

Washed some of my clothes & rested. It was overcast all day & every once in a while a few drops would fall. Then stop. So quiet, just a few people, stone benches & little patterns of green grass with very formally arranged trees. The whole effect is shade. Then on - It was about one - all churches closed so wandered down looking for food. Found ^{one} Via della Marmotta looked clean & nice for tourists. Had tripe, salad, wine & bread. Waiter was concerned "Did I know tripe" "Si Si". Very good. So on looking for English Cemetery. Wandered thru looking at names on headstones, Keats, Shelley & a Dwight Benton. Some old graves still well kept & with plants & fresh cut flowers. Others falling in to ruin. A nice grey & white pussy followed me around for a while. The saddest are the graves of children. Then ^{back} up the hill again to see the churches I had missed, Santa Anna, S. Alessio, S. Sabina. Every where so quiet & peaceful, birds in trees, flowers tumbling over walls. This is a ~~at~~ single house, 2-3 stories, distinct.

Then started out for San Paolo. It seemed close but it was miles walking along the Ostiense, not very attractive, mostly small industrial + working people's quarters. But it was well worth it. It's a magnificent church - I like it better than St. Peters. the cloister really soothing to walk around. always with a very formal garden, grass, small trees + rose bushes. In the church preparation were going on for Sunday - evidently - carpets being put on slabs to pulpit. Nuns (10 of them) practicing singing with the organ. It was simply beautiful. They were evidently a very well trained group with really fine voices. Many sightseers sat on the narrow wooden benches to listen. Wish I knew what it was they were singing. Who's mass. It was now seven o'clock so start for home via 2 street cars #23 - ED. Bought yogurt + fruit. Really tired! Had bath + to bed after reading the S.F. Chronicle. This world. Bonanza + this week that Flo had sent me a breath of SF.

Sunday - June 5

Raining when I awoke. About 9:30

It stopped so I dashed to Bus + to the National Museum without getting wet + then it did pour.

Saw some nice mosaics + a pedestal supporting a statue of young man with these words

DITI PATRI SACRUM

Wish I knew some Latin.

Came back when it closed at 1 o'clock + had lunch

soft boiled eggs. half a roll + Anchovy paste + 5 little carrots

Some yogurt + apricots - coffee.

It continued to rain so wrote letters + read.

Monday

Had lunch with Ef + then he came up here to see the apt.

Thought it was great. Also said

the little house that I had photographed was a gem. He had seen the plans. Then to Lion Bldg after Ef left, They had saved Bowen

"a time in Rome" for me + 3 letters
at Am. Express. A long one from Elz
Ferrari. Feel better to-day. Was
a little depressed yesterday - in
length of stay in Italy. Wrote
to boys but hadn't mailed it yet so
will add a more cheerful postscript.
Think I was about changed last
night at Grocery store. will check with
him to night. or this day man. If
he goes to go thru Russia! Says they
have camping facilities. We, at the
apt. have a new baby boy, one of
the maids. Its two weeks old, never
hear it cry. Found a sq where they
were selling old books, prints + brasse
but nothing I could use. Nothing
old enough. If says to go to Ronchamp.
I should go from Switzerland at Bern.
White uniforms everywhere, police
sailors

Tuesday

Institute - apt - ate here + wrote
letters, read. Thunder storm + rain
so just dashed out to get yogurt,
strawberries, wine + ate at home.
Then as it cleared up to a long

Dr. J. A. Von de Graaf of Holland
left to-day - He was at the Istituto only
one month as he is a portrait restorer &
art history teacher

walk. The bridge that crosses the
river at Piazzale delle Belle Arti is
the Ponte del Risorgimento & it is the
last bridge for over a mile - I think
so I follow along the banks. It
is lined with trees & brush near
the top & between breaks one
can see tennis courts - dozens of
them & some basket ball courts &
swimming pools - Difficultly for
the ones who have money. The tennis
courts are all that beautiful rich
Sienna red or ochre, with white
lines & net seen thru the green
trees & beyond the sluggish
Tiber. That river is a great
disappointment. Then back
down the Via Eliamina.

Wednesday

Istituto - Its very warm. Went
to see the Biondina from Tuesday
at S. M. Maggiore & she then guided
me to her room that I had asked to
see as it is cheaper than mine & if
I were to stay for a long period
of time it would be wise to change.
But it is in such a slum area!

