Aline Saarinen’s Diary, 1928

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Aline Saarinen's Diary, 1928
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Aline Bernstein.
Please keep this Private! It is none of your business

PRIVATE

The Year

BERT ALINE
1928
Private Diary
5151

5151

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Sunday, January 1, 1928

Well [doodles] I hope this has begun the noo yeer rite. If it hasn't nodinkz will. Anyhoo lets hope so! O.T. A.L.

It seems funny to think that to-day has started a new year! Just hundreds of days, that we know nothing about — but I hope happy ones. 1927 was my happiest, and nicest year — it was here I met Orvil, the others and Al! I have made no resolutions, I hold but two — no three thoughts — First, to write in this book, only the truth, second, to be sincere to all my friends, especially Al, third, to try to make this an advantages and happy year. I hope, that next year I will still like Al,— because it has been so nice knowing him.

This morning walking with Dick Amberg - This afternoon, Ad Blum came over. He is fairly nice, - uninteresting and unexciting - but not bad.

Al called up from the Sunday Evening Club Dinner! I've been thinking over last night! It was so darling of him to call up - just as this year began - I think I really do "love" him — but perhaps I don't even understand the meaning of the word — He means a great deal though - and inspite of Mother's objection to this "eighteen-year old" - it has been perfectly alright - and the letters so nice!

So begins this year — as any other day!
Monday, January 2, 1928

This morning after many telephone messages, Carl B. and I decided NOT to go skating, so he came over. We played the Victor. He was nice, awfully youngish - but quite nice, and we had fun! Then lunch with Jean Marks - and again the Victor with some new records. Then tea-dancing with Gail, Julia B., and George Haklo, (cousin of Gail's) who has "fallen for me" — I've never had a more boring afternoon. All but one dance with that fool. He is so stupid! Golly! Gail said he had made a list of the order in which he liked 10 girls. I think I will —

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name/Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. AL GILBERT</td>
<td>or it might be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Orvil Dryfoos</td>
<td>1. A.V.G.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Dan House (?)</td>
<td>2. Orvil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Gail</td>
<td>5. Jerry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>10. Dick Amber</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I don't know. All I do know is that Al is the darlingest of all ----! Al

Tuesday, January 3, 1928

Tuesday mornings! - Well, this was one of the nicest - We walked down Columbus Avenue - and arrived at school much too soon— Ethics, Clubs, Math, Lunch - and - during lunch I met Dan who was very nice and asked me why I hadn't stayed at the Alumni Game! I gave him the peanuts I owed him - and he was cute. Then German, and History, and then Mr. Oyster said I could take the Test - I went to the Library, and I found myself opposite Al. It was so nice having him there - at first I couldn't work - but in a few minutes it made it much nicer - I think I passed! Hope so anyway. Then we both did home-work, and walked up to-gether. I didn't ask him up because I don't think Mother likes it so much - so he didn't - but we walked around the block twice instead! He was so darling! I wrote to him to-night - I don't know if it was crazy or not - well -!

In "Good News" she coaches him for a test - and in the test he writes "Mars and Venus sit looking at each other" - I almost wrote a note to him - it was funny!
Oh Al dear -

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Wednesday, January 4, 1928

Letter. Cold. Late. Hurry — and then school! English, Science, Chorus, German - with an A-, Lunch, Gym, Math This afternoon with Liz - she is so darling - We talked about everything - She understands - Its too bad about her parents - Then I came home - Daddy is terribly worried about business. I wonder if we really did turn poor — what would happen! But I hope it doesn’t happen — Then I answered Al’s darling letter — He is so nice — He would understand everything - —

Mother liked my story - somehow that makes me want to write some more - Prose - in that style - but I have no ideas - and after all - they are the backbone of anything at all —

I won’t see Al really until ??? I wish it was soon — I like him so much more than anyone knows — or wants to know.

Thursday, January 5, 1928

Study period! I went into the library twice — especially to see Al — I guess I mustn’t — ! Assembly! Walking up he came over - but Laura Werner having suddenly become attached to me — was in the way! Math! Lunch! He had the lunch room - I mean the roof - and all I saw was a dirty look! [??] and fooling around — with Dan House - I made a great mistake - I gave Al the note to give to Dan - I shouldn’t have - on account of both of them. Anyway, I’m hoping Al has sense enough not to be sore - I’m hoping so for a letter to-morrow!

Mr. Butler suggested the name “Glitter” for my story - saying “all that Glitters is not gold - nor crystal and neither was Jim - all that you thought him to be” - A good suggestion! Mr. Leonard was interested in it also!

This afternoon skating - [Smush?] is no nice - ! And then, Al was playing basketball - so I couldn’t wait! Perhaps - perhaps to-morrow he’ll walk home with me — ! Perhaps a letter - Please-

To-day was sort of nice — but there was something lacking - (?)

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Friday, January 6, 1928

Walked to school with Elly Freeman. Saw Al in the lunchroom and gave him a note - Then gym - I said I preferred second team - So now I'm sort of half and half - Finally the game - Second - [[$\Gamma$]] - Eighth. Al was refing - with Wally Reichenbach - I made one foul shot - The score was 36-4 - What a licking - well I tried - but next time I'll try harder - much! Al and I walked home - either its my imagination or he felt wrong about something - He hardly smiled - and was serious for such long times - Bob Jones came over this evening - he was nice. Told me how he never used to believe in going with other girls - but Gerry said he should - and how Margaret Sonn [struckthrough] is [struckthrough] likes him - and he can't make her see it - He got very serious and I like him better that way - He isn't the type who can try to be funny - and succeed! Then I answered such a nice letter from Al - It was awfully nice - He's so darling - "Inamoured" Bob used in connection with Phil etc - I wonder - if - Al - is too!

Saturday, January 7, 1928

Gosh - it seems just ages ago - that I saw Al - but it's really only about 10 hours or so - He came over at 10:30 - until 12:15 - And was - I just can't quite think of an adjective to describe him - lovely? darling? — Yes - and more - We spent such a very - very nice morning - Then to Laura's - and "the Gaucho" with Gail, Dish H, Harold Loewenheim, F. Oppenheimer, D. Bulova - Very nice - Then I came home and Al telephoned that "Chickie" and he had gone out - to the Roxy - and NOT to the Strand - He was so nice - honestly - Then at 8:20 Smush and I — went to the evening dancing school - as Miss O'Neill's guests - It was lots of fun - Orvil has a cold - but everyone else was fine -

I can't help thinking about Al though - He means so much more - Yes, I'm a damn fool - But I don't care - And I won't see him all to-morrow - Disgusting - Al - I wonder if its mutal - I think so - and gee - how I hope it is!

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Sunday, January 8, 1928

A week ago to-day I got this diary - From now on, each week I will re-read the previous week.

This morning walking with Daddy, Arma's. Lunch. And at 4:30 dancing school. At first it was nice-but very unexciting - Then Dick Herman and Peanuts came, and that made it better. I learnt the Two-Step.

Smush telephoned. Dick G. was over there - She was so happy!

I wanted so very very much to telephone Al - but I didn't! Honestly, nobody can compare to him ______ and _______ oh well! --

Perhaps I'll get a letter to-morrow!

9
Monday, January 9, 1928

Monday morning - and a twelve page letter- which kept this from being "blue Monday" Went to school - school as usual. After sewing, we had rec - Up on the roof, and so I played until 4:30 - Then I met Al- he was waiting for me and we started home - He was so very very nice — And when we got home, we went into the Green Room [line] It was just a few minutes, but they were exceptionally nice ones! Al told me he had said something to Dan about our betting — I'm to know Friday — I wonder —

I answered the letter! Started to when - at 7:50 P.M. Al called, to tell me to set my watch the same as his — It was lots of fun. At 8:28 he called again, and we tried to hear the radio time - but missed it — I did oodles of homework — and finished the letter — and "schhafie bis zum Morgen!"
Tuesday, January 10, 1928

I got up early - so I could meet Al - At 7:55, I did so - and we walked down. I hope he passed his Chem Test! Did some work on Chaucer! Ethical Math! Finally Dramatic Club and a few brief "high signs" - Lunch, German, History, Then Alice, Susan, and I decided to walk up to Lincoln from school - We left at 2:05 and got there at 3:05 - It was 60 blocks, about a minute a block! Fun? You bet! The game was great 26-12, our favor - SWELL - !! Yea team.

After the game "we" came home to-gether on the top of the bus. We were all alone up there! I don't know why - but I'm so AWFULLY - crazy about him - Everything I do, seems to connect with him in some way - and I hardly ever forget him - for a minute or so -!

Wednesday, January 11, 1928

Walked down with Carol Galby. Poor kid! Her mother is some "tyrant"! English and History — Just a waste of forty minutes! And then I saw Al for one brief moment - he said something about "Allen Bernstein" that I didn't understand - but I'm so - so So happy that he spoke to me at all! — School — Then to the Museum - and a game, Delta-Alpha. I had a bet with Dan — I was for Alpha — He won 16 — 3 (?) I wonder why Al didn't stay — I came back especially for that — — well — it was a good game -

I think when I'm at camp I'll let him keep this - under trust not to read it — because it would be discovered around here — and I don't want ANYONE to read it yet - It's a part of me that would be laughed at — and I don't want that to happen-

A whole day with only one sentence of his voice — and only one glance!

I hope I get a letter! ___!

I wonder if I should bother about

Jan 11

Joan - She likes him - and he may think her O.K. - Is it more serious NO - Alvi - no - Gee I hope it isn't! NO!
Thursday, January 12, 1928

No letter. Carol Golby - A note Al asking for addresses. A note from Al about waking home - a note to Al - Assembly. In the lunch-room, Joan kept smiling at him - etc - - but he said it was alright - so [[crossed out]] so [[crossed out]] - I'm so glad honestly I'd die if he "turned me down" - Recreation and then at 4:45 we started home - I lost my pocket-book, in which I had my fountain pen! I nearly died - I hope its in school - Honestly - of all things - That pen - I feel terrible - He didn't come up. - Mother gave a party. I called him up - and talked - He was so darling I'm crazy about him -

Al - Al - Al
All day -
Al - Al - Al -

Please like me better than Joan - always!

Friday, January 13, 1928

Carol Golby - No letter - A note - explaining absense of letter - Couldn't find the pocket-book - but there is still hope - (I hope!) - School - Assembly - Lunch -

Then I saw him for a minute - Then gym - Then Smish and I fooled around - finally the game - Carol Rand and I as Center - Al umpire - Then Carol as guard, me as Center - Then Carol garding me as forward! - The score ended 24-8 - Favor of Delta -! I Having made one basket and Aimee the others! Heck! If one of our teams would only make enough to win a game! - Then walking home with Al -- He is so - so - so - nice - Why do I repeat that everyday - It isn't necessary - BUT! Didn't come up. Whole Delta class going to see Hamlet - Al taking Carol. She sure is a peach - I like her lots! He called up to see if I'd go to the Midget Game to-morrow. I've a date with Peanuts so we'll go. [[strikethrough]]

did I guess [[strikethrough]] I know I'll see him ____

Thank Goodness!!!
Yesterday's last sentence is unnecessary (I THINK)
Saturday, January 14, 1928

No letter from Al! A crazy dream about him last night! Walked to the midget E.C.S.H.M. game with Peanuts — He had a date so I went with Al at 11:30 — and we fooled around until 12:30. He gave me such a darling letter; about my helping him on his outlook for college — Gee—that’s what I’ve wanted to — so badly! Talking! Oh — once again I say he is darling! Then lunch at Marion Steiner’s, with Liz. Jane H. Laura. Saw “Rosalie” awfully cute. Swell music! Supper at Liz’s — Talk afterwards! Then at 9:45-10:15 I talked to Al on the phone — He began fooling about being angry about the pen — and I believed him! Gee, I almost cried — but finally he said it was only fooling. I wrote a letter — Was it silly of me? I guess so! BUT——— To-morrow a telephone call – I think, are dear — as the “whoozis” says

"Enough Aline - Subside!"

Sunday, January 15, 1928

Lunch. and the elevator-man brought up a letter from Al — So nice. Explaining he only was fooling last night, and apologising — It was such a darling letter — but what does one expect? Charlie Chaplin in the "Circus" it is a wonderful movie — Really awfully good. Arma’s — She is no better! Supper — Mother says I must stay home to-morrow as I have a cold, and millions of pimples — So that’s that — I won’t see Al_____ d_m it! I’ll send a note to him though!

Gee———another day minus — well the next day is Tuesday so -------

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Monday, January 16, 1928

This morning in bed at 11 o'clock a letter from Dick G. about the party, and an awfully cute one from Lenny and Dan — — A boring afternoon — Jean Marks, Rea Lowe, Smush, Laura, and Sue called up. Also Sylvia. Then Al — Mother wanted the phone so he said he would call later. We talked at 8:50 — Yes, naturally he was darling — — Joan got someone to ask if he liked her and he said, "I can't tell yet" [[strikethrough]] he said [[/strikethrough]] He wanted to know what I thought and we're going to discuss it tomorrow morning. Somehow - I can't be really jealous. But I do care a little. I remember how he looked at me when Dan and I were to-gether — and said "Somehow, Al dear, I didn't care that you were playing around with Dan" — I shall say that to-morrow — Gee, it can't end now — it has only begun — So - Al dear - you'll understand won't you - and keep Joan in her place - as Dan! I wil — All of them are in connection with me -

Thanks!

TO-MORROW'S TUESDAY!

Tra-la-la

Tuesday, January 17, 1928

o schoo with Al
ra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

FOUND "TREBLA" the PEN

Down with Al — So nice — Dramatic Club with Al — Lunch — German — History — AND THEN My Pen BACK — — —! Oh — I am so happy about that. Gee.

Sue, Alice and I to Woolworths and the game — at Barnad — Swell game. Some 17-13 extra period on account of tie-score! Then waiting for Al at back door with Ad Blum — Al went out front way — At last we met and Ad Blum left us! — — He was so very darling in the subway — Honestly! —

Then supper — — And a telephone call. Walking home with Lew to-morrow — Slick —— Gee!

Its alright about Joan. I'm just a jealous cat — Silly Aline — Subside — So — das ist das —

Dearest Al — — Don't forget the "secret" and the "Hi-Sign"
Wednesday, January 18, 1928

Down with Caryl Golby. History. Science-Al for a moment — Chorus - German - Lunch - Math - Fooling around — Finally the games 2nd team G-A. First team D-8- I couldn’t play so I wrote them up for Ethics - Light! Home with Al-——————!!! Gee- Each time he gets nicer- by far-

Mr. and Mrs. Healy for supper. They are so darling They run Androsoggin. He and she are both "Swell" They are my idea of an ideal couple - I’m crazy about them - I wish Al could see em- He’d like them too-

They are so happy - so young- but so interested - and their ideas are really worthwhile-

"And so to bed" as Samuel Pepy’s says-

19

Thursday, January 19, 1928

Down with Caryl Golby. History. Assembly. (Mr. Lemon reading ‘Lost Silk Hat’ and ‘A Night In An Inn’) — I broke the mirror Al gave me - the one with the trumpeters — Math. Lunch. Broke Laura’s mirror. German - Sewing - Then Sue and I went to the dentist’s - and then to have a haircut - Home. Made fudge for J. Lewis - Wrote a letter to Al: Honestly - I’m so crazy about him - I swear I’d die if he threw me done! Well tomorrow the E.C.S - H.M. game - and I’m coming home with him - No one seems to realize - and those who do ———— Well, Al dear - we know - and "We fear no one!"

[[Dots spelling out the name AL, and a mirroring downward as a reflection of AL]]
Friday, January 20, 1928

A darling letter from Al - School - Lunch and Joan with Al-Math. Gym. Up to the game with Snush. H.M. had a very good team. Score 75-29 - Al going home with me. We walked around - and he told me Joan had taken and pulled his tie, etc. and acted very dumb and she was a "half-wit" We made a date for Sunday! -

Then he called up to say that he'd left his keys at school — and only got home at 20 of 8—! — We talked a little while and then he called later and we talked for a very long time — gee — — Yes, of course he's darling—"er" — than ever!

Going to the J.V.— H.M. game tomorrow AM.

Saturday, January 21, 1928

Met Al at about 9:20 and we took the subway up to H.M. for the midget game. They wanted him to score, so he did for the half — but was angry. Came home for lunch. Peter having Michal and Hughie to see "M. Mary" — But Babs J. at "Porgy". It is a perfectly thrilling thing — the plot is excellent, the cast could not be better, and it is so well done. The funeral scenes, and the one between Bess and Porgy is marvelous. You are held at such a pitch. I'm awfully glad I saw it (pen gave out)

Came home. Al phoned, Supper. Long talk with Lizzie.

About to-morrow, I don't know if I should ask Al to take me to dancing school at 5 or not. I think "yes" — because otherwise mother will be angry — as she will say I'm "consentrating". So from 3-5 I'll have a perfectly divine time - and from 5-6 I don't know! Orvil evidently has lost all interest. According to Hughie's version "I saw Aline and beat it" - said Orvil — I'm really sorry, because after Al I like Orvil — He's a very fine fellow — has personality plus good-looking, and lots of fun. Well - Orvil E. — I'm sorry - but I hope [[strikethrough]] I'll [[/strikethrough]] you won't "beat it" all the time—!

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Sunday, January 22, 1928

Walking with the family! Lunch - Al - he showed me the letters I'd written him - some pictures of the Summer School - and newspaper clippings - We walked to dancing-school. Orvil E. was there - and he was queer - not like usual. It made me feel very badly - because I like him a lot -- Alfred F. very attentive - and the others - Home with Al in the bus - Darling - Spoke to Smush - Evidently I have been "consentrating" because the others feel that since I have Al, I don't need them ------- I shall NOT sit next to him at my party - So that's that! Orvil E. called up - about a date on [[strikethrough]] Friday [[/strikethrough]] ---Saturday- I can't go to the movies - but he's coming over - I'm so so glad, I hate not having him on good terms cause he's a peach - a really all around fellow - and I like him the best [[strikethrough]] above [[/strikethrough]] after Al-- ----! But it isn't mutual so--- anyhoo Al--!

TO-MORROW SCIENCE EXAM

Monday, January 23, 1928

Letter from Al not being able to keep a date this afternoon. Got to school and took the Science Exam. Very easy. I sure hope I passed, I think I did. Laura and I went home to her house for lunch. Then to see "The Circus" again. It really is a wonderful movie. It takes two showings to appreciate it really. He is a very, very fine actor and fits his parts very well. They give you the feeling of realness, and that you are not just seeing a movie. It is very sad. Ironic, sort of. Heard Al had called up - Supper. Al phoned again - we spoke. Study - Study - Study - Study - Study - and perhaps now I know a little History - AND English Grammer - Orvil phoned, and we arranged definitely for Saturday. He's coming "just around the corner"

Down to school with Al to-morrow - and then Dentist's and Dot Kruskal. -

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Tuesday, January 24, 1928

Al late. So I missed him- History test sort of hard - Dentist with Smush Awfully darling.  Dotty K for lunch. "West Point" very swell with William Haines - Wrote a letter to Al - Bed -

Wednesday, January 25, 1928

Down to school, Easy Math Case--Museum. Home with Smus. "Capponselie."
Home- Study- Al on the phone again for a minute -- Study. Al on the phone again - To bed.
Thursday, January 26, 1928

German Exam- Easy- I think I got a B+ or perhaps an A- I hope so, anyway! Then a 2 hour S.Q. exam- Lunch here with Alice Harris- I think we were both very catty- about Susan- but even though it all was true- It was not necessary to say all we thought about the matter- Down to bring Miss Whitaker, "Dreams" and "Fire-flies" for something or other Supper - talk with Smush on the phone. Talk with Al- and then to bed.

I'm afraid this book is not very interesting ---but afterall - stories are much more exciting than facts-and all I think is perhaps more exciting than an exam week- But I guess I haven't even had exciting thoughts - So here is the reason for these pages, lately, being just a boring account- or rather just a date book---? Life is a date -book really- isn't it?

27

Friday, January 27, 1928

Smush, Dick G and Al just left. We had such a nice time. There is only one regret I have in connection with this friendship- Smush seems to have Dick first- Aline second- I guess she's right! Al is so ,so, so darling - Every time I see him I like him more and I don't really know why!

This afternoon- rather at 11:30 I met Liz. Walking, Lunch at Childs with her Rehearsal- "Beau Sabreur" with Liz, Dick and Al- It is very very good- but sort of a let down after "Beau Geste" Anyway I liked it-

Then finally supper---etc--- An awfully nice day!
Saturday, January 28, 1928

This morning Al called to find out if I would go to the French lesson's with him-- but as I was going with Mother I said "no"- but gee I wanted to- so nice. The French lesson at Mlle Blum's - Ad Blum for lunch, and then to see "Funny Face" - It sure is a great show. I liked it lots. I had gotten Mother some flowers as she said I would never get her any - she liked them very much! Al called up again. Honestly of all darling people-- Al Supper Orvil. He is a very queer person. He interests me or not -He is never complimentary - and so if he ever makes a remark that would seem perfectly casual from someone else means a great deal from him- I guess he really doesn't care about me- but I'm sorry because I like him quite a lot-- Well—I hope it will all be O.K. someday soon--

To-morrow no Al---! Ha!--

Sunday, January 29, 1928

Walk with Dad, Arma's. Regular Sunday lunch - Carl Blumenthal took me to Roger Lewis' tea-dance It was very nice but I left sort of out of place. Charlie T. Herman Ina etc danced with me. But all the girls except Caryl G. were very patronizing- (except Jerry - too-) especially Dot Krushal - which got my goat! Came home with Carl and Ad and Caryl- Supper with Petey- Reading and then "lights out"
30
Monday, January 30, 1928

Papers back!

MATH. 100
HISTORY and ENGLISH. 75
GERMAN. 91

My Science paper was lost. They just found it. Don't know the math. Skating just with Smush. She is so darling - and she understands! At 4:30 back to school, and 15 minutes later I met Al. He seemed worried about some work he has to make up. Really there is lots, I said no letters all week - and if the work is not in by next Monday no letters for a month! But see - I hope they are. He came up for a few minutes. Nuff said!

31
Tuesday, January 31, 1928

To school with Al! Dramatic Club. I'm no longer vice-pres. Flora's pres. Al vice-president. Dan gave me the peanuts! He was very nice--To Woolworth's with Sue. Bought Dan the "hair pins" I said I would. Columbia G.E.C.S. game 47-17-home with Al--Gee I'm crazy about him.
Wednesday, February 1, 1928

School. Bought shoes at sales, and then met mother at the plaza. Looked at apartments. As I had forgotten my science book I went back to school. "Fate" had Al there, and we walked up to Halpers. I got this letter from Charles, and the idea appeals to me - but there are [?deasade antvages] - I answered it! Wrote to Al. Did work - Al was so, so nice. Gee!

Thursday, February 2, 1928

School Assembly. Finished my doll at sewing, skating with Lilly R. Watching Varsity practice with Gerry and Janet Freid. Home with Carl Blumenthal. We passed Al — Gee he is so darling — well — Saturday's coming soon — Tra-la! Supper with Rose and Marian Edwards who is a darling. Henry came up about 10 o'clock. He is an awfully nice fellow. I like him a great deal — of course I was sent to bed. He seems very disgusted with his work — and I think Daddy irritated him. His trip to Europe will do him good — I would have liked to have stayed longer. — I think I'll write to him — to the boat I mean.

Well - that's all! —

I wish Al could write. I miss his letters - he didn't call up to-night — an anything.

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Friday, February 3, 1928

School Game. Gamma Eighth 16-14. Of course they won. Katsenstern asked me to come down with Caryl. She started Caryl playing - and as she made several baskets she was kept in. In an apologetic tone later - she said I needn't take a shower & [strikethrough] wasn't [strikethrough] hadn't Caryl played well. Al walked home with me----An awfully nice letter from him--

Saturday, February 4, 1928

Lunch, Al phoned he couldn't keep the date- and as Liz couldn't either- then Dick would take me. I felt pretty badly- but Mother said it was a joke- Finally I believed that. We (four) met. We went to see the "Last Command" with Jannings. It is a marvelous piece of acting. Especially at the end. Then we (Al and I) came home--- He was perfectly lovely I really do "love" him---.
Sunday, February 5, 1928

Went to the county with Liz- etc. Walked to Budd's house- but no soap- Lunch at the Biltmore! Around the farm again- Home in the car with Jimmy, who put his arm around me - as a joke -- I was glad however when he took it away. Jimmy's arm is not --- Well. Al called up - and we talked & said that the work will NOT be in to-morrow so NO letters for 24 days - Gee--

37

Monday, February 6, 1928

School Skating with Lizzie We had an awfully nice time. Met Al and we walked home- and then he came into the Green Room. It was so perfectly perfect—but it was so very short- Supper. Work.
Tuesday, February 7, 1928

Down to school with Al. Executive meeting - School - Dramatic Club - Al was very-----dumb at this meeting. Lunch, German and History. Walked home with Al. We said at 9 P.M. every night we would think of each other! I did to-night! Fitted my party dress. Downtown with Sue. Agoneis. Supper. A million telephone calls arranging escorts and then "Gute Nacht" Al is--D-A-R-L-I-N-G !!!! as ever!

39

Wednesday, February 8, 1928

School. Went downtown with Mother to get stuff for party. Came home. Al called up he was sick - a headache - Gee, he was nice.

I was too tired to write anymore
Thursday, February 9, 1928

School Played in the park with rec. Walked home with Al and he came up and it was awfully nice-

Worked and fixed stuff for the party.

Friday, February 10, 1928

School

Walked home after gym fixed the house. Back for the Alpha-8th second team game. The game was lousy- but I was supposed to have played well. I made 5 of our nine points. Fly won with 18. Home with Al

Got dressed. My dress is lovely. The party was great. I sat next to Dan. He danced with me a great deal. Al did not. He was dancing with the pills, etc. But just the few times he did were the nicest of all the evening. I gave him the "whoosis bracelet" to keep and so he took it home-

After he left I came back and wrote a long letter to him. I know now - that I really do love Al - I have thought so for a long time but I thought it very rash to put it down "in black and white." but now I see that it is a very sincere and deep friendship reaching farther than just the border of love!
Saturday, February 11, 1928

Down to school for the meeting. Lenny, Bob, Clarry, Johnnie and Dan were there. Dan asked me to walk home with him. He is an awfully messy looking person. But he is interesting. Very emotional - interested in music and a very good conversationalist. He said last night after he left he was so busy thinking he walked around the block three times - lost in thought. He is that type. I wish he were less messy. Met Jane Raw. We saw "She's My Baby" a waste of money. Supper. Long talk with Liz. —

Now all about Al. This morning a perfectly darling, darling letter from Al. (special delivery) a really true and sincere letter. I added a P.S. to mine and sent it. I have added a P.S. to mine and sent it. I am actually crazy about him. Mother likes him a lot too. I'm very glad. He is so, so, so— swell and everything. Then he called up — and so we talked on the phone. Then this evening I really had to call him up.

