

I felt alive; I felt wonderful Fred was going through some of his negative stuff, I think. Later on I got out the copy of the PROPHEET and began to read from the page I happened to turn to: Joy and Sorrow. And it was so right on. I cried, reading it to myself. And then I read it to Fred and cried again. The tears came easily and I cried for quite a while, reading some more from THE PROPHEET.

I said to Fred, "I feel like calling Sasha, is it possible?" And he said, "Of course it's possible, just pick up the phone." That provoked a belly laugh and I had a laughing jag for a while. Everything seemed funny at that point, sort of like a marijuana jag. We both laughed. I thought it was so clever of Fred to say that it was possible, and that all you had to do was pick up the phone. He reminded me that he was full of funny sayings like that, and all these years I never noticed. It was hilarious for a while. Then we quieted down and played some music, which was delightful to listen to. Some Chopin, some Debussy, and then Poulenc. We talked about Sasha and felt his presence in the room. We called twice but no answer.

After a nap on the sofa, some scrambled eggs in the dining room, we finished packing, cleaned up the kitchen and took a shower and went to bed.

Next day we drove to L.A., and had a fantastic four-day weekend there.