But she is a very sweet sensitive
young woman. Met a cousin, a designer,
very able craftsman. They both had
Scholarships from the Italian government.
The Italian G. had given to Turkey
60 scholar ship to students in Turkey
for 1959-60. The cousin wishes to be
a fabric designer. Had a cup
of Turkish coffee & then Signorina
Turko ask she is called read my
fortune in the coffee grounds.
Said she "The annoying things &
unpleasantness are all in your
imagination." So true, I'm
afraid, at least at this moment.
So back along Via Babuino,
had dinner at my little place.
Kisses from Grandma & Hannah.
Thursday.

Decided once & for all to find
Hannah's friend so for the 4th
time rode to end of bus #99 & tried to
get a taxi to take me. But even he
didn't know. Stopped in shop & a
young man gave me vague directions
to go to a Piazza somewhere & there ask
This I did & after a half hr. walk

found the Martinellis, Doleta's sister
& friends the Brivonesi, he an admiral
or something had been in League
of Nations but now retired & his English
wife. Couldnt give Hannah much
news about her grand daughters. Will
try & see them again. Every day I
discover a new center of activity
in Rome an other city within a city.
Had gnocchi at a sidewalk Restaurant
& then the ES home (the long way)
Beautiful full moon but still
warm at 10 o'clock.

Friday

Met the Turkish girls & the Portuguese
professor & we started out in
search of German Marks as the
girls are off to Moscow, Paris &
Germany and as each tourist is
only allowed 5000 liras of marks
I bought some for her. After the
third bank we finally made it
then we parted I to USIS to read
a New Yorker & then to Am. Express
Notice of money order. Must go to
Post office to-morrow. Cashed check
to pay rent. 30000 to July 11

Saturday morning

Ever since arriving in Rome have looked for a letter from Peter but nothing has come. I am at a loss as to why. I was very upset, almost sick about this, but am now resigned to it. Have asked Tito to phone her to see if she is sick or what has happened. Something, for sure is the cause. Whether I has done something or not done? Will go to institute today altho I haven't gone on Saturdays but as there are 2 new students - ~~some~~ ~~nuno~~, I don't want to lose my seat. there will have to be a different arrangement & I want to be there & not pushed aside. Worked till 12:30 by that time my eyes give out. Stayed at home - washed hair, but I cannot get all the soap out of it or the dirt or something, the water is so hard. Am tempted to cut it. Must tell Signora Ma - that I was confused about the clause in the professor's letter about not staying as long as students who have grants - "but as long as I want"

P.O.
Went to bank this morning to get
money order mother had sent for 300!
More damn nuisance & had to pay
for it too! Thank goodness Giordano
has something to write about now
Paul & Madeline's trouble! Must
write to Hannah more details of meeting
with Martenellis. Am so tired &
sleepy, can't keep my eyes open
& it's only 8:30 - but have been
awake since 5:30 so that accounts
for it.

Sunday -

Tivoli, caught the 9:30 bus at
the Termini & went to Tivoli 30¢
from Rome to the Villa d'Este. A
nice ride thru the unpleasant
outskirts of Rome. Why is it that
the fringe ends of large cities are
so depressing? Large 10+12 story
apt. buildings all with washing
on small balconies & at windows. Then
thru a light industrial district
neat buildings & surroundings.
Some very modern designs. Inter-
spersed with small farms. Then the
foothills started, planted in olive trees.

some so old that it seems hardly possible that they can live. Just shells of trees, huge for olive trees all carved out just the outer bark that had roots in the ground & the top bushy with grey-green leaves. A short walk to the Villa & then the descent into the most wonderful display of fountains. The garden is all laid out on the side of a very steep hill & some of the vistas are breath-taking. The whole a wonderful display of imagination & of course unlimited workmen & water. There again the place was crained with bus loads of tourists & guide rushing madly thru plus village priests with groups of women all ages from some small village - noisy & rowdy but having a wonderful time. Being photographed in front of fountains. Couples, married or otherwise, photographing each other. Station are all fixed at this. Every one carries a camera so that some times you can't tell if they are tourist or not. Only tourists have more paraphernalia than station