

Carbon

Copies of letters to Lamm & Kline,
Mairght, Janet. October 2000 to May 2001
also copies of 'Ozymandias' by Shelley &
"Hush Suzanne. Don't lift your cup." by Ian Somerhalder
Hard to keep in pad, because they have separated
from perforated top of page.

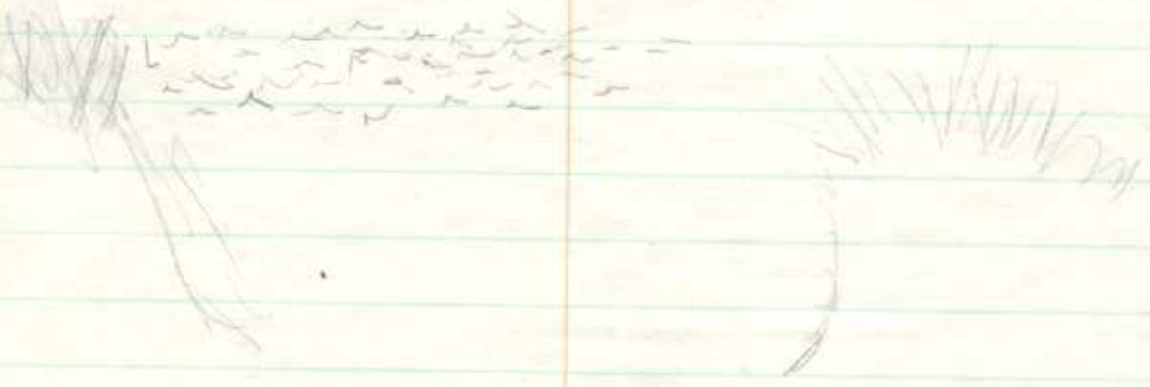
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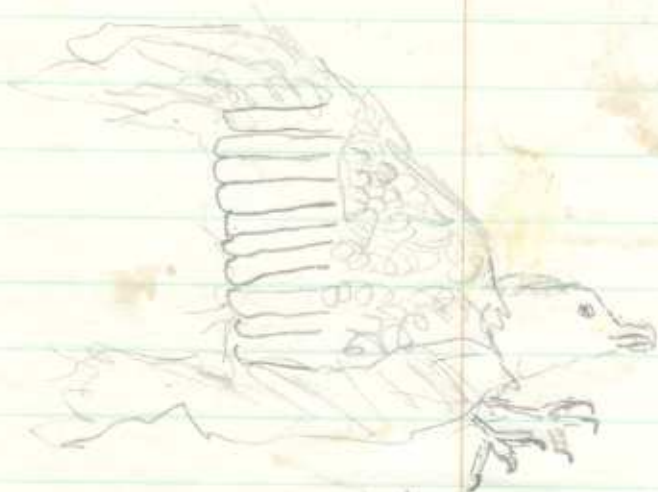


Oct 1999 - Jan 2000
copies, rough drafts of letters



Sketch by
Nathaniel





Bald Eagle



Pennies

Find - It Tray

Wed Dec 15

Breakfast

Lunches

✓ 832 Find B's jacket

Laundry -

Beds.

Get veggie bags / Toasting bread

Turn up sup.

? Make cocoa ??

Get Apples!

Library
list

Supper:

Rice / gravy chicken
beans

Sat Oct 23, 1999

Dear Laura & Klemens,

Jochen came over about 10-15 min after my arrival. He went downstairs and stayed with Benjamin & Leah while they watched video, evidently one about the battle of Lexington. When they all three came up about 9:20, Jochen said he thought it was a terrible thing for children (anyone?) to watch. We were all startled by the intensity of his feeling. He asked Beny to promise "never to watch it again." Beny cried. Jochen said it was "brutalizing."
~~I told Jochen that~~

I told Jochen that such experiences did not perhaps have the same effect on a child as on a sensitive adult.

Leah briskly put on her pyjamas and went to bed with bottle and reaching for Madeline. Beny went to bed, said he did not want me to read to him.

Rebekah who had had herbal tea with me (after tears) ~~what~~ and then read for her book went was also startled.

Jan. 6, 2000

Dear Laura,

The new UNICEF calendar arrived today. I have enjoyed looking through it and found so many remarkable pictures. Like the gateway picture on this card (one that Mother gave me many years ago) I enjoy perspectives of space and time. I like to look across fields to the distant mountains, like the (?) Indian boy on the May/June page in a field of (?) cornucopia. I also enjoy the hard-working shepherd boys, the wary schoolchildren in Mozambique, Japan, Poland.

