on Holly Walk.

Fall '63: Mom and Dad were here in October, and we had quite a nice time. Kennedy was assassinated in November. I wrote Mom and Dad a pretty good letter after the assassination, and have asked them to send it back to me. will copy it and when they do.

Winter '64 - we moved. Great confusion, great joy.

Summer '64 - funny summer. So many friends in the problems. (Foreshadowing of this in summer '63, if you want to look at it that way.) Strages spent a month at the Princeton in the us. I began work on "YEAR's Pictorial History of the American Negro" — a book. I finished in February of this year, (that) with had been better and that was still probably the best thing YEAR has done. which isn't saying much.

Fall '64 - Glucks had K. Hems. Sounds like a minor event but I'd really like to write about it sometime. We went to California - Bert had a business trip. And - enormously important - Dantschi had her baby.

Winter '65 - I finished the blasted book. Nice, winter-ish winter. New Year's Eve at the Strage/Cantor party which has begun to become an institution.

Spring '65: I'm afraid the outstanding event is the car smash-up, which I should try to recall sometime. (I tore up the letter I wrote Mom and Dad about it, figuring it would only upset them.)

Summer '65: It was a wonderful summer. I remember the first weekend night we [redacted] visited the Skaggs, who took a house for June before retiring [redacted] for Europe (They went to Europe in '64, too) — must have been Memorial Day. We were sitting in Their kitchen. Tonya had spent the day washing every dish in the house — and I told them I was just glad to be there and not in a body cast in some hospital, as I well might have been. But might, too — if anything, he was luckier than I.

I probably should have spent a solid month at there alone. I'm at least five pounds overweight. Thanks to several weeks of forced inaction & the spring and laziness during ensuing months, and could be in much better shape generally than I am. Oh, well, that can be rectified with six weeks of determined effort, any time I care to put it in.

The tension I was talking about a few pages ago can be attributed a little bit to the alone-lack of [redacted] physical tone — more to the acute financial crisis we've been in since spring, due to 1) accident; 2) reappearance of an expensive

friend, 2) loans; 3) slowdown at YEAR, which contributes a large portion of my small but helpful income. Also, immediately, to the emergency space/dynamics assignment and the appearance of my parents on Friday. All intermingled.

Should go to sleep now. Bart will be home from Lisa's soon, and will be annoyed if I'm not. I've smoked almost two packs of cigarets today, which is not good. The Surgeon General brought out a report last year proving pretty damned conclusively that it's not good for you and that one should stop; I am still cherishing the illusion that one could, if one tried, and turn to a civilized and unnoticeable half-degradation. We will see, I suppose.

What a very long, messy entry - will not try to tie up the loose ends now, though.

10/7/65

It's raining tonight. The rain (which we need very badly) is clashing against the windows, and sounds good. Bart's out at Lisa's, and I ought to settle down and do a batch of New Products for good old O/CA. Or could iron - just unpacked three laundry bags from the laundromat, most of the end-of-the-summer accumulation. (We closed the Princess for the season on Monday.)

Mom and Dad arrived Friday, looking so well and having had such a fine time in Maine. Bart took off for the Island early in the afternoon, and I worked on my S/A story till 5:00, then took it (the two thirds that were done) up to the office and

went on down to the 5th Avenue Hotel, where Mom and Dad are staying this time. They were two hours late - plane got stuck in flight pattern over Danbury - and I was just beginning to work up a head of worry when they walked in. We had dinner at the hotel - Mom very annoyed by noisy party in the Rose Room.

I spent all day Saturday finishing the article, and caught a train for Babylon at 7:00. Bart had told me on the phone about a new taxi outfit that drives you right across the Robert Moses Bridge and along the beach, and I'd arranged to have them pick me up. It was an amazing drive - Babylon to Fair Harbor in 25 minutes. The Island is not as isolated as it was five years ago, though as long as there's no road beyond the bridge, I suppose we can go on pretending it is. And I felt like a real rat fink, in a mild way, for taking advantage of the bridge that we all think shouldn't be there! The trouble is that it's very beautiful - the long, clean sweep of the Moses Causeway past the Captree boat basin, and the chain of bridges over Captree with Jones Beach off to the right and the Island to the left, and the ghostly State Park, and then bump and you're on the beach, rolling along past the breakers, and five minutes later, you're home. I had brought a huge steak from the little North Pole Meat Market on Bleecker Street, and I broiled it and we ate at 10:00.

Sunday was a lazy day. Monday a work day. I got the house quite clean and everything stashed away for the winter, and we left

on the 4:30 boat. It was an icy cold, windy day. Home at 8:30 - dinner with Mom and Dad at Angelina's.

Tuesday they came here for supper - just mushroom omelettes and salad. They'd had a large lunch - and we all had a pleasant time. I'd spent Tuesday afternoon at Macy's, buying new couch cover and pillows and a bright green stretch cover for the old chair, since the new chair won't be here for three weeks.

Yesterday - Wednesday - Mom and Dad and I had lunch at the "Top of the Five" and saw "Baker Street" - which was also not too impressive. (Tuesday, before Macy's and after thorough cleaning of the apartment, I had lunch with Dad at Le Bourgogne - Mom was at a club lunch with Mamie. Hence the omelettes.)

Today I was up at Conover. Most all day - went up in the morning with Bert - working on proofs of the article. It's really OK, and I'm getting $300. We came home at 3:00 - Bert was knocked out, having stayed up till all hours last night reading "The Man" - and he slept while I moved the car and went to Nicola's. Had knockwurst and steamed potatoes and mustard greens for dinner.

Cooking the first hot meals at home every fall - after a summer of salads Monday through Thursday - is always very pleasant.

I feel very cozy tonight, and as if nothing

in for the season is well under way. Apartment quite clean - I did a lot of the heavy work that needed to be done week before last - and refurbishing project at least begun. and city social life beginning. We're going to the Columbia - Yale game with Strages and crew a week from Saturday.

Bert is going to be away a lot over the next month, and it won't be nice, but I can cope.

The way our friendship with the Strages has developed is a funny thing - one of the many things I've wanted to write about over the last few years. Between about 1958 and 1962, we hardly saw them at all. I've always thought that a foolish social gaffe of mine might have put Tanya off us - she cares about such things. (Could "goof" come from "gaffe"?) Or maybe it was them having kids and us not. Anyway, one weekend in June or the following summer '62, we looked across Elm Walk and saw that tenants had moved into the Reyman house. And shortly thereafter, on our way to the beach, we peeked at a carton beside the Reymans' garbage cans and saw that it was addressed to "Mrs. Mark Strage", and I went up and knocked on the door and there they were, shoring the house with the Cantors. I remember the four kids sitting at the kitchen bar having their hamburger supper - Amy Strage so grown up and pretty I'd never have recognized her - while Lois and Tanya prepared the grownups' dinner in the big kitchen. And that day, in a sense, was that - we've

been friends again ever since, and have had such enormous fun together. Mark and Tanya are both very complicated people, and they have a complicated marriage - only slightly eased, I think, by the fact that they've got maybe twice our annual income, in fact, Tanya might be a happier person if they were scraping along on much less. But that's another part of the story. We've had so many nice evenings with them in that wonderful, warm, plushy, antiquey nine-room apartment on Riverside Drive... Spanish Civil War records (the first evening Mark played those for us - I have them now - was one of the few times I can remember Bert showing real emotion in front of other people)... and "My Son the Folk Singer"... and martinis with orange peel, and marvelous meals, and good parties with interesting people (like Fawn Bergquist holding forth on Cuba). All part of every winter since '62, which means the last three-going-on-four. And summers on the Island - though those have been rather more complicated, because Tanya really doesn't like it out there as much as the rest of us do. It's funny. Mark is such an intolerant person, and so hypercritical of so many reasonably nice people we know, that I sometimes wonder what he really thinks of us. But we like them enormously.

Guess that's enough for tonight. It's still raining - too hard for me to dig to get to Lisa's, I think, though I wanted to borrow one of her embroidery hoops. (Most out of character for a girl chess champion, she does exquisite crewel work. And I've started embroidering again - working on a set of bibs for Monica - and need a hoop to refresh my memory on a few of the

kitchen.) I'm sitting at the kitchen table under the hanging lamp, looking out through the lace-trimmed white curtains (my one piece of real foolishness when we moved in here, and I have kept them clean) and through the geraniums in the window, across the gardens at the huge lighted windows of the duplex studio apartment on Barrow Street. I should either start the B/CA stuff or go to bed.

10/15/65

I should be writing a News Dent article. But find the prospect such a crashing bore that I've managed to find excuses for putting it off all day.

The new chair came an hour ago. Bert was right, it is really a nice chair. I've moved the old one into his study, and it's going to be just great having it in there.

Mom and Dad left this morning. Yesterday we met at the Metropolitan Museum to look at a special exhibition of American painting, and had lunch in the nice restaurant there with a pool in the middle. Spent the late afternoon watching the last game of the World Series on TV at their hotel (Dodgers beat Twins, Sandy Koufax pitching). Then Dad went off to a party, some old Yale people were having, and Mom and I had dinner in the hotel. I stayed with her till Dad came back, then said goodby and he walked me home.

Day before yesterday - Wednesday - Mom and I had lunch at La Fonda, and visited Tiffany's to look at my silver and decide what extra pieces we could use. They came here for dinner.

Tuesday we had dinner + all of us - with Elizabeth Riley. I like her very much. She lives so well, and has so many things she's interested in and enjoys. It's a pleasure to be with her. Her apartment, which was always a gem, is really magnificent now. She rented the place next door and knocked down the walls, thus adding a huge formal dining room and big kitchen to the old layout. The little compact kitchenette off the living room is still there, and she uses it to mix drinks in! (She also has a guest apartment, unconnected, down the hall.) Dinner was roast beef and two veg, and the lemon pudding out of "How To Cook Well" - not the kind of company meal I'd serve if I had a maid in the kitchen, as she does, but I think it was planned to please Dad.

Monday I had lunch with Mom and Dad at Charlie Brown's in Grand Central. They were en route to New Rochelle to see the Bartletts. And that was all we saw of them that day.

Sunday I went to early communion with Dad, and came home and made a lime chiffon cream pie before Bert was up. Bert and I went for a long walk around the docks - we've been having wonderful warm October weather - and he went on to the Sunday afternoon chess

tournament at Lisa's, and I started a beef stew for dinner, and Mom came over to spend the afternoon with me. (I dashed over to Lisa's around five, to see how the tournament was going and to borrow one of her embroidery books - don't think I mentioned that I've started embroidering again after all these years, and am doing a set of kites for Monica.) Dad came along after Bert got home, and we all had dinner here.

Saturday we had dinner with Brad and Ellie Kilbon, who are the son and daughter-in-law of Dick Kilbon, who was on the Sun with Dad. They lived in Floral Park back in the '40s, and I must have known them then, but have only the vaguest of recollections.

It was a very formal situation. Ellie had invited us (through Mom) for "afternoons", and Mom interpreted this as 4:30 to 5:00. Well, this struck me as a ludicrously early hour for a dinner invitation, and I begged Mom to call Ellie and double-check. But she was sure she was right and didn't want to. Bert thought it was so ludicrous he refused to show up before 6:00, so I made up a story about a man from out of town he'd made a date to see, and I went along with the folks at 5:00, fully expecting to find Ellie with her hair in rollers and running the vacuum cleaner. But no, my mother was right and we were wrong... it was a comfortable, family Saturday afternoon kind of party, World Series on the color TV. To do myself justice, I had realized that it

might be that kind of thing, but I still think. The odds were against it. You don't usually invite your dinner guests in New York for earlier than 6:30, and I'd have expected this to be a fairly formal kind of dinner. After all, Bert and I aren't old friends of the Kilkens, though they did know my parents when I was 10 or so. But they're not New Yorky kind of people, though he is a public relations manager at RICA, which is partly what threw me off in my speculations. They've only recently come from Princeton. Their apartment is very pleasant, very comfortable, but utterly undistinguished except for a few antiques and Ellie's needlepoint and lots of books. Doesn't look at all like the $30,000 a year or so that Dick must be making. And Ellie Kilken just fits the apartment - a little too heavy, unbecomingly done gray hair, and definitely middle-aged and not worrying about it, dressed in the simplest possible blouse and skirt. But also tremendously nice and tremendously companionable. Dick, on the other hand, is quite good-looking, and anybody'd take him for 35. (What encourages self-confidence a woman must have not to mind looking ten years older than her husband!) He is as charming as they come, intelligent, and very liberal and intense without being dogmatic. I liked him a lot, and Bert said he did...and since I liked Ellie too, I hope we'll have them back. Another roast beef dinner - and it was badly overdone, but I'm afraid that was our fault. If Bert had been there at 5:00, we'd have served at 6:00.

Friday - a week ago - I worked all day on B/CH and Mom and Dad came to dinner. I gave them fish portugaise and a very good new apple dessert from The Times. It's been a hit much for Bert, seeing them so constantly - or rather, I think having so little time alone; it's not as if he actively dislikes seeing them. But he has been very tolerant about it, and it was a short visit.

It was also, I think, probably the nicest visit we've ever had. We had a great deal of fun and did a lot of talking and there was virtually no friction, except over Ellie Kilham's dinner invitation. It was foolish of me to feel as uncomfortable about it as I did two weeks ago. Mom and Dad are thoroughly sweet people and good company. I think the reason I was worried was that Mom and I had a succession of minor clashes of wills when we were at Pine Crest last fall. It was nothing new, really, but I rather felt as though a lot of tensions we had generally managed to keep concealed in the past were rising to the surface and might easily get worse before they got better. We're both stubborn people, and I am becoming a little less willing to defer to my mother while she is coming a little more to expect deference. But I think things stabilized themselves on this trip, and I'm very glad.

They did a wonderful thing - gave us, just for a present, $100 out of a minor windfall of royalty checks they'd gotten.

I was simply ecstatic when Mom asked if we'd take it - she was worried, of course, about Bert's pride. She wanted me to buy clothes, but my fall and winter things are in good shape, and I'd much rather spend it on the apartment. Probably a mistake. It's funny; they have refrained from giving us substantial presents all these years. I think, largely because they think financial self-sufficiency is so terribly important. They place a kind of moral value on it - and because they thought both of us, but probably Bert more than I, would be offended. And I, I have to admit, resented it a bit that they didn't - and that they were, in fact, the last people I'd want to turn to for money if we really needed it. (That's still true.) After all, they are very substantially well off - and I think most parents who are substantially well off and who have a happy relationship with their kids do make them substantial presents from time to time. Pretty chintzy of me to feel that way, but I did.

It never rains but it pours, really. In addition to Mom's windfall present, we are getting almost $25. from the insurance company for medical bills on the accident, virtually all of which had already been paid by Blue Cross! It looks as if we are finally back in business, and that will be pretty nice.

10-27-65

I'm sitting in the old chair in Bert's study, which is like an extra sitting room now. I have great plans for painting and hanging drapes in here - finally - while he's traveling

next month.

Back to the day after Mom and Dad left, which was the Straggs' party and the Yale-Columbia game. It was a lovely football day, bright and sunny and almost too warm. We get to college football games so seldom that I almost forget how nice they are in September. Everything on such a relatively small scale, compared to Yankee Stadium, say, and so cheerful and innocent and happily amateurish. We went to Baker Field from the Straggs' - stopped off to pick them up and found them and the Brilliants still at lunch. A tremendously energetic Columbia boy waved us into the parking lot - Mark said that was the most action we'd see all day - and we wound our way past the hawkers selling pennants and buttons and crepe-paper mums and programs and into the stands. (Bumped into the Mandels from Fair Harbor when we parked the car.) We watched the game with a whole crowd of Columbia friends of Mark's - for Dick Brilliant was the only Yale man present - everybody in high good humor and laughing at the Ivy League ineptness of both teams. Columbia won, 21-7. After the game we went back to Riverside Drive and Bert went up to see the Hoffmanns while Chichie and I helped Tanya set things up for the party - a whole buffet supper, for which about 15 people eventually showed up. The Cantors were there - Morrow hadn't made it to the game because he'd been marching in a "Get Out of Vietnam" parade on 7th Avenue. It was a lovely party, and we

were the last to leave. Stayed for a very late nightcap with the Strages and the Brilliants, who are nice people I wish we saw more of. Maybe if we give a party at Christmas, they can come in from Swarthmore for the weekend. and stay with Mark and Tanya again. Bart banged his head on the Strages' Kitchen door, chasing Michael down the hall, and got a most impressive cut that had Tanya practically worried sick. But it's healed nicely; he'll have only a hairline scar, if that.

Sunday was a nice quiet day. the first few fall weekends back in the city are so very pleasant, and this was the first one we'd had to ourselves. Bart went to the tournament, but didn't cover himself in glory - he was coming down with a bad cold.

We had the cold pretty well all week, and now I've got it. But I've got us on Vitacaps already, and hopefully, we will get through the winter without too many more.

I spent most of my afternoons last week up at News Bent, helping Mary Ellen Barber try to put out an October - yes, October - issue. Cynthia quit a couple of weeks ago, and Mr. Ward has dumped the whole operation in Mary Ellen's lap - Mary Ellen being about 23 and on her first job out of the University of Minnesota. So I had a fairly valid excuse for not finishing the story I've got in hand.

Angus arrived late Thursday afternoon - I met her at the East Side Terminal and brought her downtown. Fixed German hamburgers for supper. Bert didn't go to Risa's because of the cold, so we all had a quiet evening at home. (Are three people "all"? Who knows!)

Friday I went to News Front in the morning and met Angus at The Kleine Konditorei for lunch and Yorkville shopping. We tried to get a reservation for Saturday dinner, but none was in yet, so we settled for stuffed breast of veal. I made tempura Friday night - haven't really mastered the art and we ate late, but it was fun.

Saturday the Hoffmanns came to dinner - Angus always likes to see them and they her. (I remember how amused I was the first time I heard Peter call her "gnädige Frau", years ago.) We had Madeleine, and green beans and mushrooms with the veal, and cold apricot soufflé, and I used the damask tablecloth and napkins and the cut glass and all... very nice party, I think. Risa's 30-30 tournament began that afternoon, and Bert won his first two games. I think he'll do much better in the 30-30 than he does at the speed chess.

Sunday afternoon Angus and I went down to the Sheridan Square Playhouse to see "A View From The Bridge" - completely revised from the one-act play I saw 10 years ago, and very good. Absolutely superb cast. And off-Broadway theatres are so pleasant -

it's nice to be able to just stroll out from home and buy your tickets the same day. We had coffee at the Limelight before the play, and when we came home Bert had a fire going and I made tea. Very cozy evening. We had Stroganoff for dinner, and Bert went out to Leon's and Cayces and I sat and talked.

