

62-963

SEPT. 15, 1962 TO MAY 30, 1963.

Thru

Aug. 1963

Yakima - (2K)

62- 63

Saturday September 15, 1962

I have decided to keep on keeping a journal of sorts, for I find I miss the writing since I quit the N story. Reading back over past thoughts and emotions and again coming upon motives and goals long since forgotten can be very helpful, I find.

Besides I am desparatey lonely--lonely for an intimate with whom I can be myself--who understands and likes the things I like.

My life right now is lived in a nest of much older and much younger people and, at work, people with whom I have nothing in common, people with affairs out of my orbit. I do not regret this too much. There is nothing I can do about it right now and still keepsingle-mindedly to my present goal: that of giving my kids my very best for the next two years, by which time they'll be out of high school. Then--we'll see.

This I feel, is my paramount goal right now. I realized the other day why: because I feel guilty for the waste and mistakes I made with my life; because I regret the burden of neuroticism and unhappiness passed down to and thru me from my antecedents.

This is my small effort to contribute something to the world--to mitigate somewhat the curse of the past. It is my tribute to the future: my three kids raised the very best I can under the circumstances.

This, to me, is the most important thing right now.

My recently divorced neighbor insists that I should have a man in my life. She makes me go with her on her searches. She insisted recently that I should meet one of her cast-offs. But she continues to do nothing about it. I am disappointed, though it promised poorly. I was getting curious. Mostly about my ability to handle and/or attract a man again.

For it seems utterly impossible now that I ever had N and his love. I am right back where I was before I met him. He is lost completely to me now. Gone entirely is the feeling that he is MINE; he is SOMEONE ELSE'S.

This I realized when I found myself in one of the old settings that used to rend me so--near our high hedge on an achingly beautiful moonlight night with a plane going over--and N a dream--a lost, long ago dream that someone else dreamed, not I.

I feel old, alone, unloved, unwanted and unlovable, as I did before him. The desire to weep is still there in such moments, but not for him--just for the futility, the fleeting temporary nothingness of love--that it can be so UTTER--and then so utterly over.

"That a dream can die--"--for THIS I weep now.

How little I knew
These things would mean you;
A moon, a sky,
A grieving I
behind a hedge--
A hedge as high
As the plane you
Took to say goodbye.
The hedge symbolic--
That green hedge high --
The one I stood sotiny by
Watching your plane
Lift to the sky--
Green red lights blinking
Goodbye ! ---
Goodbye !

(Conflicts about mother, who shows alarming symptoms of becoming very dependent on me.)

This morning as I lay in bed, I felt a resurgence of the old togetherness feeling with N, a feeling that he was reaching to me, needing me--a kind of joyousness--something that has been either lost or repressed since his marriage.

Whatever had brought it on? I could not account for it.

Then I remembered it must be just a year--just about today that he came or left--I couldn't remember which. I intend to look it up--just to see.

Later: I looked it up, braced to be made a fool of. It was exactly a year ago today that N left

I guess I'll never forget N, no matter how much I kid myself. Whatever you did, N,--good or bad--intentional or unintentional--you awoke my frozen feelings and passion to a depth I did not know I had.

Thank God forever for this.

Monday, September 17, 1962

To celebrate the "anniversary" I re-read the day N arrived and the day he left. I knew I was risking upsetting myself and I did just that.

The feeling it gave me was one of resentment--resentment at both N's and my upbringing that made us both unable to find "happiness", to get what we wanted and needed from life.

I could see now how Janie fought ^{us with} her belief that I was an intruder in the family. I could see how N fooled her and placated her while planning to do as he damned pleased, as always.

I saw something new in N's attitude toward me--awe--awe of the AMERICAN. In spite of their apparent success they were still "children of the streets"--evidences of which I often fought against seeing.

I had not been aware that N's fawning eagerness and reticence might mean that he felt I was impossibly above him.

I began to wonder If perhaps I hadn't been COQUETTISH enough, for on re-reading it was more apparent that he had come back to see ME--to try again. Perhaps he had planned to get alone with me. Certainly he tried all that afternoon and he was simply goofy with delight and joy the way the afternoon progressed.

What big, middle-aged, family-dominated babies we were! We should have both just gone out in the country as we both wanted to do, instead of giving in to the trivial demands of our families. What amateurs at love we were--at our ages!

Even that soul-destroying disclosure about his girl friend, Nita, seemed different. When I put it together with the other things he said, it became almost a flattering intimacy. He was testing me, challenging me, lamenting that I had sent him off only to find Mexicans and negroes and such to consort with. He came back to look for a job--to stay--to see if I wanted him back--to see if it were at all possible.

But he did not have courage enough to figure it all out and commit himself; and I was so convinced of my unwantedness that I gave all the wrong answers.

I wonder if N is growing up too late, too

So what is the lesson I learned from that experience?
This.

That if and when my neighbor friend gets me that promised date, I must play the coquette--put out a false lure--even when I'm not interested in landing the fish.

For I observe that that is what women who succeed with men do--they close their eyes to what's ahead and commit themselves to the PRESENT pleasure!

I must not be afraid to COMMIT myself--even if it means trouble. For that is life, and living with people--and love.

I am finding myself unhappy and uncomfortable in some of the "man-lure" clothes I wore for N this summer. I am getting too old for these frippery things now. I am changing my hairdo to deliberately show the gray. I'm going to be my age! Clinging to "tricks" is not going to help me with N now. I must face the fact that from now on nothing will make me anything but TOO OLD for him.

If I ever saw him again, he might say to himself, "I remember her WHEN--. Now she's old--her hair is gray. I wonder if giving me up aged her?"

September 21, 1962

I assumed I'd never see Janie again. I forgot about the football games. My son plays football and her daughter plays in the band. We might very well encounter each other there, I realized as the first game of the season approached.

I found I wanted to see them, and be seen by them but I did not want to encounter them. I wanted to snub Janie, but I knew I wouldn't have the heart to. Better to evade all emotional upheaval and keep this apathy I feel.

This first game was very special. Everyone would go, for it was the first game in the new stadium and everyone was curious.

When mother wanted to go with me I found myself reluctant. I didn't want the Esgates to see me old and so alone I had to go with my MOTHER; I wanted to look happy, pretty, desirable.

I wished I could be seen escorted by a MAN! Then Janie could report that to N! It occurred to me that maybe that date I'd been promised could materialize by then! What a joyful thought! The more I thought of it the more obsessed I became. Why, that would be perfect! Lois had said he "wasn't bad looking, didn't look too old and drives a white Cadillac"! Wouldn't that be something!!

I set to work on the idea, trying to do what little I could to effect it. But there was very little I could do about it, and I was frustrated in those little attempts.

I then seriously toyed with the idea of asking the man MYSELF. But---

I found myself committing myself to other involvements that kept me from doing it--perhaps to "save" myself from what I knew was really a bad idea.

So--I went to the game with mother.

I really found I didn't care much. Gone was the old compulsion to search frntically for the Esgates or their car--to put myself in likely positions to encounter them. It just didn't matter.

I did not see them at all. Not even their car. I didn't think much about it until they played the National Anthem--and then I remembered-- "Why, this time LAST year--that night at the game--when N and the Chianellos were there--!"

But it was all different somehow. There was no FEELING. I suppose the setting being so different might have helped, but, even so, I couldn't summon any of the old excitement. I couldn't even figure out what I'd been soé excited about.

I looked around me--just PEOPLE--dull, homely, sad, frustrated, weary, trying-so-hard people--nothing special--nothing exciting about any of them--not even Nick--not even Janie--. It was all gone. It was all different.

Midway through the band demonstration it occurred to me to look for Lily. I thought I saw her. I watched her with mild curiosity. So what? I thought--so what?

All of today seemed like a day of consolidation--of summary, of review. The end of an era.

I had to goto the Republic office for the first time in a long, long time--and I went out thru N's old offi ea and stopped to talk to Isa and Ralph. It was like walking through a historical site where something once had happened, but was long since gone.

