

Nov. 2, 1947

Sunday

My darling was actually down in the cellar, sawing wood & starting a fire before breakfast, so we could all bathe before going to Ch.'s for dinner. We did, too, & I washed my hair, praise be, luxuriating in warm water. Then it was eleven, & a terrific rush to get & the kids clean & dressed, & Michel didn't come till 11:30 for once, bless him, & settled down with the radio, till we should be ready. He came for batteries for Achilles' flash light but stayed willingly until 12:15, & by a miracle we were walking out of the house. Found Papa & Lucien in the cafe as expected & had one aperitif, Michel refusing - please to be asked - anything but a neat cognac. He really expected to be ignored with the rest of the children, & showed signs of manly dignity when his glass was put in front of him. At the house, about 12:30, Naman was up in arms - dinner being late. Such a rattle of indignation & reproach from the placid, patient Naman! Also, there would have no more milk, beginning today, which is hard on cooking, & very messy, & I left it generally. But a good dinner, & after wards to the station with N. where for once I didn't break into tears as his train pulled out. Can I be adjusting? Yes, in the morning, along with the usual Sunday cup of coffee, I gave Jeanne 5 lbs. of flour & a jar of jelly to her intense delight. Going back to Christ-ell's, I found Papa pulling a large & handsome loaf of bread out of the oven. He had made it himself. Naman doesn't ever make bread. Papa does from time to time, after, he left for the Café again with Lucien, who claimed the reduced smaller

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 knows a damn sight more about being chive than the politically minded, intelligent success more successful, more respected Lucien. I don't think there are many repessions about Achille. With that beautiful assurance, he is probably extremely successful with women. He is the only one in the family who looks at me & sees a woman - potentially desirable. To all the others I am senseless as their mother's sisters - as much with age as anything else because they are not in the habit of thinking of the women they meet primarily in terms of sex. Achille is. I will do well to stay out of his way a little. I've already attracted his attention too much just by my position in the household & my strangeness. I took the children back to the dance to their delight, since there is no school in the morning, to allow for a special mass for the dead - of which, of course, every family in this region has an ample share. This was very dull. No other little girls but Paulotto, & the kids were with sleepy. At 10 we ^{the 3 of us} walked home, & I was particularly enthusiastic. The Christ-elle's cat has his mind completely on his young cronies & the para-shedists. He will join some time in the next three months. He is a good kid - only adolescently & normally bats. I was tired too. At the dance, I found myself unusually out of a giggle by the French version of Hange & Hange's Kourmelon at 10. Their waltz is

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was greeted very warmly as I left
by the old lady whose daughter is of
English "in case de's grey hairs"
This morning I actually got
the stairs swept down before
went for the milk. Stopped by
Christelle's on the way home to return
the basket Dorothy had used to carry
home her school book - reader, two
thin paper notebooks - & deliver the
leaves & extra bar of soap for the
wash. Found Madame Anna
scrubbing down the table & benches
I had been promised & Papi & Roland
standing by with the water ready
to bring it to me. Pushed back giving
thanks that the dishes were washed &
awaited them. They had some difficulty
delivering it as a girl was out of
order & my key stuck in the lock
again. Finally got it in & we had
a cup of coffee all round on the strength
of that. Then they left & I boiled the
milk, made beds, & invited off again
to try to find some eggs for lunch. No
eggs! Went by the horse meat butchers,
which was unexpectedly open on
Wednesday, grabbed a bunch of "cote"
for 65 francs. It listened to a very friendly
comment on the part of the lady
who was keeping the place - of her & her case
who is I & knows Annette being very
sorry for Annette's situation & is
averse to anything French is no
compus. Favored with a copy of
Elle ne compus pas. "Madama says
philosophically, we'd be even word
off in America. Why, I can
understand you.
Got lunch ready for almost

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to drink. Mama promptly pulled
out a bottle of wine & poured glasses
for herself & me (Eliano was there
too), pointing out indignantly that
the men in the family were always going
off to the cafes, leaving the women at
home to wait for them to come in & to
cook. And now there were P. & Lucio
going off, & they wouldn't be back before
7. Every body was always glad to
come home to eat, but between meals the
women could just stay there & wait.
We talked about the problem a bit here
there are so many women's clubs in the
States, & as much of the gathering with
friends is done in the homes. I said
Mama, is better. As for their visitors,
her brother was there in July, but he
was always going off to the cafes
with the men too. About this time, I
came back in, & the he start color
reading right away (no too) he took
considerable trouble to talk to Mama
& make little pleasanties with her as she
cooked. Then it was almost dinner time
& sure enough, practically everybody
turned up. Eliano & Yolanda Helene &
Michael & my three all came in from
the dance. Even Papa, for once, was
on time. He even seemed just a little
subdued & a bit anxious to keep things
pleasant & ~~and that was all~~. Mama really
scared them at noon. This time, she sat at
table, & let Yolanda & Eliano eat in the
kitchen. Achille came in late, from playing
billiards & ate in the kitchen while the
all sat around wait in for it to be
late enough to go to the bar & generally
cut up in the kitchen. He & the & above
the most frankly sensual in definite
sensual family. At 25 he looks as if he

all right & looks indigenous, but
the Latin American dances, even if
I weren't familiar with the origin
would be awful. There are absolutely
disparatous pauses interposed in the
rumba rhythm, which the shaking of
a pair of maracas doesn't help at all.
But none of the dancers know how to dance
the thing, any how. They turn & bump
& wind their feet around, & they feel
nothing in it but a little exhilarating
exercise. The dancing doesn't flow -
it's just intricate! A prime example
is the boy who kept reaching for
Eliano at every opportunity. His
most outstanding rumba step was
one in which he stood on his
right foot, brought the left pro
around close in front, & then just
stood there for a beat with his ankles
crossed, like that, Eliano clasped
to him. I got, every time, how gently
she could have given him a push, & destroyed
completely his really precarious equilibrium.
Also, I never had any confidence in his
ability to entangle his feet again, but
to my constant amazement, he managed
to do how every time. Then off they
dart again. The tango is exactly the
same thing, only slower. I miss the
inwardness of our dancing. This is only
exuberant with out the discipline.
& form of ~~activity~~ dancing.
Actually, I suppose it is quite
comparable to the dancing in very small
towns in the world, but it makes me impatient.

soon as the children arrived
& praise be, they liked the
horse meat. After lunch, more
cleaning up, & finally got the
bedrooms fairly tidy, swept &
dusted. Feeling immensely relieved
I sat down to write letters, but
by the time I had finished a long
one to Hous, my cold had caught
up with me & I could no more. Walked
down to the post office, waited in
line for stamps (15 min) & mailed
the letter. Then lured on by the
sunshine, I went over to Christalles
to see if I could gather up Eliane
& walk with her. She was going
& delighted to stop, so when making
got back from the grocery (another 15-
min) & we had each had a piece of
bread & cheese. Eliane changed into
the blue & white shoes that must have
felt so good so pretty (another 15 min) &
we started out. We took Eliane's
favourite walk - then the camp -
which from my point of view only -
we found almost totally deserted.
However, for Eliane, the walk wasn't
wholly wasted because we were whistled
at 2 by two loads of soldiers. I
was vain enough to take some of it for me.
The country side was very beautiful,
all the abandoned barracks houses
nestling in thick, drying weeds, with
great wild acacias & ~~fruits~~ ^{fruits} ~~trunk~~ ^{trunk} over head.
We went then, two of the buildings,
one the Emperor's Pavilion, went