

Each is well-bound with a distinct paper: Rives, Ingres, Fabriano & Arches. And each has its distinctive marbled linen cover. Now right!



The energy of what the summer holds in store is already becoming manifest. Phonecalls & letters from west coast re: the co-ordination of readings & exhibits. A letter from Ruth in Wales re: her possible visit to America & a faint through Hopi hand with me. Shaw's recent visit, of course. That energy of "seeing" the Cosmos through our mutually-shared "C" eyes, our flavored madness, our quest to translate archetype-symbol-landscape into poem-paint-song & sculpture etc. Certainly I was given great input by our trek into the canyons around Navajo Mtn: Long, Dowitzhebiko, Tsegi, Keet Seel. The night in Hong Gyn, especially: I remember deep sexual crevasses of sheer brick-colored canyon walls - & the triangular - green black - cedars

below them. And - Oh - The sky - a translucent indigo sheet of glass all night long - moving in front & behind the red cliffs - loaded with stars, a neat red/blue penumbra created under the near-full moon



Thus, I would like to consider what I absorbed that night - as a theme for a future painting: "Night in Hong Canyon" - or "Night Above Dowitzhebiko." Cedars, cliffs, sky - & music.

Introduction

From the time when the first personal diaries we know of were written by Japanese court women in the tenth century, people have marked time, distance, sequence, and discoveries in their diaries. They have recorded indelible truth by creating maps that mark the milestones of geography and life itself, fixing experiences, thoughts, and feelings into the ink and onto the paper of protected volumes. Journals are compact and modest, yet they are vast and deep, containing the lives that keep them. And when diarists work drawings, doodles, decorations, and photographs in amidst the words describing a day's events, they greatly enhance the capture of that day. ❖ The union of text and illustration makes for journals that call to mind what words or pictures alone cannot entirely encapsulate. Vivid detail is the key to description, and drawings provide dimension often lost with words. Born of introspection and outward observance, illustration lends verisimilitude to the outrageous and unthinkable as well as the mundane. And with truth comes beauty: the pages of these resplendent journals become works of art, with style and composition. They are like priceless miniatures, focused and concentrated glimpses into times and places long past. ❖ Attempts to recover the past in large and general terms will not persuade anybody that it was lived by human beings. The past was lived by individuals, and their intimate diaries can be invaluable to historians, supplying the rich cinematic particulars of personal experience not otherwise available. Journals do not transcribe reality, but create an authentic common language with which we understand each other's lives. ❖ The last two hundred years have seen a growing flood of vernacular autobiography. The first flow was thanks to a general literacy, and blogs, social networking, and gossip columns have taken us to full torrent. These are all about individuals taking stock, telling stories, pursuing perspective, "following my fancy," as Paul Gauguin said of his writing, "following the moon." Our attempts to distill great quantities of information into a rich elixir of truth and meaning recall Virginia Woolf: "Nothing has really happened until it's been recorded." ❖ Non-diarists may cry "tedium" or invoke busy-ness. They may fear discovery or see their own lives as unworthy of careful observation or what others might call obsession. But people *do* keep journals for as many reasons as there are diarists. Writing can be a mechanism for coping with misfortune or hardship, a way to honor memory, a means of entertainment or exercise for the mind, an aid to concentration, or a haven for quietude and order.

Isaac Sherwood Halsey

MARCH 14–MARCH 15, 1850

Polished drawings of ships are a common addition to many nineteenth-century diaries. Often the drawing is on the frontispiece or endpaper of the diary and is the only illustration present in the volume. Frequently the draftsman appears not to have been the diarist. I imagine a sailor skilled with a pen who offered of an evening to draw a portrait of their vessel in the journals of passengers. But Isaac Halsey was the artist as well as the writer of this diary recounting his voyage at age twenty on the ship *Salem*, which set sail from New York to San Francisco in 1849. With his brother, uncle, and one hundred and fifty other members of the California Mutual Benefit Association of New York, Halsey purchased and outfitted the ship and spent seven months sailing down the coast of South America, around Cape Horn, and north to California, having succumbed to the “yellow fever” which caused them to leave “peaceful and valuable homes” to dig for gold. “Thank fortune,” there were also “Seven Ladies on board to throw around our dreary position a few rays of Sunshine.” Halsey subsequently worked as a miner in American Camp, Murphy’s Diggings, Mokelumne Hill, and Volcano, and as a storekeeper, a stereographic photographer, and finally as a dentist in Oakland. ❖ The original diary is frayed, brittle, and coverless and is missing the pages bearing the entries between March 13 and October 10, but at some point Halsey began the task of copying the diary into another volume. Shown is the recopied version with entries for the third and fourth day of the voyage, when Halsey fears he must “suspend writing till I get well, for this Sea Sickness is, oh! so horrible.” By March 17 he is feeling well enough to enjoy the “ladies singing sacred music on the promenade deck” and to do “the whole routine of Housewifery—making beds, washing, mending, etc.” He writes dolefully, “What a blessing a good wife would be now!”