I found my head whipping around for a quick glance into N's little room. It was still dark, still unused--the sink where he washed his brushes, and against which I leaned during so many emotion-fraught conversations with him, standing there--cold, silent, neglected.

So wh ~~u~~ I thought--So what? It's all gone.
It's all over. I can't bring it back or change it.

Isa was cool, disinterested, vaguely curious at my visit. Ralph was fairly chatty--for him. I hadn't seen him since Hal left. We got to talking of that. I began to ask him about others who had left--it was the natural thing to do--until there was no one left to ask about but N.

I found myself unable to speak of him and sidling toward the door. Nick hung between Ralph and me. But he did not mention him and neither did I. I left abruptly. There was nothing else to do. No one was keeping me--no one was really interested. I had become, not the fond intimate I used to be, but just another person from their past.

In the mood of the day, I went and discussed the unraveling of my daughter's long, terrible session of troubles with her counselor. That too is all over.

Life has reached a plateau for me--a calm, a nothingness, a waiting period.

I have unasked for drawings and a letter ready to send to Angelo Pellegrini. I even feel apathetic about that. I do not wish to start anything with them again--not the emotion-laden correspondence. They are merely drawings half-promised from the past--a tie with the past and a possible tie to the future.

This story is ended.

Later, fresh from writing this allup, I picked up a new magazine to read. Playing the old, silly game, I thought, "Well, it was sort of a N day--let's see if there's something Italian in Time this week."

I flipped the pages. "SICILY" leaped out at me! And at the bottom of the page a picture of Danilo Dolci. "Oh!" I gasped out loud (and was

glad I was alone) "OH!" For that was truly
"touché." Sicily--Palermo--Dolci--the book ~~of~~
I ^{had} sent N.

The article said that Dolci had made a major success in his fight against the terrible social conditions near Palermo. I was GLAD! I was very, very glad. It was as if someone had done something for me personally!

Next day, in a mood of finality, I mailed the drawings to Angelo, though I was not very happy about doing so--it seemed a little "too".

There had been a definite feeling of finality about that dinner that evening with them--of debts paid, accounts settled. Perhaps I do wrong in prolonging what I sensed was a passing thing. Oh well, I've felt this way before--and been wrong. At least it was an aggressive, opportunist move toward a future goal.

As I slept on the Dolci article it occurred to me to write him! After all--why not? Look what happened when I wrote Pelle! What matter if it's lost or unanswered? Who doesn't like to know they are approved of?

Then I began to want to send N the Dolci clipping. Again, why not? No name--no incrimination--nothing to really interfere in his marriage--just a shot in the dark to keep the little fire of social conscience and humanitarianism aglow that I had sparked in him. Who knows but what N might do something for his native land some day?

Thinking along this line I thought: I DO have something remaining from N: I did win first his heart and then his conscience! Is there anything wrong in prodding that spark?

Full of these new compulsive desires and doubt s about them, it only cinched mattersto have the radio suddenly break into the song "Volare" tonight. It hurt to have my daughter suddenly and inexplicably comeand turn it off.

Anyway I took it as a little "sign"--that I should do what I wanted .o.

I am lonely--and bored--and bitter----

I note that a new problem has arisen in my life. People's attitude about my working only half days seems to have changed. Whereas before it seemed justified and even admirable in the face of my many difficulties, now that my children are so big everyone seems to feel that my "martyrdom" is no longer justified--that there is no reason for me to go without, not take full time work, and so on. My kids are big now; why don't I run off and leave them

Or perhaps I never noted before that I am considered an "uncooperative eccentric", a reluctant worker; an artistic snob; an unnecessary scrounge--in short, just plain difficult.

But I am still not convinced that it would be wise to "desert" my children yet. Everyone seems to think that MORE MONEY would solve my problems. I am not convinced.

I have ideals, I guess. I guess I 'll have to go on fighting them silently, alone, as I have done. It w ll just be harder, lonelier. I have merely lost my brief respite of sympathy, which I did not expect or count on anyway...

Friday, September 21, 1962

I'm all shook up! I PURSUED A MAN!

This is a very unprecedanted thing for me! In fact I was so shook up I side-swiped a car!

I have been getting very piqued about Lois' delay in setting up this date for me and my curiosity was becoming unbearable-(in spite of the fact that the man hasn't seemed interested.)

I found myself beginning to daydream on the strength of this promise about having a man to date--any man that was at all possible.

But now Lois tells me that Bert said "Women don't like him!"

Evidently she decided she'd better not start anything. I was disappointed. What was the use of dreaming and getting all worked up if the man were impossible?

I fought it. What did they mean "women didn't like him"? What did they mean "impossible"? Perhaps impossible to them might not mean impossible to me. I didn't WANT the kind of man Lois and Bert would pick or the local man-hunters. This man was an ARTIST--perhaps they didn't understand him or like his type. Heavens knows I know how THAT goes!

Yet, thinking about it, I realized I wouldn't like the man, either, if he weren't a GOOD artist! That was the very first thing I wanted to know about this man. And how could I find out what his WORK was like on a DATE? I might get too involved before I ever knew!

I'd like to judge this man for myself, and I'd like to see his work before I date him. Maybe I wouldn't be interested. But HOW?

His kind of work is not the kind the public has access to. It wasn't the neon signs I wanted to see; it was the DRAWINGS of the signs. How could I get to see them?

Then I remembered a few links with the neon business from my first few months here. In fact, the boss of the neon company was a friend of my sister's and he had asked me to work for him once and I had refused! I still needed a job; everyone said I should go to work full time now. Why not pretend to be looking for that job, or, atleast, to be getting acquainted with local artists and their work--something I used to do and hadn't done for a long time?

I debated about this exciting idea and then almost decided no. It just didn't seem worth the effort. "che sara, sara."

Then I forced myself to do it. Today my mood was right; I was dressed just right--why not give it a try? Then we'd see what happened. What came next would depend on what happened.

There were two neon companies. At which one did he work? I didn't know. The first one I tried was it. "Do you have a Leonard Karr working there?" I asked. "Yes, we do," the woman said. "Thank you, I'll call again," I suppose I said. I don't remember.

Well! NOW what would I do? Why was I REALLY doing this?

TO GET EVEN WITH NICK! I realized. I hope desperately that IF I go out, Janie will learn of it somehow--and tell N.

Most of all I live in horror of years passing by and N finding out I never went out with anyone again. (He wouldn't be the least impressed. In fact, he'd be disgusted--and a little ashamed of himself--for falling for an "undesirable" woman!)

Ah! Then, just like all rejected women, my foremost motive is to prove myself desirable again? (Look what you lost, man!)

So--

I went to the place. Everything went well, better than I'd visualized it. I was afraid the boss might be there--that friend of my sister's. I was alarmed to find an office girl not two steps away from where I intended to stage me act--within earshot. However I sized her up as no trouble. Exactly the type I would have picked if I were to pick an eavesdropper. (SHE wasn't too pure herself!)

She ushered me into the man's "office". Office? It was a dreary place. The man himself was a pleasant surprise--a little paunchy, a little sloppy in dress, but tall, nice-looking. Not ugly, not handsome. And his manner was affable and easy enough--nothing OBNOXIOUSLY odd. Just enough diffidence, just enough uneasiness; but, on the whole, rather receptive and "interested" and at ease.

Only two things rather bothered me as I started talking to him; an ~~dad~~ odd little puzzled look, a little queer incomprehension, an "unawareness" that made me think for an instant, "Why this man's not all THERE!"

But, as he repeated the puzzling gesture (leaning toward me with his right ear) I decided he acted a little hard of hearing, maybe. Or perhaps I was too nervous to be projecting my voice enough--a family trait.

Also he was a little too eager to agree that "he WAS pretty busy"...

Now, at some question of mine, he launched into a long, over-detailed explanation of how they did their work and seemed to be fending me off. I realized he thought I was looking for work and

hastened to dispell this impression. (Then why WAS I there? I tried my pitch about getting acquainted with local artists, but I saw that was out of his ken. The jig was up !)

"Well, I gu ss Lois Clement was trying to set up a date between us..." I admitted, feeling like a fool.