Monday she and I went up to Macy's to look at the rug I have in mind, then to lunch at La Bourgogne, and she took the 2:10 train home and I went back to News Front.

Yesterday I stayed home - the cold really having caught up with me - and got started on a huge new batch of New Products.

I'll try to finish them today. Also have to get over to the post office and mail Bert's absentee ballot. He voted last night, because he'll be in Washington on Election Day.

11-2-65

Election Day. I just got back from PS 3 on the corner, where it took me a solid hour to vote. I can't help having a sneaking feeling that Lindsay's going to make it, though he's certainly still the long shot. I never did really get involved in the campaign, and I wish I had, both because it would have been fun and enormously interesting and because it would have been a good feeling to be part of the Lindsay movement. It is an awfully important election. But

I was really too tied up while Mom and Dad were here, and after they left, these damn colds hit us and I was tired and random and never regained my momentum. Also, I'm logy.

Bert is in Washington today, coming home tomorrow some time. He left yesterday morning at 6:30 for Huntsville, and I spent the rest of the morning cleaning the oven and shampooing the living room rug - if we get the new one with Mom and Dad's money, I'd like to move the old one to the bedroom. Went out in the afternoon and shopped around the village for replacement glassware - we were down to one juice glass. Then went uptown to collect a magazine that Baldy wanted me to see at News Front and to meet Klaus for coffee and loan him some more pocket detective stories. It was the first real cold day - I transferred my Lindsay Hatten from the trench coat to the old tweed. Came home and had a TV dinner and read an old Josephine Tey, and Bert called from Huntsville at 9:30 and I was asleep by 10:00.

Up at 8:30 today, and did a load of ironing and went out to shop and vote. Stood on line at the polling place with Art Kugler and a nice couple from Grove Court. Guess I'll get re-started on my News Front story this afternoon. I have a can of ravioli for supper, and I'm going over to the Kerchops' later to watch returns on TV.

Sunday we walked up to the Post Graduate

heliport in the afternoon, and Bart played chess at home all evening - Lisa decided not to show up at the Queen's Room for some reason.

Saturday afternoon he played his third tournament game and lost, and after dinner we went up to the first concert of the season at the YMHA. The Budapest is on vacation this year, and we had so little money last spring that we decided not to take any new series except this one. It's a new outfit called the Guarneri Quartet, with guests. They had Peter Serkin Saturday, for a Schumann piano quintet - or is it the? We first saw him three winters ago, with Alexander Schneider's outfit at the New School, and he was really a kid then, so he can't be more than 18 or 19 now. I remember him that first time very well - he seemed so shy and awkward and proud, almost hostile to the audience, and totally in awe with the piano. And he's growing up slowly but surely, but really hasn't changed much - except that his hair, which was always long, is now full Beatle-length. The Guarneri played some Mozart, not very well, and some Bartok, which sounded impressive enough to me, but I don't know what it's supposed to sound like, and the Schumann, which was fine.

Last Friday I spent most of the day finishing my big load for BICA, and then dashed up to News Dept to help Mary Ellen read reports - they finally got the October issue out over the weekend.

And Thursday was all B/CA. I've got over $100 coming in from them now.

11-10-65

I'd better write about The Great Power Failure of 1965 before I forget what it was like! Last night - at 5:27, The radio has just told me - virtually all the electricity went off all over New York and in most of the Northeast and southern Canada.

I left News Front shortly after 5:00 and headed for the subway. Arrived to find a local train standing in the station with the lights off in the cars. There was still light on the platform, and maybe my dark train was just a coincidence. But anyway, I got on, thinking Lindsay will take care of this sort of thing when he takes over, and stood hanging onto a strap and trying to scan my Post in the half-dark for maybe five minutes. The train didn't leave, the platform was filling up, and as a few impatient souls began getting out, I joined them. The loudspeaker was talking, but I couldn't understand it, so I headed for the 8th Avenue line. The crowds were abnormally heavy, with more people going out than in, it seemed, and when I heard several people talking about how all the trains had stopped, I said the hell with it and headed for an exit, thinking I'd grab a taxi. I felt a bit foolish - there are subway stoppages all the time, of course.

but I'd never been in one and had always illogically thought of them as something that happens to other people. Well, I was in luck. Just as I hit the street, all the lights went out down in the stations and a high screaming began behind me. I don't know if there was general panic, but I'm certainly glad I wasn't trapped either in the station or on a train! It took me a moment to realize that the street itself was much darker than usual – in fact, that all the street lamps and store lights were out. I thought Oh, for heaven's sake, there's been a power failure in the whole midtown area or something, and I leaped on a passing bus heading downtown. It wasn't even too crowded at that point, and the driver was a nice cheerful man who called out all the stops. Everybody was talking in an amused, baffled way; some people seemed to know already – though I can't imagine how they could have found out – that the lights were out all over town. But everyone on the bus was quite philosophical about the situation, nobody seemed scared, and there was much more cooperation than usual about letting people off. We rolled on down an almost pitch black Seventh Avenue, moving very slowly – the traffic lights had stopped, of course, and drivers at intersections seemed to be playing it by ear very cautiously. I didn't notice any extra cops, though I'm sure they appeared before the evening was much further along. (The National Guard was called out, too, the radio says.) The streets were simply jammed with people, walking in the street

close to the curb as well as on the sidewalks. The darkness wasn't overpowering - the cars and buses made enough light to cast a little glow. But it was pretty dark. I got off at 14th Street - didn't want to run any risk of the bus deciding not to stop further down and finding myself in the pitch dark on Canal Street or something. The crowd was like New Year's Eve, and I heard one Puerto Rican assuring another, "Si, es la catorce." Up in the big new apartment buildings, maybe one window in 10 had a little glow in it. A few stores were doing business and a few restaurants serving by candlelight. I still didn't believe the blackout could last more than an hour or so, but I decided the sensible thing to do was to buy supper - and candles if possible - at the Village Superette and go home and stay there. The Superette was jammed and a transistor radio was playing, telling an incredulous group around the counter how massive the power failure was and how nobody knew yet - they still don't, it seems - what had caused it. One of the Superette's hangers-on - it's a very friendly place, and the two men who run it have half a dozen unofficial helpers - was standing by the frozen food bin with a flashlight. The bin was half empty; a lot of people must have decided they couldn't cope with preparing a serious meal in a dark kitchen. I grabbed a Seabrook Farms hamburger TV dinner. The only kind that was left except Chinese and Mexican, which

are probably pretty terrible, and one breaded veal, which seems like a poor idea for freezing. Picked up a Sarah Lee chocolate cake to go with it and was told at the counter that all the candles were gone. Went out of the dim light of the store into the pitch black street - the village was really dark - and decided to go down to the hardware store and see if I could get a battery for the little grey radio, which we haven't seen on batteries for at least ten years. The hardware store was doing a land office business, mostly in batteries, by candlelight, and they told me they couldn't say what kind of batteries I'd need. So I hurried home, fumbled with the outside lock, and hurried upstairs; Sulter had put a big flashlight on the little mirror stand in the lower hall, pointing up, as the first flight was well lighted, though our flight was pitch dark. Got our two locks unclenched by touch, and went in very carefully. I was worried about Silver slipping out, as she loves to do, and it was no night for cat-chasing. Found our flashlight, unplugged the radio, and hurried out again, having reassured the small cat-voice that came from the darkness that all was well. The hardware store was still open when I got back, but they didn't have the kind of battery the radio, when opened, proved to contain. That was the only moment when I felt a bit desolate. Bert had flown out to California at 4:00 That afternoon, and I do like the radio for company when he's away. Also, of course,

I wanted badly to find out what was going on. But going to look for another hardware store, or for a store that might sell me the cheapest transistor radio, seemed pretty foolish, so I went back home, useless radio in one hand and flashlight in the other. There were lots of people out on Grove Street, many with flashlights, and all the teenagers, of course, with the transistor radios that are practically part of their anatomy even on normal evenings. Just a few windows were glowing in the big buildings across the street. I suppose virtually everybody must have had illumination of some kind, in an inner room if not on the street. But on the other hand, there must have been such a tremendous run on flashlights, batteries and candles between about 5:30 and 6:30 that maybe a lot of people got stuck. I'd bought two extra flashlight batteries at the hardware store, just in case, and I found that we did — as I'd been quite sure — have a couple of big candles stashed away. So I got one lit in the kitchen, brushed and fed the cat, who didn't like the situation at all, it seemed, made myself a drink and put my TV dinner in the oven, feeling thankful that it's a gas oven. I had a very pleasant evening, really - when one is completely cut off and there's nothing to be done about it, one accepts the isolation. If I'd had a working radio, though, it would really have been fun. The people over across the garden in the upper duplex with the enormous windows had big candles going - real tapers. Heaven knows how they happened to

have them around - and it looked beautiful. I read an Ursula Curtiss thriller by candlelight, moving into Bert's study after I'd eaten, and shortly after 9 o'clock I made up a bed - just pillow and quilt - on the living room studio couch and turned in. (If I'd had the radio I'd have stayed up till all hours, but without it, it just seemed most sensible to go to bed.) I wanted to stay by the phone in case Bert called - if he heard about the blackout when I got to L.A., I thought, he'd be worried if he tried to call and got no answer, and if I went to bed in the bedroom I'd fall asleep and might not wake up for the phone. People were laughing and calling back and forth on the street, and transistors were blaring away. And there were an ominous number of fire sirens in the distance; that worried me a bit, not for our house so much, but for the whole city. Five minutes after I blew out the candle, Mom and Dad called. They'd heard the whole business on TV, of course, and were really worried. It was lovely to talk to them, and to be sure the phone was working. I'd tried to call the city information number and hadn't gotten a dial tone. Though I did get through to the time number once; I guess it was just that the circuits were overloaded. Bert did call, shortly after Mom and Dad, and was staggered when he heard that we had a total blackout - he'd just heard something vague from a bellboy. He's mad about missing it. After we'd talked, I went to bed in the bedroom - it was after 10:00 by then - and slept like a log till

6:30. I woke up with a flaming orange reveille outside, and reached up and switched the bedroom light on, and they worked. So I went back to sleep till 8:30. The strangest thing has happened — the electric kitchen clock is keeping the right time, though I didn't touch it this morning. I guess our power, by a fantastic coincidence, must have gone on exactly 12 hours after it went off.

So it's all over. I suppose that if it had gone on for several days, as the radio in the Superette last night was speculating that it might, things would have gotten pretty grim. But just for one night, it strikes me that it wasn't very bad — except for the poor people who were trapped in subways and elevators. Civilization has so much going for it. We still had the telephone, we still had transistor and battery radios, we still had flashlights and candles and gas stoves — some or all of these — and the hospitals, at least, had their own generators. Well, I'm going to buy some candles today, and I'm going to get a new battery for the radio, just in case. The city does seem to have behaved well — no panic, no running wild.

I didn't move the car last night, needless to say, and I clean forgot about getting up early this morning to take it to the garage. But I have a feeling alternate sides will be suspended today, officially or unofficially.

11-12-65

Footnote to the blackout: It was a very clear night, and one really saw the stars for the first time in Manhattan in God knows how long.

It's just 8 o'clock, and Bert will be in from California some time after midnight, so I'll be up late.

11-18-65

It's a little after nine... just did the dishes (mostly) leave them for morning - since I'm generally up an hour ahead of Bert, it's no strain to do them then) and I'll go over to Lisa's in a little while.

Winter is setting in... we've had temperatures around 40° and real cold winds all week. I spent this afternoon up at News Front with Mary Ellen, writing captions.

Spent yesterday at home, successfully doing nothing. Had a long telephone conversation with Tanya - telephone conversations with Tanya are always long, unless they. She asked at one point, do I have trouble "filling my time", or some such cliché - The trouble is that I honestly don't. I'm really very contented with just housework and everyday routine and reading (mostly 'sensational fiction') and lots of Thought. Random. My problem is - and I can't believe that this isn't true of many other women - getting myself to dig into all the things I think I ought to be doing, and do them. I have a list of resolutions coming up, but not now.

Tuesday was another nice lazy day.

Monday I edited a "Worth Repeating" for Mary Ellen in the morning, took it up to the office and spent the afternoon there reading proofs. Bart was in Washington; he flew in at 6:00 and went straight to the Queen's Room, where Lisa was having a cocktail party for the judging of her chess set competition. He called, and I quickly changed to wear dress with the roses and dashed over. Was glad I had changed, since Lisa was in pink velour suit and little white Courreges-type boots and all other ladies present nicely attired. It was an excellent party, lots to drink and quite a big crowd. Gabriel Sorzano, a Cuban exile who is one of her chess players, was holding forth about how intolerable life under Castro is. Bart went back late in the evening to look for a game, and he reported that Gabriel was still holding forth, about how Petrosian (Lisa's gray tiger tomcat) shouldn't be altered. To no avail — he (Petrosian) went to the vet Tuesday, which will be too bad for Lisa, should she ever decide to come into heat again after her next.

Last weekend was very quiet and pleasant, marred only (for me) by a phone call from Barbara Karl, about whom I feel a bit guilty. She has, to put it bluntly, divorced her husband because she fell in love at first sight with the husband of an old friend. And while I, as a prejudiced married woman, think this is a pretty rotten stunt to pull, I have to admit that she's honestly pretty much

up and needs support.

We went to see "Bunny Lake Is Missing" Sunday night. The only movie I've seen in years and years that really scared me. Saturday night was the Third Guarneri Quartet concert - They've gotten better with practise.

Last week - Press Failure week - Bert was in California from Tuesday to Friday. I got lots done around the house, finally painted the old bookcase and sliding door chest in his study.

Weekend before last, Klaus came to dinner on Sunday - but he's not company, rest of like a black sheep relation.

And that gets me back to the week of Election Day, of which the most notable event was that Lindsay did win - by more than 30,000 votes. Bert got in from Washington early in the evening, and we didn't go to the Newmans' - he was too tired to want to - but did stay up listening to returns till after 3:00. I even dashed up to the Roosevelt at one point, but dashed right home again because there was such a mob that you couldn't squeeze in.

10/6/66

Gee. Almost a year again. I just called New York City information to find out if alternate sides parking is off tomorrow (it is), and was told that the air pollution index is 11.5.

We closed the house on the Island on Monday, and came in with 17 pieces of luggage in the VW - The old circus act in reverse - including a cat carrier with Silver and three kittens. She had her second

kitties on the Island a week ago Monday. I stayed out that week for the "Kittening", as our cat book calls it, and Bert came out Friday for the long weekend.

Thank goodness, the "Kittening" was uneventful - I don't think I could have coped with a breech birth, though I'd read up on it. I was lying out in the sand beside the house, and Silver hopped out the window in her distended state and came to get me. I took her in and gave her a bowl of Chex and she didn't want to eat. I went out and collected my blanket, book, Sunday Times Magazine with double crostics, and pencil, and moved myself to the living room sofa. She hopped up beside me, lay down against my thigh, and began purring loudly while her flanks heaved. I picked her up - she felt so big and soft and alive - and carried her in to the nest we'd made in the blue room closet, and gently dumped her. Then I moved in with her and waited. For an hour and a quarter, she just kept turning herself around, still purring and heaving. The water broke, and she licked it off the blanket. I didn't watch all the time; I felt as if I was intruding. I just peeked in from time to time and told her she was doing fine, hoping that she was. I was terrified - such a little body, and such very little bodies about to come out of it, and I did not want to have to intervene in any way. Finally there was a series of tiny squeaks, and I looked into the nest and there was one tiny dark tabby kitten, still hooked up to its umbilical cord, getting washed. I waited

ten minutes and then went down to Eddie's to get myself some frozen lobster Newburg for supper. Came back to find a second, identical kitten, and by the time Bert called, I was convinced that there would only be the two of them. But in the morning there was a third. They have been growing almost while you look at them - enormous little cats now, eyes starting to open. The father was a bright ginger, but I guess that's recessive - all three are grey with tabby stripes.

I do like fall - as much said once. It's the real New Year's time, much more than January 1, which is just the middle of the winter. I've spent the week happily dragging huge laundry bags out to the laundromat, taking fall clothes to the cleaner's, generally getting things sorted out. Am looking forward most immensely to housecleaning and maybe some painting.

One random thought before I knock off for the night. There was a full moon on the Island last weekend, and I was looking at it out my living room window, and it suddenly hit me that the moon isn't an object any more, it's a place. Like the Arctic or the Antarctic, maybe - one probably will never go there one's self, but a lot of people will. I remember the night the first Russian spacecraft - what the hell would it have been? - hit the moon in 1958, I think. I was walking home along West 4th Street from Mr. Brandt's drugstore, and I looked up at it in the sky, so round and perfect and beautiful, and I thought quite idiotically, 'oh, dear, I hope they haven't hurt it' - like knocking a piece off

(The New Yorker came out with practically the same thing in "Talk of the Town" a week or so later.) It was still an object then.

3-23-67

I've drawn a line because it's another year, though I certainly didn't do well by 1966.

My father died on January 17. I wrote a letter to my mother on the plane coming back from California, and showed it to Bert because I wasn't sure I should mail it - I was afraid I'd just be hurting her gratuitously by pouring out my grief to her. And he wasn't sure, either - or possibly he really felt that I shouldn't. Anyway he asked me wasn't this the kind of thing I would write in my journal - and I said no, There were other things I'd write in my journal that I would not write to my mother... and then he said OK, I probably should mail it. I finally did, almost a month later. But now that I am writing for myself, here, I find it almost impossible to loosen up enough to get out anything that I might really want to say.

What I do want to get out is just what it was like.

Bob hadn't been well for years - I doubt if I've ever mentioned that here, but am not going to look back to see. He got a kidney infection of some kind in World War I, and that affected his blood, I guess, and eventually his heart. He had very high blood pressure for years and years - I wonder if that was why he quit smoking? - and the real heart trouble began in 1964 or 1965.

I remember being quite frightened then, but for the last few years I'd persuaded myself that it was all under control.

Then Mama began writing last fall that he was quite sick again, but I still didn't realize, couldn't admit how sick.

We were in Claremont for a week in November, and needless to say, I'm very glad we were. I'll try to get back to that week later.

Then came the holidays, which were very, very nice. Back to that later, too, maybe. Only, for probably the first time ever, we didn't talk to Mama and Papa at all. Tried on Christmas Eve and kept getting busy signals from the California line, and didn't even try after that - which is one of the small regrets I'm carrying around.

The health reports in Mama's letters were still bad, and then on the Monday after Twelfth Night, when I had resolved to call them, she called us first and he was in the hospital after a heart attack on Sunday night - actually the first heart attack, unless he had fooled himself and the doctor about earlier ones. Her voice was very bright and brittle and controlled, and I hardly began to realize until the next night what she had been through. I didn't realize until we were in Claremont after his death that for both rational and irrational reasons, she had almost stopped expecting him to live, though I'm sure that on one level she was never

able to stop hoping.) I broke down after that phone call - not hysterically, I don't think, just giving way under an excess of grief and worry.

