



THE MIRAMAR
SANTA MONICA
CALIFORNIA

~~Tuesday~~ ^{7th}
Wednesday, 9 of March

Dearest.

I am still there. The damage
to the camera is one hundred and
fifty dollars. — and one hun-
dred and fifty Times that in
aggravation. I feel sorry for Erica
since the real loss is hers - and
she blames herself altho there is
no blame. Well, a hundred years
from now it will not be even
a ripple on the face of time.

I feared something of time
last night when I went to see
Edith Scott. Time can either ripen
one into a saint (as Sara Newman)
or almost into the bitter fruit of
time - which it seemed to me she
was. It was not a sweet taste
in the mouth and I wished

that I had not taken much a month full. Sometime I will tell you about it — which maybe funny in the telling, yet was not funny.

I had had such a good day writing letters from the heart — to Marian Shaper, Barbara, Elsa, Lily James, San Francisco friends — my pen unburdened me of my thanks to each.

Then I still sat here at my desk, looking out to sea. The sun was setting behind the oily palms — behind the swimming pool — behind the painted ocean — when suddenly the sky was black with gulls — the air broke into cries and they wheeled forward as an army of planes. It lasted for some minutes — a solid formation flying after their leader — I presume to their nests — But it was strange to see them coming like sheep to their fold at night.

3.



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Tonight Pete Smith is coming to take me to see Earnest. (How like our dear Al Schwartz he sounded on the Telephone.) I go to him as I would to Sara - expecting to be blessed.

I still am shocked by the falseness of this place. I hope we move the office to San Francisco. The whole outlook is different ^{here} from that innery room, looking at the David Smart lady with breasts" which hangs in the place of honor on its walls - They would be carried to new blue horizons and wide skies. They would not need to hide their embarrassment for such an outlook. I think it all boils down to this:

What seekest Thou? It is plain here that they seek not great things but merely greater neon lights - what a mockery!

20 of even more grotesque proportions

Nothing bears any resemblance to realities — such as the white church spires of the New England Towns — or their village green with the great elms. Here every thing has early-cues — every gas station, every real-estate office, Cafeteria, Corseteria, funeral parlour, motel or hotel — all have their neon signs and presumptuous ugliness. It is something which one could sue the state for — this ugliness. But I ask myself over and over: What is it They seek? The poor old people sitting on the street benches — looking so forlorn — having sold their homes for an old-age pension — day after day to drag out their lives with no chickens to feed — no tasks to sustain them — no roots in the soil. I remember St. Petersburg and shudder — but at least there the old boys and girls played shuffle board and giggled at each other. Here the city has taken over even this little illusion. Even the sunshine is bright but cold. God bless you my John — I give thanks that you are

grown-up soul and the inner life or share — for our roots and our faith.

Oh, my friend — how I miss you often when I feel like this! ever, N.

that you have a honest heart and are not a worker in the field of life.