

That some superstitious fanatic man might find erotic pleasure and exaltation in adducing and [xxx] that the [xxx] have suppressed tendencies of homosexuality and adipose desires.

[S. London]

10-9 [September 10th?]

I took a walk through the poor districts, second avenue, third, eighth, and eleventh were grim and hopeless in their depressing poverty, a ruthless statement of brutal facts. I was shocked and lost by the reality of it. So this is America? The land of promise.

The tall buildings were [xxx] and symbols of big enterprise and wealth, but it was all so old and impersonal. But then the slums were more cynical; you saw the facades. Here are the brutal facts. The revelation was like turning up a big stone.

The Thames gives on the greatest sense of life, not the grim sense of industry and great enterprise as does the East river and the Hudson of New York, but a sense of simple human activity, necessary to sustaining life.

It was a gray low canopy in which sporadic openings of blue and sun came [xxx] through. It [xxx] me in a small life of limits and bounds. No place existed outside of the walks and rides I took with mother. Revelations of new consciousness like blots on clean paper came upon me. The Houses of Parliament were where men governed England! So mother told me as we passed there on a bus. This confused me at first for I never thought that England needed governing. Like most childish interrogating, they were [xxx] to mother.

However, mother's revelation [xxx] my mind with a picture of solemn men sitting around a table, their hands clasped, in concentrated brooding about what to do with England.