What a splendid range of places, seasons, clothing. It is good to be reminded that we don't all look like the sleek, comfy people of Lands End & L.L. Bean.

Dear Mr. Papa

Thank you for the basket of spring ~~blooming~~
bulbs from Jackson & Perkins. It was ^{carefully}
intelligently packed and arrived in perfect condition
with a couple of bulb tips ^{emerging from casings} ~~showing just above the~~
soil surface. Now some of the tips ^{the} ~~green~~ ^{reach} ~~are~~ ^{are} almost ~~at~~ the top of
the ~~handle of~~ the substantial basket's handle.
~~We visit it several times a day when~~
~~it is on my kitchen counter.~~

promising a very early spring on our kitchen
counter.

We look forward to seeing you ~~soon~~
in a few ^{days} ~~the far east~~ just before your trip
to Thailand, Hong Kong and Thailand.
With best wishes for ~~the~~ a happy
& healthy New Year,

Sincerely

Ernst & Margaret Meyer

To Alex,

beneficial paradox of letter, that it defines the writer's experience for himself. This having gotten ~~a~~ somewhat discouraged, asking for help. I find that I'm getting along pretty well, adapting to a degree of loneliness, which varies from time to time.

Summary with seniors: ~~some~~ most of them know each other by name
Walking at night ~~members~~ go to Senior Center, trips etc.
One other lady who swims laps speaks to me
The closest thing ~~is~~ to a group of friends
on the penitentiary

11 6 00

Dear Margrit.

I don't telephone much because I don't think that we have a secure basis of ^{acceptance} ~~understanding~~ on which to discuss ~~the~~ few things that are really important to me. However, I enclose a written sample of some of them. ^{copies of poems enclosed.}

One week ago, when Klemens came home early - before Laura - Leah recited for him, standing in front of the living room window, joining Klemens and Benjamin on the couch, Edward Lewis "The Owl and the Poet", Xerox copy enclosed. It's a beautiful poem, not simply a mimed one, and she spoke it simply with clear enunciation, and no overacting. Then she tried to do it again. Nathaniel, perhaps desperate to understand the magic, looked over her shoulder at the little picture book, and interrupted her to point out that she was looking at the wrong picture as she spoke the lines. The ^{charm} ~~charm~~ was broken, Klemens threw the little book that he had been reading to Benjamin at Nathaniel. Nathaniel ran to the Big Bedroom, Benjamin ~~leapt~~ howled, Leah cried. Laura arrived. You asked about tartarins. I don't remember any

11-06-00②

Others except those that have occurred with this sort of trigger.

Later I told Klenew that he should not expect ever again to hear Leah recite this poem so well. Self-consciousness, the desire for applause will set the stage - even if there should be no agent provocateurs.

But I'll go ahead and teach more poems. I find that the very best way is to recite the poem myself, which puts a heavy burden on my aging memory. I am still struggling to master Edmund Spenser's "Out of the ^{wood} ~~night~~ (enclench)", which I ^{had chosen} ~~chose~~ for Nathaniel on account of the trumpets. Now that I know it pretty well, I realize ^{that} ~~how~~ essentially it reflects an adult experience. So I'll try again with another poem. Nathaniel, Bong and Leah all love "The Terray Gopher"; and Leah and I are also working on Francis Compton's "Night Song".

Last week I spent 29 hrs in child care. I expect it will be much less this week.

I find, as I have always known, that the effort to memorize a poem ~~is~~ is a valuable experience. The original copies were written out from memory. Ozymandias got indistinct when I fell ~~as~~ asleep, pen in hand.
has merged

11-06-00
11:30 pm

Dear Margaret,

A second letter in the same day! Well, I have a number of topics on which I should touch since they have been on my mind for ~~so~~ many months.

One of the activities that I undertook recently was to search through a box of old photographs. Very few of our photographs have been mounted. As I did so, I realized that I really should find time to put on them or within them - sometimes identifying the persons shown and what I remember about the places and scenes. There were two events that started i.e. on the photograph search. One was a letter from Alex describing what he saw - and what he remembered - when he made a visit to the house at 5321 Bayview St. in Germantown, ~~where~~ ^{to which} we moved when Peter McP. was born in 1936. I was 12 years old so he would have been 8. He & Winnie - and all their children - were invited to stay there on the occasion of Charlie McPhedran's wedding last Spring - which I did not attend. Alex's letter was so detailed, so evocative so filled with happy life - an interruption in his long period of intense mourning for Daniel McPhedran's death in February.

