

January 29, 1966 WND
Saturday

Last of my three days in New York. I spent the morning with ~~Candy Ono~~^{Kandi Ono} trying to turn my lovely Eastern fabrics, gifts of ~~Madame Chiang~~^{Madame Chiang} Ayub Khan and others, into alluring "at home" costumes. Susan ~~Shine~~^{Schain} and her mother came by to see Lynda and then at noon we left for lunch with Jean Vanderbilt. The names of the people I am seeing on this trip are rather like those on the doors outside the boxes of the Golden Horseshoe in the Old Opera House. It was an absolute jewel of an apartment. Very small indeed. ~~It's~~^{It's} main living room not as big as mine at 30th Place, ~~but~~^{but} exquisitely done with chintz and books and flowers and a fireplace. And opening onto a terrace that over-looked New York. Besides Bess and Lynda her guests were the Edward Warbergs. ~~He~~^{She} is a big Democrat and she surprising^{ly} has a Texas background. And Freddie Brisson who was the producer of the current play "Generation" and Rosalind Russell's husband., Mr. Price Jones who writes ~~for~~ book reviews. An attractive slight young Britisher who is over here on an exchange scholarship, ~~as opposed~~^{I suppose} the date of her own charming Heidi, long haired, bright-eyed, fresh, whose education at 18 is simply fitted around her career on the stage. ~~I~~[#] felt completely alien from and completely charmed by the company. When we went in to lunch I was between Truman Capote and Alan Jay Lerner. With curbus ~~alchemy~~^a of image or reputation ^{alchemy}

he has almost become a legend among a certain type of people, ^{so} though I was very interested to meet Truman Capote. ^{He was} quite small, slight, un-impressive, with a speech impediment that shocked me at first and then I completely forgot, because his conversation was so interesting. ^{was talking} About Other Voices, Other Rooms, he had written it at 19, he said, and then In Cold Blood, he described his style somehow of the change in it, as to "what happens to rocks when water flows over and over them for years and years and they get smoother and smoother." And about Harper Lee, ^{he} was the little boy who came to visit in the summers in To Kill A Mockingbird. ^{TP} And Alan Jay Lerner, on the other side, who did My Fair Lady, that is likely to run for 16 years in London he said, ^{so} used ^{are} ~~to~~ the British to go ^{to} see over and over plays that they like in a town of 6,000,000. After a play has finished its run there it can count an attendance of 8,000. How many people must have seen it twice. From where did they come? At any rate they are much more play-minded than in our country.

It turns out that "On a clear day you can see forever" as no reference as to eyes or to view, but to seeing with the mind down the generations of time. It was a thoroughly delightful luncheon. The most delicious food, triumph ⁱⁿ from decoration, in a little cubicle of a room that must not have been ^{more} than 12 feet square. A fat guest would never have fitted in. [#] Mr. Lerner took

Ch
Fayer

us to the theatre, and it was an enchanted two and a half hours. The first act I was caught up in the sheer web of humor and fantasy. All about the transmigration of the soul, an elegant lady of 1794 into the body of a ~~glam~~ blond, gum-chewing good hearted, any girl of 1966. Peopled with ^{psychiatrists?} ~~psychiatrists~~. Young men looking for jobs and counting only the fringe benefits... Beautiful choreography. Then between acts we went for danish pastry in the manager's office and coffee. ~~And then~~ [#] back in the second act, there was for me, at least, a sudden unaccountable break of mood. Somehow, the magic didn't click. I found myself thinking, trans-migration ~~nuts!~~ ~~That there wasn't~~ ~~real hilarious scene~~ But there was one hilarious scene in which ~~a~~ ^{the} wealthy Greek ship-builder, stocky in a striped shirt, and a loud tie and a loud voice, came in to hire the psychiatrist to figure out who he would be in the next life. "If I can't take it with me I'm going to come back and get it." ^W Somewhere along the line I found myself caught up in the fragile web once more and from then on it was delicious entertainment. It must have been an exceeding hard play to write and to carry. [#] There had been a lot of people wanting autographs. ^C Clapping and standing up when I came in and out, so that I felt rather on stage myself. And not relaxed. ~~And~~ Then afterwards we went back to meet all the actors. There was so much I wanted to say

to them! The main actress had the most mobile face I have ever seen. It was a triumph her change from the elegant lady of 1794 to the good hearted and rather plaintive little soul of 1966. I was unhappily tongue-tied and couldn't really tell them how much I enjoyed it. There ^{were} ~~was~~ lots of pictures all around and then Alan Lerner took us out to the car. We were off to the railroad station, dropping the Vanderbilts at their apartments. ~~A~~ A real storm had set in during the day and ^{so} it was going to be impossible to fly. We were taking the six o'clock train. My first train trip, I believe, since the Lady Bird Special in October of '64! The 3½ hours lengthened and lengthened as the train went slower and slower. With a snow plow in front of us from Baltimore on and three changes of engines we would be the last train in that night, I heard later. But that one most valuable possession in life in my hand, time, I did nothing really constructive with it. Read Business Week, and Look, and then a book of stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Best, I talked to Lynda Bird of all the things she had never had time to tell me about her trip to Acapulco. Good, but the fleeting moments could have borne more golden fruit. ~~And~~ And then finally in the un-real world of a heavy storm we were in Union Station at about 12:00. We had to walk past the eleven cars. That was good, because the stinging cold air and the snow sifting into our faces, made us all

feel brisk and alive again. Then I looked on my right. There was a freight car with a door open and lights inside. I could see three oblong boxes. Seven or so feet long. On top of one there were sprays of flowers. Rather wilted gladiola. I suppose their destination was Arlington... Hard to think of anything else. I rode home ~~to~~ a fairy-land of silent snow ~~on~~ the cars parked on the street - looked like they would be there until next spring. You could see only the vague outline under the snow. And then at home - Lyndon was in bed. He had had guests and they had just gone. And Lynda and I cuddled up on the bed and told him about our trip. And he teased us and sounded happy.