We talked to Claremont every day for the next week, and looking back on that week it seems endless. He was in oxygen most of the time, and Mama was spending every day from mid-morning till late afternoon in the hospital. One of the few things I can remember her telling me is his saying, the second day, "Isn't oxygen a wonderful thing?" OK, he didn't have much pain - This is what everyone professes to be grateful for when someone dies after a short illness. But I knew he had too much, and I knew he was frightened. And I cannot believe - Tragic I think Mama really does - That he didn't know he was dying, or very likely to die.

I didn't ever say when I wrote here last October that I'm editing News Front now - have been since February '66. I am still technically preserving - clinging to - my freelance status, but it's as near a full-time job as makes no difference, and Bob's illness caught me right in the middle of the monster 10th Anniversary Issue we'd been working on since October. I told Bob on Tuesday that my father had had a heart attack, and that if the worst happened I would of course be leaving for California, and he was a study. Maybe that's nasty, and I have become fond of him, but he really was - from his mean ordinary nice-guy sympathy, to Tomoko's professional

salesman (and he is the best) sympathy, and absolute horror at what my departure would do - as it did - to the already slipped schedule of the book. I also told Nora, my assistant, who is one of the nicest people God ever made, and Isabel. Isabel made me go down to the Red Rower for lunch with her that day, and I had two Scotches on the rocks and poached eggs on toast, and she was quite right to have dragged me.

Tuesday night, Norma told me more about the attack. He had woken up in the small hours on Monday morning with the chest pains. She gave him the right pills. The poor guy had a whole drugstore in the medicine cabinet when we were out there in November - and it kept getting worse. He was out of bed and pacing, and raging, she said "The kind of things people say when they're in pain like that." And she was talking on the phone to the doctor - not their regular doctor, who was out of town for the weekend, but his locum... a Negro who has had a tough time establishing himself in Claremont not only because he's black but also because he got involved in a homosexual scandal with a teenage patient shortly after he arrived, but whom they - and Dr. Griggs, their regular doctor, like very much. Dr. Vines kept telling her all night that she was doing all the right things, and it wasn't till morning that they got Dad to the hospital. I couldn't understand it, and neither could Bert. You'd think when you have a 72-year-old man who is probably,

from the symptoms you're hearing about, having a massive heart attack, that you'd call an ambulance as fast as you could. It's terrible to think - for Dr. Vines' sake as well as for Mom and Dad's - that maybe he couldn't get Dad admitted because he doesn't have an "affiliation" with Pomona General Hospital. But it just could be. Anyway, that is what my mother - age 74, not strong and accustomed to being protected 24 hours a day - went through. And she does know what it takes - she's been proving it ever since. That week, I think she must have hardly eaten or slept - late in the week, Dad told her that he wouldn't be able to bear it if anything happened to her because of him, and from the way she told me about it, she was quite honestly astonished. She simply hadn't been thinking about herself at all.

I wrote her a couple of letters during the week, and in the first one, I really begged her to tell a few people - particularly Kathy Boykin, their neighbor, who is about our age and a very good friend. She hadn't told anyone at all - she and Dad had never wanted to let on when he was sick. But she did tell Kathy, and Kathy was wonderful - driving her back and forth to the hospital, and looking in on her at home, and, I imagine, making sure that Mama took a little bit of care of herself. It was really quite startling that I wanted her to have Kathy at hand - I was so unhappy, so guilty in a way, though not really, because I knew I could hardly do otherwise, that I couldn't just

drop everything and fly out.

So the week stretched itself out. We had concert tickets for both Friday and Saturday nights. Friday I went - unless I'm completely mixed up in my recollections, it was the Borodin Quartet. But I was so tired that I was literally almost fainting Saturday night I just stayed home. (Bert and I both had terrible colds all week - one of the small sidelights.)

By Sunday, we really thought things were looking better. He had gotten through the week, and we both thought that was half the battle. Or, one has so much half-baked medical knowledge, and such blind faith in the wonders of science! He was in the hospital, I thought, he was in oxygen, he was getting round-the-clock care, they can do such wonderful things for heart patients these days, can't they? — ergo, he would recover. Maybe it would have been easier to take it 100 years ago, when if someone was gravely ill, you felt that they would die. On the other hand maybe you didn't at all. But I did not accept it, I didn't believe it. When Bert and I discussed the obvious fact that a heart attack for a man of 72 with a history of heart trouble is a serious thing, it was almost ~~outside~~ as if I was outside myself listening in.

This is a hard thing to say, but I know that Bert wanted to live. I know he was fighting as long as he had any consciousness to fight with. And I did

believe right up to the end that he would win - I believed after it was no longer reasonable, and I'm glad, because I feel as if I was keeping faith with him.

I can't remember anything particular about Sunday. I didn't go to church. I'd have liked to, but I rather think that - unusual as the whole week had been - I didn't want to do anything unusual, and I have gone so seldom for the last 15 years.

On Monday the 16th, we both stayed home. I was getting into the copy editing of the last section of the Anniversary Issue. And along about the middle of the afternoon, the phone rang. Bert answered. It was Kathy. He came and called me - I was working at the big kitchen table - and I simply went numb and cold as I got up to come to the phone.

We have met Kathy and her husband several times, here and in Claremont, and we like them. Kathy is a writer - she has written two pretty good novels - and she is shy and complex, and not at all outgoing except on the very topmost level. It must have been hard for her to have to call us - she had to because Mama had finally broken down. Dad had had a second attack - around noon their time, I guess. Mama had had a conference with Dr. Griggs that morning and had gotten a very grim report, and the accumulated tension had finally caught up.

There was another call from Kathy maybe two hours later, saying that Dr. Griggs had said this attack was "terminal", and that if we wanted to see Dad again, we should come immediately. I told her - I remember struggling desperately to keep talking, so as not to make the whole thing harder for her than it already was, and at the same time feeling that I was using all the wrong words and saying the wrong things - just that we'd be out as soon as we could manage it, and we agreed...

3/30/67

() Knocked off there because Bert came home from the Queen's Parson...) we agreed that we would talk to my mother later in the evening. Bert and I decided that it would be crazy to try and fly out that night, and that he would go to the office in the morning and get things up for the earliest flight possible. He told me that he didn't think we'd see my father alive, and I agreed, rationally. I still didn't really believe it. I asked him - and I was honestly very frightened at the thought - what could I say to Dad, how would I act with him, if we did get there in time? And he told me it would be a purely instinctive kind of thing. Bless him and thank God for him, he told me he was sure I'd be up to it. I'm not sure. If I'd had to sit there with my father, fighting along with him and for him, and watch him lose, I'm not sure that I'd have been any good to my mother during the days that followed. And I couldn't have kept up the pretense of his not knowing. I decided, somewhere along in

the evening, not only that we had to eat, but that I, at least, was hungry. I went down to the Village Supermarket on the corner of Grove and Bleecker and got two small steaks and a package of frozen green beans. We decided after inspection of the steaks that one would be plenty, and the other is still in the freezer.

I must have been starting things in the kitchen when Mama called. Bert came and got me again. Dr. Griggs had called in a specialist that afternoon, and she told me that Dad had said, "Now that Dr. so-and-so is here, I'm going to win this fight." But she didn't believe it at all any more, and she knew. We told her we'd be out the next day. I went back into the kitchen and said another prayer for my father's life, and went on with dinner. (I remember, the first night we got word from Mama, when I was crying so, asking Bert if it's all right to pray for what you want to happen I always feel as though he, as a Roman Catholic, somehow has better information than I do. But I couldn't pray any other way, I'm afraid. The rest was just a formality.)

It was a numb evening. We got to bed well after midnight. Somewhere along the line, I called Nena and asked her to come down the next morning so that we could get things straightened out.

I set the alarm for very early - it must have been for before six, because at

just about six, I was in the kitchen reading proofs, and the phone rang. I was still numb. There was only one thing it could possibly be. I went and answered, and Mama told me that the hospital had just called her and Dad was dead. I cannot remember the words she used to say it. Poor darling, she must have been awake all night. She couldn't have stayed at the hospital. He'd have collapsed. Dad was unconscious when he died, it didn't matter, and yet I can't help minding that he was alone. After I hung up, I went back to the kitchen. It was first sunrise, and the naked January trees were black against a dull orange sky. And I said a prayer for my father's soul - the hardest prayer. I still haven't decided what I want to say - and I picked up my pica rule and went on down the galley. Lines and lines and lines, 9/11 Times Roman, marking the typos with the neat little symbols, and thinking, bite and mardiem as it rounds, that Dad would want me to do a good job on the special issue and not crack up. Actually, there was no way my question of cracking up. I was still numb. I told Bert when I woke him. He went off to the office and I went on working, and Nora showed up around 9:00.

Nora is a big girl with milky skin - the heavy kind, not the almost papery kind - and red-blonde hair that she lightens and darkens at will. Both parents North Irish. I guess the only thing to say about her is that she has empathy. She

is - I never realized it till now - quite a bit like Annie in warmth and humor and kindness. She was great. We went over yards of galley and Tenth stacks of pictures and made lists of everything to be done. Bert called around 11:00 to say we had our tickets - I guess it must have been a one o'clock flight. The living room floor was strewn with pix. I called my mother. Bert come in. We cleaned up the pix list, and Nana washed all the dishes from the night before while I packed and dressed. If I can ever do any kind of a large favor for that kid, I hope I do it.

I didn't know what to pack or what to wear. I didn't care, but I knew Mama would, so I tried to do a decent job of it. I threw in my black crepe dress with long, cuffed sleeves and smocking at the neck, in case we were supposed to wear black for the memorial service, and my yellow wool dress, and my brown jersey summer suit with white polka dots, and a madras shift that hadn't been ironed since September - I'd washed it the night before - because it had been so hot when we were there in November. Everything seemed wrong. I decided to wear my brown Dutch suede dress with the roses for the flight, because I couldn't bear the idea of arriving in anything I'd worn on the November trip; and that was one thing I hadn't taken then.

In the 11:00 phone call [redacted] to Mama, I had found out that they had - as I had expected - taken Dad's body away for

cremation, and that it would presumably be done before we got there. I didn't mind that, once I was able to believe that she didn't mind.

On one of their trips to New York - the one when they stayed in the hotel on 42nd Street - they told me about their funeral arrangements, and not as asked for my approval. The idea was immediate cremation, to be followed by a memorial service. I was surprised and not quite happy. They were both such good Episcopalians, really, God in his own unorthodox way, I'd have thought they'd have wanted church funerals. But all I said was that anything they wanted was fine with me. I think Mama was a little concerned - she buried her parents in the old-fashioned way, and it meant something to her, and possibly she was even hurt by my seeming lack of interest. I guess I didn't want to face up to the prospect of their death. But I do feel, too, that when you make funeral arrangements, it's pretty out of consideration for your heirs - so that they won't have to wonder what you'd have wanted - but even more so that you, yourself can feel as comfortable as possible about the whole thing, and nobody else has any business to ask you for anything else. Anyway, on balance, I'm glad I didn't raise the funeral question. It seems that in California you have to be cremated in this heavy if you're not going to be embalmed - and Dad hated the idea of that. I suppose you could have a funeral service with the ashes in church, but I'm glad I didn't pin them down as to these details.

And as for as not seeing Dad's body goes, I think I'm glad I didn't — not because, as the cliche would have it, it wouldn't have been him, but because it would have been him.

So - we left the house around noon, Bert and I and Nora. Nora loaded down with several huge envelopes full of stuff to take back to the office. We'd called Tina Biderman the night before - Bert had - and she was coming to take care of Silver. We emptied the mailbox of the morning mail and headed for Seventh Avenue. I said Thanksgiving to Nora, and she went down into the subway while Bert and I were flagging taxis.

It was a beautiful day - very clear, very blue, not very cold for January. In the taxi, I opened an envelope from my mother. Inside was a $25 check for my birthday - the next day - and a note signed by both of them several days before. Dad's handwriting was spidery, and he had written, "sick-a-bed, on two chairs, but gaining." If I'd opened it at home, I'd have crashed up. As it was, in the taxi, I just leaned back and Bert put his arm around me and I let the tears come, without a sound. We went over the bridge, with the sun on the skyline, and — I have a feeling that all these reactions are everybody's — it was utterly unbelievable that this beautiful, tangible, absorbing world could exist without my father in it. I kept remembering how we'd come over the bridge when they came to New York and I'd meet them at the airport, and how Dad would point to new skyscrapers, new pieces of housing project, and ask me and/or the drivers

his oddball kind of questions.

We got to Kennedy on time. I got myself together and got out of the cab, and we hiked through the miles of shiny terminal, and waited in the elegant little waiting area, and hiked ourselves along the enclosed, carpeted ramp-thing that gets you onto the plane and sat down. We were flying first class, and I thought it was pretty great of Bert to want to do it that way. It does cost a ridiculous amount of money, but we'd gotten spoiled because our last two flights had been business trips for him. And just being immersed in comfort and luxury did help. Very normal, I think.

4/22/67

I have read all this over, and I think there's only one thing I've left out - the telephone calls to Boston. Bert called Augusta, of course, the first night we got the bad news from Vienna, and it sounded so strange to hear the whole thing in German. It has always been that way - strange, most of the time seeming - that he can say things in a way that I can't, that he and his family and old friends communicate in a way that I can't. I remember both on Charles Street before we were married, laughing my head off listening to his end of a German conversation with his mother. Of course, I can understand enough to follow a simple conversation - and I'm afraid I take a childish pleasure in interpolating things to make it clear that I have understood. That time, I don't think I did. I understood the sentences, but the only words I can remember are "Belos ... herzschlage." I talked to Augusta afterwards.

I had wanted very badly to talk to her, just to know she was there and with us. But I was already suffering from a kind of syndrome that developed as the days went by - thinking that she had lost her husband in her early '40s, that her children had lost their father when they were 15 and 18 - that I and my mother, in comparison, were lucky, and that I should be ashamed to burden her with a grief that was quite disproportionate to the realities. I can't remember what she actually said to me, except that I think she found it hard to say anything. But she was truly concerned, and we promised we'd call back if there were any important developments. We didn't call again until the night before he died, because there weren't really any developments. So it must have been a shock to them. I guess - I can't remember - that Angus wasn't home that night, and Bert got through to Dantschi, and it was "Bebs zweite herzschlage", and then I was talking to Dantschi and she was saying in that cool, controlled little voice that hides all her warmth and all her years of unhappiness behind it that there was nothing she could say.

Back to the plane. I drank my quota of martinis, wine and brandy, and devoured the opulent but inescapably pre-packaged-tasting meal, and we watched feisty Shelley Winters being surprised with attention in the front seat, and then a silly but entertaining movie about a food cop.

We landed in Los Angeles, and got out

of the terminal, and waited outside for what seemed like an hour for the Airways Rent-A-Car station wagon. It was chilly, but the palm trees, of course, were there. And I remembered our first arrival, in 1956, when the whole place was new to me and seemed so delightfully exotic. The wagon came, and we followed the familiar route - familiar from the last two trips - along Century Boulevard, I think it is, to the Airways headquarters, and picked up our car. I wasn't seeing anyone during this whole phase, I was frozen. I had called Mama from the airport, and was getting more and more worried about how we would find her and how I would manage to behave when we got there. I looked at the Airways counter girl in her long black hair and her beautiful eye makeup and her untouched face, and thought how ghastly I looked. We got into our car - red, like the one we had in November - and drove away... I saw the Hawley-Tank boulevard, into the freeway, past the pastel-painted streets, through the miles of darkness in the nothing much to notice but Forest Lawn, and finally into Claremont.

I had realized only last November how much Claremont had come to seem like home. After all, Mom and Dad had been there for 15 years. And this was such a sad homecoming - even though inevitable, even though you knew throughout the years that in the normal course of events there will be one like this. I said I was frozen - I was, but

as we drove the last few blocks and turned into Eighth Street, my insides were tying themselves into cryogenic knots. The house was all lit up - that little ranch house that has, I suppose, become to me the white-washed brick house in Garden City and the yellow house in Pelham in a new incarnation - and we parked in front and went up and rang the doorbell and Mama let us in.

It was exquisitely neat and clean, as always, and full of flowers. The flowers were to keep coming over the next few days until we hardly knew where to put them. Mama was wearing her peacock blue wool dress, and her hair was waved, and her lipstick was crooked, as always, but on - and I put my arms around her and she was so tiny. She must have lost ten pounds while Daddy was in the hospital.

I remember her two ways. I think first from when I was very small, when adult dimensions didn't matter because they were all so big. I guess, with pale skin and very red lips and perfectly manicured beach hair, in her beach evening gown with the red and silver roses on the skirt, coming in to say goodnight to me before they went into town - always to Le Ruban Bleu, as far as I was concerned, although I suppose they must have gone other places. And then when I was ten, 12, 14, as a broad-hipped, substantial, comfortable kind of woman - still as young-looking as any of my friends' mothers, and I knew she

was really quite a bit older, and I was proud of that - in the plaid pants suit that she got during the war when we had full rationing and wore, even late in the spring, to farm the roses on the trellis. And in between, I suppose - between then and now - in New York in her mink jacket that I've borrowed twice, and quite astonishingly good and expensive clothes, considering that she always scorned clothes when I was a kid, a quite elegant and totally self-assured almost-elderly lady.

And there she was in the peacock blue wool, suddenly an old lady, with a furrowed, exhausted face, and - astonishingly - no lips at all.

When I told Bart how much weight she'd lost, he laughed and said that was the way his grandmother would talk. I guess it is a typically feminine way of responding to emergencies.

I fed her a meal - heated up a barbecued chicken that Kathy had brought in, and a frozen vegetable from the icebox, and made her drink a glass of sherry before it. The sherry practically made her high, and the food did her good - you could almost see her come to life as she ate.

I suppose I realized then - though I haven't thought of it consciously until now - that she needed me much more than I needed her. My grief over the loss of my father was shattering. I have still not come to terms with it. But part of it was simply

the coming to terms with the fact of death, which I had never had to do, and that's something that no one can do for you or even help you with. And the pure grief, the sense of loss, the loneliness, the rebellion, I could and did pour out to Bert. What you need, all that can sustain you, is just the warmth of the person who loves you. I had him for that. Mama had no one but me - and I hope I was adequate, not that she did much unloading of any kind, she was holding herself together all the time we were there.

Well, we were there, and the ritual was beginning, and I suppose it's a ritual that makes a great deal of sense - people have been working on it for a couple of thousand years.

What I remember from that first evening is the telephone ringing constantly, and Bert answering and saying "This is her son-in-law", me answering, "This is her daughter," and yes, she could come to the telephone. When it was me, I think I proffered the information that she was being wonderful. And she went to the telephone, time after time, and talked to people in her company voice.

