

August 5, 1959

Perhaps this is a silly thing for me to do simply because I just saw the "Diary of Ann Frank" but I shall do so nonetheless.

You know my name—Camille, or Cami, or anything else for that matter—I am 17 years old today, five feet and six inches; and at the present 125 pounds. My best feature is my eyes which I have been told are "big, brown, and beautiful."

I have always been a "big" girl, especially in the thighs and I am presently on a reducing kick which is common in this age.

I am in love with love which, again, is common in girls in my age. However, in the last year I have become rather particular about my males and have, consequently, gone steady with no one since Jerry Hornibrook last June. I am still keeping Jim Ennis on the string for several reasons: (I went with him two years ago; he is presently in the Navy stationed in Washington) I have liked him for years, but I feel that, having not seen him for six months, I see him through rose-colored glasses. I am a firm believer in the saying "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and, therefore, do not trust my "love" for him.

I am a Mariner—which is a Girl Scout group, similar to the Boy Scout's "Sea Scout" group. The club is called "ship," and the girls learn, among others, skills useful aboard a ship. Our branch has a 39 foot army liberty launch. This year I am Senior Crew Leader of my ship—which is the equivalent of a President of a club. The ship was badly run and organized; and I have sworn to put it back in order; "shipshape" one might say.

Some of my friends are; Monteen "Tina" Nutt, who lives down the street and who I have known for the six years that I have lived here in Belmont; "Polly" White, whom I get along pretty well with and whom I have known about three years; Bonnie Binetti and Barbara Carlson, whom I know through Mariners; Denise Galliven, who is practically a tramp but one whom I like; and Carol Ottenstein and Diane Morrey, who are very nice but quite wild so I have been forced to eradicate myself from the friendship.

Oh, by the way, I have one brother, 16, whom I love, one sister, 13, who is sweet, one sister, 8, who is an ill-mannered and snotty child largely caused by her siblings, a mother, about 47, who though usually sloppy, is the sweetest and most good-natured person on earth, a father, about 49 who is a Dr. Jeckle-Mr. Hyde. The Dr. Jeckle is a cheerful, kind and understanding man while the Mr. Hyde is a spoiled little boy who yells, wants the best of everything, refuses to listen to criticisms, is irritated by the slightest thing, and is generally one of very selfish tendencies and one who settles everything with violence. Also at present we have a dog, Bootsie, two cats, Eloise and Timmy, three kittens and a duck.

August 7

Since I have been without a boyfriend for so long, lately I have been just longing for a boy's-arms-around-me sort of thing. Sooo, when I saw Ed, the kind of dark haired boy that just "does" something to me, I flirted with him. He is in Polly's church group.

Tonight they had a traveling dinner followed by dancing. I went. I don't know what happened except that all of a sudden—boom! I learn that Ed, only a sophomore by the way, is madly in love with me; Ed's father wants him to act saintly, Ed embarrasses me; his father embarrasses him; the woman hostess embarrasses me; I leave... Remind me never to flirt with anyone under 17 again. On second thought you might remind me not to go to a party again!

August 12

I guess I'm not as grown up as I thought—Last night I wrestled with a boy.

August 17

Just because I'm 17 years old I'm not grown up. I'm just a little girl! In a way it's worse than being 14 years old because I try so hard to understand life, my responsibilities, etc. and nothing makes any sense.

The dominant problem is my home life. I can't bear to be here when my father is—I really can't. When I was 14 I resisted simply because I resented domination—now I resist because I think my father is a hypocrite who can no more guide me than my mother, who has learned from many pride-shattering and humiliating years that it does no good to try to talk to him. She feels trapped; she has even admitted it to us. How can either a hypocrite or a “trapped” person advise me?

It was a crushing blow to realize that I still have many years to go before I'm an adult. I wonder if all teenagers and their parents are so far apart. Have children had such a difficult time for all time? Would a religion help me?

Jim finally admitted that I'm his “number one girl” but I'm still torn by doubts. I'm certain that if I were in his place I would force myself into believing that I loved the girl so that I wouldn't lose my only link to home. He probably just wants someone—anyone—to cling to. That's funny, I feel the same way. Maybe we aren't so far apart after all!

August 28

Dear Don,

No, I can't go out with you again. I want to, but I can't, You see, if I were to let my conscience guide me, I would never kiss a boy; while if I were to let my heart guide me, I would give him free reign. I can't be either way. Some people can, but I can't. I am a middle-of-the-road person. It is hard for me. I don't know where I stand or how to act. With you I played it wrong I know, and you know, so that's that...

January 29

Oh, I had so much fun tonight. Polly's cousin and I, Polly and Rodger Lake, Polly's cousin Gabby and Edd Wicher, and Owen and Deedee went dinner dancing at the Pioneer. Richie wasn't very cute and not a very good dancer, but I really had fun! We all did!

Oh, it was so funny. We went to Hambones after and the banjo player played “Dixie.” Well, being well bred Carolinians, Gabby and Ritchie stood up...

I have again reached the conclusion that I only have fun with guys that I don't particularly go for. My “one and only” will probably turn out to be some drip who grows on me!!

March 1, 1960

Jim came home on leave about two weeks ago unexpectedly. Now he's gone again. I decided that if people got married just for sex I would marry him tomorrow. However, I don't love him and I want more from a husband than he can give me.

Now that he is gone I am again worrying about the senior ball. I want to be asked very much. I guess I still can't get over that feeling of inferiority when I am forced to ask a boy out. But this time I will, for the ball is very important. I am currently working on a '58, Fred Schmitz, and Steve Halgrimson who is going with someone.

March 2

Still keeping on friendly terms with Steve. I simply must go to the senior ball. Steve will be going to Claremont Men's College next year so if I make Whittier, who knows?

Today being Wednesday and newspaper week it was my night at the Enquirer. I wrote a feature on the experimental math course which Mr. Goldman says is pretty good. He said I must have been taking “smart pills.” That makes me feel real good after all the trouble I've had in that class. Polly's feature on mountain climbing came out pretty good after my helpful advice.

Still have those 5 lbs darn.

March 3

Our PE dance group—Mary, Sandy Schretz, Pam Wilson, Elsie Sere, Sharon and Carol Taylor—are working on a dance (soft shoe). Pam, surprisingly, works pretty well in the class.

I miss Jim.

Went to Mariners. Spent the whole time practicing land ship procedure. It really irritates me when the girls do a sloppy salute or marching.

I wish Barbara Carlson wasn't so authoritative with the girls. I even believe some of them, namely Diane Littlefair, are actually afraid of her.

I'm really excited about the sr. ball. I do hope I can have a good time.

March 4

Today was Friday, thank God. Tina and I went to Macy's and Sears and put in job applications. Got a letter from Jim. He had just finished drinking 6 beers. That, for some reason, disturbs me. I guess cause he always used to lecture me against drinking. Read "Fire" till 9:00.

March 5

Went to work at Henrys. He irritates me more every Saturday. Went with Tina to the Cal-Stanford basketball game. Cal won 51 to 70. Todd came home with us. Had a jolly time.

March 8

I was very upset today because I had no date for the sr. ball, and I made an appointment to get my hair done and Hugh Ritchie has my watch. Then I phoned Carol Ott for date suggestions. She suggested Don Music. She asked him and believe it or not he said he would go with me! Yippee!!

March 19

I'm very depressed tonight. It seems to me that life has no purpose; that nothing I do has any meaning. I wonder if it ever will.

I got a letter from Jim today. In me there is a peculiar feeling towards him. At times I don't give a damn about him. I'm sure I could never be happy with him. He's too common. As far as I know he has very few interests and he shows no desire to share them with me. It's the same old "Jim" story. Nothing but the drive-in. There's no doubt in my mind, however, that I love him in a sexual way. Oftentimes I want him terribly. It scares me tho, one of these days, both of us are liable to get carried away.

I've phoned Don Mussio four times but I can't get ahold of him. Twice I was told he would call me back, but no. I wonder if I'm getting the run around.

June 18

I finally broke off with Jim. Even though I'll always have a place in my heart for him he does not fit the bill. It hurt me too much to go on like that.

I have gone out several times with Fred Schmitz. I like him very very much.

As you can see this was senior week, and I graduated yesterday. It was very disappointing as I had no fun the whole wk except swimming at Adobe Creek.

I have been looking forward for wks to grad nite, for Fred was to take me. Every night for the past wk I dreamed he phoned and couldn't go. I was quite apprehensive. Well yesterday morning he phoned to say he had quite a bad cold and couldn't go. I was very upset and believe it or not I actually cried. Right in front of Marty, Tina, and Polly. In any case, I have withstood the greatest disappointment of my young life. I can't describe how very disappointed I was and am. Even tho it is 8:00 Sat. I am still hoping he will phone and ask me out.

Graduation wasn't very sad and it is difficult to believe that I now must enter the wide world. I am going to college in the fall, of course, but, in any case, I am very frightened. I will be away from home for the first time and practically on my own. However, I expect I'll live through it and it will be good for me. I am so young, only 18, but I am already searching for a husband. Strange, isn't it, but it must be so, for no boy appears to me any longer. I may have a few dates with a guy but I eventually become disgusted with them all. It is really asinine to talk this way, for actually I have no wish to get married. I pray I do not find *the one* until I have finished college and worked for a few years. In other words, I want to taste life, as I can do only once. Youth is a time for living. I want to have the fun that I'm told youth holds. Where is it, by the way? After all, let's be realistic. Marsha is 17, married and a mother. She can look forward to steak morning, noon and night as Henry says. Of course marriage holds more than that, but still everyone admits that a married person is tied down. I can only hope that I will experience some of this "fun."

Jan 4, 1961

The happiest days of my life were those three days I spent with Lorin—Dec. 15,16, 17. We were close—mentally as well as physically. I don't think we'll ever be that close again.

January 13, 1961

I'm in a good mood tonight but unfortunately I must spoil it because there is something I must admit to myself. My parents think I am mature—they're cracked. At least I'm not mature emotionally and I'm beginning to wonder if I'll ever be.

I always realized that I liked to "make-out" with boys but I also sought other things in them the absence of which always kept me from going steady for more than 3 months. But I never thought I could be taken in. If a boy got fresh with me I hated him immediately. I always felt girls who got pregnant while unmarried were just stupid. But get this—Lorin was very fast with me. I liked him very much and I wanted a boyfriend of course but my morals had always been above reproach. However, Lorin kept steadily feeding me a line of propaganda and I wanted him very much too. One Sunday we were going to play tennis. We stopped at his apartment to get his racket and he wanted to change clothes. I lay down on the bed and suddenly neither of us wanted to play tennis. He asked me if I wanted to and I said yes. I really did. Sexual intercourse isn't so hot, it's the wanting and then the satisfaction.

In any case we saw each other often. We talked about ourselves and got along fine. I guess it was the talking and the closeness we shared that made us think we loved each other. I've already mentioned the three days before vacation in which we lived together. True, it was a wonderful three days, but we had no right.

I fell far and fast—all the while thinking I loved him. Actually for the first time in my life I was prepared to tell someone I loved him. I still think there could be something between us but we went too fast and didn't have a chance. Lorin realized first that we were fooling ourselves—he hasn't called for a week and a half. The pay off: after two days of not

hearing from Lorin I went out with a friend of Jerry's—Mark—The date was arranged against my will but nevertheless—they say Jewish boys are passionate lovers. Lord did we want each other. Fortunately we had no opportunity because I might have.

Tonight I phoned Jim. He sounded so sweet, as always. This brought back memories and I felt so ashamed I could have cried. All I can say is “what have I done?” Never again can I say I'm a virgin. It killed me to answer “no” to Mark when he asked. Will I be able to lie the next time someone asks? Jim, sweet Jim. What would he think? My mother? Will I ever be able to make out with a boy again without remembering the joy of completion? You see Camille. What are your morals when put to the test? What of your ideals? Will they, too, fall? I hope you have woken up to a fact of life. A romance originating or built upon sex can go nowhere. Remember that. There is more to say but I have said enough for now.

Same day—

As Andi and I talked for hours on this topic I could write pages but I must tell only the briefest outline:

Since coming to college here at Whittier I have become much closer to my family. However, Christmas vacation was two weeks. At the end of that time I was convinced that I never wanted to see them again. During my 18 years I guess I had gotten used to the noise, the bickering, the selfishness, etc. but after the calm pleasant atmosphere here, I could not bear *home*. I appreciate them more away from them. I certainly will make the effort to visit a few days at a time. I don't know if that will be possible but I shall certainly try.

January 17

Just read Bonjour Tristess by Francoise Sagan. Brilliant portrayal. I must have it. It is the perfect addition to the last few pages of this diary, since the emotions of this girl are so similar to mine. Altho I was as mature as she at only 15 I remember it still and see a similarity between us. But more to the point her experiences and comments on love fit mine almost exactly. “I had never loved him: I had found him sweet and attractive. I had loved the pleasure he gave me...” Of course, being a different person, she is also really emotionally different from me also. But some of her insights and realizations about love were pointed (to me). Since I have so recently had a love affair—in all justification I must call it that—and also recently have abandoned all my previous ideas concerning love.

Realization that I have been laboring under false pretences, however, does not change the fact that I am still—at this very moment—desperately in need of love and the care and concern that goes with it. Too, I am afraid that—even now in my realization of my erroneous attitude—if a boy were to convince me he cared I would do the same thing again! Alas, I'm a failure! Damn, damn, damn.

Later: Yes, right now I would give anything to have a boy's arms around me, embracing me, wanting me. Why why why? I want someone to love me—now—why won't

someone, why. The next time I have the opportunity to have a boy's arms around me I'll have to forget all I've just learned in order to be happy for only that moment. I hate myself. Why can't I be realistic and feel realistic?!!! Why can't I stop wallowing in self-pity and do my French. Or is it self-pity. Or am I justified in wanting what I want. Face it Camille—you've got to be satisfied. You desperately want someone to be interested in the inner you—sex isn't important, you've found that out—only as a symbol that the person cares. OK now how and where are you to find this person and why does it have to be a boy? Hell, how do I know. Why do I have such an urgent immediate need? Why? Oh the hell with the whole God damn thing!!!!!!

Later—that earlier mood was false. I mean, I think I was in a bad mood because of a little thing not worth mentioning here and simply worked myself into some sort of state. Now I'm in a more cheerful mood. My new realistic (?) attitude, I am sure, will make life easier. I still won't get what I want but at least I realize that—that it takes time and meanwhile as Andi says I can work on becoming more interesting, gay, etc. and stop thinking about it all the time. I was thinking about Marko—what fun it will be to see him again. This “new” attitude, I suddenly realize, will enable me to look at boys objectively and have much more fun with them. I'm excited at this new prospect.

January 18

So pleasant to feel completely at peace. I'm broke (as usual), without a boyfriend, only one date for the weekend, and finals start in 2 days, for which I am not well-prepared. Still nothing bothers me. I worked hard at the Reading Clinic today and have studied Phy Sci willingly enough. Maybe it's the weather maybe the work but I feel good.

January 19

Music is so wonderful. I again came across that FM station that I adore. I could listen to that type of music all day. It's been a long time since I've listened to rock and roll—I seem to have lost my taste for it.

January 22

Today Tom Loss and Alex Lasio took June and me to the beach. I haven't had so much fun for ages. We got there just as the sun was setting and I went swimming by myself—“soul”. I swam rather far out and lay there watching the sun set. The red on the water was gorgeous and the water in front of my eyes crept clear to the multicolored horizon. I felt alone in the middle of the ocean and very peaceful... Later we built a fire, ate hot dogs and a can of beer and sang songs. We sang every song we could think of and there were many. Surprisingly I was warm perhaps because we built the fire in a cave-like indentation in the cliff above us. A very nice outing all in all.

January 24

My last final today. Now I can relax. Watched “The Al Jolson Story” on TV by myself at Jerry's while Sherril, June's Allen, Markovich, and Larry Smith played poker in the kitchen.

I came home to find Andi packing up her souvenirs. Dina Shore is singing on the FM, the house is very quiet. I feel sort of strange. No work to do for two weeks to look forward to but I'm used to homework so I feel strange not doing any. Then too Andi here fiddling as usual, the radio playing, and in two days she'll be gone. She'll take herself, her radio, her stuff on her dresser—and go. God I'll miss her.

I still long for Lorin. Maybe with dates, time, and possibly another boyfriend I'll forget—how happy I was to do anything for him—all the times I tidied up the apartment—how happy and content to lay beside him to know all I had to do was put out my arm and he'd be there—my lover; and he did love me too. That will be hardest to forget. I was never happier those three days. I remember everything with longing, the cooking, the talking, the closeness. I won't admit it was a mistake I don't regret it. Perhaps stopping it here is for the best but those memories I will remember as they happened—not as a tale of immorality and stupidity but as I felt them—and I will cherish them.

Self-deluded perhaps, but in love and loved during that beautiful moment nevertheless.

February 5

Will I ever be stable? I feel like swearing, dammit. I've been going out with Ken Kennedy and having very much fun. We went to the snow, some good movies, and Gene Hardy's where I had some very interesting and relaxing evenings. But poor Ken refused to have a platonic relationship and after Lorin I didn't want to be touched. Just as Lorin, Ken feels intercourse, rather sex, is the most natural thing in the world. Trapped—that's what I am by my own passion or something. Whether or not I was talked into it again I don't know. Last night I yielded to Ken—in the car yet! Ugg—I don't know anymore what's right and wrong I guess it depends on how one is brought up or something. In any case, I feel not the slightest twinge of guilt—only a vague fear for the future. Not of getting pregnant, I think I mite even like that, but of love. Will Ken and I grow to love each other? Probably not but c'est la vivre! That's the way it goes

I guess while I'm at it I might as well put down my latest thoughts concerning the world. I have never known evil. I have read about it and seen it in the movies and have similarly seen stupidity and the like. But it didn't affect my little universe. But I have come to realize the enormity of the universe and that its inhabitants are human and none perfect. There is an overwhelming amount of badness in the world. This I will probably see more and more of as I grow older. It's very distressing to see it and even more so because I can do nothing about it.

February 7

I wish I had gotten pregnant with Lorin. I just found out that he's living with his father in Hollywood and commuting to school. I'm afraid I'll never see him again and melancholy is enveloping me and I'm stupid but I don't care I still want him.

February 14

Isn't it strange how I can be in a different mood for each hour of the day—feel differently about the same thing. One half hour ago I was ready to explode! Altho I am now in a

better mood (poor Ken) I do know that the essence of my thoughts during that time was true...at this point in my life I find that nothing, absolutely nothing I do, has any meaning. For about a year now it has been building up—this questioning of life. I realize that if I don't do something about this apathy (?) soon I will degenerate into nothing---I drink too much, love too much, and think too little! Lorin means nothing—only as a symbol for that nebulous thing I desire and might or might not have found, I'll never know now, in him. My friends mean nothing only as a minor object of my love (people to care for and care for me in a platonic fashion). My studies I see no meaning in—I feel it's there somewhere but I can't find it. I feel it's a sin to look upon them as simply a hurdle to be jumped in order to graduate from college and yet I guiltily find myself looking at them in this light. My mind holds the million of pieces to the puzzle of life. My mind—these pieces of puzzle—are so confusing, so confusing, so confusing, that they overwhelm me; I know nothing—I know not why I am. I can't even think! Think? Why there are so many things buzzing around in my brain that I wonder if it is possible to put them into orderly, understood forms. I have no initiative not even the simplest impetus. I am possibly afraid to think. I am weak and overwhelmed by it. I could wish for a strong person to help me but no one can cause me to conquer my mind—that I must do solo. I must I must I must be strong and do what I know I must for I could not bear to degenerate into nothing@ I could not bear it. There is so much I want to be. “I must seek after what I want rather than complain that I don't have it.” I only wish I knew what causes me to know this and still do nothing...!

