

She saw the covered things when everything
 had reached its height ~~and it seemed to~~
~~collapse~~ Oh she had rushed out
 to the back yard pursued by the terrible
 demons of the minds and the silly
 cross^{ed}supped waves of activity had
 brought it ^{all} to a head in ~~torrents~~ of
 tears and ~~not~~ ^a running away from
 the scene of all this discomfort....

People - her relatives, amidst house
 the temporary place of transaction ^{Comp place of trans.} where
 they waited until the next ~~move~~
~~in the progress of life~~

Up the relatives - now shocked and
 trying ~~themselves~~ themselves, trying words around
 that was not of their age, as the
 they were new handles to satisfactorily
 explain various conditions that could
 be met by good sense.

So he was in the period of "rehabilitation" and both had "inferiority complexes" it came out at the dinner table after the crisis was building up by stages and tensions were rising up to the snapping point until the variation of personality within it seemed too great so that it would burst through the leaves, explode the structure itself.

Before this material phenomenon could take place she ran and now she stood transfixed and looking like a silly girl of a Pre Raphaelite painting, staring at the damn butterfly or what ever it was then in the arbor leaves, one could almost say a small winged peacock.

Flowers flutter, and light catching
and all warms with firebird calls...

Now children had gathered around
her and her tears were drying and
she turned about and one of the

children said there fly the
Calliope — what she asked
the Calliope the boy said and
there strange bending its
flight around a small gilded
eye-group of garden structure

was a magnificent huge
red dragon shape in slow
stately flight, around the
structure and coming farther
seeming air territorial of the
whole fantasy. — She ducked
politely before the creature

Tao Tai face mask and he

glided over her and
~~by~~ settled on the arched
Ciment below the winged things
and seemed even then to disappear...

She didn't try to figure out
any meanings, perhaps good
but at least impossible for now
her busy little bald head discovered
her and ran out crying monomane
monomane and in a state of play,
oblivious to any happening, true
~~to her world~~ as none of us ever
are to herself and whatever she
feels...

So the fragments were falling
back in place, and life was
being resumed — The undercurrents
were deeper, of course, sad, but

the surfaces cracks were patched
things were going on their way and
like and an old Greek vase in a
museum, the relationship became
~~for~~ fragile with age....

~~perhaps~~ perhaps more beautiful in a
distilled passive contemplative
sense, or that where no action
or disturbing of the surface is
required. but you could almost
say no at least while one is young.

For then they were, thinking the
surface was bearable for words
had patched up what temper and
~~temperance~~ violation of feeling
had done. and now I wonder
am I telling the right — or is
it but a surface of words
covering something

that is hiding itself ... Is this what
it meant. she knew -

I too was in the train and
like a middleman man understood
both sides of the feelings and
academically knew them -

But academically one can know
nothing, really, nothing

but factual surface. One has
an affinity to glue ^{or to impression} he would

inside present these things.

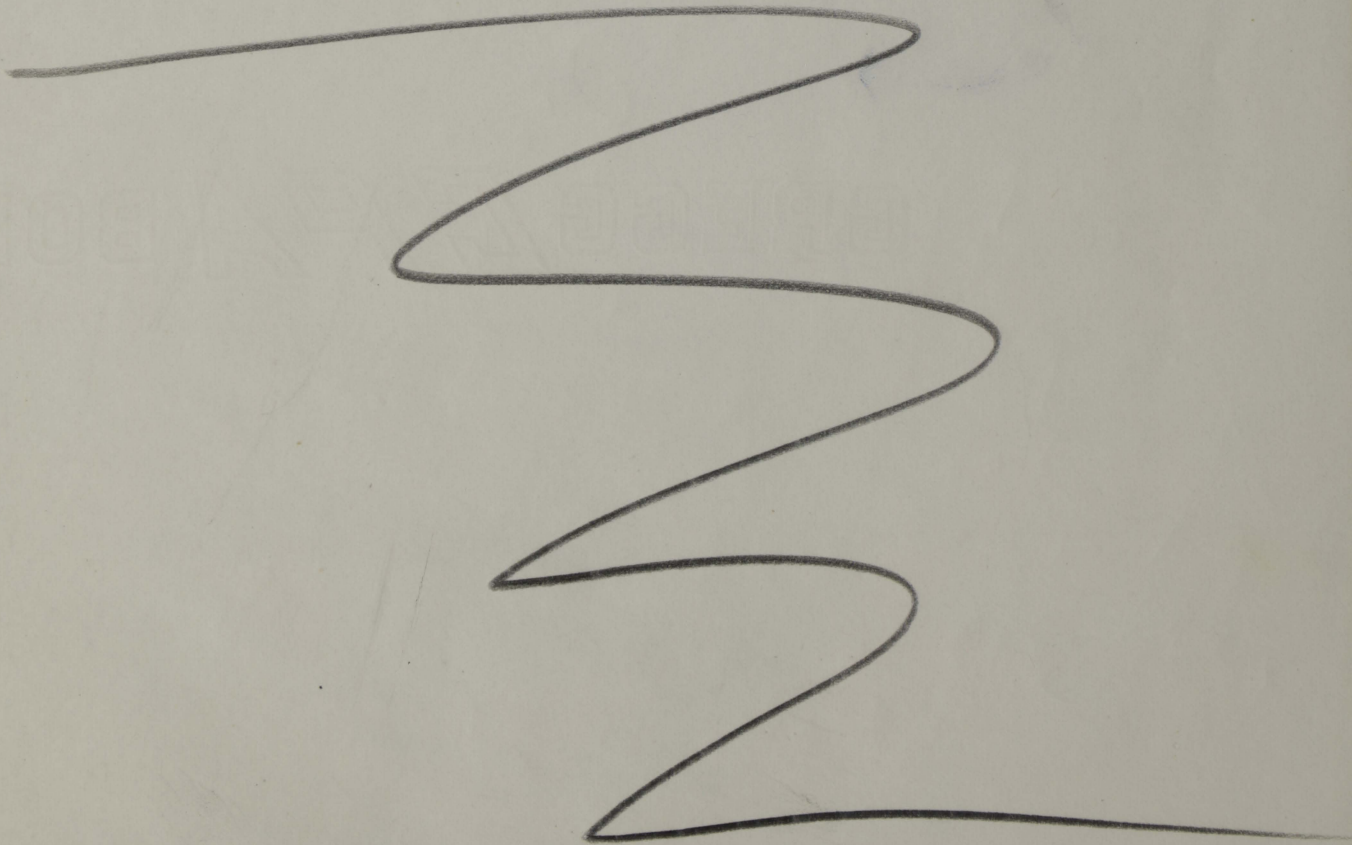
from happening but he knew

they were happening anyway

inside and had it not

built up to an explosion of
its own, more here than his,
she would not have found

the winged things and the Colliope
in her rush to the backyard and
~~that~~ child would not have found
her again as it had
million of times before. in
a brief momentary burst of
happiness and discouragement





4 Oct.

Blue

yellow
vibr.

pink

black

red

yellow