Later in the summer I had another reason to study childhood photographs. I decided in August to schedule an appointment with Dr. Ferrone because my condition seemed to be worse. I looked at old photographs in the weeks before my Sept 11 appointment, ~~looking~~^{searching} for clues in body posture, legs that might tell me whether my Knock Kneed Stance began in my very early years. I found no clear answer to this search for gross physical deformity, but I did find a lot of evidence of an isolated, introspective, morose child. Later when we visited Kinnarock, I looked at some of the snapshots of you and Jack and many other family members and acquaintances. You certainly didn't have a jolly time either. I'm not yet ready to prepare notes for my obituary, but I find it meaningful to look back to ^{the} dimly perceived past to figure out what life is all about. And I look more closely at the children next door, even the little strangers in the library. I try all the harder to make a meaningful contribution to the intellectual and emotional life of my over-busy grandchildren.

About my appointment with Dr. Ferrone I'll write to you some other time. There is ^{no} great change, nor do I contemplate the knee replacement ^{he} offered until I'm much worse. I am a little better because of regular use of the Nordic Track exercise machine. Five minutes

11-07-00

Dear Janet,

Jochen is I hope just finishing up with his patients for today and is probably very hungry, ^{he} might even eat a Waldorf salad such as Papa used to have for lunch - if I can get it ready before he gets out the toast & yogurt. What sort of apple was it that went into Papa's salad? Nowadays I would choose a Cortland because it stays white and I like the flavor. The enclosed ^{NY Times} article about the "Delicious" apple seems long overdue. For years I have been puzzled by all those hard, boring fruits in gift baskets, have tried to incorporate them into apple sauce and, regrettably, thrown away some of them. Right now my favorite apple is the Macoun, but I have not used it in fruit cups or apple salad.

Jochen's most jutting patient today was a Ham. Bus. School professor who paced up and down in my dining-room office complaining that the Republicans "have no idea how to manage this economy... and will be back where we were eight years ago."

Tonight I'm going to bed early - I hope - must go next door by 7:30 am before Laura leaves for work. Klenow takes a recertification exam in

beginning at 7¹⁵ am. My preparation for tomorrow
will be to refresh my memory - or sketch it -
with a poem or two for them. A week ago
Leah mastered - learned by heart - the whole of
"The Owl and the Dargent," which she
recited with style and clear enunciation.
As I told Klemens she will never
do it so ~~well~~ well again because she
will be afflicted by the wish to shut
off. will ham it up for her brothers.

We also have daffodils and other bulbs
to plant. I can still get down on the ground
- using a kneeling bench - and get up again!
but sometimes I get horrid cramps.

Love
Margaret

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert... Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Ozymandias by Shelley (1792-1822)

Last year I tried to teach Rebekah this poem.
She did not want to make the effort.
note 10/25/01

11-08-00

Dear Lucas & Klemens,

Ben to tell

I forgot to tell you that the little ^{right} that Ben bumped into - or swung that - is rolled up to the left of your bed's mirror. I did not want to conceal it.

Today I did confront the yellow belt when Ben used them to beat Nathaniel when he felt that Ben N was "cheating" in their ball game. I'd give them back to you or K when requested - not to the boys.

N. practiced piano for about 12 min. evidently did some homework when he retired tomorrow. Ben asked for help in another problem. Rob-Kah, very tired & king, napped ~~from~~ for about 1 3/4 hrs, would have slept longer if I had let her.

Lucas & I did not get out to plant. She wanted me to read to her. We had a good time.

Food problems: N. again complains that there is nothing to eat - that he likes, but what is that? Ben visited his candy bag at least once when I was in another room. Someone threw a kid yogurt container 3/4 full into the wastebasket with a teaspoon in it. N. thinks this very funny at this action is funny - and blames

but I doubt that Lain would throw away a yogurt while I'm around. She has learned that I feel strongly about this and replaces what she is not ready ^{to eat} on refig. shelf for later use.

I washed all the wet towels from bathroom floor and a few other items - but put away only ~~if~~ ~~a few~~ some towels and a couple of other items.

There was some interesting, agreeable play with Legos - which deteriorated into throwing.

174 School St

Box 1 10A 02478

Mon Nov 13, 2000

Dear Margrit,

I wonder ^{whether} ~~if~~ you have returned from your trip to the Outer Banks with Rose. I hope that you had some good weather, were able to walk on firm beaches, pick up sea treasures. Are there interesting birds to be seen? I wondered about you especially yesterday when during a few hours of mild, sunny weather Klemens, Jacoben and the three young children went down to Plum Island. Rebekah and I stayed at home so that she could complete her music practising and some of her homework. It was something of a triumph that the trip was made at all. It could something to a histrionic demonstration which I made after the children had refused to go to the beach because they wanted to go to the skating rink. Klemens in great disappointment retired to the parental bedroom to sort through a mountain of clean laundry while the younger children sat in the living room scolding Papa for being "mean", "angry" a "sportsnut", ruining this long-awaited chance to skate by his bad humor. Rebekah sat on the sidelines looking pained.