“When I came on deck this morning I found myself for the first time in my life out of sight of land, and nothing to rest the eye upon but the mighty waters around us, the wet clouds above us, an occasional sea gull flying to and fro, and our own floating island.” ”

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Ship Salem bound in
for the Port of Salobuana August 4th 1849

Names of the different sails, and the parts of the ship
No 1 Main sail, No 2 Main Top sail, No 3 Main Topgallensail,
No 4 Main Mast, 5 Mizzen, 6 Fore top sail, 7 Fore Topgallensail,
8 Stay sail, 9 Jib, 10 Fly Jib, 11 Spanker, 12 Mizzen Top sail,
13 Mizzen Topgallensail, 14 The Spanker peak, 15 The bit water,
16 The Bow Sprit, 17 Jib Boom, 18 Fly Jib Boom, 19 The Mastingsails.



ship, salem. Ahoah.

15

10

March 14th 1849

Latitude $37^{\circ} 40'$
Longitude $72^{\circ} 12'$

South East, SE ,
morning, I forced myself for the first
of land, and nothing to rest the eye
around us, the wet clouds, above us,
ing too and for, and our own little

day, it was quite manifest that many
bled with a painful nausea in the region
anything but agreeable, and told quite
meaning at last, would bring forth

March 15 1849

Latitude $37^{\circ} 00'$
Longitude $70^{\circ} 00'$

Pork, Beef, Potatoes, and Bread, are sent
us have made such commodities
confined to the narrow limits of a

think I must suspend writing till
I get well, for this sea sickness is, oh! so horrible, oh how fervent
and numerous have been our wishes that we were home again
and yet I confess I can hardly refrain from laughing at the sight
before me, fifteen or twenty poor creatures standing with their heads
extended over the sides of the ship, holding on to the latter with one
hand, and using the other to keep their heads from bursting
as they repeatedly strive to be generous by way of joining the wishes of the 12th
all sorts of foolish notions that the sea, from a low mean ship to a land
glean, besides all the cursing, and other deplorable scenes,

John Muir

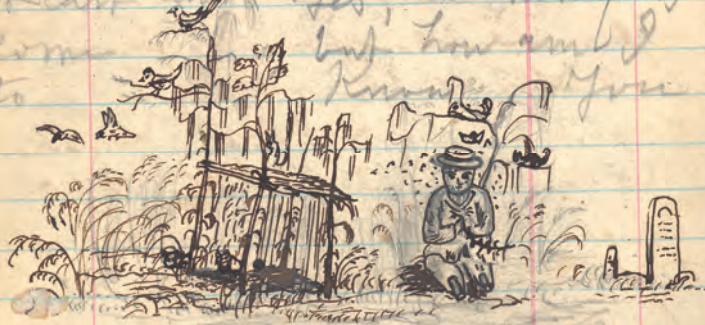
MID-JULY, 1879

“I went to see glaciers, etc.,” writes John Muir in 1879 while on the first of his seven trips to Alaska, but his diary tells of much more than ice flows. A diarist for forty-four years, Muir first wrote and drew pictures in a journal in 1867 as he tramped through the American South, including a self-portrait while camped among the graves in the Buenaventura Cemetery in Savannah. A young man off to see the world, he wrote on the flyleaf his name and address, “John Muir, Earth-Planet, Universe.” He generally used a dull pencil to write in his ever-present notebooks and often did not date his entries. He believed that he wrote more freely in his journals than when he was writing down his thoughts—“dead bone-heaps”—for publication, but felt that putting more of himself into the writing would “spoil their symmetry with mere trials and adventures.” ❖ Muir’s first trip to Alaska began on July 10, 1879, on the mail steamer *California* and was intended to be a month in duration, to solve the unanswered questions related to his theory of glaciation in the Sierra Nevada. But taking numerous side trips, entranced with the Alaskan summer days and the “small bare rocks like black dots, mere specks, punctuating the end of a grand, eloquent, on-swelling sentence of islands tree-laden; all reflected in mirror-blue water, forms and meaning doubled,” he repeatedly missed ships headed south and didn’t reach home for another six months. ❖ Muir’s writing is a jeweled chain of word pictures—“a tepid, drizzling, leaf-making day”—with scarcely a need for illustration, but he graces nearly every page with drawings that evoke the “finest and freshest landscape poetry on the face of the globe.” Already he sees that Alaska is in danger from exploitation. “The difficulty in the way of those who regard every uneaten and unsold

““ Our whistle-screams and cannon-shot awakened the boggy village, and down came a score or two of Indians and a half-dozen whites to the end of the wharf ere we were alongside. The Captain assured us we should find it a miserable place built in a swamp, no good thing about it or in it; only looked well to him over the stern of his ship when leaving it. ””

I had ere this sought for work in all the mills. I thought of setting out for the fields to pick cotton, or plant corn.