Now his manner changed. "Sit down! Sit down!" he said, pulling up a stool. "What did you say your name was?" And he wrote it down, murmur- ing something about not haveing been able to remember it. Now he pried at me. "Where did I live? --Thirty-FIRST.? ! Was I alone?" etc.

As things eased up aI began to taunt him a little about Lois, sayi g how nice she was a d how pretty, etc.--testing him, really.

"I w s interested in Lois," he said, "because s e seemed to be interested in the same things I am---and YOU seem to be the same way!" I didn't quite know what he meant, but it gave me a little glow.

I tested him out on what artists in town we knew mutually, a d he DID know a few I did.

And he DID suddenly move close enough to me so that I got a little thrill all over and he DID give me a couple of looks sly enough to prompt me to say archly, "Well, if you get BORED, let me know." and have to change the subject from sheer embarrassment.

I asked him at one point if he's eve been married. "oh, yes," he said. I was relieved. I've learned to fear middle-aged BACHELORS !

I also asked him bluntly how old he was-- when things got that easy between us. "49", he said. And, though I doubted, I glowed. Just right !

He inquired if I ever lunched downtown. And he took me on a tour of the shop, which was

a much bigger operation than I'd thought, and
had raised him in my estimation.

We liked each other. It was kind of fun. He
saw me clear out and I had the feeling some-
thing might come of it.

I thought I was very calm and self-possessed
as I left and I was real proud of myself--
until I ran into that car, and made three men
mad at me!

All was quiet when I got home--except my inside
I had to write this out in the hopes of calming
myself.

What have I done? What have I done? For this
man is someone "acceptable" I can introduce to
the kids, my family and my friends and make no
apologies. He is not a spoiled, effeminate
musician, or a "Dago" immigrant fifteen years
younger than I like my other loves. He is a
quiet, secure, nice-looking, "available"
business man-artist just my own age--someone
"normal"--someone I don't have to be ashamed of
--for once!

There, Nick, I've DONE it! I thought. Even
if nothing comes of it, I've COMMITTED myself
to something else--I've broken the cord that
bound me to you--so hopelessly. I'm not very
happy about it, but I wasn't very happy before,
either.



Later:

Well, I'm up to mischief again! But, if I have to live in this stupid town I have to live vicariously--or dig for excitement.

I went ahead and mailed the clipping to N after all and a letter to Dolci.

I tried to be secretive about it, making a special trip to a post-office where I wasn't known. I was just going to consult the stamp price list, just ask for that price stamp, and slip the letters unseen into the slot.

What happens? There was no list. I had to show the girl the envelope, Did she quietly look it up and stamp it? No! She sings out across the shopping center where Janie often shops, "What's the postage to SICILY?" I could have died. I got hot all over, and thanked my lucky stars I'd detoured by Janie's and seen her car there as I came.

I had attempted a little Italian in my Dolci letter, embarrassing as it was to me. How I yearned to have some means to become fluent in it. I wish they had it at the college night classes.

I am debating about another course, mainly to get acquainted with new people with similar interests. But Mr. Mathews is not having his Psych course and, besides, I'm already friends with him and his wife.

The only other choice is an art class. My reluctance about it makes me realize something I've suspected all my life--that my PRIME interest is human behavior--art is second. In fact, the art is merely a tool, a means of expressing my interest in the other. NOW what do I do--when I discover I chose the wrong career?

Letter to Danilo Dolci

Dear Signor Dolci,

I write in English because I do not know much Italian. I hope you can read English or know someone who can translate it.

I am writing to tell you what a great thing I think you are doing to help the Sicilians--and why I am interested. (I believe in telling people nice things while they are still alive--not to wait until they are dead.)

About four years ago I met a young Sicilian from Palermo who worked in our office. He had come to Yakima 3 years before trying to escape from the economic frustrations of Palermo and Sicily. I found him very talented, very intelligent, and very nice, although he was very discouraged and very bitter and unhappy at that time.

Up till then Sicily had meant very little to me. As I talked to him I became interested in Sicily made quite a study of it. The more I read, the more I wondered why somebody didn't do something about Sicily and its problems! Now you have.

In the meantime, I got acquainted with this man's sister and his parents, who visited from Palermo last year. It broke my heart to see how these fine, intelligent, talented people had become hopelessly embittered by the frustrations of their environment.

This young man, incidentally, in the four years since I first knew him, has, by sheer hard work and single-mindedness trained himself into an excellent craftsman and now is married and lives in L.A. and makes about \$600 a month. I think this proves what a Sicilian can do if he is given a chance!

My new interest in Sicily led me to buy your book, "Report from Palermo" when I read about

it in the New York Times. I later sent the book to my young friend and it inspired him, too, to wish he could do something.

When I saw the article and picture of you in Time magazine telling of your dedicated fight for the Iaot Dam, I could not resist writing you to comment you for effects few men would have tackled. I hope you do not think I am impolite.

I wish sincerely that I could help Sicily. Somehow, someday, perhaps I can. I cannot now as I am poor and have a family to raise. (All Americans are not rich.) But, believe me, I send you my best wishes for success in our endeavors and shall follow their progress with interest.'

Sincerely yours,
Lorna Chambreau

Saturday, September 22, 1962

My little adventure put me in a good mood for the rest of that evening. It bolstered my ego, for I definitely had the impression that the man was interested--even if he's only a "hot pants"--an impression that caught up with me later.

Why, I realized, I don't even NEED to GO OUT with him. Just the thought of the possibility of being wanted again was enough to sustain me! (Ha! Nick, I don't even CARE!)

I was in a very good mood. In fact I began to demur in my mind a little--all that dressing up all the time! I'd have to give up my comfortable middle-aged sloppiness I'd gotten into since N left!

But this morning I found myself dressing carefully, and beginning to expect a call--maybe for lunch. I even drove out of my way to see where he lived. I jumped every time the phone rang.

I conjectured on how this particular man would treat this particular situation. And I remembered it was a LONG TIME before he'd asked Lois for a date.

I had a suspicion he'd try to contact Lois--for he seems to eat where she does--and give me away, which might spoil the whole thing.

Anyway, nothing happened--no call--no nothing. I found myself very let down, very piqued, down-right irritable--all my self-confidence gone again; bored and hopeless again.

4 days later, Wednesday, Sept. 26, '62.

Once I would have cried "Little Miracles!", but this affair doesn't seem miraculous to me. I can see that perhaps what I mean is a propitious chain of circumstances that I can grab. And perhaps I see opportunities where others don't.

Yesterday I realized with horror that I'd staged my whole act with this strange man on a mistaken premise. It wasn't DWINELL, it was CONNELL that had offered me the job once.

Visualizing the mess this might get me into, I wondered if I hadn't better straighten it up?

I was afraid to, but I called him from work this morning anyway. He seemed glad to hear from me. "oh YES! How ARE you?"

I explained my error and we talked shop for awhile. As I prepared to hang up, he said, "By the way, I was planning to call you one of these evenings---but I've been so busy---." Shades of Nick, I thought--always "busy", but this man was more enterprising than N.) "Would it be all right if I came up some night and---shot the breeze?"

Well, here it was-- an actual offer, a definite request for a date. Such things were rare with me. Anyway, having long since made up my mind to accept a date with him if he asked, and remembering how people always say I'm so "cool" on the phone, I let go with a "Why, of COURSE! I'd LOVE to have you!" It sounded terribly eager to me.

He floundered a little--something about "when was I home?" I tried to explain how I was alone this Friday because the kids would be at an out of town football game. He asked with animation, "Oh, do you like FOOTBALL?"

This sounded very promising for the little scheme I had in mind--an escort to at least one game. We talked some more about work, seeming to be at no loss for things to talk about in that line. Then I brushed him off saying I had to work. Nothing more definite than that was settled.

I had tried to feel out his drinking habits by offering to make him coffee--"or something better" --but he only thanked me.

I noticed his voice was rather light and upper register--and the expression "shoot the breeze" seemed a bit crude. But then, artistic men usually had that kind of voice and I was too happy and excited to quibble.