We finally got her to bed. Bert kept telling her she'd had enough, and I think she liked having a man around to tell her what to do.

This was Tuesday. There was so much crammed into the next four days that I don't know

how I will ever get it sorted out. but I will try.

It sounds crazy, but I missed my brother - wished he had lived and grown up and was there. When I was a little kid, he was completely unreal to me. Of course - a brother seven years older who had died seemed almost like an adult. When I was a little older, and knew more about where babies come from and how, it was a sad, romantic kind of thing, and I was sorry for my mother. Even quite a small girl can imagine how terrible it would be to lose a baby at birth. And when I was a young teenager, my mother was saying that if he'd lived, he'd be in the war and she couldn't stand that - and, again romantically, that was the way I thought of him. After that, I didn't think of him much at all. But out in California, three months ago, I kept imagining a solid, dependable guy in his early 40's - awfully good friends with Bert, of course - who would have been nice to have around.

11-21-67

I wrote all that last in April, and now it's November. I have had hours alone over the last six months when I could have gone on with this account, but I guess I didn't want to. And yet I do want to - and I have to, or I'll never touch this journal again, because I'll have realized that it's no use to me when the chips are down.

Bert is in Houston, and I'm alone with cats - Silver and the tiger twins that constituted her

Third bitter. It's 10:00 o'clock, and I've had dinner and cleaned up and poured myself some brandy and some milk, which I call a "Keep The Faith, baby," in honor of Adam Clayton Powell. And now I will try to go back again to last January.

We all finally got to bed that Tuesday night, and the next morning was my birthday. My mother and I agreed that we wanted to ignore the fact.

The events of the next three days - Wednesday till Saturday - are all blurred, but that doesn't really matter. I think they had blurred themselves by the time our plane landed in New York.

There was more telephoning on Wednesday. About the memorial service - which, I was rather relieved to find, was set for the next day, which made it seem more like a proper funeral. About flowers for the memorial service. About the arrangements for scattering Dad's ashes as he had wanted. Uncle Frank had somehow gotten involved with that problem, and was on the phone insisting that it couldn't be done without prodigious amounts of red tape; Bert and Dick Topkis finally made all the arrangements. About sandwiches for the guests who would come back to 82nd Street after the service - a friend of Mama's insisted on making them, and I hemmed that bit and told her to go ahead, with many thanks. And innumerable condolence calls, and calls Mama felt she had to make to people who should know right away. I made some, she made some. I think the hardest for her were the Leslies and the Cervants.

Mama and I talked at endless length, both of us, in our different ways, finding ourselves at the end of our ropes, but with the ropes continuing to stretch.

The quantities of mail, telegrams, flowers, that began pouring in on Wednesday were unbelievable, and got more so as the next three days went by.

I went to get my hair done. When we were out in November, I'd gone to the place my mother recommended, and had found I was the only lady there who wasn't eligible for Medicare and that the operators had practically never heard of teasing. So this time we called Kathy and found out where the younger set went. It was a fine place, and the Mexican girl named Delia who worked on me knew how to follow vague instructions about "the man who does my hair at home puts the rollers in this way." I tipped her at New York rates. I remember that expedition mostly because of the strange feeling I had walking alone downtown in Claremont and home. Every solidly-built, white-haired man I saw gave me a small shock. Every elderly couple I saw - and there are dozens of them visible on any short stroll in Claremont - produced a little wave of sadness and - suppose resentment is the closest word. And walking along those very quiet, leafy tree-shaded streets with their round houses and lush little lawns and gardens, I again had that strange realization that this totally alien place, a place I'd never seen till I was 25 years old, had in a funny way become my home town.

My mother and I came closest to disagreeing about what to wear to the memorial service. I really wanted to wear black, rather to my own surprise. I suppose because it is the symbol of grief — although, of course, one wears it on the happiest occasions — and I wanted my grief to be recognized and respected. I felt as if I'd feel so damned vulnerable in a light-colored dress — and I have nothing in between. But Mama vetoed the black, and it was a very small disagreement. I don't if she and I will ever push each other too hard again.

Bert and I went out on the Wednesday afternoon, to a department store in Pomona to return a bathrobe Mama had bought for Dad the day before he died, and to the undertaker's to collect his things. The undertaker was located in a very handsome white house on a quiet side street. Inside, the place was just about as one would expect, with a large-ish, rectangular waiting room just a shade more comfortable and homelike than a good doctor's or dentist's office, smelling vaguely of flowers, with a "chapel" - into which we peeked - off to one side. Quite a big chapel, and so horribly ersatz. Why would anyone who had professed any kind of religion in life want to be buried from a place like that? The man who gave us Dad's things was very nice, gentle and considerate but matter-of-fact. There was something about a small Veterans' Administration grant for funeral expenses — I think we got a form for it at that point, and there was some confusion later about producing Dad's service records to get it all filled out.

We drove home, and for some reason, we checked the contents of the box before we took it in - toothbrush, pyjamas, a Bible, the garnet ring that Grandpa Tom left him, & half a dozen other things. And the plastic ID bracelet that he'd worn in the hospital. That really hurt me. I don't know why, except that I still have mine from our accident, hung up like a trophy. And Bert looked at it and said well, we didn't have to take that in, and I agreed, afraid it would hurt Mama too much, too. I dropped it in my bag, and I think I will have it squirreled away some place.

I had dreaded taking The Things in to Mama - or not dreaded, because I was beginning to wish something would break her up, but I thought that might be it. It wasn't. We spread everything out in the studio couch in Dad's study, and she just looked at it all and said, "And what do I have here of my darling's?" and started going through and sorting out. It was then that I suggested that she ought to have the garnet ring cut down and wear it - and she has.

I can't remember dinner Wednesday night at all. Food was simply pouring into the house, in approved fashion, and we must have eaten somebody's contribution.

Thursday was more mail, which Mama and I went through together sitting on the living room couch... more flowers, more telephone, and then the Cavanaughs arriving before the memorial service.

3-24-69

All right, already, no comment on the date. I'm still trying to tell the same story.

The Cavanaughs came in, Edna loaded down with casseroles, both hurting very badly. They were my parents' best friends as couples, I think, and Dad was certainly Paige's best friend. Edna and I got the casseroles stashed away in the kitchen, and she started telling me, I remember, what it's like to have only half of the couple you were best friends with left. She would have been... not enjoying it, but appreciating it, in a proper, Irish-wake kind of way. Paige was just quiet and miserable and probably absolutely longing for a drink.

We drove Mama to the church in the Volkswagen, and the Cavanaughs went in their car. I was brave (Elizabeth Ann meaning?) in the yellow dress. (I could hardly even bear to wear it again, which is another argument for real mourning. This winter I had it dyed red, but that didn't work either, and I've given it to the Volunteers of America.) I cannot remember what Mama wore, but it was also brave. I always feel, when we are driving my mother in a VW, as though we are transporting a very fragile package in a very inadequate vehicle. That afternoon was even more so. We pulled into the big parking lot behind Saint Ambrose, and got out, and went in the side door of the church and sat down in the front pew. It's such a lovely little church, so light and open and - not chi-chi modern, but new-looking. And, of course, Mom and Dad did help get the parish organized - it was a missionary district. When they first went to Claremont - and it was and

is so very much There. It was quite full, and horribly quiet. Mama had told me that music would be The one Thing she couldn't bear. I'd rather have had some, I Think. Larry Rorillard, a young priest about our age who is chaplain of The Episcopal students at The Claremont colleges and was a very good friend of Dad's, took The service with Father Chester, The rector. We had just been seated for a few minutes when Larry came out, very large and solemn in his robes, and told the assembled company That This was a memorial service for Miles Lovelace and That it would follow The Prayer Book form for The burial of The dead. And, indeed, it did, from "I am The resurrection and The life" on. All so awfully familiar, and I just didn't hear much of it. Larry read a very abstruse Gospel That Dad would have liked. I felt awfully exposed Down There in front. Mama and I both kept our heads up, except when They were supposed to be down. I was in The middle, holding her hand to comfort her and Bert's hand to comfort myself. And I did love Bert so much for making all The responses - he really doesn't Think much of The Church of England - and Thought it was so funny when he stopped before The "for Thine is The Kingdom" in The Lord's Prayer. It was all over almost before you knew it, and we were outside The front door of The church... no, I was alone, Bert took Mama right back to The car, I guess The Cavanaughs must have stood by... receiving condolences, like. That part is a complete blur. I remember kissing Kathy and Dick, and meeting all The Fowlers in a body, and Mary Fowler, Haynes' wife, whom I had never felt very comfortable with, saying "My dear, I'd never have recognized you." It sounds very

frivolous, but I remember in "Busman's Honeymoon," the Dowager Duchess saying of something Helen says to Harriet that "she couldn't have said anything nastier if she'd thought it out with both hands for a fortnight." That is the way Mary's remark struck me, and I'm sure she didn't mean it at all that way. Why should she feel cattily toward me? But the last time she'd seen me had been at breakfast in that wonderful place in Yosemite in 1960.

We went home, and all the Fowlers were there, and the Cavanaughs, of course, and the Rainards, and a few miscellaneous out-of-town people whom I can't remember at all. It had been decided, somewhere over Tuesday night and Wednesday, that the reception, whatever you call it, would be as small as possible. There were sandwiches from the nice lady I mentioned earlier, and coffee and tea... I think Mama's Japanese maid came in to fix things up... and there must have been cookies or cake or something like that, and sherry. Mama had been quite concerned on Wednesday about whether or not to make hard liquor available. I would have said of course, but I could see she really thought it would be nicer without, so I said of course no need for anything but sherry. There was booze in the house, of course, and maybe somebody made Uncle Frank a drink. All I remember is Bert passing the tray of sherry glasses and saying to Father Kiester, so exactly right, "Sherry, Father?" I vanished half way through the party, if it can be called that. Nona was on the phone in an alarming set of problems, and I didn't have the heart to tell her what a sad moment it

was. I coped as best as I could on the phone, and got back as fast as I could.

Everybody kind of faded away, eventually, and the Cavanaughs stayed for dinner from Edna's casseroles. Paige hit the bourbon with immense relief, and I had quite a lot to drink too, and so, probably, did Edna, who likes to drink in a quiet way. And it was a very good meal and a blessedly peaceful evening. When the Cavanaughs left and Mama had gone to bed, I poured myself some brandy and sat down at Bert's feet and cried some more. You have to cover things up, I do, anyway. I asked him if he, personally, believes that people who love each other in this world are together in any special way in the next world. And he said, if I wanted the truth, no. But I do believe it... couldn't bear the whole business if I didn't... and the funny thing is, I think I have rather persuaded my mother to believe it again.

I was very surprised to find out, either Friday morning or Saturday morning it was, that she didn't. Dad's ideas of religion had become very un-orthodox, and I guess hers had changed with his. Funny. The way they moved in the times in so many ways, and remained so absolutely unchanged in their ideas in others.

Friday morning was more mail. And Friday afternoon, Bert and I went off to scatter Dad's ashes over the ocean. Mama had said she wanted to go along, but she changed her mind at the last minute. We drove to the funeral home, and there was some perfectly

ghastly delay. nobody quite sure whether or not the ashes were there and could be released, and I sat in that cold, elegant parlor thinking oh, no, it can't get fouled up now, while Bert coped. But finally, quite quickly, really, they handed us a teeny little box about the size of a shoebox, quite heavy, with some kind of metal foil wrapping, and that was my father. We went out to the car and Bert put the box on the back seat, and I wanted to say no, I want to carry it, but it just seemed a little too maudlin, so I didn't say anything.

And we drove to the little airport near Claremont and found our pilot, who led us to our very small plane, and we went up. For the ride out to the Pacific, I did carry the box. I am so shamefully afraid of flying, and my first ride in a small plane I suppose I should have been terrified, but I wasn't at all. I loved it, and I felt happier and free-er than I had since Twelfth Night. I remember the brick red and dull green checkerboard countryside, and Los Angeles, and of all things, Disneyland, and then the little strip of beach and we were out over the ocean. It was a bright, hazy kind of day, and we could see the water through patches of cloud. Things got a bit sticky for a few moments when we couldn't get the box open, but we did. And I leaned out the window into the sea and let the ashes fly out through my fingers - coarser and heavier than I'd have thought they would be, and very bright silver as they drifted down. And that was that. We flew home, and dropped the box into a perfectly ordinary trash can, and went back to Claremont, and I told

Mama that it had all been fine. I wanted to write the pilot a note saying thanks for talking us up and trying to tell him how much it had helped me, but decided that it would merely embarrass him.

And the next day, Saturday, we flew back. I have no recollection of Friday night, we must have had another scratch meal at home. I felt terrible when we left and Mama hung onto us in the living room before we went out the door. I must have been pretty well exhausted. I wrote Mama that letter sitting up in the little lounge on the plane, with the beach midwest down below.

Silver was most amazingly glad to see us. I guess animals are intuitive enough to know when the people's departure is sudden and upsetting, rather than well-planned and cheerful.

Bobby called on Sunday. Everything was a mess. I went and collapsed on one bed after I'd finished talking to him, and really honestly had hysterics. This is perhaps not quite as shocking as it sounds, because I haven't explained at all quite what a monstrous job the anniversary issue was (for a News Front size staff, that is) or quite how fouled up it had gotten. But I honestly and truly felt that I could not go on. Well, Bert slapped me out of it - not literally, but figuratively, that was the only time in the month when he wasn't gentle with me - and sent me off to Dr. Ingerman, who, bless her, has office hours on Sunday. She checked me out and gave me a prescription for Miltown, and that

was That.

I stayed home on Monday, and Nena came down. She just walked into the kitchen, all loaded down with stuff, and sat down at the table and put her head down and she began to cry. Baldy had given her an awfully hard time while I was away, which wasn't nice of him, but I guess he was pretty damned worried.

Well, we sorted everything out, and the anniversary issue did, eventually, see the light of day, with a few of the most godawful typos, but generally not too bad.

Angus came down later in the week. The apartment was a mess, and I wasn't ashamed and didn't care. I was just so glad to see her. I remember a couple of days later, getting up at five in the morning and typing in the kitchen - hoping I was not waking up Bert in the bedroom and Angus in the living room - about "The Challenge of Leisure" (!), the very last bit of Anniversary Issue copy.

And I guess That is all.

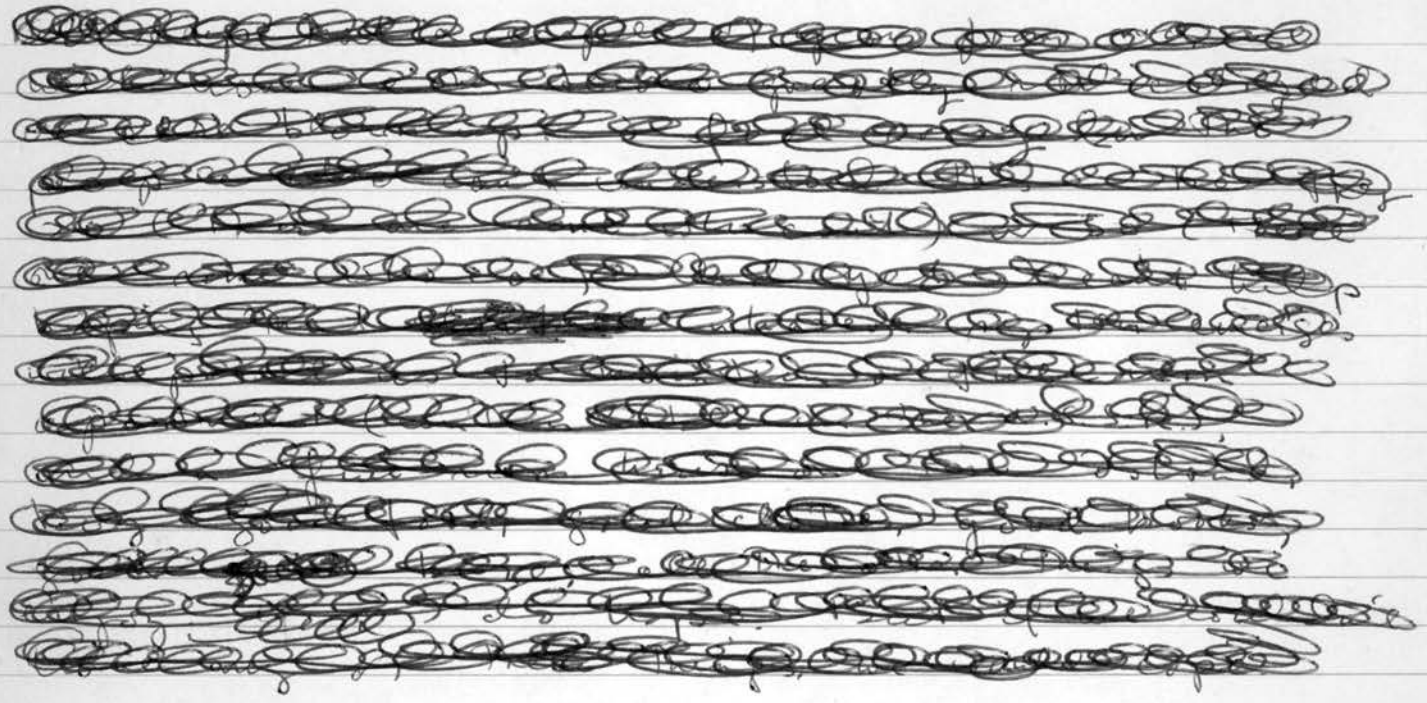
I have been writing This last chunk on a raining March night, in the kitchen, with Bert out at the EEEE.

There must have been at least 100 times over the last two years when I could have finished, and I don't know why I didn't. But I couldn't so on scribbling in

the normal way until I had gotten through all I wanted to write about Dad.

And now such a lot of catching up to do. But that will be kind of fun.

4-26-69



False start.

4-28-69

Bert is in Chicago for a sales meeting (he got the editorship last November, and is much more involved now with all the management-type stuff). Flew out Saturday afternoon, [redacted] back this afternoon.

It was a beautiful, warm weekend (we have had a very slow spring, and now it's starting out to be summer).

I turned out my closet Saturday after Bert left. took a load of dry cleaning to

Mr. MacDonald, our friendly neighborhood dry cleaner, sorted out cottons to wash and shorten (skirts keep going up), and a few good things to go to the good dry cleaner on 8th Street, and discards for volunteers of America. Listened to the Yankees beating the Orioles in Baltimore. Went out and shopped. Came home and fed myself a double martini, broiled scallops and peas and Seroff's frozen lemon chiffon something-or-other. Talked to Bert in Chicago, and set the clocks ahead for daylight saving and went to bed early.