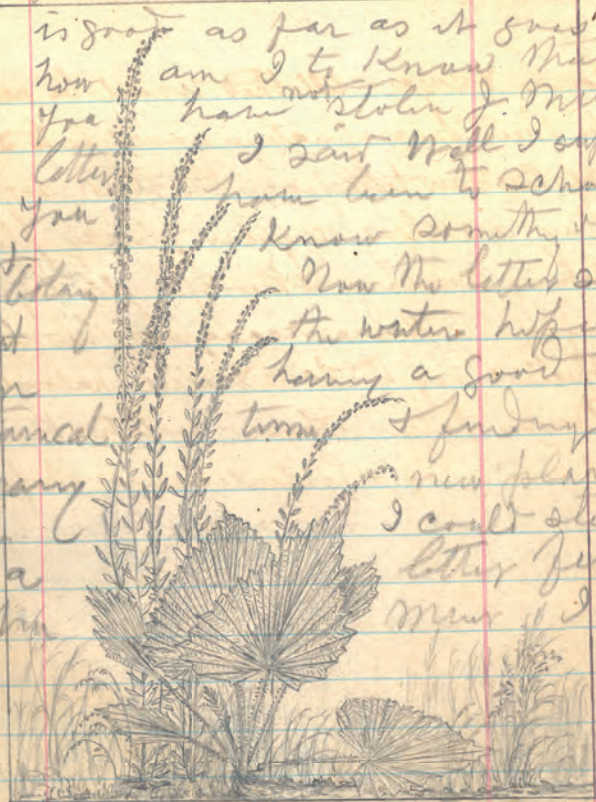
On the sixth day I bade a last farewell to Bonaventure & to all its glories, held a jubilee of bread & took passage in the steamer Sylvan Shore for Fernandina. & thus handsomely terminated my "marching through Georgia". The agent at last said, "Yes, the money has come but how am I to know if you



{My Bonaventure home} are John Muir, I saw I know nobody here to ask for me, but look at this letter telling how much is sent by whom & to whom he said yes that

goldenrods & dwarf palmettos. Florida.

77
is good as far as it goes for how am I to know that you have not stolen J. Muir's letter. I sent Will I suppose from here to school. You know something of it. Now the letter says in the water help with having a good time & finding many new plants as I could stick. I could stick a letter from you if I did.



{Saw Palmetto, & wand Sleds etc Southern Georgia & Florida ab.} not steal his botany. Try not.

This palmetto is very abundant in every moderately dry & open place in Florida preferring the "pine barrens". Sandy & shelly corals places. The leaves are perfect fans in

Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain)

JANUARY 4, 1879

When he was nineteen, Samuel Clemens first began carrying a notebook with him, entering “French lessons, phrenological information, miscellaneous observations, and reminders about errands to be performed.” The notebooks he would keep throughout his life followed this same random form. He used them to record ideas and notes when he was a newspaper correspondent and later as fodder and inspiration for his longer literary works, many of which were travel books. “It is a troublesome thing for a lazy man to take notes, and so I used to try in my young days to pack my impressions in my head. But that can’t be done satisfactorily, and so I went from that to another stage—that of making notes in a note-book. But I jotted them down in so skeleton a form that they did not bring back to me what it was I wanted them to furnish. Having discovered that defect, I have mended my ways a good deal in this respect, but still my notes are inadequate. However, there may be some advantage to the reader in this, since in the absence of notes imagination has often to supply the place of facts.” ❖ In Clemens’s seventeenth journal, he is traveling through Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, and England in 1878, with the rather unhappy intention of writing “the troublesome book,” *A Tramp Abroad*, but not enjoying it much. He characterizes the book as written “by one loafer for a brother loafer to read,” but he also avows that “I *hate* to travel, & I *hate* hotels, & I *hate* the opera, & I *hate* the Old Masters.” If, as Ralph Ellison wrote of Mark Twain, “He made it possible for many of us to find our own voices,” then Twain’s journals may be read as singing lessons.

❖ Miss Benfey said: “Very great singer,—one of our greatest—but hasn’t any voice these last 10 yrs—but he must sing once a year to keep his pension.” ❖❖

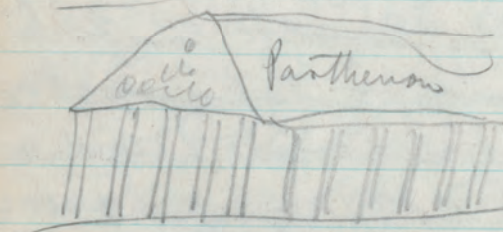
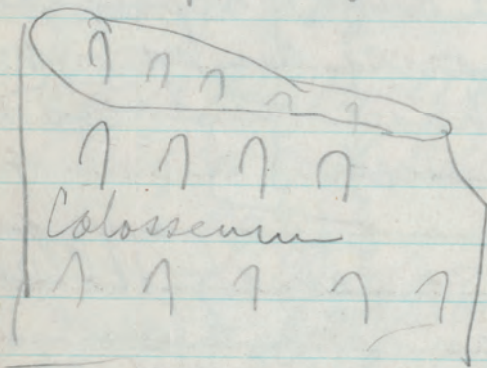


SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, QUARRY FARM STUDIO, 1874,
MARK TWAIN PAPERS AND PROJECT.