February 16

A dream last nite: I was walking along empty streets when I encountered my mother. We walked along together and then we crossed Imperial Highway. She said do you remember this street and I said not here but further down. I was at the Duncan's. There was a long corridor lined with shelves with glass doors with all kinds of food and bottles behind them. I was getting food for the kids who were outside at the end of the corridor—Bob and Ronnie in the back of a pick-up truck. Mother and Mrs. Duncan then arrived with presents or something. Mom brought me some red salad tongs. Ronnie then held up my cross which he had found beside him in the truck along with another object of mine which I could not identify.

March 4

I am afraid. It is terrible this knowing fear. It is unnamed. Something is happening to me that I don't like but can't seem to do anything about. I never thought of myself as a slut—as in any part “bad,” And yet what am I really. Lorin seems to have taken something vital from me. Possibly the shield I wrote of. Yes, Lorin must have taken something from me. Since Lorin I have three times had intercourse with boys—Ken and Mark. And yet strangely I didn't want to, it was against my will. I am so afraid. If only I could love Lorin and be comforted. Who can help me? No one I guess there is no one to turn to, I am alone. I know in my heart he doesn't want me. Oh God what is going to become of me. Everything is wrong. Everything. Only Lorin was right! If only he would realize how good we were for each other. Because he needs me as much as I need him I know that. Oh heaven what can I do? What oh what?

The Shield

He wears my virginity on his back as a shield. Lo? What that he did! For that is what it was to me—a shield.

It protected me from all sorts of evil; and for love I gave up my shield to him.

But did he in return bequeath me his love to protect me as had my shield?

Nay! Oh heaven, he left me naught!

I am now devoured on all sides by hungry wolves.

My shield is forgotten in his most bottom drawer and I am being devoured

And I am besieged anew, besieged and finally crumbling with torturous memories, of the joy of having given!

March 20, 1961

Just a thought: when a person says “I don’t care” they really mean that the object is irrelevant or unimportant. They really do care, but not that much. However, they also might mean that they really *do* care. Then “I don’t care” is an ironical statement.

In five days I’ll be going home and more than anything I want to go home and see my family. I doubt if I’ve ever been as miserable as I have been the last 3 months, the last one in particular—so much has happened. I want to go home where someone cares. Here I am lost—an insignificant blob that no one would miss. I don’t care if everyone at home yells and fights—at least basically we care for each other.

I had so depended on Lorin to care for me but I’m beginning to realize the futility of my hopes. Going home is second best but I need their love. When I come back maybe I’ll be alright again. But there’s still always that “hope.” Damn Lorin!

April 12

Before I forget: A few nights ago I had a most upsetting dream. I was making love with a boy—vaguely Ken—and my brother saw us thru the door. Later mother said, understandingly, “What’s the matter dear, Can’t you control yourself?” I was very upset to be dreaming such a thing. It brought back my fears of being uncontrolled. Over vacation I made love with a nice boy whom I had never seen before. We didn’t go all the way, but still it disgusts me. So far I haven’t had any nice dates, and I’m really afraid that once I do and he kisses me—I’ll be a gonner.

Sept. 13, 1961

I was stupid, forgetting to bring my diary East with me. Many things happened that should have been written here. Now for lack of time or the passage of it—they will be left out.

Life with my grandparents was not worth putting down. Suffice it to say that I have learned that the age difference between such as we can make life very very frustrating.

I worked almost the whole 2 months—June 2 thru Aug 14—at L. O. Koven & Bro. of Dover—Boil makers by trade also making steel swimming pools and fallout shelters (Bless Pres. Kennedy! Koven will now have a market for them). I worked in the one

office in the purchasing dept. I loved it. 'Twas my first experience in a real office. I found it very interesting and exciting. The people were not my friends but I was theirs—Bob McMullan, Mr. Graham, Mrs. Edwards, Mary, the younger unnamed people, “the” boss Mr. “Alley Ooop” Vaught—everyone—I loved them.

Speaking of love...I met Hank Gurski at Koven. 27 yrs old 'bout 5'9" or 10", blond, husky, outgoing, kind, courteous, ambitious. He took me to lunch every day for 2 wks. We dated for about a month. I thought he was the sweetest thing I had ever known. I almost loved him. He wouldn't *take* me. As a matter of fact, I wanted to marry him. Because of this I started taking instructions in the Catholic faith. He never gave me a chance to tell him. We had a misunderstanding—my grandparent's fault, damn—and he then took out another girl. I'll never know how he felt about me, I suppose. From all appearances he was just an office wolf who loved his bachelor life and good times. But oh he was wonderful. Still I have faith that eventually God will make me happy...

Polly was married August 27. Tina and I saw her thru it although I think we were more excited than she was. I'm sure it'll work out fine.

At the wedding I met Phil Scanlon (Polly had introduced us several months before). He's had polio and is dying of cancer so you can imagine that he's nothing much to look at. But there's something about him that I love. I don't know exactly what it is but it's there. In any case I spent the night with him. At the time I loved him I was sure. This weekend he came up and we were out all night. Again I was sure I loved him. Now I never want to see him again. You must try to understand. Sex is trying to ruin my life. It's ironic really, because I don't enjoy it and can do without it. I know I want to be loved but why is sex always there to could my vision. I wonder what would have happened if I had never met Lorin? Human nature is truly confusing. Myself the most of all. In any case I've got to remember whatever happens not to do it again, for I can't live with myself afterwards. Perhaps one day I'll be able to see less in shades of and more in pure black and white. Pray for me.

I've enrolled at Chico State College. We have moved here from Belmont. Should work out ok for us although Mom and Deedee miss their friends terribly.

January 6, 1962

I wrote Phil regularly until Christmas. He wasn't there when I needed him most so forget it. I went to Whittier for homecoming on Bob Porter's invitation. He asked me to wear his pin but I said no. I respect him and admire him more than anyone I know but I just don't love him (That's probably why I haven't slept with him! It's ironic!) I'd like to see more of him though. Who knows. Oh well, on to the matter at hand. Have you ever been lonely, really lonely? Since I've been here at Chico I have not made a single friend and have had but one date! That's in five months! I may get a B average this semester but what of it? The past month has been very trying. I almost joined the Waves. Was all finished but for the swearing in when I decided not to join. Everyone was against it. Nothing came of anything so here I am registering for another crappy semester.

February 7, 1962

I have much to say and wish I had the time... The last five months were terrible. Life became meaningless for me. I did little other than sleep and watch television. Two weeks ago I drove down to Whittier for semester brake. There I met a girl from Radcliff who has taken a year off to travel and think. She had a great deal of influence over me. Firstly, she too had problems, but thought them out and conquered them. Secondly, she was intellectual—everything was of interest to her—LIFE was of interest to her. Bernice Black, I hope to see you again.

Today I take new joys in nature, in beauty, in art and music, in life itself.

While in Whittier I also saw Lorin. We went out. Strange, but everything was the same even after a year. I still love him and will always, but in a way reserved for youth and innocence. I finally realized the futility of trying to recapture the blissful beauty of first love. It is finished, really finished. I am at peace now and in years to come I will think of my Lorin with tenderness not pain. "Every girl has three loves; the first teaches her what love is, the second what love isn't, but the third love lasts a lifetime." I will never love another as I loved Lorin but I will love again!!

Also while in Whittier I saw Bob Porter. Poor Bob. He wanted to marry me. He is so sincere in everything he does. I'm sure I could be happy with him if I loved him. Perhaps in time I will...

Incidentally, Tina wrote today that she and Todd have been secretly married. I fear for them but wish them luck.

February 22, 1962

I met Fred Horn while doing a news story.

March 16, 1962

In Santa Cruz yesterday, after having driven mother and Penny there to their new home. I walked into Fred's motel room to wake him up. He looked so warm and comfortable lying there with his bare torso showing above the blanket. It would be so nice to sleep with him. At 11:00 we left for home, driving first through Boulder Creek and Big Basin in the Santa Cruz Mtns. We then cut down to Half Moon Bay and up the coast to S..F. where we walked around the zoo for awhile. We crossed the Golden Gate bridge and set out northward along the coast. I had never been that way. It was truly beautiful. From Marin the little road wound its way to the cliffs and hills above Stinsen Beach. At one point we stopped the car and walked out on a point of land about 200 yds. We were hidden from the road. Above us, the rolling hills of Marin. Below, the shimmering, shining Pacific. Far to the South, the SF skyline poked around a corner of cliff. The sky was blue with puffy white clouds. Two steamers crept toward us from the distance. The wind was fresh and cold. We lay back into the pungent smell of those yellow-flowering bushes. We made love in that beautiful spot.

Later we pushed further North on Highway 1—a winding, narrow road—through rolling, velvety hills. At dusk we cut westward to Petaluma. Cows fed on the velvet. Streams, in their eroded paths, filled the hollows, gorges, and valleys. Snug little farms nestled friendlily on the greenness. At Vallejo we caught Highway 40 to the Nut Tree where we turned off into a short cut and darkness. Alone in the peaceful night we again stopped and made love. To Orland then, and home. Such happiness traveling thusly with my darling. With hopes of more such days of peaceful bliss...

June 13, 1962

Poor thing! You probably thought I had abandoned you! Be reassured. Fred and I have been pinned for a week and 2 days—since June 3rd. There is no doubt that we're in love; sometime in the next 2 years we'll be married I guess. We'll go to Europe when I graduate, barring complications.

We've had our disagreements and upsets but we've always solved them or at least postponed them. One of our biggest problems has been my inhibitions concerning premarital sex relations, but I have had to admit that I would not be willing to stop—I am to the point where I actually desire him—oh I love him so. I am at my happiest when he has that purring smile of contentment on his face. And we are so close. I love him so much, I can't express it.

Last week he was gone for four days home to Redding and oh how I missed him. On his return we had one of our most perfect love-making evenings. I actually came near a climax I just know it. I know I can only love him more as time passes and I am so happy!

Last week school was out. I have completed 66 units, 2 yrs. Of college—I am a junior now and on the home stretch. I suspect I will get a 2.8 but a 2.6 is possible.

I have started on another must of life—apartment life. So far I love it. My summer roommates are Sandy Lockner and Suzie Aaronson. We get along splendidly. Sandy, if she doesn't marry John next month, will remain here for next year also. I really am satisfied—Santa Cruz will, if I can help it, only be a place to visit every so often.

I have been relatively lucky getting employment for the summer. But screwy hours: 10-3, gen'l office, at the Chamber of Commerce; and 8:00 to 12 or so evenings cashiering at the drive-in (6 nites a week)

When Fred leaves it will be an inconvenience to be working wkends as that's the only time he can get home.

I have written a great deal of poetry these past few months. You'll have to read them sometime.

I might as well tell you one of Fred's grand insights into my personality—even tho I'd just as soon not think about it: my past lovers make him literally ill. For the reason, as he logically noted, that I was unwilling, in a majority of cases, but could not say no. He

points out, with frightening logic, that it is entirely possible that if we had a fight and some guy came along with a little booze and smart talk I could be talked into bed. The thought makes me sick. Nevertheless the fear of such has slacked off, for I have Fred to use as a set of values (comparable to those of strong religious principles or deeply rooted moral convictions—to take their place is Fred and all he represents, so I don't need moral or religious convictions.

Another pt: Bob is coming home from Germany for a few days to try to talk Sue out of divorce. After her attitude, I hope he is unsuccessful.

January 5, 1963

My how time flees! Ironic, that as Bob's divorce trial is set for 60 days hence, I've planned a wedding for 3 wks. Love sure is strange. Fred said the other night that I'm an emotional mess and have been for years. He's right too—I'm learning so much about myself—I think. These last months have been nothing less than traumatic!! I've moved three times—all upsetting experiences—yet Fred's and mine stormy courtship has been one emotional upheaval I don't care to go through again thank you. I know when the day comes that we really adjust to each other—or rather the day we finally *accept* each other, we will have bliss like no others. We are so right for each other... I suppose one could sum up the past months as extreme emotional oscillation. I couldn't concentrate on anything much longer than an hour. I was continually tormented by my own self. Between us we manage to complicate the smallest things. I pray that life with this darling will settle me, that I will be able to find myself. Still I hope it won't be dull and unexciting. Mother said in one letter that we create love by saying each day to ourselves that we are in love. I think she has a point. Nevertheless—life scares the hell out of me. I can't bear to part with Fred but am afraid in a way to tie myself to him. I need a change desperately.

May 15, 1963

So fine, this moment—warm, spring night, solitude, fine music. Makes me feel like writing. Sure do like that record. It's Fred's, the dear—Moments like this make it all worth while. Life is precious in moments like this. Now, if it were only enduring.

Sometimes we think we're crazy, being married. Three-quarters of the time it's hell; but that other one quarter is why we're alive! We're neither of us happy but we know things will pick up. School has become such drudgery, living an endless nothingness. Music is so grand—we should listen more often.

Poor Fred—I always feel he got the worst of the bargain. He knew just what he was and where he was going; and I—well I am as unsettled as I ever was. But Fred is certain I will grow into a niche, get settled inside of me. I hope so. Now I haven't the faintest notion about life—only a vague idea of working to save \$20,000 so Fred can build, so we'll have somewhere to start from. Somewhere way off, we'll settle down and have our children; and God protect us from humdrum, conventional, middleclass lives of CONFORMITY!!!!

Father, bless him and damn him, left me a yearning, a yearning for what is still that unknown thing—that approach to life which alone can make life worth living. I can only feel that it is there waiting for me to reach out and grasp it. Perhaps one day...

Now I'll give myself back to the music.

June 30, 1964

Ever since we got here to Milwaukee I've been going downhill. It's only been 3 weeks I guess so maybe things will improve, but right now I feel as though I'll never live to be 30. I'm certain that unless something happens I'll kill myself one day. I've certainly thought an awful lot about it lately. Why? I don't know. I feel as though I'm a failure as a human being—nothing's ever right. No matter what. I feel as though I should grab life and suckle it but instead I turn away at every turn. I don't understand. What is life? I try doing *things*—like painting or working or TV or cleaning or reading but always when I stop there it is—what is this, why am I doing this, what for? Questions, questions that no one can answer, no one to turn to anyway. Why can't I be a good wife, cook and clean and make love and be companion. I'm a failure at everything. I'm beginning to hate Fred even while I love him. He's good and kind and everything but I blame him for all. Why? I wonder if he has really done me harm. I wonder if he made me look at my once-lovers with hatred as those who took advantage of me. I still love and cherish them all—almost every fella I've gone with. Is it true (what I feel) that Fred has taken the joy out of loving, made it mechanical and horrid. Is that why I hate to make love with him? It's frightening to think about but I actually am yearning for some love and he doesn't give it to me. I am being eaten away with the feeling that the only time he's tender and loving is when he's trying to get in my britches. I'm beginning to look hungrily at other men, my God! I yearn to escape but how, would I but love to get in the car and drive, never stop driving. But I must stop and so I do not drive away. God help me.

March 11, 1966

I've just been reading the contents of my box—it's poems and letters (to myself) and diaries. Jesus Christ! I am exactly as I was at 15 and it makes me want to swear. Nothing is as satisfying as a good Jesus Christ. Lately I've been able to feel strangely detached from myself—and I feel that way tonight—except that (surprisingly) I was actually unable to read the parts of the diary concerned with that “year.” I guess it bothers me then, huh?

Well; Glory be, I almost think we're approaching a climax, friend!

Last week I got so upset at school that I finally had the courage to call the counseling office for an apt. and Tues. I went. What a man—so sympathetic and interested. I was actually at ease with him. He “touched me” I guess you might say. We ended up talking mostly—not about school—but about my marriage. Ah, that miserable little orphan! I think its hit rock bottom; for I am too nonchalant, too dispassionate about it now. I'm tired of fighting it; I'm trying to prepare myself for the decision that is inevitable. We've talked about divorce so often that I almost can't take it seriously; it's unreal. Christ, I hate to think about things. It's so damn depressing. I wish some omnipotent being would clue

me in on the true scoop. What is? That's what it all boils down to you know—what is? Is what I feel this minute real or is it what I felt 2 minutes ago, or yesterday or tomorrow/ Is it real to have faith in “this” or “this” or is it delusion? What is, what is, what is!! All the things I wanted at 15 I still want. Will I want them the day I die? What is, dammit, what is!

Ugly, blacked, streaked, hisky—
Stramen, scrowmen, cricky
Can mere words reflect the dismal lurk within?
A void, a hunger—ache—
The pain approach the brim?

Growl, dark inward me, and carry forth your bile
For I can't bear you any more
--I don't care for your style

3/18/66

Just happen to feel like writing, friend—hope you don't mind. Was trying to create. And you know how hopeless that is sometimes. I get “visions” of what I want to do but sometimes—most times—they don't look like the vision when created. Anyway, I can always write—so here I am.

Got to thinking how stupid it was not to be able to read this book—THOSE parts, I mean—so I did it. Must admit I actually turned my face away at some phrases—so disgusting—so deluded—so ridiculous like Twain feels about Scott. Anyway I did notice something. THE familiar strain. I sure am a dink. There are passages back there that I could have written today, for God's sake, I have changed so little. What the heck, who cares. There's sure nothing I can do about it. I felt so fine—at ease—yesterday when I left Mr. X. He put me thru hell but I trust him. Do I dare hope for an answer? Would be a riot if after all these yrs. I finally was made well-adjusted. I surely do feel like letting my imagination run loose. Gee I wish it was Thursday again, damn.

She wears an old slouch hat and is wrapped in a bulky coat. Everything she wears is of the most expensive yet is well worn like the old leather chair. Everything she wears is of the most simple lines—no ornamentation—smooth curves—beautiful simplicity. She, herself, is like this—unencumbered. She rushes along the dark and deserted street, slender, almost skinny—straight and firm of limb. She walks purposefully surely—her face is calm, reposed unlined by care, for she is always so sure of herself that she has no need to worry. Here is a problem; examine the problem; make a decision; carry out the decision. She never wavers, never hesitates.

She is beautiful but the cocktail party habitués would not think so. She has a brilliant mind—most men are not her equal—she is an institution, she runs the store but not ostentatiously for she has no need of that since she knows her value. There are men who love her—and these are the men whom she loves—ah, what men—all shapes and sizes but with one thing in common—strength.

There is one I like better than the others, perhaps because he is more real—Hank Reardon—he is big, he is rugged—he is Reardon Metal too. His wife thinks he is crude but he's not. Sounds like Fred, but it isn't. On second thought I don't like Hank after all. Let's see, who do I like—the doctor in Ship of Fools? I fell madly in love with him then, but now he strikes me as kind of sickly... damn I can't think of anyone—yes I can—the doctor in that crazy mystery. He was strong—he knew his profession—he knew his way of life—he was lonesome and brusque because of it. Little boy brusqueness is so appealing in a man—in literature; because you always know how they really feel. In real life you wouldn't understand. Of course you never understand in real life. You believe every word you hear. No judgment. Irony in any form is always above your head. I hate you, do ya know? You are a bitch. Do you suppose someday I really will kill you? You are such a, a,--- I hate you and wish you'd die. I hate you. You are such a bastard, God dammit what a bastard—I hate you I hate you I hate you I hate you. So there! Now me, I hate lots of people, especially people like you, you sanctimonious boob always blubbering always romantic always sighing over things. If it wasn't for you I'd be set. I'd be smart. I'd have a trade by now, a real trade not your blubbering English lit! A straight, clean, simple application of principles—a firm exacting trade—an engineer or something. And don't think I wouldn't be good either, you bastard. Why I'd be better than some men! I'd know where I stood, I'd be hard but I'd be real. I'd have mean too—I wouldn't be lonesome cause...

