

Harriet Report #8.5 – New Kind of Social Life

Dear Friends: Sort of a Harriet Report: thought I'd share this art event with those possibly sympathetic to a little humor at home. But first, absolutely without permission, the following is Cynthia's response to my Paris report about our trip together:

"It was fun to read your Paris report. And yes, we were on the same trip! You stinker! you ratted on me about the French fries! I even thought about writing a little report myself but my server cuts me off a lot so I have to write quickly and send, so it doesn't allow me the opportunity for any thoughtful creative writing."

And now, on an art note. I've made seven pastels drawings, ugly and very angry, colorful of course, and mostly filled with the emotions my impending divorce cause me (remember it's a secret from our boys yet). Anyway, this represents maybe 3 ½ hours of art work over the three months that I've lived here. Mostly only done as I wait in the attic for the washer to be done, or the iron to heat up so I can iron my shirts!! (a new thing for me, aren't you proud Julie!?)

So I was at a dinner party that alex got us invited to by nice people from his work. It was really nice, but he wasn't speaking to me, but who cares because there were all these other people to talk to and I behaved fine and didn't stand on the dining room table and shout "He wants to divorce me, isn't he a jerk!"

So, I behaved at this dinner, and the other wives found out I'm an artist, did I make anything here, could they see. I told them it was primitive, ugly and angry, personal, and I told them other evasive things, and yet they still wanted to come see.

I think they really wanted to come see my house because living on Oude Delft (our street) is very famous, like fifth avenue in New York. Anyway, they came last night. I made coffee and served it in the tea cups I've only used once but the landlord provided with all the other stuff in this place, including egg spoons, like who needs those? The cups had saucers, everything was clean, I vacuumed the attic for the first time since moving here, and cleaned the toilets with squirry blue stuff for only the third time since moving in three months ago. (that's often enough isn't it?)

So they came. I put the art on the wall in the living room, better light at night than in the attic. Oh yeah, I served store bought cookies that my friend Sanne happened to give me that afternoon when she came for tea. It was an unusually social day.

They looked at the art and their mouths practically hung open. They really had nothing good to say. It was humorously awful, but all my experience at art

openings made it funny to me to see them grope for words. Then I gave them a tour of our house. Then I showed snapshots of my other paintings in Houghton, which they raved about. We had coffee and talked about social stuff. It was nice to have visitors. Alex stayed in our bed room. It was perfect. I also served after dinner chocolate mints (after eights, hey, it really was after eight!) and used the matching cream and sugar. They left by nine o'clock and I was happy to feel sleepy even after all that coffee.

An art adventure? BLAHHH!

The seven drawings, for those desiring details, are of:

1. woman sitting cross legged with cat in her lap (realistic)
 2. same again but more lively and abstract (the black hole cat)
 3. woman reaching for man, man pushing woman away
 4. same again but man is covered in spikes and woman is hugging herself
 5. woman kicking and punching at black box enclosing her tight
 6. empty lonely bed with bleak ugly big window leading nowhere
 7. arms over head huddling figure under the bed with blue background attacking
- So much for art! Maybe I'll be inspired by them to go buy some paint and really dig in!

So how are you all and send boring news and exciting news alike, please!
love, Harriet