I was shook up, but then, in a few minutes it dawned on me that he'd asked to come to my HOUSE--instead of taking me OUT--like he had Lois. This didn't sit too well with me--typical wolf tactics--or else maybe I wasn't cute and pretty enough like Lois to take out and show off!

Oh well, I rationalized, maybe I just have an inferiority complex. Besides what did I expect at my age? One doesn't have "time for the waiting game" when one reaches "September Song"! Even if he figured I was just an eager old biddy to be kept out of sight and used awhile--what difference? Is 't that what I want? I'm not serious, either. And I was rather dreading the thought of working mixed with nights on the town, and having to go to BASEBALL games,--and gossip---

I just want companionship, and sexual release, and a little revenge. I'm not interested in marrying anyone that has to stay in Yakima, anyway. Besides, my operation leaves me with nothing to worry about. Let me enjoy it--while it lasts--
(I write this down for future reference.)

In fact, the more I thought about it the more enjoyable the prospect became. AT LAST I could have an affair in which no one could get hurt, in which I'd be SAFE. I only hope he doesn't prove too gruesome.

Well, maybe the man wouldn't even show up. With relief I realized I didn't much care! I reminded myself that this man could not possibly be anything but a very leftover leftover!

Friday, Sept. 28, 1962

I spent these two days and this evening in agony. I worried over every little thing. I bought new clothes. I was on tenterhooks waiting for the phone to ring. Luckily I hadn't mentioned my hopes to anyone, for by ten o'clock Friday night I gave up and settled comfortably into my old routine, thinking nasty thoughts about this man: why, to capture him would mean the same long, laborious bringing out of a sad character--just like with Nick--and, just like with N--what would I have THEN?

Saturday night, Sept. 29

I waited for a call tonight again--and none came. I brooded over all the possible reasons, for I was SURE he'd meant this week end! I decided to give up. Even though I'd had a surprising little flirtation that afternoon my ego was thoroughly deflated. Evidently the guy wasn't interested--at least not in MY type!

Later I decided maybe the guy was scared; maybe he had a long history of rejections. THAT made him neurotic--so why bother, anyway?

Monday, Sept. Oct. 1, 1962

Five days since he said he'd call me--and nothing. I decide he is either not interested or scared. I am annoyed.

Two hours later.

Lois called. I sensed something was wrong. She stumbled around and then came out and said she found out I'd been to see Leonard.

Then there was silence between us. Our conversation then went haltingly. She said she had "run into" L and that he had told her, and that she had asked, "Well, when are you going to DO something about it?" And he had answered that he WAS, but he "had been BUSY". (Grrrr!) But I felt much better.

"how's your affair with Bert going?" I asked. Not too well", she answered grumpily.

She seemed so genuinely piqued about what I'd done that I suspected that she wasn't quite ready to release L after all, and I went down to see her later, planning to say I'd go with L till she made up her mind, but I didn't get a chance.

Her boy friend, Bert, came and when Lois made careful, restrained comments on L that did not make him sound too promising, Bert sat there with a knowing smirk on his face.

I began to feel upset and very much out of my element--playing these "games".

Tuesday, Oct. 2, 1962

I am still spying around and checking on Nick's family. I have seen one or two members driving by a couple of times. That's all.

Lois came by tonight and was very, very sweet. I had a feeling she wanted to say something, but she didn't.

I am getting more and more exasperated--both with Lois and L. I am toying with serving them and ultimatum--if I don't hear from him by the end of this week, he doesn't need to bother!

I can't seem to keep myself busy and I am searching around through my notes for answers. This guy seems to be playing "hard to get". What does that mean?

The answers I find are not very encouraging:
"Beware of the person who lives alone and ~~stays~~
alone--even when it ~~isn't~~ necessary."

"Self-centredness---"

My lesson learned from Nick: Beware of the
person who is too busy to be KIND or considerate.
I find my interest waning---

Other things in my life now are discouraging
and frustrating, too--work, money, signs I'm
getting old--that I need some kind of "power"
over my work contacts now, for the old, easy
tricks like mere youth and flirting no longer
work. I also lack friends and entertainment right
now.

I feel in an alien land and note the Nick daydream
no longer amuses me.

I decide to kill some time reading till things
get a little better. I looked for something
Italian in the library, though my Italian obsession
is wearing off. I have just a out exhausted
the local possibilities, anyway. But I found
two. I took them home.

There I noticed one was entitled "The Small
Miracle". Now, it's just COINCIDENCE, I told
myself--just coincidence----

I picked up the paper tonight and saw a large
picture of three men. Something instinctively told
me one of them was Leonard before I even took a
good look. When I got nerve enough to relly look--
it WAS!

And I LIKED his looks! It made me feel warm.
It was that same little look of amused diffidence
I had liked that day I went to check him out
in his office.



BIGGER BEAR BOSS—Dave Ross, left, now is a bigger Yakima Valley Bear boss than ever. The local Northwest League club's president signed a contract to take on the additional duty of general manager. Looking on at the signing is Orin E. (Babe) Hollingsberry (right), chairman of the club's advisory board and the majority stockholder, and Leonard Karr, a member of the board of directors. Ross' next official duty will be the signing of a new working agreement with the Milwaukee Braves, the papers for which are on the way here.

I couldn't resist showing it to my daughter, though I'd tried not to say anything, fearing the worst.

"Why, not BAD!" she exclaimed. And then warmly, kindly she added, "He'll CALL you, mom!"

"Oh sure." I said. But it made me feel good.

(Maybe THAT'S the reason he's busy I ruminated. He had referred rather absent-mindedly that day to getting himself "involved in that damned ball club"---

Oh, I would SO like to go to this one football game with Leonard--just this once--that's all I want--just to SHOW them--and prove myself !)

I tried to lose myself in the Sicilian book, but without much success, only I found it better than I expected.

I'll be glad when this week is over and I can go back to being myself--my old mother-type role I am used to--and quit trying to be a flirt and play games I don't know how to play----

Oct
Thursday, Sept. 4, 1962

First impressions down---fast!

I decided definitely yesterday that I'd give L. through the week end to call--and then give up. If, as I said, I could just get ONE escort to ONE football game!

But his picture in the paper last night made me start dreaming and hoping again. I awoke too early this morning, and, as I lay there, a clear cut campaign began to formulate in my mind:

I could call him and jokingly compliment him on his picture. Then, I'd just lightly ask him when I could come in and tour the "back shop" as he suggested--all legitimate business, something I could do easily with any of my workday acquaintances.

Then, if he suggested this afternoon as I hoped, I could get him in conversation either on the phone or during this tour and steer him into any of several angles, depending on how things went.

If all was well, I could mention the football game. At any rate, I could feel him out about a number of things and size him up better. If things did NOT go well, I could use the angle that his interest in me and mine in him was making LOIS more interested--if that were still his goal.

And, if none of this worked, I realized I could sourgrape the whole thing with a NEGATIVE approach instead of this positive one: I could tell my sister that Lois was asking me to date this man in this picture and get her interested in using her connections in finding out about him. She'd LOVE it!. She'd find plenty of reasons to work against Lois and keep me in line by downgrading the man.

Decisions made, I found my mood glad and sure this morning. I dressed provocatively, feeling sure that L would jump at this "innocent" chance to get a better look at me. Also I had the old feeling of something to do, something to look forward to, something to MANIPULATE, some INVOLVEMENT.

I meant to wait until my usual lone noon hour to call, but the women at work were oddly teasing this morning and I felt my self-assurance slipping and then I thought of a few timing necessities. So, having learned the advantages of acting when emotion is high, I grabbed a convenient moment and made my call, nervous because it was necessary to hurry.

It was bad. It was VERY bad! He sounded completely "scared rabbit". All my fears were confirmed. He didn't pick up my light tone AT ALL, as he had before. In fact he got ME bogged down in nervousness and lame silences. His voice was TERRIBLY homosexual sounding this time and his tone became querulous as he frantically began to pile excuse on excuse.