Sounds like 3 Faces of Eve, you ass. Always trying to make something out of yourself. Sure, 'would be nice if your problems were so simple as mere illness—Cure it and you're better. But even your problems aren't superior problems!! Jesus Christ but you are an ass—Jesus Christ but I hate you. I wish you'd shut up so I could go to sleep. I'm tired. I like my writing—it's pretty—Sometimes I think good penmanship is ugly. Remember how you used to practice writing illegibly? What fun—never did succeed tho—That reminds me of Fred's most crude joke. "If at first you don't succeed, keep on sucking til you *do* suck seed." That bastard—Even if that wasn't original, he's still the crudest bastard that ever lived and as embarrassing as hell. I hate him almost as much as I hate you, you know?

Mr. X, will you love me? No, I hate you too—you're a bastard too. You know what I think, don't you? You don't like me—you're laughing at me—I'm going to cry—You think—you feel about me exactly as I do about me. You wouldn't have anything to do with me if you didn't have to. What the hell, anyway. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day til the last syllable of recorded time--

March 29

[copied from another paper]

Well I finally did it—kind of strange—I kind of strange—I kind of feel sad cause I don't want to die—gee that word sounds strange—but I can't seem to see anything else to do. I only hope those who love me will not feel sad—please don't Before I've thought I couldn't bear to hurt them this way; but my life is, after all, my life, and I can't seem to

get any help—That is no one's fault—That is life. PLEASE don't feel bad—I'm sorry but I just can't bear it any more like this—It's 11:30 I think I'm at the beach—I can hear the wind blowing and I love the wind too—Please—I can't help it if I'm screwed up—please please don't hate me. If only—every is filled with “if onlys”—Would be a yuk if this doesn't work—but then there's always tomorrow right?

God, I feel good—no longer depressed. I know I'll regret not having the satisfaction of being free but that's the price you pay all right. I know that—But failure is too much to take—God I want to live—to see sunsets, mtns., waves—all the things I love—people-0-I love them all—but to be alone I can't bear—Oh God I wish---that does no good however--good night world; I've loved you! P.S. Fred please burn my diary and other papers

Marcy 31

So that was written 2 days ago, this being the 31st. Guess where I am today, friend? (Needless to say aspirin is ineffective for I woke up the next morning very much alive—next time will try sleeping pills—tho I hope there will be no next time. Yet I couldn't swear there wouldn't be so the psychiatrists at school talked me into entering the state hospital in Norwalk. I hope they can help me but it's terribly depressing here—I spent the first 3 hrs in tears but then I remembered you and I've always liked writing to you.

Really, this is a crazy place. The people are so weird—Ick—and I swear it's still like out of a comic book—practically bars on the windows—They took all my things away—matches, everything—even my saccharine. I bought a carton of cigarettes but they're in the car and once I entered this place all doors were locked behind me. So I only have one pkg. Tomorrow I think they'll let me call Fred and let him bring me some things. Gees, you know there's even a woman screaming somewhere and pounding on a door—“Help me. Help me someone,” she screams.

This place here is like a lounge, with chairs and couches, TV, ping-pong table (no balls). People are mostly sleeping on the couches. One guy went to sleep on the floor; one guy keeps pacing around—he scares me—he kept walking by me and when I'd move he'd just move too. I feel better now, thanks to you.

There's another guy who has a continual grin on his face and he keeps walking around looking for someone who will listen to him talk. I listened to him a couple times but as he makes no sense, I try to avoid his glance now.

A couple of ladies just sit and stare straight ahead. One pair seem real pals and talk together; but one of them walked by me, asked me a question, and then hurried out before I had a chance to look up! There's a man and woman who've been together since I got here. They act as normal as can be—like it's a game—I wonder what's with them. Several have been watching TV—the cartoons and news, what's ever on—I wonder if they're really watching.

That lady is really starting to get loud now—wonder what they'll do?

I just got dressed for bed. They took me into a room to strip, then looked for scars and other identifying marks; I showered (tepid water!) and put on the sack they call a nightgown. Now I'm just passing time till 9:00 and bed—It's only 7:30 now too. What else can I write?

April 1—and is it ever!! Just got us up—it's around 6:00 we made our beds—they gave us state clothes (I like my dress—simple as you can get but a cute print). Heard someone say we get a chest x-ray. Now I guess I'll tell you how I've been feeling. For the last month I've been having more frequent blue spells and then last week when I moved out of the apartment they started getting even more frequent. In the last week its been too frequent—one hr. I feel happy and gay; the next depressed as hell. Then its been worse and worse—this morning I almost broke into tears—I feel very nervous—couldn't make the bed as I usually do—feel weak—but calm enough. Without you tho I know I'd be in tears this minute. I wish there was someone here who I knew. Dr. Schwartz (?) from school said he'd see me here but I don't know about that guy—wish it was to be Edson—meanwhile, time drags. Sure wish I had someone.

Later—had x-rays and teeth check—I feel so bad again. I have no tampex and so I have to use their kotex and I have only one cigarette left—and all the while all these things are sitting outside in the car, just outside—yet I can't have them. I hate this. I wish something purposeful would develop.

There's a new girl here this morning—Maria Montana—she's so pretty and sweet. I like her. I wish I could just lie down and cry dammit.

April 3

I swear I'm going crazy—yesterday I was too upset to write to you. Wrote Harrelson instead. I hope I didn't upset them. Poor Deedee. I was crazy to see Sharon and kept sending people out to phone her (I am not allowed to leave the ward) but no one answered. Yet, low and behold, she and Steve came anyway. Fred had told them where I was and they took it upon themselves to visit me. I was so happy you can't believe it. We visited for about ½ hr. they say I'm not sick—that I should get lots of reading done here and go back to sch. And finish the semester. I told them I couldn't but they said I must and they convinced me I could. I felt so good after they left. They will come again today. I managed to read for an hr. or so then before dinner and was feeling very well. Then I developed a headache. Excitement I guess. The nurse wouldn't of course, give me any aspirin; nor of course was I allowed toile down. I was dying—she said learn patience—God. Some woman snapped at me and I went to pieces, sobbing and sobbing. Finally it was bed time but by then I couldn't sleep. I had given my cigarettes to poor Maxine and couldn't get one. I ended up crying hysterically again but finally got to sleep. This morning felt fine again—put on my own clothes and even eyebrows—breakfast I enjoyed and for once the TV wasn't on so I played the piano. I really enjoyed it. But all of a sudden I felt myself going (my pulse was about 100 when I awoke but went down right away). I can tell when I'm about to go to pieces. It's funny. My stomach starts jumping my whole body feels like its shaking, my pulse shoots up. I get up from the piano and did some exercises but only felt worse. I asked Janice to play ping pong and although we had

a mad volley for about 15 minutes I finally had to quit. I tried walking but finally simply gave up and sat down. I clenched my fists, tightened my muscles; relaxed, let the tears come and sat sullen for about five minutes. Then I jumped up and ran to get you. At the top of the page Betty came by and we've just finished talking about 15 minutes so I feel much more relaxed. Betty—that girl is a doll. I'm not sure what her prob is—if she has a prob.—but she's the only thing keeping me sane. She's so calm. But even she's beginning to go. This place is depressing her and I see tears forming in her eyes. I hope all goes well for her. Maxine is sleeping again. Poor thing—she's like a zombie. But last night she was very much more aware. We got her to eat something at breakfast and I had hopes but the nurses let her go back to bed.

--Janice also is a dear—but a very troubled girl. She can't follow a conversation but she is sweet. This morning she's even looking after another patient. And can she ever play ping-pong. Won't go outside for volleyball tho. She says she's 27 but sure doesn't look that old. She says, also, that she has no money and I give her cigarettes. (Between her and Max & Betty I'm using 2 pks a day!) but I'm going to ask if she really has no money; for I can't bear to see people doing w/out simple pleasures, especially here. If she is destitute I will leave her some money when I go. This morning she had a fit. Not really a fit, but she bent over and was rigid—catatonic? She's all right now.

Dee is a 19-yr old. She seems to be trying too hard to be what her “image” of a teenager is. I sometimes find her grating. Supposedly her prob. Is lack of communication with her parents. She's a lovely girl but terribly inactive (exercise, sports repel her). She wants to go to a foster home and get married.

There are others, mostly older: stare-ers, pacers, whimper-ers, talk-to-selfers, sleepers, and the nutty boob-tube addicts. There's the alcoholic who swears by Dr. #1 (forget his name). She's been in and out tons of times. A leader; calls everyone “honey,” “baby,” or something; you know the type, but I like her, she's pleasant.

The inevitable grade C movie has just begun dunning my ears—scratch the piano for another 12 hrs. (That's how I count time here—how many hours before bedtime?) And it's only ¼ to 11—oh well, lunch soon and Steve and Sharon will be here this afternoon. Yesterday Betty, Dee and I tried all the games—Chinese marbles, gin, password, ping pong, volleyball. You can only pursue an activity for just so long you know—then what do you do.

I must be revolting against that TV cause for such an avid watcher it's unusual—I mean I haven't watched one program—only hate the noise—you can't escape it!! Weather still lousy so the back yd. isn't too appealing. Besides, people “pace” out there too. I'd like to try reading out there (they won't let us in the dorm) but can't bring myself to do it. Must try in here later—simply must try.

Thursday, 1:30 am

Dear Heavenly Father—that just came to me. As yet I'm still a little too mad to go to sleep and since I can't tell you why, I'm writing. Writing always calms me anyway. You

should be proud of me—I've just been keeping the neighbors awake with my yelling! I've never been so mad in my life.

From the beginning: The phone rang. It was a girl wanting Fred (he was gone for the evening) and she seemed shocked when I answered. Aha, I thought. Somehow the connotations struck me funny and I was in a relaxed mood the rest of the night. Just as I was dropping off to sleep along comes the prodigal and I told him of his call. He blanched; or should I say he was almost sick on the floor. I could hardly keep from laughing esp. when he told me who she was. She lives in S..F. and they've been calling each other periodically, for he used to know her in Idaho and when she moved to the big city the "poor little country girl" needed encouragement. Turns out she's 23 and he's had a real "thing" going with her for some weeks now. He can't "remember" exactly when he began this little -?- But as I said, this only amused and interested me. He was afraid she would be upset so I volunteered to call and tell her why I was in the apt. She sounded relieved. Then we talked. She would do anything for him, he said, just as I had done "before we were married!" Then he reiterated his old complaints: the house isn't clean enough, I won't get up to fix his breakfast, I'm lousy in bed.

When—oh crud I can't go into it. I'll only get mad again. I know I can't go to sleep and it makes me mad cause I'm exhausted.

I called my sister in San Jose and she reported that all the girls were planning on coming down tomorrow night to rescue me—I had written them from the nut house—but they were so concerned they decided to come down tonight. Don't worry, I won't go back with them. I was so venomous that Fred couldn't take it and came in and pulled out the plug. I then went up to my friend Sharon's apt and she spent a half hour calming me down.—I spoke to two other friends this evening. One said right off, "How do you feel?" and the other invited me over for the weekend. The first is coming over tomorrow. Now tell me how, with so many people knocking themselves out for me, I could have felt rejected? Everyone's so wonderful it's almost embarrassing! As a matter of fact I am embarrassed (?)—as Sharon says, I shouldn't let that %^&*(upset me. Anyway I was furious so you should be happy.

I think I'll begin agitating for dates and see what happens—do you know one of those finky doctors asked me what I took, laughed, and said the lethal dose of Librium is 50,000! Why does that bother me anyway?

Well, have fun and I'll see you Thursday. Pardon the stationary, etc. but everything I own is in the dorm. Bonsoir—Your nut Camille

Thursday, PM

God help me—I knew it would happen eventually but so soon—Oh God help me—when in doubt say "no"—so I have—but Fred would be envious, I'm so sick with desire—I'm tingling, I'm physically ill—I'd better take pills again—pg pills that is, for I know I won't be able to hold out under much of this—God, if he'd come back I'd let him in—Oh

God, I want some love—Oh God I'll be right back where I was three yrs ago—Oh God I'm scared, God God God

Friday

Glory be—just goes to show you—wait long enough and things begin to look up. Was depressed all day and Sharon invited me up for dinner. Their friend Jerry from San Diego was coming up. Naturally I felt like an idiot playing the 4th but not for long. We had dinner, went miniature golfing, bowling, dancing. He, Jerry, was very relaxing—it was a real pleasure dancing w/him. He came down to borrow pillow and blankets and kissed me good nite. It was nice—not panicking or stimulating as I had feared—just nice. Wonder for how long I can be casual—not everyone will be like Jerry Froodman—Stay high man!!

Sat

Had lovely tennis match this am but Jerry left w/out saying goodbye and I was depressed all afternoon—almost went out and bought sleeping pills but realized I had to wait at least til Thurs. Steve came over—oh God I got hysterical every time he excited me—I can't stand this—heavenly father please help me soon.

Fri, April 15

What a day—to start off so bad and end so good. I feel so good. Just came from an hour with Mr. Edson. As he says, I was “with it” today. I have to express my feelings, he says. I did with my father, remember. And I love wrestling—see. Fred frustrated me by not letting me get them out. Also he says I have a lot of aggression towards my father and perhaps men in gen'l. Should wrestle more he says for they can defend themselves—yippee. He says I should not despair, for I can relate to someone and he will help me. I must not be afraid to see things and not feel guilty about them. I was getting kind of leery about going to San Diego (Jerry) tomorrow, but now I'm excited again. Too bad I haven't any neat clothes to wear. Wonder what he'll be like in a twosome situation? At least I'm not afraid of pretending anymore—I'll probably have to fight the inclination but it will be worth it to “know” what things are—Just think, he said he'd help me!! It's so wonderful.

5/18

Jerry gave me a wonderful time—he's very masculine. But in bed he was frustrating as hell. I had forgotten how difficult a time I have getting satisfied—he said I was the most passionate creature he'd ever known (no wonder, I was getting no where!) which I'm proud of—I mean it's good for the ego. Yet, nevertheless, I was feeling frustrated as hell when I left Sunday. I think he felt bad about it. He sure spent a lot of money on me—hope it was worth it! Edson invited me swimming but when I stopped in San Clemente he didn't answer the phone. I got more and more depressed, calling him every ½ hour but he still didn't answer—I finally stopped at a store and bought some sleeping pills!! I then spent the afternoon contemplating the bottle. Finally decided I had to have some Fred! Caught him at home and he was glad to take me up on my offer—girl, what an understatement!! It did me a world of good but he gave me quite a revelation—says for the last yr ½ he's been stepping out on me—beginning with Carole (in Milw.) of all

people—my best friend—I mean it's right out of the movies!! Nevertheless, I was able to spend this entire afternoon studying—peace at last. Wonder what DE will say re this!!

Reading Boswell's Life of Johnson and am really getting a kick out of it.

April 22 (all in shorthand!!)

Jerry is coming up tomorrow. Tonight I went over to Fred's to watch TV. Poor guy—he showed me a letter from Joanie and the one he wrote back—seems he was very upset upon hearing that I stayed with Jerry last week! Still, everything was fine until about 9:00 at which time he tried to seduce me. I nipped that in the bud quickly—was not in the mood as per usual!! So what will happen tomorrow? Saw Edson today again—Gee I wish I didn't like him so much; for then I wouldn't miss seeing him so much!! I think he's going to start seeing me only once a week now which is depressing!! Damn—wonder what kind of a mood I'll be in tomorrow? I haven't told you yet what Edson said about my depression Sunday—he said I was probably feeling guilty about sleeping with Jerry—damn—wonder what IS the matter with me?

April 25 (all in shorthand)

Well, Jerry took me to Laguna for the weekend—really was kind of fun even if rather lonesome. I mean it's hard to keep from looking for something that isn't there—still was not too successful at making love—rather embarrassing—came home and wasn't depressed but was lonesome so went over to Fred's again. We had a nice talk and ended up in bed again!! I didn't know how I felt about him. I can't decide whether I would like to go back to him or not. Are our differences really so great or is it just sex or is it nothing at all? I wish I could keep from going over there but it seems I can't. Wonder what Mr. Edson will say about it now? Fred said he would see Mr. Edson but he doesn't really believe in therapy—only feels it would be good for me. Still, I may mention it to Edson. Well, think I will go back and see if I can read the shorthand I wrote the other day.

May 7

I was setting here thinking how strange it is—of all the people I can think of who I would like to put my arms around—Mr. Edson is the only one. Gee, his wife is lucky—he is so sweet. I know he would never hurt me—he's the type who really loves when he loves. He even told me once that he believed happiness was (only) to be found in “the” “relationship.” God, she's a lucky woman! I keep remembering Jim in New Jersey. He seems to be the only other person like this I have known—so naturally gay and vivacious. And to think I thought him too frivolous!!

I distrust Fred more every time I see him. He seems to be reverting back to the self-centered, grasping person he was before I married him. As for Jerry, I don't know about him yet. It's very depressing thinking about the hopelessness of a human “relationship”; yet I've been so immersed in the pessimistic deterministic literary philosophies (as exemplified in Twain's “Mysterious Stranger”) that I'm half tempted to say the hell with it—its unrealistic. Life is good as well as bad and I'll prove it by being happy! Wouldn't that be nice!?

I have fewer bad depressions lately, but more of the underlying anxiousness. Sometimes I wish for a traumatic experience so that, in the depths of depression, I can kill myself again—and succeed. (That reminds me of Fred's vulgarism!) Well, the hell with dwelling on that bastard; will prepare for my exciting date with Jerry tonight!

May 25

Two days left of classes. Wonder if I'll survive finals. Yesterday Mr. E talked about the future. It made me sick. Was all I could do to go to class, I was so upset. Decided to put you back into my secret box and ask him to keep it for me—so I could kill myself w/out worrying about anyone seeing it. I simply can't face tomorrow and tomorrow & tomorrow. I don't want to come back to school, yet can't picture myself working or anything. Is limbo creeping back to me? I actually got out my pills, took the cotton out, and looked at them, but that is all. Dale Dobson called. I went out with him Sunday and didn't get in till 3:00am having spent hrs. necking. I'm terrible. He's only 19 yrs old. C'est la vie... wish Jerry would call but what dif. would it make—there's no future in him. I'm afraid I'll get too stuck on him and he'll hurt me. Went down to San Diego Fri. Had been dreading it for days—was scared. But had a ball. We went to a go-go party and guess who I ran into—Skip Nelson!! Looked good.

Have spent the day depressed. Left a message for Mr. E to call but he didn't. I guess it's a good thing Dale called for I feel better even if I can't study. Have spent an hr. reading first diary. Really chuckled at that 14 yr. old—Didn't read you tho—you still hurt. Sorry Charley. Didn't read my poems either so don't feel bad. You know, I'm petrified. I really wish lightning would strike me dead. I look forward to "Lecture" rehearsal and seeing Jerry but that's all. I must get a hold on myself and find a spot or I'm finished. I haven't the money to go to school next yr but I squander what I have. I just don't care about anything.

Mr. E doesn't seem interested in my dreams any more which is strange; and I have been having millions of them too! One had him in it. He would be happy to know that I didn't hate him in it—on the contrary I had stopped at the hospital to visit and saw familiar faces. A nurse took my belongings and I ran crying and forlorn from the place. I ran into Mr. E and he comforted me. It made me feel so good. Damn Damn I wish I had someone to love. Sometimes I think I love Mr. Edson but sometimes I think of him—I mean sometimes I wish he would put his arms around me like a father and comfort me. He has never even touched me!!! Other times I hate him; but I guess it's because he won't give me anything. Funny relationship!