Yesterday I woke up around seven, sun pouring in the windows. I had a cup of instant coffee and a couple of cigarets, listening to a Mozart symphony on WQXR, and then went over to 8:00 mass at St. Luke's. (I keep resolving and resolving to go to church every Sunday, or at least three out of four, but I'm just too lazy. I'll keep trying. It's such an easy thing to do.) Came home with the fat Sunday paper and poached myself a couple of eggs, glanced at the news, started the crossword puzzle, and [redacted] did laundry till time for the double header, which I listened to on my little transistor radio, sprawled on the bed. (Bert gave me the transistor for my name's day last summer, and it is one of my dearest possessions.). The Yanks lost both games - I guess the Baltimores really got mad at losing the first two of the series. (I am following baseball avidly this season for the first time in several years - don't ask me why!) The flowers and gardens around and below were full of

people. A pretty girl in a bikini was sunbathing on the tiny roof terrace off to our left, and on the other roof, behind the fence down the middle, a young man was entertaining several friends with much beer. You'd think they'd get acquainted. I made myself the first gin-and-tonic of the season while the Yanks were losing the second game. Had Chicken Sara Lee for dinner, with watercress salad, and ice cream and raspberries. Read an old Nero Wolfe after dinner, and waited for Bert to call, which he did around 11:30... very sad about de Gaulle, who resigned [redacted] yesterday... and then went to bed.

This morning I was up real early, about 6:30. I have tidied up the apartment (did massive spring cleaning while Bert was in Washington Monday to Friday last week), and given myself a facial, and put on a new black-and-white polka dot dress, and am now leaving for a dentist appointment. Bert should be home by seven, and I'm going to see if I can get a red snapper for dinner.

9-3-69

Bert is flying down to Florida tonight, and I will try to write about some of the things I have missed out on.

9-4-69

I wrote that much last night, and decided that I didn't feel like writing. Read through two new books skimmed from the Mystery Guild, and went to bed.

I'm afraid I am keeping up at this point simply because there is so probably much to write about. (Why not make entries more often? I'm always up ahead of Bert, and if I made it just a bit earlier, that would be the about time, every day.)

4-15-70

Rainy day. Earthworms, believe it or not, on the sidewalk. I went out early to buy a pound of coffee, and a long double file of mounted police were moving down Bleeker street, probably heading for the tax protest rally downtown. I heard one middle-aged, mustached black cop saying to his horse, "Don't you be scared, now!" I am fasting for peace this week, and I will go up to a rally in Bryant Park this afternoon. I don't think I have written about Vietnam in here at all, but it is a monstrous thing and blighting our country.

Fasting is funny. Day One, I was lightheaded, almost high. Day Two, yesterday, I was irritable and vague, and trying not to let it show because what's the point of doing something like this if you can't do it cheerfully? Day Three, today, I just feel weak. Today is the last, and we will send the money we have raised to the Vietnam Moratorium people. (Bert isn't quite fasting, but he is down to nothing much but soup.)

The Apollo 13 moon mission was launched on

Saturday, and they were supposed to land tonight, but they ran into trouble.

We have a rented TV for the flight, and Monday night we were watching an old movie - a very good one for once - when the announcements began coming in - first trouble in the spacecraft that *might* jeopardize the landing. Then the trouble sounding worse and worse, and then the astronauts "in grave danger." Sometime after midnight, the TV networks began full coverage, and we were up watching till 4:00. Something exploded in the service module - they still don't know why - and it destroyed the fuel cells that supply power to the command module. And oxygen was leaking out of the command module and I don't know what all. The astronauts were able to use the batteries in the little lemon module to supply some power to the CM, and they were just hanging in there. Along about 4:00, they fired the LM's descent engine to send themselves into a trajectory around the moon that would send them back to earth, and it worked. They had another burn last night to aim themselves at the right place in the Pacific, and now they are coming home in that crippled spacecraft, falling toward earth with everything powered down that possibly can be. Only the panel lights in the LM were on, they said last night. The CM is just plain out of commission, and the LM is keeping them alive. There's enough oxygen and energy of all the other "consumables" to get them home... just about, it sounds like... and it looks as if they'll make it, but it will

be a very dangerous reentry.

This was our fifth trip to the moon; and I have always liked the [redacted] Three days between earth orbit and lunar orbit, even though nothing much happened until now. I liked thinking about that marvelous little machine flying toward the moon, the vastness of space all around and the men warm and safe inside. It seemed so peaceful. This time I'm imagining what it must be like for them in there with just those panel lights glowing. Knowing that their survival hangs on the equipment in that [redacted] fragile, funny-looking LM that should have been left behind on the moon.

If they get back safely and if the program isn't hurt too badly, it will be exciting to remember. Like a Martin Caidin novel, every bit of it from the first flash on Tuesday night.

There's a storm building up now in the splashdown area, and the Russians have offered to help in the recovery.

5-5-70

They made it home O.K., and the splashdown was as beautiful on TV - a long beam of light slanted down through the clouds just before the spacecraft appeared.

The last couple of weeks have been beautiful here. Everything is in bloom in the gardens - dogwood, magnolia, flowering crab, azalea, tulips, daffodils, and the trees coming into leaf. We have out the back windows on weekends and

watch cats - dozens of them, it seems like, dispersing themselves in the yards and on the Bronx Street rooftops.

Bert is freelancing now - as of last Friday. Things sort of slowly fell to pieces at S/A over the winter. We've bought a new electric typewriter and big desk and chair for his study, and I am going after shelving. He's in Ohio this week, for S/A - he has a consulting contract with them for the next year, and will be doing extra assignments too - and Sunday we're going to California.

I have been listening to the radio all day. Nixon sent troops into Cambodia last week, students are striking all over the country, and four kids were killed by National Guard troops at Kent State yesterday. It seems just possible that we are reaching the end of the line and the country will fall to pieces on us. I can't really bring myself to believe it, but the possibility is there and it is a very strange feeling.

7-8-71

I am leaving for California this afternoon. Part much want to go, but it will be all right, and I will be home next Wednesday night - Thursday morning really. It has been a very fine summer so far and will continue to be so. I am a very happy, very lucky person.

1-21-72

That odd little note was written, of course, because I didn't want to go, really.

New year now, and still not too late for resolutions, and I am making one to start getting more down in here.

It's a warmish, grayish day today, and I'm going out to Montclair to see Annie. Just washed my hair (which is longer than it's been since 1954), and will barely get it dry before it's time to leave for the bus.

Yesterday morning I went up to 72nd Street to see a Dr. Advocate, who is trying to figure out whether or not I have tuberculosis. It all started with a little lump on the neck in November, and the story's too long to bother with today. I have a tiny spot on my arm from the second skin test, and it either will or will not swell up, and then maybe we'll know. The major symptom at this point is total fatigue - I just kind of conk out most afternoons, and I did yesterday. Bert was out for the evening, and when I roused myself from my afternoon stupor I went over to Nicola's and shopped for my dinner, and came home and mixed myself a couple of martinis and then a mess of shrimps in Birdseye Japanese Vegetables, with bean sprouts and Chinese noodles. Called Annie for a long talk and went to bed early.

Wednesday - day before yesterday - I did practically nothing at all.

Tuesday was my birthday. First visit to Dr. Advocate. Stopped the old man's

white robe on my way home and got beautiful new bath towels and a round, fluffy bathmat with a fringe and Vera dish towels. We had Chinese food from the takeout place on 10th Street for dinner, and Bert gave me two sweaters - one old rose, one bright stripes - and Julia Childs II and a big 1972 calendar for the kitchen with pictures of Venus exploration on it. It was an awfully happy evening.

I'd better get my shaggy head dry and get out of here.

1-28-72

It's snowing very, very gently on top of a fresh fall that came last night. I have been pacing the floor - almost literally - all morning, trying to get down to writing Mama and telling her about the t.b. She will be so much more married than there's any reason to be. Maybe I'll clinchen out till this afternoon - I have to go uptown and run a few errands.

Quiet week.

Yesterday I went to Casa Moneo to buy canned refritos and chiles and dried black beans, and proceeded a dozen fresh tortillas in my godawful rusty Spanish, and we had huevos rancheros for dinner.

Tuesday and Wednesday, Bert was working at home. He took a job

again just about one year ago, on a magazine called Innovation that was started about three years ago by Robert Colburn and a bunch of the old Convex - most Science and Technology people. It's a management book, and hard to characterize, but I call it a winging fortune. I was a little sorry to see him quit freelancing when the offer came along last year - he had done an article for them and they liked it a lot and wanted him to come aboard - but the job was just too good to turn down, and it is a lot of fun. There is one disturbing element there, but never mind here for the moment.

Tuesday afternoon I went to see Dr. Rosen, our med or Dopedist, and got a bunch of exercises to do for my stiff shoulder, which somehow got wrenched when I was in the hospital for removal of the lymph node that got infected with T. B.

The recent skin test was very positive, and Dr. Advocate started me on Isoniazid on Monday.

I went to early church on Sunday, and Sunday afternoon we took a long walk way over to the Jenny outdoor markets on Delancey Street and home via Saint Mark's Place.

Annie and I had a fine lunch at Bill's Country Inn on Friday and went to visit Sally, John Ashley's current girlfriend, in the new apartment she and John have taken, and Annie drove me home with the huge scratching post we bought

jointly for our cats to share unless and until Roy makes a duplicate for us.

Silva died last March - cancer of the liver, poor darling - and we took a new kitten from one of the Schild Knechts' litters in September. Her name is Halfpenny, because her mother is named Penny, and she is a delightful little nut. This was her first trip at the big scratching post, and she went ape over it.

And that's enough for now. I will sit down and try to write that bloody letter or put it off once more and get upstairs.

3-1-72

Today is a lovely surprise kind of day, temperature way up around 70. I have cleaned house and fixed a floppy tile in the foyer and been out to buy my weekly lottery ticket, and I ought to get down to work on a transcript for Innovation this afternoon.

Annie was in town yesterday to run an errand for Roy, and we went to the Varich Street O.B. office to place a bet for a friend of Rosemary's - bet on the vanished animal ourselves too, of course, and he lost. It's a funny little place, full of Northern Detroit types, and what I want is a real friendly neighborhood betting parlor right on Sheridan Square, but it is close. Come back there for coffee and went up to Brownie's, a marvelous health food store on 10th Street. I've been getting high-powered vitamins there, and vitamin C

powder to ward off colds, and Tiger's Milk - maybe it's all in the mind, but I think all that junk helped keep me going last fall when I was developing the "tuberculous cervical lymphadenitis" (that's what it says on the form Dr. Advocate filled out for the insurance company.) And now it's going to help me feel good. Anyway, Brownie's is an entrancing place, full of good-smelling homemade organic bread and cake and cookies, and all sorts of beans and grains and canned goods and everything else organic, as well as the Tiger's Milk and yeast and wheat germ and stuff. I bought cookies and alfalfa sprouts, and Annie stocked up on powdered milk - she is dieting again.

Bert was out last night... maybe in the disturbing element, maybe not... and I fed myself my Japanese mess in the shrimps and went to bed early.

Seems as if we spent the whole weekend talking money, which wasn't any fun at all but had to be done. We are most frightfully broke, if you don't count over $7000 remaining in savings from the Covenes-Mart profit-sharing, and I don't want to! But it will all straighten out over the next couple of months.

Friday night we heard the Gaarnia at the Metropolitan and went to supper afterwards at the Copenhagen with Hans Schweikart, who seems to pop up every couple of years... he's a nice guy and good company, although kind of a stuffed shirt. At

least that's the way he comes on in English.

Week before last was a lot of snow, and the Dog Show. Two days of absolutely enormous fun, and really exciting this year because a Basenji won Best of Group and was up there with the five other Bests on Tuesday night for Best in Show. The Schutzhunds came in for the finals, and Ann and I were rooting for Reveille Re-up like mad, but he didn't make it. Beaten by a springer spaniel. Bert and I went down to the Cookery for supper afterwards - a nice, friendly place with interesting food and jazz piano, and we've been going there a lot after concerts.

Week before that, we had dinner with Ann and George Novotny - they are such great people, I wish we saw a lot more of them. We hadn't seen them for about a year and a half, since they were out at the Island in the summer of '70, but last year they were completely out of things... George was having a whole series of open heart operations and they were having an awful time. He seems fine now, but he's stuck with a permanent pacemaker and probably has to watch himself more carefully in a lot of little ways than he did with the dicky heart he had before.

First weekend in the month was one of the Music from Marlboro concerts that we're going to with Ursula. She and Fedor broke up last year, or rather, he broke up with her... absolutely staggering at the time, when I set around to catching up

in NY last winter I will try to bring back what it was like. We hadn't seen her all fall - The first Marlboro concert was in November, but she was sick — and I'd been feeling awfully guilty about her. But everything was o.k., no bad feelings on her part, or if any, well-concealed, and we had a pleasant time, dinner afterwards at a tiny Hungarian place over in Yorkville. She is looking kind of stunning - still very slender, though she has gained back a lot of the weight she lost last year, after Fedor moved out she was so thin she looked as if she was ready to break in two. She's stopped coloring her hair, which is premature gray, and she's let it grow way down on her shoulders, and on her the combination looks good. And she comes on quite differently, somehow — more feminine, more relaxed, not so stiff and school-marmish. It must have been a very odd and unfortunate marriage right from the beginning, or almost from the beginning, and we never realized at all.

The Strages were here for dinner late in January, the day after I wrote here last. Michael came along - he's 12 now, and an absolute darling. We had a big antipasto with a couple kinds of paté and deviled eggs and things, and bread homemade and apple cake, and much jawing after dinner... we have been playing much jazz for a couple of years now. Offenbach on the hi fi, and then our old, old Marlene Dietrich and Edith Piaf records, and

for me, at least... maybe nobody else noticed... it was a very fine, sentimental kind of evening. We played those same records with Mark and Tanya 20 years ago, probably... before we were married, before they were married, before Michael was even imagined. And there we were, all together, and... again, at least as far as I'm concerned... with everything not just as good as when we were kids, but better. Especially at a time when things are a little bit rocky in my life, it made me feel so very happy and satisfied and grateful to realize this.

Energy. I will go and start the fleisch a la Pauni for dinner and then get at that transcript.

9-18-72

"A little bit rocky". Boy. Yes, there was trouble back in March, but I really didn't know how bad.

The last two months have been just unbelievably sad and terrible, and I just can't see the light at the end of the tunnel.

Now, this week, alone on the Island in our new house that - in one of its many - we bought this year - I'm just going to take the days one at a time, write here every day, just about the little things, about what I do.

And maybe if there's time, go back and remember and get some perspective on these last few years when I've been writing so

scrappily. But there probably will not be time, because I am writing to Bert, the current one of a series of long, long letters, and I'll spend hours on that.

Today I woke up at 7:00 and got myself back to sleep till 8:00. I haven't been able to sleep in the morning for weeks now. I wake up around 7:00 and everything, all the godawfulness of what's happening to us, is there, and my brain starts working on it and there's just no more sleep. To sleep till noon one of these days would be an amazing and wonderful thing.

It was a dull, foggy, gray morning. Made myself a cup of coffee and smoked a cigaret and washed up last night's dishes and showered and made myself more coffee and a glass of orange juice with Tiger's milk and sat at the nice kitchen counter and wrote away at my letter.

Went down to Eddie's for the paper around 10:00, and came back and wrote some more.

Fed Ha'penny her morning dish of kidneys. She is there with four new kittens who were born in the city last Tuesday night.

Read the paper and found that Bill Ryan died of cancer yesterday, and was very sad and very angry at

Bella Abzug for giving him that tough primary campaign last June. He might not have been able to fight the cancer any longer anyway, but he might have - and these days, with cancer, I think you just want to buy all the time you possibly can, because they are learning so much about treatment.

Read about how the Yankees won yesterday and rejoiced. We are really still in the pennant race.

Did the crossword puzzle.

At 1:00, started hiking overland to Ocean Beach. Only you can't go all the way overland any more, Robbins Rest and Corneille Estates are too built up, and there are fences - not unclimbable, but how can you climb a fence when the people who built it are looking out their windows at you?

At the edge of Corneille Estates I detoured to the bay, to see if there was any kind of an unobstructed path going on to O.B. And there wasn't - but there was a flock of ducks, just floating out there on the calm water. Maybe a couple of dozen - a few white, a few kind of brown striped like a tabby cat, the rest shiny coal black. They were swimming in a vee, with one big white one in the rear who might have been sort of the boss duck. I really know nothing about social organization in

The duck would. And a couple of strays had sailed away from the flock and were put-putting around a few yards away, maybe looking for food?

Reached O.B. along the beach. I have always had a sneaking fondness for the place... The tight rows of tenny little suburbanified cottages and the little gardens, some scraggly, some neat, some lush, and the big trees... and the shopping centre is kind of lively and fun. But today I hated it. Too many people, all with horrible voices. Another of my symptoms is an advanced state of misanthropy. And I couldn't get what I wanted, which was a new copy of Horowitz' First Book of Chess. The only two stores that sell books were closed for Yom Kippur, which is today.

But it was a good walk, anyway, back along the beach, with the tide coming in and lapping at the bottoms of my cut-off jeans.

When I reached Lonely Hill, a whole bunch of the volleyball gang was on the beach... I spotted Bruce and Doug coming up toward the net, and feeling ashamed of myself, I cut right over to the dunes and went up the stairs before they could spot me, and came home the rest of the way inland.

The sun had finally come out while I was walking home, and I was hot. Changed into the beach-and-white

bikini that came in the house and went down to the beach and into the water.

The shoulder is still not back to normal, and it wasn't that it was wrenched during the surgery, it was some crazy kind of nerve damage. So I've been scared of the surf all summer, and haven't had that much time to swim anyway. Today was the kind of day I'd have loved most of all any year but this year — marvelous waves but really not too much for a moderately good ocean swimmer like me.

So I made myself go in, made myself take the breakers, and I felt so good and so ridiculously proud of myself, even though I only stayed in about five minutes!

Then back to the house... leg exercises on the deck... long shower and rinse-down in the loofa... and here I am.

I will go to Eddie's and get stock to make Lola's bouillabaisse that isn't quite, and put it in the freezer for the weekend.

And I'll have a couple of drinks and maybe a frozen turkey pie or something like that for dinner, and read something, maybe do another puzzle, and see when I feel like sleeping.

I wish the Yankees were playing tonight.

I wish I'd found the chess book, maybe

I'll go to Bay Shore tomorrow.

Oh, Bert, oh, my darling. I just love him so, and I want him to come all the way back to me... I can't say soon, but not too terribly far in the future. I want to be able to forget... for some of the time, I'll never really forget... That Nina Fasenson ever existed.

And writing just for myself like this, I find that I just don't know whether or not I truly believe that time will ever come. I think I believe it. I think I mostly believe it... but I need so much to believe it all the way.