So I did — and gee — I know he is by far the nicest person —!

Sunday, February 12, 1928

Morning. Valentine shopping. Study. Al called to see if we could go out walking from 12:10-1:15 — and so we did. He was darling —! Gee! Lunch. Over to Lilly. We spent a nice gossipy afternoon. Armas.[?] Supper —
Monday, February 13, 1928


45

Tuesday, February 14, 1928

Down with Al. Executive meeting this [[strikethrough]] [[?]] morning Ethics. did not read my paper. School. Lunch. Lucy talk with Don and Clarry. Went home with Al. Talked in green room about college etc-----I'm CRAZY about him. Honestly-

Here are my favorite Valentines-
Al's and Dave's
Wednesday, February 15, 1928

School lunch. Home with Joan. Up to Franklin Game. Swell. 54-17. Naturally we won. Dan played well. Home with Al. He is great. Listened to music. Read [[strikethrough]] [[?Bra]] [[/strikethrough]] Conrad. Fight with family about telephone. Wrote to Al. Each time I see him he is nicer. Gee--

47

Thursday, February 16, 1928

Friday, February 17, 1928

School. Made cotton-cake for the boys. Down for the Alpha - 8th game, which we lost 8-9. I missed 3 foul shots. Walked home with Al. Dick G and Al came here and then after waiting were told to come to Smush's - Johnny and Clarry were there too, and supper was fun. The cake a success. Al swell - Lizzie sweet. -

Saturday, February 18, 1928

Dan House came over Mother was horrid to him. He is a very nice person. More sophisticated than Al or Dick. Very clever - knows about art and literature and music. He impresses you as being a bit against the beginning, but later you find he is sincere. He told me about getting that feeling when he heard Beethoven - he is very emotional and I like being with him a great deal. He is much more interesting than Al.

Al came over - We talked. He is jealous of Dan - He stayed for supper - and as "actions speak louder than words" I know he is really very, very fond of me. Sort of a responsibility - so that if I like someone else better, it will mean something to him - but when the time comes - as it will some day - I shall tell him - It is only right. Yes, this is very egotistical - but I feel it is true.

Finished the "End of the [Theter?]" great!
Sunday, February 19, 1928
Walk with Mother. Went to the cathedral - Dancingschool with Vincent Ulman - It was dumb - Home with Orvil - Felt rotten. Headache - cold - [??]. Al called up - but as we were at supper - he said he would call again - I was waiting - A great disappointment took hold of me then - I'm reading "Journal of a Dissapointed Man" Barbellion - It is a wonderful thing.

Monday, February 20, 1928
Tuesday, February 21, 1928

(con’t see page 53) ing home with him – At assembly, missed that lovely red head – yes – he was absent (some crazy blisters on his feet–) I wrote a letter during German – and mailed it. Then I picked out a child for the festival. (I am in Peter Schlimeil now) - I couldn't go to gym on account of my cold yesterday, so I telephoned to Al – we talked for ages – Then a rehearsal – basket-ball game (girls) – and a walk home with Dan (that was nice, as long as I knew I wasn't deserting Al) He gave me a post-card he had written, went he went to see the American Opera. It said "Faust. He lived only for youth and love. He was the wisest of all humans”

Supper – A phone call from Al, in which he said he couldn't meet me tomorrow.

Music – and bed –

I like better writing when I want. It takes the duty feeling away. –

Al – please understand my feelings toward you & Dan –!

End.

53

Wednesday, February 22, 1928

(con’t from p. 54) point of view was just to be different.
My points were that this stuff is not sincere – it is not necessary to have this "symbol for love & respect"–, that if these feelings were really in the people, no such symbolism was needed. That this rah-rah business leads to war encouragement. That it is a one-sided, narrow-minded idea, and that most of it was hypocritical anyway. This however made me lose respect for [[M.C.?]] Nevertheless, these are my feelings and until someone can convince me, I insist that I am right, and at least entitled to my own ideas –

Thursday, found me in bed with my cold, progressed into a bad one. Read "Vanity Fair" – I must begin to get educated someday, and it is excellent reading. In the afternoon a letter from Al – an awfully nice one, that he wrote in school. I answered it, mailed it, and got up for supper. The Wolfs, & the [[Sypers?]] were here – and they were very uninteresting – Dan called up and we spoke for a while – quite a while – I wrote a few songs & went to bed.

To-day - Friday! First I wrote a note to Al, telling him how funny it would seem not go- (see p. 52)
Thursday, February 23, 1928

(Con’t from p.55) re-reading the entry of Saturday, I am amazed. It certainly gives the impression of not liking Al, and that is very wrong. The trouble is, at that moment the responsibility of it dawned on me. I am afraid that [strikethrough] perhaps Al won’t care for me - but I can’t even think of that - it would [strikethrough] be awful. I will not see him now until Monday. I wish I could meet him Sunday, but I don’t think I can.

Wednesday morning, inspite of a cold I went out with Dan, for a walk in the park. We walked all over, and talked a great deal. He was very nice. Lunch - and Al came. Dad treated us to the movies, so we saw two crazy pictures. But during this time "[?] and clasp of hands" told everything, and it was fine. A walk home, and a few minutes discussion on patriotism. I said I thought it absolutely wrong to have saluting of a flag - parading - a national anthem, and so forth. A great argument then ensued. Al’s side was that it was simply a symbol of the love and respect all people feel. That this sort of thing was necessary. That my (see p.55)

Friday, February 24, 1928

It is now four days since I have written here, and since then I have had several new ideas, as to the way in which I will write. I have read "The Diary of a Dissappointed Man" Barbellion, and it is written in a style that I would like to imitate, to a certain degree. He writes only when he feels like it. Often paragraphs, or sketches describing people as things constitute an entry. It is silly to write as a duty, and only when one feels like writing does he write the true thoughts and emotions he feels. Since I last wrote lots of things have happened. This Al—Dan business has been going on, and I now think I realize how my affection towards them is. I love Al. I like Dan a great deal. There is a difference. They are different. They are both nice to be with - but I enjoy Al’s company more in the sake of friendship and companionship, while Dan’s is an interesting, entertaining nice time. The whole explanation is that Dan is really older than Al. Mother’s attitude is quite funny. “Things are seldom what they seem…” She seems to think that Dan is the kind of boy who would et - and Al the good and very proper fellow. But someday perhaps she will wake-up—I was just...
56
Saturday, February 25, 1928

"Royal Family" Babs
Al — in green Room. He was very darling.

57
Sunday, February 26, 1928

I am having a fight with myself. It is Al—Dan, again. In the first place I should never have ever started holding hands with Al. He takes everything too seriously. I did it with Dan, but I have explained it to him because he can understand. I love Al, a great deal, and Dan is getting to mean a lot too. After all I am not bound to Al in anyway — but I don't like Dan well enough to not go with Al — I like them both — differently, and yet it is being hypocritical if keep telling each I like him. I have told Al that he comes first. Yes, I think it is still so — and if it is, is it right to go with Dan, as I did to-day? I keep wondering - and wondering. I wish there was someone to talk to but there isn’t — Charles is a hope — but I can't tell. I think the best thing to do, is to tell Al, that I do like him best, but that Dan is a close second—, and so I will be going with him too. If I were to lose either, I think I would rather lose Dan’s, because I know his "passion" will end shortly! Gee, I wish I was away at camp — it will be easier — altho' letters often give wrong ideas! Gee — if Al could understand — but he can’t!
Monday, February 27, 1928

?? What a damn fool I have been!
What a damn fool I am! June 23, 1930
What a damn fool I am - Jul Aug. 25
WHAT a damn fool I am - May 11, 1931

Tuesday, February 28, 1928

My Heart and I

Your outstretched hand is waiting for my heart
But, I am going to keep my heart my own;
For much too long now I have been alone.
And if I give my heart to you, we'll part
Soon, you and I, and there'll will be only me.
I've got to get to know my heart again
Acquaint it with myself, my thoughts, and then
Attempt to find if we can both agree

In loving trees, and sky, and sun, and mist
And the sea.
And misty nights, all things really real.
I've let my heart get far away and roam
And some things that aren't loved by me.
It's time my heart and I should mutually feel.
Oh heart! Stay here a while, it's good to have you home!
Wednesday, February 29, 1928

April 19

Why, I ask myself, are you feeling sad? You shouldn’t be, because it’s Spring, and there’s a questioning warmth in the air. Little struggling buds on trees, and every where Difant strips of grass, tenderly green, and Precocious dandelions, where once had been The ugly thaw of snow on brown hardened ground, completely bare. Why be sad myself, I say, why as you care that he is going away? After you part you can love all these things with your own heart—You and your heart can both be glad—It’s time that you were glad of every thing. But then I tell myself, what I know, that when he goes, my heart will go!

Thursday, March 1, 1928

Sadness & The Mist

Somehow With you I went into the mist last night And loved the far-awayness of the sky, The eerie, deadness of each bulb of light, The swishing sound of tires rolling by On glistening asphalt; and the skeletons Of threes, all black and bare, line sharply kissed By dimme’d light. I’ve seen too many suns, Who’ve made me glad to be alive prosaically glad, the mist was different; last night it made me feel be

That being happy was not all; that clear And crystal things alone can make me glad; That mystery and sadness from unreal Things

In love with things that seemed not to exist On earth, in cities, as and with things that had Been shrouded with a sadness or a mystery, I loved the safe & unreal, sorrowing I loved the tender ache of feeling sad.
Friday, March 2, 1928

Deep on his face, a sign which said "I am Blind" On a string, and in an hand a cane.
On which he had to [strikethrough] [?] [strikethrough] tortely [strikethrough] lean.
He put his groping fingers in the cup to find
The dime
And said "It's not so bad being blind [strikethrough]. [strikethrough]"
A time
To see things as they should be seen."

Saturday, March 3, 1928

Afternoon Tea

Across the table stands the brownish pot
And in your cup the steaming golden team,
Suspiciously you left it up to see
For certain if it [strikethrough] really [strikethrough] is [strikethrough] too [strikethrough] to piping hot.
And on your saucer lies the yellow slice
The last rays of the sun; the slender stream
of [strikethrough] [?] [strikethrough] greying smoke; the tinkling cubes of ice.
In [strikethrough] grey [strikethrough] blue-white water float. These
make us feel
This understanding is a thing unreal,
That as two heart-beats have become but one.
That we are figures for a painting by Cezanne.
Wire comfortable, secure, alone when we,
Escaped into the melting afternoon, drink tea.

Smithsonian Institution Transcription Center, Archives of American Art
Sunday, March 4, 1928  Tuesday

Monday, April 21

Wet Paint on Your Sleeve

You shouldn't have leaned against the paint
You should not have taken note
You should have learned long ago to feign
Indifference to smudges on your coat
Truly you should never have given me leave
To get something to wipe it clean —
Because I loved you most when from your sleeve
I rubbed *the paint* away what paint had been —
there's intimacy in benzine ——!

Monday, March 5, 1928

Pride

Weakly I stay here, completely tied
To this prosaic, deaden life by pride
And in work, desire to do something real before I die.
And yet these bonds seem futile things
When compared to what life brings
to those who leave such ruts as these in which I
Have fallen. Yet I cannot do
What I should like ... Go with you
And run through rain and laugh into the sky
I'm too absorbed in time, and routine
To leave this life as this has been
And all the comment and opinions of that would defy!

was I didn't miss you
And I went through the day's routine -
Glancing same through the tissue
Of what the mist and rain had been,
At precious dandelions in the grass,
And on the blades enormous dreg balls of dew.
But I was wrong. I'm across -
There's nayght left to look forward to.
Tuesday, March 6, 1928

We wondered then just what the years would bring to us. We wondered how [strikesthrough] we both [strikesthrough] these days would feel [strikesthrough] seem in half a year; we wondered what this thing that we had felt could be; and if a dream Can ever last — or stay the same re-dreamed.

We clung to all the little things we'd known — The mist of night; and how the sun's rays streamed Into the room; we wondered if, alone, We should so love and so enjoy more things like these. [strikesthrough] [?] [?suffered] [strikesthrough] Cold sky-lines of New York; [strikesthrough] the season of year [strikesthrough] golds twilight were; Deep, [?arled] shells on sand; [strikesthrough] [?the plays under thousand] [strikesthrough] are such things seen. [strikesthrough] are [strikesthrough] we thought not one the same as those ones sees When there are two, [strikethrough] we thought [strikethrough]. Then you were 24, [strikethrough] my dear [strikethrough] And [strikethrough] in [strikethrough] I, who wonders what you're doing now, sixteen.

Wednesday, March 7, 1928

Pieratte sat high on a hill and clasped her knees to-gether with her hands and laughed into the sky and smiled down at the sea. It was a high hill, somewhere. It was the sort of hill that really makes one feel [strikethrough] one loves "high places". The sky seamed even farther up here, than down on the sand. And bluer. Blue, green-like, saphire, ameythist - how could she tell? All she knew was that out beyond where the sky met the sea there were two shades of this [strikethrough] quiet blue. Pieratte had come up here so that she could be alone and so looz her lonliness. She smiled as she thought of that. Really she was not alone; she felt almost immortal, infinite; she was part of all this quiet of blues and sun; she was one with the coolness of the grass; one with the symetry of the tiny rounded tan pebble near her; she breathed in rhythm with the heart-beat of the whole world. No, this was not being alone as she had thougth she would be, but she [strikethrough] had found the aloneness which made the lonliness almost disappear. Pieratte liked to come up here when she felt sad. How often she had come for that reason. And always at the end of something. It was almost like the neatly printed "Finis" at the end of a story until she left the hill! It was like a dark, cool cave as a retreat from the heat, until one left the cave. But always an end. It was always the end of things that made her sad, made her feel this emptiness, appeased only by the stark, but delicately softened, reality of sun and grass. This high place removed her from the incident,
removed her so much that she became content [strikethrough] for [strikethrough] during the time it took until the sun had disappeared and she knew she must go back to the little village. And finally, but a very long time elapsed before it happened, she began to be content even in the village — and suddenly became exaltingly happy and absorbed in a new incident. There had been thousands of them — some only minutes, the minutes when one wants the sun to stand still where ever it may be, minutes which one wishes to be the first minutes of eternity, minutes one wants to recapture and re-live. Some of those minutes she had forgotten by now - some she remembered - the time she found [strikethrough] the shell on the beach that curved and curved until, lost in itself, one couldn’t see its beginning but where from somewhere in the pink came a deep, trembling sound like the sea, like the moaning of all the world — the time she suddenly realized that she was the only girl in the village who could milk the cross, [loony?] cow in their pasture - the time she knelt in the cathedral, bathed in multi-colored rays from the one lone window, and believed [strikethrough] - she had never known in what - the time she heard Luelan play a heavenly melody on his violin - moments that would never be captured - moments then ended. Some of the incidents had been longer - experiences. There were so glorious. She would never forget the time

she walked for days and days in the forest, up the mountains into new villages, where she met new, thrilling people, and went into this villages forests with a strong, fine youth. The time she went sailing out across the sea with her brother. She loved him wildly, truly, and he had always been distant. They set sail one twilight, a blushing sort of evening-sky around them, and went far out in the calm, until only a pink smudge showed them their village. But they had come back too, and there was an end to that as there had been to everything. The little bird whose wing she tended, who flew away later, and left her sad. And one of the most thrilling of her episodes was the time she discovered a book of mathematics, geometry. The triangles and circles attracted her. For hours she would take the book into the woods and work the problems out. Here was a new reality. It symbolized nothing and yet it symbolized everything, because she was given certain truisms and felt to put them together to solve another. And when it was solved she felt a real triumph, unmarred by the opinions and criticisms of others [strikethrough] [strikethrough]. It was [strikethrough][strikethrough]. But this had ended too - not because she finished the book, but because one day she decided it was useless, and not creative, and because she decided she felt un-creative things were not worth the effort. And although she tried to disbelieve these new ideas for the sake of her former happiness, she could not. The end had come. More and more incidents. More and more
Saturday, March 10, 1928

ends. And each time there was a new incidence she remembered the emptiness and loneliness which would inevitably follow, and tried either to prevent the experience in the inevitable consequence. Each time she failed. No one knew.

Once someone talked about Death as final.
Perhaps that was why Pierette never feared Death. Death seemed to her to be the same as not being born. If it were the end, really the end, there could be no pain.

Pierette stopped laughing in the sky. Her cool, smooth forehead wrinkled into small, delicate lines. Her deep eyes looked far, far out over the wide exposure of sparkling blue, out to that immeasurable place where sea and sky meet. Once more there had been the termination of an incident. As always she wanted it to go on--more this time than ever. Pierot had gone away. Somewhere else. He said he would come back to this somewhere in six or seven years. But Pierette knew that could not relive all those glad hours she and Pierot had lived. She knew that in six or seven years or in six or seven hundred years there would never be a night like the misty night into which they had escaped hand in hand.

Misty night--strange in its gray grab. Misty night with lonely trees. Never again would they laugh as they had. Never again would she feel with him as

Sunday, March 11, 1928

she felt when they smiled into each other's hearts. She loved Pierot.
She knew she loved Pinot because she had taken him up on this high hill. Her hill, her soul. Pierot had been different from the others she had known. And Pierette loved Pierot.

All her life, everything she knew had been in climaxes and drops. Everything she had known had ended, and everything she longed to go on. She had never been content with anything in itself--nothing had seemed complete.

Idly she reached for the little pebble, and carelessly she threw it down into the sea. With the speed that it gained with the height it fell into the water, and large circles radiated from the momentary hole it made. Vaguely Pierette saw them from the high hill
Monday, March 12, 1928

I loved the crunching sound
Of passive, crisp brown leaves around
The borders of the woodland trail we found.

I loved the leaden grey
of water near the shore, the way
It turned to red, far out: the rainbow spray

Which sparkled in the sun;
The mist the afterglow had won;
The brilliant crimson of the leaves begun

To blush and hesitate
Upon the bunch; and leaves in fête
Costumes. I loved the night which seemed to wait

A moment longer still,
To let the glowing senses spill
A fantasy of pattern on the hill,

On fifty softly thru
The trees, splashing mist kind a few
Bright dabs of gold on most. And I loved too;

[[strikethrough]] The most [/[strikethrough]] The [[puiep?]], great silent
tree.
Her host still expectancy
And you and I in silent harmony
In weather extacy.

Tuesday, March 13, 1928

Two weeks since I've written and that is too bad because my days have been lovely. The Al-Dan thing is still going, but now differently. Dan is first. Very much so. I love him! But no one else except Dan knows it. It is best that way. They will find out.

Jesse Leo's party was fun. But no Dan. I have been writing to him. He has written wonderful letters. He quoted this poem - from Shakespeare.

"Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our individual loves are one:
So shall those blot that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by one borne slave.
In our two loves there is but one repeat,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not [/[strikethrough]] ones [/[strikethrough]] love's side effect
Yet does it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not [/[evermore]] are acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honor me,
Unless thou take that honor from thy name.
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
Thou being mine, mine in thy good report."

I love you Dan. More than Al – Much!

3B

Aline Saarinen’s Diary, 1928
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
Wednesday, March 14, 1928

Written at camp

There is a set time for my fate
Some days that I must span
And so before it is too late
And while I know I can,
I want to pray, God, and to ask
If you will hear my plea -
Tear off this artificial mask I wear, and let me [strikethrough] me [strikethrough] be!

Our incident has passed.
The time for drinking tea
While thru the window streamed
The melting afternoon
With gold rays from the sun,
Comforting you and me.
It ended much too soon.

Can a dream ever last
Or stay the same re-dreamed?

May 10th 1930
The whole world [strikethrough] was [strikethrough] was alive with
Spring
New leaves, blue sky, white violets in the nearby wood,
Sun shining down most kind in everything,
And [strikethrough] me [strikethrough] I, loving the newness, sat in solitude,
[strikethrough] Loved the change of light, if one leaf should t
[strikethrough] Loving the [strikethrough] newness [strikethrough] freshness of each new phase
Of spring, loving the truth of Nature glad romance.
Spring would be the happiest of days
Were it not for sunburn, spiders, flies, bees and ants.

May 10th 1930
Til suddenly the sky became quite black
And grey, then covering the sun it made
The trees, weary of glaring sun, glad of the shade,
And glad of the cool wind that blew them back.
Ruffled the grass, and quite low bent
The few precocious dandelions. Then
As suddenly the sky rain-needles sent –
Then thunder, lightning, thunder once again.
And then it stopped. The sun appeared, more kind
[strikethrough] And cool [strikethrough], and splattered big gold splotches on the earth,
Made half-god leaves, and kissed the grass which it [strikethrough] found [strikethrough] could find. Sparkling with rain, then seemed a re-birth. In the fresh [strikethrough] ness and was [strikethrough] and cool [strikethrough] ness and [strikethrough], glad newness of the green. The sun, the sky, the grass, my soul felt clean.
to C.M.H.

With you we spend 5 hours of the week
Supposed to make us gain that lengthy path
Of education, and we never speak to one another to neighboring students, for this class is Math.
For sixty minutes long all this class goes on,
And if we find a problem we can't do,
Involving Theorem 4, a polygon,
And square – Then desperately we raise our hands for you –
Eventually you come, but never pay
Attention to our pleas the math. You simply reap pound hit
From everones nearly on the desk,
then walk away,
And leave us sadly, floundering on it.
And then you give what you have termed a simple test –
Which even Ann & Henry flunk, as do the rest.

Let me know each climactic phase
of life. Let me find wondrous days,
and ripe and orange mellow moons,
And melting rays of afternoons,
And days when there has been a tryst
Of wind and rain, and nights with mist
And grey. Let me find pure white snow,
Cold and severe, then let me know
The intense heat from brazen suns in some far Southern land.

Oh let me be most greyly sad,
Let me exalt in being glad,
Escape with dreams & fantasy,
Be discontent, be satisfied,
Have failed my goal, then realized
It too, Find both content and strife –
Sunday, March 18, 1928

But the [[strikethrough]] comfortable [[strikethrough]] small avenues of life
I do not want.
Monotony of flatness - of an even plain. Let me
Grasp [[strikethrough]] both the [[strikethrough]] only heights and depths of life firmly in either hand...

Monday, March 19, 1928

To A.L.[[?]]

A glorious, glamourous incident
Of sinqueness and fantasy and sun
We found, and happiest of days we spent.
Shunning the thought of life when this was done.
But soon the end of this incident
Crept silently, and mutely in - just came -
And I knew then that I should be content
To view it thru my retrospect, a perfect picture in a frame.
But you, although you realized that all
The sinquiness and carefreeness were o'er,
Knew that a love built on such fragile things would fall
Still hoped that we could yet find something more...

But all of that had passed -
This, now, is scarred and seamed.
A dream can never last,
Or stay the same re-dreamed...
The Kitchen
The kitchen is a wondrous place to be—
Chock full of beauty its own special way,
The way of quiet and utility,
Of making us pretentious to array
Itself in any glamorous effect.
For on the floor in squares of blue and white
Linoleum is laid; the oil-cloth’s checked
In blue and white on tables too; big, bright,
Brass faucets stand above the sink most bold
And eager to be turned; white paper’s spread
Smoothly on level shelves that hold
The blue tin boxes lettered CAKE and BREAD,
And little round ones marked with SALT and TEA;
Behind the cupboard doors in one straight line
Gay colored boxes stand obediently;
On hooks the silvered pots and kettles shine;
The stone seems always to be wearing frowns,
Perhaps because it’s dull while all else gleams;
There is the smell of cooking coffee grounds
And damp of oil-cloth newly wet; there steams
A pot of something for the mid-day meal;
Oval and oblong bread-boards stand; and neat
White piles of cups and plates. The kitchen’s real
Honest, serene, and in its usefulness complete.

The Moon Rises (?
Saturday night, June 14th, at Buskard’s, South Lee, Mass.
The sky, that hinted blue instead of black,
Was sprinkled with a thousand stars. The trees
and fields and bushes seemed to lack
Detail and stood in perfect silhouette,
And made, with all the mountains round, a frieze.
There was an almost tranquil calm, and yet
One heard the mystic noises of the night,
The cricket’s call, the frog’s. Bourne with the breeze
The fire-flies gave swarms of silent light.
And then, behind the mountain’s ridge of green,
Dark, unreal night-green of the straight still trees
The moon came up, slowly, slowly calmly serene;
And there was perfect peace in its dignity.
It was a night of beauty and of fantasy.
Thursday, March 22, 1928

I want to run through fields of tall green grass with you,
Forgetting all
Except to smile into the blue,
[[strikethrough]] Except [[strikethrough]] To laugh into the brazen [[?] sun,
Except to pass,
We two as one,
Thru butter-cups and meadow-grass,

Except to run, in joyful haste,
And not to spurn
A thing, to taste
The best of life. And never to return!

83

Friday, March 23, 1928

(Pierot is sitting in a large black rocking chair, rocking back & forth miserable. His head is in his hands, and there is an attitude of despair in his whole being. Columbine is perched on a table. As the curtain goes up she looks at Harlequin, who is sitting on a straight tall chair, and then back at Pierot)

[[strikethrough]] Columbine [[strikethrough]] Harlequin: But Pierot,
[[strikethrough]] dear [[strikethrough]] Pierot, it isn't too late.

Columbine: At least, Pierot, it's not too late to keep yourself from losing all of you – the you that is so real and happy. Supposing she has gone. You can't stop living because you are without Pierette.

Pierot: (not raising his head, and quite indistinctly) Living?

[[strikethrough]] Columbine [[strikethrough]] Harlequin: You've got to face the starkness of Reality. Pierette is gone.

Pierot: Now what?

Columbine: You must find something else. Develop your acting, or your music. You mustn't lose yourself because [[strikethrough]] the [[strikethrough]] one thing is gone.

Aline Saarinen’s Diary, 1928
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
Saturday, March 24, 1928

Pierot: (raising his head and talking more to the chandelier) That's the trouble. There was only one thing - my love for Pierette - or rather, the opportunity to show her my love - to have her love me.

Columbine: But your acting, your music?

Pierot (as if not having heard) She always told me that I let my love for her absorb me too much. But everything seemed to matter only because of Pierette. (turns to Harlequin) Do you know, Harlequin, what heaven there is in the few moments of late afternoon? (To Columbine) Do you know the perfect calmness of hills covered with softly varied greens of trees and white of silver birches? (in despair) No, no, how can you know - these are only words without Pierette - (his head goes back between his arms)

Columbine (going to him slowly + putting her hand on his shoulder)

Pierette was right

Sunday, March 25, 1928

When you were there
and feeling blue
Somehow I knew
that I did care
for you.