May 27

Hi Sweetie,

Last nite was sufficiently interesting to report to you. Rehearsal went pretty well and afterwards Betar, Steve, Mel, Paul Wood and I went out for a beer. Developed into about 4 beers really. T'was really fine. I got drunk (not staggering) for first time in yrs. Ol' Betar sure has me figured out, man. He's sweet tho. I told him how he depresses me and he was very anxious over it and proceeded to tell us how he feels re life—i.e. it's beautiful. I was

glad he told me and said so. Steve appeared interested but Paul got the ? Anyway I went with him to take Fred a key and we parked. Man does he kiss nice. He's as affectionate as I am and has as much need for love—besides he's very sweet. Very concerned for me—only, he should know! I felt like a complete bastard. He was so darn hot and yet didn't even try anything—doesn't want to hurt me! Ha! He's only 21 and has had only one girl and I felt like such a bastard not obliging him. What's it to an old degenerate like me? The situation really made me feel shitty. I kept saying, "If only you weren't so nice," and of course he misunderstood. He's trying to be a "good guy" with a bad girl. What a yuk. Tonight he's taking me beering again. It's a good thing I have my period. And, you know, I had just decided to throw away my pills and now I can't part with them again. Jesus Christ. At least I know Jerry has the wrong attitude about love. I'm sure, I think. Just because life is beautiful, is there love in it? I should ask Betar to be specific. Anyway E. thinks there is, and Paul and Dale and lots of men I guess. We'll see how it goes, right. But Je-sus Christ I wish I had some of it!!! Here I sit wasting time again. It's 4:00 and all day I've read only 20 pgs.—I'm sure going to eat it on my finals. Gee, maybe I'll flunk and then won't have to graduate!! Didn't get home til 4:00 last nite tho and then my key stuck again so had to sleep in the car. Sleep buds aching much!?! I hate to stop—it feels so good—but I really must—damn damn damn damn

28th

Oh Paul, what can I say. Someone who needs to love as much as I—someone so kind, sweet and affectionate it hurts. I could fall in love with you in a minute. This is so ridiculous it hurts, for I know what will happen. For some ironic reason you haven't heard I'm married; and now, because you're Catholic and because I don't want you hurt—I have to spoil everything. I have to tell you. So nothing will ever come of us---and it could be so fine. It makes me ache. I've never known anyone like you. Of course maybe it's just cause I'm so screwed up, but Mr. E does say feelings are the only real things and all I know is how wonderful it would be to be yours course I—will you feel as I do I think. Damn, I wish I could be yours. Oh heavenly father, can't he be mine?!

June 3

'Tis funny. Remember how I felt when I called Jerry and told him I couldn't sleep with him any more? That's how I feel about Paul today. Last night he said something about taking me to bed tonight. It's been throbbing in my head. I can't bear thinking of it. I don't want to. Our beautiful relationship is becoming entirely too physical. I think how straight-forward Jerry is. Paul and I have done nothing but neck. It's dangerous. I feel like breaking it off. I will discuss it with him tho. He says he loves me but I truly believe he loves my bod—funny how that eternal denial of mine keeps popping up. Wonder if it's valid. Of course I feel pretty shitty anyway, cause I don't think I'll graduate after all this crap. I slept through half my history final and wasn't even prepared to write so I'm certain I'll fail the class. Poor papa will be so disappointed.

Mr. Edson keeps harping on my need for psychotherapy. I wish he'd shut up. Lat night I put on makeup for the first time in months. Hardly recognized myself. Wonder if I'll continue. Plays' going well.

June 5, 1966

Hi Sweetie,

Would you believe how good I feel. Paul—umm. Last night I fell asleep smiling. Perhaps he really will screw me but all I know is I feel so good with him.

I wonder why I like melodramas so much. Last night I really hurt him. He said later I was testing him subconsciously. Possible? Anyway I told him about my promiscuous past—abruptly, curtly, and blithely. He felt so bad I could have died, but he still says he loves me. I still don't know whether his love is the kind of love I want, but God I'm falling in love with him. I'm scared man—esp. since this is moving too fast for my health book—logically it's impossible. But I was sitting here thinking how I would like to take my secret box and give it to Mr. Edson. I want no secrets from Paul. I want a clean slate. By my standards I should prob give it to him to read but I wouldn't want him to be hurt by it. God, what a guy. He wants to love me so bad it frightens me, for what if he should one day feel OK again—would he top loving me?

Paul makes me feel so good—he's so loving and sweet and kind—but I get so confused. I wonder if Mr. Ed isn't right. I really wonder why I do some things. Like last night. It's weird. Paul said “why did you make love with me if you didn't love me?” (Goddamn but he's wonderful!) I tried to tell him about my pretending bit which sounds a bit hollow. I asked him what was his defn of love and he came up with something paternal. He wants to save me, to make me happy and whole again. It destroyed me, it really did. I said so. That's love” Then I through in my bit about you know—even about that creep that raped me. I thought he was going to die. I couldn't take it—I couldn't bear hurting him like that. The way he acts I can almost believe he loves me. Oh Paul.

August 8, 1966

This has been the first day of a fast and consequently I am quite unable to get to sleep. My stomach feels hollow. But I simply must act regarding all that weight I've gained since school let out.

I see it's been two months since I've written, tsk tsk. I've felt all right the last day or so but nothing much has changed. Depressions are merely not as frequent nor as black. I've had the dammets but seldom I've spent the summer in alternate weeks t Paul's house and in Lompoc. I was very seldom depressed at Paul's but always a bit ill at ease. Coming home tho really knocks me out. I don't even care to describe it. Let me say only that it appears to be only a period of adjustment that upsets me. This house can be impossible to believe however I sometimes wonder if it's unique.

Paul left Friday on his US trip. We had been drifting apart the week prior. I felt myself repulsed by him in much the same way as I was by Fred. I was quite upset by it but Mr. Edson has been quite unreachable. I wanted so much to discuss it with him. Hope can do so in Sept. because I fear there's something wrong with me. This withdrawal. If it wasn't so similar to how I felt about Fred I wouldn't care but as it is it seems symptomatic. And

I keep remembering Ken Kennedy and how I felt the same but did nothing. Begin thinking anew of Jerry and Bob Porter. Must keep reminding myself you can't go back.

Stuck my head under Fred's giotine again but try not to think about it.

Sometimes can generate enthusiasm for future death. I still feel largely inadequate re emotional independence. Cannot accept fact that in last analysis one does not stand alone yet can not generate willingness to stand alone. Simply don't want to be alone yet believe one must by nature's law, do just that.

Then too, same old junk re all the things I would like to do but don't.

Father wants to move to Philadelphia. Really hope they don't go for would like to feel there's some place to go. Last week I was at Paul's. Had millions of dreams. Figured I was upset and I was, too. My estrangement from him seemed like a personal affront of myself to myself. I simply don't understand why it happens and resent it muchly.

Have still been unable to paint which also I feel as an affront. Have also been unable to work. I sometimes feel I'm a real ick but at same time don't give a damn. Try to tell myself to care but why should I. Can see nothing in future that would make me happy. That's the key. For what am I living? What brings me contentment? Nothing I have or can foresee having—that's for sure...But I'll keep dragging my feet forward for whatever good it will do. Happy 24th birthday, you bitch!

Sat. Aug 13

Just feel like talking. I guess I had a vivid dream about Bob Porter recently. So vivid I was infused with its real feeling all day. Apparently he loved me and you know I haven't been able to get him out of my mind since! It's ridiculous—it's been years you know—he's prob engaged or married and totally uninterested besides which even at Whittier I didn't care that much for him. Yet these feelings so overwhelmed me that I scrounged through all my old letters to find one from him and wrote to him at Mass. I figured it couldn't hurt—maybe he'll get the letter, maybe he'll be interested! Well, we'll see.

Have felt very much contented and at home here the past week. Haven't been depressed altho a little bothered by my damned weight. Have been leading a rather insouciant (new word) existence. Poor schwes is terribly depressed, for she hasn't heard from Thomas in 2 wks. She's worried and wants to call his mother. At that, I haven't heard from Paul either but it doesn't bother me and I really don't care that much.

Mother's been acting rather strangely this summer. Unusually sensitive and prone to unreasonable outbursts and crying fits. That is unusual for easy-going Mother, right? Deedee said if she didn't know better she'd suspect change of life. I wonder if it's Father's wish to move to Philadelphia but it strikes me as out of character for Mother to not be stoically resigned as usual.

I wish I had some money. Never can I remember wanting some so badly. I see so many things I want all of a sudden. It really is funny but I don't think I ever wished for it so much before. It's really rather awful of me to want "things," but I do. I see tons of clothes and accessories I want—things to make—trips to take. If only I could have gotten a job. Just wait til next year I keep saying. Ahnhackn. I can't stand materialism; it's so meaningless. What good would a fabulous wardrobe do you if you've no place to go—and if you've places to go, lack of a stupendous wardrobe won't hinder. And what good will it do if you're homely—if you're beautiful, no one will notice. Which reminds me, I suddenly decided—or suddenly saw—that I'm hideous looking—my profile is practically ugly and my figure is pathetic. It's depressing.

I've been doing fairly well at not thinking—you know what that does!—so I think I'll say goodnight and maybe I'll have another beautiful dream. I love them so.

8/15/66

Feel up tonight—don't ask me why. Deedee and I drove—or rather I drove, she sat—down to LA, Long Beach, today to see about a loan. Wasted trip; they're no longer accepting applications. We came home tired and sunburned. I called Bob tho and he said he'd loan me \$200. Called Lorna also and as I suspected she too is backing out of the apt deal. Now what shall I do? I guess I feel good cause I don't have to go back to L.B. now till school starts. Am really at home here now and relishing it. Feel much more aware than I have in months. Last night stayed up til 2:00 trying to remember what I'd done the last few months for purposes of discovering how I managed to squander so much money. Finally figured out I squandered a lot of money!! Wend bicycling and will try to do more cause it's one thing I can get someone around here to accompany me doing. Also started on some paper maché jewelry—fun—should turn out ½ decent too. Sorry I'm boring you so but you know how I like to write. Finished Jerry's Jack London and now should return the book with a note???? To say... Deedee still hasn't heard from Thomas and father is depressed cause General Electric's boss flatly said no to his Philadelphia transfer without even consulting him. Mother doesn't seem too chipper but Penny and I are odd men out I guess. Got a letter from Sharon at last and should write Patty.

August 19, 1966

Spent today reading Frank G. Slaughter's *Sangaree*. It's the type book that always depressed hell out of me. I've read it before but didn't remember anything. Such alive people. I get so jealous. Life is so dull for me. I could never hope for a lover like that, struggles, yearnings, fulfillments. Shit—how Mother hates me to say that but it's the only word that expresses how I feel. God knows it's unrealistic to expect life to read like a novel but why can't I ever meet an exciting, vibrant, intelligent, proud, ambitious man of integrity who'll love me madly, passionately, as I would love him. It makes my blood pound just thinking of it. I love that feeling. It's too bad I know it's unsustainable. Every time I dwell on lovemaking—the actuality of it—it revolts me. Strange. I remember how necking was always so rewardingly exciting; but as I think back I can think of no rewarding sexual experience except that time with Fred on the cliff (oh what a romantic I am) and Lorin I think (excepting the first overtures which I recall as terrible experiences. I'll never forget how I lay frozen in the darkness of his bed while he vainly attempted to

seduce me. Good ol' Camille feeling that not actively participating alleviates the necessity for decision one way or another. Anyway I remember being frozen in fear and humiliation as Lorin's roommate came casually in and climbed into the top bunk. Both of them so nonchalant. Oh I hate the thought of it. And I remember Ken, how hateful, and that friend of Polly's. Between Fred and me I know there were good times but I have an overall memory of artificiality, of animal ness that caused me to grit my teeth, to put him off when I saw that look in his eye. It's the same reaction I've developed in Paul altho the poor boy certainly can't be blamed as I started the whole thing. I guess it's a fact that men are animals when it comes to sex and cannot or will not sense my hesitancy or whatever it is that's killing me. I love the feeling of the blood welling up hot between my legs and in my hest. The promise of fulfillment? Is it merely the old—"what is finally possessed is no longer desired"? Sometimes I think so but my senses say it isn't so simple. God I hope Mr. Edson doesn't desert me but helps me instead. It still sounds a bit melodramatic to take one's sex problems to a psychologist but I believe in psychiatry and only wish I had as much faith in him as the magic \$25/hr psychiatrist that is unobtainable.

I feel selfish but I don't care. I just wish I could become what I believe is normal. I can't believe my reactions to sex (and therefore love) are so. God help me. Altho I never cease denying you, you always look out for me. Regardless of what Jerry says I think I'm lucky.

8/25/66

Man, I'm nuts. Have I mentioned that I wrote Porter and Foodman letters? Jerry called Sunday while I was up north and was to call back today. So I had ample time to decide what to do about it. So of course I did nothing. Not really. I did decide not to get involved with anyone for awhile yet. So even tho I knew he would ask me down I adamantly refused. Hurrah for me. We tossed it around for awhile and decided I should come down anyway and stay at a motel. I was soaking wet after I hung up and thoroughly depressed. I feel fine now tho. I won't go. Poor Jerry. I must drive him crazy with my inconsistency. So what. I'm really rather frightened re going down south to live alone but somehow I'll get through. I keep telling myself how free I'll be by next year. If only I can become t ease with myself before then all will be well.

I still think of killing myself whenever I get depressed tho. People keep saying "Stop feeling sorry for yourself." Yet I really don't think that's quite accurate. I'm only conscious of how unhappy I am with no sign of a respite so why not just give up. I really feel that's not feeling sorry for myself. Some people just aren't happy. Anyway, I rather resent the attitude. Just thought I'd straighten you out on that.

Wish I had more ease with and confidence in myself so I could take off and do something. All mouth or rather great at planning, lousy at proceeding!!

8/27/66

A thought just crossed my mind—chuckle chuckle—Mr. Edson will hardly recognize me. Fifteen pounds heavier, hair style completely different, makeup—I really look different and it's hard to believe my old self again!! The last months sure were weird weren't they.

I only hope Mr. E doesn't fink out on me because I recall that he is the only reason I'm going back to Long Beach instead of San Jose. Sure, I'll be OK without him but will the same thing happen again? Sure hope he doesn't fink out on me. We'll see, won't we.

9/28/66

This damn growing up is interesting. Only because it's so damn confusing and frustrating. I say growing up because I realize that leaving Fred brought about a tremendous regression, complicated no doubt but essentially a regression. I am wondering to what extent I ever was emotionally mature. I cannot but conclude that if I had been at all mature I would not have so totally disintegrated at being put suddenly on my own. The fact remains however, that I am now emotionally immature, unable to live with myself, needing emotional dependency (the key word) but I recognize the fact and also realize that I will never be completely healthy or of value to anyone until I am content with myself. Of value to myself, perhaps? It would be more than foolish to even consider emotional involvement until I am able to do this, to stand alone satisfactorily. Marie mentions that living alone sure causes you to know yourself. Of course human relationships are imp't but how much more worthwhile when you can bring something to it other than dependency. This factor (dependency) my explain, at last, my insistence on marriage to Fred, may explain how we drifted apart when I started to mature. I called him the other night and must now admit that I regret it. 'Twas an emotional need-fulfillment emergency. This of course does not preclude a reconciliation, but nothing can happen til I'm ready.

I spoke with Mr. Edson today and will again regularly. He says I should be proud of my progress, not to weaken my resolves and not to chicken out.

At times I find the prospect of teaching fascinating so I will try to generate enthusiasm for my ed classes. I do tentatively plan a master's in another field—prob psychology—but for now only wish to stick it out day-to-day. Do not weaken, fight depression, reinforced success. I've even begun to believe that my education has not been a total loss, that I have indeed learned something even if it's only generalities and concepts. Still lit's more than a h.s. grad possesses of awareness. Will see you soon.

Oct. 2

Have decided it might be interesting to keep a record of Luis. Luis cannot read English. I wish to teach him. He is 14, in 9th grade; he is Spanish, he is apparently "culturally deprived;" he is a darling.

Oct. 3

Last night I tried out for a part in Betar's "White Hope" but didn't get it. Paul and I had said goodbye again the night before so I was really down. Had decided it was up to me to avoid him. Betar invited me up to Elliot's for booze but when Francis said Paul was joining a group at his house for wine I went there instead and proceeded to get drunk—drunker than I've almost never been before. Paul took me home and somehow we ended up making love. I could have killed myself today—all my resolutions kaput, failed before

I've hardly begun. Consequently was terribly depressed today—worse and longer than in months. Must get it through my head that losing one battle doesn't end the war.

10/7

Mr. Edson I do so want to die. Life just isn't any fun. Why bother anyway. It's only a dot on the eternal. Maybe I'm just lazy; but I'm trying to give up. I'm so lonesome and I just can't foresee any change. Why wait?

I was planning to study tonight but felt rather “down” when I got home so called Paul, thinking we could go to the movies. He had a date. My roommates had some friends over but I just don't feel socialable. I lay here thinking of the consequences—Bruce Monroe would be proud of me, real decision making. I could easily be done without by the world I mean. And if I stick around I can foresee no contentment, no real happiness. No one's interested in me after all. Sure various people will be shocked and hurt and perhaps feel guilty or responsible—but only temporarily. And what if I stick it out. I feel so inadequate. How do I know I could persevere in school, in teaching, in anything, especially being so emotionally unable to stand alone. I just don't want to stand alone but standing alone is a law of life and Nature or whatever. That's the conflict. I just don't want to. Perhaps you'd say I may learn to want to but here again my excuse is I'm lazy. To what end is it anyway? I said before Life is but a poor player that struts and frets his life away upon the stage and then is heard no more. And then is heard no more. People, fine people, worthwhile people, die every day. It's a fact of life. Why wait? Why grovel through in a petty pace. No one blames the person who walks on the concrete instead of the gravel when both roads lead to the same place.

I must be awfully conceited not to want to give up. I think I'm hot stuff and somewhere is Prince Charming just dying to know me. Bosh. It's so ridiculous the way my faith works. It will not all come out right in the end. And even if it were to, as an overall view, the struggle isn't worth it. I'm too lazy, too chicken, I hope I have the guts to walk into the bathroom and eat the bottle of aspirin. Life doesn't owe me a thing, unfortunately. Fairy tales are it. Reality is strength, self-assertion. Go out and get what you want from life. I haven't got the staying power to do that.

I feel shitty. I hope I don't have to go through this again but I'll probably chicken out.

10/8

You can't say I didn't try. I called you several times this afternoon and your office. Just now I tried again only to find you've gone out for the evening. You are so lucky. I can't call Paul either, for he's gone to a football game. That's it. It's a war between me, myself, and I, so to speak. The aspirin is still handy in the bathroom and all my roommates are out for the evening. Why do I have to be depressed, why do I have to be lonely!! Oh well, life is but the wink of Brahma's eye. 'Twill soon be over anyway. It's so great to be happy tho; too bad. Why doesn't the phone ring for me? Oh shit. Oh well.

You know—this book must really be a treatise on something. Or is it just nonsense, does it say nothing. I wonder what Dr. Miller thought when he read it. Did it say anything? I

would like to think it does. Of course, it's lopsided. I've written as much in the past six months as in the past seven years. That doesn't make much sense but believe you'll follow me. I wonder if I'll do it or go to sleep? The best way, of course, would be to crash my car. Then no one could say it wasn't an accident and no one could feel bad. But I don't think I have the guts for that. Or is that too final? Probably that. I guess I always hope someone will come along and save me and make life good again. Pishaw! What crap!