After the clumsy preliminaries which went not at all well, he suddenly launched into excuses about not having called me as if this was the real reason for my calling, which, of course, it was. "I MEANT to call you---I am so sorry---in fact, I was going to call you last night, but got behind schedule---(a SCHEDULE!?!---oh NO!). Well, yes, maybe you could come in next week, but---I'm going to be busy all next week---" Murmurs and stammerings, then, in a rush, "I'm going LEAVING TOWN this weekend!" as if he'd read my mind. More floppin around and then "I'll call you---sometime---I'll get some time SOMETIME!" and a nervous laugh, "Ha! ha!"

God, it was AWFUL! It was so awful that I felt sorry for him and said, "Oh, that's all right, don't WORRY about it." in a motherly tone.

When he kept evading ALL committments, I said briskly, "Well, I'll check with you next week (about going through the shop)--sometime when you're not TOO BUSY." The silences were building up. It was all too much like Nick--too much, too much. "Basta!" Enough of this kind of man!

"Goodbye," I said, definitely, and a trifle mockingly, and hung up--just barely hearing a reluctant and startled "goodbye" in reply.

I hung up, shook up, but with a firm determination I would NOT check with him next week. I was through! I'd found out what I wanted to know--what I'd suspected and feared. He's a GOON! The symptoms of Allen Winkelman and Nick all too evident--another scared-to-death bachelor--another mama's boy.

Although there had been some kind of heartfelt "Thanks, thanks for calling about the picture" it was out of proportion. He means to thank me for understanding--for not getting mad, for letting him off the hook. Bah! I could work this one out, too, with long, patient, heartbreaking carefulness, as I have others--but WHY? I haven't time to waste, and I don't care enough--for what would I have when I got through?

It hurt, though, it hurt hellishly--the feeling of not being wanted.

Now I must clean up the mess and then back to my old ways--keeping busy, doing my work, helping, not expecting anything--just waiting for the "butterfly of happiness to come and sit on my shoulder--if I'm lucky. No more of this chasing after it with a butterfly net!

So, cleaning up, I called Lois. She had been strangely reticent and careful lately--as if she were afraid to anger or hurt me. So she was now.

I said I wanted to let them both off the hook. Silence. "But not to say anything to L if she coffee-ed with him." (I hated to hurt such a timid ego.) And my reason for calling her was to head off any chummy talks between them.

She agreed, but evasively. "Maybe L had something else in mind," she said. "Why did you decide not to bother with him?"

I burst out, "I just want some FUN, Lois! I don't want to have to WORK at it--to DRAG something out--" There w-s only silence on her end. "I really don't think he's interested--(were those murmurs of assent I now heard?)--no one's THAT busy!"

At this, she agreed, she agreed! She denied my implications that he still hoped for HER; she bowed out as go-between; she w-s careful, very careful. I got the impression tha something was very wrong somewhere--something she didn't want totell me. But that w-s all we said. I hung up the phone and went back to work.

Lois is hinting he has another woman? Or that he is a chaser? Or she doesn't like my methods? Pah! One thing about Italians--they call a spade a spade! Well, back to the old ways. Mr. K can just sweat next week.

I called a woman neighbor and made a date for the football game.

Then came the shocking realization that all those women around the switchboard had been listening to all these calls I'd made! That could account for all the sly insinuations and arched eyebrows and so on I couldn't explain this morning!

Later:

I "renouced" L by arguing that two "queers" are better left to go their separate ways. All this to myself, of course. I talked to Lois again, who was suddenly her old self again, and dwelt only on her own problems, never mentioning L or me again.

Week end of Oct. 6-7, 1962

I spent the week end talking myself out of L.

I dreamed, in effect, that Janie Esgate tried to make up with me. It left me with a good feeling even after I awoke.

I would give Leonard Karr a taste of his own medicine next week--and that would be that!

I decided Lois was nothing but a coquette.

And I am not.

I decided Leonard spurned me because I was just too old and rationalized that.

I had guessed that this particular man would react badly to this particular situation, and I was right--because he wouldn't BE in this particular situation unless he reacted badly to them, would he?

I tried to get my sister started on one of her destructive gossip campaigns re L, but her eyes only glazed with disinterest, as usual.

Picking up old threads I began to lament that I hadn't heard from Angelo Pellegrini about the drawings I'd made him--unasked for illustrations of one of his already published books. Perhaps as I feared I had made the drawings too truthful, for Angelo likes to think of himself as a great, well-adjusted humanitarian, and I noted on my visit, and to my disappointment that he differs very little from the usual bitter "Wop" immigrant.

I ended my bitter week end quoting something I felt applied to my having to stay in this town: "Forced to defer to mediocrity--suffers the torments of a good (man) who is not allowed to do as well as he can--"

Monday, Oct. 8, 1962

I spent the day in a very bad mood. Nothing happened that I wanted to happen. I decided to take advantage of mother's being out of town (giving me rare privacy) and have an emotional orgy typing up the Nick romance notes.

But they failed to move me. It just seemed like a lot of very hard work.

Also I wasn't enjoying my revenge of not phoning L like I thought I would. I just felt mean and petty, as if I were making a mountain out of a molehill.

I expected to discover in going back over the story that my troubles were due to simply a lack of assurance on my part--something I could remedy. I found, to my sorrow, that they were REAL impossibilities I faced--and I was quite aware of them.

I am very depressed--about everything. It isn't only L; it is a very bad time for me all around.

Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1962

In spite of a splitting headache things seemed a little brighter today. I was sent from work on an unusual errand right across the street from where L worked. How I hoped he'd see me! I had an ego-bolstering little flirtation with a couple of salesmen. I hoped L would see me so he'd know I WASN'T coming HIS way--and suffer. Yet I ALMOST did, when I had a long time to wait. But I didn't.

I had a couple of financial reliefs today, too, so things seemed better.

I hope L's wondering why I haven't called him!

At 11 p.m. I called Lois and told her to come by for a beer. During our talk about other things she said, "I saw L today, but he didn't say anything. He went hunting last week end." That was all.

I dashed over for a beer with another neighbor and then came home and started to go to bed.

The phone rang.

It was Leonard.

It all seemed very natural, very casual--after all my sweat. He hinted that he'd like to come up right now. But it was too late for me. I suggested he come tomorrow night at 8 and bring some beer. He assented. Then we talked for quite awhile about hunting and baseball and cars.

This was a new thing for ME--a "man's man" I thought. I felt cozily normal and acceptable for a change!

Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1962

Tonight I was going to have the kind of a date I'd waited a lifetime for--and what happened? I had such a persistent bad pain in my lungs that I was terribly afraid I had caught the flu going around. I staggered through the work day, doing the next day's work, too in case I did get sick and went home and did all my work there -- in case. Then I crawled into bed and played invalid.

Should I call L and tell him not to come? Oh, how I hated to! I had waited so long for this, and I'd bought something new to wear.

By five I felt better and decided to go through with it, wondering now what I'd do about my pesky teen-age kids so mama could have a caller!

My daughter was very understanding. She took herslef off someplace for the evening or rather made plans to. My son I wasn't so sure of.

I got myself very, very ready--to ready to relax and read. Julie left. Dennis tormented me with threatening evidences of being around all evening, but he finally collected things and went to mother's empty apartment to watch TV.

So there I was--too, too alone--in the quiet. 8 O'clock came. 8:05. 8:10. I got alarmed. 8:15. I felt like crying. 8:20. I was MAD! What a fool I'd been! What a gullible fool! 8:25. To hell with it! I might as well settle in for the evening.

Nuts to not smoking or drinking before he came! I lit a cigarette and opened a bottle of beer.

No sooner had I uncapped the beer than I heard the purr of an expensive motor--did I? I ran and peeked.

Yes! It was a BEAUTIFUL car! It filled the whole space inffront of our house!

Tenser than I cared to be I waylaid the tall, dim form coming across the lawn.. "Did you get some beer?"

"No." "Let's go get some," I said--all easy, normal. One part of me was watching me go through all the motions of a real, for-sure, normal date--JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!

