

## Lilian Swann Saarinen's Diary, 1935-1936 October

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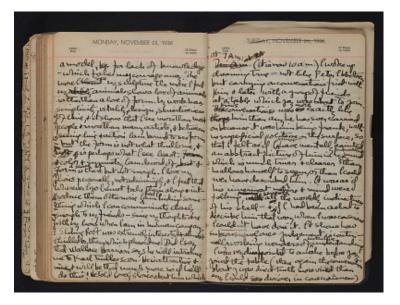
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[[strikethrough]] MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1936 [[strikethrough]] 328th Day 38 Days to come

a model, [[strikethrough]] by [[/strikethrough]] for lack of knowledge which takes my courage away. The more I [[strikethrough]] thin [[/strikethrough]] see my sculpture the more I feel my [[strikethrough]] ability [[/strikethrough]] animals show a love of animals rather than a love of form. My work has simplicity, vitality, design, sensitiveness of line, & it shows that I see more than most people & more than many artists, & between seeing line & action I am bound to see form - but the form is not what thrills me, & [[strikethrough]] that p [[/strikethrough]] is perhaps what I see least. [[strikethrough]] Form & [[/strikethrough]] color & symmetry I am devoid of, [[strikethrough]] but [[strikethrough]] & a sense of form is there but not enough. I love my lions personally, not admiringly, & I feel that wherever I go I must take them along & introduce them otherwise I feel I am hiding something which I can communicate closely enough to my friends - since my thoughts are with my lions when I am in human company. Elihue Root was extremely interested & almost thrilled by them which pleased me. Did I say that Wallace Harrison says he will introduce me to Karl Milles [[Carl]] soon? He is attractive & nice, & will be that much more so if he'll do this! He told lovely stories about him which would take too > long to relate.

[[strikethrough]] TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1936 [[strikethrough]] 329th Day 37 Days to come

[[strikethrough]] This A.M. at 7A [[/strikethrough]] At 7 AM. (it is now 10 a.m.) I woke up dreaming true - not like Peter Ibbotsen but carrying on conversations first with Kim & later with a group of friends at a table which Jay was about to join. [[strikethrough]] The [[/strikethrough]] Kim's conversation was [[strikethrough]] so [[/strikethrough]] more exactly like [[strikethrough]] the pr [[/strikethrough]] him than any he has ever carried on because it was him being frank, with no superficial politesse on the surface, so that I felt as if I must have mentally painted an abstract picture of him in my subconscious mind which is much truer & clearer than he allows himself to seem, or than I could ever have described of him. It was as if his innermost nature & mind were talking, [[strikethrough]] proving with [[/strikethrough]] beneath all the worldly indirectness of his shell - & [[strikethrough]] as [[/strikethrough]] if I had been asked to describe him that way when I was conscious I couldn't have done it. It shows how subconsciously ones judgement is continually working wonders of instinctive understanding. I was very disappointed to awake before Jay joined the table (there again the conversation about J was direct truth more vivid than any I could [[strikethrough]] see [[/strikethrough]] discover in consciousness)



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