I wanted so
to take your hand -
to understand -
sort of to know.
You and

I couldn't be
Just friends ... I knew
Your sorrow too.
In harmony
With you
I too
Was blue!

My dear, I sure love you
At least I think I do
But call it what you may
It's happy any way!
So if you want to think it's love - O.K!
The Edward Mayer
On board the S.S. Coute Grande

The bottle of champagne lay tilted in the silvered bucket which sweated down on the knives and forks and spoons and the glistening plates. Two napkins stood up bravely from the plate. The flowers stood up straight, too. Most of the tables in the dining room where filled already, except perhaps the Purser’s, since he and his party were lingering in the bar. The Edward Mayer was lingering in the bar, too, and staring silently at the Moorish decorations. Mrs. Edward Mayer fixed a shoulder strap, angrily, regretting perhaps the [[strikethrough]] change from [[strikethrough]] ladies-make for [[strikethrough]] husband. Mr. Mayer watched carefully, smoothing his already smooth blonde hair, and pushing up his un-rimmed eye glasses over his fish-life eyes. “Ready, dear”, he asked gruffly, – and they went down to the little table. The hors d’oeuvre came and were eaten. Likewise the soup. The steward genially uncorked the bottle, which popped enough to cause the party of middle-western-sexless school teachers to look at the couple, and snipe vicariously for the honeymooners. Bubbling in the slender-stemmed glasses it stood – and Mrs. Edward Mayer's slender fingers lifted it to her red, red lips – hesitated and she said “Well, hear’s hoping you’re in a better humor to-morrow, darling” and drank it down. Then out came th exquisite enamel compact and up snapped the cover so that in the mirror Mrs. Edward Mayer saw in little portions the very blonde hair, the intensely black eye-brows and eyes, the little up-turned, well-powdered and the strikingly red-lips. Mr. Edward Mayer took up his glass and drank without speaking a toast, but it seemed as if he could have said many too many for the one small glassful. The school-teachers smirked at and nudged each other – weren’t they cute, so happy, and clever. In one of the three adjectives the school mams were correct. Mrs. Edward Mayer was cute. She had always been popular as a debutante with the youths who had long roadsters and who handled equally well a tennis racquet and a girl on the dance floor. So happy? So clever? The Mayers were not clever. True, Mr. Mayer had graduated from college and had been working on Wall Street and Mrs. Mayer had concientiously gone through Europe with [[Bodzaler]] to get cultured – And true, they thought themselves clever –. Mrs. Mayer lifted her glass and fingered it a while. Then suddenly she looked at her husband, defiantly – “there is no use arguing,” she said with the voice of someone putting up a bold front in a [[strikethrough]], [[unsung]], losing battle, “no matter what you say about the Milan cathedral, I know Chartreuse is the most beautiful int he world” and she gulped down the last few bubbles. The school-teachers nudged and smirked again to see their little honeymooners so contented looking ....
Travers Amsinth
on board the S.S. Coute Grande.

"Just a moment and I'll have you all there tucked in" said Charles, as he pushed a heavy steamer blanket under Mrs. Beruston's legs. He then turned and put a second blanket around the Beruston's daughter. Then stumbling over his chair he came to Frances, languidly reclining in his chair. "One down there at my feet and one around her daughter. Then stumbling over his chair he came to Frances, languidly reclining in the chair. "One down there at my feet and one around her daughter."

Mrs. Beruston had turned away and was looking at the sky, still lit with stars, although the moon had long since set. Mrs. Beruston's daughter stole one glance at Charles in his wrinkled linen knickers, changed quickly from the tux to be more comfortable and suitable to staying up all night, his grey ragglin coat, his brown limp moustache, his glasses over patronising, liquid, eyes, and the quick, skilful movements of his hands, perfectly adapted to a doctor. Then Mrs. Beruston's daughter lit a cigarette and looked between a dable and life-boat at three small twinkling stars – and she thought about Charles. What was there about him that caused him to miss being a really nice person? Was it too much the desire to dominate, was he too filled with strength of character and rightousness, was it because he could never be anything but polite to people, was it because he couldn't even laugh at people? Mrs. Beruston's daughter stopped thinking about Charles delincies, and looked at the moon and thought of Bob in New York. Charles and Frances were talking together – not about the loveliness of the

night, or of the sun-rise they were waiting to see but the trivialities of a first meeting. "Oh yes, honey, I am Southern" Frances drawled in an amazingly grating voice. But soon all that was over and Frances was deep in a discussion of how presumptious colored people are in New York. "Down home they're niggars – just plain niggars, ut up North they're negroes. Why I payed one in the city for the cooking and the house-work thirty-five dollars – Why, down home, they'd live on that half a year" – and soon about the yacht she was to have in five years – and soon about how drunk all Princeton fellows were –. The sky was paling in the East, and one could see vaguely the Spanish coast with a few boats near shore. A cooler wind was blowing and for a few minutes Frances snuggled in her blankets and was silent. Frances face was beautiful – perfectly moulded ivory-white skin, a smooth forhead, black eyes with curling lashes, a grecian nose ending above a small, symmetrical mouth. But her neck an body were overly fat and lazy as was her whole attitude. None of the younger men on the boat had been attracted by her, but the famous violinist, Billist, had been with her a great deal. One never knew if he got an aesthetic pleasure from the beauty of her face, or a pleasure in her indolent attitude. She was proud
Friday, March 30, 1928

of his friendship and boasted of it often. Soon, led on by Charles who appeared quite interested, she started droning again about her chaperone and about not wanting to go to Europe and not knowing her itinerary, but having to go because her family felt she should travel. The sun was rising, sending a blush of orange-red over the sky as a herald and then rising as brightly and dignifiedly as a beautiful woman entering a ball-room. Round and full and brilliant it came up. And Frances emerging from the blankets went down to call her chaperone.

When the boat was leaving Gibraltar again at ten o’clock and Frances had eaten her breakfast she turned to Charles and told him it had been a beautiful evening so quiet and peaceful, and then went to her cabin to sleep.

Charles, in spite of his rather doubtful opinion of her to Mrs. Beruston’s daughter, saw her occasionally, because Charles explained, he could never be rude to anyone.

Ms. Beruston’s daughter saw Frances in once in a while lolling in a steamer chair, blowing smoke slowly and lazily into the air, nodding at Billist’s remarks, and complaining of how much effort a trip to Europe was. The last Mrs. Beruston’s daughter heard of her was that she stayed too long saying Good-bye to Billist when the boat left Naples for Genoa and had to leave in a tender, waving languidly back at the ship and looking thereof fatigued at the thought of this trip in Europe. Ms. Beruston’s daughter said, in her youthful way, that she was sure Frances made the stage-exit on purpose, but Charles was firm in disagreeing with her, and even a bit shocked, because Charles could never think or act meanly to anyone.

Saturday, March 31, 1928

Aline Saarinen’s Diary, 1928
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
Sunday, April 1, 1928

[strikethrough] Oh, every other person who
Comes down the street resembles you —
And I, walking on the hard cold street
move me

Oh The long brown road separates

I see oft times beyond the sun,
Beyond the sky when night has come,
Beyond the city's cold respect
Blue Island u [strikethrough]

Monday, April 2, 1928

And tho the glamour and intense part of
Our friendship are no longer here, I yet
Can fondle [strikethrough] in my [strikethrough] memories for-get
The fullness of our incident of love,
And tho' we

[strikethrough] To want only you —
Since you had gone

When
And when I neither wake nor sleep
Some times - oft times - myself I steep
In memories of things gone by —
Of times when I was never I,
When every day was not a day
But simply time to laugh away.
Where kindly ripples licked the sand
Which stretched up to the virgin land. [strikethrough]
Tuesday, April 3, 1928

the panting of the train grew more snorting as it left behind another small village and another stretch of parallel silvery lines.

"O You on Blue Island"

And are you staying there, secure, Answering Blue Islands lure? Watching where, once, you and I Saw blue horizon find the sky? Do you still see the little kind Ripples purr, then creep behind A larger wave? Right to the sails A small ship going as the sky pales to pinkish pales? Feel the half-breeze that turns the leaves of lucious trees And sways the oranges? and clutches And waits The while the night comes on when sun long, still hesitates the dark to come? Is still the sea So wond'rous clear, so perfectly Delicate blue? Are nightingales Still there? And all the whit glis'tning, gleaming sails Of little boats? Does the church try, No, to pierce the limitless, high sky And so near God! Do you still feel that everything is strangely real

Wednesday, April 4, 1928

So real that it is fantasy? And sometimes, tell me, do you get see the pointed orange rocks that poke Above the blue? I see still the folk As happy as they were? And do You find such simple gladness too, See still the purple hills All content? Fell indolent and satisfied? Oh, have you seen the mountain side Covered with verdant green, and gray Of olive trees beside? Oh, say
Do still where always beauty meets your eyes? Say if it still is Paradise! Say if Blue Island devoid of blue. Do you still - will you understand Is Blue Island as far away From other worlds and? Oh say If anything can ever stir It's peace "Partir c'est mourir un peu" — And having left the place I died A bit, I'm sure. 

And you still for me. then in the days Those are days that were? But, "Partir c'est mourir un peu"

And truly I have say You'll But you're alive and Please say that you'll live.

stay there in its fantasy — And love "Blue Island" too - for me!

Aline Saarinen's Diary, 1928
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
Sat. Jan. 19, 1929

God only knows why I am writing this. It is beastly early for a Sunday morning - just half past seven. And so terribly quiet. I wish it wasn't so quiet — I wish the drill of the building would begin, but because there is a drill in me, and I hear it too plainly. The family are all asleep — and they will stay so for hours. For the first time in my life I feel anguish. Last night, after weeks of waiting and with only the showing of a little love for me, O.E.D. kissed me as the way he had never done before and told me he truly loved me. It was divine — but it was too much happiness. I thought it was the happiness, that has followed these weeks of rain — and sunshine. But if it times in those week brought me pain — this feeling now — is — I don't know. How comparative everything is anyway! Then I wondered if the reason he loved me so much again, was on account of B. and J. — But it seemed so real and true and much too wonderful. Later in the evening — we had each been talking to the others — and then I came and sat with him and he was terribly sad. I guessed it was B — and I tried to comfort him, telling him she does love him.

Friday, April 6, 1928

lots — even if not best. And the more I comforted him, the more unhappy I became. It was agony seeking him sit there and break his heart about and B — and me near him — holding his hand, having my finger tips kissed, beseeking him with my eyes — hurting my heart so frightfully. I told him after this night that I shouldn't bother him with my love — and he clutched me tight and said I wasn't a bother. But now I wonder — am I bother or just a substitute? Or perhaps he really loves me the much he acted, — but something bothers him. Every time I remembered our days to-gether... our joking, silly, happy days — and our kisses, and the wonderful time in the country — and the divine kiss last night — I could hardly hold the tears back. It is almost a perfect circle. B loves J. O. loves B — and me — I love O.E.D. There is something subtle in finger tips — something deep in a touch — and as there was something less obvious as we sat anguished and comforting — stroking each others hands and and God how it hurts. I must straighten it out — and I can't. I don't
Saturday, April 7, 1928

know where I'm at, but I do know I can't have him the way he is — and I know too — — I cannot [[strikethrough]] stand [[strikethrough]] just forget, when this empty feeling inside keeps reminding me. If only B. knew —! I wonder if I should be happier if B. and O.E.D. made theirs a mutual love—! I am filled with remorse when I think of Al. How fair and just Fate is. I understand your actions now, Al — And I'm so terribly young, that all this sounds foolish. If it only were foolish — then I would laugh and laugh. Perhaps I shall laugh anyway — but there is no excuse to. And how "dramatic" it would be. No — I must be sensible and let Fate take her course — and do my best, because I love him so awfully.

This emptiness is terrible — And the uncertainty — And my having to keep it all in. Good, there is noise outside. The milkman is hanging bottles and whistling and the horses are stamping on the [[strikethrough]] ungulating [[strikethrough]] asphalt, and automobiles are whizzing by — and the City is waking up — after a good nights sleep? Aline — Stop being an idiot!

[[marginalia]] I've just reread this. Really, you must forgive me for being too literary and dramatic at times like this. Perhaps it's because my emotions are too real and [[?al]] for my power of words. [[/marginalia]]

99

Sunday, [[strikethrough]] April 8 [[/strikethrough]] Jan 20, 1928

To-day I wrote O.E.D. a note comforting him about Billie. It hurt me terribly to write it — but he needed it. So I did.
Friends. Good friends. Real friends. Let's be friends. The old issue. Orvil wrote me the letter enclosed here. It is [strikethrough] nice - It is him. After Dan's persisting begging for love - of which I know little, I get this letter. Friendship. More than anything do I want to his friend. I only pray that I can be - that he will want me - keep me - and love me as me. And what more would one ask? - Or is this just my synonym for love? It is all so big and dreadful - it is foolish but it is important too. And how much more close and vital to me than Latin or Math. And why is it deeper than Al or Dan?
Wednesday, April 11, 1928

This business of loving and friendship and kissing and dancing and jazz is all too much. How futile it is to decide what is important. At times people seem most important — and then at other times nothing matters very much. What exactly am I living for, and all the millions of other people in the world. One out every hundred does something. And I have no idea even what I want to do. I get excited, perhaps childishly and foolishly about dances, Orvil, kisses. And it all doesn’t mean a thing but fun. And what is fun? What is being happy? How is one happy? It is all a circle again. Is it just the city that is helping us grow up too fast —

"Dance dance little lady
Youth is fleeting to the rythym beating in your mind
Dance, dance dance little lady
So obsessed with second best that no rest you’ll ever find —"

I’m one of the little ladies too, I guess. And my period of unrest is beginning — growing pains!

Thursday, April 12, 1928

In books and movies and such things the author has the heroine write her troubles in a diary so that he may let his audience know about her. I have no audience — but I might just as well write here. It would be better than telling anyone.

O.E.D. is a funny thing. At times he seems so much in love that — I don’t know — Last night, for instance, when we sat on the little couch and talked about our very good times — and then he went to Billie — and sat there with her and danced with her. I get so angry at myself for being jealous — I bite my lip and look away and talk to my partner — but I feel it anyway. He doesn’t know — just I didn’t know about Al. I wonder how it will end. This way can’t keep going on forever — even until Spring. But how How Can he tell me he loves me best and then act the other way every now and then.

Peanuts, I know, is crazy about me — and I like him tremendously. He came up for an hour yesterday and we both knew we were
Friday, April 13, 1928

going to kiss each other. We did — lots and lots. Oh — but we shouldn't have. He is so sweet and sincere and if I like Orv best, it will cost Peanuts all the unhappiness that I have now [[strikethrough]] again [[strikethrough]] about Billie. And yet — I don't want him to think I love him best. God — what a fool to start with him — but I love him a great deal.

I'll see Orv Monday in the subway with the others. I wonder — oh — I'm so silly when I get started.

I must remember two things in life. The first is most important —

'Before you begin something — think of its beginning, its middle, its end, and its consequences, then if you are willing do it.

And then just as a little thing the words of this song — — Poor, Darling, Peanuts. I mustn't make him unhappy!

Don't make think I own you —
Then make me wish I'd never known you —
You wouldn't fool me — would you
'Cause I'm not fooling you.'

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Saturday, April 14, 1928

Aline Saarinen's Diary, 1928
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
I am home from Europe again. I have been home since Sept. 18, and since then I have been living in a most difficult state of mind. Europe had glamour and excitement and stimulation and worthwhile things to think about. The boat trips both ways taught me lessons in dealing with people, with fellows. I kissed people. I grew up a little more. Back here at home it has been anti-climatic. It has been hectic enough. School has been interesting. Movies entertaining. But it is the people. They seem so futile. First there was all the business of Dick Danuth, obviously an abnormal, over-emotional person. Then the strain of having Peanuts really quite swept off his feet. Immature foolish people. School in a strange class. And finding in Dan a remarkably comfortable satisfying person. Then came the business of hearing Tommy had T.B. and the real worry I had for it, and the suspense of no second letter. Then at last his letter — certainly disappointing. And certainly hurting me deeply. Personally I think I was and am really in love with him. Mother suggests it is purely because I kissed him so much, on all the romance & glamour of the sea. I did kiss him — more and differently than anyone else ... and gave him his way.

Monday, April 16, 1928

I won't act that way with another fellow. I couldn't help it. I am sure I love him really. But the letter says it is final. Quite an illogical conflict, which upset dear Mr. Huxly considerably. I think of him constantly — at queer moments. Peanuts is darling; I have a terribly strong affection for him: and I am hypocrite enough to really love only Tommy. Or maybe it isn't even love. I wonder why I can't discriminate between my emotions. I haven't been dramatic — but it has hurt. And perhaps that is the main reason why I'm not adjusted — contented here now. But I am sensible enough to know that as I laugh at the other parts of this diary now, as I will laugh at this later. Any any rate I hope so.
It seems queer to me, every time I read any part of this diary, that I am sentimental enough, or silly enough to write all that I do write. It is perfectly all right to think such foolish things, but when I read them months afterward, they seem so assinine. This whole diary is really nothing more than the account of the "puppy-love" of a perfectly ordinary person, who would like so very much to be more than that. If I am really cherishing the hope of uniting, I should make it my aim to write nothing without trying to compensate for its ideas with literary merits. Al, Dan, Orvil, Peanuts, Tommy, are all in here — and yet not one of them is really here ... not one of them is really real for me either, because I have distorted them so for myself, by idealizing and creating dramatic situations. Most natural is the part about coming home for Europe and finding it difficult. That is decidedly true. And I am still laboring under the strain of being cleverer in some things than most of the people I know, and not clever enough in others. I still see the futility of successive Fridays and Saturdays and Sundays in movies and in theatres and at dance-places. I see how interesting Math, English, German and especially History can be ... I see the strain under which the "necking" business puts one — the childishness of it ... and the difficulties ... and the decisions. More and more I see the need of really working hard and trying to do something. Preferably uniting.

Every now and then I wonder about Tommy. I get very sentimental and rather sad. I wonder if it is the real Tommy I miss, or my Tommy. I wonder, at my sensible moments, what would have happened if I had never written the second letter, and we were still on good terms. Would I love him, now that the glamour has gone, and both time and space have set themselves as barriers between a rather fragile affection? Would I still plan the silly things I do plan, in those few glorious moments between being awake and asleep, and asleepe and awake, and hope for all incredible things? Would I still yearn that I knew him and that I loved him? Would I still yearn that I had never written the second letter and that I was still in love with Tommy? Would I still plan the silly things I do plan, in those few glorious moments between being awake and asleep, and asleepe and awake, and hope for all incredible things?

Tommy with his big smile. Tommy with the purple blazer and the southern accent. Tommy as I knew him. - part of those ten days...
Thursday, April 19, 1928

or Tommy at Amherst with Bob, football, a sore lung, and part of college

111

[[strikethrough]] Friday, April 20, 1928 [[strikethrough]] March 2

Lincoln. [[?Surgiess]]. Real happiness. Love?
To-day I came home from Mt. Sinai — appendix-less. I had a wonderful time at the hospital. I have been working frightfully hard at school and going out a great deal and as a result I was truly tired. I had anticipated the time as a period in which I would think, and although there was time, I seemed to spend it uselessly. I did however, have time to rest and enjoy myself and realise how shallow I am. One evening I felt truly depressed and that night I began to see how useless I am. I tried to see what I mean, what my friends mean, what living itself means. And I didn't succeed. If I only knew what I considered an ideal I would try desperately hard to build myself to it. It is fruitless to try to be something, when the "something" is an unknown quality. During my stay I met a person, David Hemby, who has been sick for a year and a half and who was in Mt. Sinai for six months. He was a queer sort of person. He has become effiminate — mascara, side-burns, powder, perfumed hair-tonic, but that seems only polish. Underneath he was warped and alone. Frightfully alone, except for a too strong love for his mother and a too sincere hate for his brother. Pain and solitude and a struggle and too much money have made him old and sad. Being too emotional I began to feel sorry for him, and as a result, like him in a rather maternal, friendly manner. It was not reciprocated. A bird in
Monday, April 23, 1928

A cage will not be happy set free if he has become accustomed to the cage! It so happened that the very night he came in, looking the full Glemby wealth in his green and yellow dressing gown, that I was happy. I was happy with the idea of living — living to me then seemed only to mean being happy oneself and giving other people happiness. I felt joyous at being able to talk and breathe and laugh. But [strike-through] such [strike-through] this was not his idea of living — and it was too feeble and idealistic to pierce his armour. The day before I left he left — for a two month vacation. I wonder how he will feel during these eight weeks; I wonder if when he returns to Mt. Sinai [strike-through] after [strike-through] on the chart saying David Glemby, Dr. Moscowitz, Em [?payene], No Visitors, the No will be Yes. This was the person who used quarters sometimes to telephone, who read and listened to a radio, and hated his brother, and didn’t want to like people.

And then there was Bob Jacobs.

I came to one conclusion … or perhaps it is not a conclusion.

I used to think that one’s life was a line, and that if some mathematician were to draw it it would resemble a temperature graph, straight lines going up and down, broader and [?traceent] angles between, longer and shorter lines, but finally and always one continuous

Tuesday, April 24, 1928

line. All of a sudden it came upon me that this conception of one’s life is wrong. And the very fact that I believed it may explain why I have been [strike-through] so [strike-through] perhaps foolishly unhappy about the end of my surely foolish “love” affairs, unhappy about the end of any pleasant experience, and even perhaps why I have had a sorrow of dying. I think now that life is a series of incidents. Therefore, if one were to draw a graph-like picture there would be one large circle, representing the physical length of life. This, I feel, is a circle because I do not believe in another life and therefore after life must be similar to the period before life. In this large circle there would be a myriad of smaller shapes — circles, elipses, large ones, small ones, flattened ones, irregular ones, full and complete ones, hundreds of different types. Once any one of these geometric shapes is started it is impossible to change it. Therefore it is impossible to extend any incident beyond its natural growth. It is impossible to force it to take the shape of [strike-through] an id [strike-through] a dream incident. Unhappiness about it will not help. The only thing we can do is to try and make it a full and rich incident, worth the space it consumes. After all, since civilization itself is a cycle, since the physical duration of life is a cycle, so is every experience in life. Nature itself is built in just such.
Wednesday, April 25, 1928

a form. The most obvious example being the path of the sun, the moon, the stars, the planets. Too, the seasons. The growth of things from the soil. It is difficult to realise that [[strikethrough]] an [[strikethrough]] my experiences will only be incidents and that [[strikethrough]] nothing [[strikethrough]] no one thing lasts forever. I must content myself with the fact that it is futile, even wrong, to be sad that any happening [[strikethrough]] then [[strikethrough]] is such an incident and therefore has an end. Any [[?prolonging]], freed naturally, has no meaning, no place in the form.

The queerest thoughts I ever had came to me while I was taking the anesthetic. The only reason that I think of them again is that once before while I was under gas. This time as I kept taking the gas and ether I thought that real physical pain had some meaning and this meaning was a key to the meaning of love. It seemed to be at an incomprehensible distance — comparable almost to Van Loon's explanation of eternity — and that every person who feels true physical pain (as I thought I was at that moment) comes a terribly minute [[strikethrough]] did [[/strikethrough]] bit nearer the ultimate, satisfactory answer. It is probably a great deal of rot, but it is worth thinking about.

Do we live in the present so that we may have a past around which we may build dreams & idealising memories? Is the present merely necessary for

Thursday, April 26, 1928

that retrospect which is the real life? Is the present comparable to pain—; [[strikethrough]] at [[strikethrough]] when one experiences pain it is vivid and real and horrible in one way — it is absolutely absorbing, enveloping, but when one looks at it in retrospect the value of this true unpleasantness is immeasurable, the enveloping quality is gone and one can think about it objectively — one can idealise this suffering until it is no longer suffering. Is the present a parallel to pain. Or are there as Wilder asks two lives "the present with its discontent or the retrospect with it's emotions" My idea is not the same as his. My question is if the present is only a reason for the retrospect, and is the retrospect therefore real life?

All of a sudden I have decided that Death cannot be really terrible, is not, in fact, something to be feared. Before one was born he was not unhappy, and [[strikethrough]] now that [[strikethrough]] so, since Death must be similar to this state, why do people fear it? The idea of an after life seems to be purely an idea borne from the deep-seated conceit of man.

The question of love and of friendships with people — The meaning of life — being really useful — are all unanswered. Being successful seems
to be doing that which one wants to do, that which one
Friday, April 27, 1938

Thinks is necessary, that which one thinks he owes to life and life owes to him - but the point the inevitable (at least so far) stumbling block, is to find just what these things are .... I wonder if I shall find [strikethrough] then [strikethrough] what they are before it is too late to accomplish them - any of them. I wonder if when I die I will have had an ideal, and if I will have lived up to it. I wonder then what I shall think of all this nonsense....

(See pages 59 - 64)

Saturday, April 28, 1928 [strikethrough]

I wish I could really express my feelings about Bob, about the relationship we have had, because these feelings and this relationship are the most genuine, the happiest emotions and contact I have ever experienced. It's been "an even tempo, because we've kept it on one. Quite easily it could have been a crescendo. It's been comfortable and happy" Late afternoons. The misty evening. The glorious joy of a day like Tuesday, blue, blue sky and not too brazen sun, the cherry trees in bloom. The supper at Longchamps, perfect in design; orange tomato juice and orange lined plates; brown coffee and the brown suit and the golden brown coffee-pot; yellow lemon and hair; blue plates with white and checkered blouse; the comfortableness of an understanding, deep and sincere, uncheaped by pretendings or too highly tuned emotions. Words, - - and smiles and laughs and double-entendres. The happiness and carefreeness of late afternoon, blue-gray ones and golden rayed ones. Tea on the unsteady green table. Not too much cream for him; thin slices of lemon for me. Two pieces? Only one for me. The left and right corners of the sofa. Photographs and Europe. Thousands of little episodes — all the same value of happiness, sincereness. It doesn't need a frame for retrospect; it is framed, with all the security of [strikethrough] being [strikethrough] gladdness. It was pure and simple and alive. Bob is a rather wonderful person.

Aline Saarinen’s Diary, 1928
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
He is full of adventure and youth and the joy of living. He is impressed with the necessity of work and routine. He is keen to beauty, nature and art, poetry. Alive to the sound of tires on asphalt, the slender, curling stream of smoke; "the tea goes on the air an amber stream", the moods of people; people; ideas; Death; Life; religion; Time; love. He is almost obsessed with the idea of not becoming "a butter-and-egg-man" and the importance of keeping balance. After all balance is vital. All my ideas and fears of becoming horribly domestic with no other interests or so wrapped in outside interests that I forget domesticity are a desire for balance, but never called that. He is delightful company, because he is such a grand person. We have seen each other almost every day. Rather subconsciously I saw the importance of keeping the emotions at an "even tempo", and somehow, also probably subconsciously I succeeded.