Inspired by the stupidity of their choice, I shouted, "I know what kind of Peppa you want! You want someone who says, 'Wonderful. I just love that noisy, ~~the~~ crowded place, where everyone goes round and round, and round, and round and the horrible, so-called music, plays louder and louder. Hurrah. I love it. I love it!" And I danced around, flung my arms in the air, really hammed it up. They were stunned, Sheepish.

In a few minutes they worked out a "compromise". They gathered their beach clothes, & put bread & peanut butter in a bag, and off they went, returning mid afternoon to go to the rink. In their absence, Rebekah asked me if I had ever acted in plays. This Wednesday, another "early release" day I have my own rink vigil to endure.

You asked me about my opportunities to see the trees, nature, in Belmont. I make the most of what is right here. From the third floor window of the addition I watched the pin oak change from green with flecks of Scarlet, to a deep red-brown. I can see quite a bit as I go a mile on the Nordic Track treadmill. There are also many beautiful shrubs & trees between here & the library which I am really seeing for the first time - see next page on "ham acting".

To console themselves on the trip - ^{to Plum Island} unable to ¹¹⁻¹³⁻²⁰⁰⁰ ⁽³⁾
solace themselves with my reading aloud - Leah, with
the support of Benjamin, prepared to take along a
Harry Potter tape, but they yielded pretty quickly
at an emphatic "No Way." I think that even
homer is fed up with these endless replays.

It all worked out very well. They loved
the new board walk access to the beach,
which I had described to them. They built
pyramids of wet sand. Nathaniel's 4th grade
project is the architecture & engineering of
pyramids - and they got their risk experience.

You asked me whether I had "enjoyed"
Eudora Welty's stories. Well, yes, in a way,
but not enough to over-~~come~~ them as Tochen had
suggested as an alternate to the nuisance of
having them mailed back when I left
them behind. The stories bring before me ^{people}
whom I can at best partially understand, but ^{with whom} I
not wish to share more than a few minutes of
my scarce time. I very strongly experience, on a
daily basis what Archibald MacLeish described in his
ballad "To his very mistress": "At my back I
always hear, Time winged chariot hurrying
near." I choose my reading carefully, spending
^{only} a few minutes on the library's newspapers with an
occasional glance at magazines.

Here is a sample of what I am reading:

W. To a meeting of a Belmont Senior book group.

The Country of the Pointed Firs by Sarah Orne Jewett
+ a biography of Jewett by F.O. Matthiessen.

For the next book group: Winesburg, Ohio by Sherwood
Anderson + biographical notes on the author.

Miscellaneous tree guides which I look at
autumn in Belmont. From my own shelves, a book

into which I often dip, A Species of Eternity by
Joseph Kertner - about American naturalists from
early colonial times to recent history. Paul West,

The Secret Lives of Words, about 300 pages on
the meaning & development of interesting words, e.g.
"humiliant": One who was too poor to use expensive
millions, probably often bluish and therefore used
humor or pork grease. ^{for remove strange makeup} I have a number of other

books of this kind, not to mention the dictionary, OED.
Also Paul West's vivid, painful memoir of his daughter:
Words for a Deaf Daughter, deaf and also
"exceptional".

And lots of poetry, much for myself and always
looking for what I can use as a sort of instantaneous
invitation for the children: lately also beautiful
editions of fairy tales - etc. Time for a walk
to P.O. & Library. At 1:00 I found out that I am
needed for 5-9³⁰ child care for B & L. I had to
ask to establish this fact. It told me about Rose &
Kamrach. It's not too late to look for Witch Hazel now.

The mouse in the Wainscot

Hush Suzanne!
Don't lift your cup.
That breath you heard
Is a mouse getting up.

As the mist that steams
From your milk as you sup.
So soft is the sound
Of a mouse getting up.

There did you hear
His feet pitter-patter
Lighter than tipping
Of beads on a platter,

Rebekah &
Lush like this

And then like a shower
On the window pane
The little feet, scampering
Back again,

O falling of feather!
O drift of a leaf!
The mouse in the wainscot
Is dropping asleep

Ian Serrailier

Dear Lamma,

2/08/01

see had

11:45

att.

not the IV
when he read
not till
to me.

