

Lilian Swann Saarinen's Diary, 1935-1936 October

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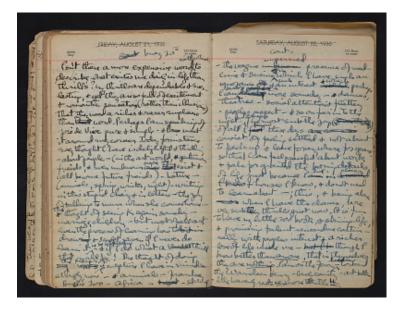
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[[strikethrough]] FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1936 [[/strikethrough]] 234th Day 132 Days to come [[strikethrough]] cont [[/strikethrough]] May 30th

Isn't there a more expensive word with which to describe what excites me daily in life than 'thrills'? My thrills are dependable & everlasting, & yet they are so full of excitement & romantic sensations (rather than illusions) that they need a richer & rarer emphasis than [[strikethrough]] that [[/strikethrough]] a word. Perhaps I am speaking of joie de vivre pure & simple - & I [[strikethrough]] am [[/strikethrough]] meet it around every corner. Today for instance every thought I have is delightful & thrilling - about people - (in the art world, gentleman friends, & even unknown [[strikethrough]] ones that [[/strikethrough]] people who exist & will become future friends) - nature - (animals, spring, winter, night) - writing in this stupid diary & in letters - the joy of talking to mum when she comes home - the thought of seeing K again someday - marriage & children, - but most of all art. Even the process of learning how to [[strikethrough]] do it [[/strikethrough]] draw & sculpt - even if I never do learn it is so intoxicating - & if I do what a thrill that will be! The thought of doing [[strikethrough]] meets [[/strikethrough]] the pieces of sculpture I have in mind so strongly now - animals - Frank Buck's zoo - Africa - [[strikethrough]] & yet [[/strikethrough]] - skiing

[[strikethrough]] SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1936 [[/strikethrough]] 235th Day 131 Days to come cont

- the vague [[strikethrough]] unknown [[/strikethrough]] unpersued presence of medicine & science in which I have such an ignorance [[strikethrough]] of [[/strikethrough]] & such an interest & which perhaps I can develop more someday - dances, theatres - social attention & flattery - peoples respect - & so on far into the night. Perhaps the most subtle joys [[strikethrough]] of all I feel [[/strikethrough]] of all I know these days [[strikethrough]] are come to [[/strikethrough]] consist of feeling settled & not about to pack up & leave for any where for years, so that I can feel peaceful about work & take for granted the boring details of life just because I [[strikethrough]] am [[/strikethrough]] live in [[strikethrough]] a world [[/strikethrough]] places [[strikethrough]] I know [[/strikethrough]] & houses I know, & do not need to learn about -; this, & being alone when I have the chance, are very subtle thrills just now. It is fun to have my little zoo book, & skiing life, & promising talent reward me continually with peoples interest & a richer love of life inside me - [[strikethrough]] but I k [[/strikethrough]] though I know better than anyone, that in themselves they are nothing. I am on the Ferry - heading toward the Warnekes - Henry - lovely country - art talk idle heavenly rest - i.e. more thrills!



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