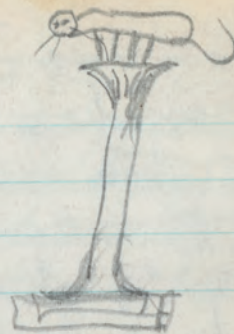
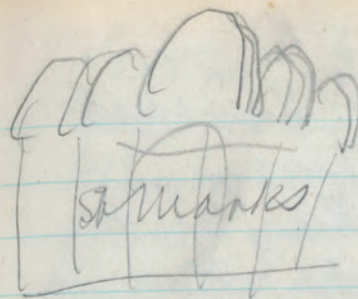
Threw in some oil
(Pennsylvania coal oil)

Say, I made a little
sketch, &c.

Washington & Delaware



Weidling Castle.
Grand Canal, Venice
San Marco & Square



LION of ST. MARK.

Miss Benfey said:
Niemann "is our best
singer but he has no
voice" — i.e. is a splendid
actor & once had a noble
voice. (Trouble with all of ^{them} here)

"Very great singer,
— one of our greatest —
but hasn't any voice
these last 10 yrs — but
he must sing once a
year to keep his pension"
"He not sing, he cry"

Mae Somers Peterson

MAY 21–MAY 23, 1891

“I came up from lunch today. Fannie was holding him in her arms—when he saw me he threw his arms up, gave a little spring, and made a little glad noise as though he were overjoyed to see me.”

Every page of a baby book or memory book is filled with wonder and amazement as each new developmental milestone is reached, each new tooth is spotted, and each wobbly adventurous step is taken. Each memory-book child is the sharp focus of a devoted parent, and is usually the firstborn. Each of them is astonishingly talented and exceptionally good—exactly as it should be. The diaries become treasured mementos of days soon forgotten in the blur and hustle of growing up. Baby F. Somers Peterson was named three months after his birth in 1891 after his father, Ferdinand, but was called Somers because “we do not want Old Ferd and Young Ferd.” In the diary, however, he is simply called Baby. The scion of an alliance of venerable and socially prominent San Francisco families, Baby was dressed in white fur-collared silk and white kid moccasins, and he learned to speak French from Pauline, his French nurse, but he began to crawl backwards and amused himself for hours with a simple rattle just like any little one. His mother, Mae, made short and infrequent entries in Baby’s book but when his little sister, Kate (Peterson Mailliard), was born in 1892, the entries ceased altogether. In fact, they ceased mid-word and mid-sentence: “Took the two children to spen...” So many occupations are begun with best intentions, but forgotten within three days—diets and diaries foremost among them. Mae Peterson wrote well past that third-day hurdle.



Hair cut off.

May 21st 91



His first Hair

May 22nd

He came over to Berkeley this afternoon to spend a week. When we arrived here Mama took the boy and began to talk to him and he laughed out loud for the first time. He laughed and laughed.

May 23rd

He took the eight thirty train for S. F. - The 9.30 for Fairfax. Had lunch at Mrs. Roys. The baby was exceptionally good all day.

attributed to *William E. Voigt*

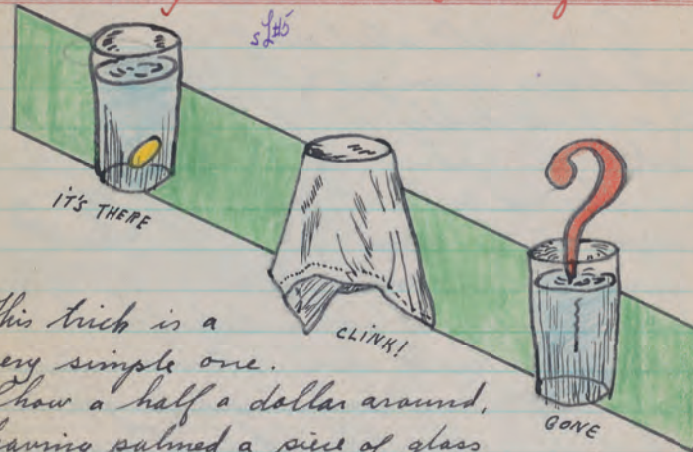
OCTOBER 7–OCTOBER 8, 1943

This beautifully illustrated key to magic tricks and sleight of hand, “Magic Book No. 1,” may or may not have been written as a journal and may or may not have been meticulously compiled by William E. Voigt. Containing the secrets to 575 feats of magic, the diary is a well-thumbed compendium that includes photographs and clippings about admired magicians of the writer’s day. As the entries progress in time, the tricks appear to progress in complexity and the tone of the writing becomes more instructional. A table of contents was appended at the end of the volume. ❖ Commercially produced blank diaries with names like Daily Record, Day by Day, and My Memoranda have been marketed for two hundred years and have provided a foundation and storehouse for thoughts, plans, records, and unvarnished me-ness.

“This trick is mostly for the amateur who is very inexperienced in palming. It consists of a coin, the size of a half dollar with a piece of light horse-hair attached—by a motion (circular) the coin swings to rear of hand....”