Since Klemens had to leave at 7 am
I came to 178 at that hour.

(1) Nathaniel was invited to go home with
Picard. I believe he accepted -
Subject to returning home before 6 pm. Diane
said that she would call you later.

(2) N. Seem to assume that he will go home
to the Picardis; Diane says they do have a
together. ~~N~~ looked for his sweatpants. I
found them in rocking chair next to your bed.

(3) Such Alert! B said at 8¹⁵ that he
could not go to school: only one sock!

I found a pair in dryer-lead.

I picked up boys' clothes & put them with
soiled laundry - but thought some
pants on floor next to chest of
drawers might be clean.

I picked up 2 days' discarded clothes
in girls' room and put most of
it with soiled laundry.

(4) B & I made his bed. He wanted to do it.

(5) Yesterday & Today I watered all plants.

(6) Have you thought of suggesting to boys & Rebekah
that they join you in a letter to Mary?

At Sarah's widow. Both Nathaniel & Rebekah mentioned
the death & so of the wanted some closure. M.

Saturday 4-7-01

Dear Margaret,

I guess my note is now mostly irrelevant since I had reached conclusion that Laura would be happier to control food purchases. I also feel very uneasy about the whole enterprise, would like to plan as little as possible.

The weather here is very mild. Children were playing baseball in 178 backyard to Jock's discomfort, mine too, the big windows being so expensive and the boys so strong. The crocuses & snowdrops are in bloom. Leah is delighted and that enhances my pleasure in them. As Howard said "Jeffy Spruce is little room" and has ~~few~~ few I can count on - This one anyway.

See W. H. Haver for working notes, "magflow" p. 82.

If you can get down on ground to smell it!

Love Margaret

4.29.01 (2)

What is the expected effect of exposure to brilliant sunshine on poison ivy rash and on the physiology of a person using whatever medication you may be using?

Also watch out for poison ivy which may be growing behind dunes at Emerald Isle.

It was among the dunes of Plum Island that my ~~some time~~ ^{some time} office assistant got her bad case and was subsequently made quite ill by an overdose of prednisone.

Obviously I did not have time to leave any notes while I was hastily packing yesterday morning. I intended to inform you that I have taken back my former Concise Oxford English Dictionary.

It means far more to me than his schoolboy edition of Henry V. He purchased the dictionary July 3, 1915 when his home was still on Bloor St in Toronto. Later when we lived at 536 Leacock Ave in Germantown he bought the two volume Sturges Oxford Eng Dict. and often brought a volume to the dining table to look up a word. At that stage in my life "I didn't want to know that much" now I do. His zest for language, the poetry that he loved to quote is part of me.

[illegible]

55-01

Dear Janet.

I was glad to find you close to the telephone this morning without interrupting your exercises. I imagine the discipline must be good here which you find your difficult. interesting tasks.

Even if the North Fork machine were not this weekend moved on a stone more island in the midst of newly vacated floor, I doubt that I would have found my way to it this morning. My walk to the post office in a few minutes will be the exercise of the day with perhaps a brief excursion to the fish store and the film. I wish that you had that much of freedom and choice.

I am distressed that you do not have help from Gabrielle. I have been supplying myself to Sydney. At least Janet has that much help to report on.

Leah lives this jitting stationary. He now recognizes the nesting bird to He comes to drink at the pipe

Which still in our many thoughts
occasionally gushes with water pumped
from one of our basement sumps.

I did not find out what you
learned at Fitz's memorial service
about his later life. Perhaps you
can tell me more when I call
again.

I did reach Alex later in the
morning. Jackson seems to be a
complete source of delight, even
helping Alex to put his own physical
anxieties in focus. He said his prostate
source did not seem to advance, but
perhaps he would die of something else."

I'll not worry for my water now. There
are several gardens which I like to visit
on the way and a splendid little road that
I can drive around me if what we saw
all along route 21 on our road trip.
I can't find the massive landscape of trees
and flowers. Let I say it over with
some appreciation now. My little garden is a
mess, but it's working well.

~~Dear~~

Wednesday Jan 2001 ^{Note} not left

You need a U.N arbitrator & police force to manage rehearsal & practice time. e.g.

- ① R & B sat down at piano at same moment. R yielded to B, ~~B~~
- ② Nathaniel came & tried to shove B off piano bench. Finally N went up to parents bedroom to practice trumpet. This went well for 10 min
- ③ Then N stood on hall steps playing trumpet so loudly that piano could not be heard. End of trumpet practice
- ④ Another period of N ~~rest~~ wrestling with B on piano bench.