So did Bob. That is why I don't feel unhappy about his going away; That is why the good-bye kiss was nothing more than completing a rich incident; that is why I miss him; that is why I have "the tender ache of feeling sad".

Bob didn't go on Sunday. Monday afternoon we had tea, which I feared was going to be anti-climatic, but it wasn't. Supper. And we stood by the window for ages, talking, laughing, getting too near the wet paint, and then we kissed each other. We decided then that it was foolish; foolish because this was too perfect spiritually to spoil by physical excitement. And we were content. Tuesday we went to South Orange to get a car. Tuesday was a "schöner Tag". There were lots of choices and lots of sun, and a rather pleasing wind. I felt deliciously care-free and couldn't become serious about getting to school, about Bob's going away, about anything [[strikethrough]] realistically [[strikethrough]] real in the routine sense of the word. And we drove up around Fieldston, looking at the charming little houses, laughing in the sky, being happy and alive, — in a "holiday mood". Twice we kissed, naturally happily — just as we should have done — it was part of the relationship. And then he parked the car and sent Harry to look for the opening of a gate, and we kissed each other again. How awfully sorry I am now! How foolish of me, perhaps, to make it important — but I do feel sorry about it. We were so completely happy without it, and it wasn't natural, and it made the whole thing so much like everything else that it rather cheapened everything...and Bob felt that way too. I suppose it hasn't made any difference — except that one corner of the picture [[strikethrough]] for [[strikethrough]] of retrospect.
Tuesday, May 1, 1928

is smudged — except that in looking back at it now I frown, and probably he does too if he looks back at all, — except that I am angry at myself for not having any courage — any common-sense, — any realization of what a beautiful thing we had found. Oh, of course it is silly to make a mountain about nothing, — about a too-long-kiss — but I am tired, and foolishly lonely, — and think that Saturday is much farther off than it really is...

Last evening I went to "Le Sacre du Printemps" done in a ballet. The music is truly thrilling and emotional. The ballet was beautiful — the sets and costumes were stunning. I was awfully excited by it —

I found a picture of Dan to-day, which I had at camp with me, and which says on the back "this young intellectual loves you, Aline!" Did he really? I wonder. For a time I was crazy about him; all my recollections are dimmed except that we used to walk in the park, write letters and notes, and go to the [?]Arch Mine] House. I was even younger then, but not much less sensible. What's going to happen to me?

May 10, I've decided Dan did love me! Does? He says he "still does"?

Wednesday, May 2, 1928

Sunday, April 27

To-day Bob left.

Yesterday we had a party; Charles' friends, Mother's friends, Arnold and Bob. Bob was sunburned, awfully sunburned with a very red nose and high-lights all over his face, but he looked even more vital and alive! He was tired and rather mixed up about Life (with a capital L) and about me — us. I had been feeling the same way — wondering what this was all about, what it meant, what was going to happen. And finally, after it had become more vague with all the thinking, I decided not to bother about it. Somehow the more we spoke the more I liked him — and the more I wondered. I can't describe how I feel toward him. It is certainly different from anything.

It isn't sentimental — it isn't [[?pure]] "sinqiness" — it isn't thrilling, but it's a composite of all these things — and a thousand others, friendship, understanding, romance, — oh — I don't know. This afternoon we saw each other again for the last time in six months...or eight months. It was so happily intimate that I felt sad about his going away. We kissed each other, and laughed with each other; did we love each other? Distance and Time are excellent tests, perhaps too excellent. And there is what seems to be an eternity of Time. I have sort of a funny feeling that we do love one another. Will we in September, in December? Will we in another week, or another month? All my theories about being content with an incident
Thursday, May 3, 1928

for what it is seem to be useless when I try to apply them. Oh, I am glad for what this has been. Glad — more than glad. But I am truly, and genuinely sad that [strikethrough] this [strikethrough] there is a "has been" in the sentence. If it can endure six or eight months I know it will be worth something more than an incident. What will the European trip do to it? What will the West do with it? What will Bob and I feel? I am sad at his leaving. I am sincere in what ever I call my feeling for him, sincerer than I have ever been in anything. I am looking forward to his letters and to answering them; I am anxious about September; I wonder what this is — but it must be foolish to wonder, — I should be devoutly thankful for it — for what has been, for what is — for what is going to be?

[strikethrough] Friday, May 4, 1928 [strikethrough]

Monday, April 28 1930

I do miss Bob. It is funny that one has an empty feeling at leaving people, books, places one likes. It is funny how one wants to share little things with people. Little things like the three bushes at school that are bursting into a ragged, white coat and that hide the place where the stone of the Library Building met the ground; like the sun on the living room carpet to-day at tea-time; like the softly purple lilacs in the large cream jug on the book-case; —. I don't like Spring in the city. It hasn't a fair chance. Even in the park it is spoiled by couples sprawling over [strikethrough] the grass. I should be sorry for them, in love and longing for the country and not enough money or time with which to go. But I am selfish and want to have Spring really in at least one place. I was aching for a large piece of sky and a chance to see the whole sun. I wanted to be alone, and to get over my lonliness. I ached for a chance to find such aloneness —. I must, I suppose, forget all this divine unrealness and Bob and get back into the routine of school; but somehow I can't! It's disgustingly cowardly of me to try to evade reality and duty and time, and horribly illogical. I wonder if Bob has thought about me to-day, if he will to-morrow and to-morrow —. Will he write to me? Will this "peter out"?
May 1, 1930

Evidently Bob did think of me, because yesterday I got a grand letter from him. I am anxious to answer it immediately, but my common-sense tells me to wait until Saturday, or at least Friday. I must keep my "common-sense"; it is that which has made this "thing" with Bob as perfect as it was — is.

I hope I'm not looking forward to the summer too much, and that it will disappointing. I want to feel beauty, and express beauty, as well as see it. I've gotten horribly Nature-y. I mean that although I can't agree with Wordsworth's philosophy for instance, I do feel that it is a wonderful thing — this realness and quiet. I want quiet and calm. That is a foolish state for someone as young as I, but nevertheless I feel it. I am just blasé about going out and so on, but do feel that unnatural things are more worthwhile, vital. I hate to let myself wear a "mask", use a "line", get "jazz-mad" all of that — and yet some of that is necessary. "Balance" how terribly important it is. And yet quite egotistical to worry about one's self so much. Still, if me doesn't worry about himself what is there to worry about? And should one worry — or just live? And if just live, what is just living?

Sunday, May 4th 1930

I am at present sitting on some old, dried leaves, leaning against a comfortable rock, getting sun-burned on one side of my face, being crawled on by ants, and feeling deliciously quiet and alone. About 3 minutes away from here is Quaker Ridge Golf Club with many chattering Jewish ladies gossiping and many corpulent Jewish men playing golf. I am below a little rising, so that I can't see it — can't see it or hear them. It's a wonderful day — strongly and definitely sun-lit, a little cool breeze, unoriginally colored blue sky, a few birds, calm. I've been having this desire to get alone, someplace in the country — and here I am. Is this Aline really a different Aline? I think not. I think that Peanut's Aline is the same as this one, but a little afraid to let people see she is. I think that the real Aline is a nice person but not really a person yet. She needs times like these in which to live — and think — and wonder. I wonder if one ever can answer those inevitable questions of "what's the meaning". I suppose the meaning is simply what one is and does. I suppose if one could get out of oneself and see ones whole life — the pattern of it — there could seem to be more use and reason than each incident shows. Philip Barry says there are these

Aline Saarinen's Diary, 1928
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estates, the life of “sitting down & getting up,” the life of plans, illusions, memories, and the life after Death — a combination — a whole. I agree with the first part of the statement. There are two lives, but the thing that bothers me is if the first is an excuse, or rather a reason for the second, or real one... Is there an after life? I think not, probably because I am so far away from it — that I find no need to imagine one.

I wonder what Bob is doing — if he is thinking about me — how soon he will forget -. It seems incredible that he should like me: I am immature, not terribly pretty; not brilliantly clever; — perhaps its' because we feel the same way about things; perhaps because we were in the same mood at the same time; perhaps because it was comfortable and happy. But are these things that will last —? Oh Bob dear, think of Aline once in a while. You have left her very lonely, not only because she has lost you and that incident, but because you have woken her to seeing the pettiness of her friends and her life — and when one can see nothing in one's friends or existence one is lonely. But you have awoken her to herself, Bob, to the need of balance and beauty. And for that she is thankful to you — more

thankful than you will ever know. I shall always think about you, Bob, in the "The Wayfarers".

Do you think there's a far border town, somewhere, The deserts edge, last of the lands we know, Some quaint eventual limit of our light In which I'll find you waiting, and we'll go together Together, hand in hand again, out there Into the waste we know not, into the night?"

Do you suppose there is a "far border town" — somewhere — So it in that life of fantasy, or the getting up and setting down life — or is in the other life — six feet underground. Perhaps that is it — Because I don't love you with my flesh and bones and blood — it is with something intangible, indescribable and in such a way that I love you. Some people call that thing a "soul" — and they say that the soul lives on to see the pattern of life later. Is it that which shall love you after we've forgotten?
Thursday, May 8  
[[ Wednesday, May 9, 1928 
[[ strikethrough ]]
I don't know exactly how I feel to-night — sorta funny and mixed up, all for no good reason except the heat — or perhaps because I miss Bob, or because Mother said she didn't think I'd get a letter to-morrow — or because I have lots of work — oh — I don't know why or how.

Bob has been wonderful about writing, and he has written such darling, darling letters — and I want to see him so badly.... I know this writing to me so often won't last — how could it — and I want it to. I want so many impossible things. And supposing I did see him for two hours — tea — then that would end too. And would I want it to go on for ever. Oh I don't know anything.

It's been unbearably hot, and I been so tired lately — from doing nothing at all. "Why not do something then?" said Sam Grier — that's all right if one know what she wants to do! I don't!

To-day at school there was a storm, thunder & lightning. A wonderful one — with queer grey & blue light and then brilliant yellow splotches all over — and fresh green trees — and sparkling grass. But soon the freshness of the after-storm went away and left this heat — heat that makes one perspire and dirty and tired. Not like the Mediterranean heat. The asphalt sends it back again — hotter. The city is twice as noisy, and I am twice as lazy, and discontented with — God knows what......

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Thursday, May 10, 1928

31 + 31 + 31 + 32 = 142

Oh, I want a long letter from Bogb — full of him and his ideas and thoughts about everything, — about me. Or I should like to escape with him into some lovely place, and just absorb the beauty of the world and of our "relationship" — I don't know what I want, as I've said, except that is something different from this, — and something with him in it. 50 days until Europe — 9 days until exams — 15 days of school — and some hundred and a half until I may possibly see Bob —

"Mathematics" again, [[?line]] — Oh — This is stupid!
I strive to alternate writing here and writing to Bob. To Bob, I write all I think about other things — here I write my thoughts about Bob.

Mother said she thought it’s too bad both ways — because if he stops liking me it will be sad; and if he keeps on more and more — then what? Five years is long. But this is so very lovely now, that even if he was to stop writing now, I should be sad, but happy in the reminiscence of it. His letters are so grand, and so very Bob.

I don’t know what to do about Lincoln. He likes me awfully, but he is not in love with me; he is in love with the idea of love and how Lincoln feels in love. There is no equality — he looks down on me from his logic. The incident was marvelous. I have never been as completely happy in my life. It was true singiness. But the singiness is over, and without it I don’t really like him. I respect his mind and admire him for his versatility, but those are not reasons for liking someone. I should like not to see him on a date again — I like to keep my thoughts of Lincoln with those of singiness — not as Lincoln seems to me now, stripped of glamour, — dull and drab, clouded with thoughts of Lincoln and a grey cloak of logic and coldness. But how can I end it? He wants to go on with a “happy medium.” I’ve made him lose Margie — so now what? I think for once I shall be honest with him and myself and tell him all this — if I can! I’d rather wait I guess, too sentimental. I suppose I like living in heights and depths, and the level is monotonous and makes me discontented. Which is a bad way to be.

Bob’s poem “Escape” is worth keeping to look back at —

*There comes a time e’er now and then
When things occur beyond our ken.
When Heart and soul speak boldly forth —
Together pledge for life a troth
Of beauty, poesie, and Truth.

There comes a time in this, our Life,
When other things than earthly strife
Well up from greater depths within,
To drown the brass, discordant din
Of butlers kettles cooking cabbages and corn.

There comes a time — quite soon forgot —
When mortal pines for what is Not —
On absinthe shading Cuff and Fist
To silhouette a lovely tryst,
On summer’s eve beneath the moon.

And Pierrot once more did laugh
A sob — and rise up to the gaff.*
It’s nice —!
Tuesday, May 20, 1930
[[strikethrough]] Sunday, May 13, 1928 [[strikethrough]]

I haven't written here in almost a week! There hasn't been terribly much to say...Several letters from Bob, each as nice, if not nicer than the last, and makes me tremendously happy! It will last, the friendship, even if the letters are not as frequent, because its foundation is deep and real, even the structure has the appearance of fantasy and unreality.

I wish I knew Mr. McKloskey better. Writing letters occasionally has been fun--because I'm sure he feels disgusted and unhappy in the business of teaching Ethics, because it can never reach his ideals, but he is evidently obligated to do it in gratitude for Dr. Elliot's kindness to him when he was a little boy! He hasn't really spoken to me, but I'm hoping that when I work at the Guild he will. He is a very alive person, and has a remarkable power of making any incident about which he speaks seem real and exciting - and he can make one feel the sadness or gladness in it. His very blue eyes are truly the twinkly kind, and they are shaded by bushy blondish red eyebrows; on top is a crop of redish hair standing up straight like grass in a field, and then bending back the same way; his smile is grand and contagious - He is a grand person. I should like really to know him.

A letter for Mother and me to-day from David. I shall have to write to him again, because I want to, but I wonder if he likes getting mail from me. I get a great kick from writing to people like David and Bob - people who will be interested in ideas-such as they are- and I fear they is very doubtful and flimsy. I wonder if I shall ever have really great ideas -and if so, if I will be able to express and prove them. I hope so.

One more day of school, and then exams. I shall be glad when it is over. I'm so tired and sick of it, and feel as if I were living under some heavy weight- and I feel as if I were bluffing through it all- Am I? It will be good to have it over for this year.

Mrs. Goodrich & Mother liked the poem about the heights and depths, so I should like very much to do something else fairly good,- I shall try. I wish I had some more ideas; I've used those I have.

From Bob's letter
"Oh, the long road, Aline and you so far away,
Oh. I'll remember-
"I'll always remember"---
Wednesday 28th 1933  
[[strikethrough]]Tuesday, May 15, 1928[[/strikethrough]]

I feel terribly sad to-day. It is a combination of the depressing grey, a thyroid inoculation, and hearing that Bob is to be operated on for his kidney. It is very stupid of me to feel so blue... I usually like grey weather, because it's a contrast to my spirit — thyroid inoculation is certainly not the end of the world — and about Bob. It has been so perfect having him here again and bringing with him more of the "good hours". It has been just as comfortable and happy, and a proof that our friendship is going to last. Last evening, a beautifully definite evening, with clear stars, and a black sky, and only one cloud, angel-wing-like in its form, we sat on the wall at Riverside, looked at the Palisades, at the sky and stars, at ourselves - and we were satisfied and content and quiet — removed. I could have stayed there for ages and ages, absorbing the serene night and the calmness. We were in perfect harmony with the sky and stars and water, with one another, and with ourselves. And then we came back .... To-day I hear he is to be operated; and will be an architect. I'm glad of the latter — terribly glad, because I'm sure he will be successful. But I'm sorry about the operation. I wonder if I will see him lots — if he will get bored with me at the hospital as I was with Lincoln — I wonder if he will keep on liking me. It's stupid to think it will make any difference — but —

Wednesday, May 26, 1928

I sort of feel now as if everything were grey — forever. I asked for depths — and here is one, and I suppose I must rise above it, or be glad of it. I should like to see Bob now. To talk with him, or to sit silently — our hearts in rhythm — to kiss him once or twice perhaps — and to know again a "good hour".

Aline Saarinen’s Diary, 1928  
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A little while after I finished writing here yesterday afternoon the phone rang and Bob asked me to come over because he was "down in the mouth." His father called me in first and told me to "cheer him up." "Cheering up" is a funny business — years ago I decided sympathy was the most important thing for any friend to have — especially a woman. Sympathy for her friends' gladness or sadness. Sympathising with someone's exalting gladness is easy, because if one understands the person, she can understand this glad enthusiasm and share it. The same thing ought to work with grey sadness... and when I was a little girl I made it do so, and noticed that when older people were with someone who was blue and unhappy they tried to argue and "cheer him up". I never wanted to lose the other quality, but yesterday, when it came to the test, I found I had to a certain degree. But I do hope, more almost than anything, that I was a help to Bob. I like him so very sincerely... and I admire him greatly for the way in which he's taking this blow. He is being fine about it. He hates the idea of having his father support him again while he studies architecture. He is reluctant about giving up this job to which he has become reconciled and in which he is intensely interested. He hates the idea of being handicapped in athletics, and although he has been told it's not going to make any difference, he naturally has the feeling it will. He is
daring in his attitude to the family - and awfully darling to me. He does like me sincerely too - so this will last. But I do wish he would get over the idea that I came to see him only because he was sick - perhaps that's bad technique, but technique has no place at a time like this.

He spoke about Lake Placid in September - it sounds too perfect to be true. I wonder -

I hope the operation won't be too painful, and that I can do something, if ever so small, to make him feel better. Do I love him? I feel more strongly and sincerely to him than I have to anyone - but so terribly friendly sort of. I can't be bothered labeling it. It's here, I hope, to stay!

Aline Saarinen's Diary, 1928
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Smithsonian Institution Transcription Center, Archives of American Art
Thursday, May 19, 1928

Sometime this afternoon Bob will be operated on — and here am I. It isn't the danger of it, operations now aren't really dangerous, but it's the unpleasantness and pain of it all that I hate to think of when I am so totally helpless. Too, I have a very selfish reason for hating him to be operated. Hospitals do make one live an unreal, removed life — and get disgusted with the people and things one knows. I like Bob so terribly much that losing all this would really be sad. Will the hospital make a change — I rather hope not, and rather think not. These last few days have been glorious... well seeing him yesterday at the hospital when we decided we had come to a "state of indecision because of an incision". Soon, perhaps, I will see Bob again, living mutely in bed, bereft of his marvelous zest for life, still, I hope, as curiously tender and loving. Before I go to Europe I hope he'll be himself again. What is he? A fine person, with keen feelings and appreciation, with a joy for living, with much balance, with tenderness, with a sense of humor. A person who likes dreams and fantasy and memories, but who, because he is balanced, can see the beauty of stark Reality. He is a wonderful person, and I am happy for this easy friendship, in which most things seem to turn out well. I don't know why I deserve them, but since they have come, I am extremely deeply thankful, and want most awfully to do things which will make me worthy of the grand life I have had thus far, and things so that I will not be greedy when I ask for more.

Mrs. Jacobs and Jane have been sweet about letting me know Bob's condition, but words over the phone are frightfully unsatisfactory things. "He is feeling as well as we can expect!" How can one person say how another feels — how can he say himself? He must be in pain, — but how can "we" tell if it's bad pain or not. Emotions cannot be assumed — it is only when one is experiencing an emotion that he is filled with it, but he can never measure it. But I am anxious to see Bob again... Mother seems to think I will be missing him all summer — I wonder if I shall. Oh I want to like Bob this way for ages —
Sunday, June 8, 1930

Sunday, June 8. Twenty days until we sail. I have such great anticipations for the trip — I wonder if I shall be disappointed in them. When I come back I am going up to Placid to visit Bob. Somehow I can't believe that! It sounds too perfect, being in a beautiful place, continuing this beautiful friendship, — will it really be such a marvelous time? I have seen Bob twice, for a few minutes each time. He is really remarkable about it all. He has a real sportsmanlike streak in him, he is so alive and brave. It is funny meeting people. I should probably have been just as happy if I had never met him, but now I have met him, and I greedily hate to do without him. Is it "love"? I keep making up my mind that I won't bother labelling it — and yet I wonder. If it is love, then love is grand, and if it isn't — well, love must really be the climax of all emotions.

The city is horrible now. It is heavily hot. The perspiring sort of heat. Dust flying in open windows. Sticky hands. Double noise. Grumpy people. Cold soup — not quite jellied enough. Slip-covers. I can't feel at home with them. They cover up and hide all the little associations I have with the room. And when the slip covers come off the little memories have been so stifled with camphor and crinkly paper that they have died. The feathers in the cushion in the Green Room that got over Bob's brown suit. The window seal where...

Tuesday, May 22, 1928

we kneeled and Bob got painty. The piano stool and Lincoln. The coziness of drawn curtains Drawing on the back of the sofa. All these are covered. Of course one should feel sorry for slip-covers because they are invariably apologized for. "Won't you excuse the way the room looks, Mrs. X?" Perhaps I should be glad of them because they are heralds of vacations. But vacation would come anyway and I hate losing associations. Silly of me perhaps.

Work at the Hudson Guild Kindergarten has been most tiring, but rather fun. However, I get a feeling of uselessness from it. The children are too young to grasp much, and instead of really helping them, it is the business of catering to them. They are cute kids, alive, alone, and very eager. I wonder how many of them will turn out well. At first I thought it was terrible that these poor people should have so many children, but after all these children are a help, later, to supporting their parents. The work has been fun, but, as I say, rather unsatisfactory. I hope to get an older group next time I do this work. I haven't seen Mr. McKloskey around at all, and I'm sorry about that. I should like to know him.
Sunday, June 15th, 1930

Yesterday mother and Mr. [?] and I drove up to Binkards. The only reason I didn't want to come was [strikethrough] bec [strikethrough] on account of Bob. He has shown me he does like me sincerely and almost made me believe that, and that I've helped him. I've enjoyed the visits to the hospital, but two days isn't long, — and it has been worth it. The ride up was rather fine. Mr. [?Aumpoon] talked a great deal, but rather amusingly. The farm is perfect. There is an atmosphere of simplicity, honesty, and realness. They are all sincere. Bob B. is alive, really alive. Sophia is so serene, she seems almost like a daughter of the mountains and sky. Roger is nice — works hard and intelligently. Hamilton, Bob's youngest boy, is very mature for his age, and a darn good kid. Alfred has improved on acquaintance. He has a grand sense of humor — brains — and is marvellous looking. Yesterday I worked in the fields, went "wading", ping-pong. A walk, a ride, speaking to Bob J. on the phone. It is so easy here. No pretentious — nor artificiality — and such grand people.

[strikethrough] 15 days
9 days
6
30 days [strikethrough]

(See pages 81 and 81 for poetry written here)

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15

Tuesday, June 17th 1930

When I finished writing here Sunday I went for a long walk. The long brown dirt road, marked with horse-she imprints and automobile tires. The blue sky. The brightest of suns. The stone wall. The softness of the hills. The views of carefully planned fields, and natural mountains. The deserted houses in the old Shaker village. The red mill. The spring with wonderful water. The [?mool] on its [strikethrough] bro [strikethrough] back. The baby bird. The feeling of anticipation as we [strikethrough] I saw an ascent in the road. The [? dolphin] grass. The freedom of the "open road". The straightest and tallest and whitest of all silver birch trees. The white clouds. Lunch at the farm. Mr. Aumpton, being polite, "Anyone who refuses this cheesecake must have had some before." Alfred. Tea. Good-bye to Alfred. Supper. The ride with [?Kogar]. The myriad of stars in a really black sky. Getting stuck in the ditchlike plane. Roger's ingeniousness. Coming home to Sophia, Mother, and Mr. Aumpson sitting around the table, the oil-lamp lighting their worried faces. Stories about dead bodies. Bad. Monday morning — swimming, water-cress. [strikethrough] house [strikethrough] tea in [?America]-house .... It was a weekend in which every single movement was perfect.
I can’t decide what I think about Mr. Ampson. He is such a funny
mixture of things. I dislike his attitude of treating everyone like a child.
He is “helpless” and timid and rather alone…. and yet he is sure of
himself in his own way. I wonder what he thinks of mother, and what he
thinks about him.

(over)

Aline Saarinen’s Diary, 1928
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
I like Sophia tremendously. She is serene, and is a lovely person — the woman of Andros. I should like to get to know her. When people talk of people being successful they usually infer that people who have written, composed, or painted are the artists — the creators. To my mind Sophia is an artist. She has created a lovely personality. She seems to have lived — to have bitten deeply into heights and depths, and now has found a happy road — peace, contentment, realness, understanding, intellect, humor, aliveness, passiveness, are all hers. It would be grand to be with her for a long time and know her. I do like her.

Coming back to see Bob was truly nice. I loved seeing him again, kissing him, sharing experiences, having more of the "good hours". Even if the amorousness of "this little friendship" wears off, the feeling of good friendship will last and last — I'm sure!
Sunday, May 27, 1928

me what the trouble was, and I wasn't supposed to know.

To be brutally honest, I'm not truly excited about Europe. I'm a bit apprehensive, because I'm rather afraid of myself and because I wonder if mother will be happy with me. There is something bothering her. I don't know if it's Daddy or what—but something. Am I enough of a stimulant to keep her happy? Then although I can't decide definitely, I wonder if it's because I do hate leaving Bob. I don't know if I shall actually "miss" him, in the colloquial sense of the word—but I rather think I will feel an emptiness at leaving him. Of course it's best, but it's hard to see the thing as a whole. I feel [[crossed out]] [[?]] [[crossed out]] a little sad to-night. I don't know why, but I do.

TRIP July 5, 1930 [[see note]]

TRIP July 5, 1930

[[strikethrough]] Monday, May 28, 1928 [[/strikethrough]]

On the Conte Grande

This trip has been such a peculiar collection of things. The first night I was terribly unhappy at having come at all and at leaving Bob. If [[crossed out]] was [[crossed out]] is one of the realest things I've ever felt, this affection for him. Nothing I could do seemed to be worth leaving him—but of course it was best, there with mother. She was very homesick, very easily annoyed at me, and altogether the trip looked like a mess. Bob had introduced me to Charlie Perera and he was nice to me, but at first seemed to be such a good and uninteresting person. Then came Jack Schroeter, who took me on deck and wanted to kiss me.... He is rather nice looking, black hair, blue eyes, tall, but he lacks poise and class. The next night with much noise and much champagne—and Jack Thurlwald—a White Plains person—and Fred Mittendorf—Yale and fun—and Bill [[?Illis-Georgetown]]—a lawyer, attractive, good dancer, good line [[??]], smokes a pipe, likes Harriet Hughes, tells me he likes me. Sylvia Carmel, very attractive, sun-burned, enormous green eyes, intelligent, sophisticated, blasé[[??]], cultured. A rather superb person. The trip has been "fun", but there has been no real romance, no one to help me gather
Stardust-

The trip itself has been beautiful. We went very near to the Azores.