280
magibook
3

Thursday, October 7

280th day - 85 days follow
Holy Rosary13 Vanishing Coin From Glass of Water

This trick is a very simple one. Show a half a dollar around, having palmed a piece of glass the same size - palm real coin and put glass in hkf. let spectator hold hkf. by edge of coin over a glass of water and turn loose. Motion with wand. Coin is gone.

14 The Mystic Vanishing Coin

This trick is mostly for the amateur who is very inexperienced in palming. It consists of a coin, the size of a half dollar with a piece of light horse-hair attached - by a motion (circular) the coin swings to rear of hand.

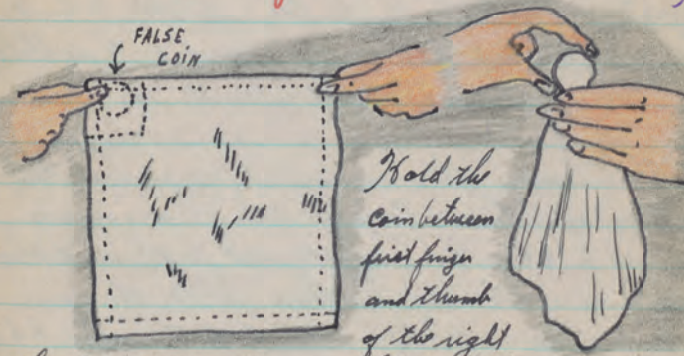
Friday, October 8

281st day - 84 days follow

Another Good Coin Illusion 15

Hold a coin between the first and second fingers of the right hand and with your left you act as though you strip the coin out of your right hand, but really you bend in the fingers and deposit the coin between the thumb and edge of palm edgewise (Can be made to appear in like manner) A coin in this position may be brought out from anywhere.

The Vanishing and Reappearing Half Dollar 16



Hold the coin between first finger and thumb of the right hand, and place it under hkf. - Palm it and grab the one in lining. Now with left hand hold hkf. by the coin in hem and put your hand in Spectator's shoulder, as you do this - drop coin in his pocket. Carry on trick in any manner you like.

Daniel Abdal-Hayy Moore

JANUARY 24, 1960

Sometimes called the poet laureate of American Islam, Oakland-born Daniel Moore was nineteen when he began keeping the first of many elaborately illuminated journals. He used his diaries as sourcebooks and as an ordering process for his writing, and they contain first drafts of much of his work, profusely illustrated with sketches and caricatures, letters, images clipped from magazines, postcards, and always poetry. In 1960, he filled the pages with sensations of chaos, feelings of angst and isolation, acute sensory perceptions, and the pain and fear of inertia, making a haven for his struggling spirit, working his way through the mire toward creative expression. His first book of poems, *Dawn Visions*, was published by Lawrence Ferlinghetti of City Lights Books four years later. Director of the Floating Lotus Magic Opera Company in Berkeley from 1966 to 1969, Moore experimented with ritual theater and dramatic poetry in productions such as “The Walls Are Running Blood” and “Bliss Apocalypse,” held at the overgrown John Hinkel Park in north Berkeley. After traveling the world in his study of mystical Islam he settled in Philadelphia, eventually compiling over fifty manuscripts of poetry. In the late 1990s he revived his theatrical projects in creating the Floating Lotus Magic Puppet Theater, and he continues to give many poetry readings, often accompanying himself on a zither. His pursuit of spangled creative expression has never flagged.



DANIEL MOORE AS DEMON, 1968. PHOTOGRAPH
BY BARRY OLIVIER, PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE
FLOATING LOTUS MAGIC OPERA COMPANY.

JAN 24*
1960

the poet as a juggling aerialist
withstands by balancing
himself
and balancing his burdens
which others in blue costumes
might carry

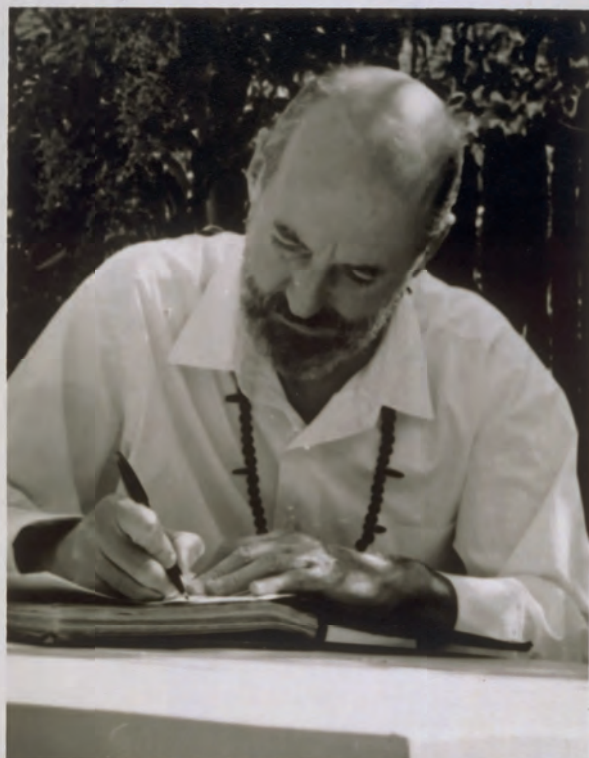
and all
swags on the rope
across
the gorge whose mouth
gapes
yawns
the poet steps through
these apprehensive poses

noting the faces
from his mute audience
of stars.

the poet seen as a juggling aerialist.