He made no explanations for being late. (I'm SURE he'd said 8! HAD he? I made a mental note anyway: could be unreliable--a liar)

He was all grins and affability and offers to buy me some cigarettes--though, no, he

didn't smoke--and HE'D buy the beer--as we drove to the neighborhood store. Meantime I saw that he was displaying the car--waiting for me to make a fuss over it--so I did--as much as I could--for I really don't care that much--cars don't count with me.

At the store (Which he revealed familiarity with !???) he agreed that it wasn't necessary for me to come in with him. I was a little hurt, for I very much want d to go and have them see me with a date. I laughed a little bitterly to myself: I wasn't a show-off date. Just something for dark corners and quiet enjoyment. Well, ok, ok, I said that's what I wanted.

Back at the house, he POSTPHONED the beer drinking (Odd! I thought) and we proceeded into a long couple of hours of conversational starts and stops. He sat in a chair, refusing my invitation to sit beside me.

I had brought out some of my artwork to show him, for he had said he'd like to see it, or was he just being polite. (It made me remember the n-Gloria fiasco !)

But he seemed sincerely curious, then interested, then very impressed. His manner than changed subtly so that I wondered if he weren't just a mite professionally jealous. Suddenly he launched into an overdone display of his hunting prowess and pulled many ancient snapshots of himself and his geese out of aa equally ancient and curiously paper-stuffed billfold. He handles the pictures as lovingly as N handled Nita's picture that day. (narcissistic?)

The mood swung in wide, erratic swings from joyous rapport over artwork and ideas and sexual insinuations to sudden blank blocks between us.

I noticed I was handling these blank places with a finesse I didn't know I had. It became even easier when his expansive, rather idiotically

grinning elation and pride in himself suddenly made him seem remarkably boyish to me. Why, he's just a huge 8-year old that's di covered sex! ran through my mind. It was easy!

From then on I handled him as I wanted him to go--finally, finally getting him to kiss me (as he obviously wanted to do all the time).

This was long after the kids had come in and gone to bed, discreetly. I was glad to see there was genuine good feeling and admiration on both sides.

I can't say I thoroughly enjoyed the little scene between my daughter and L, tho. She pulled the same little exhibition and rivalry act she had pulled with N, being freshly aware of her teen-age charms, and I laughed inwardly to see almost the same reaction as N's in this man old enough to be her father. He unconsciously adjusted his tie and suit coat. (He had come all dressed up in what I took to be his best suit--a brown one--the same color as N's.)

The kiss got us where we were intending to head all the time. "Let's go to MY place!" he said--and I agreed. Why not? I had already made up my mind.

I was impressed by the creamy smoothness of his car in spite of myself. We hadn't gone far before he ordered me to move over close. He immediately put his arm around me and it wasn't long before it was brought down to let his hand go under my skirt. Insulted? I was FLATTERED! I was delighted! Here I was snuggled up against a man of my own in his car--just like teen-agers something I'd been alughing at Lois for doing for quite a while now. (I had never snuggled up against a man publicly in a car before!)

I was disappointed in his apartment. It was crude and ugly--not just "bachelor digs" effect--but full of corny things in poor taste--artificial flowers, so feminine that I suspected a woman's hand--just one bouquet--the rest man stuff, but not what I had expected from an ARTIST!

He wasted no time in getting with what we had come for. A little wary, I nevertheless played "good sport" and went along with him as far as he wanted to go, which was the limit. I told him I thought it was ridiculous at our age and with my operation to quibble. He agreed most heartily (of course!)

When we were feeling each other out at the house just before we left I had told him most sophisticatedly that I was interested only in a light, casual fun relationship. He was oddly silent for a minute, but he agreed, he agreed!"

He was very flattering all evening. He said an awful lot of nice things to me--even about my appearance though he dwelt a little too much on how he LIKED a little weight and "curves". A few little things he said made me sense that Lois had given him quite a briefing on me. It did me a lot of good--those remarks. They were blunt enough to seem to be quite sincere, tho the fact that he said them at all smacked of a line.

The thing that made me feel the best of all was his sudden apropos of nothing heartfelt thanks and appreciation for my coming down to see him at his office--"it was so uncommonly KIND," he said--"so very nice and thoughtful of me--such a rare thing in people" etc. He really seemed to be most overcome. And so was I--with amazement!

He was making no commitments as we parted--tho the understanding was there--and hints that this was only a beginning. But I had learned a lesson. I asked him point-blank if he's like to go to the football game. He said carefully and quietly,

"Ye-es. Yes, he WOULD--!" Then proceeded to get out of it with a reason he later tripped himself up-on (Is he an evader, I wondered). "He'd go to the NEXT one." (That was 3 weeks yet.)

I prodded him a little a out when I'd see him again, but all I got was an "I'll call you next week."

This hunting (and I'm sure it is) seems to be VERY IMPORTANT to him!

Thursday, Oct. 11, 1962

It was a WONDERFUL evening! We had an awfully good time together. It was everything I had hoped for! Why it was even better than Nick, for L and I "speak the same language"; we knew what we were doing--whereas N and I didn't.

I DID it! I DID it! I got that white Cadillac parked at my door!----and I revenged N-- in less than a year'.

Why, we traveled over exactly the same route N and I did that day, but this time there was a skilled, experienced hand at the controls (and I DO mean HAND!) And we were doing what N and I didn't know how to do.

That business about my coming in to see him being kind--Here I was consciously scheming for my own benefits--and it was interpreted as a kind deed--! Actually it was just the opposite I had in mind. With N I INTENDED to be kind. Why, I'm treating him as I did N without even trying? It has become a habit?

Let me note that these N associations did not occur to me at all at the time; I was thoroughly enjoying myself.

And today, in spite of the wonderful, wonderful feeling I've had all day a few little adverse observations have begun to leak through:

L impressed me as somewhat of a "character" underneath his almost normal, manly exterior.

He is almost homosexual acting sometimes.

He told me a tale of his sexual life that sounds like, along with other symptoms, a religious fanatic mother repression.

He has a peculiar pious/reprobate ambivalence.

He's definitely schizoid, narcissic and self-oriented, but withal pleasant, ingratiating, humorous and MUCH more socialized than N.

He is not very profound. I LIKED him, though.

I ENJOYED him. He's EXACTLY what I want for this particular time--so exactly that it is almost odd.

Odd, too, how it worked out--that I meet him just at the time when mother is gone--mother, who subtly ruined all my other chances.

I met Lillian Mathews today

Lillian Mathews came to work today. We had a wonderful association all day long. I LOVE her

Friday, October 12, 1962

I awoke this morning and, toying with the L memory, I realized how all of a sudden I didn't care! I didn't care at all! The glow of proximity had subsided? Realizing that I would care if deprived, I still had a momentary glimpse of the whole picture and realized he doesn't reach my HEART! I feel friendly toward him. Perhpas this is good? Yet I realize the danger in it.

My social life has gone into a glad upswing these last few days. Everything is wonderful, barring weather and finances. My little success with L has made me just plain happy and Lillian's being around has been wonderful fun. My favorite people have all seemed to sail back into my orbit to help me enjoy this happy time. It's been great fun! I'm sailing around frull of gleeful mischief just like the old N days.

Lois called me at work today and happened to catch me at the switchboard within earshot of everyone. She queried gayly, "I hear you had a caller?" And it gave me a little glow afterwards to realize that our conversation might have been heard by those around.

She said L had been in again, and when I admitted that I had really enjoyed the evening, she said L had said the same thing, and went on to say how MUSH he admired my work and how he'd said, "That was important to him, for you could tell a lot about a person from their work"--a remark that didn't quite fit my boyish impression of him.

Feeling she might be hurt that I hadn't reported to her, I said, "Yes, I'd been meaning to call you and fill you in on the lurid details," (meaning observations on his personality.) She came back suggestively, "Oh, there WERE some?" (Oh hell! I thought.)

The afternoon proceeded with so many more unusual fun and encouraging adventures that, feeling gay, I had an impulse to call L and kid him about goose-hunting in this porning rain we were having.

He seemed so scared and lonely--like N--that I couldn't resist trying to repeat my sucessful little enoucragements like I used to do with N.