Sware, gaunt rocks that rise
From out the sea and gape
At birds and rains and clouds on high!
Do full [??] stay [strike-through] with you [strike-through] there to miss
the cries
In worlds of Man—is it escape
Or simply love for sea and sky?

Then the coast of Portugal, gaunt and craggy with pirate-like caves and
foam on the rocks. Rocks shaded by sun and wind and rain and sea to
curious reeds, browns, greys, and oranges. Clean white light-houses
and monasteries.

Nights when there seem to be three times as many stars — A moon that
is steadily growing — the milky way — Oily moon-path on the water.
Phosphorus. Foam whiter than white on the black water.

The night before Portugal when Charles and Jack and I went to the bow
and Charles took my hand was it real affection or solace? I like him so
much as a friend. I honestly believe he could be a good friend. I’m sure
he will be an excellent doctor. Going down to the cabin, getting in
bed; getting up and dressed and settled on top deck with Charles and
Frances, a rather futile, beautiful Southern girl, with all the advantages

and disadvantages of a Southerner. Slowly the stars disappeared and
the orange glow came behind the grey-green Spanish coast, making
dimmer the lights from light-houses and more distinct the coast and
boats. The coolness of the breezes and the school of dolphins out for
morning exercise. Finally the sun, brilliant, gold, gleaming, round as it
came up and lit the water all the way to the African coast, splendidly
lighting the browns and tans. Queer purple clouds over Africa.

Gibraltar, Strong. Powerful. Upness. The Insurance
Agency. The men in little row boats, who, looking perfectly, sent fruits of
various colors in baskets up to the passengers. Algeaias [??] - white
and gleaming and steeples. Then the Mediterranean — softly blue-half-
breezas [??] — sereneness.

Bob was more than darling about saying good-bye. Book, telegram,
orchids — and his good-bye. I can hardly wait until we get back so that I
can go to Placid. I want so much to see him. Does he miss me — or at
least remember me?

The honey-mooners. "I think Chartreuse is one of the most beautiful
cathedrals" —
The Washets —
Tuesday, July 8

Nice

[[strikethrough]] Thursday, May 31, 1928 [[/strikethrough]]

[[strikethrough]] Last [[/strikethrough]]. Yesterday on the boat was grand, in the morning I said “Good-bye” to the Naples people, especially Fred (after the night before) and then to Pompeii with mother, the [[?Pereras]], and an impossible guide. Pompeii is beautiful. The setting of soft, cloudless sky, mountains, Vesuvius with its smoke, ocean, pink houses of Naples is perfect. I liked the ruins, too. They seemed to have a perfect proportion and charm of design. They were beautiful simply. The color too blended in the picture. The life must have been divine — easy, carefree and comfortable. But Pompeii was hot — cobbled-stones — glass mosaics all seemed to absorb and give out heat. Nicest was the Forum, the theatre, the baths, and the Temple of Aphrodite and Diana... Back to the ship for lunch... The afternoon. Sunset and a talk with Bill, Mr. Kaufman, a trifle tired, morbid, and disgusted. Supper. The deserted ship. Bill... He was terribly nice and entertaining and sounded really sincere when he told us how sorry he was I’d evaded him at the beginning of the trip. We talked and talked. And it was happy sort of. Finally I kissed him once — and then we talked and talked — and then good-night. He is a nice person, not brilliant, but clever, attractive, entertaining and full of magnetism. Landing. Good-byes. The [[?]] in Genoa with drinks with Harry Kaufman and Zimbalist — and Bill in the distance. The Blue Train! Heat! The beautiful scenery, shrieking glorious colors — the sea and the mountains! NICE. A terribly disappointing city with

(insert on p.153)

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Friday, June 1, 1928

a luxurious hotel and a horrid beach consisting of PEBBLES and PEBBLES and bourgoise French people. Supper. A nice drive. A moon!

Wednesday, July 9

NICE

This morning to the Public Plage to swim. I got so tired swimming. Can it be smoking or lack of practice? So greasy with cocoanut oil, and so broiling in the brazen sun, and so frying on the stones I got a grand sunburn. The beach was NICE to-day — lunch there. Shopping in the Wanamakary - Gallierie Lafayette. Supper. The disappointment in the Casino. A perfect moon over that glorious sea... A radio from Bob “the moon last night. Another time” — then he does remember, too?

Insert on page 152
Saturday June 2, 1928

July 12, 1930 - Palma - Mallorca, Ballearic Islands,

On Thursday, the 10th, at 12 we left for Marsielles. In the rather dusty compartment was a French officer in his hot uniform smoking a cigarette. He looked us over carefully and approvingly. As the train pulled out an over-zealous engineer backed too heartily causing two of our enormous suitcases to fall- and miss us purely by "le bon chance". The officer became helpful at once, and incidently an awfully nice person, going home to Marsielles on leave. Later the engineer sent his apologies for the bolt!

July 10

To the rather-middle-west hotel in Marsielles and mail from home. Bob's letter was really nice and made me so very homesick for him. Mr McKloskey wrote an awfully sweet letter in which he said — "it is nice to know it (the world) will go on and that there are some people who are lovely in person and lovely in spirit." There is something to aim for — were I having achieved it, no one realizes it but myself. Then there will be justifiable self-satisfaction. Sophia is one of these people, I think.

July 10

Marsielles was a fascinating place, but rather sinister. Perhaps it was the movie "Männer [?] Beruf", which we saw in Berlin last year, which made us feel that about it. There were grand officers from Africa in white uniforms covering corpulent forms and red stiff hats & tassels over their earnest faces. There were Arabs in khaki and red. Men with red boleros, blue wide trousers, and queer sinister, white turbans, and peering brown faces, kind in spite of their sharpness,

June 3, 1928

usually bearded and philosophic looking! One expects them to be on the desert, leading camels piled with burden, and facing the sun. The harbor was interesting with old and new ships, cobble-stones, and little restaurants, push-carts of queer fish, and the unique sorts of people. "Bouibasse" - the weird fish soup, of fantastic fish, saffron, bread, and yellow liquid, the french man with eyes and the bracelet, who called the uncut cheese a virgin, and who followed me out. Pasha dissecting the Bouibaisse. The ideal for spot for beavers — fertile beavers — no goatees need count. The deafening noise.

[[image]]

July 11

These the "Paquebot Djeula" - a frightfully small boat, rather dirty, and dilapidated looking. Bumping the larger boat on our way out. The bourgoise people. The artist is IIrd class. Supper opposite the buck-teethed, lisping, sex-less English women. The glorious sun-set red and that powder-blue. And immediately on the other side the moon rising a brilliant red — and round, turning orange as it rose, and yellow-gold as it reached the
zenith. A kind, mellow, understanding, warm moon! Then dancing with
the Captain, a fat, jolly, little person with button-shoe eyes, who sang
Rigoletto and spoke only French. "The boat was rolling so —" and
during the night there was quite some storm. It frightened Mother
thoroly, and caused her to ask me if one kept on ones clothes under a
life-preserver and me to answer "Yes, the water is cold!" — She was
quite afraid and kept asking me such questions or making such remarks.
I rather enjoyed it —
the storm — the motion —.
Monday, June 4, 1928

July 12

The 13th – Bright sun. Green water. Mossy rocks. Clouds, foamy and cottony over the mountains.

July 17th Thursday
July 13
The afternoon of the 13th we met two Americans. Bob Alexander, tall, blonde, and spiritual looking and Gerald van Pelt his older friends. Both of them were architects and quite interesting. Looking Unfortunately they left.

July 14
The next day, clear and blue as these days are, we went to Pollenca with two middle western Americans. The ride was lovely. Horses threshing grain. The old wells. Wind-mills. Grey olive trees against green orange-trees. Alcudia – an old Roman city. Pollenca, simple

[[strikethrough]] Tuesday, June 5, 1928  [[strikethrough]]

July 14
and beautiful. The charming English people. The view from the cliff down to the rock rising from the superbly exquisite sea. The marvelous hotel at Fromentor. The monastery where I had to put the chauffeur's coat over my arms! The divine music in the monastery and the magnolia tree laden with enormous, luminous blossoms.

July 15
The 15th - on the beach I met some lovely people. Nell, a Southern girl, not the lazy type as Frances was. Nell's brother, Jennings Perry, who is a good edition of Edward Bilmerman - and who writes and takes care of his two-year-old son Peter. Perry's wife, Pat, Trilbyish looking, and a real person - courageous Leighton Reade, red-haired so nice looking, tattooed arms, who collaborates with Perry. Sue, an English girl, not too reserved. And several young Mallorcan fellows – beautiful in bodies. In the afternoon we (M. & I) went to Palma. The cathedral of early Gothic
is beautiful in its simplicity and grace. The [[?Longe]] has lovely twisted columns. Wandering through the little [[?fleay]] streets. Supper. And coffee at a small cafe – [[?Doe]]-like in atmosphere, with the Perrys, etc. The discussion of prohibition, subways, and the Spanish costumes of kissing! Hows.

July 16
The 16th to Soller, stopping at [[?Misnar]] to see the most beautiful color and form in Nature I've ever seen. Soller, a quaint little port. The mavelous red wine (1888)! The Spanish garden, laden with marvelous trees and fountains and flowers. The gardener

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Wednesday, June 6, 1928

who picked the pale pink rose-bud for me and the full-blown red-rose for mother. The evening and dancing with some of the natives.

July 16

Mother has really gotten an inferiority complex. I seem have done most of the meeting. I don't know what to do about it — whether it is right to give up going with the people I met or not — or whether I should meet them or not. It is really difficult — [[strikethrough]] but [[/strikethrough]]

This morning (the 17th) I went swimming with Reade, [[Left margin]] July 17 who is a fascinating and awfully nice person. We swam, smoked, and talked about Rupert Brooke and writing.

July 17, Thursday — July 23, Wednesday

[[strikethrough]] Saturday, June 9, 1928 [[/strikethrough]]

At 6 o'clock the company arrived; Pat, with rouged cheeks; Nell in a spick and span tennis-dress; Petey, in a two-piece suit; and Reade, with long sleeves. Bacardi cock-tails at the hotel, and then Reed and I walked to Sue's. The house is up on a sort of cliff, and to reach it one must walk up hundreds and hundreds of steps. The house itself was fairly large and very simple, possessing very little furniture or ornamentation of any sort. From the porch was an enchanting view of the bay, half-hidden by the greens of the trees, almost silhouettes in the dusk. On the porch were Sue, quite ugly, and as strange as usual, and her mother, George. George was a dynamic person, who had smoldering black eyes, [[strikethrough]] and [[/strikethrough]] sparse grey-and-iron-black hair drawn tightly back, and clear-cut features. Her whole person showed strength and unfathomableness. One of her sons died in the war, and the other in Algiers from wounds in the war. Since then she and Sue have wandered to all the out-of-the-way-places in the world - staying in one place until they have enough money to get to the next - looking for escape - but from what? Living with them is a singularly attractive Egyptian, Dian, whose bronze skin, black hair and eyes, white teeth, poise, and charm make him fascinating. The story goes that he helped nurse the son in Algiers, that his family was once "something", that he has lived in England, that now he has no job.... but his intimacy and familiarity with George and Sue is strange, and peculiarly incongruous. Perry was there, and he is a marvelous person,
July 17

clever and sparkeling and "nice". Vicente, Andrés, Raymond, Antonio, Alexander completed the group. Big glasses of sherry-brandy, maraschino, and large pieces of the Island fruit seemed like ambrosia. Reed and I sat and talked and I realized then that he was serious about liking me a great deal – and would make an effort to come to Pollenca to see me. With the aid of a tinny Victrola we danced and I learned a great deal of French and not so much tango. After supper Mother and I went to the Café. Reed and I sat to-gether and kept up a [[?unwavering]] conversation.....

July 18

There was something indescribable about Pollenca. It is intensely beautiful and intimate, but there is something more than that...content....peace... I don't know. But there were too many of the wrong people. Dr. and Mrs. Jepson were typically English, but rather good sorts. Colonel Pierce was a very English, elongated edition of Bert Lahr, and his friend, Mr. Wilkinson, who had "a [[?liver]]," an immodest orange bathing suit, and a pleasing appearance in a dinner-coat, was rather timid and effeminate. Swimming was wonderful and the walk back "the long road" was nice.

July 19

Saturday, Nell and Sue and Andrés and Vicente and Raymond came over. They were loud and peppy, but quite enjoyable. Andrés, besides being really handsome, had a great deal of magnetism and brains. Sue was again invaluable. Nell, poor dear Nell, twenty-three, a school teacher in the Tennessee Mountains, not really attractive, but longing for a romance, Nell in rayon bloomers, and with dried lips – and yet a dear sort of person. The evening was deadly – misquitoes and noisy children. But I found a perfect place – sitting on a bench in a garden which finished the porch, leaning against one of the many pillars which were covered with purple morning-glories.

July 19

The end of the house went back, that dead-grey-white of the night, with the roof only a black line to separate it from the starry sky. Two windows gave rectangles of yellow light, slit by the narrow, perpendicular lines of the closed shutters. Hominess and comfortableness and friendliness seemed to be everywhere – and in me. And I thought of my "delicious" hours with Bob.....
July 20
Sunday Reed came....looking darling. Tall, and his head high, the red hair bright in the sun, the green eyes alive and imploring when they looked into mine – Reed, eager and happy – and loving me – really – dearly! Lunch – and he and I took a walk. What ever made me do it, I don't know, but I told him truthfully I loved Bob more – and therefore I couldn't kiss him.... It hurt him. I've never see anyone look more hurt – and the light died in the laughing eyes -- and they were dull --. I felt terrible because I loved him too.... We came back finally to a little low stone wall, and he buried his head in my arms and laid it against my breast and cried a bit, and laughed at himself a bit, and told me he "wanted me" –

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and so on. And I thought of Brooke's "Unfortunate"...it seems he thought I really had an affair - and was surprised to know I hadn't - but decent - and sad - and terribly sweet. Home in the car with Mother - and tea. After supper he and I took a walk for a while and stopped and I kissed him once - and he was happier. But I felt so cruel - hurting him and loving him - ....

[top margin] July 20

Monday morning with him on the beach and I'm afraid I was horribly casual....Lunch. the afternoon with the two American fellows. then Perry, witty and clever and cute - and the others. Reed at my side - sad and darling...knowing it was the end for us -- and I was sad. He left me this letter---

[top margin] July 21

"Aline..."

You are gone...now...and it is lonesome...like the end of a trail. Blue it is...without you; and with a sort of grayness. Blue, I love blue...always; but gray...I hate when the sun goes down it is gray; the sun has gone down now...and the world is gray...and you're gone too.

"It is odd...some of the things one thinks in moments like this...an odd hurt. Your mother, too, would understand...I think you've a mother who understands much. She understands, too, that all things have an end. Do you? I think you do...Honey-girl...and sometimes that "end" is Hell to achieve. Lucky Bob..."

"Eh, well...Now is the time I feel an almost uncontrollable desire to go back to sea; but that is really hard work...too plebian...and, no matter how lovely the incentive...I am in no mood for disadvantageous sacrifices. So you see, after all, I am selfish...wonder if you still protest I'm not??? Hats off to Charles..."

"This Island--la Isla Baleares--it keeps coming into my mind like a curse. It is big; it is lovely. It has always been that way to me, but now it is somber---like an abyss of unfathomable deeps---deep deep down...chaotic. Playing God--call up Pau...--you and the moon---and let us say to you once more: "I love you, honey-girl---"

It is hard to write---this letter. My thoughts go around in circles---whirling---in tight vortices---like a fog. I think of you: I love you--I see you, always, your face. It is ever there---coming and going---as a leisurely eye, blinking slowly through the mists. I love you--want you--and I know I'll never have you. Knowing that makes the love of you---the lonliness for you--no less poignant. Time, of course,---the prelude, the paean, the finale to all things—is the answer---the consolation; and many will be the days when thoughts of you...the love and faint sweet smell of you---the memory of you, Honey-Girl---"
will stand out sharp and keen—like a finely tempered blade. It will not cut me—no—but be there—in the darkness—in the dawn—till the song is ended......

Always,
Leighton

After a bolted supper and careless packing we went on board the "[? I]" for Barcelona. As we sat on deck waiting for the boat to go, as the sirens blew their harsh, hard sounds, and as I strained over the rail to see every bit of the black form that was Mallorca I felt truly that "partir, c'est [?]")]." Am aching for the happy days— for the beauty— for the gentle, kindly, peaceful atmosphere, for Reed. And I began to hate myself for having hurt him—for not having forgotten Bob for five days and gone to him. Why didn't I? I don't know— was I afraid he would go too far, was it because I didn't love him, was it because I couldn't on account of Bob? I don't know—and now I am sorry. I may never see him again, and it would have made Heaven complete. Why didn't I really kiss him that night we sat on the dusty wall and saw spread above us the [rich?] sky? Why, since I didn't, do I miss now seeing him, seeing those deep and [?] eyes, miss his charm and appeal miss holding tight that darling head, and stroking ever so gently the curly red hair

or the broad forehead? I suppose it is best that I acted as I did, because I do love Bob so very much more—more than anyone—but then why do I miss and feel so lonely for Reed—. Were it not for Mother, were I alone here, I mean, I should say to hell with Madrid, and St. Jean-de-Luz, and Jean-les-Pins—and go back to Palua—back to Heaven—back to Reed. But that's impossible naturally—and I must go on the long road—. Time, yes—time can cure us of anything—love for a person or for a place—but time can't dim my memories of Palua—ever-changing in light and color and sound—always beautiful—always subtle [subtle?]—

my memories of Reed—and his love for me—of me. "taking his [tiredness?]? home"— of me, not realising it but loving him— but for some inexplicable reason not admitting it to him or to myself. Will I ever see him again —? Who knows? Oh yes— "partir, c'est [?] [?]

Mother was sea-sick on the trip back and I was evidently not sympathetic enough, but I didn't know what to do and was awfully sad and sleepy. Then Barcelona (July 20), a modern city, sharply reminiscent of Paris. It isn't "Spanish"... "The Ramblas", the main street, is Parisian— the stores are continental—and so are the people. We saw a beautiful funeral. The Cathedral is very lovely, although a bit fancy. We felt it wasn't high enough or spacious enough, altho' Badekker
[[Baedeker]] says the proportions

[[left margin]] July 21  [[left margin]]
[[left margin]] July 22  [[left margin]]
[strikethrough] Saturday, June 16, 1928 [strikethrough]

July 17th - July 23 (Wed.) The End.

July 23

are perfect. There is much [Platuseque] in the interior, while the exterior is Early Spanish architecture, very much like late Gothic. The head of a Moor, supposedly, hangs horribly from the organ... The cloisters are beautiful, and in the cloister gardens are geese....

No mail from Bob..... I can't believe he hasn't written, but I wonder what has happened. I want a letter so very, very much!

Last evening (the 23rd) we went to a Pelota game. The game is fast and exciting. The men have the marvelous combination of strength and grace. It was thrilling.

July 24

This morning to Madrid by plane. The plane, a tri-motor, was information – no plush, no paper-bags, the pilot in civilian clothes. Mount Serrat looked impressive and gaunt rising [bravely] from the plain – a fitting place for the Grail... On into billowy waves of clouds – and finally down under them – and getting lost. Spain is arid, and tan. In some places there is a lovely pink, red, and orange combination of fields – lit by an occasional rectangle of brilliant grasses. Four hours in the air – landing. Madrid is disappointingly dead. The museum was closed. To-morrow to Toledo – and sightseeing. Oh, why, why didn't we stay at Palma?

Letters from Bob. He is happy again – and he does

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Sunday, June 17, 1928

love me, but I want to see him. Letters from weeks back are so unsatisfactory. Two lovely letters from Reed – poems – in which he says it is really the end. I wonder. Somehow I think I will see him again – it can't happen that I won't!

POST MORTEM

Oui, “partir, c'est [mount] un peu”

And it's all done, my friend –

All vanished as the days that were –

Our parting was an end

Of something not complete - And dead

Our futile incident –

Down the long road – Now –

So far away

I wonder why – and how

I didn't say
the thousand things I could have said
the thousand things I want.

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Monday, June 18, 1928

Tuesday, June 19, 1928

3. I am going away a week from to-day. I am sorry about it. Camp is not run on the idea of giving people a good time—it is all to learn how to adjust to this and that. That seems wrong to me. I feel the most sensible philosophy is to think that life is made for everyone to live to the fullest, best, and happiest degree possible. In this way if I live to be happy, I must not make another unhappy or I will not be getting my full share. That is so simple, and so sensible. If we were given the chance up at camp to have a good time—everyone—we would naturally adjust. And everyone would be getting his most out of it, and all would really live. Living after all is just trying to be happy, and Life is too short to waste time "learning" to adjust—when after all one finds out [?] naturally—
Wednesday, June 20, 1928

(2) feel this because he is my brother. Oh God no — but I feel differently to him than to anyone in the whole world — any remark he makes that is nasty cuts — it means more than anyone else.

There has been a queer situation in the family lately. Mother's attitude towards Charles and I, and Peter. It is uncomfortable. Charles and I are one side always. What is it? Too modern? Too intolerant? I think Mother has read too much of Adler's psychology — She thinks Peter has an inferiority complex — oh god — why can't anyone be considered normal if he is?

I was amused at the entries about Orvil that I wrote the end of January. I saw him today in North Shore. He was decidedly affectionate, and put his arms around me quite naturally — and led me into quiet woods, and lakes and trees. Wonderful places — and Orvil — awfully young — awfully good-looking, sincere — and a darling fellow.

Thursday, June 21, 1928

God knows why I am writing here and now. It is so terribly long since I have written. I have read all my entries, and diaries are very foolish things.

Since the time I finally confessed in writing that I [loved] Dan — I didn't write — because I was ashamed to see how badly I used words in connection with Al — and I didn't want to repeat them with Dan. Words that are written do not express more or less. There are no values to written words — no way of telling how deep is the emotion told. It should be very simple to say — and I suppose it is — I love Dan — deep and really. And if all should be simple — but it isn't. I must go away — Dan must go away — the fall and winter are vague. We see each other seldom now. We love each other.

Charles has been home a long time since I last wrote. He was all I excepted [expected] all I had hoped for — and this was much. Somehow he has always been a sort of ideal — a real person. I hope I don't
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Friday, June 22, 1928
architecture

175
Saturday, June 23, 1928
[[4 images]]
Friday, July 25th

Toledo! It does rise like a maelstrom from the plains — it does swirl up into a simple point — the spine of the Cathedral, reaching to God. It is somber, unmoving, and gray. Around it flows the Tagus, green and unanswerable — answering. Within its old Roman walls, still strong, it holds the life of a hundred ages — the death of a hundred ages — the cruelty and striving of a hundred thousand thousand men. It has twisted streets of worn down cobble stones. It has a Synagogue, whose beauty and depth and richness have not been spoiled by the Christian changes — only saddened. It has a Cathedral which stands highest — beautiful and tall. It has El Greco — the mystic... and his paintings — silent and full of meaning as Toledo itself. It has gates of many different men — entering the city — placing their marks, but never erasing the foundations of Toledo built by the Jews and the Arabs — with their lives and deaths. It has bridges joining its somberness to tan colorless fields and verdant green ones. Above it is the white sky of Spain.

Saturday, July 26th

The Escorial is the "Tomb of Spain". It stands cool and gray and military and solemn. Only formal green hedges relieve the gray color, but they too add to the somberness. The room where Philip II died faces the cathedral, so that he could see mass, and is truly the room in which he should have died after building the Tomb. Unfortunately the actual vaults have been spoiled so that the final effect of white marble in Baroque pattern, red and blue shields, and lavishly spread gilt is rather like a wedding cake. All the solemnity of Death is lost. .....
Tuesday, July 26, 1928

Monday, July 28-29 Burgos and the train

Burgos itself is a very old, dirty, odorous, buggy city. The Cathedral stands "waist-high" in building's — town-bound. Even the spire and towns straining to the sky and god rise only slightly from the roofs of the houses. The cathedral is very lovely in a flamboyant style, showing up the influence of german and English and French architecture of the century. The cloisters are beautiful, very early gothic and graceful. There was one simple balustrade on the older part, which was perfect in rhythm and simplicity. [image]. Up hundreds of stairs to the town where I got a view of the city and the ruins of the Cid's house. In the church was the Cid's trunk which he filled with dirt, supposed jewels, and gave to the Jews to get in return money [/space] [strikethrough] with [[/strikethrough] [?haverail]] which he took Valencia.

The train ride up to St Jean was beautiful. Somehow the arid tan country of Castile woke up, freshly green and verdant in Aragon and the country of the Basques.

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Wednesday, June 27, 1928

Tuesday July 29 — Friday Aug. 1, 18:30  St Jean de Luz

St.-Jean was a charming place. The beach is sandy and the water invigoratingly cold. One street of stores is as amusing as a fair-street. The main street has a strange combination of naive sophistication. The cafes are delightful — The Bar Basque in the day time and Maxims at night. The first day we went swimming and liked it — lunch — the café — supper — and then timidly to the Casino in evening clothes. The Casino was dead, and after gambling all of 20 francs at La Poule we left. We wandered to Maxims and had two bicards. An Englishman asked mother to dance and I was awfully glad. I can't blame her for getting sort of home-sick at times. ... A rather elongated English appearing person asked me. It turned out he is an Italian Marquis who is the Italian Embassy to Spain at San Sebastian. With them was an attractive Irishman. "The Foreign Legion" were gay and peppy and the evening was fine.

The next day we went to Biarritz. It is much more artificial and although the combination of rocks and sea is superb the atmosphere is so less nice than that of St. Jean. It is small and affected. Coming home we met Don MacLaughlin.

After supper Don came out and took me for coffee and told me about the people at Palma and that

Aline Saarinens Diary, 1928
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27

Smithsonian Institution Transcription Center, Archives of American Art
Thursday, June 28, 1928

Reed had been talking about us! Then mother and I went to the public square which was throbbing with the movement and color of the hundreds of fascinating people and queer, rhythmic, beating music of the fandango. Peasants got up and did all six parts of its intricate, formal, graceful steps to the pulsing music. It was a thrilling sight... Our better judgement told us not to go back to the cafe to meet the Foreign Legion as we had planned.