I am at last working on a novella. It will not be very successful, for the vision I am clothing by writing it is one of the imagination, feeling; not true, not real... But can I make this imaginative cloth, by weaving it with real thread, as real as sitting heavy in a chair, or running in the sun? Can I make illusion real, reality illusion, but so combine the two into one indivisible unity that it will achieve power and truth? Is this my task....? I fear plunging into situations which I have only hinted at in my field of experience, yet the vision is powerful and I wonder if I can drag it off without completing it through the writing... In it will be characters I know, characters I will probe until they are revealed to me, so that their speech, thought, physical realities will be shown in round form. There is an idea, one of the senses, which I feel I must clasp down on paper - It is a slow process - I am terribly unsure about it. It will be filled with mosaic episodes which fit and mesh in a seeming haphazard fashion - it will be passionate, but laconic I hope, strenuous ambiguity which will make dizziness, cabalistic unfoldings - I am blathering.

“It will be filled with mosaic episodes which fit and mesh in a seeming haphazard fashion—it will be passionate, but laconic I hope, strenuous ambiguity which will make dizziness, cabalistic unfoldings—I am blathering.”



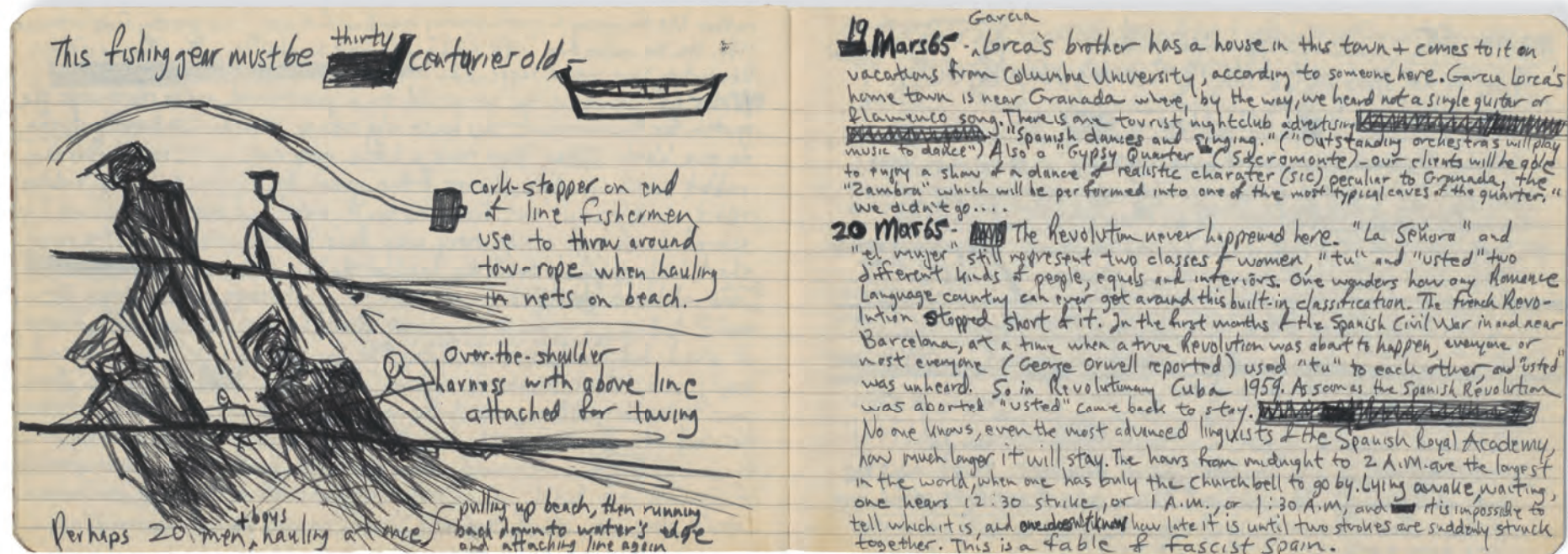
LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI, UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA,
OCTOBER 1967, BANCROFT PORTRAIT COLLECTION.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

MARCH 19–MARCH 20, 1965

Lawrence Ferlinghetti: poet, editor, publisher, grand doyen and defender of the Beat poetry tradition, and founder of the iconic City Lights Books—in the words of Malcolm Margolin, “a cultural institution disguised as a business”—on the corner of Columbus and Broadway in San Francisco.

❖ In 1965 Ferlinghetti and his family lived for a couple of months in Nerja, in southwestern Spain near Seville. While there he read Orwell’s *Homage to Catalonia* and Ezra Pound’s poetry, studied Chinese pictographs, and observed “men with Goya faces, especially in the night streets and dim-lit bars.” A man of anti-authoritarian politics, Ferlinghetti was a keen and rankled observer of post-Spanish Civil War society. His journal pages are filled with political reveries and diatribes, commentary about the state of writing and publishing during Franco’s regime, and a discourse on Spanish *papel sanitario* inspired by a dark little store on the Calle de Generalísimo Francisco Franco, which appeared to sell nothing but toilet paper in variety and profusion.