9-21-72

A very gray, chilly Thursday morning, and the radio says rain and chances of coastal flooding, but the funny thing is, it looks as if the sun might break through out here.

Tuesday morning I went over to Annie's house on Oak to call her, and then to see Cathy Wallis in the yellow house across the way which is currently occupied by the Snyders in the game of "musical houses". Cathy's out for the week with her long-haired musician son and his girlfriend — nice young couple, reminds me of Tom and Pam ~~Bailey~~ way back when. Cathy gave me coffee and we talked for an hour or so... she is new this summer, to our group. That is... Ann got to know her

last year when she rented a house near the Schild Knecht. She writes children's books, and is just a shade too theatrical, but I like her O.K.

It turned hot Tuesday, really hot. I vacationed on the cot on the deck and went to the beach and played in the heavy surf - too heavy to go out - and did the job of cleaning up the shelves in our crazy basement.

I was cooking a curry for supper when Cathy came by with the kids, who wanted to see the horses. They went off fishing after the grand tour, she stayed for a drink and we tried to dream up a plot for a thriller she'd like to write.

Went to sleep as soon as the Yankees finished blowing a game against the Brewers.

Wednesday morning I didn't wake up till 9:30, after a bunch of really crazy and apparently therapeutic dreams about me and Bert and Nina.

Spent most of the day, actually, writing to Bert. The weather had turned very raw and cold.

I tie-dyed a bunch of old sheets to make curtains for the room downstairs, and they came out just beautiful. Will make the curtains today.

And late in the afternoon I walked

to the lighthouse and back.

Eggs and peppers for dinner.

Yankee game was called after four innings with Yanks behind 2-0, so we get a fresh start today.

I went to sleep before 11:00, and woke up at 7:00... not surprising, that is eight hours, it's just that one of these days I'd like to sleep around the clock.

10-5-72

Back on the island this week.

I went back to the city with Bert weekend before last, and back to work on an editorial checking job for Horizon.

Innovation folded in June... The least of our problems, as far as I'm concerned, although I was very sorry because I liked the magazine and it was such a grand job for Bert, in spite of the personal complications... so we have been living on unemployment and scrambling for freelance jobs to pay the rent and the mortgage ever since.

And oh, damn it, it would have been fun if it weren't for the personal messes.

Bert got his first big freelance job last week, from a crazy management

consultant guy, who spent two evenings at the apartment looking it over and came out here for an all-day conference on Saturday.

The Stroges came out last weekend, and it was kind of an ordeal but went off as well as could be expected.

I went back to the city again this Sunday, finished The Horizon jobs and came out again Tuesday afternoon.

There aren't many boats running now, and I had to take the 3:00 to Baltaire... I like the ferries in the off season, though. They're kind of relaxed and friendly, and there is us who are still coming out are a sort of an in-group even though we don't know each other!

Eddie is closing up at 5:00 this week and I didn't know it, so I was confronted by locked doors when I went down to shop for dinner at 5:30. I came home and raided the freezer for frozen Italian sausages and frozen french fries left by our August tenants, and there were tomatoes in the fridge, so I made out all right. I was falling-down tired... too tired even to get organized and go to bed, so I read through the book of Cathy Wallis' that she had lent me - she's pretty good - and then through a Charlotte Armstrong, kind of getting ready for bed in bits and pieces along the way. Fell asleep and woke up a couple of times and finally

went to sleep for real at 2:30.

Yesterday I visited with Mary Ann Nordemann... was under instructions from Ann to raid her fridge and share some leftover turkey roll with Mary Ann, otherwise I probably wouldn't have gone over, but I like Mary Ann and hope she will be a good friend when I'm friendly again.

Did several loads of wash in the nice washing machine.

Painted our screen door with wood preservative.

Read a Christie Opus book.

Walked to Atlantique.

Had ravioli for dinner.

Put on my duffle coat and walked down to the end of Soldiers in the dark after dinner, because I was restless and sad and wanted to get sleepy.

It was a very beautiful day... The best kind of October day, bright and clear, all the lovely fall things blooming, the ocean warm when I walked through the water at high tide.

Today is beautiful too. I was up at 7:30, and have done a load of wash, darned socks, ironed, and now it's 10:00 and I'll go down for

the paper.

10-6-72

A bright, windy morning, overcast, but pale light coming through the clouds and the ocean below gray - and the radio is talking about a "rain event", damn it.

I worked on the doors yesterday...made a horrible mess with the sticky paint-remover stuff, put it in a plastic cup that dissolved on the kitchen counter...hemmed my tie-dye curtains...did crossword puzzles...puttered about.

Called Bert at 4:00. I don't know what stage we are at, maybe things could really get better now if I could get better. He's running behind on the job, doesn't know when he can get out, and we'll be talking again today if I can reach him.

Left the phone booth and started hiking to Forestville, and tramped over the dunes for a while, then home along the beach.

Got gloves and shears and attacked the Russian olive trees I've been pruning, pruned like mad for an hour.

Then indoors for martini and chili and rice and a basketball game on the radio (my Yankees collapsed in the last two weeks of the season, and the Tigers are going into the playoffs) and to sleep at 10:30, but up at midnight with

mosquitoes.

Today I will sand the door around the edges, since the messy gunk didn't even get all the paint off. and we'll see what else.

10-7-72

The "rain event" is here. Don't know when it started, but I woke up around 7:30 with the rain lashing and the wind howling and the leaks around the fireplace going drip, drip drip. The front door that Bert fixed up with metal weather stripping is not leaking at all, gratifyingly, and we seem to be sound all over except around the fireplace. I have mopped up and arranged freezer jars and things to catch the drips... and had coffee... and washed my hair and put on clean clothes... and now I'll just wait out the rain. When my head is dry I'll call Bert, and get the papers, and I should be a friendly person and go see how Mom Cam is doing.

Yesterday I got the door sanded and gave it the first coat of Formby's Pine Tung Oil (to match our knotty pine paneling, I hope)... and reasoned that cast iron frying pans and griddles that rusted during their stay in Harry's House this spring... and trimmed two boxes of cut-off branches from the Russian olive trees for kindling.

Talked to Bert at 3:00... and he told

didn't know how things would work out for the weekend, but he wants me to come back if he can't get out, he really wants me to, and that is part of a mirade.

I really think I'm happier this morning. Happiness creeping back like physical well-being after sickness or warmth after paralyzing cold. We will just have to see.

11-14-72

And now it's a rainy, windy morning in the city, and I'm up early, sitting in the living room with kittens all over the place. A million things to do today. Leaving for California at 4:00. Don't want to, naturally. Back on the 21st. Everything will be all right.

11-29-72

I have just inserted the page I wrote on the plane last week, and I feel a compulsion to fill this page out just to make it neat. I really had a pleasant time in Claremont, of course. Always do, once I dislodge myself from here.

I'm writing this bit on a very rainy morning, radiator hissing in the bedroom, everything very quiet because Bert isn't here... I guess he'll be back by noon.

The days since I got back have been a crazy mixture of good and bad, but still a lot of bad, I'm afraid. Oh, hell.

11-21-72

We took off five minutes ago and have circled out over the ocean (you can't see the movement of the breakers, they are just a band of white along the shore). Now we are flying over the unbelievable L.A. sprawl and soon we will be climbing over the mountains. They loom ahead, tops shining white above a band of clouds. It's already pretty dark.

There's a delightful little boy in the seat behind me - beside himself with excitement at takeoff.

So I'm going home. I haven't talked to Bert for a week - not since the night I got to Claremont - and it feels very strange. I don't know quite what to expect, but I want so very badly to be with him again, to find out... and everything will be alright, though maybe not yet.

We've left the sprawl behind. The land down there is bleak and dark in the twilight. We're coming up fast on the mountains.

My stereo headset just finished Brahms' Second and is proceeding with the Gloria from a Beethoven mass. I love the music in my ears while I'm flying.

Good praise be, the center seat is empty. My companion on the aisle is female, Women's Lib, I'll bet, and doesn't seem talkative.

Total blackness below now. A wide band of

heavy clouds on the horizon off to the left. Can't see the mountains any more, and the sunset is all behind us.

There's a full moon tonight, but it isn't riding with us yet.

Home. My city, my love. Oh, God, I do want to be home.

For the moment, it would be nice if the nice girl with the mustaches would come.

And yes, there's the moon up front, quite enormous and pale yellow.

Flying is very beautiful. There's no getting around that. Maybe the fact that I'm always so bodily frightened in anticipation actually heightens my pleasure after the plane is off the ground.

Lots of attractive guys on this flight (including one who just might be Mark Spitz), but I'm just as glad I didn't draw one. I don't feel like talking to anybody. I will relax and drink and eat and maybe sprinkle some more, maybe read my detective story, possibly watch the movie, which is "The Graduate".

"Graduate" over. We're almost in. Big shining megalopolis down below, and I will watch it out the window the rest of the way.

3-14-73

I'm back in Claremont. Bright, sunny morning, and I'm sitting in the living room in my mother's little house. She is down in the

Medical Unit, pretty loaded with arteriosclerosis and I don't know yet what else. We'll see.

It's going to be a strange visit for me. But if she stays in the Medical Unit and I can feel the very real kindness of her friends, I will have a lot of quiet time to myself, and I guess I could use that.

3-15-73

Another bright, sunny morning. Mama is very, very weak, and her mind is... it's hard to describe, more is the matter than just old-lady forgetfulness, there's a kind of fading. And yet you can't say she's not sometimes mentis, and there are intervals when she is quite alert and like herself. She is trying so hard, poor darling. I don't know what the prognosis is or what's reasonable to hope for.

It's hard for me too, and I don't have the heart to go into all the details just yet.

3-29-73

Going home. I'm sitting in the American Airlines lounge in L. A. airport, watching them fuel the plane.

Mama came home from the Medical Unit on Tuesday, and she is miraculously better. Almost back to where she was last fall.

Esther Teare drove me to Ontario this afternoon, and I took the Golden West Otter to L. A. It was so beautiful flying over the mountains - they are a deep,

bright, rich green now, patches of meadow and darker patches of forest, and I could even see spreads of flowers, blue, orange and yellow. It must be wonderful when you're down there. Up there? Sometime I'll get somebody with a car to take me for a drive - there are little roads winding through. And of course the urban sprawl is starting to creep up on the L. A. side.

I've been here for two weeks. Longest ever, longest away from Bert since I came home from Europe. I was frantically busy all day every day and under quite a lot of strain, but Mama did get better every day and somehow it was a good two weeks.

I loved staying by myself in her little house, which is as charming a mini-house as one could ask for. Living room furnished with all the nicest of her old furniture, with louver windows and sliding glass doors all across two sides, pale gray stucco ceiling with bleach beams, and funny little windows up at the top. I slept on the sofa bed in there as I always do, and as always, the sun woke me up no later than 7:00... when there was sun, it was a cold, rainy, cloudy two weeks... but oddly, I woke up very early even on the cloudy days and couldn't go on sleeping. There's a very compact little kitchenette off the living room, and a little hall down to the bedroom, which also has the louver windows and sliding glass doors looking right up to the mountains.

Mama had left the bedroom a shambles. I can hardly imagine what she was up to the day they took her to the medical unit - she must have been a little bit out of her mind. I cleared it all up, organized the desk and the

bureau drawers, got the whole room preternaturally neat. I hope she keeps it that way. She needs order in her life now, I think - and rest and peace and complete freedom from strain.

Before she came home I cleaned the living room too, and polished the furniture and the old silver pieces in the corner cupboard, and the place looked so nice. Masses of sweet peas from Esther Teare in the big brass bowl.

So... I'd wake up around 6:30 or 7:00 every day those two weeks, and have my coffee and juice and turn on the radio a while for company, and put in maybe an hour or cleaning up the bedroom, and get down to the Medical Unit sometime between 8:30 and 10:00. I sat with Mama maybe half the day and ran errands and did chores and shopped for myself in the other half, and after she had her supper I'd come back to the cottage. Such utter peace and quiet and privacy when I walked in there in the evening and shut the door. And I'd have a drink and make myself a good dinner and maybe talk to a few of Mama's friends on the telephone, maybe watch a little TV, and go to sleep around 11:00. I talked to Bart most evenings, Mama's hell would be shocking... and it was a sad, hard thing that I don't quite understand, but I'd tense up every time, start saying the wrong things and making both of us miserable. And this in spite of what a fine time I was having during those long evenings. After a few days I started writing him every morning, and writing those notes was a

very happy thing. And I guess, now that I think of it, the telephoning was better last week than the week before. I guess when things got so bad on the telephone I was just getting rid of the strain and tension that have kept building up in me all these months... and aggravated during those two weeks, of course, by my worry about my mother... I'm tired this afternoon and it's all so damned complicated, but in a strange way, this time... such a crazy mixture of good and bad... has been good for me.

San Antonio Gardens is very beautiful. Gloriously insulated from the world, but beautiful. I think of the full moon coming through the branches of a big, tall bush that brush against the little high windows. Helen Barnes' flowering peach tree with the mountains behind it... kind of Japanese-looking as you walk up the hill from the main building. Snails out on the grass early in the morning. Snails all over the grass and the pavements after a heavy rain. Mushrooms sprouting. Masses of flowers everywhere you look... red and pink and white azaleas and purple daisies and bright orange things like Indian paintbrush, only bigger.

I got together with my mother's tax accountant and did her return. Saw her lawyer. Had dinner with the Teares one night. Successfully avoided meals in the community dining room with her friends, except for dinner in Betty Clarke the night I got in, and the first Sunday dinner with the Hoksbergens, and one dinner with a quaint pair named Mary and Ivo who are near neighbors, the ones we called to get Mama to the Medical Unit the day she called us and we could tell she'd flipped.

dividing meals in the dining room is a fine art in the Gardens. When Mama was well and being a social butterfly, I practically never managed it. I did take her to lunch in the dining room every day the second week, when she was getting better. And we had the second Sunday dinner with the Hokansons.

I went to early service at St. Ambrose twice. Father Keester is such a darling. The second week, when I told him Mama was coming home, he said "Hey, praise the Lord!"

Claremont. Jensen's Bakery, with the marvelous cake and cookies. Bentley's, such a clean, shiny store with lovely produce and meat and the nicest people. Hendrick's drugstore. Campus Cab, with its one funny, rickety old taxi. Bank of America. I really, really like the place. I like the walk from the Gardens into the Village, past the long, low apartment buildings with their little balconies and patios, and the Village Green with its pretty mall, and the shabby little California bungalows.

Mama and I did have a good two days together after she came home. I cooked lamb chops, and filet mignon, and we used the big old dinner plates, and we talked a lot, and she is really so amazingly better. I don't know where she will level off mentally, only hope it will be at a level where she can function happily. But she's better than I'd have dared to hope two weeks ago.

We are in flight now, over the mountains already, and I'm going home. I'm glad.

8-29-73

Here I am, on a blazing hot day in the city. I have the air conditioners running full blast, and in a little while I'll turn them down and keep them on low all day, and we'll be beautifully cool.

Such a peaceful week at home I'm having. I've been listening to the news on the radio and doing last Sunday's crossword puzzle, and when the recycling center opens at 12:30 I will plug ourselves in a few loads of bottles and newspapers - as many as I can manage in the heat - and this afternoon I'll wash my hair and fix a cold sausage salad for dinner.

Yesterday was hot, too. I wrote a long letter to my mother in the morning, and read a Georgette Heyer and slept in the afternoon, and went out and bought shrimp on Bleeker Street, and we had cold boiled shrimp and a big salad and peach shortcake for dinner. Good day, and then a bad scene in the evening. There are not so many now, but I have let this whole thing drag on much too long, and I must, I must relax and let our love reassert itself.

Monday morning I was out early, picked up the laundry from Mrs. Lee, bought croissants at the little Bleeker Street bakery, which has just reopened after vacation. Did a little cleaning. Wrote a

long letter to Angus - I have been neglecting everybody these last few months, and I want to start making up for it. Fixed a new kind of vegetable relish for dinner, with cold Virginia ham.

All last week I was out at the Island, and it was very beautiful. We have a litter of four new kittens in our bedroom closet, born week before last. Amy Strage was with me part of the week, in and out of the city - she's having a big romance with Jeff. The boy she first met at the volleyball game in Tenleytown two years ago. Bert came out late Thursday night. Gus Pagels finally did out to Fire Island Ferries this year, and there's a late boat every night in the week, leaving Bayshore at 9:00 and making all stops from Kismet to Ocean Beach. I went down to meet the boat in jeans and my new blue FAIR HARBOR sweatshirt, telling myself he probably wouldn't come so I wouldn't be too disappointed if he didn't. Seemed funny to be meeting a boat so late in the evening. The dock was very crowded, mostly with kids - long-haired, taciturn teenagers just standing around, and scruffy-haired, boisterous pre-teens, fishing. I sat on the long bench at the end of the dock and watched for the lights of the ferry out on the dark bay, feeling a little bit lonely and a little bit self-conscious. And when the boat came in I strolled very casually over to the fence, ready

to start strolling casually home if he wasn't on it. And there he was.

The summer has gone so fast. I'm glad we will have the long fall season ahead of us.

I had looked forward longingly, almost desperately, to getting out to the house as early as possible in the spring - and then about a week after Easter, I took on the awful job in Mr Shirley Cooper Brown, working seven days a week for the next month, and we didn't make it out at all until the weekend before Memorial Day.

Then the Songys were with us for all of June and all of July. Mark had a heart attack last winter, and they wanted an extra month for him to convalesce in before they left for Europe. It was a good deal for us - meant that we could just squeak by financially without having to rent - and a good deal for them, but as much as I love them all, I found Tanya's super-efficiency and tendency to take over the household hard to take... I was so tired and frazzled anyway... and it wasn't the greatest two months. But there were good times... doing big jigsaw puzzles on the rainy days, and playing silly board games in the evenings, and watching Amy and Jeff fall in love and Mark getting stronger and more cheerful. He was so subdued at first, and almost kind of sheepish, meekly following the awful low-cholesterol diet and taking naps and going for walks. And then maybe the next-to-last weekend

they were there, I was setting off for the volleyball game (Beth plays in Fair Harbor now) with two big vine jugs full of water and he started declaiming "Gunga Din" and there was the old Mark again.

Michael left for camp in the Pyrenees in the middle of July - no, right after the fourth, and Amy for Paris around the middle of the month and Mark, Tonya and Claudia for Paris at the very end.

We have had four weekends to ourselves this month.

I have been growing vegetables and herbs in the planter boxes on the deck and tomato and pepper plants at back.

9-5-73

I'm back on the Island. Woke up this morning at 9:00, feeling unbelievably good. Healthy. I have a washing-load of washing on the line and a second one going, and I don't know just what I'll do the rest of the day. Relax and putter and go for a swim, I guess. We have been having a record heat wave, and it's still a little too hot for hiking.