Friday morning mother met the Weymans and I went swimming with Don. He was extremely nice in the morning, rather interesting and entertaining, and fairly complimentary. After much persuasion he said he would tell us something about Reed — REED, he said IS MARRIED, HAS A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD, THINKS I LOVE HIM, MIGHT EVEN WANT TO MARRY ME!!! It certainly was a shock... I don't know exactly how I feel. I was a bit nervous at first that he would "use" my letters for a divorce, but I doubt that, as his love for me is sincere. Then I was, and am, angry that he had the audacity to act as he did to me without letting me know the whole truth, taking the chance that I might have really loved him.... And too, I can understand a bit his wanting to grasp at a bit of happiness. However, I promised Don I wouldn't say anything so I don't know what I will do. I will probably wait and then write the truth — end it — and ask for my letters and pictures — altho' I hate to hurt him, even if he did do a horribly unfair thing to me!

In the late afternoon, Don took mother and me for champagne cocktails. He was amusing — and tight. After supper mother and he and I went for coffee and then to Maxims to dance and imbibe more champagne. Don is a peculiar person. He has too much money to ever be in need; he has, consequently, batted around Europe for several years learning how to carry on affairs and how to drink; he at times considers going into the diplomatic service, which he could do on brains and "pull" but he is lazy — and scoffs at the idea that "Life is real and life is earnest," he is anxious to marry an attractive girl with whom he is not in love; he has an inferiority complex due to his feeling of guilt at being a "bum"; he is attractive looking; he drinks too much; he has charm. Mother was very attracted to him and did her best, — and ever since has been saying he is a "rotter" and that he "disgusts" her and so on — and I keep silent and remember her efforts. The Irishman was there and charming and apologetic. Don, after much champagne, told me he

Friday, June 29, 1928

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Saturday, June 30, 1928

could easily "fall" for me - and so on. It was rather fine for a change to
dance and play – and I did play up to his remarks. He mentioned
coming to Juan-les-Pins if Nem (the girl) won't marry him. I'm sure she
won't but I'm doubtful about Juan. I could have a damn good time with
him – if mother would let me. Nothing serious - just fun.

At St Jean I got two darling letters from Bob - - - and [[strikethrough]] the
[[strikethrough]] when they were written he did love me. I hope so he
did when I got them...... I loved him – I do now – so much.

Saturday, Aug. 2.

At 8:30 A.M. Irma and Alvie and Beademeyer enter the [[?charabave]]!
Beademeyer is all dressed for travelling with his leash, his neck-tie, and
his red-beret, which slops a bit over one ear. Irma and Alvie having
arrived home at 2 A.M. are sleepy. In the [[?charabave]] are a youth
who has a dire Oedipus complex, and a bourgise trench couple loaded
down with maps. Chocolate at a marvelous little terraced restaurant.
On to St. Jean-Pied-de-Port, an old, dirty city for lunch. Then tea at
Mauleon, where the insane man danced in the street. Finally to Orleon
to the 12th-13th century church whose door was superb. The trip was
interesting from the point of view of seeing the little towns and people.
On and on and then

Sunday, July 1, 1928

a cold, damp, heavy rain and wind – and waiting at railroad crossings
half-an-hour before the train came. Eventually he Eaux-Bonnes, in
wet and freezing condition, to find an 1890 hotel, full of 1890 bourgise
people, 1890 music, and no hot water.

Sunday, Aug. 3

Into the [[?charabave]] at 8:30 again! Up up and up along a
beautiful mountain drive, pucuated along the sides by numerous water-
falls. Down again to Lourdes. The place was most inconsistent. Along
the streets charabancs and lucases and stores chuck full of rosaries and
statues of the virgin show how much a business it all is. The hideous
basilica and oranate church show how dramatic it is. And down at the
Grotto where the walls are lined with crutches and [[?ox-tos]], where
hopelessly ill and crippled people pray with believing souls, one senses
the tragedy of the city...... The very German museum. On to [[Cautiez]]
for the night. [[?Cautiez]] is not a bad, and not an attractive place deep
down in the mountains. Anita de Caro was there – quite thin and [[?]] in
appearance. She and Clement have separated!
Monday, July 2, 1928

Monday, Aug. 4. Gavarnie

Very early the charabanc started and soon afterward an old darling bearded and lance German professor came with us. At 9 we arrived at Gavarnie and mother, after making it impossible for us to ride on a mule, started walking with us to the Cirque. The Cirque was a semi-circle of purple-gray rocks, snow covered, from the center of which came a lovely waterfall. Leaving mother half-way I went on to the top alone and lay down on the grass looking at the sky and the mountains and at the spray of the cascade as the sun turned it into a fantasy of rainbow color. I thought about how really good it was to be alive — about Bob — about Dat Krusdal and about me — and life and love and Reed and Placid — and on and on. The professor turned out to be a dear. The rest of the ride was dangerous and boring and (except the [[?wan]] blasting) swelteringly hot in the sun and then freezingly cold in the rain. We arrived at Loudon to meet the frightful Mrs. Buider!!!!

Tuesday, Aug. 5

A rainy day in our rooms. A walk thru the streets which was rather fun. The [[?]—”Danton” which was excellent. Packing. Bed. Escape from Mrs. Buider with the help of Chateau Yehem.

Tuesday, July 3, 1928

Wednesday, Aug. 6

Rode to Toulouse and made a dashing trip around the place sightseeing. The things I saw, with the exception of some lovely [[?Reneuseure]] mansions and a cathedral, are all mixed in my mind. Toulouse, however, was the most super-fertile of beaver [strike-through] land [strike-through] territory and I won 3 sets, with 2 pts. [[?ha]] for the post-man. Then Carcassonne. The approach was perfect. The sky was the gray of twilight after the sun has gone down and the massively beautiful walls and parapets stood in silhouette.

Supper — the Clarks — the Levensons — Bed.

Thursday Aug. 7th

Visit to the charming church at Carcassonne, where nave is Romanesque and whose [[?alcove]] is Early Gothic and of which each part is the best of its type. The result is a graceful, well proportioned building. The glass is beautiful, one window especially even rivalling Chartres the [[?rubes]]. Then a tour of the ramparts — impressive. The chateau. The two gates full of romance and beauty and the old draw-bridge. The whole place, however, was so complete and so perfect and so lovely one felt it was a stage-set — or that one was living really in a medieval story.
Juan-les-Pins

The Provençal at Juan-les-Pins is a luxurious hotel, with impossible service. Juan-les-Pins is the queerest place I have ever seen. It is like a three-ring circus, like a high-class Coney Island, like a thousand things rolled into one. And it seems to be a world in itself with its own people, its own costumes, its own morals. A bit decadent, very luxurious, very crazy it is in a little bay where tall, brushlike pines reach to the blue sea. It abounds in beautiful women in gay and bizarre and sparse pyjamas, with red finger-nails and red toes. Cortasannes sit at tables and watch eagerly the well-groomed men. Fairies flit from beach to table to cocktail. One eats, drinks, dances and flirts. That is all – that is everything – that is Juan-les-Pins.

Larry Wolfe came to meet us, as fat, as silly, as jovial as ever. At first he tried to tell me he liked me still, but it seemed a little foolish – and it was. He annoyed us at meal, at the beach – always. Mother was obviously disappointed.

I met Hubert [Eloas], Johnny Freeman’s roommate, who was very young and negative, but a thoraly nice person. One evening we went to the Casino - La Boule: drinking, dancing – and suddenly, sitting at a table all by himself, staring ahead, looking sad was Tommy.

Never has my heart beat so – never have I been as excited as when I went over to him. We sat down with him. His story was simple. They had been at Mallorca – Alcudia – when his father suddenly died. Bob and Mrs. Greenough sailed home leaving Tommy with his friend Pat Healy to sell the yacht. I couldn’t help feeling for him all my old affection and desire to kiss him. Obviously our relationship centered on the physical, but there was something more. The next day he and I went out to a rock and sat on it – talking. He explained to me again that he wrote the letter because I seemed to be serious. But I knew it was not serious I had been, but a little idiotic. That evening with a full moon we sat on a wall looking over the sea. I knew then that I had grown-up a bit. I knew I did not love him as I love Bob, but that because I had loved him there was something still holding us together. I felt terribly sorry for him – so earnest, so sad, and so absolutely sincere. Contrary to what I thought he had not kissed many girls – never liked anyone else as well as me – and still likes me. We talked, I told him about Bob, we kissed each other. And there was a sort of tender affection between us, deep and sincere. The next night we talked again, and he told me his dreams.
about the South Sea Ilsas. Someday I must go there, between Rupert Brookes description and Tommy's dreams, it sounds
Friday, July 6, 1928

as heavenly as Mallorca. We kissed – and I felt uncontrollably sad at having to part again. He, finally, in the most darling and sincere manner told me never to let anyone kiss me as he had last year – and warned me not to take Bob too seriously – or anyone. The part about Bob and so on was a bit superfluous, but he was right about the kissing. I have been terrible –.

Two Englishmen at Juan-les-Pins were rather nice. Mr. Moore and Mr. Ewart – but disappointed that I was not the mistress-type – altho' they were perfectly "gentlemanly" to me. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Webster, a nice English couple were amusing – as were Bea Meyer and Ethel Baruskin.

The dancing-host was a strange person. He was fascinatingly ugly, and looked either like a devil or Pan. He was the "I'm just a Gigolo" type, but quite interesting. A "Soldier of Fortune".

Then David. Never has David been as chatty, as cute, as pappy. We had delightful times with him. La Potoniete.... Le Casino et La Boule.... Dinner.... Going to Monte Carlo; [[?]] – where gambling is a business among the 1890 houses and casino.... Going to Antibes with him to the bank... His stories. Nanny. The Bakers. Every minute. Personally I think Mother wanted him to be intrigued with her--. I don't know what he feels about us – except that he likes us and we

Saturday, July 7, 1928

like him.

I had a bad time with mother there more than any place. She went no were – and I did. She fusses about being old and unattractive, which she isn't, but she does make attraction for men the most important thing – and thrives on it. I suppose I do too – perhaps even more so, and so I should not resent it. But it was difficult when I could do nothing about it.

On the whole I enjoyed Juan-les-Pins. The craziness, the immorality, the beautiful women and clothes, the flirting, and most of all Tommy who was an escape from the circus into truth, [[strickenthrough]] and [[strickenthrough]] which because of its [[?mangenen]] and beauty, becomes fantasy. Tommy wrote me dear letters telling me I helped him thru this difficult period -- -- I do hope so. I have always wanted to be sympathetic – to help people I love -- and Tommy is certainly one.

Bob wrote "nice", "nice" letters, and altho' I worried awfully about Helen Wolfe and Dot Krushal and Connie Webster I hope so -- and almost dare to think -- that he does love me best — as I do love him.
M/N Vulcania, August 20-29th
[[strikethrough]] Sunday, July 8, 1928 [[/strikethrough]]

Coming to "the Vulcania" again was a queer experience. Each place had some association with Bart or Henry or the Fishes- all of them. The crowd looked pretty hopeless. Two nice girls - the Taggart sisters turned out to be fine, especially the younger, Jo, who was very attractive. Her sister was typically Bryn Mawr. A family of Bradleys and Baileys from Boston where nice- Bostony. Two or three negative people from Tourist third. A bunch of cheap people. The Captain was sweet and fatherly and wise to us - up on the bridge to pass "the Saturnia", Doctor de Ferrari [[strikethrough]] and [[strikethrough]] an effete, and rather pathetic person became most impossible when he was drunk. His assisstant, Dr. Rocco, was horribly sensuous and vulgar. The officers were nice. Especially nice was Mario Roquisire, the officer from last year, whom I met nightly on the upper deck for a rendezvous- "Terrible"...the night the Royal Commissioner got tres faché.....the night Mother's officer same Ay-Ay-Ay, and gave us hot bread, tea, and meat. Seeing the sunrise with Mario....the purser like [[Roto?]]...Coffee with the old man and the Bent Show man.... Glorious days....The outer rim of the Cyclone.....Sun-sets with green rays....

I have enjoyed the trip sincerely. I am awfully sad it's over, but the thought of seeing Bob makes me less sorry. Oh- it

[[strikethrough]] Monday July 9, 1928 [[/strikethrough]]

I do so hope it will be as wonderful at Placid as I have dreamed and hoped. Delicious hours- good hours- will I truly be spending them with Bob again?

FINIS OF TRIP

TO

EUROPE IN

1930
Lake Placid, Sept. 5th
[[strikethrough]] Tuesday, July 10, 1928 [[strikethrough]]

Coming back to N.Y. was queer. I hated to think of the trip being over and yet I was very glad because it meant seeing Bob again. Curiously enough I couldn’t quite realize I was really going to see Bob. He was so nice about writing to me — and flowers — and calling me up — I did so hope it wouldn’t be an anti-climax when it became a reality.

Dan and Austin were fun, but rather drab. Arnold was as peculiar as wet. I wonder if he really [[strikethrough]] has as [[strikethrough]] is mechicistic. His “girl-friend” is charming, possessing an unusual amount of grace and poise. She seems to be truly in love with Arnold — and he with her. My officer was 2/3 bald, [[strikethrough]] but [[strikethrough]]

Finally the train for Placid. The lady smoking in the W.C.; the top of my pyjamas; arriving too early; missing Beadenkuper.

And then Placid —. At first I was disappointed because it seemed to lack the majesty I had imagined it would have, but later I began to love it's queer combination of dignity and informality. The sun shone most kind on the lake and the mountains and showed to best advantage the leaves of the few trees, precociously turned to crimson. The sky was softer than post-card blue sky, but as intense. And the night was glorious.

Little Harry and I went rowing, and he was

S S S M T W 6 7 8 9 (10)
[[strikethrough]] Wednesday, July 11, 1928 [[strikethrough]]

[[image]]

most amusing. He is a darling kid, alive, clever, and a "regular fellow". Jane is terribly nice, very good-looking and lots of fun, but I still find it difficult with her because of my strange position here —. Peggy Salomon was cute —. A picnic turned out to be fun. Several older and attractive girls, with wavy sausages — steaks — corn — and so on. I did, tho’, long to be back with Bob. ——.

Bob was even "more so" than I’d dreamed. I do love him so terribly, terribly much — so deeply. It is a part of my life — it is my life. We talked and walked and then in the night we sat out on the porch-hanging-over-the-water. It was the most happy and contented of all moments. We were truly in harmony — loving each other — and everything. Oh, why couldn’t the moon have stayed still in the heavens — and have made that moment the first of eternity? Why must this ever end? I won’t look into the future — the present and past glow with the precious light of sincere happiness. I do love Bob, and it means more to
me than anything or anyone else. It's frightening - it's glorious - it's so indescribably "nice"....

Aline Saarinen's Diary, 1928
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
Lake Placid, September 6th
[[strikethrough]] Thursday, July 12, 1928 [[/strikethrough]]

I don't know about Bob and me. It's so very queer. I do know that we are terribly much in love with one another and that it has all been beautiful. Last night, however, we both felt sad — and finally confessed to each other the reason. We both love [[strikethrough]] each other [[[/strikethrough]] one another so, that we want each other completely — and can't have each other. That is sad, because what is going to happen? Bob confessed to-night that were it five years hence, were I through college and he earning money, he would ask me to marry him — and I knew that I would say "Yes". I knew that of all people Bob and I should be happy together — sharing joys and sorrows, fighting our problems, disagreeing for a while on the surface, but understanding underneath. It's horribly sad that it must be five years —. I can't be idealistic enough to really believe we can stay so in love for five years, although I do feel now that I can never love anyone as I love Bob... or anyone more than I love Bob. Too, it is so difficult for us to know how to act. We want each other — and it's impossible. Still, if we could only show restraint and common-sense perhaps we can have a little physical relationship. When one is really in love there is something in the physical which is the lovely chord at the end of a beautiful

Friday, July 13, 1928

sonata —: the delicate, yet real, [[?after]] which completes the day —. It is "nice" — it loses all the horrible cheapness of [[?re]] physical purely for [[strikethrough]] the [[[/strikethrough]] its "thrilling" sake. Yet, it is difficult to draw a line — so hard to be cold-blooded about it — almost impossible to see the thing as a whole and see if it will destroy the perfection we have thus far attained and which I, for one, want to keep for years and years —.

Aline Saarinen’s Diary, 1928
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Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
Lake Placid, September 12th
[[strikethrough]] Saturday, July 14, 1928 [[strikethrough]]

"Gosh, this is [[strikethrough]] really [[strikethrough]] awful"
"Nice"
"Funny"
"Sweet"
"Silly"
"Stupid"
"Good hours"
"Little Things"
"Don't promise you won't scold Jane"
"I like it when it's comfortable"
"Aline and Alina"
"Hurry up!"
"So"
"See?"
"Thanks"
"Well — anyhow (way)"
"Really, Really, Really"
"Do you think Mother will worry?"
"What a line?"
"Incision leads indecision"
"Or-what-have-you?"
"— Or something"
"— And things"
"Nightingales"
"Orioles"
"Harry Amehersome"

[[strikethrough]] Sunday, July 15, 1928 [[strikethrough]]

"Thanks for coming up"
"What time is it?"
"11:30 - 12:30"
"Just good for you"
"It max us difference."
"Oh, Bob"
"Another story that can't await its turn"
"Harmony"
"And how are you?"
"Buda-pest"
"It's not the stringing kind"
"That's one of the fastest boats on the lake"
"Don't you love the sound of the exhaust?"
"[?] Singy" "Comfortable"
"Pleasant"
"Happy"
"Saddish"
"Exaltingly glad and grayly sad"
"Brazen [[?ains]]"
"Late afternoons"
"N.E. and N.W. corners"
"Sensible"
"Common-sense"
"Extremes"
"The tea lamps on the air; an amber stream"
"Is it the hour?"

Aline Saarinen’s Diary, 1928
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Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
"Us"
"Well, good-bye"

"Hi, sweet"
"See you later"
"Hi, girl-friend"
"May I come in?"
"Entrez"
"Swell"
"B.A.E."
"Balance"
"Domesticity" (B.A.E.)
"Mrs. King" (Y.M.O.T.) (?)
"Technique & rendevoir" (Technique & rendezvous)
"Everyone their (his)"
"Oh, Bob darling"
"Gee, I love you"
"Words, words, words"

"Five years" (the proverbial Mediterranean trip)
"I hope so"
"Do you suppose waiting ______"...
"Let's keep it 'nice'; we've [[crossed out]] got [[crossed out]] to"
"Happiness so lightly won" earned!
"Easy to attain, difficult to maintain"
"I'm sure we could make a go of it."
"Just for spite!"
"One and Many" (Before & after)

Tuesday, July 17, 1928

"J. Bently Squire, Esquire, Heard you the first (1st) time"
"The twenty second fight"
"The Sophie afternoon"

The Fountains of South Wind .... Alice Marks chocolates ... 10 o'clock ...
Miss Ross ... Dr. Berg and coincidence ... Lunch ...
- [[crossed out]]

"[?][[crossed out]] Cute Cute kid, Aline, Mrs. Bernstein".... Late afternoon ... misty-night .... Bath-tub-and note .... Harold Rhodes - don't be silly .... Purely platonic .... South Orange, [left margin] Lazarus[?] + Longchamp [image] arrow [image] [left margin] Harvey, submarine, gates ....

West Point....Day-light-saving-party....giggly taxi....Letters....Telephone call....Sophie-Typhoid....Decoration. Day... Thursday morning + blue pyjamas... 11:30 - 12:30... Mrs. King knocks and doesn't knock...Puzzles...Roof... the garden,...the last afternoon... Several telephone calls... Flowers...Cables...Letters...and Letters... Harry's famous remarks....

[[section torn from a cable]] 41.08 LAKE PLACID NY. 129 -1.0 - 9 - 1230 - VIAWUN[??] - [[left margin]] No [[left margin]] THE MOON LAST NIGHT ANOTHER TIME.
[[handwritten doodle]]
Fri. Aug 31
[[strikethrough]] Wednesday, July 18, 1928 [[strikethrough]]

This business of being in love, of being loved—of loving a person like Bob! It all seems overwhelming and real. The love has grown so much that it now has become an integral part of life and has given a meaning to life—reason to rhyme as well as rhyme to reason. We have together shared our different moods and little problems. The desire to get married - in five years - has gone deep, and has made itself into a strong part of the foundations on which we are each building our lives. I can't explain my feelings for Bob any more now that they are even truer. It is still comfortable and secure and tender. Bob makes me forget the starkness of time and money and place - he is the "reality of romance". When I think of five years I can't quite conceive what it means -. Five years - College and seminars, new contacts for both of us, and new interests. Our love is built on an understanding of the same things, love of the same things. Will we grow apart? I feel in one way we won't - because we both want to have "our dream" come true, and so we will work hard toward it - sacrifice - dream.

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Thursday, July 19, 1928

Bob is studying architecture now - to see if he wants to go with it. It means less money in five years, but it does mean, I think, more happiness and freedom for Bob. It is for this reason that I am urging architecture. Bob is a truly fine person - his conceptions and his ideas. He is idealistic enough to make an adventure of anything he undertakes - but the effort to enjoy architecture will, I think, be so much less than the effort to enjoy business that he can devote so much more time to it - and be successful wherever that may be - I guess, achieving that which he himself wants to achieve. Five years is a long time and yet, quite honestly, were [[strikethrough]] this five years from now [[/strikethrough]] he to ask me to marry him now, I am not absolutely certain I would say "yes". I feel hopelessly young and ignorant. To tie myself down now, would be foolish and futile. It would not be good for either of us - for I am not capable of it yet. Marriage is a serious business - and to undertake something which is beyond one is quite stupid. However, I do know it is worth waiting for and working for - and to make a dream come true. [[strikethrough]] means [[strikethrough]] a hope reality is the most vital thing for me.
Sunday, November 2nd
[[strikethrough]] Friday, July 28, 1928 [[/strikethrough]]

It is very queer that once having loved someone, whether that love has been as deep as others or not, one finds himself tied to the person in a strange subtle way. Is it because of pity for the person in losing, is it the strong hold of memories, is it a twist of pride in hating to lose something one has once had, even if it is lost because of one's own fault? I don't know. Peanuts came over today for the first time since last April or June. He has gotten more mature and has developed more of a sense of humor and is infinitely nicer in every way. My affection for him is still there — a million shades less intense than mine for Bob. I do hope the "after-glow" friendship will continue; that he is strong enough to keep it so; that I will let him keep it so.

4 yrs 7 months!
Tuesday, Nov. 18
[[strikethrough]] Saturday, July 21, 1928 [[/strikethrough]]

Bob told me he was feeling pains in his kidney to-day. He was in a terrible state, where life was nothing; where health seemed all important; where work was [[?]]. Loving me makes him want to be well and successful, so that "our dream" may eventually come true. I did my best to "cheer him up," but over the phone it was difficult. I realized then, how terribly empty life would be without him — and knew that to have him sick and inactive would be hell for him. However, it may be and I hope is — nothing serious. Quite naturally, now he considers every pain the last one. He is the sort of person who is so active, and so whole-hearted, that it would be horribly unjust for health to retard him. Life is funny — one never knows what is coming! I do know though, that I know what I hope will come. — Marriage with Bob. I do feel that we are "made for one another" and that we could make a success of marriage. Bob is so very far away —. I am glad that he is working again. It gives him new interests, and less time to be fed up on me — if he were to be, oh God! —
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Sunday, July 22, 1928

I do love him so, and don't don't want him to be sick again. It is all so perfect that I suppose some unpleasant things must intervene, but I hope Bob's health will not be one of these.

So far we have kept the physical part of our relationship absolutely under control, and have been sensible (?) about it. We must keep it so during these next years too. Oh - it is almost futile to talk in terms of years - but so it is. I'm too sleepy to write sensibly to-night.

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Definition of Lovely Mother:
"Love to me is an appreciation of the other person's virtues, an understanding of his faults, and a consummation of the spiritual and the intellectual in the physical act."
"How are you?" "And how are you?"
"I heard you the first (1st) time."
"[Sil], yourself, said the fun-loving Rover* etc.
"Shut the door"
"She only knows half"
"Diet of Worms*
"Reunification is good for the soul (?)"
"Is it grade B?"
"Longchamps"
"Did you keep the test?" Written by R.A.J. & A.M.B.
"Bill Stein (Pew!)!!! Bob!!! Spelt by"
"Tiny" (only strikethrough) [?][?][?][?][?][?]
"Diet of Worms*"
"Did you keep the test?"
"Vincents Vergina(?)
4 1/2 (5 yr. plan)
"Did you keep the test?"
DR MH
Good nite, sweet
Silly, dear
The Handshake

Aline Saarinen's Diary, 1928
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(For Jan. 18th 1931 See p. 322)

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Jan. 29
[[Strikethrough]] Tuesday, July 24, 1928 [[/Strikethrough]]

Bob!

Topstone Farm, Ridgefield, Conn.

This is a very swell place — simple and pretty. The Gierash's are nice —
real and direct, and quite absorbed in the country and real estate and
their children and sort of finished with the intense living of the city, and
are now intense in this atmosphere. I think, however, that they regret a
little that "the private life of the Gierash's is a myth." Paul is very
singular looking, blue, blue eyes and to much grey hair, but he is a sort
of very human person and a little sad; quite impersonal; quite wonderful
with horses. The children are cute. The only distractions have been the
numerous cats; the enormous police dog, and the interminable
questions of little Stephane.

I came up here feeling quite lousy, and in a fog mentally and physically.
I do feel better. The walks in the country through the snow and slush,
helped everything dissolve into a crystalline clarity. I see now my
relationship with Bob. I see that I do love him, inspite of the fact that
some of the glamour has peeled off, as paint in the sun. I see that

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Wednesday, July 25, 1928

I know him better and that knowing him better, I have seen a great many
ugly characteristics. I see that this phase of our relationship lately has
not been natural! I see that we must either get it back where it was or go
on. I see that Bob has been a great deal too demanding, and that I
have perhaps been a bit inconsiderate. I see that we have talked too
much about marriage and as a result we take it for granted. I see that
we must be very sensible if we want this to last. I see that I do want it to
last, that I do love Bob and he loves me. I see that we’ve both got to
work to keep it nice and un-disturbing. So be it!

The nights have been beautiful. Whole large expanses of star lit sky.
The air has been fresh and clear. The sky in the day time has been
clear. I was for one night most terribly home-sick and really longed to
be home. but that passed and now I am sorry to leave. I had planned
doing a million different things. Writing lots of poetry and writing all the
[[strikethrough]] play [[/strikethrough]] short-stories I had contemplated,
and all the letters, but somehow they never got done. Time has just sort
of slipped through my fingers while I’ve read and slept and ate and stood
at the little casement window and dreamed into the night. And yet I can’t
feel this has been a waste of time; far
Thursday, July 26, 1928

from that. I feel it has been a sort of breathing space, in which I've tried to get my bearings, and in which I think I've succeeded.