“ 21 Mar 65—I suppose generations of Spanish writers as well as Cervantes have tried to describe the sound of a burro's bellow. And unsuccessfully. It is a strangely human sound for such a loud if not raucous bellow. It has a sensitive tone, sometimes plaintive, sometimes angry or upset or impatient. It sounds most like a big hollow coal shuttle being opened and scraped with a heavy coal shovel or being shaken by its grate. At other times it's more like a huge wooden farm door being opened on loudly groaning hinges, the wood a thousand years old. Other times it sounds like a big man in a cave drunkenly trying to holler thru a bullhorn after having lost his voice. Other times it's a bull about to die, after being enraged and stuck by a bullfighter a las cinco de la tarde...I believe it is the voice of the Spanish people. ”

Ayako Miyawaki

JUNE 20, 1979

Born in 1905 in Tokyo, Ayako Miyawaki began keeping her unique journals in 1945 when her children had grown out of their babyhood and left her with time to consider how she wanted to mark her days. Using traditional homespun and well-worn fabric, easily available in the poverty of postwar Japan, she adorned each diary entry with a sketched, sewn, or collaged illustration of the

everyday objects in her world—plants in the small garden, food brought home from the market, insects, and most frequently, the fish that would later grace the dinner plate. She created a warm, loving, and industrious household with her painter husband, Haru, and would kneel in her second-story room or below by the garden, drawing, painting or assembling her daily diary entries and other appliquéd works of art—“needle art,” she called it—from scraps pulled out of old baskets and dark wood chests under the staircase, noticing and giving life to the small lovely common things around her. The featured object

rarely stands alone, but is accompanied by a story of its origin or travels—a leek is a gift of Gen-san that suffered from too long a stay in plastic. The Zatsugas brought her a long-legged crab and multicolored squashes from their farm. The praying mantis she

caught wouldn't stay still long enough for her to draw it, until she released it from the jar. Roots and the dirt still clinging to them, onions gone to seed, silvery dried fish in rice straw wrapping—the homely things that make a day, that speak volumes.

The Spinach that Blossomed in the Refrigerator. I can't seem to work these days. But in consolation, my house gets more and more organized with each day. Today I cleaned out the refrigerator. Scraping the ice was most troublesome. While cleaning, I thought about how I always had someone else do such tedious chores for me, and that it was a long time since I had such a good look at my own refrigerator. I felt slightly embarrassed that I was having someone else do my dirty work. But I also realized that concentrating on cleaning might be good for my health. People often tell me that I look healthy. But the fact that I can't work makes me sad.

*Courtesy of Miyawaki Mihoko-san and the Toyota Museum of Art,
Tōyota, Japan.*







“*White Thorn—On the road to shelter are:
the deer in the sun eating sproutings after
the rain; the freaks wild hair behind huge
Metro steering wheels on winding curves
with the snowy peaks out of lavender mists
behind, always behind.*”

John Brandi

1973– 1981

John Brandi was encouraged to sketch and write about what he saw and felt at a young age, when his parents gave him a box of paints to take along on road trips through the California landscape. A painter, essayist, teacher, letterpress printer, self-described “open roader,” and itinerant poet, Brandi has traveled throughout the world but calls northern New Mexico home. Fellow poet and publisher Ward Abbott wrote that he “has given us the music of his inner world mixed with his clear-eyed observations of the outer world.” Brandi’s diaries exemplify this elixir—conversations in which both sides of the dialogue are his own, an internal cosmology, with observations of the local marketplace. Well over a hundred of his illustrated diaries document his dreamscapes, the alternately rocky and sublime terrain of his relationships, maps of himself, and the corporeal landscapes of his different sojourns, all inhabited by fish and antlered deer under magnificent weatherscapes. He delights in his vibrant colors and good paper. Each page is a work of art traversed by words in different inks in loops and slopes, intertwined with drawings, decorative borders, collage, clippings, postage stamps, tarot cards, dragonfly wings, language lessons, postcards, tickets, and an occasional hamburger wrapper. ❖ Dream diaries are a special type of journal that is dramatically enhanced by drawings of imaginary worlds. Brandi’s narration of his dreamlands is as vivid as his telling of the aromatic red canyons populated by the Russian olive trees of his New Mexico home. Sir Joshua Reynolds replied, “With brains,” when asked, “With what do you mix your colors, sir?” Brandi’s paintings on these pages suggest a different answer: “I mix them with my heart.”