So I called him when I got home early from work, still feeling gay and casual. I kept it light and short, not giving him a chance to bog down in floundering and trivia, as he started to do. And I cut him off kindly so there would be no obligation to date me. "I just wanted you to know I care whether you drown or not," I told him, after I'd pulled my witticism. He seemed most grateful

Then I wondered at myself. Why was I doing just what I said I wouldn't do--"handling" this neurotic that I'm not interested in acquiring--at least not for keeps. It was only a re-run on the N-pattern.

The day also involved a trip to Joe Donahue's, whom I was very much tempted to ask about L, since L claimed he knew him very well, but I abstained, a little fearful, remembering the merry, knowing gleam in Bob Swanson's eye and his reticence about L when I'd asked HIM. L Also claimed to know him well.

No. No, I decided. Let me enjoy this preseth moment, for this is the BEST time, the poetry moment of a relationship, the first glow of "I LIKE you"--before the "So-and-so" told me and "So-and-so" said this, and "So-snd-so" said that--when more knowledge and interference begin to create doubts and suspicions. (They are already beginning!)

Besides I was afraid of what they might tell him about ME!

And I began to realize I was already getting possessive feelings about the coming week-end. Watch it, girl! I admonished myself. These peculiar old bachelors shy away from anything even resembling a chain. Don't get involved in agonizing waiting and expectations again. Not with this type. Forget it. Keep the light touch. Go about your affairs.

For hunting expeditions can be as much a FLIGHT from HUNGER as a desire for game. "Something cooking in the pot at home" can take the edge off the thrill of the chase. Non e vero?

Lois' call rather reassured me that maybe L wasn't a complete "bunny chaser" after all. Maybe my best strategem would be to rely on my "good" reputation--to become such a comfort and need that my lack of glamor wouldn't matter any more. Why, I might even become a source of PRIDE! Such is the plain woman's answer to the pretty one!

Nick, I practised on you, and L, I MEAN to practise on you. And something tells me I shall "bag" game" I won't know what to do with! My, my, look at the new hunting lingo I've acquired already!

I went to the football game tonight, even when my face-saving friends dropped out because of the torrential rain. It only aroused my curiosity. I managed to join up with a casual friend who had, against my better judgment, involved me in one of her "kind deeds" to a foreigner. I was delighted to find out he'd turned out to be a scamp, just as I'd predicted.

I was very aware of the possibility of the Esgates being there and still suffering about that, but I didn't actually see them.

I find myself still brooding about whether L and Lois are really interested in each other. There are little things I notice that I don't like. But obseoving how those two operate, I am learning a lot about this business of "Playing games" with the opposite sex. But, nevertheless I am JEALOUS of Lois. Even though L doesn't impress me as my Mr. Right, I want to record the things I see to like in him now before the flaws begin to show:

He is an artist; he "understands". He has a good job and advances in it. He is a GOOD artist. He socializes; has friends, activites, intersts, hobbies; He is personable, nice-looking, tall. He is just the right age. He has been married, but is free now. He has no children. He liked my kids. He likes people I like. He is cheerful, expressive, spontaneous, appreciative, direct.

He has initiative, humor, ingenuity, independence, common sense, honesty--and imagination, I THINK.

He is sexually honest and enterprising. He is sophisticated; quick to catch on.

We "understand" each other; I LIKE him!

Sunday, October 14, 1962

Well, Janie and Harry Esgate made the front page society section today! A picture of them. Janie looks older. She looks as if she's saying, "See! I'm happy, busy, ACCEPTED! (sob!)"

Thinking about L's personality again. It amazed me that I came out with so many virtues for him when he gave the first impression of an "odd-ball". I note how my list of things I liked differed from Lois' and L's self-image: "young-looking for his age; the white Cadillac; a good dancer, etc."

Later: Helen March and I got a little tight glowing and celebrating over my new man. I even practised with her pellet gun in preparation for my anticipated hunting sorties!

I picked up mother at the train. She wasn't the slightest bit interested in my news of having gotten a man, at last. I knew she wouldn't be.

Lois called me and settled down for a big chat about L. Seems they talked a great deal at lunch again. She didn't seem to agree exactly with some of the observations I made about L. She said he'd asked her if she thought I'd like a goose for dinner. She now began lauding him so that I said, "Well, I'll just borrow him for awhile, and then you can have him back!" to which she barely protested. She also began to take all credit for having gotten us together, as I predicted she would to Helen. "Ha! a lot SHE did!" was Helen's comment.

"Oh, I'm SURE he'll be back!" Said Lois, and I hung up feeling real good.

A little later it smote me: "uhh, Lorha," she'd said, "I wouldn't RUSH him--men of

that type have to take their TIME, you know..." And "I told him there's more to Lorna than meets the eye, you know..."

Suddenly all the fun was gone. I no longer looked forward to seeing L. I deeply resented L and Lois discussing me and L's running to Lois. It seemed to me our relationship was strictly something between him and ME. Hell! Lois wasn't acting as "go-between"! She was being a "come-between"!

Suddenly I wanted out--before I got hurt. I couldn't be myself now, knowing that Lois and L were checking out every move I made. Yet I had no reason to relinquish L now without accusing Lois. And how could I tell her what I was thinking--that, naturally, no woman releases a potential lover to another woman! Not a pretty, little man-collector like Lois!

Suddenly my four days of glory were all soured.

Monday, October 15, 1962

I tossed and turned all night fighting my new doubts. Yet today finds me anticipating a call offering a goose. If he had gotten them yesterday, they wouldn't keep too long, would they? Surely he'd call soon!

I began to ponder on my chances for seeing L again. He'd said, "I'll call you next week. What did that mean? Lois had said, when I told her I'd made a guess that L's mother was a religious fanatic, that he'd said he couldn't stand his mother, but that he went to see her one night a week. That let out one night. Thursday nights he has alluded to "preparing his gear" for hunting. Friday he says he goes to bed early so he can get up early to be gone hunting Saturday and Sunday. That left only Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday with one of those nights out for Maw. He had called me on a Tuesday and then agreed to a

Wednesday date. That left me about one night a week! Why, this was no better than Nick!

He has never even tried to readjust our noon hours to follow up on that ~~queyy~~ if I ever ate lunch downtown. He eats lunch with LOIS! He evades the football game commitment. He hasn't mentioned dancing, or dinner, or anything but an "evening's talk". I feel quite sure he won't take me out publicly. What am I getting into?

Yet here I am spending money on making myself more beautiful!

I chatted with Lillian on the phone and thought while so doing how bored and disinterested I would be in our excited art talk. What was I so shook up about? He isn't what I want! My check list of him lacked two important qualifications I am looking for: depth and humanitarianism. I want a Danilo Dolci type--someone who GIVES to the world!

I talked to my sister to head her off on her research about L and got the old derisive chant: "Lorna's got a BOY FRIEND!" Somehow she made it seem awfully small town and dull.

I talked to mother and got somewhat the same reaction. I tried to beat down the catching flames of her enthusiasm.

Yet all this did me good. In spite of the Great Expectations that I would now be going out to dinners, dances and parties, bringing it all out in the open as I have not heretofore been able to do with my "loves" made it all lose its glamor and become mundane.

Stand up!
It won't work out. I know it won't. L, being the scary bachelor-type he is, won't be able to the gossip and innuendos people will bring to bear; nor to the doubts and suspicions their gossip and innuendos will arouse in me. He will flee from it, as he has spent a lifetime doing.

AAH, well, I had a "chancE". But there is something missing. There should be some deep, mutual, important dedication over and above love to sustain us; not just the job, hunting, cars, "getting by" way of life L leads.

I didn't call, and I rationalized that it was just as well, for it turned out to be a very domestic type week-end--one I was sure he wouldn't have fitted into; nor would I really have wanted him to. I am not looking for someone to bring into my "nest", like Lois is.

I went to bed hoping for next week. At least he was better than Nick in SAYING he'd call!

Next day, Tuesday, October 16, 1962

Sitting today during my lunch hour feeling jealousy over the thoughts of L and Lois lunching together I began to wonder why I was dressing up all the time. If this keeps up I will never see me in the daytime, anyway!