There's plenty of beautiful cliffs for driving over and plenty of concrete abutments. The more I think about that the better it sounds. Insurance should even take care of expenses and then my estate would have enough money to pay my bills. You know, of course, Mr. E, that this book is between you and me. I trust you yet if there's anything worthwhile to be learned from me I want you to have it. You know I've always wanted to give you a present, paint you a picture; but it never came off. Besides there's few good enough to give as a present. I remember approximately when your birthday is tho—end of March.

Fred called the other night, Thursday I think. We talked a long time. He thinks you should ask Dr. Miller for his file on me, for he wonders why I so suddenly dropped him and can't remember a thing. Probably nothing. He says also that in spite of my delusion that our last months together were bliss, they weren't. He says we argued all the time; couldn't talk at all; says it was terrible. Says he believes all women feign sexual interest (I think he's sick!) I'll be damned if I'll feign interest just to please a man, bosh!!

By the way, if you want my previous diary and my secret box ask Paul for it. Paul Wood, 527-0284 I think (in La Palma, 714). It's in a box of stuff in his garage.

10/16

This wkend wasn't too bad. Today wasn't too good tho. I can't seem to get any wk done. Nothing seems imp't. All I want is a man and I'm not about to get one. It's terribly depressing. Must keep plugging tho, for never know when someone will turn up. Yesterday was a beautiful day. Really lovely. But I didn't accomplish anything constructive. It's almost like last term. Can't seem to do anything. Why should I? What does it mean? Marie and I had a long discussion about "why." Came to no conclusions of course. Am reading about Buddhism in Indian history and it's no help either to seems more appropriate in that it talks about "realization "of the self and the cosmos. Ultimate reality is nothingness anyway-----

10/21/66

Boy do I feel good right now. 1) I ran into Ed (Chemistry) and we talked for about 40 minutes. He invited me to come up to his office sometime. 2) Talked with Neil Nutter for 1-1/2. He's in his early 30's altho he sure doesn't look it. I sure would like to have him ask me out. He's really an activist. The Delano Strikers Assist program (of last term was his project). He's fascinating and terribly humane. I hope he asks me out. 3) Talked with Francis last night—nice. He's asked me out for tomorrow night. 4) Just tot through talking with Jerry. Believe me! He talked me into breaking my date with Francis and going out with him. Horseback riding and a party. 5) Have another idea for Edson's

project so not so blue at the thought. Behaviorism, esp like Bruce Monroe reports. I hate to break a date. Hope Francis doesn't get upset.

10/22

Too, too hysterical. I just got bk fr Jerry's. I had no sooner walked in the door and he attacked me. I got rather upset and eventually convinced him that I wasn't willing. Is off horseback riding...He was rather upset. Really I was rather angry. So I wasted five hours and \$3. Decided to call Paul if he comes home tonight and sleep with him. My id is screaming for sex. That prob sounds ridiculous in view of what I just said, but it's not. Jerry was presumptuous. Jerry was terribly rude. If he can take other girls horseback riding without going to bed with them then he can do the same for me!! Last night Francis was bad news. I got drunk and poor F was in bad shape. I turn him on terribly anyway, but he loves it.

We sat there and talked about our problems. F revealed his deepest darkest secret—he's psychologically impotent. I've half a mind to seduce him—I'm sure I could do it—but if I made a mess of it I'd feel terrible. I think I made a fool of myself anyway cause my id was really giving me trouble. So what!! I happen to love to make love with Paul. He's the most satisfying lover I've ever had. Wonder what Neil's like? God, I sound screwy!!!!!!!!!! I don't care—I hope he comes home tonight. I want him.

Marie decided to give up Pete but they've decided that before. I hope she's all right—I sure do like her.

Later:

Might as well finish the sordid story. Paul came home, called me, and was of course all for the idea. I took especial care in dressing, as I used to do years ago. But something was off. I felt strange with Paul. It wasn't the same. Again, I was terribly aroused. I ached from my neck to my knees. So we went to a motel. We made love. After Paul was finished I suddenly began to cry and sob uncontrollably. I couldn't understand why. It was a mess. But I got over it and things improved but I wonder if it was worth it. Was my hysteria a psychic reaction or just the expending of excess energy?

Also, the terrible back problem I had the last month I spent at Paul's house this summer suddenly came back tonight. Is it psychological, for heaven's sake? This insanity can not go on. Francis thinks I'm crazy; Jerry thinks I'm crazy; and Paul knows I'm crazy. Will it ever end?????

11/14

I'm in shock. Just called Neil Nutter to cheer him up and spoke to his wife—crap. The good ones age always taken. Oh well. I had a date with George Friday and Paul Black is taking me dancing next Fri and perhaps Mike Burk will get around to asking me out. Sat. nite I went out with Fred. It was_____. Well, I really had a good time. We went dining and dancing at the Crest hotel. Then F started acting weird and then he took me home and we talked for a couple hrs. He was really upset and I was cold. He said he really wants me—but he wants me to want to make love with him. I feel so bad for poor

Fred; he's unhappy. But I just don't think we can make it bk together. I see differently than I used to. I've changed a great deal in the last six months too. We'll see what happens.

You know, I love living here by the shore. The sound of the sea is always in my ears. And it's so beautiful—always. At night especially. Tonight it's a bit foggy. The mist over the silent black bay with lights blinking out from the stillness—it's gorgeous. I especially like “red skies at night.” The lights of the refineries are striking. Sea, sky, lights, black. One night I came home at dusk and the world was silver, glowing vibrant silver. Why must one think; why not only feel? I wish I had a lover to share my feelings with!

12/6

Yesterday I had my periodic hysterics. It was awful. I wanted to talk to Mr. E so bad but I felt like such a baby I just couldn't bring myself to call him. I felt as tho I just couldn't go on. Life is one struggle-to-keep-going after another and why should I fight, for what? I guess it had been building for a couple weeks—an accumulation of frustrating experiences with which I coped but not well enough to satisfy myself.

I kept wishing—I just wanted so bad to be 3 and crawl into my daddy's lap and have him wrap his arms around me. Ain't no such animal. Poor father was quite a hate object yesterday.

Paul happened to call and I talked myself out and he took me over to his house for dinner. Wonder what I would have done if he hadn't happened to call?

Have I mentioned Tony Brennan? He's married; we're friends. Remember how Fred always said there was no such thing as friends between man and woman? I guess it's true. Tony would like to be more than friends. The first time he mentioned this I was really a wreck; but suddenly I decided—no—and as quickly as that I felt fine—no queezies. He's one of three guys who are willing to introduce me to marijuana—but he's very eager to. Mr. E said “no” though. Tony's a pretty neat guy, a bit old, but really interesting. Too bad I can't understand why he likes extra-curricular affairs.

Fitzer says I should describe myself and what I want. I don't see how I can when I can't decide. It's like Fred. I can't make up my mind. E had me read Marie Robinson's The Power of Sexual Surrender and I think if I'd read it a year ago F and I would still be married.

It's all very confusing. She says the real woman unconsciously chooses the right man. But a neurotic person always chooses a mate to compliment him also. So where does that leave F and me? Is it necessary to have a sensitive, affectionate mate or are thee such men who are also aggressive and masculine and strong? Is Fred strong? Is F as insensitive as I think he is? So he's not intellectual; well neither am I; I just would like to be. But I am very emotional and sensitive. Should I expect to be able to share a feeling so equally—such as a beautiful sunset or a moving drama. Or is it even fair to say he isn't moved?

Remember how he reacted when I accused him of not caring about prejudice after my argument with Bruce Ryden?

December 27

Ate tangerines in bed.

December 29

I suppose it's time I clued you in—traumatic happenings. On November 24 Paul got me pregnant. Was officially informed this morning. I'm a bit sick of that stupid question, "What will you do?" How the hell do I know. At first my only thought was abortion and I had it all arranged with Neil. Then I changed my mind and for weeks I haven't considered it. Tonight, tho, I feel myself going back. I just don't feel right about it. Keep being so unrealistic—and why can't it be like in the movies anyway? I don't know I just don't know.

Poor Paul; it's really something to watch him react. He's just afraid. What will it cost him? Will I sock him for support? All the while, tho, he's being very kind—attentive, calls every night. What a shock this must be to him.

I've taken all this strangely according to my friends—no tears. Tony has been great. Except that Tony has started getting pushy again recently and I can't take it. What diff should it make, he says, that he's married? How do I explain that it just does!?

I've really been feeling low this vacation. I can't say exactly why—I don't think it's the pregnancy—but I've been thinking a lot about killing myself. How come it is that as soon as I start feeling good and functioning well, poof, there I go back into a hole. I think it has a lot to do with men.

Remember Marie Robinson's The Power of Sexual Surrender? That book sure pointed out a lot of problems. Do you know I'm positively asinine. I can see it in my mind but I feel it differently. What a pain, literally. It's like Bill. Tony fixed me up with Bill two weeks ago, regrettably. I don't know what it was about him, but I was enchanted, enthralled. He even recited poetry to me—I couldn't believe it wasn't a dream. The next day he left for a two wk vacation and I dreamed about him 3 nights in a row. I used thoughts of him to cheer me up during the day. I told myself I was being ridiculous but I longed for him. I tried mental telepathy to bring him back. I wanted to make love with him. I thought, this man can make a real woman out of me, I'll lovingly submit, surrender. So what happens—he comes back and called me right away. Everything's great, just as I dreamed. He begins to seduce me, tho, and boom I tense up and fight it. It wasn't as awful as I think it was. The next day I had to spend sleeping I was so black. Guilt I suppose. It's positively ridiculous. I swore I couldn't see him again. I wanted to die. He called and asked me over for dinner. It was atrocious. I was a fool; I was awful. I felt sick, he couldn't touch me. I still feel sick about it. When will I learn—but what is there to learn? Paul came over today and loved me and I felt ok, of course, it's not tomorrow yet and besides I really don't feel OK. Paul makes me feel funny the way he disassociates love from sex. Men are strange. They think sex makes life life. I wish I

could dammit. I wish I could die. I just can't see me anyway in tomorrow. I'll never have anything; I'm frigid. How can I be so loving, so sexy, and so frigid? Shit! I've got to get rid of this baby—I can't have it, no no no. That would be pathetic.

January 21, 1967

Interesting day. Fred came to see me and we made love. Really bad. He does nothing for me at all and yet I know still I could have him back if I wanted. I'm glad I saw him, for it reinforced my feelings that I've done the right thing. He just isn't the man for me. I kept wishing he was Paul which is silly cause there doesn't seem to be anything between Paul and me except the baby. I'm going to get a large embroidered red A and wear it to our class next term. Ickkkk. Paul's anything but attentive lately, oh well, sometimes I hate him and sometimes I want him and sometimes I sympathize with him. Usually I hate him cause there's nothing between us which is certainly not his fault; but I can hate him anyway.

Student teaching starts in two wks. I hope I can get thru it w/no hitches. I shouldn't—I *hope*—begin showing til near the end. Summer school, who gives a damn!

You know Fitzer is indispensable at this time. Funny how someone always seems to be around when you need one. "Somebody Up There" *does* like me—even if my luck is "sloppy."

You know I love people. I was just thinking again of all my fine friends. I have so many—because I love them and I see them as good. Last Sunday I called Jess and Sharon. Oh Sharon, she almost had me in tears—I love that girl—wish I could see her. Perhaps I should tell you about the baby, Michael, it shall be. It's still terribly unreal and I have a feeling it always shall be. My stomach is terribly bloated and I have to eat little bits all the time; but I managed to lose a few of those # I gained. Was sick one day.

Suddenly I hate babies. I avert my eyes from them all—and pregnant women and sack dresses and baby strollers. Hate, hate. I wonder why it's so unreal. One of these days I guess I'll face the fact that altho it's all wrong—all out of focus and bkward—it's happening. Babies are usually unwanted so I hear, so I guess worse things could happen than playing tennis with the backstop. Well must get my 8-10 hrs. Nity night sweetheart.

March 7

And the moving finger writes...Every month I feel closer to being alive. Even though for the lat week I've been irritable and depressed, I feel that en toto I'm happier all the time. I talk to Jerry often, and miss her when she's gone—which she frequently is. I said once I think a writer, as an artist of life, must possess empathy. I see myself nearing a far-off mtn. or something which is all lilght—true honesty and true simplicity and humility. That's how I want to live. Rather like an Indian Hindu (I always felt akin to them when I studied Indian history, for I believe that's how one should view life.) There is—unfortunately—still too much of me that is dark. I must be light—clear as a running brook or the green sea—before I'll be free. I can worry about that darkness. Especially when I find myself depressed. I wonder if I need fulfillment before I can become as light.

What *is* natural? I don't sleep w/anyone anymore and I would love a lover, but would a lover cloud the light? Remains to be seen I suppose. My roommates, Jerry and Marie have lovers and it seems to be clouding their lights. Their perspective is off. Marie, esp, becomes more unhuman every day. I can't understand her; she seems so neurotic. Fitzer seems so masochistic. What can she be getting? Romantically, I say to myself, "someday my prince will come," etc. and I know I'll settle for nothing less than a prince—another clear, lit-up soul. No complications. Strange thoughts, these. Do I attempt the impos in simplifying life? I can't think so, for so much of life is obvious superficiality. Yet much is also dark and hidden in the Freudian depths of the unconscious. I wish for the time and inspiration to study much. I think I will have a cigarette, lie here, and contemplate. I love life.

March 15

Today was the Ides of March and I have never seen such a day in my life. This must be the 12th time today I have told this story so I'm getting bored with it. My prob is nothing but I might as well start from the beginning. I've been very dissatisfied with my history class and had been talking to a hist prof at State about it when my advisor came in. I arranged to talk with him about my problems today. Today I felt we had an exceptionally good class and I was pleased but Carrot and Milloy soon destroyed that. Before Carrot was through I was in tears and came home and bawled. He said I had no control, gave no direction, was brusque with the students—summing up with a statement that I was temperamentally unsuited to the job. Very negative. Unfortunately I did not agree with him altho I must concede the possibility that I had not succeeded in establishing rapport with the students possibly because of my over concern. Anyway, I was thoroughly upset. Thank God for Mrs. Freeby.

But this was nothing to what followed. Marie has been degenerating psychologically so badly in the last few wks that we have become quite worried. In our last seminar we decided we had to take action. We sought advice. Gwen talked w/social workers and psychologists at wk who said it appeared she—Marie—was in bad shape. Their advice was Metro. I tried getting ahold of Mr. Edson but he's been unavailable this week. Tonight his partner called and after hearing the story, also advised Metro and immediate help. Gwen and I decided to call Marie's sister and clue her in. We had quite a long talk when she casually mentioned Dirk. Turns out Dirk is *not* dead. More conversation. Shock at both ends. Marie has been handing out fabrications right and left. We wonder, now, if she even has leukemia. Marie's family is very concerned. What will happen? Later we seminared the subject again and it seems Marie's stories differ each day to each person. I'm very upset. My reaction is strange. I could almost say I'm very frightened. I'm glad I'm leaving Friday. I'm afraid of Marie, perhaps of what she will say in her state or afraid of the situation—I don't know. I have felt so hostile towards her for weeks and terribly guilty at the same time, for I felt she was ill. Now what—am I hoping she's ill to justify my hostility? I almost believe I am hoping she's ill. Why, for heaven's sake? And I can't even talk to Mr. E.

Then there's Jerry. In general I've been acquiescent toward her relationship with George but when asked, have said I think she's a fool, a masochist. True George is objectively

being an unbelievable cad but why do I take such satisfaction at their falling-outs? Now they're supposedly broken off for good and instead of lending Jerry a shoulder or sympathizing, I feel smug self-satisfaction. As if all my dreams are coming true. Have I been jealous of these two girls' happiness? What a creep. I mentioned I felt lack of empathy but to take *pleasure* in other people's (my friends') pain is monstrous. Surely this can't be me? Let us hope I am not really feeling this—esp about Marie. I will look forward to an outcome or at least the passage of time.

August 28, 1967

Guess who's got a flat stomach again? What a mess. At the last minute practically I decided not to keep the baby (see letter to Mr. E). That decision was a relief—(then why wasn't I able to send the letter?) Anyway, I had him August 13—Sunday—about 1:30 am, 8#6, 22". He had the nerve to look like Paul, ick. I really felt nothing thru the whole thing. It was terribly unreal. But one night I woke up and started crying and didn't stop til the next noon. Should have seen my eyelids!! So I guess it did bother me not to have him. My case worker—Carol Sherfinski—said once she thinks I suppress feelings. I thought a lot about that and decided she was right. I must try to feel even if it is easier to function without showing feelings. God, what are you supposed to do, get upset over everything? Shit. Now hear this: Horny as hell and doomed to six weeks of abstention I met Gary. He is really cute and reminds me much of John Cross. Gary was married and even has a baby so I was sure he would be aware of the situation. No. Men are stupid. Last night we got into a baaaad situation. I guess it was my fault—should have made sure he knew what he was doing. Anyway I guess that's the end of Gary—he didn't call tonight. Probably just as well. I'll bet honestly isn't always the best policy. Still I sure would have liked to have slept with him. I should get back to Lompoc anyway. Safer there. Gotta take it slow. Gotta get up to the Bay Area anyway and get a job—Embark on my long-delayed career. Shit! That's how I feel. Where's the old lightning? I wish I wasn't so damn afraid to move. Always wish I were dead instead. Coward. I managed to not get a teaching job; now wonder if I'll manage to not get a professional job period. Just seem to want a husband to take care of me—don't care to be on my own.. Self-realization takes independence. Ick. But I'll have to do it in spite of myself I suppose. After all, I *have* no husband, and father surely will not be willing to support me, and I have only \$70 left. Meanwhile I degenerate. Haven't painted a picture in over a year. Yet I have read a book! And I'm ensconced in Fitzer's apt—which hasn't a TV—and surviving quite well! Well, if Gary doesn't call tomorrow either I guess I'll go job hunting in San Mateo this wk. Au revoir pour maintenant.

11/7/67

I cut work today in order to go to an open house for a stewardess position. And I've been spending the morning thinking. Things begin to focus a little better. It's so simple I wonder that it never occurred to me before. Maturity. Carol Sherfinsky said it. With my behavior it's terribly obvious. For whatever reasons, I've been emotionally immature for years. Now at least I can see the signs. Especially since Fred—inability to settle down, running, continually running from unpleasantness. Wanting perfection, a fairy tale happiness. My, my. Wonder if I'll ever give up my dreams? But at least I should be able to pursue them sensibly. I've learned that the last few months. Stay put til things are done

sensibly. So I stuck with Lenkurk when I thought I would scream. I've been very lonesome and not very happy, but it's been a good feeling to hold a job and settle into the easy chair of conformity for awhile. I'm, tho, very restless; and why not—I don't like this kind of life—this work, these people. I'll think of something. I will. And I'll do it sensibly.