21.10.73 after the
at end of Pat's
dream of
hija in

vernal equinox
- a hawk
+ rain

S: K

LYING
RAIN
OVER A
RAIN
Palm

AUND
CLOUD
SUNS
Rivers
Flow

TRIPS
Palm
Trees &
everywhere

05.11.13 PM

behind. The church with the 'one way' signs
saves sign pointing to heaven, Jesus
Andrea gobbling in the lockseat and
Giovanna asking "Do these people drink
cars?" Rod says, as the road drink
into dirt, "We are here somewhere else to go"
no hindrance to one's road drink
upment, no resistance but we know
spiritual growth: personal devel-
place. to one's place.





August 16
 Thaki left for Hawaii today. I
 wanted to draw his face before
 he left but there was no time.
 I don't think he'll be back for
 a very long time. He's gone
 from me and from the way
 it was and I miss him.
 There is something quite final
 about his leaving.

This lantern blossom was cut
 when we mowed & cleaned
 up the yard this afternoon.
 I made several sints of pesto,
 too, from basil from the
 Vegetable Patch. A big box
 of basil. And peaches, okra,
 melons: the good stuff of
 high summer.

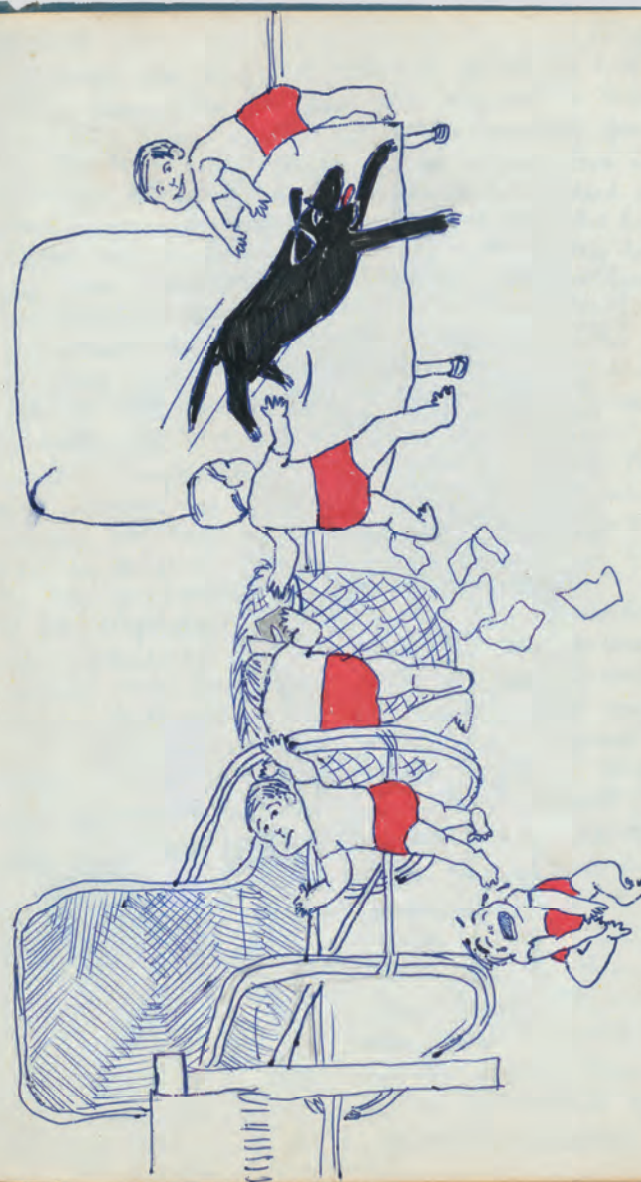
I washed sheets and towels
 and cleaned up the traces of
 my son. Coils of two
 countries, a needle for the
 ball pump, unsold text-
 books, dirty clothes, crum-
 pled gift wrap from an ad-
 mirer.

I feel a heavy and per-
 plexed sadness as if I forgot
 to do something necessary
 and important, and now
 it's too late.

About the Author

An inveterate diarist since childhood, Susan Snyder worked as a teacher, illustrator, and Japanese language interpreter before becoming head of public services at The Bancroft Library at the University of California, Berkeley. She is the author of *Bear in Mind: The California Grizzly* and *Past Tents: The Way We Camped*, and coauthor of *Everyday Dogs*.

There's a mule in our midst these days — Cava has begun to bray. Very impressive: her Lady-Macbeth-examination of her hands accompanied by mule sounds. All her time is spent on standing up but she hasn't yet learned that there are sturdy props and improper props and the problem is to distinguish between the 2. Still, she's very agile and hasn't spilled herself stiff-legged from the heights of upright yet. The bookcases have been discovered, as have the joy + wonder of disembowelling them, which is fine with me as long as the books remain reasonably whole + dry. But why is it that she has the most interest in the book I'm holding, when there's a pile of bright Times for her; in the newspaper Tim's reading when he sets aside all the supermarket ads for her; in the piece of clothing I'm folding when I'm willing to give her any + all of the unfolded ones? There has been a quiet development that strikes me as wonderful — Cava drops a piece of bread, it falls out of sight, perhaps under her leg, and so she looks for it — marvelous! And, yeah, her meals are like that — beggar's banquets. Lunch is strictly help yourself — and typically, today's spot of diced potato became mashed + molded onto her head like a British jurist's wig. April 20



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