Yesterday morning I was rudely awakened by Connie and her five-year-old neighbor, Gretchen, coming to see the kittens and do Connie's laundry. It was 10:00, but I'd been awake with mosquitoes from 2:30 till 5:00, so I was

Kind of groggy.

I had my coffee while Ann was getting her first load in the machine, and we spent the morning getting all the laundry done, with Ann biking back to her house at intervals to see if her company had come - Rosemary Harvey, two kids and niece and a friend of her son's, Cathy Wallis and son. Ann was breaking camp - Jimmy starts school today - and Cathy is staying in the house with Harriet Harvey and her cousin Maria.

So I spent the afternoon over there, and went to the beach with Ann and Mary Ann Nordeman, who'd showed up at our house around noon, and John Whitney and his kids joined us. It was the kind of day when you're in deep water as soon as you dive through the first wave right at the shoreline, and the wave action is pretty strong but not too hard to handle, so you can really swim.

I came home and dried off and changed to jeans and a yellow shirt and went back to Ann's, where final cleanup was in progress. We had drinks and went down to dinner at Cornelius', and now Ann and Jimmy are on the 8:00 boat from Bonnewood.

Then I came home again and had a big dish of icecream and a scotch-and-milk nightcap and was asleep by eleven.

Now I think I'll go plant a row of lettuce.

12-4-73

We have been back in the city for almost a month - closed the house, plastic bags on the chimney and all, the weekend before Election Day.

Croissants and boiled eggs for breakfast on the weekends instead of bacon and scrambled eggs and toast, and long walks all over Lower Manhattan, and I have been doing a real good fall housecleaning by slow degrees, still have to wax the kitchen floor!

I'm leaving for California this afternoon, with all the usual trepidation.

Got up at 7:00 with the radiators starting to hiss and the sky turning from gray to pink outside. Washed my hair. Went out to the cigar store and the newsstand and the bakery - croissants right off the trays from the oven - and Bert got up at 9:30 and we had breakfast and I cried when he left. There are a whole bunch of things involved in my minding these trips so much, I know that - but basically, sometimes I think I'd be perfectly happy if I never again had to go east of Fire Island or west of Montclair, New Jersey. (Almost. I did get an awful yen to go to the Gambia when I was doing a graze-thru of black Africa for Black Enterprise

last month.) Oh, hell, I'm just kind of whistling in the dark, trying to cheer myself up. So anyway, I packed and did some ironing and dashed uptown to buy old-fashioned kid curlers for Mama and over to Bronnie's for vitamins. Salvation Army playing Christmas carols all over the place. Dashed home and put my hair up in rollers and went out to move the car. Come back up and composed a letter to Mrs. Seaman, sending her a huge expense account for telephone calls. And now I'm just lying on the bed and scribbling, have to leave in half an hour or so.

I will be home one week from tomorrow.

12-31-73

Rainy New Year's Eve day.

I got up at 8:30 and went out to shop ahead of the holiday crowd. Nicola's for groceries and O'Homonelli for pork and lamb and salt pork for the cassoulet I'm going to make tomorrow, and the fish man for mussels for tonight, and the Italian bread store for French loaves and breakfast rolls. A long-haired kid on Sheridan Square asked me for a dime, and I gave him 35 cents and wished him a happy New Year.

Bert slept late, so I puttered around and read till he got up and we had breakfast, and now he

has gone upstairs for a couple of hours and I will go back out soon and finish some odds and ends of shopping.

Yesterday was a lazy Sunday. We had a late breakfast and did the crossword puzzle, and went out for a walk in the twilight. Macaroni au fleur for dinner, and we listened to the radio all evening. German Family Hour, with all sorts of year-end festivities, and Rosenkavalier, and bits of The Merry Widow, and still more Rosenkavalier on another station. And we talked and laughed and danced a little bit, and it was very fun.

Saturday night the Schickel Knechts came in to dinner. I spent most of the day cooking, and it was practically perfect. Spinach soufflé roll and gnocchi and filet mignon and endive and watercress salad and cranberry pie. Coffee was weak, otherwise everything great. We had the radio on for Joe Franklin, and it was a very nice, companionable evening. Annie still has a lot of weight to lose, but she looked so pretty in a ruffled white Christmas blouse.

Everything is very fine.

6-25-74

Raining evenings in Jerne now. I'm waiting for Bert to

come home. I don't know quite why I've found it so hard to get started writing this year, perhaps it's because there's so much I haven't sorted out that I'm afraid to commit myself on paper... and yet it's all so important to me that if I start scribbling in there I will try to sort it out, couldn't help myself, would find myself going beyond the days' events and talking about the important things whether I wanted to or not. Said that very badly. But I do want to start catching up with myself again.

I'd like to try to write about these past two years... from the time we bought the house, I guess... in all the detail I can recall. Not the emotional turmoil, or certainly not that in all its awful intensity, but the external events, some of them funny... how we scraped along without any money for a year and how we've pulled out of it. Put the whole thing in perspective, see it all in a piece.

I'm out of practice talking to myself on paper, it feels strange and awkward.

But we will see how it goes.

And now I'll go make red snapper rémoulade for dinner.

7-2

Hot, hazy day after a cool, cloudy week. Rain has been in Ottawa since Tuesday night.

I was up at 7:00 This morning... changed the bed and cleaned and vacuumed, and everything looks nice. This is such a great apartment, even when a lot of our stuff is shabby, as it is now. Went out to pick up a bunch of dry cleaning and buy things for Cenzy and Jeff, who are sharing the house with us for the rest of the summer — peanut butter and cheer and low-calorie instant tea. Went up to Macy's and bought myself one blue halter, one white sleeveless top, three Saint Tropez shirts, old rose and blue and cranberry. Back to the village and down West Fourth to the jeweler who is fixing a ring for Cenzy, and in the middle of the block I got the funniest feeling... part nostalgia, part gratitude for things changing and remaining the same. I've lived in the Village for more than twenty years now, it's just not real. And it still enchants me. Allan Bloch the sandal-maker has been on West Fourth for as long as I can remember, and so has the funny, crowded little Japanese store... and the jeweler, and three or four other places. But Jon's Scandinavian shop where they served hot punch on Sunday afternoons is gone... and Bob Joffee's where we bought wedding china even has moved to Scarsdale... and there's a new health food bakery where the little old lady who made good brownies used to be, and an African art shop, and new clothing stores full of the funny, tacky, campy stuff that's in now... so down Six to Avenue for pizza at the big shiny new Balducci's that

has become The Village's answer to Zabar's... and to The good shoemaker to see about getting my sandals fixed... and home again past Paws 'n Claws, which has fuzzy little Shi Tzu pups in The window today.

It looks as if we are really impeaching a President,

8-7-74

I stopped right there because Bert came home, and now it looks as if we will not impeach him - he is resigning tonight. Such a funny Thing, The way political happenings - a candidate entering a race, a candidate withdrawing, now This - are announced days or hours before They actually happen!

I stopped in at The cigar store to buy extra smokes for The weekend, and when The man gave me The wrong change, he said "I'm worrying about Nixon being out of a job." And I said, "Yeah. The poor guy will only have $60,000 a year." "I guess he can open a grocery store", The man behind The counter said, and The lady next to me laughed, and The man behind me said, "He'll be leaving for Switzerland tonight." Exit me, still laughing.

And we will be on The 9:00 ferry when he makes his speech!

8-14-74

Yes, we were. We drove out, and made pretty good time, and went to Gil Clark's for beer and fried clams, and I had banana cream pie, and when we were on board, Bert asked me if I had my radio? I had thought he'd be outraged if I wanted to turn it on. Pretty girl sitting in front of us had a radio too, and we turned them both on for good sound, and likely the people on the rear deck of the boat crowded around us, nobody we knew (the Fire Island Ferries boat was going to Kismet - Fair Harbor - Ocean Beach, it's nothing like the old Ges (Agels Fair Harbor boats), I remember a fat, too-colorful, messy woman who was making loud, sarcastic remarks, trying to show everybody what a good anti-Nixon liberal she was... - and a good-looking, thirtyish guy in suit and striped tie, who looked sad and serious... and a very pretty woman with her hair in braids, who looked really organized... and a drab woman behind us who was saying Nixon hadn't really been worse than a lot of presidents, only they didn't used to have tape recorders. (To which one could have replied, did he have to have tape recorders when he knew he was breaking laws and violating his oath to the Constitution?!

So he did it. It was a bad, stupid speech, and his cold hypocisy was somehow revolting. When he said he was resigning, a small cheer went up. The Great South Bay and the little lights of the Island were beautiful anyway.

We got to the house and found a cute note from Amy and Jeff - WELCOME. Gone to Lola's to have an Dear P. M. N.

They have their own TV downstairs, but the Snyders' is better.

Amy and Jeff came in while we were unpacking and gave us ice cream and peaches, and then we went over to the Snyders' to watch the news on the 11:00 news. Bernie was there too, and we all laughed and hooted and clucked in the indignation, and it was part of companionable.

Friday at noon, I went over to the Snyders' to watch President Ford being sworn in. When Nixon nominated him for vice president last winter, we all thought he was (a) too conservative and (b) just plain stupid, and felt that the nomination was just another Nixon disaster.

But it was a good speech. He was just so damned straight and decent and honest... especially after Nixon's zombie act on the night before.

It was funny. Me and Lois and Bob... three 1960's radical-libs... sitting there saying wasn't Mrs. Ford a nice-looking woman, and cheering foolishly at each other as Ford took the oath of office and went on to speak, and agreeing sheepishly often words. See, it was part of great.

But it was good... when he said, "The constitution works"... and when he asked us to pray for the Nixons, at least you have the feeling that he really has some religion, and isn't just putting it on.

It seems he went to Yale Law, which means he can't be quite as cocky in I.Q. as he was supposed to be.

When Jeff came off the volleyball court on Sunday after a long string of winning games, I told him "The President would be proud of you..." and that's the kind of silly little joke we haven't been able to make for two years or so.

Last Saturday night as I was going to bed, a clear thought flashed into my mind: "I don't want to be angry any more."

Strange that our two bad years should have coincided with the two years of Watergate.

But I meant that I don't want to be angry at all, any more, about anything, personal or political.

The angry time goes back further, of course. Maybe to the beginning of the Nixon years. Maybe to the beginning of the women's movement, which has made me feel so guilty and threatened and miserable. (When was the first women's march on Fifth Avenue? - sometime in '69, I think, just after the glory of Apollo 11.) But the private anger and misery began late. Somehow, by the end, they had gotten all mixed up. Maybe with time and patience I can straighten it all out in here. The most important thing I have to say now, though, is what I said in my head last weekend. I don't want to be angry any more.

Big weekend in the Times, reveling over all the coverage of the resignation. I wish Nixon had been impeached and convicted, though.

Saw him on TV at the Snyders' [illegible]

news special on the week. The way he had been that morning as he left the White House. Finally cracking. Really creepy.

Amy and Jeff went out Saturday, giving us the first day we'd had alone since May. We went to a dull cocktail party, and came home at 8:00 and I made a late, late goulash.

Biting winds on the beach Saturday and Sunday. Strong currents in the ocean. Crazy swimming. Michael and Jimmy almost got in trouble.

Bert went back to Canada Monday night, and I stayed up typing on this silly job I'm doing until 2:00 a.m.

Got up at 5:00, still dark outside, and caught the 6:37 to Westhampton. I've done it only a dozen times now. Station so empty, just one ticket window open, and most of the kiosks and fast-food places closed. But one open, big and bright and clean, where you can have juice and coffee and maybe a buttered roll or a bagel - only this week I had a blueberry muffin.

Train mostly empty, too.

Pretty good day in the Burning, don't know how I kept my eyes open, but I did.

Then back to the Westhampton station to catch the 2:41. Such a cute little train, with the bright yellow engine and blue trim. It's gotten to be fun, watching for it to come down the track with the whistle blowing like

mad.

All the years we've been going to Fire Island now, I have gotten fond of a lot of LIRR trains.

Came home and moved the car and shopped for dinner at the Gristedes supermarket on Bleecker Street.

Frozen creamed chicken on toast, and watercress-and-mushroom-and-radish salad.

Bert called me.

Went to bed at 8:30 and slept till 8:00 this morning.

Up to find kittens - Hi Penny's third litter - all over the bedroom. Fed Alice and WQXR radio on the little transistor and took a big bag out to the laundromat. Wrote Angus - whole crew is coming down next week. Wrote Mama. Went uptown to the bank and to the passport office at 630 Fifth (first time when I was 16 and going to South America as an exchange student, how funny!) to get applications. Bert wants a passport for the Canada trips and now we might as well both. Home to shop and move the car. Talked on the phone with Connie. Called the Storages and talked to Mark till Tanya came in from her new job at Life Books. Had a big mixed seafood mess for dinner, and now I'll go to bed pretty soon.

So much to think about, so much to work out. But please, no more anger.

Hot, bright day today. I'll sleep in the

air cond. going on.

Oh, my love. We have come so far together. So much that I wish I could tell you, tell you right, in the no name anger.

8-15-74

Today I picked up at International Returns The little copper pot that had its lining burned out in the spring of 1972. So many things that ran the gamut of the circle - even the fact that the Watergate burglary was in June '72.

It was a nice day, and yet tonight I'm feeling sad and apprehensive. I don't really want to cope with Dantschi and the Reichs coming to the Island. I don't know if I can keep from rocking the boat in Rent during the few hours we will be together over the next two weeks.

Have I been really stupid and selfish and self-pitying over these past two years? Or have I been reacting both very normally and naturally to a really hard situation? I don't know. And maybe it doesn't matter. Justifiable or not, my behavior has been destructive and has made things harder than they really had to be. Or when I say that, am I coming down too hard on myself, just keeping things hard and painful when they don't have to be any more? I don't know.

Never mind.

I slept prodigiously again and that's good.

Beautiful day.

Got up and had my iced coffee and was washing my hair when Bunny called.

Talked at length with Annie and Lola in Tom Hanks about plans for Michael's birthday.

Got dressed in my white accordion-pleated skirt and my navy and white polka dot overblouse — new this summer from Macy's, $22.00 in all and more fun than the $80 and $90 Kimballs from Bergdorf's five years ago, although I'm damned glad I still have those — and new white shoes and bag and beads, and took a cab to Intrepid and Returning for the post.

Funny building where you have to go up in the freight elevator. Funny, enormous loft full of marvelous copper and tin things being refinished. Nice counter-culture-type young guys.

On up to the Time-Life Building to meet Tanya for lunch... she has a freelance job on a Life Book about how to repair your own appliances. Can't type her out at this point, couldn't if I wrote for pages. But she really seems to be

having fun on the job. And it was like old times, meeting her for lunch at Time Inc. - The old building was much nicer, of course - and we had fun sorting out snapshots and negatives from the Island, which was why we'd wanted to get together this week.

Down Fifth Avenue to Brentano's to look at birthday books for Michael. On to Macy's to buy new bras.

Home, and Bert called from Montreal just as I was going back out to move the car. We talked for half an hour, and I just barely squeezed into the last parking space when I got down at 6:00.

Bought lamb chops and Birdseye Swiss vegetables for dinner.

Came back up and called Angus. Had dinner off the big drawing tray; on the floor, with Hi penny fighting me for the chops.

And now I'll go to bed. It was an O.K. day, and yet I am so tense, damn it. I'm going out on the train tomorrow for Michael's party, and Bert will be flying in around 4:00 and driving out to catch the 9:00 boat. Please, let it be an O.K. weekend.

10-28-74

Morning on the Island - The most beautiful

fall mornings, bright and crisp.

Bert left for the seminar in Ottawa Saturday night, and I came out on the Sunday 10:00 o'clock boat.

We have been in the process of getting ourselves a new chimney for the past month - it was finally, definitely, absolutely supposed to be sent out on the freight boat and installed this week, and when I came up the walk, there it was sticking up behind the gable - shiny galvanized steel, and the most beautiful sight. Getting it built was really a hassle, although an amusing one, and we have really missed using the fireplace the last couple of weeks.

After I admired the chimney from all angles, I came in and fixed myself bacon and eggs. Then I checked out the garden (three ripe tomatoes this week, probably the last, but the cucumbers have had it and I pulled up the vines and dumped them on the compost heap)... and pruned the Russian olives, and painted the new front steps (new from June, that is) with wood preservative and did the Sunday Times crossword puzzle, stretched out on the French army horse blanket on the deck. First day in a couple of weeks that's been warm enough to lie out in the sun.

I was inside reading the new Ed

McBain when Jimmy Schildknecht showed up to invite me over (on his mother's behalf) for a drink, so I hiked along with him and found Ann in the middle of closing preparations... alone, because Ray racked up his car last week and is home with his neck in a collar. I called Billy Newman from her house to say Thankyou for putting up the chimney, and we took our drinks up to the second story deck of the big yellow house across from the Schildknechts' to watch the sunset, all streaked with long pink jet contrails. Then we went down to the dock to see if moving the Schildknechts' boat to deeper water would be a feasible proposition. It wasn't - we pumped out the bilges and left, and Ann will see what she can do at high tide this morning. She'll have to do something, because she wants to take it to Bayshore this afternoon, following the ferry. That boat has really turned into a white elephant the last couple of years.

It was dark by then. Ann was out of milk and so was Eddie, so she and little Donna Collins, who is along for the weekend with her brother to keep Jimmy company, biked back to our house for an extra quart I was able to offer. We had another drink, and after they pushed along home I fixed myself a couple of lamb chops and a baked potato and succotash with a garden tomato in it... and I was in bed at 8:30 and asleep before 9:00.

This morning I was up at 7:00, and I've had coffee and cleaned up the house and later on I'll get over to Ann's to see if I can help her.

One of the things I love most about this house is the light - on a sunny morning like this one, the sun comes pouring in through the big picture windows in the living room and kitchen and the rooms are alive with light. And beyond the dunes, white sand and green dune grass and yellow goldenrod now, the ocean is molten gold under the sun, almost too bright to look at.

I can't remember that the Princess was ever quite like this, the living room windows were so much smaller - though there was a lovely ocean view and a grand feeling on sunny days from the dining area.

And the funny thing is, the first time I saw this house, I thought it was dull and gloomy.

10-29-74

I went over to Ann's yesterday morning and helped her and Donna rip up the old mattresses under the house that she was afraid would attract rats. We ended up with about 100 feet of little fabric-covered springs that I insisted would make a grand costume (dragon) for next year's Labor Day parade.