Similarly, an obvious answer popped into my head in regard to my questions about Fred. I think of those years always. I miss them. In retrospect everything seems to have been so perfect—we so well matched. Then why had it happened. Whether sex was a cause, a symptom or what it doesn't matter. Because as an avenue of the expression of my love it was flooded or should I say barren and dry merely because there couldn't have been anything to express. I didn't love him and so revolted from the act—which is to me an avenue of expression only, no matter what I would wish it to be (secret desires to be a “swinger,” I suppose). This would account for my failures with Fred as well as others. Sex is equated to love and needing it wanting to love, I would look in the one for the other. Thus my failure. But not total failure of course, for I did (and do) feel something for Fred (and others) at times and so could express it through the medium of sex. Simple, no? It's laughable really. To have such desires, such human desires, and yet be slapped in the face at every turn with their unfulfillment. Humans are such pathetic creatures. Everyone wants the same thing yet no one can seem to get together w/another. I wonder why. Communication? Or does the ego and fear, and in consequence the barrier of self-protection—get in the way. Why must people, in yearning for something, do just that which will keep it from them? Focus *outward* Camille. Eyes open, reach. All along you've tried honesty as a bridge. Keep it up. Open up yourself; offer to share, to mingle yourself with the self of another and before long someone will turn up anxious to play too. With enough exposure it's bound to happen. It's only logical.

December 31, 1967

What a way to face the New Year—depressed. In a few hrs I have a date. I was sitting here wishing I were dead so I wouldn't have to go. In reality I was wishing I were dead and suddenly realized it was because I didn't want to go, to submit myself to hrs of forced conversation and gaiety, to the probably humiliation of a proposition and its ensuing awkwardness. Suddenly—again—I realized I was so pessimistic because all four dates I've had in the last four months have been so ugly. The men said I come on strong. Les pauvres hommes! Il est la vérité, sans doute; I make such an effort to feel close? To communicate ? that I must mislead. Les hommes are probably unaccustomed to forwardness unconsummated. People are generally so superficial and afraid to let go of their feelings. Men seem to almost force the physical—as a compromise? Pathetically in this world of fear and Pinter-esque, we all muddle. Ah, pathetic little man. I WON'T give up, I won't, I won't. I don't want to be dead. I believe I'll find him. If I stop believing I'll have to die. And I can't stop being forward, being intense. The casual is foreign to me. My dreams are formless and faceless; they are “feeling” only. I'll get that feeling, I know I will. My understanding of it isn't solely imaginary. All successful communication is an aspect of it. It is only, merely, an extension of communication—the ideal, the sublime—the ultimate communication. It feels so good. Is it worth trying to describe? Rather, is it beyond me to describe it. The trite phrase—my heart sings. My body tingles with

excitement. Even when the communication is so lowly as two people voicing a similar opinion. I remember the glowing excitement, the red heat of the intensity of happiness—my smile was tense because my facial muscles couldn't do justice to my bursting emotions—of the time when Jerry and I were discussing sex and, when unable to describe some point of feeling, she made a gesture which, because of our great miraculous similarity of wave length, communicated better than words. My groin tingles with excitement when I think of "it." I am tense with desire. Sex can be such a medium of communication. When I remember Fred and the moments of love we shared I cry with sorrow. So much is lost. I remember much of beauty. Such beauty so lacking now. I want to cry with disappointment and unhappiness. I can understand how Jerry can rationalize her multifarious affairs. The compromise would be worth it. To even feel good for a few moments. Unfortunately for me—or luckily—I don't think my super-ego will stand for any more compromises. My id and ego must wait and wait and hope for him. I am overcome. I must lie down.

February 6, 1968

Perhaps he'll stop by anyway.

February 19, 1968

Being alone is continually and progressively less frightening and anxiety-producing. Sometimes, tho briefly, even appreciated. Yesterday I went alone to the Palace of Fine Arts. I wandered about, struck and overwhelmed by the beauty there and in the entire Presidio area. I was saddened only when it occurred to me how much more beautiful it would be if shared.

In general, tho, I have felt—as now—placidly content w/ a hint of joy. But self-joy! Self. Joy from myself—what a new feeling. How pleasurable.

Jerry wants a casual relationship. I could accept his absence—but I won't settle for less than commitment. How can I give less than wholly? How, then, can I be content w/less than all of him? I fear it's gone. Can I allow myself to give without receiving? But yet, if I give it up, will I regret it as I did Jerry Foodman? Jerry should know how beautiful it is to give, to let things "matter."

August 23, 1971

Wow, do you believe over three years since I last wrote. Funny but that's when I started seeing Dr. Wald, my beloved "shrink." Guess I'm motivated to write today cause he's on vacation. Last yr when he was on vacation, I was on vacation, too I think, that \$800 fiasco. The year before that I was also involved—Bill Wilson. Time passes and ol' Camille continues to pass from man to man. Terribly depressing. Reread a few pages back there. Amazing. Can you believe the detachment? Man, am I kookoo. Still can't feel—only now I'm 29 years old, for Christ's sake.

Now the big thing is to get furious with myself for maintaining those stupid, stupid destructive behaviors. It doesn't seem to change tho. God I hope Dr. Wald will work the miracle. It's unreal to be so close and yet so far. You know, in 1968, fall, I was temp-

seeing at IBM and read a book by Abraham Maslow—Psychology of Self—but I forget the title. I see, I really see what the real world is like, functionally—I think. I mean sometimes things happen and bang I know I’ve reacted healthily. I’ve gotten rid of sooooo much crap but damn it I’ve only touched the tip of the iceberg. I know what it’s about too. Funny, but every word I’ve ever written in this book or any other is irrelevant. The things that happened, even what I felt, were symptoms only. (It’s strange to render your lifetime irrelevant—it’s what I’ve *always* found most frustrating about analysis—neither the motivation nor the means employed in any of my actions are real. They’re neurotic. (God, I’ve become so non-verbal it’s hard to accept!) I mean, for example, grossly simplified: I meet a man, he shows interest in me, I therefore say I love him, my love motivates me to establish a relationship with him, in order to establish a relationship with him I’ll make love with him. Christ, even in a comic strip that kind of reasoning would be unbelievable. Actually—God only knows what “actually” is—a man may show interest in me; and, if he has “Father characteristics,” I’ll try to play my neurotic games; that is, by definition a “father characteristic” precludes a relationship so I can’t win. This whole thing is also an infantile relationship, also, for I don’t want to love him—after all, he can be any creep as long as he’s fatherly (overbearing)—I only want him to love me—a relationship I was apparently deprived of as a child (although I haven’t quite jibed that with reality yet. I’d swear my father loved me. I’m sure it breaks down to how a four year old *perceives* love. *Whatever* it was I wanted, it’s for sure I didn’t get something. You can therefore imagine how SEX complicates this thing. Sometimes I get the idea I must have been a lascivious 4 yr old!! Man, I sure am stubborn tho. And I hope to God I find some courage pills somewhere and get rid of this overbearing albatross so I can get down to living before I’m too old to enjoy it. Hurry back Doc.

February 20, 1972

There is a great deal of the mystic about me—(perhaps I should say I fancy myself involved in high drama...) but did I not say when I was 21 that if I made it to 30 I was home free—else... Only six months to go and I said on New Year’s Eve ‘this is *my* year. I say it again: this is the year the chains come off, the year the clouds part, the year I am born free.

I can say it even tho I am depressed, even tho the last few *months* have been depressing, even traumatic. Birth pains? The armor plate has rusted to my body so peeling it off is painful. The first rush of air is heady and frightening. The armor was secure in that it was familiar. One gets used to the dull ache so that the thrust of pain from the healing knife is sharply felt. Freedom is heady wine though it’s been fun. I’ve been experimenting lately with BEING. The more normal people I meet the greater is my amazement at how they take that for granted. I can understand their feelings. All I have to do is have an encounter with a neurotic. It’s wild. You shake your head at the wonder of it—why should an organism engage in self-destructive activity? Why knock your head against a brick wall? And then top it off with not even being aware of it. The “well” don’t observe it either. They are willful so they assume everyone is willful—or rather they are willful in healthy ways and therefore assume that all others’ actions are straight-forward also. Everyone views life from his own perspective.

But I was discussing *my* willfulness. And a grand willfulness it is. Imagine saying: screw you world—if I want to think evil thoughts—prejudice—Mexicans are stupid and inferior—Blacks are *niggers* and inferior. (Oops, still a touch of guilt in writing those forbidden thoughts.) Screw you world—if I want to gain 15 pounds by *irresponsibly* and *childishly* eating only candy bars and ice cream, I can if I want to. I'll take the RESPONSIBILITY for doing it *too*.

A few days ago I had a man in my bed. A lovely man. But in the morning when he awoke he mounted me and used me to relieve himself. I was furious, seething silently—and just as silently the depression crept up on me. Then suddenly I realized I was 'using' myself. The depression was anger—justly deserved—at myself for allowing myself to be used; and I said “Jean, forgive me, I do you an injustice for not speaking out, for not telling you of my indignation; and I thought—oh glory—it's so obvious (and God help me I've been doing it all my life)—how can I *assume* he's using me if he doesn't know I don't like it. How can I *blame* him for taking what he wants, what's there, if I don't say “you can't have it except on *my* terms.” Martyrs are the most selfish people on Earth. How can I hate him for giving me hateful lentil soup for dinner when he's asked me if I would care for lentil soup and I said “I don't care.” As a matter of fact he did: shove his fingers up my ass so vehemently that I started and he said, “Don't you like that?” When, characteristically I replied “I don't know” he slightly amazedly said “Don't be ridiculous; you either like it or you don't!” What a beautiful man. French. He says he's simple-minded and I do believe he's right. Life, realistically, is simple. Now all I have to do is become. So I'm off to a good start. 'Tis a long race however. Pass the checkered flag and become a person. No drop-outs allowed.

Become a person? This is an on-going theme which, again, is difficult to discuss because the organism naturally *is* what he *is*. Since I have a façade of being, no one knows I don't exist and *I* go thru life seeking an identity in externals—I *do* things. Life happens *to* me. This can be very deceiving. I'm still in a quandary over it—I've discarded 500 pounds of crap wrapped around me, but I still have fifty pounds left to go before I see *me*. I have only a lot of suspicions but, also typically, I can state a premise, then argue pro and con. Justify, justify. Always uncomfortable with the present. Embellish it, enlarge it, suffuse it with meaning. Make it fit the illusion, any illusion, that I do not exist in a vacuum. Humm, that's an interesting thought. Half of me says you do not live in a vacuum, you need to belong to someone. The other half of me says, sternly, don't be absurd; that's a romantic illusion; a “real” person does, in a sense, exist in a vacuum, for he is what he is apart from all else. The first half says again—you're absurd! One is what one is *only* in relation to his surroundings. People *need* love, people *need* support and ego-building and reinforcement and permanence—scientifically proven; I can show you the *books*.

So you see the quandary. What is the answer? Perhaps next month...?

P.S. Having just read this entire book and noting that I felt a great deal of affection for that crazy Camille and feeling not the least bit negative or intimidated by my history (but often amused), I feel compelled to add this: Nowadays, thankfully, I don't feel compelled

to fall in love with every creep who screws me on the first date—now I wait til the fourth date!

And I don't give a shit for causes—screw the poor, screw the downtrodden, screw the stupid, screw the Vietnamese. Screw, screw.

March 27, 1972

This was one of those days when I came home from work and went straight to bed. However, I came up with an interesting justification for it.

I've been mulling over this theory for what seems like years. What started out as my personal historical origins (my justification?) has become a theory of man's evolution.

At the dawn of man's life he had no "identity." He merely "was." He had no id, no ego, no psychic nature. If he was hungry, he sought food; if cold, shelter. If a man saw a woman—just as if a buck saw a doe—he would react according to nature—physically I'm sure it was quite sometime into man's day before it ever occurred to either sex to play games. How many times did a hungry man find food before it occurred to him to bring some home to the cave to exchange for---?

In the seeds of greatness is destruction?

Man was a physical being for eons still. Even though slowly and insidiously society and civilization were impinging on his nature, he was still basically physical. Life and death struggles. You have a farm whereon you arise every morning and sweat and strain all day to produce food to give you strength to get up next day. No time to think otherwise. With the rise of trade, the change came in earnest. You could "specialize." *Trade* the fruit of your labor for your bread! Still, it was your fruit and still sweet.

Then came bosses and *employees*. Then came the industrial revolution and the shit hit the fan. Then it wasn't *your* sweat on your bread nor even your fruit. You had become disassociated from your life force. Survival became an abstract—already even a game. Religion had so fucked up what was left that you could work yourself into an early and miserable grave—which was "good"—or question the justice of hanging children for stealing loaves of bread—which was "bad."

Man continues his cycle. The difference between the concrete and the abstract, the emotional and the physical is now at its most ironic.

Then comes World War II. The world becomes one. The atomic age. The irony overwhelms. Women are emancipated on paper but not in their hearts. Then comes cars and jets and mix-masters and toasters and dishwashers. Then comes me. And should I not be bored? If I do not get up at the crack of dawn to plow the field, will I starve? Heavens no. I can't starve. It's hard to conceive of anything I have to do. I don't have to clean or cook or wash. Is it any wonder that I come home and go to bed. I look at dirty dishes and dirty clothes and leave them be. I could fix my lamp but some other time. I could hem

that skirt—sometime. I could go to a bar and pick up a guy—why bother, there’s a mediocre movie on TV.

You see, man has evolved totally from a physical nature to an emotional/intellectual nature. It has become his responsibility to intellectually and emotionally make his life relevant. It is fruitless to attempt, in the old ways, to make it physically, or *concretely*, relevant. It long ago ceased to be that. Create relevance, create meaning—where there is none? What a difficult task.

June 16, 1972

I guess I learned something last week: The “poor, poor Camille” role that Sylvia’s been telling me about for years is real. I mean I saw that she was right. That’s probably why I’m writing tonight. I felt myself slipping into the role—poor, poor Camille; she’s depressed again! When actually it’s a big, gigantic cop out. Something I’ve been learning a lot about in the last several months. It’s actually a cute way to absolve myself of RESPONSIBILLITY. I told Dr. Wald all about it last week. I’m not sure yet *why* I’m afraid of taking responsibility—not responsibility in the way I used to think of it—fiscal or professional—but emotional and intellectual. Perhaps that’s not even it—after all, when I see all the areas in which my “games” have absolved me from responsibility, I see that even fiscal, intellectual, and professional have been involved. It’s just that I never SAW before. Typical phrase in therapy—“My God, I never SAW before!!” Well, I see now. A few months ago Marilyn sent me a horrible derogating memo which so upset me that I was determined to kill myself. I was undone, I was worthless, worse than worthless, helpless, hopeless and unsavable. So dramatic. And yet an escape nonetheless. Reality would have required taking responsibility for *reacting* to the memo—with anger, laughter, self-appraisal—whatever—but a reaction. Tonight I get “depress” again—in creep the feelings of worthlessness, hopelessness. I am beyond redemption—a further escape from the responsibility for my own amusement, creative outlets. I sit nervously bored, passively in front of the TV, copping out again by feeling that because I’m inadequate I sit there and *prove* I’m inadequate. When actually, since I have freedom of choice, it’s absurd to think that way. The cart before the horse.

I’ve found that in all too many ways these habits of reaction, patterns of justification, have rendered me lazy, undisciplined, passive and sloppy. It’s quite all right to be lazy, undisciplined, passive and sloppy as long as you accept responsibility for it. It’s as though everything I couldn’t bear to face I hid. What a statement. So obvious when you see it, so inapplicable when you don’t see it. Wow, that’s really something. That’s really exciting—I hate to stop saying it—that’s really exciting. God, the future looks rosy.

July 3, 1972

First day of a two-week vacation. I’m not going to do anything--anything special, that is. Sylvia suggested that I not go to the library so as not to allow myself to escape. She suggested I write here instead and perhaps find out where “my head is.” Doubt if it’s possible. Mucho troubles with Jean—that is, emotionally I’m in a turmoil. I doubt if I know what I want. Since my instantaneous reaction to such emotional response has always been to find the quickest way out, I’m doubting even my feelings. Something

new? I told Sylvia I felt I should really go about setting myself up for a humiliation just to prove to my stomach that I wouldn't die. She was all for it. I can think of no "reason" why I should continue this relationship and many "reasons" why I should not. Yet emotionally I feel I've got nothing to lose. If he would give me one word of encouragement I'd happily fall madly in love with him. If he would "make love" to me, I would be so happy, so happy. I say that and I instantly think of all the excuses for why I shouldn't because he won't. Mother said any girl can get her guy to marry her. So "old country," so atavistic she sounded. I think she has a point. It is after all, me who is in control. And I think at this point I don't want any promises or commitments. *I'm* not ready to make any. But I do want to take that one step: to say love me freely, for I am sincere--Trust me, for I feel the same about you. God, I miss him. Ridiculous or not I miss him and wish he were here holding me now. Absurd or not. I wish I didn't think 'absurd' and 'ridiculous.' I wish I didn't come up so automatically with that defense mechanism. I wish I could go ahead and feel whatever I feel and let the chips fall where they will. No matter what, I won't die. Rather, I would be enriched. To love is to expand. Expansive, what a concept. Theoretically, the act of loving is more enriching and fulfilling than that of being loved. As a matter of fact, being loved—*itself*—in isolation—*isn't* worth a twit. What good did it ever do me to have Bob Porter love me? But how beautiful, how soul building, are those moments of love. Sylvia says I can't afford the time or the hurt to love Jean if he won't share it. Again theoretically, I say I can afford it. It would be good for me to love him. I know he is to be trusted. He is a good man. He wouldn't hurt me. And when he leaves, the hurt would be good for me too because I think I could experience it, not hide from it. So much for that. Well, we'll see what happens next.

July 10, 1972

Here we go again—won't be seeing Jean again. Spent a few days depressed, shed a few tears, and then cheered up. Now I don't feel a thing. Is this real? I keep thinking of four months of developing a relationship shot to hell. Just because I wanted a deeper relationship. I can't help wishing I didn't want a relationship cause it sure as hell looks like I'm never going to get one. Still, I think I'm getting more conscious. Didn't I always say I should put more trust in my instincts? And instinct told me from the beginning that Jean was casual. I got a lot from him. Perhaps now, knowing I can relate in a healthy way, I can do better next time. I think I'm looking forward to it. Even though I'm not looking forward to the search. There simply has to be a more real way of finding men than L'Omelette's.

July 2, 1972

Thirty years old in three days. Break through? Realized two things yesterday. Feel I have an idea how therapy works. Several weeks ago I was talking to Dr. Wald about how I experienced my father's anger. I didn't cry or anything, but just—for the first time—came to grips with, faced, verbalized, how it made me *feel*: I *knew* he hated me—worse, despised me. Yesterday I felt that it is the kind of thing that is therapy: through one step, and growing at a time I gain the strength to face another truth. And ironically it's not the "truth" that is the happening but the "facing" of it. For example, it took me four years of growing before I finally had the ego strength to *face* the *truth* that I believe my father

loathed me. Miraculously, then, the fear was gone. I can imagine what a conflict that presented. From childhood.. Jesus—now at thirty I can freely love my father because I, I'm not quite sure because first I can separate his real love for me from his neurotic rage and also I don't feel the compulsion to at once desire his love and hate him because of the untenableness of that desire. Until a few weeks ago I was sure my father would never be able to love *me*, only his fantasy of me. Now I'm confident he loves me; it's no big deal, he just loves me. I feel very fortunate.

The second thing I learned yesterday hasn't been mastered yet. A glimpse only. And that is my refusal to grow up. I keep waiting for my dreams to come true as I've waited all my life. I won't settle for reality; I'd rather have nothing and the hope. Maybe this will be the next break through-----?

August 4, 1972

Have come from my family birthday dinner where our last topic of conversation had been giving birth. I felt a sensation of 'holding back a flood'—I mean my feelings have been held in so long I was very sorry the party broke up—I could have talked for hours. (There are few groups wherein I can speak freely on the subject.)