Tommy wrote me a very darling letter the other day telling me how unhappy he was, how he has changed and become like everyone else, how he can never love one person long, how he can't feel any emotion deeply—even death! Poor kid! He's having a hard time of it, I think. First this business with his living, and then his father, and their failing in selling the yacht, and then Bob being a success at college, scholastically, athletically, and socially. He's so much softer than Bob, so much less material, so much more sensitive. I answered him a very sentimental, but very sensible, telling him mainly that all people change back to the persons they are originally—and that is true. Funny how he turns to me for sympathy. I wonder—years and years ago I can remember how you used to have everyone in "my school" come and tell me her troubles. Helping them seemed to me so very important. Now I see how one of Mother's greatest charms, perhaps the very greatest is that understanding. I wonder if I shall develop it too. I enjoy it to a certain extent, but that is probably vanity and the feeling of power. Nevertheless, I do feel that I helped Tommy this summer, and Bob, and Peanuts.

Friday, July 27, 1928

And I feel too that I shall keep Tommy's friendship solely on this basis, and I shall not try to alter it.

I went riding this morning with Paul Gierash, who had made a sort of science out of it, and knows a great deal about it. It was fun, and although the horse was very easy to handle I was surprised to see how well I could. I do wish there would be opportunity to ride with him again as he is an excellent teacher, and really makes one understand and like the sport more than before. It was snowing, and was quite beautiful. The woods were quite feathery, and the views all softened. I did enjoy it tremendously.

Unfortunately the toothache makes it imperative for me to leave. I am sincerely sorry, for I have enjoyed it.
May 11th, 1931 Monday

Up at Amherst for a Psi U party and the Prom with Bert Cummings, who has a remarkable sense of humor and a sense of values. Tommy was there. He's a funny duck. He has changed outwardly, but I suppose that what he said a week ago Sunday is true: "One shows one's best side to certain people" — and he has to me. I am convinced, however, that that is his real side. He said he had Dot Riley up. Sophisticated, [prom]-trotter, beautiful figure, a few brains, blue eyes. Bert says Tommy met her because he wanted to get "sophisticated", that Dot is crazy about him, that "he is wise to himself and poor Dot isn't". I wonder. His situation was difficult. I wonder how he feels toward me. Personally, I am still awfully drawn to him and probably always will be. I like him better when he forgets the tinsel, and the life of which he is afraid to be afraid. Life is funny — and people. Meeting them, liking them, seeing them. I don't quite know. I had a superb time at Psi U. Gentile people are nice — and it was all happy and grand.

July 11th —

The College boards, which were an impossibly foolish procedure, left us in an equally impossible state. I had worked so hard and expected so much, dramatic, strained times, that the end left an awful let down. Immediately after them I went down to visit Frank Hess at Deal. It was a lovely weekend. The dinner. The Hollywood dance and a big rush. Then down to the beach with Frank. I have always liked Frank. He is a dependable, sincere, honest person, not really intelligent, but so thoroughly nice that his lack of brains matters little. It was a superbly beautiful night and we kissed each other — because we really liked each other? I wonder! The next morning brought Harry ... and the evening and the morning in the garden by the sun dial. New York again and a hectic time with Johnny, Howard, Johnny Waller, Eddie Klun, Burt Cummings, O.W. Jerry, etc. Alan Kridel. Then Deal again and a more hectic time of going around and doing nothing worthwhile, and never thinking a thought worth re-thinking. Despite of all that, or, unfortunately perhaps because of all that I enjoyed it tremendously. Randy's appearance made it more exciting — and Frank and Harry once again — and Alan.
Monday, July 30, 1928

Thank God I've been honest with him. He's so nice a person that it would have been horribly unfair to have strung him along. This way it is perfect. Dances and dates and good-bye.

Then the S.S. Virginia with Rotary Club men and school teacher women. Helen Rosenberg and Uncle Milton; "The Big Splash" (Arthur McKinley Bryant) who wrote for Milestone, "Clouds of Death", was in the know with Capone, who looked like Glen Anders with a divine body; who was devoid of brains and sense of humor. Vanderbilt's ex mistress who was keeping "The Big Splash"; Mr. Batty, who had to go to Wyoming because he'd hurt his back, leaving behind a wife and three daughters, who was terribly homesick, a little soft, charming, who was uncultured but interesting with his fund of knowledge and his youthful zest and enthusiasm for everything in life, large and small; Uncle Gus; "the 9th ass." Engineer who was inconsistent in body and soul. Miss Snively, who "felt all-right but wasn't hungry, doncha know?," the Ghetto; the [??Schlenis]; the perfect English drawing room butler" a - steward in the Verandah café; Harry Leland, whose marvelously curling lashes surrounded very blue green eyes,

Tuesday, July 31, 1928

and who was certainly attractive and, for the most part, elusive in his Tourist home territory. Lou Clayton - sincere, honest, what he was, funny, good hearted. "Not completely"

Havana with Mr. Holm, Comradish, and the Rosenheims, which, with the exception of The National Hotel and The Prada, remains in my mind as a place full of palms and tropical trees and flowers and intense heat. Unique were the pineapple drinks and sloppy Joe's and the cocktails at Sloppy Joe's.

I was really thrilled by the Canal. The power and assurance of the gating locks was so overwhelming that ones admiration for the men who conceived and executed it was unboundless. I was, however, most surprised at the intense beauty of the place, of the little little little little islands whose heavy green burden of tropical trees sunk them farther into the green water, of the indolent natives rowing lazily along, of the freighters which passed close to us, of the isolated dilapidated huts. And one really felt a Tribute to the men who sent sent sent went there and made the Zone habitable and sanitary.

Balboa and Panama! A million different kinds of perfumes, panamas and cigars
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Wednesday, August 1, 1928

San Diego and Aqua Caliente. Aqua Caliente was a queer place. It seemed to be the acme of sophistication and artificiality set in the middle of deserts and of barren, naked land. Lunch in the patio. Then losing money at roulette and winning money at the horse races.

Somehow, in spite of the lack of a boat romance, I enjoyed the boat trip immensely. Mr. Batty and Lou Clayton were good companions, and my "forbidden fruit" visits with Harry Leland were entertaining. Mother was less home-sick than usual and that was good.

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September 20, 1931

"And that" said John, "is that!" It's finished with Bob finally, and better so, because the realness, the core has been dead for a long time. But oh! how we do cling to incidents — something with a wealth of beauty and loveliness. Only yesterday I said one could enjoy things as much in retrospect, because it gives the incident glamour and erases the ugly spots, but it is because of this, I suppose, that we do cling to past things. It is better, because Bob still loves me, really and deeply, and I don't love him. The way it has been lately has been with frayed edges — without beauty. Too many little rifts within the lute have made the music dead and mute.

Just before I met Bob I wrote my thoughts about incidents in this book —. And only now have I lived up to them. I am sorry that the circle has reached the beginning again — but it is better than forcing what can never be.

My feeling is that if Bob and I get away from each other for a long while, that someday we can achieve a friendship without "love". Perhaps it has meant to [sic] much for him to achieve that ever — but
Friday, August 3, 1928

I somehow feel we will. There has been far too much between us — we have shared too many moods and emotions and experiences to lose each other completely. And while love is impossible — our interests, our make-ups being too wide apart, friendship, when we are maturer and wiser, may grow. I like to think that is so, childish as it may be. And I want to believe that. When my perspective on all this is clearer I will write more, but for now I can say that although I am sorry we can't relive what was, and although I can sympathize with Bob, I feel I did the only thing, the wise thing.

March 20th

What has gone between the last writing and this — the first flush of re-living, the physical attraction, the romanticism of a remembrance, the little differences again, my family, Bob's glaring faults standing before me naked, the earnest fanning of the little flame that is left, my callousness to him, and the weekend at Vassar with its shades & variations — are too long to write. C'est tout fini.

Post Mortem

How can it be that we who felt and shared
So much can be so alone now, apart
Indeed? How can it be that I who cared
So passionately for your thoughts, whose heart,
Quite silent till it felt the rhythm of yours beat,
Can be of stone-like texture now? I, who
Reached avidly for ecstasy, can meet
Indifferently a smile or sigh from you!

How can it be? Why wonder why? It's so —
And stripped of love, find affection bare,
Your trivialities now bore. We seem
Not only to have burnt the bridge quite low
But to have widened out what breach was there;
Our love, like all the rest, was but a transient dream.

Aline Saarinen’s Diary, 1928
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
March 14th 1933
[[strikethrough]] Sunday, August 5, 1928 [[/strikethrough]]

Strange that I wrote that poem two months ago, and that my friendship with JMcA has continued. That lunch was definitely a thing apart, quite outside the rest of the relationship. The latter has been natural and extremely pleasant. Teas at "the Treasure Chest" have, in fact, been the nicest times in the weeks. The lady makes it seem important, from opening the door to suggesting we have a lamp lit in the dining room.

I can't explain my feeling for him. It is certainly very far from love. In fact, falling in love with him is a ridiculous impossibility, but it is an intimate, very affectionate feeling. We talk and laugh, and there is pleasure in pouring tea (no sugar, and cream) and putting a dab of the sweet wild strawberry jam beside the amorettas. And the rides to New York are fun.

More than that, I miss not seeing him, and I feel particularly lovely now with no definite tea to look forward to. The "minus" after the A, when Pike got a "good" distressed me frightfully.

It's funny. He has a grand Herzian sense of humor, intelligence, and culture, but poise and idle flattery and dancing are lacking. Why do I like him at all? Is it because it's exciting here, or is it because there is something very appealing about him? Or is it a challenge?

And, how much does he like me?

Monday, August 6, 1928

To JMcA

Some will perhaps scorn my story
And say that love is never sudden and swift
Like a slash of lightning,
Or a wind-driven cloud.
They will say it grows and endures,
The little bud blooming -
Ah! but then what? The full red petals fall.
So why is not my emotion love,
Which came only for a little while
And bloomed like a delicate jasmine-
Just then?

We'd seen each other once a week
For several months, and soon I grew to know the color of his eyes,
The way a smile could narrow them,
The way his agitated fingers always played with pencils or with books.
I knew the sort of thing that made him smile and laugh,
Although I never said those things - or let him know I know,
For we were sort of distant, formal friends

January 26th 1933 Wednesday
Tuesday, August 7, 1928

Thrown by chance together once a week. There is a group, I sometimes felt he knew That underneath my stilted sentences there was a smile for him.

One can't be eloquent when answering professor's questions in a class, Especially where the professor has brown speckled eyes and apitatted hands, And one is just a student who gets As.

But just today he stopped to speak to me As I was leaving class, and he suggested that we go to lunch. It was an ordinary thing to do, we did, Quite sane to go for lunch at half-past twelve.

Oh! I must pause and tell you that it wasn't sane, It wasn't sane to find ourselves outside the little weekly group Prescribed by chance. No! We had slipped beyond the formal sentences, All by ourselves, and we would have to answer, too.

The things we said were not quite sane,

Wednesday, August 8, 1928

They hurried on, the next begun before the last had melted in the air, And neither of us heard the other's voice.
It was a lovely Spring day, rich with sun and full green leaves. It was hot, but not with the heavy heat of summer, and the sky above was blue and high. I met him this time with many things to say. For five days I'd planned them — how I should say that I was sorry there was so little time left, how he had made the year more happy, how much I liked him. But then he came, and we talked superficially of Mann and Proust and Modern Art, and Japanese scroll paintings, and we laughed at buildings and it was happy and gay and easy, but oh, so impersonal. I'm not quite mature enough to accept the fullness of this sort of relationship. I'm too concerned with "me" to feel it is complete. It's not that I particularly want to kiss him, except that that seems natural, but I do want to feel that I am somewhat important to him, that he thinks of me between teas and wants to be with me more often than is possible. And I refuse to face the reality that he doesn't care very much. He likes me, and he likes to be with me — but how much farther does it go? I am sincerely fond of him, but there is something strange that is a barrier and keeps us from saying what I want to. I wonder if he feels that, too. College is nearly over — less than a month until I leave for good, and then what? This afternoon was ever so
Saturday, August 11, 1928

Nice; Rhinebeck with "Louisa May Alcott's" house, and the bastard version; and Tivoli with F. Ferroe, Undertaker,—“and outher household goods very cheep”; and the beer and cheese on the hill side; and supper in Fred's Diner with "Let's Call It A Day" — and the bluebird.

I wonder what will happen. Things don't, can't keep on a level plane —.

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[[strikethrough]] Sunday, August 12, 1928 [[/strikethrough]]
May 6th 1934

Interesting discussion about subjectivity & objectivity in art, particularly modern art today with Agnes Rindge, James Loeb and John, provoked by the modern art exhibit here. (Very splendid). I was silent — ignorance or trepidation. John frightens me. I don't say all I could.— Too bad. I feel very poor mentally, never been put face to face with values before this year. I want so much to have stature of ideas, and the background to support them. I want to learn and learn, and to create further from my learning. How? If only someone would realize my ignorance and guide me, instead of presupposing so much & making me be ignorant underneath & lying on top.

And what about John? I feel so terribly fond of him, and he is so very dear to me that I must keep myself from smothering whatever there is which exists between us. I don't know quite what it is — but I feel convinced there is something. I want to be with him. I am happy in his presence. He is in my thoughts so often. I keep wanting the articulation of a physical relationship — but I am sensible enough to
Monday, August 13, 1928

wonder to what that would lead. He is so real as a person; he has amazing good task, infallible; a lucid, wide mind; a delightful sense of humor; a strange clumsy Tenderness that is very precious. But what will happen?

Tuesday, August 14, 1928

May 28, 1934

How silly it all is! Dear John, you are only five minutes away from here, where you sit now reading that foolish novel, and looking, no doubt, at the full, bright moon. I can see it from here now, too, clearer and whiter than when we saw it rise this evening, rich and yellow above the mountains and the Hudson. It was so lovely -- the moon died then the hump of mountains with the slice of pink-blue sky and the water below -- and we both knew it, but people like us don't admire Nature. We don't dare, we're so damned self conscious. But we knew it, John, we did know -- we felt it. That strange ominous drive along Storm King highway, so that I felt very afraid and remote, and curiously dependent on you.

Oh! how much I depend on you anyway. Charles thinks you have given me direction and made me focus my attention. That is true. Miss Bridge was important in my decision, but you have helped develop my taste. I thank you for that -- and for more awareness and aliveness and common sense. But most of all I thank you for just being you. I depend on that in you -- and I love you for your dearness.

I don't know what will happen in Mexico -- if I will see much of you or not, or how you will act. I don't know what will even come of this.

Aline Saarinen’s Diary, 1928
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Wednesday, August 15, 1928

Maybe someday you will go buying me a wedding present, the way you went to buy one for Mildred Aiken today. That is all comparatively unimportant. What does matter is that you mean so much to me here at Vassar - or perhaps more truly, Vassar means much to me because of you. Somehow it is to you I turn, with all my little triumphs here or my little troubles here. Perhaps sometime the circles will widen - but not until a lapis stone causes them. Inarticulate, oblique, stupid, amusing, silly, clever, intelligent, - we are all of these. But what I do home is that you can feel sometimes, even very seldom - only at moments, that peculiar rare understanding between two people that you know does exist. Sometimes I am filled with tenderness for you, or desire to be yours, and always there is tremendous fondness and real affection in my heart for you. More real and deep, John, than for anyone else in the world! My love for mother is different and apart. My love for Daddy still another kind. And Peter. And Charles' is closer to yours. For Alan I feel love, too, because he needs me, whether he know it not, and because he doesn't love me, and because physically he is so attractive and has so much warmth and humaness, and because he is stupid and respects me and danced divinely and goes to

Thursday, August 16, 1928

[[strikethrough]] stupid [[strikethrough]] dull, conventional parties where I suppose I belong. All the part of me that knows him you don not accept. If only you did - and would-. Perhaps. But the part of me you do know is the part I want to have [[?]].
Nov. 13, 1937

— Thank you —

I needed desperately, John, to hear you tell me that what I believed in my heart was right. Believing in you is about the first whole hearted thing I've ever done, I think. And that in the face of so much opposition, so that now I keep it closed up inside me except for you.

I did see you in Mexico. We went to all those delightful places together, and somehow I seemed really to awaken to beauty and loveliness, and to enjoy with my whole heart all we saw, and my whole mind, too. The churches and the ["retrables"]. I began to sense form and decoration and media. And I think I evolved a sort of aesthetic for myself. And I loved the country – the jardínicos and the flora fundia and the mountains and the soft-brown eyed gentle people. And band concerts and avocados and lilting nostalgic songs like "Ven". I was ruthless and selfish as far as mother was concerned, but I was happy with you. Happier than I've ever been in all my life.

I knew before I went all the stories about your homosexuality and Tonio Selwart. Perhaps I was brazen but I sensed that you wanted to break down those barriers again.

We came back. Alan was fond and loving and gave me lots you never had. We came back here an I was glad once more to see you – be with you – even

under these circumstances. The trip to Boston was an experience. It made me feel I should face the reality of your indifference; and I hated your tremulousness with Jere Abbott and realized that your past was still strong within you. And I loved the museums.

So I went to Philadelphia to have Frank make love to me and flatter me. And I missed you, and odious comparisons arose again.

Joe Louchheim appeared – an ideal person for me, but again ["retrables"] your shadow fell between us. And I worried because I didn't feel about him as I should. And just at this time George – Yves, & Agnes, & Janice, & my friends tell me you are bad for me, that I will get hurt, that you are a homosexual. And whether that is true or not never seems to matter, John. They tell me to get over you. But I can not, nor do I want to. For you are the one person I want to spend my life with forever. You are the person I respect and need and love. And I told you to tell me I was right and you did, and now there is no more doubt. I shall believe, John, in what most people would call inanities. Maybe it will do me harm in the long run – maybe it will mess my whole normal life. I cannot tell. All that I do know is that once believing something emphatically
Sunday, August 19, 1928

and instinctively I shall have the courage to believe it until something proves to me conclusively that I am wrong. And only you, John, can do that.

April 16- 1935

No - Joseph has taught me. Because with him I find the essence of both you and Alan, and because he accepts both sides of me. But I still thank you, & still am fond of you, even more so now that it is sane, and always want to know you. But I realize it is Joe whom I love and with whom I want to spend my life.

Dec. 26, 1938

I'm very unhappy, so maybe if I write it all out here I'll see how silly it is and get over it — because there is no one I can tell about it, except the one person who is the cause of it in part and I won't tell her. Joe is being psychoanalyzed — by Marynia. It's because of his abnormal difficulty in public speaking or speaking to new people. He seems to be sincere in his explanation of how dreadful the experience is — and says that altho he manages, it is at a terrific cost. That I can understand and obviously I hope he can be cured of it. But I can't help resenting the whole thing — and I'm trying to figure out why. I'm going to try to be honest. First of all, people have more difficulties and don't do anything about it — Charles, for instance, and so I feel Joe is pampering himself and I guess I'm jealous that he is giving himself an opportunity to get all straightened out. And I resent that he did it without consulting me. And I hate the idea of his being absorbed in something in which I can't participate. All the business of raking up his childhood and his mother and his "rejection by his mother" and all that. And I hate, hate, hate feeling that it is Marynia who is raking it all up (more about her later).
Tuesday, August 21, 1928

And I worry that it will make a distance between us, and that he will become dependent on her. And I can't help feeling it's a sort of escape from reality into a sort of sur-reality, and that I've failed him if he couldn't come to me.

And mostly, I guess, I hate Marynia. She is always we feel little and inadequate. It started about nursing Donald. But it goes on about everything. She always knows best. She always pigeon-holes everything - even Joe. And now she can be superior about Joe - because she, Marynia, can diagnose him, can probe him where I never can, can make him dependent - even if she cures him.

Already its had its effect. I find myself having to watch my conversation. I find I feel sort of like a third wheel, altho' Joe has tried to include me. And because Marynia said Joe's mother rejected him and that's why Joe rejects her, I find myself being nicer to her - kind of standing with her against Marynia. What right has Marynia to be so god-damn omnipotent? By what right

Wednesday, August 22, 1928

can she interfere with people? Jesus - its two and a half months- I want to go to her and tear her eyes out. I've never been really jealous before or hated anyone before, but I do now. I wish I could tell Mother about it, but Joe said not to tell anyone and he'd be sore and if I told her without telling him, he's know. I don't know what to do. And I'm afraid it's going to get worse as it goes along and he gets more involved. I keep praying we'll move away soon - Baltimore, Washington - anywhere - but then I'm scared that if we leave in the middle it will be worse. I gave Beatrice money to light a candle to St. Anthony tonight - maybe he knows.

I suppose I'm a damn fool and maybe I'm just upset because I'm pregnant - but it's more than that. If only something would happen so he couldn't continue - Everyday for 2 1/2 months - Oh, why must it be Marynia?
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Feb. 15, 1939
[[strikethrough]] Thursday, August 23, 1928 [[/strikethrough]]

I just re-read for the first time since I wrote it my outburst about Joe and Marynia and I must admit that it sounds pretty childish and stupid and selfish. In my sane and un-emotional moments I am ashamed of it and similar thoughts. I admit, too, that Joe seems to be happier and more place and adjusted and he says he seems to feel cured and for all that I am really glad. But quite honestly I have still not gotten over my resentment of Marynia. And I know I'm unreasonable and foolish about it and that all I do is exasperate Joe by my attitude and make it harder for him and knowing that I hate her even more because I know I'm letting him down and being all the things I don't want to be and so I hate her for making me that way. I decide to control myself and be sensible and objective and ask all the questions about hypnosis and sodium amytal and all the other things that would interest me if they weren't connected with Joe - and then damn it, something happens and I make some awful remark and naturally Joe shuts up and then I feel worse and so I say something even more horrid and so it goes. I've been nasty altogether lately since this thing started, and there is absolutely no excuse

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Friday, August 14, 1928

for it. Just when I think I've gotten O.K. again - like our weekend in Atlantic City - and then out it crops once more. Oh damn it - what's going to happen? The real thing that worries me now is that Joe can never forget how very terribly I've acted - and never forgive me - and never treat me like an adult again. So that - god damn it - it has changed things for us. Marynia forgot when she said it wouldn't that Aline isn't just an "intelligent girl" - but an emotional woman who happens to love her husband terribly and to be fanatically jealous. Jesus - if only I could figure out some way to get control of myself and get back Joe's respect - and my own self-respect!
Marynia left a little while ago. She was here for supper and then gave Joe some sodium amyntal variant and a hypnosis and I went to the movies. She was here when I came back (Joe was & still is "out" on the couch) and finally I couldn't stand it any longer and told her how I felt. I must admit grudgingly that she was nice - said it was quite natural and normal, explained why, said it was temporary and that Joe wouldn't hold it against me. Maybe she's right - but then she started other fears. She said it was a transference. Will Joe get over it? Wasn't he depressed today at the thought of working simply because it means no more regular confessions to Marynia? She said he dominated me in the past and acted certain ways because of this mother-trouble, but now what worries me is that he will be changed and maybe those very nicest things about him were the result of feelings about his mother. God, I don't know. It's as if he's been away for these last few months - but worse, because if he really were away I wouldn't see and feel his self-absorption, his indifference to me, his dependence on Marynia. And even when he is technically finished, there will always be the realization that were anything goes wrong

Sunday, August 26, 1928

he will want and need (and probably go to) Marynia. God it's been a miserable period. Pregnancy is supposed to be so happy and glowing - but this one certainly isn't - it's carrying "the white man's burden" all alone. Oh dear - I wish it were a year - or at least 6 months from now. I wish Joe would come back to me. It isn't that he hasn't been sweet recently - he has - very. But it's that intangible distance, that fundamental indifference - it's hell. It's probably lucky that I am pregnant or I'd be as unfaithful as hell. I'd sleep with anyone and everyone - just to feel that someone really needed me instead of Marynia. How fervently I hope she was right and that I do get over this - and oh! If Joe is only the same dear Joe again, who did things with me, and felt with me. What a winter - a job I don't like, this business, and pregnancy without Joe's feeling that Aline is pregnant. Instead, he's just interested in - good, we're going to have a baby. And he hasn't told me he'll call a girl "Sally" - but he has told Marynia! Note: Marynia thinks it will surely be a boy. So do I. Now I hope 3 times as much that I'm wrong. It's utterly ridiculous to
write all this drivel here, but I think if I didn't I'd go really crazy. As it is, Marynia's not far from creating another patient - for someone else. So - enough. I now go to bed alone while Joe slumbers on in his room in the stupor in which she left him.

Tuesday, August 28, 1928

Aline Saarinen’s Diary, 1928
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
Monday, October 22, 1928

Pierot and Pierette IV

Pierette came slowly up the steep gray walk which was lined with yellow and orange flowers, to the little brown house. Suddenly, so near to Pierot after all these weeks of waiting, she felt a deep emptiness inside. All her longing for him, all her love for him, all her thoughts and feelings were gone – she was suddenly void. And almost unconsciously she mounted the five little brown steps, hearing only the noise of her high heels on the wood. She opened the door to his room with herself lost in the emptiness. And then she looked at Pierot. At once everything came back. She was alive again, and her being was full. A thousand things to say to him rushed up to her, to her intense love for him and was smothered in her throbbing throat. "Pierot" she said, with a voice that held, in quiet repose, ecstasy. Pierot kissed Pierette, and their hearts met again.
Poughkeepsie, Oct. 22nd. Walking toward Blodgett, with a full moon just above Main. Noticing how opaque the orange leaves looked.

The autumn orange of the leaves just when
Sun breaks its lease with earth again
Is brilliant gold. Just then

The splendid moon will boldly take
Possession of the sky and make
The orange leaves opaque

And flat against the pine tree's somber wall.
They are a pattern of the Fall
With no life left at all;

No rioting of flame like color as at noon;
No filtering of sun. Too soon
The golden brilliance has been stolen by the moon!
The gang-plank soon will join us to the stern

Responsibility of land which to And opsaln And we Will leave behind this world, of fantasy

Away enchanted days. Will leave behin all the enchantment of the sea. And Oh, neither you nor I want to return!

Behind the sun's passionate embrace Of shy: forget to watch the full moon race

The ship will still land dead in the dock, be dead there, too.

Too soon on land will we forget to care About the vivid sunset's passionate embrace

Behind The mast. Must we go anywhere?

The ship will still land dead in the dock, be dead there, too.

Too soon, on land will we forget to dare

The blust'ring breeze to blow the spray up high,

Forget to watch the sombre colors fly see the silent blues sea combine. Must we go anywhere?

There's something perfect when two friends do meet

Again. After a long road that led apart

For miles and miles. Again with heart on heart

They breathe, and seem to sense in all things, sweet

Good, happiness. Once were they hand clasped in hand,

Wonder about the little ways things they knew Once were each day smiles is fraught

With love that can't be unsaid, which each can understand.