She and I took the Schildknecht boat

over in the afternoon... we had moved it out to the Chesapeake's mooring in the morning, and Carter Lipinsky had recharged the battery. It was a great crossing, very fast and straight with me up front looking for the channel markers. The kids followed on the 4:05 ferry with Mary Ann, and we all drove home in the Schildknechts' station wagon. Got hot dogs for the kids on 86th Street, dropped Mary Ann off at her apartment on 63rd and waited for her to wave from her balcony, drove down Broadway pointing out the sights to the kids, dropped me at Grove Street (Donna and Jenny came up to go to the bathroom). I made myself ropa seca and went to bed.

Up at 6:00 this morning and off to Bradell, where I have a temporary job in Medical Economics, on the 7:25 bus. [redacted]. Can't believe it. I've kept the radio on for any interesting advance notice there might be on the Ali - Foreman fight in Zaire. Our ex-president was operated on this morning for his phlebitis, but I wasn't even thinking about it... and now they're saying he's gone into shock and is in critical condition. He just might not want to live... but I still can't believe it. If he doesn't make it, Jerry Ford will be vindicated for having pardoned him last month... in the eyes of a lot of people, at least.

Bert called from Ottawa soon after I got home tonight. He says his panels went well

today, but he sounds tired and bored.

Did I ever say what he is doing in Canada? Bill Moore's new little audiovisual company, Executive Video Forum, is running a seminar for the Canadian government. Nina is working for him, too. When I found that out, I knew that if we got through these weeks... if they didn't get serious about each other again, that's what I really mean. I honestly believe that I don't care about the details... I would really know that things could be all right now. But tonight I can't help feeling sorry that he sounds tired and bored. He must remember the Innovation closed circuit seminar three years ago, and I'd think it would be so strange and sad. But maybe, being him, he can accept that for what it was and this for what it is... I mean it when I tell him I don't really understand him very well.

Cerny called tonight... so funny to be friends in to your friend's daughter... and in the course of the conversation told me she dropped acid on the beach the Sunday of our housewarming weekend. And that is really strange.

I'm really tired now... I guess I'll get into bed and listen to WINS trying to recreate the fight, and then go to sleep fast.

Off to Ondell on the 7:23 again. I think, because I have an article to finish.

5-22-75

Back on the Island. I've been out for two days, getting the house shipshape for the season. Bert and Mark are coming tonight, and all the Stroages tomorrow.

I went out to Bradell Tuesday morning to pick up an azo of the articles I just finished, and caught a 9:00 bus back to the city. It's beautiful in Bradell now - all the light, bright green of spring, azaleas and bridal wreath and all the flowering trees and shrubs - I'd forgotten all about the seasons in the suburbs, and seeing them again has been one of the nice things about working at M&E.

I cut a wide swath through Macy's - bought yellow sheets with blue and lavender flowers for the purple room, and white sheets with big orange roses for Amy and Jeff's room downstairs, and napkins ... then over to Altman's for a pollen-dot night gown, up for Ford + Taylor for a patchwork skirt and T-top ... and stopped off at a teensy new Japanese place where you sit at a counter and the dishes come around on a conveyor belt ... and took a cab home, and after some more shopping around the Village took off for the 3:35 train. Hot day. Cool train. Coffee at Parley's - this time of year most of our boats still leave from the big Ocean Beach terminal - and a nice ride across the bay.

The stores were closed, but there was plenty in the fridge. I had a Beefeater

martini (courtesy of the Snyders, who left all their booze last fall as payment for storage space in the basement, I guess) and a big mess of scrambled eggs and peppers and onions and cheese, with an English muffin. I think I was asleep by 9:30.

Woke up at 6:00 yesterday and started cleaning, and by 2:00, everything but the kitchen was super clean, so I took the 2:45 over to Bayshore. Saw the last day. Had pizza and Coke on Main Street, and bought an orange and yellow shower curtain with lady bugs on it for Amy and left at Grant's. Then to Norris Friedman for weights, discussion of paint and order of rooms. We are the disgrace of Fifth Avenue, and this summer we will paint. Back on the 5:45.

Fixed a martini and went out on the deck with glass in one hand and paint scraper in the other, to work on the old peeling stuff, really feeling like an exurban homeowner. Fixed hamburgers and carrots and peas and rice. Went to the Elm Walk phone booth to call Bert... and had a nice, silly talk... and came home and took a kidney for the cat and lots of beef for Stroganoff out of the big freezer downstairs.

Nicola's had a huge meat sale a few weeks ago, and we laid in about $100.00 worth of stuff. First time the freezer was really been full.

Up before 7:00 again this morning. Cleaned the kitchen. Straightened the big linen closet in the bathroom.

And the house is really, really looking pretty nice. Tomorrow I'll get the downstairs fixed up for Amy and Jeff.

I've made a huge pot of Stroganoff, for dinner tonight and to freeze... and washed my hair... and now I'll get dressed and water our bits-and-pieces garden, as much as has been planted, and go down to the ferry to meet the group.

We started planting last weekend, when Fedor and his nice girl Cathy were here. The radishes are up already, and the lettuce, and I saw the first little shoots of spinach this morning.

I wish I could have had a little more time out here before the mob moves in. There's so much to do, and I kind of want to be alone... or alone when Bert's not here. It's been a good winter, but I've been working very hard, and down it, I guess I really don't like to work quite so hard! There's just so much else that I miss not having enough time for. But it's O.K. We'll have fun in the Stroggs, we always do, mostly - and September will come and we'll have the place to ourselves again.

8-4-75

I'm leaving for California This afternoon. Back Thursday night, which is about as fast as I can make it. And - so what else is new? - I hate to go.

I am not all That afraid of flying. I flew down to Washington twice This spring, with only The faintest qualms - and flying anywhere, with Bert, is just adventure and delight. But somehow I just hate to leave New York for California, every time. I feel as if it's too damned far.

This past weekend we were down to Mark, Claudia, Amy and Jeff. It was blazing, record-breaking hot - one of The very few times on The Island when we had to admit it was too hot.

Friday night Mark cooked steaks on The fireplace, and we ate Them outdoors on The striped picnic table with potato salad and Caesar salad... and Then sat in The dark on The front deck with creme celeste and rasberries and coffee.

Saturday at noon, Mark and Claudia left, it was an uncomfortable kind of day, heat and frayed tempers, I guess... and, what I wanted to be a perfect dinner for us, with Amy and Jeff out in Bunwood, wasn't because I was moving so slowly That it was awfully late and Bert was annoyed. But it was good - pasta pesto with our own basil, and an all-house salad, lettuce and green beans and two tiny, fancy-shaped cucumbers. And

When Cleg and Jeff got home, Bert broke out a bottle of champagne he'd bought to surprise us with, to celebrate being 2 yrs to the form of us again. We drank it, and listened to the Midnight Special and laughed a lot, and it was fine.

Yesterday we were on the beach most of the day, and I think I was in the water more than out. Chinese beef and broccoli for dinner. Off on the 9:35, and it was cool in the bay, and the traffic so light that we practically flew home.

Up early this morning, and out for the paper and hard rolls for breakfast - no croissants, the Lafayette is closed for vacation. Bert went off to EUE and called at 9:30 to ask me to bring him a folder he'd forgotten. So I went on up, and then to the bank, and Macy's for new T shirts and jeans, and Brownie's for vitamins and the top stone on Bleeker to tell Dan our new matchstick bamboo shades were be picked up by Bob Snyder for transport to the Islands Thursday night, and Grove Drug for a little travel alarm clock, and home again. I've done most of the things I wanted to do before I leave, and now I'll change to shirts. pleated skirt and new blue T shirt and leave the air conditioning on for Bert and catch a cab to Kennedy.

And I'll be home very, very early Friday morning.

2-6-76

Snow last night. When I looked out the window this morning, the cars were covered with smooth white coats that made them look rather like big seals, first the antennas sticking out, and the trees on the block were decorated with neat little white balls. I went out for the paper and croissants and smokes in the lambswool-lined suede boots that I bought last year at Abercrombie's for Oradell, and it was very clean and soft and fluffy underfoot. "Hot soup today" sign up in the window at Smiles's. Last night at Smiles's, when I stopped in to buy a loaf of rye bread, a girl next to me at the counter said it looked like Currier + Ives - "a real Bicentennial snow."

I get the feeling that people are pleased to be having a Bicentennial.

I sent in our Burpee seed order this week, including "Liberty Special" petunias - three packets, red, white and blue, for 76 cents. I will have to start them in peat pots, and what Alexander (last summer's Bicentennial Kitten, who has come to stay - he and his mother both having been fixed) will do to them I shudder to think.

I'm sitting in the kitchen listening to the steam hissing in the pipes, looking out the window through brand new white curtains at snow on branches and rooftops and terraces, and a heavy grey sky. We might get a little more.

5-17-77

And here I am at The Hyatt House in Los Angeles, staying over on the way to see Mama.

A beautiful room, all orange and white, and breakfast from room service came before the wake-up call.

I'm winging back to Mankato, on all things, on Thursday for the dedication of a wing of their new library to Mama, and home on Sunday.

Yesterday I wasn't even very scared to take off. I was so in-credibly busy.

Up at 5:30 to do a loving Care color job on my hair. Over to St. Luke's for 7:30 mass. Ironing - handkerchiefs for Bert and altar linens for the St. Luke's altar guild.

Bert got up around 11:00 and we had coffee and croissants - as usual, with Alexander, the Bicentennial Kitten we kept - and before and after breakfast I worked like mad on a little dramatization of Downtown Bert a man in Minneapolis wrote and Mama passed on to me to look over and I hadn't touched in more than a year, which was shameful. I finished it at 1:00 and gave it to Bert to Xerox up at Black Enterprise, for which he is Arts Consulting ... and dropped Al Ney is acting at St. Luke's and went up town.

I am down to nothing in summer clothes, nothing good, that is ... I wear cotton print skirts and colored T-shirts most of the time, and have some old dresses that I still have but they're really old ... and we have no money this year, which really doesn't matter.

But for the Manhattan trip I had to get some stuff. I bought a nice white pleated skirt and a navy top with white piping and a white appliqued butterfly last week — wore that for the trip. But I wanted two other dresses, one dressy, and I shopped like mad till 4:00, ending up with one from Macy's.

Maybe there'll be something pretty in Claremont.

Home to pack. Off to the airport at 5:00. It took up till 6:30, and Bert was so mad, and due to a long line at the boarding pass counter, I barely caught my 7:00 plane.

Half empty. Nice, quiet guy in the aisle seat, nobody in the middle. Artie Shaw on the earphones at takeoff.

The runway was a sight - jets lined up as far back as I could see as we turned the corner for the takeoff run - Air France two planes ahead of us, Swiss Air right behind.

The big jets - especially the wide-bodies

with the Jones - have such nice faces - solemn and rather inquiring, like characters in a science fiction story. And there they were, all lined up ready to go, moving slowly forward every time one took off. And the lead plane roaring along the ground and roaring into the sky.

It was a cloudy flight, with thunderstorms over Kansas City. Little red lights shining on our wings in the dark. In one patch of blue, early on, a marvelous centaur as another plane went by off to the left out my window.

Chicken with coconut on top for dinner. Not bad at all. A nice movie for once - "Michelo Lean."

Late in L. A. The little minibuses came in answer to my call on the free phones they have to the hotels, and I got there before 11:00.

Called Bert and watched the TV news and took a shower in the gorgeous bathroom and set my golden suede-face travel clock and called for wakeup and room service in the morning and finished the old Nero Wolfe I'd been reading and went to sleep.

I'm in a cheerful rent & mood, even though I sort of thought this whole trip was going to be a hassle.

Hope Things go well in Claremont.

5-20-77

Rainy morning in Minneapolis.

Nice motel room again, with a little square bathtub - I took a tub bath last night just for kicks.

It's called the Thunderbird Inn, and is frightfully Indian in decor - huge neon totem pole outside, restaurant called the Pow-Wow Room and stuff like that. Who says motels are homogenized and all the same all across the country?

Good two days in Claremont. Everything in bloom in the gardens and very beautiful, the lodge as cozy as always.

Norma very wobbly in the head, but stronger physically. She walked all the way in to the waiting room at Customs to meet me Tuesday morning. She has a daily companion - a brisk, cheerful, heavyset lady named Mary who I think is doing her a lot of good.

10/6/78

The Minnesota trip was nice. Roots, surprisingly.

Here I am again, fall '78, in Fair Harbor, end of a glorious week 508 from Medical Economics.

There were torrential rains last night, and it was cloudy and foggy when I woke up. The sun just broke through, and the sky is shining pearl gray over a tossing lead gray ocean.

We have a new view - The old red "garage house" in front of us went in last winter's storm, the worst since '62. So we are oceanfront, and although nobody believes me, I'd rather have the red house back. It was part of the landscape, and we always had enough ocean view for me. And even though the remaining dune in front of us is in pretty good shape - the best dune in Fair Harbor, in fact - our position is precarious now - feels precarious. But no reason why it shouldn't be another sixteen years till the next storm, and the dunes do build up. We're going to plant grass on our dune over the weekend.

Yesterday I woke up around 8:00 and switched on WQXR for the music and after coffee went down to the Pioneer for a paper. Eddie Lipinsky died last winter, and there's no more Fair Harbor Merchant. Frank at the Pioneer is trying to fill the gap, but Eddie is awfully missed. No paper - there's a strike on, and although we have four little "interim" dailies publishing in New York and of course there's Newsday on Long Island, supplies are very short out here. Newsday promised for noon.

I come home and had a bowl of Rice Krispies w/. On a peach and put out a load of wash and spent two hours transcribing tapes from an interview I did in July. Returned to the store to collect newsday. Had tuna on toast for lunch and set off to the light house.

A dirt road and total emptiness beyond the clutter of Kismet. Goldenrod and asters in bloom and the low scrubs turning red. I turned back at the little Coast Guard station and climbed up to a high dune with a nice flat top and lay on the sand looking out at the ocean through the dune grass.

Home again, finished an old Ngaio Marsh and cooked a crazy curry w/. On onions and peppers and chicken and shrimp and raisins and zucchini. Drank Beefeaters on the rocks and listened to the 6:00 news on WQXR. Went out into the dark with a dime after I'd eaten the curry, and called Bert. He had to go in Monday night - will be back tonight, ahead of me, since I'm going in town and will return on the last boat. Watched a doctor show on TV and went to bed feeling awfully good.

Reason for my trip in is I'm going to meet Ann and Jimmy at Yankee Stadium to see the Yanks play the Royals in the American League playoffs. And it's almost ferry time.

1/1/79

New Year's Day, and I resolve among many other things to start keeping a better journal again.

We had a lovely New Year's Eve. Oeufs mayonnaise and moules marinière and an elegant pear and cherry tart for dinner. Fledermaus and the Boston Pops and jazz on the radio. Just nice.

Up early and out into an incredibly mild day to early service at St. Luke's for Holy Name of Jesus. Just me and Father Fleze. Father Schneeps celebrated — at breakneck speed and clearly in a terrible mood. He is a funny one.

Down Bleecker Street for The Times and smokes and french bread and rolls, over to Smile's for milk. Streets almost deserted, a few weary revelers.

Now I'll do some cleaning and finish preparations for dinner — the Stones are coming, and I made cassoulet yesterday.

We have lots of holly in the living room this year, and a chunky little Christmas tree... I always think every year's tree is the nicest ever... and I have an Advent wreath in the kitchen, which is something new.

3-5-80

Back again, a new year and a new decade, for crying out loud.

I'm in San Antonio for a few days, in the Print

guest room, to be precise, ... a nice big blue and green room with a wonderful bed, looking out over the B courtyard. Quite the nicest guest room I've had there yet, and I've had several the last few years since Mama moved to the Lodge and then to the Medical Unit.

She is very feeble now, both physically and mentally. It's too hard and sad to write about at great length ... maybe I will sometime.

It's always so hard to leave home for my trips to California, and when I get here I always like it, even now. (I like Claremont and MSAG, that is.)

Up at 6:30 today, having gone round asleep at 9:00 after a few pages of Updike's The Coup. Coffee made with Folger's Instant and a heating coil. (I always lay in supplies - This time, a three-day trip, just the coffee and a half gallon of milk and a carton of Tropicana and a bottle of wine.)

Over to the Medical Unit to sit with Mama and help her eat breakfast. Talk with Lydia Rowe and then off to the Village to Steve Letts Berg's office ... but before that was the morning exercise session.

Six or eight old, old people in a big, sunny room, with a tall, cheerful, vigorous and indefatigably kind young woman leading them in head and stretch and flex movements that loosely any

them can really do (some can't even try) while a blond nurse bangs the piano. I think they have some kind of a session like that every day ... exercise or singing or both.

Last year, when Mama was a little better, I remember they were working on finger control one day ... little tiny movements to strengthen the fingers and improve coordination. Mama tried to do them, though I don't think she understood what good they were supposed to do, and I held her hands and made her practice them all afternoon.

The singing kind of gets me ... I have to blink a lot not to cry. The only ones who make much noise are Jo, the exercise leader, and the piano player and Linda, Mama's nurse, and me. But the old people recognise the songs, and sing along a little bit, even Mama. She does pretty well on "In the Good Old Summertime," with me sitting next to her and singing in her ear.

Saw Steve (the letter-heads are handling his affairs now, and I have to spend lots of time with them even this trip). Bought a box of face powder for Mama and cookies at Jensen's for me. Back by cab in a drizzle (worst weather ever this trip.)

Tonight I had dinner in the lodge with Jo Little ... good dinner, and afterwards we drank Kahlua in her room and watched the news on her color TV, and it was a nice, friendly evening. Mild dissipation by MSAG standards!

Home to B-15 to find Chet. I couldn't call Bert on my phone because long distance has to go through the switchboard, which was closed. So, after some wanderings to look for a pay phone, back to the lodge, where Mary Lou let me in to use her phone. Long talk about everything.

Home again, and I've washed my hair and am drinking milk and eating Jessie's cookies.

Mary Lou wouldn't let me walk back from the lodge at 8:30... which seemed so silly, but I didn't argue and got a ride from a nice security man in one of the little electric carts.

Off to Minneapolis tomorrow.

3-7-80

Bright, hazy morning in Minneapolis with piles of snow on the ground.

It poured all morning in Claremont yesterday, and I left wearing suede coat and fleece-lined boots.

Plane in Los Angeles 2½ hours late coming in from Hawaii. I had a very good martini in the upper level bar at the airport, looking out at sunset and planes, and a yummy scratch meal in this "temporary" cafeteria. Nice flight when it finally took off, big plane almost empty.

Patches of snow iridescent in the dawn as we landed.

On to Thunderbird Motel, where - I'd forgotten - you beg for own luggage, and fell into bed at 3:00.

I've almost recovered and am waiting for Betsy Noreen. in & - pot of coffee from room service to get rid of the fog in my head. We'll have lunch somewhere and talk cookbook and I'll catch another little plane to Mankato at 5:30.

I hope there's lots of snow.