

It is snowing...

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...but only lightly, and they (the radio people on WBUR) say it will not amount to much. My guests for the Super Bowl will get here okay and we will eat my casserole and Peggy's salad and Carol's dessert even though none of us really care about the SB now that the Patriots are not in it. I wonder if Tom and Giselle will even watch. Maybe they'll just play with their kids and watch a Netflix movie tonight. You think?

It is a quiet time here while I prepare the house for showing...tucking away all the family photos so that people tromping through, (half of them will just be bored on a weekend, and the wife will say to the husband: *Let's go look at Open Houses* and the husband couldn't care less but agrees so they won't have a fight and she won't complain when he wants to watch basketball later)..yes, THOSE people...won't be staring at my grandchildren. And I am neatening my desk so that it will look pristine, as if I never ever do any work.

I will not hang around. There would be nothing worse than lurking and listening to people murmur to each other: *Don't you hate that bedspread* or *Look in this closet. God, does any one wear shoes like that still?* I am fleeing. I am taking my animals to Maine, and while I am in Maine, staying in the farmhouse where I spend summers, I am also going to look at my NEW house, the one to which I will move, and will decide where bookcases should be built, and what colors I will have the walls painted. Also I will choke back sobs in the new kitchen, because I designed my current to-die-for kitchen and will never have one like it again. The new one is a perfectly good kitchen but never again will I have the amazing built-in spice shelf, or the endless endless storage space, or the....

....I must stop agonizing over it.

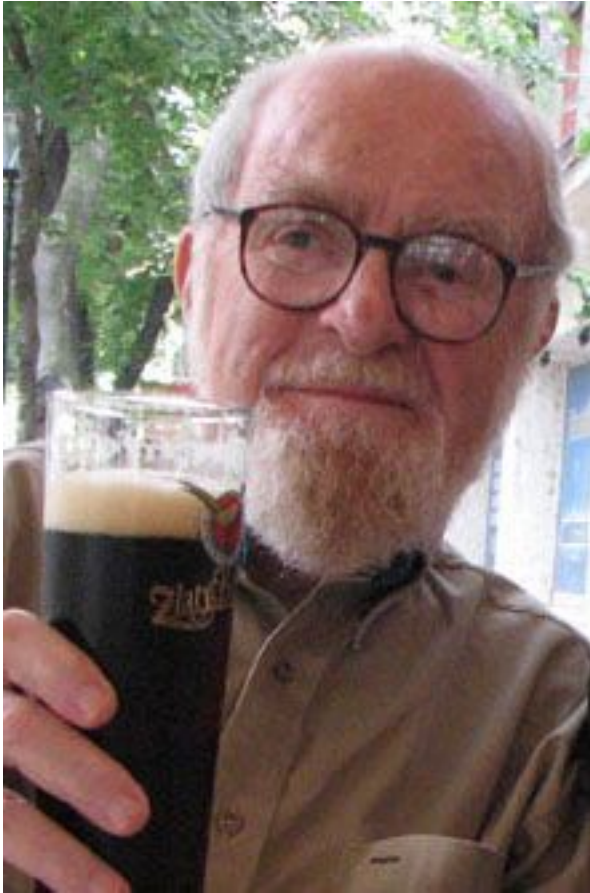
Last night I was reading Richard Burton's Diaries. Don't ask why. Sometimes one must do something odd, and for me that often takes the form of reading something out of the ordinary, something none of my friends will ever read, like a badly-written true-crime account of a murder in Indiana, perhaps; or a translated-from-Japanese confusing novel in which people seem to

move very slowly and think only in metaphors, or...yes, you got it: Richard Burton's Diaries.

I love peeking into people's lives. Recently I read a poorly-written memoir by a not-very-successful poet and I was just as fascinated by his life as I am by that of Richard Burton (who, incidentally, concludes many diary entries with the phrase "And so to bed"...commenting as he does that he is copying Samuel Pepys, who concluded his diary entries that way. The irony is that Burton was heading off to bed with Elizabeth Taylor. Pepys was not.

I also love...for the same reason, the peek...Collected Letters. Tonight on WBUR there will be a discussion of the recently-published Collected Letters of William Styron, which I have read; but the broadcast conflicts in time with the Superbowl, and one has to make these tough choices even if the Patriots are not involved.

I also recently read the Collected Letters of Kurt Vonnegut, hoping that in one from the 80s he would mention something like: "Tonight I went to a fancy party wearing a brown suit, and every other man there was in a tuxedo, except for a guy from Boston. So the Boston guy and I went out on the balcony and schmoozed about how much we hate fancy parties." The guy from Boston was Martin, but Vonnegut did not describe the scene.





Tags: Untagged