The long road dissapears for them, who feel

Content once more to live to-day, who reach

Nor for the future road, but wish most fervently

That time will halt night now. Most real

And true they are alive. Have And each

With each, and with himself and with the world, is in harmony.
The gang-plank soon will join us to the [strikethrough] top stern
[strikethrough] Rendered ideas and sordid life
[strikethrough] there is on shore. And we
[strikethrough] And The glamors we haven moun
[strikethrough] Will leave the glamors that we [?] at sea!
[strikethrough] To sail and sail and hugs on every You?

Oh, neither you nor I want to reach land.

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[[strikethrough]] Saturday, November 17, 1928 [[strikethrough]]
bcdgfhi in u feg rstaw

Jan. 18th 1931

To sail a million million miles away
And find where blue horizon meets the sky,
And see the splendid sun rise up to die
Once more in golden glory, and to stay
A million, million years some place where time
is infinite; where there is quiet peace;
Where beauty seems to silently increase
Her [[?permit]]. Where reason is o’er thrown by rhyme
And fantasy & gladness are supreme,
Where no one wears a gaudy, shucky mash,
And no one wants to trouble you or ask
The why or when; where life’s a living dream –
I want to sail away and be alive –
Not bothered by my friends or telephone.

But since the “Sheet” has cut our wealth in two,
I really think that [[?loc]] farm would do

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Sunday, November 18, 1928
bcdgfhjlmnyzgrstw
bcdgfhjalmnysqrsrw

[[strikethrough]] I send you once [[/strikethrough]]

To T.O.G.

[[strikethrough]] And since I saw you then I am afraid
that either of two things as true my de [[/strikethrough]]

I see you [[strikethrough]] once again, my [[/strikethrough]] now within a
different world,
Which seems to you like some great masquerade
Of which you are afraid to be afraid
A place where everything is rightly [[?tinted]]
With [[strikethrough]] tinsel [[/strikethrough]] guady tinsel, artificial gold,
With people all alike [[strikethrough]] all uniform [[/strikethrough]] in
thoughts who wear
Grand uniforms, where brazen noises blare
Most hoarsely forth. It’s not our world of old.

[[strikethrough]] And yet you don’t belong to this, although you feel that
you [[/strikethrough]]

Oh can’t you see you’re not a pall of this
Because you don’t believe in it, or feel
It is your world. Oh simple darling see
It is (4) as (2) it (3). Oh, tell me don’t you miss
The other world. It’s still alive & real –
As you, my [?darling], [?]] & ought to be.
Monday, November 19, 1928

She heard the sound of the whistle blow it

After a walk through the sundry frescoed rooms of the speakeasy, through the greasy kitchen with the large chef of dominating it, one came upon a back yard – changed by the hands of Gilette into a charming place. It was covered with some sort of green glass roof through which the lights of the city could not permeate, but upon which cats sometimes jumped quite vehemently. The end was a graded arrangement of shelves, generous.

Santa Monica, Aug. 1931

The bamboo trees are lovely in the sun
They raise with grace the delicacy of their fragile leaves with beauty lightly won
They lean against the clean blue sky above.
The shining, patent leather green, – the tall straight yellow trunks, until the sun breaks lease with earth, seems to express the joy of all the world. But when the light comes on to other trees
If somber sadness shadows over these!

Aline Saarinen's Diary, 1928
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Wednesday, November 21, 1928

The sound of the whistle came up through the heavy air, up to her, as she stood so many feet above. The boat, of course, looked, from the great height, as any object appears, viewed through the wrong end of an opera glass. Every detail was perfect, but it seemed so far away, that it was really removed. She could remember how amazing the ballet dancers had looked through the glasses, when she had put them to her eyes wrong way around. She had not realized then that she was still in the theatre. But the sound, the coarse note of the whistle, which told the eager passengers that the boat was about to leave, came distinctly.

And the sound brought to her the remembrance of

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Thursday, November 12, 1928

[[strikethrough]] They say that parting is to die a bit [[strikethrough]]

It was early in the morning. The sun had already risen, and the weird cool, blush of sun rise had already faded. But the sun had not yet won the warmth, which was later to be so great a part of her, and the brilliance was not intense enough to cause Anne to turn her head away. Later in the day, Anne realized, if she were to look into the sun with the same frank [[strikethrough]]? [[strikethrough]] gaze, she would have to [[?cover]], and would see a thousand little spots of green, and red, and blue, and black — a thousand imitation suns. But now it was — not even gentle, not even soft brilliance, but rather the brilliance of smooth sheets of steel in sunlight. The dew was not heavy on the grass, but as Anne walked across the lawn, she left the small hole — and — larger oval impression of a [[strikethrough]] foot [[strikethrough]] shoe print on the fresh surface. Harry, who walked beside her, took her hand, and,faltering for a moment, as an old man who hesitates before he puts a foot down to step ahead, [[strikethrough]] he [[strikethrough]] suited his pace to hers. Anne
looked back for a moment, and listened. "He will probably call for Alan, too," she said, "and Alan won't be up at this unearthly hour. Funny," she paused for a second, "it is an unearthly hour. Noon is an earthly hour, when the birch trees are definitely white, and shadows are distinctly opaque and well defined, and the chirping of birds is sure and determined. But this hour – it's unreal almost."

They walked over toward the sun dial, which had broken long before. The brave little iron point, which had cast the hour infallibly in fair weather, had fallen and only the rustiness around a [strikethrough] small hole in the stone indicated its previous vigil. The numbers, the lettering, had all blended into the stone and made the contour of the whole soft, moulded it into [strikethrough] the graceful curves. They tried to figure out just what it had said and meant. The meaning of the words was hidden, but the beauty of the stone seemed to mean enough itself – perhaps that it had become so lovely from living here, conscious of every change every hour. It gave Anne pleasure to look at it. But now she listened again for the sound of tires turning on a pebbly country road.

"You poor dear," she said to Harry, "you could have slept longer – and so could I. Frank pounded so determinedly on my door, and said we would really be leaving at quarter of six. Really, though, why did you get up? You don't have [strikethrough] to go to the city?"

He smiled, "Frank couldn't put the top of the car up alone, and it may rain!" Anne was silent. She thought, of course, that he had gotten up to say goodbye to her, and that this was an excuse. Of course, she hoped she was right, for she liked Harry. The sort of quiet delicious sense of humor, the amused spectatorness, the depth and versatility of his culture and intelligence, and the charm and magnetism – all these things, which were so intrinsically his, had appealed to her. She had not known him long, and most of her time with him had also been with Frank. However, her affection for Harry had become real and sincere, and she knew that such a feeling must indeed be mutual to have sprung into existence at all, for just as the sun beats down upon the sun-flower with kindness and love, so the flower lifts its face upward.
Sunday, November 25, 1928

toward the sun with affection and tenderness. So, Anne wondered, was he serious about the car?

"Will I see you down here again," she asked him.

"I'll be down for a few days in about two weeks when you are," he answered.

They turned back from the sun dial toward the house. Anne looked at the house and the lawns and the sun dial in one glance, just as a sailor fisherman, putting off to sea in his little boat, glance back at the tiny village, and the small house in which he has been, before he shoves the boat from the shore with a rubber-booted foot and then puts this foot in the boat. Anne looked around her with the strange feeling of satisfaction and sadness, which comes to one when one realizes some place, some incident, lovely in its past reality, will now be lovely, only in the glamour of retrospect.

Then they heard the sound of crunching pebbles, and the swish of automobile tires on the country road, and they saw the car come in the drive. Harry carried her suitcase over. Anne buckled her belt on her coat, looked back again for a second, and followed.

Monday, November 26, 1928

Harry.

Frank, too, wondered why Harry was up and asked him, and laughed at the reason. "It's not going to rain, and if it does, I'll put up the top then."

Anne, stepping into the car, turned to Harry, "You got up for nothing, then," she said. and the richness of their few moments came upon her."

"She thinks I got up for nothing, Frank," Harry said, as he closed the door. They waved goodbye; and Frank leaned forward; the motor started, and once more the gravel sounded.

Anne looked back at Harry. She realized that she hadn't told him all things she had planned to — in case he had gotten up. She had planned, in those inbetween moments of waking and sleeping, to tell him how much he had become to her, what quiet happiness he had given her, how he made more real all the things around her, or rather, how he awakened her to those things which had always been real. She had meant to tell him about the faint, oh, hardly perceptible ache and
Tuesday, November 27, 1928

emptiness she felt at leaving him, but gladness at the pleasure of remembering, and of seeing everything more clearly in retrospect, as the climber can see, from the valley, each shade of darker green forest patch, and each incandescent strip of water-fall, which were separate experiences when he came upon them before. She thought of the few minutes in the garden –

The richness of these moments came over her. The silence they had had together, and the peace, and the beauty. The little bits of conversation erased themselves, [(strike-through)] from her mind [(strike-through)]

She looked up. Perhaps she had said all these things; perhaps she had shown them. But, anyway, she knew that he had known.

THE END
The End

appeared
ask
bcdghjhtepqrstro
w

Wednesday, November 28, 1928

A.K.

He is sincere, honest, totally unselfish, has a grand sense of humor, more than average intelligence, can be trusted anytime with anything, is nice looking, understanding, enjoys life, is terribly lonely. He is a thoroly nice person – in fact has nicer qualities than anyone I know. [(strike-through)] but [(strike-through)] He is really in love with me, I can see all his qualities, and I admire him, and like him tremendously and sincerely, but – I can not love him, will I? Have I made him unhappy? Oh, I hope not!

NUTS

F.H.

He is good looking; he is agreeable, amusing, fairly clever, quiet, sincere, "good egg", fine dependable friend, reserved, happy. So nice.
Black & Green

The ship stood silent in port, externally alive for the lights were on in the large rooms and circles of yellow light came from its sides. But it was dead. The motors had stopped throbbing, the gentle vibration had ceased. And the ship had lost its personality as well, because a strip of gang-plank joined its atmosphere of unreality and enchantment with the grim responsibility of land. There was a gaping yawn on the port starboard side. Four black negroes stood in a small row boat squeezed in the cavity between the boat and the dock. A flashlight from the ship into the night made the ebony skins shine, and the muscles of their arms quiver more definitively. Their bodies moved as they lifted startlingly vivid green bananas from the little boat on and into the ship with assurance and rhythm the green fingerlike fruit was passed from negro to negro. The one white man in the rowboat marked, with a dignified move of his pencil on a paper, as each stalk entered the empty place on the ships side. There was no expression on the black men's faces: no change in the lift and fall of their arms. They were machines, who, the lever having been turned, lifted and passed on their burdens with a regularity and strength which seemed a perfection of beauty. The black and the green moving in the opaque blackness.

1. Black and Green
2. Grey
3. Full Moon at Panama, (Miraflores Locks)
4. Mallorca
5. Toledo
6. Return
7. 

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Grey

The grey sky and drab sea gave one a sense of freedom, for the desolate water seemed empty and large. The cold dampness of the air. The energetic whiteness of the waves surrounded the ship. The decks were desolate, too. The cold [strikethrough] has [[/strikethrough]] imprisoned the few passengers inside, and so the stewards had folded the deck chairs and put them against the walls. There they stood, deserted skeletons, leaning against the white wall. The few gulls, who had followed the ship farther than their comrades, glanced at the deserted decks before they swooped into the water. Standing at one end of the deck was a young man in grey, leaning over the railing and listening to the ominous [strikethrough] sound [[/strikethrough]] wail of the wind. His grey coat collar up, his grey had down, this single figure stood, making the ship seem more ghost-like, more empty because of the glaring singleness, the vivid solitude of this one figure.

A REMINDER:—Have you ordered your diary for next year? For duplicate of this book order by number in front.

Dialogue, #1

"And what do you think of the moon? he asked as he came up to where she stood by the rail.
"Oh!" she turned to him

"It seems so perfectly silly that I should be leaving here so soon," she said as she let the wind blow the ash off her cigarette, and watched the brown spread over its paper wrapping, puncturing uneven holes. "When we first came, and found your flowers, and saw you on the beach, I sort of felt as if we'd be here for ages, and that you and I would see lots of each other."

"It is ridiculous," he said, "but perhaps I'll be coming to New York soon. All my family are going away. And Charles is going back so soon —"

"You'd better come," she was inviting, excited, "New York is such a swell place, stimulating, alive." [strikethrough] But [[/strikethrough]]

"I want to come," and he was sincere, "but it takes money, and then finding a new job and all of that."

"Well, I won't say Good bye to you Dick," she said to him as they drove into
Dialogue, #1

the entrance of the 1890 hotel. "I get very sentimental about them, and especially when they want the end of something which has never been complete, so will pretend I'll see you soon, and simply say "Good-night"

She jumped out of the car and the gravel sounded beneath her feet. They shook hands, and they said "Good-night". Then, taking her hand gently away she said, "And thanks awfully for everything". He stood for a moment, his arm hand in the door of the roadster and called to her, "It was fun, wasn't it?"
340

Wednesday, December 5, 1928

Incident

1931  
40  
1891  
13  
1904

She stretched out a long finger on her cigarette and tapped the ash into an ash tray on the table. Then she crossed and uncrossed her legs, and she turned to look at the young man sitting on the sofa.

The evergreen trees around the plaza square of dance floor had lost their look of strength because little darts of colored lights weakened the intensity of their green.

A very young, pudgy girl with two symmetrical braids, and two evenly tied bows, and two puffed sleeves stood in the silver framed photograph. The stodginess, the solidness of her face could not entirely eclipse the reality of a sense of adventure and life, or the strength that was so definitely hers. It was an old picture, and the background of painted trees and the stiff angle of the girl's head pointed undeniably to the period of photography in the early, early twentieth century. The elaborate silver frame was tarnished. The whole thing stood on a desk in the Walters home these thirty years later.

Two little girls were walking arm and arm up a path under a rose arbor. It was night time and they had come down to see the sky right side up and upside down in the pool before they went to bed. The one girl was taller and seemed more sure of herself. She held her head high. It was the other girl who leaned on her. The smaller one stopped, and she pulled her friend down on the grass next to her. She took a deep breath and as if the words took all her courage, as if the sentences had been rehearsed a hundred times before she said, "We're chums, aren't we, Al? And so, we can tell each other anything we want, can't we? Even if it's kind of horrid - about the other person." The taller girl turned around. "Of course, Liz," she answered.

The smaller, rounder one stood up, triumphant. "Come on and walk by the pool," she said, and then slowly she added. "It takes lots of nerve to say this to you, Aline, but it's true - and we are chums. The trouble with you is that you're conceited. You have all the

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Friday, December 7, 1928

offices at school, and your directing the play, and all that, and I suppose its not all your fault Miss Purington kinda talks you into being important." She paused. Aline was silent, but she had loosened her grip on the other girls hand. "Well, you think you're popular - and you are because people want to sit next to you and be seen with you and that sort of thing, but do you know why - it's because they're afraid of you. There - I've said it, and don't be sore, Al dear, it's only 'cause we are chums that I can warn you. "Are you afraid of me, Liz?" Aline asked in a voice of calm evenness. Liz's [strike through] little [strike through] round, merry face clouded for a moment. "Oh, Al, how can you," and her words tumbled in the air, "I'm crazy about you, because I know you, and I know how darling you are. It's just that all this business has gone to your head. See?" Aline did see. And she never forgot.

Saturday, December 8, 1928

Props-(?)

She went there for the first time with her brother. They parked the car in the little alley and walked in through the wooden gate to the small house in which John lived, behind the larger one of the Manchesters. Old Jim Manchester and his wife were asleep in the darkened house, and even the lazy, mongrel watchdog had surrendered his vigil. But there was a lamp alive in John's bungalow and so they walked in. John was sitting in the one large chair, and the book on his lap was closed. She smiled at him as they went through the usual introductions, and she pulled off her hat, and she fixed the dip in her hair in front of a mirror, and she sat down on the sofa. And while they talked and she told them all about the New York she had left, and while she flung about quite flippantly her dislike for the West and her amusement at its childishness she looked at John. He had charm, certainly, she decided, in spite of his ugliness, — or was it really ugliness? His features were all large, the mouth with its narrow frame of thin lips, and his straight nose, and his eyes, enlarged perhaps by the round glasses he wore. His hair, thin and fine, went straight back, receding from a broad
Sunday, December 9, 1928

Props?

Expans of forehead. He was not as attractive looking as her brother, she discovered. His humor was a malicious kind. But she liked him, and when they walked through the wooden gate again she told Charles she wanted to see John again. "He never goes out," Charles told her, "because he hasn't much money and because he's lazy. Everyone comes to see him, except when he can be persuaded to go swimming." She turned to her brother, "Is that often?" she asked. Charles laughed. "It will be now," because he's dieting and exercising. He's decided to get thin — to be "Body Beautiful Entrant." They both laughed then, and Charles drove her up to her hotel and then went home.

When she saw him again it was in the pseudo garden in front of his house. A large fig tree, full of the rich purple colored fruit was generous in its spread of branches, and mingled with the palm on the other side. With a few chairs and the squat green table the garden became a cool and restful place for conversation late in the evening. She had been to the movies with her family and then she and Charles decided to visit John. He was glad to see them. He told them about his

Monday, December 10, 1928

Props?

diet — only vegetable salad with mineral oil dressing and perhaps a slice of watermelon or two in between. And then he told them about the iodine treatment for his hair, which was, and he stoked it, becoming sparse. Charles listened with the expression of a sailor who, passing a coast line he has seen so often before, listened to the enthusiasm of some avid traveller. She listened, too, and when John had finished she asked, without looking up from the cigarette she was tapping on her thumb-nail, "Why, John? Why all the trouble? Why so seriously?" John was sincere in his answer, "I want to have a nice body -- That's one thing they can't take away from me." Later she remembered his last sentence "They can't take away from me."

It became a habit to go and sit with John after the first part of the evening. Sometimes he would be working on his new play. Sometimes he would be reading. Occasionally some other person was there. The little talks were always pleasant, superficial conversations, in which one either never thought of piercing the surface, or one was afraid to. As time went on she [?] what "they had taken from John." There had,
of course been a woman, but it had been the usual and natural adoration of a young man for an older woman, and the scar, for John insisted there was one, had never been deep, was surely healed and faded now. But there had been other things, too, ideas for plays, titles - his self respect when the last play had run for only two weeks - his money. His struggle had made him lose the frothy sense of humor that Charles, for instance, had. These things lost their weight in her eyes, but to John they were tremendously important. He wanted something permanent. His whole house showed it. The books he had treasured as a boy were still in the book-case. His first manuscript was in a large and dusty box. The very fact that this belonged to him, had been his long enough to get dusty and broken, and yet be useful, was important to John. He had become lazy, lately. The play he was working on now was not half done and it had taken him a longer time than any of the others. It seemed silly almost to her that now he should turn to his body, that he should work to be able to pride himself on his broad shoulders and muscular arms, but she could understand.

As time went on and their visits became as usual as the routine of meals she came to know John better and to like him. All her life she had liked people who needed something which she could give them. It sounded stilted and unreal when she said that to herself now, but it had been true. Her sympathy and understanding had always won people's affections for her, had given her power over them, and it was only people for whom she was necessary who attracted her. She thought of John now. He was making an idiot of himself with his dieting and so on. He was childish in the serious way he thought of himself. That evening when she and John were walking over to wake up Mr. Manchester's dog she told him how foolish he was. John looked down at her through the roundness of his glasses and he said a little tiredly, "I've got to have something to think about - something to lean on - something that will be permanent." She slipped her arm through his. "Me, for a change, John?" she asked. And John took her hand.

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Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
They were silly sometimes - laughed into the sky, and wondered if the “seven maids with seven mops sweeping up the beach for half a year” could really make it clear. But often they talked seriously. She learned a great deal about John. Soon he told her everything. She was tremendously happy. She was indispensable to him. She gave him courage, enthusiasm, happiness. She gained from this a supreme sense of power, and her hunger for adoration was appeased.

One evening, later in the summer, she asked Charles [strikethrough] to take her home after their foursome of dinner-dancing. [strikethrough] It was the first evening they had not gone to John’s, at least for half an hour. Charles asked her why, and she said simply. And Charles did not argue with her. When she had turned out the lights and pulled the blankets down and tucked her left arm up under the pillow she thought about John. She knew, and she felt ashamed of herself for admitting it, that he bored her. She had made him so absolutely dependant on her, that he had become a mere robot, a machine stripped of emotions and ideas, a play toy, a [strikethrough] silent dog who sits at his masters feet on a satin cushion, and does not complain of his hunger or his want of exercise as his [?] strokes his head. She shuddered a little, and she would be going east soon - making her escape.

And John, sitting at the old walnut desk in his room, was pondering at the calendar where a black circle inked the day she was to leave Santa Monica. Four days more. [strikethrough] Slowly, [strikethrough] as a man walks hesitantly into a court room to have some discus [strikethrough] he reached for a [strikethrough] large [strikethrough] thick black pencil on his desk. He drew a circle around a date several weeks back, and he sat back in his chair exhausted. That was the date, he thought, when Charle's sister had left. [strikethrough] But now, [strikethrough] That was the date in which a dominating person had entered his life, built a web around him and caught him there, so enchanted with [strikethrough] the rainbow colors of the webs strand that he had failed to see the furry spider inside. And yet - he felt the web still around him, and he knew he could not move, even among its pattern without her aid. He shuddered and walked out the
Saturday, December 15, 1928

1. Was [[scared?]] - understood.
2. Will get back
3. Why unhappy
   a. not believing in
   b. conflict
4. Incentive is happiness
5. Faith in yourself
   [[/strikethrough]]

into the thick blackness of the night.
Wednesday, December 19, 1928

Full Moon at Panama Miraflores Locks

The moon was full over Panama. The moon was the richest gold of any September moon; this moon and it leaned back into the solid black sky in such a way that the yellow lustre dissolved in the quiet water of the Miraflores Locks.

Along the edges of the cut, on the thin strip of cement and the even line of black cable cogs, were the tall two-armed light lamp-posts. But the light from the bulbs seemed weak, so brilliant was the moon.

The great gates, which in day time, regulated trade and ships and commerce, great cargoes, were quiet now. The gates, which, with such great assurance and power and perfection of rhythm stopped the stream of ships, were now folded silently into the walls.

Still, and with a curve of repose, the gigantic chain of tremendous links (of stupendous strength) was stretched across the water. The rust upon it looked blood-red in the moon-light.

The intense silence and quiet simplicity made the locks seem unreal and dead. Only the sphere of radiance in the darkness was alive.
Smithsonian Institution Transcription Center, Archives of American Art

Aline Bernstein
Aline Bernstein
Aline Bernstein
Aline Bernstein
Alin

[[sketches of horses and scribbles]]

[[crossed out]] A = 100  100 [[end cross]]
A- 97.5
B+ 92.5
B 87.5
B- = 82.5
C+ = 77.5
C = 72.5
C- = 67.5
D

Swam
Swam
Swam

Counting-House Calendar.
1929.
[[image of the calendar for 1929, with circles around the dates 23, 25, 27-29 August, 23 September, 9 October, 25 December, 4 January 1930]]

Aline Saarinen's Diary, 1928
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers
Extracted Apr-14-2020 01:10:27
Oct. 14th 1934

Of course he doesn’t care very much about me, she thought, as they stood in the room with all the others, hanging the photographs for the exhibition. But I do love him very much. Since he has come in the room is active, and all the ineffectual people standing around are being forced to move and act. He has carried a whole pile of gold brass hooks over to the pictures, and he is fitting them into the new white wall. He is spacing them carefully. He knows how it should have been done. He is alive. He is active, and he looks dear today. The black sweater and those horrid checked trousers. I should like to knit him a sweater, carefully, correctly, slowly, so that it would be just right, so that it would really fit, and she felt real tenderness for him, and she saw him standing there in the sweater she knit for him. And then on the floor she saw the photograph of Tonio Selwart, and it made her feel strange, and her stomach seemed to turn over in the peculiar way, and she all was drawn up into a little knot, and she blushed and she felt queer, and she hated someone for the first time. It was a perfectly simple, straightforward picture. He was sitting in a large comfortable chair looking down, a soft face, a handsome face without strength or hardness, soft blondish hair—about the color of her hair. And she wanted to look at it, and she turned away. And she thought of Joella’s remark—“Oh, yes— with Toni Selwart. Everybody knows. He’s supposed to be all over it now.” And she heard her Mother’s remark. “Do people really get over it? Nijinsky?” And she thought of his stories about the car and Tonio’s little mother in Austria. And of the night in Guadalajara when they saw Count of Luxembourg and he told her repeatedly about the time he saw it in Stuttgart with Tonio. And of the postcard he was going to send Tonio. And of what he was thinking when he saw the picture of Tonio. And she went on hanging pictures in the newly painted gallery. And she felt a sudden sympathy for Lelia Barber, who stood there, majestic and beautiful, heroic, colorful, in pink and blue, who was also half in this group and half out, who liked...
him too. And she wondered if Leila knew about Toni. And she wondered if Leila cared that he had never made love to her. And she wanted very terribly to ask Leila. And every time someone mentioned the Selwart picture, wondering where to hang it she shuddered. And she heard them say it was an ugly picture, and she wanted to scream out he's an awful person. But she kept on hanging photographs of Andre Gide and Lily Pons. And finally the Selwart picture was left alone on the floor, far away from the few others that still remained to be hung. And she took it up, with the horrible fascination with which one matches a doctor dressing one's own wound, and she turned to him and she said, “Where does—[underline]he[/underline] go?” because she couldn’t mention “[Tony’s]” “[strike]his[/strike]” name. And he walked away. And so she asked George Lynes. And he didn’t hear, so she held it up and she finally was able to pronounce his name. And George Lynes said, “Hang it way up toward the end. It’s awful” And still she wanted him to see her holding it, and so she said, “he’s facing the other way, so shouldn’t he go down there? 2 And George said no. So she hung it up. And she wanted to drop it, and have the glass break and scratch it, and pretend it was a mistake, and everyone would think that it was a mistake, except him, and he would know. He would know then that she knew about Tonio, and that she believed it, and that it didn’t make any difference. But she was afraid so she hung it carefully, and she left it there. And it’s there now. And later when they all went out to lunch and she went away she didn’t see him, she just saw a whole crowd of people going in the other direction, and so she walked back. And tears came into her eyes and she felt lonely and left out. And she kept hoping that he would miss her and wonder why she hadn’t been asked. But she knew that even if he had he’d never say anything and that he’d make herself believe he did notice and did care, always knowing he probably didn’t. Just knew in her heart of hearts that he didn’t. And she realized only vaguely, but still somewhat, what he had done to her life. And she loved him with a kind of sad feeling the, because there was no end and no solution to it all.
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