I remember feeling on the way home that perhaps the reason I have such positive thoughts about childbirth is that I consider that to have been the *only* meaningful thing I've ever done. It was therefore a privilege to experience. I remember throwing up regularly as clockwork, being constipated, having contractions. But I can't conceive of any of it as being painful. It was a joy. Everything before and since was meaningless. Probably still a matter of responsibility. A meaningless life is my own fault; having the child was not an act of will but was, again, an act of quiescence: it happened *to* me. Life *gave* me momentary meaning. I didn't create it. But I am stubborn. I think of childbirth and I ache with regret. Something that has passed and will never come again; something good that stupid me let get away and will never see again. The word 'childbirth' hurts like a D in history: I can't make it up. I really believe I'll never have another. Not exactly punishment, more like irresponsibility—an opportunity missed is gone forever. Intellectually I know that idea is absurd and I wish I knew why I feel that way. But I simply can't conceive of myself as being pregnant again. Maybe it's because I'm becoming always more aware of my existence in fantasy and yet have a knowledge that fantasies never become real: If I am never real, I will never have a child. I wonder what's so bad about being real? Dr. Wald and I talked last week about my dating patterns. It looks like I exclude reality—those men who it is realistic to include in my life I exclude deliberately. It is painful to consider [an] older man who has already established a family. I am jealous. It seems like all my life I've looked forward to tomorrow—when my dreams will all come true. My dreams will never come true, and I resent that so much. I could kill someone. To tell you the truth, I've been wondering lately if some of those dreams I would even WANT to come true? I'm fucked up...Perhaps, and hopefully, I'm getting ready to chuck it all and just be. I feel it strongly this minute. I would like to explore the baby bit and the marriage bit, get those albatrosses off my back and life. (Then, I suppose, something else will raise its ugly head!) It's really annoying to know that I can't do any of this alone. Will I be seeing Dr. Wald once a week all my life? When

shall I learn to think for myself? I suspect I want marriage and family for the same reason I loved childbirth: meaningfulness thrust on me rather than created. I wonder again, for the thousandth time, why I find it so excruciatingly difficult to put my own meaning in my life. I just don't know what questions to ask myself. Take art: I know I can and have derived immense amounts of satisfaction from it, yet I conscientiously absolve myself from it. I simply refuse to do it. Why? I know it's not difficult, I know it's not a matter of failure—I think—(most things I do please me.) It's almost like I don't *want* satisfaction. If I were content, I'd have nothing to bitch about; if I were content, I'd have no need of dreams (only plans). I know I could write a book but I refuse to. It really must be that I don't want satisfaction. Fantasy is safer? Why is fantasy more comfortable? Is it merely habit? It's surely not richer: there is so much more substance to reality. Dr. Wald once raised the question of tension: did I fear I would be unable to sustain the tension? There might be something to that. I *am* conscious of tension. I *do* feel sometimes, whoops, time to stop this activity, you're expending too much energy, you're becoming immersed in it, rolling with it, clicking with it—better stop, or...you'll die, I though—you'll wear out? Use yourself up? Better stop or—if I really become immersed in something *would* I die? Would I forsake everything else—eating, sleeping, working—would I be a fanatic, oblivious to the world? The rules and regulations of life *are* precious to me. I can't conceive of not going to work, of not paying my bills, of not being considerate of others. I'm afraid of losing control!! If I give myself to living I will die—that is, the life I now lead will die. Can you conceive of not caring about *anything* except what you're doing!? Wow, fantastic. What would happen to me without those standards, those habits, those rules? It's like once I tried to conceive of a hippie life and couldn't. Get up in the morning and face each new day fresh and free, I'd be lost, hand-to-mouth existence. Why would letting go necessarily be so extreme. Isn't it possible to regulate somewhat? Off-hand I don't think a 9-5 allows for this; but perhaps a 3-day a week job would. I've always known one didn't need much money to live; it's the things that get in the way—cars, clothes, furniture, movies—all the things used as an excuse for living. If I had any guts I'd quit my job, absolve myself of my “possessions” and my debts and just live and paint and write and see what happened.

I was just sitting here thinking how feasible it is. In a year my car is paid for—I could save a lot of money in a year if it weren't for Dr. Wald. I would then have no obligations other than NDEA, on which I could always default. But then what about security for my old age? Screw old age—one always survives and if you're fulfilled, I can't imagine becoming the vegetables one sees on TV. I must think more about this.

September 16, 1972

End episode one million and ten!

September 21, 1972

Is it possible my instincts aren't so bad after all? I suppose it's always possible, but for some reason this relationship with Tony is strange. I wonder what is its substance? We began the day after my thirtieth birthday and where are we. For the first two weeks I had more happiness than I can remember. I remember saying constantly, “we click.” Emotionally, we had it—at least it was something and that something made me happy. I

stopped eating, for God's sake! That old cliché!—I lost the five pounds I've tried unsuccessfully to lose for eight months. And unconsciously. Two weeks. Then the strangeness started. He protests he loves me but I saw him less and less and he called less and less. His reasons I can't understand. Be patient, he says. I told Dr. Wald I felt like I was fighting desperately for the "relationship"—Tony had become incidental. Don't know. I know I'm a pessimist but I know I'll continue to give him every chance just in case we can start again. It was such a beautiful two weeks. I wrote a love poem—the first since I was engaged to Fred. I'll be patient and won't think past today, but I doubt my wisdom. I do doubt my wisdom. Still I know I could never break off while he protests sincerity and seems to need to know I can wait. I wish he wouldn't shut me out and only wonder if I'm a fool to hope for that mood of three weeks ago.

October 25, 1972

I am unhappy. Je suis malheureuse. Why? I don't know. Tony asks occasionally if I am unhappy with him or would I be happier with another man. I don't know. I know I feel that we have a one-sided relationship: whatever he wants from me he gets and he takes that for granted. And whenever what I want conflicts with what he wants, tough shit for me, and he takes that, too, for granted. I don't even think he gives it a thought. I suppose it's unfair of me to say. Maybe it's not even true and that's bothering me a lot—to think I may be imagining slights. Janet thinks so. I often think we ought to break off but I don't have confidence in my motives. Start getting on this subject and it's all confusion: I know I'm full of illusion—how much is my love for Tony a desire for a relationship, a husband and children. How much is it a real liking for him. I know he's really a good person, kind, thoughtful and loving, polite, well-mannered and good natured. His male chauvinism isn't untoward, his jealousy doesn't really seem unreasonable. He's quite attentive and needful. I often think he would give me contentment. On the other hand, I find his abstract approach to life annoying. He's always abstracted—or do I mean 'off some where'? I don't think he ever really listens and his conversation is superficial. He can have, for example, an earnest discussion about whether or not to buy a car, take a trip, quit his job, vote for Nixon, seems to make a real commitment to a decision—and 10 minutes later act as if the conversation never took place. He remembers nothing. I can't visualize him working because I can't conceive of him concentrating on anything for 10 minutes. I guess that bothers me more than I've admitted to myself—I could never abide people who were all talk, no action.

And he seems too terribly irresponsible because of it. And also because he does and says such stupid things. He's so irresponsible with his health it makes me sick.

All told I don't think I like him. But I love being loved. Shit shit shit. Dr. Wald says who have you ever gotten close enough to to fight with. I want it so much I wish I could just die. I'm so tired of being confused. Am I really just making excuses to get out of a relationship. Probably. This is the way they all go. A fantasy relationship, then suddenly wipeout. I've never progressed beyond this point. I'll keep picking quarrels til either he gives up in disgust or I've created enough of a reason to have a good excuse to back out. I suppose I could talk it over with Tony, but it seems I've tried that before. If I'm still so afraid of a relationship, it won't do any good to fight it. I have to know what I'm afraid

of. The only thing I know is that it won't be something reasonable or rational. I'll cease to be? How in hell do you identify an irrational fear?

Election Eve, November 7, 1972

Richard Milhouse Nixon has been reelected President of the United States. And elected with one of the greatest landslides in history. I heard McGovern's concession speech and was touched. He's a truly good man—none of Nixon's "California will have to find someone else to kick around"! Ten years ago. (God I'm old!) I think the phenomenon was well explained by California Assemblyman Vasconcellos—the people were looking for someone to trust. McG was that someone until this summer when Eagleton and other things created another 'credibility gap.' "If we have nothing to trust we might as well believe Nixon's grand lies" they probably said to themselves. The son-of-a-bitch makes me puke. And to top it off I now have only Edward Kennedy to look forward to in '76. He may be as great as everyone says, but, personally, I'll *never* vote for the fool who perpetuated the Chapaquatic Incident.

It being Tuesday, I also saw Dr. Wald. There I finally faced up to my uneasiness regarding my relationship with Tony. I am simply not being myself. Sylvia was right—I'm being so passive I could puke. All the way home I kept thinking that I might as well break off. He probably wouldn't like me a bit if I were different. I can say to myself—assert yourself—but I can't. It's come to the point where I feel that I have nothing to assert myself *for*—and yet I know that's not true. I've simply *got* to get to the bottom of this chickenheartedness. If I eat another Burger Pit hamburger I'll throw up!! Wonder what the future holds...

Sunday, November 12, 1972

It's a weird feeling. To know that but a few days ago there was Tony—loving me, wanting me, missing me—and me committed in the same way to him—and today it's over and he doesn't want me anymore. I can't say exactly how I feel about it. It may be for the best or not. I don't know. I just feel kind of empty, missing something, kind of asleep. Sad. I'm so used to saying "it's over," but I'm still sorry. I loved him. I try not to be so fatalistic—for all I know it isn't really over and he may call because he misses me so much, but I don't think he will. He doesn't love me that much, and I can say it's just as well. What we had the first month was gone anyway. The communication was gone. Father says our individual fears were only "interrupting" the communication, that what's there is always there. But fears can be mighty strong, and I can always say I imagined the whole thing anyway. It's reassuring to know that there would have been nothing I could have done to prevent it. I wish, I really wish it had been different. My conscience says I could call him and try a reconciliation. I suppose I could, but you know I never will. Pride? Partly, but I really feel that I've been settling for less than I want for a long time, and there's no percentage in continuing to do so. Besides, I don't think he'd take me—I remember that tone of voice—brick wall—adamant—bitter. Damn—does it ever end? No, it never ends. I must be unreasonable or something. For the millionth time I say to myself "enrich your life by yourself." Humbug—and here we go again...

November 16, 1972

You know, Dr. Wald implied last Tues. that perhaps, being unable to fight normally I create “confrontations,” make molehills into mountains. And I wonder...it strikes me rather odd that Tony and I could each profess to love the other and then suddenly drop the relationship coldly, irrevocably—never even speak to each other again—over what amounts to, in Dr. Wald’s phrase, a complaint of “you’re neglecting me.” Rather odd indeed.

Parenthetically, must I feel a complaint must stand up in the Supreme Court before I can utter it? That would explain the mountains...

Western Electric offered me a job yesterday--\$870—haven’t decided.

Thanksgiving, 1972

Spent the afternoon at Janet’s. Everyone was there except Dad who, when he found out Janet’s family would be there too, decided to work. Lot of people but nice. Makes me want to have a dinner, but it would cost so much.

I like so much to see Deedee and Thomas and Penny and Jerry.

Start working at Western on the fourth. New beginning, but since I’ve already worked it to death with dad, Dr. Wald, and Sylvia, I really don’t feel like talking.

November 28, 1972

Undergoing psychotherapy is like working a picture puzzle. To begin, as I did almost five years ago, someone dumps all the pieces there in front of you. First, you turn each piece over just to know what color and shape it is—orientation. It took me a year or two just to get the borders in—but in therapy you don’t know enough about puzzles to plan your execution: first get the borders in, group the colors, work on one area at a time, consult the cover (picture) of the box often. In therapy, rather, one works in a haphazard manner. Fill in a little of this, a little of that. You may be working on the mast of the sailboat and all of a sudden pick up a piece remembered from the sky—ahah! It all fits. And of course the more of the puzzle put together, the more sense can be made from each section—the sailboat begins to look like a sailboat—you can even distinguish its components—the mast, the hull. Eventually you’’ even be able to tell in which direction it’s moving. The glorious thing about therapy is that point when after having been haphazardly putting pieces together for weeks or months but seeing no inkling of a picture, you suddenly have enough pieces, and when you add just that little insignificant piece of brown and green, suddenly you *see*.

Tonight Dr. Wald and I were talking again about intimacy—me saying that while I could see that I avoided being real, I had no sense of fear of intimacy. All the while I was plagued with that old sense of being an insect on a pin—I *knew* he was bored, disgusted with me, not liking me; I felt there was *something I should* be doing. I’ve felt this way many, many times before...He said, “Isn’t this how you feel about your boyfriends?” I denied it—but on the way home—suddenly I saw it. Yes it *is* how I feel about my boyfriends—or more precisely what I avoid feeling. With my boyfriends I am completely

passive—looking to them for signs of what they expect me to do, what they want from me, what I should say. Dr. Wald gives me no sign so I am on my own, and obviously I find this extremely anxiety-producing. Last week I actually said—“Say something! How will I know what’s the right thing to say if you won’t tell me.” He said then “You are afraid to take a chance.” Indeed, I am. How noxious. Looks like now I’ll be able to practice on him. Why am I afraid to be myself without direction?

June 14, 1973

Was high today and am paying for it now—12:45 and can’t get to sleep. Tonight attended the second night of classes in my first quarter in the MBA program at Santa Clara University. June 4 marked six months at Western Electric. Time goes by, but nothing is very new.

Dr. Wald is hep on penis envy, but tho I make fun of it, I agree with him. Clearly? I live the fantasy that I am a man. So it rather makes sense when he says the reason I get uptight in a “couple” situation is that I am confronted with the reality of not really being the one with the penis. He says I am passive because I want to take the penis away from the man but can’t face the guilt involved in such thoughts. (I suppose eventually we’ll get down to those concrete fantasies...) The more freedom a man gives me (the less male-chauvinist-pig he is) the more difficult it becomes because the more opportunities I have to put into reality those penis-stealing fantasies that as yet I don’t recognize. Sometimes I wonder what I really am. Have I said that a million times before? Do you believe that since I last wrote, two men have been in love with me. Chuck really broke my heart, but I don’t have to tell you about it, you already know. And I’ll bet in 20 years you can read this and remember the promise lost. I put those thoughts aside. Today Max loves me and Max causes me ulcer pains. This is a real problem. Janelle is fit-to-be-tied with my vacillations regarding Max. He is absolutely nothing of what I have ever professed to want, yet he must be giving me something I am not cognizant of wanting because I can’t seem to break it off. The graph of my feelings towards him goes /VVVV\, but Dr. Wald continues to make me suspect that the downs—the minimas—are not concerned with his bad grammar or lack of education but rather with my penis envy. So I come back for more. However, I am extremely nervous. If I could get with that damn penis envy...Interesting that it—like so much—has its origins in the four year old Camille who for some reason found it so much more preferable to be a boy than a girl so pretended to be a boy. I got absolutely furious when I discovered that. It’s such a cruel and tragic thing for an infant to reject itself. He said we would get to ‘why’ sometime, but surely and sadly it was the way my father treated my mother. It makes me so sad to think what I could have felt like for my thirty years if I had loved my nature, my femaleness. I wonder if I ever will, and I wish I could have a daughter.

July 10, 1973

Milestone of sorts this evening. Chuck Boaeuf had called Sunday. Talk about bombshell, and was I upset. Met him last night for the confrontation. Everything was the same as ever. His explanation was just what I had figured. What took me by surprise was my secure grasp of reality. While I could recognize my deep regret, I had no compunction to

melt into his arms for two weeks of bliss. Tonight I told him I wouldn't see him anymore, that it would be unrealistic.

The milestone was the telling—the taking full control for my happiness. Whether Max would make me happy or Chuck would make me happy is a mute question, but under the present circumstances Chuck could bring me only pain—and that I refused. *I refused.*

This has been a week of insights really. Last Tuesday Max was to come over at 10:00. When I got home from school at 9:15 I immediately sat down to study—being worried about being behind. When he arrived at 9:50 I was a bitch and proceeded to be nasty for 45 minutes when it dawned on me that obviously I had not wanted to interrupt my studies to see him, that I resented the intrusion. And similarly I realized that by submitting passively to my so-called obligations to *his* needs and desires, I did both of us an injustice. I have rights, too. And it is perfectly fair to call him and say, look Max, let's kip it tonight, I'm feeling overwhelmed with my studies.

So it's been a learning week. In between were other experiences.

September 11, 1973

A meaningful Tuesday with Dr. Wald? Mentioned some 1946 letters from Mother to Dad wherein I am a stranger—"daddy's girl." And how! Very much enamored of him at four years old. Dr. Wald and I then discussed, and it looks like I was "frustrated" at being denied him (he left me? the burning? Deedee as a rival?), and at this time chose to become him—the aggressive male—since I—a female—was rejected. I said "but I already know all this"—that my feelings now for men involve fear of again being rejected as a woman and the conflicting desire to be masculine and "on top." He says but in incident after incident you don't recognize the scenes—because you haven't yet looked closely enough at how it started.

This is difficult to do when the four year old Camille is not in my memory.

October 3, 1973

Back to responsibility again—of a different sort? But I begin to see how I manipulate events so as on the surface I am not responsible. Sunday was full of examples, brought to consciousness (awareness) for a change. I knew I wanted Max to take me to the Hungry Hunter for dinner, but rather than come right out and ask him I manipulated the conversation until he suggested it. I wanted to go home with him, too, but pulled the same maneuver. Once there I knew I wanted to make love but rather than suggest it—again—I manipulated—I suggested a backrub. Then I suggested it would be better with my clothes off. It got awfully funny, my shenanigans.

Dr. Wald has suggested that this behavior avoids not responsibility but aggressiveness. He suggests I fear being aggressive—something horrible will happen. Is this related to the old problem of my concept of masculinity/femininity?

I see no accomplishment in my therapy—in that I see no direction, no definition of problem, no course of action determined. It's frustrating. But last Tuesday I reminisced on fourth grade for 30 minutes. I think he was shocked at my sudden recall and implied(?) this was good in that I gave the direction to the session instead of, as usual, unable to take a direction for more than five minutes without looking to him for implied approval. Am I finally relaxing in "ambiguity," prelude to functioning in it? Practically speaking, nothing I do in his office is "wrong"—therefore everything is "correct." I may not believe it, but perhaps I'm beginning to cease looking for guidelines there. How very much of my existence is determined by "shoulds" rather than "wants." How annoyingly much of my fulfillment is deferred to "shoulds." How nice it would be to "do" because it "feels good," feels good and right clear to my toes cause it's what I *want*!!

October 17, 1973

I'm feeling very sorry for myself cause I just did very badly on two midterms.

Last night Dr. Wald again seemed to stress my being stuck in development at that point where the male is both feared and admired. It certainly explains my difficulty—as he says, I'm afraid to be aggressive for more than a moment cause surely someone will notice and stomp on me and I'm afraid to be passive cause that, too, gets me stomped on. He was suggesting again my covetingness of the maleness; that in sexual intercourse I'm actually taking the male's strength and would like to keep it. So it was a rather depressing evening, for what does it all prove? Zilch. When I got upset at not being able to follow through on a thought, he said again that the reason I couldn't was cause that would be aggressive. And this kid wants to be an administrator?

October 22, 1973

I felt like writing:--I know a man I would marry. Then thought I've said that before—looked up Tony. And you know what? So what if I felt I could marry Tony—it didn't work out and I didn't marry him. But there was once something there that made me feel that way. I never felt that way about Max, after all. I'm not so crazy. Anyway, I've decided to just enjoy Ed for whatever happens and not worry about it. There is something different about my feelings: I'm more accepting. So many of my friends think I go too fast, but I accept, as of today, that that's the way I am. You click or you don't. It's never been my experience that you grow into "clicking." I spent six months on Max and I knew we never clicked. So I'm not going to worry about it. I'm not going to drop everything else cause I've committed myself to Ed, but I'm going to drop everything else cause what time I have I want to spend with him. I'm not going to worry about whether or not he loves me—I'm just going to enjoy our time together at the *least* until it's no longer good. I'm not going to worry about "committing" myself by loving him—I'm just going to love him and love myself as well and see what happens. And love him I do. Only a week and yet that seems inconsequential. I love him because he is what he is and perhaps it'll never work out—statistics are against it—but he is truly my kind of guy. I respect him so much. It's strange—I see it has nothing to do with college. As Max, he has no degree, but it's his approach to life that I respect. He *grows*. He's dynamic. He's responsible like Max but not a complacent bone in his body. He's so proud yet so understanding. He understands so much. He reminds me of Tony in that and yet he's not aloof like Tony;

rather, he's loving and sympathetic. He's idealistic like Chuck yet realistic. He reminded me at first a lot of Chuck and I was afraid, but then I re-grew up and am happy. He's a lot healthier Libra than Chuck. He *faced* life and he has the courage Chuck lacks. I need a man like him—proud, capable yet loving and understanding. I put high odds on this guy. He needs a woman. The only question is whether he's mature enough to love a liberated woman. Is his life—or would his life be full enough with me to allow me my freedom. My instincts say, within limits, yes. That remains to be seen. Also it remains to be seen how *I* accept love realistically. Already this week I've wasted several hours in neurotic panic. I feel I've resolved it. I felt—on the golf course today—my adult was definitely there. A made-to-order situation which Max was happy to play (father). Yet I sensed Ed wasn't—or rather, he would prefer the adult—so it was the adult I was—maybe that's part of loving him. I can see him as a man—not a father—and I can still say “love me, protect me, hold me”—as a man, not a father. God, am I learning the difference? I've got my fingers crossed.

I have to add this: Remember how frightened I would become at orgasm? I would say Max do you love me and he would always say yes, yes. Ed seems to understand that feeling. I don't have to ask. He said today something about people need to know they're not alone at moments like this, ask me for anything and I'll give it to you. He was saying—I know how you feel and it's good and I'm here, you're not alone. Another time he said, again without my saying a word, at the height of passion, “Don't worry, I'll protect you and take care of you.” To me he was saying “I understand you're frightened, but don't be cause I won't let anything hurt you, my arms are around you and I'll protect you.” He's fantastic, Ed Flores. I love him.

October 24, 1973

After Wald last night it looks like the situation is clear: nothing more will happen until and unless I am willing to face the childhood hurt which led to believing I was a boy or could become one. I *know* he's right—I feel its correctness—I cling to the belief that I'm not really a woman. The thought of giving it up I can't tolerate. It's ironically not the pain I can't face, but rather the giving up of the idea that I'm a man. But if I'm ever to settle down...is it worth it? I keep saying I'm content so why give up safety?

October 29, 1973

I'm a little worried cause I was depressed today. It seems reasonable to me that loving should make a person reach out for everything, not clam up. Yet here I find myself interested in nothing—not work, not school, not tennis—except wanting to be with Ed. It frightens me. It seems neurotic. I really can't concentrate on anything. I want only to be in bed with him, feeling loved. It's not really sex that I want but the feeling it gives me of being loved. I just can't get enough of it. I seem to recall Wald saying recently something about why I was sexually insatiable, but I can't remember what he said. The whole thing is making me nervous. Ed is so great. It feels so good to be with him. I cry just thinking of the possibility of him filling a Dog damn neurotic need. I want him to fill a healthy need. Fuck it, fuck it.

October 31, 1973

I had fits Tuesday night. Dr. Wald summed it all up by saying I was apparently very determined to preserve my relationship with Ed and yet having fits was the only way, my passive way, of coping with Wald and therapy. To do otherwise was “aggressive” and unworkable. Is he implying that I can’t be active in the therapy situation cause that’s aggressive? What a state: practice femininity on the side, run into problems, yet be unable to work at them cause that’s aggressive...*He* felt it was a productive evening, hinting that I should learn more about my problem by experiencing it, i.e., having passive hysterics vs. exerting control, than in logically analyzing it.

November 26, 1973

I got back a statistics test and had the lowest grade in the class. So I lie here contemplating. I flash on Princeton and placing myself as a hustler. I am so accomplishment oriented but to what end. Dick had mentioned that hustlers might in their rush, fail to perceive the point. I do so many things that way. I’m missing the joy of accomplishment in rushing to accomplish. I’m doing too many things for their sake alone. How can I draw a happy medium between the peace of Ed and the hustle of accomplishment. I’m going to consider dropping the MBA program. I’m simply not working at it. It’s a chore and low on my priority list. Success for what? Money means nothing to me. Hustlers like to think they’re better than other people. By whose values is it better to expand your mind than watch TV? What am I? What is my pleasure? What feels good. I’m beginning to think it feels good to move in slow motion, spontaneously. Do things slowly, don’t be so success compulsive, so rule compulsive. Why not cut work one day and sleep in. What is pleasure—doing little things well, savoring every second—it amazes me to say these things—I am tired of rushing. I think that’s why Ed has had such an impact on me. I am determined to cease running about like a headless chicken, not seeing, not hearing, and not really accomplishing anything. By whose rules? I foreswear them. I will judge my happiness by my stomach. I will stop “growing” for awhile and expand instead. I will add substance to what I am now but shallowly.

January 14, 1974

A lovely thing happened this weekend. I became furious at Ed and yet my anger remained separate from my love. I can’t remember ever experiencing that before. It’s a secure feeling. I wrote Ruth “it’s knowing the ship has weathered the storm and remains stable. You have more confidence in the ship.”

I remember thinking a few months ago. “Ill make it with him or I’ll kill myself. I can’t go through this anymore.” Now I know we’ve made it. It’s beautiful, this growing closer. Now I say if anything happens to him I’ll kill myself. That’s probably a crummy attitude, too, but I really don’t think I’d be *interested* in living alone. What’s so great about living? With Ed, life has focus and purpose and joy. I’ve changed, imperceptively to myself, but at work several people have mentioned it. They’ve told me I had been unhappy and now I was happy. They told me I had “calmed down.” I hadn’t noticed. Kung Fu said “But if I love I risk great pain.” And his master replied, “That is true. To love is to risk great pain or great joy.” I’ll add, the road to joy is painful.

January 24, 1974

I told Wald tonight about a dream I had—swamps, crocodiles, even a cobra (which I killed), and lots of fear and apprehension. I said I thought it a reminder of my fears regarding sex. The next thing I knew he wants to know explicitly what I mean. Seems that my discomfort with genital manipulation, my oversensitivity (both literally and figuratively) is due to the existence of my clitoris—“a painful reminder,” as I said, of what I haven’t got. Guess I’ve been working up to this. First I became aware of fears then I became aware of actual discomfiture with my genitals. I just don’t like being handled. Wow.

Ed said, “What an extraordinary girl to have had such an extraordinary impact on my life.” Wow, that felt good. And yet he ain’t seen nothin’ yet. I get more real all the time. Dr. Wald was surprised when I started telling him how many things I’d like to communicate with Ed about and yet can’t seem to do it. Imagine, if it’s this good now, imagine how good it will become. Wow, gotta break down those barriers.

Besides I think I’m into a productive phase. Last week we talked about my observations of Erin (Barbara’s daughter). I was amazed at the insight that talk gave me. I have new comprehension of what it was like to be one year old.

November 16, 1974

Since it’s been almost a year since I wrote, I guess it may be assumed I’ve been relatively happy. And in truth I think I have. Ed and I bought this house in March. Much has changed since then. Remembering what our relationship was like before makes me wonder. Today I’m kind of depressed cause he told me last night he’ll be working in Bakersfield starting Monday. I suppose I fear we’ll stop growing together and instead regress to a stilted, artificial existence.

We’ve a long ways to go yet. And Dr. Wald. Noticing that I’m exactly where I was a year ago doesn’t help me feel any better. Besides I got a lousy haircut yesterday.

I guess changing from the inside out takes a long time. It’s like learning history or something—you can cram for an exam and thus regurgitate the proper answers for the teacher, but if you are really to grasp the material, if it is to have an impact on your thinking, you must study it slowly, masticate the details, and let it all settle down in your brain and think about it and talk about it.

Because in reality I have changed over the last year. On the surface no one would notice but in little details it shows. Last year we were talking in general terms about my fear of being aggressive. But what, in fact, did that mean. Last year, if I had planned a party for the 16th and Ed said he was going to bed early because he was leaving at 4am for a golf game at Fort Ord, I would have said, sure, whatever you want. And then I would have gotten progressively bitchier and nastier til we had a fight and I accused him of not loving me.

Today I not only understand that I did that because I was afraid to say I don’t want him to leave me alone at the party, afraid to express opposition to his wishes, but today I actually

do, calmly yet, just that. And I've learned, surprise, surprise, that it's easy. My wishes don't always prevail but at least the world knows how I feel about things. I'm so brave! Still, I've got a ways to go. I haven't yet won a tennis trophy. There's a lot of things I'm not comfortable doing. And Dr. Wald says Ed and I "jockey for position" which sounds too much like winner-loser war games. No wonder I dread his returning to Bakersfield. Well, next quarter maybe I'll take three classes.

December 18, 1974

Hoping that writing in here will cheer me up. Feel so down. Feel like something's been eating t me for a long time. Last night at Dr. Wald's I got really upset. Maybe I should be happy—if something's about to break. But nothing ever does break. It just goes on and on. We're talking about feeling subordinate. I couldn't talk about it—the old feelings of fear—I know what I've got an I know if we talk about it I'll lose it. It's a devastating despair. Yet Dr. Wald said that those were the fears of doing something (non-passive) that I regard as bad and am afraid Ed will too. He again mentioned the lengths I go to to avoid confrontation with Ed. Of course such a rational explanation took away my despair. Today I'm just depressed. I'm such an *avoider*! I'm always coming up with substitutes against which to react, never the real issue. Then last night I had such a dream. I was deathly afraid of a young man parked in a house trailer next to our house. He represented the murder, rapist, violator fears. Father came upon me trying to bolt and lock the door of a porch. He was about to give me a dish of strawberries or some such treat and became incensed at my locking the door. He was completely obtuse about my fear and merely punished me by denying me the treat. I begged him, "Please Daddy, I'm afraid of that man." I was petrified, little girl like, but he ignored my pleading. Later the man was in the house and I hid behind a closet door until he was attracted by an older person coming out of the bath. He turned toward her, this lady that I saw from behind toweling down, and I called out to warn her. Then I was big and grabbed the man with a hammerlock around his neck and Deedee (the woman) and I tried to subdue him.

It's an old dream in that those sexual, "mysterious" fears and dangers are there. But begging my father to let me lock the door.

Just called my parents and guess what—until I was five we lived in a house with a screened-in porch—with a door on the left. Dad said they never locked the door so it would be entirely possible that he would yell at me if I tried to lock it. And he says there was a man across the street who he didn't like. Next door neighbors they liked. The house also had two floors although no cardboard closet came until up to five years later.

May 7, 1975

Dreary life. Unreal how I waste it. This quarter I spend all my time reading mysteries or watching TV. Prepare for my class in an hour. Ed's been in Bakersfield since October so I'm usually alone. I really can't believe it. Have played no tennis or golf. Have been terribly depressed about work. Deadening. Last week I finally got off my can and went to personnel who got me talking to my boss; so this week I have an exciting project. So I'm still depressed. I talk to Ed and I'm still depressed. We're supposed to be getting married next month, but I'm still depressed. Sherry keeps saying hypoglycemia, but I think it's in

my head. Avoidance syndrome. Boy, am I avoiding. Dr. Wald and I continue to be heavily into my—can't describe it by aggressive conflict any more—well maybe that's causing my avoidance. Well, it's not simply a conflict between being aggressive and being afraid to be aggressive because "I'll be punished" for being aggressive. It's now easy to see that the problem is perceptual. Every confrontation is seen, perceived, as conflict, as a battle. I'm always on the defensive, expecting the man to act war-like and afraid to deal with that. This happens whenever, in interacting with a man, I feel a desire to protect myself, or want something or whatever that could in any way be against *his* self-interest, or view, or desires. I don't even have to know his feelings oppose mine; unless I know they *agree* with mine, I'll react with the defensive or passive syndrome. Last night I flashed on the scene in Belmont when my father asked me if I would like to go for a walk and when I said no he had a tantrum. So vivid. Of course, I was already 16-17 but I can't remember how it developed—this fear—as it must have—when I was quite young.

I sure hope this work is what has been depressing me. Cause eventually I'll get through this work, even though it seems to go on and on and on, never changing, always the same things to say—over and over. I'm so tired of penis envy. Although it does seem that I see more body to it now. It's not so black and white, clear cut, objective. Rather I begin to feel the permutations of it, to understand it in my stomach. Some things in psychology are so beautiful. Like the idea that you can be so afraid of something that you can't face it so your fear controls you. But the minute you face it, the fear begins to go away. But our subconsciouses are so strong. I think Dr. Wald thinks I've never really, wholly accepted (yet!) in my stomach that I'm afraid of men and so covet their power and the symbol of that power, the penis. Such a distortion.

Read back a few pages and something very obvious hit me. No wonder nothing's really broken in so long. No wonder I suspect I've never accepted penis envy. Because I can see that my reaction was to fight it. I mean I *know* I've put all my energy into *practicing* not being passive. What Dr. Wald's been trying to tell me is that practice won't do any good (or make it any easier) until I believe it's OK. I've had a stubborn attitude—no *man* is going to gyp me out of my due, especially with my own assistance. Rather than trying to understand why I'm afraid or defensive I've tried to repress or ignore the fear and helplessness feelings and defensiveness. Now I see that that won't work. So—here we go again.

December 15, 1975

Ed and I got married July 22, a Tuesday. And by some twist of fate everything got better after that. Better and better all the time. Today I'm depressed cause it's Sunday and he went back to Bakersfield. I don't always get depressed. Last weekend was marvelous. I took Friday night off and we spent the entire weekend together. I wasn't depressed when he left. And I'm really not unhappy depressed anyway—cause I'm always so well aware of how much better we have it than so many others. Ed's the greatest. I wonder if it's like a snowball. Badness and misery can snowball so why not love. I want the best for him, anything that will make him happy. It's funny, but I don't feel like writing my feelings and thoughts. I think a lot and it seems that writing them down then is repetitive and

somehow that is artificial—plastic. Sometimes I feel on the verge of a grand discovery. I wonder what it'll be? Nothing but peace? Lately I seem content to do nothing—might no battles with myself—I've been working nights and, and the quiet is very appealing. I suspect that for me “being” does not have to mean fighting. I can just do and be—accept. It is coming.

June 14, 1976

Just came home from the first night of *my last quarter* of classes!! Father said something like—you are about to embark on a new life. Whoopee! Except I'm super scared. Where am I? Have been listening to the Ed Bush Talk Show—two psychologists are on. Such talk always reassured me re how very far I've come. Unfortunately, it's another case of the more you know, the more remains to know. I am still not free. I sometimes wonder how much of this is imposed externally and how much internally. In lots of little ways I see a difference but not in bigger ways. I can still wish I were dead when I can't solve a problem or see a way out of a situation. There's still too much black and white and not enough gray. I still don't think I “do anything.” I still feel like a blah person. I still am repressed in lovemaking, I still play a role too often when talking with men. I still stay 10 feet away from my father. I'm still basically unassertive in most situations, passive, receptive, agreeable. Tonight in Dr. Hall's Social Psych of Mgmt we played the X-Y game we had played in Princeton. I was a lot more willing to be un-nice, but I suffered tremendous guilt when I agreed to be uncooperative and this caused another team to suffer. Wow.

September 13, 1976

If you suppose that when I was one year old and Bob came upon the scene, I was an exceptionally willful child. It is then not surprising that—in response to his usurping all that marvelous attention and cherishing—I would try—first—to get rid of him. Mother does tell of finding me in his crib trying to stomp him into dust. This attempt at restoration of former pleasures failing, this willful and bright child might have said to herself—If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Fatal choice. The assumption is thus made that he's got something I ain't got. He's got more; he's “better.” To “join 'em” requires that I become—in my self concept—a boy. To do this requires that I reject being a girl. And worse—thus the fatal choice—thereafter everything good that happens will be attributed to the “boy image” and everything bad—by default—to the girl image. Several corollaries emerge. Importantly, since *I* (if no one else) knows the boy image isn't really me, I can't help but feel all the good isn't really me either; rather, all the bad is me. Secondly, as a fake, I must be constantly on guard—if ever questioned, my supporting arguments must be marshaled and ready. All behavior must be “defendable.” If it's defendable, defense must be based on a law book. So that first denial of reality is like a little lie that then must be supported—over time—with bigger and more complex lies.

Going back again to this willful child used to the best of everything. Only the best is satisfactory. To get the best you must be a boy. If you're not a boy, then you're anti-best—or nothing. Everything ever after is perceived from that framework: boyish vs. nothing. Either or.

It's not surprising—using this framework—that I hate myself. My true self is all things bad or blah or nothing; only my phony—house on sand—self is fun, rewarding, etc.

It is also not surprising that I'm so repressed, so passive. After all, every speck of willful activity requires a great deal of defensive argument as accompaniment. That takes an awful lot of energy.

What can I do about this? Guess the only solution is to give up the fraud and start from scratch—assuming equality instead of superiority. Remove the split—good vs. bad, best vs. nothing, boy vs. girl. Ho ho ho easier said than done.

May 24, 1998

Wow, twenty years since I felt the need to write in here. Wow. Wow. I'm doing it because I don't want to write anymore negative thoughts to Ed—I'll write them here instead. Ed (Rodriguez, not Flores) is in prison and every day that I don't get a letter I get more upset. I got one on Monday and none since. Last night I "lost it" and invited Ben and Jerry over for the second time since he's been gone. Today, rather this afternoon, I pigged out on candy. In 20 minutes I'll go to the gym, but it's so fucking irritating to see myself acting like a teenager. Can't the guy write only once a week without me getting paranoid? Of course I'm worried because one of the letters he received on Monday *complained* and said things that would likely make him feel bad. What a joke. I can't feel comfortable expressing any of *my* needs, wants, etc. I am here but to serve. This is sick so what's new? Get a man in my life and I get sick.

I took a look at the 1976 entry—seems like Ed and were married then. The next 10 years were pretty good growing years for me. I quit Dr. Wald in 1986 cause I wanted to save money so I get a divorce. Funny that it's only been in the last couple of months since Ed Rodriguez came into my life that I have begun to think again about therapy—starting up again I mean.

All Ed's descriptions of childhood sexual abuse—and my friend Charlene's also—have made me really wonder if I, too, was abused but don't remember. It would explain a lot. Probably never know, and it really doesn't change anything. Therapy thought, might be helpful. I'm just so jaded—who on Earth could possibly be good enough? I've been there, done that, bought the t-shirt as they say. I know more about me than anyone. I'm as passive as I ever was when there's a man involved. I can't imagine what's going to happen with my relationship with Ed. Everything in me screams to get out of it, yet I know for certain that that's because intimacy is frightening. It would be easy to select any one of a dozen reasons why we make a bad couple—any one of which is probably valid—but the only one that counts is the intimacy one. So I guess I just have to wait til he comes back.