And I couldn't sleep last night. The truth is I'm just plain HOT! I can't concentrate or do my work or find pleasure in my usual pursuits. All I can think of is when will the next time be? Where IS the man? What's he waiting for? Isn't he HUMAN?

Here's the same old story--just what I didn't want to get into again! The middle-aged bachelor that can't be bothered with other people! Why can't he just pick up the phone and try--or at least explain? Nuts to him!

I heard that Janie Esgate is still working--
that she was in our store last week.

There is a current song going through my head:
"If there's one more town, I'll be going---"
It reminded me of L's sudden catching my up
on a remark I made. "What's wrong with
YKAIMA?" he challenged delightedly, his
whole face a grin and his eyes twinkling.
It was totally unexpected. From the knowing
look he gave me I wondered if Lois had told
him I'd said I wouldn't be interested in a
man who was going to stay in Yakima. What
IS she telling him? What conversations they
must have!

What is this discontent with Yakima? It is
not only that my mother fostered it in me,
but that it never did, doesn't and never will
fulfill my own peculiar needs. It bores me.
It doesn't satisfy me. It doesn't challenge
me.

I've been other places. I've found what I
like. I have time for one more last big try,
and I'll never be satisfied if I don't
attempt it--"one more town, but I don't know
when---!"

I thought of Lois and L and their aims. I
thought of all the artists in Yakima. And I
saw with sudden, horrible clarity that they
are all raging misfits and failure-types.
All the ones I've liked have left and gone on
to better things! What does that make me?

Lois and L are quite content to stay on in
Yakima, living little, tiny, contented, rou-
tine existences for the rest of their days.

Not I! If I starve--if I'm a lonely little
old gray lady--I at least want to WATCH
BIG things--VITAL things--CHANGING things!

And I saw that, feeling this way, I am only
toying with L--passing time. Neither of us

will change now and if L sees this difference in us, the end is perfectly clear.

Besides I am not READY for this dating game yet! It takes all one's time and attention; it takes money and freedom and self-centredness I am not ready. Not yet.

And Lois' remark about not rushing him--rushing him TOWARD WHAT? She means to en-snare him, trap him, hook him, fool him--into supporting one, into MARRIAGE!

I know I could win him--slowly, laboriously, gradually--WORKING at it. But I don't want to win him! I don't WANT him! I just want to have some FUN--RIGHT NOW--some sophisticated fun; a relationship that will be mutually understood--immediately!

I was really expecting a call from L tonight because he had called last week on Tuesday. I got so nervous I couldn't eat. I literally choked on my food. I was miserable.

About seven my daughter answered the phone that had been ringing interminably for THEM. This time she handed me the phone with a teasing gleam in her eye, so I knew who it was.

But the voice on the line was not the ambivalent devil that had come to see me last week. This voice was strident and halting and stumbling--the voice of a SHE man--one as bad as Allen Winkelman! Oh NO! I thought.

I went into my prepared lilt, hoping the kids would leave the room and the badness would last only a moment. The kids stayed, teasing me, listening, laughing, but warmly--only in fun. But it made me so nervous I couldn't talk freely. And the voice on the other end became no better.

This went on and on. I realized then that I was terribly tense, terribly shook up.

I immediately told me that he'd said he'd call, so he had. But, then he went into the same act he's pulled before. He wouldn't be able to get over tonight (my heart sank)--nor tomorrow night--nor the next night. (I was mentally counting--Tuesday--Wednesday--Thursday---) In fact, he was VERY BUSY, both at home and at work--some murmurings about cameras and movies and "gear"---something about working with a local photographer--did I know him?--a digression.

The more he talked the more I began to make myself face the fact that this was a "brush-off". (Face it, Lorna; this is IT.)

A pause now, a silence from him--he is full of these sudden silences. I couldn't think. I couldn't think straight. "Well, you don't sound very---("enthusiastic" was the word that came to my mind, but I was searching for a better one)--"Enthusiastic?" he said.

"Well--" I said, "I can't think of the word--"

"But I AM! I AM!" he said, so warmly that I was completely reassured.

The trick now was to keep him talking. He asked if he was keeping me from something? I denied it frantically. "Are you--am I--do YOU--have to go?--you said---"

"oh no, not for awhile. I'll tell you--" revealing nothing and disappointing me. (He really wasn't going to come up.)

So we tried. I broke into a baseball bit I had to tell him and found again that he really isn't much interested or involved in the local baseball--thank goodness!

(Why didn't the kids disappear? This wasn't like them!)

We went on nervously--haltingly--badly--each trying to avoid silences.

He suddenly asked me if I liked music, and when I perked up, believing he was building up to something interesting, he dropped it abruptly after telling me that his father had made violins (This I liked!)--and refused to reopen the subject. (Lois' fine hand again? Had she told him my husband was a musician?)

We chatted about a few other things, a couple of times hitting a bit of rapport.

I was waiting for the offer of the goose. It never came. I asked him about his hunting, (hinting). Noncommittal...they hadn't gone for geese, but for ducks and pheasants. (How come? after all that build up he'd given me?) Still no offer of game. It wasn't until later when I dared to ask him if he'd seen Lois that I admitted I'd expected one from what she'd said. THEN he was pleased, and very offering---LATER in the season---LATER---(Shades of Nick!)

He started talking about calling me again sometime--SOMETIME--MAYBE next week--. "Oh!" I said, "Not THIS week, then?" (Damn him!) To my surprise he didn't seem to know what I meant. "Oh--some evening---maybe late---maybe Sunday afternoon--or Monday---" (Oh no, you don't, boy!)

I said emphatically, "Let's make it more definite than that" and gave some lame reasons

"Yees, they came back Sunday afternoons---" (Oh no! I thought, not SUNDAY! Sunday is my only housework day! Then I realized I'd have to make changes to accomodate; it would take a long time for us to readjust our

individual routines and lives and schedules.)

But I was determined to pin him down. I suggested that I meet him and Lois for lunch one of these days. "That would be nice," he said.

Now we went into a long explanation of our work and lunch routines--both intent on working something out, but not admitting it to each other.

"I'd have to call you when I could," I said, "or you call me."

"You can call me at work," he agreed.

"You can call ME at work," I said. He seemed interested. He asked how and so on. (There! I thought, I managed a DAYTIME date!)

Then he began to ask me just when I worked--"Not Saturdays?" "No." I said.

"That's GOOD!" he cried. Surprised, hopeful, I said, "It is?"

"Yes!" then tentatively, "I thought I'd take you HUNTING some week end---" (O joy! This was WONDERFUL!)

I replied in a glad cry, "Oh, I'd LIKE that!"

Full of glee, he said, "I thought you would! I'LL JUST BET YOU WOULD!" And I knew I'd made a real success that time. And I MEANT it! I think it'd be fun to go hunting with ANYONE--interesting--wonderful---to get out in the WOODS---!!

My daughter was trying to lure my son out of hearing, but he wasn't catching on. I gave up and took the phone in the bedroom. This was better. But, after a mutual promise to tell each other all about our families sometime, he said he had to go--and we hung up--both rather reluctantly.

I was TERRIBLY shookup! I couldn't settle to a thing for a good hour!

Why, you crazy, self-deluding fool! I thought. All that guff you wrote this afternoon doesn't mean a thing! Here is the man acting exactly as you were afraid he would--another Allen, another Nick--and you're walking right on into it---and LOVING IT! You LIKE this kind of man? It's all you can GET? (But he's much BETTER--much better than NICK, at least, I thought.)

And I laughed to myself. All that worrying about Lois! She only sees him as he sounded at first tonight. She isn't really interested. She doesn't understand his ARTISTIC temperament! And he hasn't been lunching where she does since that first day. He TOLD ME!

And I felt all right again. We're over the hump. I can relax--for he had made a return. First the testing --and then the return.

Ahhhhh.

Next night. Wednesday, October 17, '62
I'm very happy tonight! What a fabulous day!
Everything I ever wanted! Everything just perfect!
I am too wonderfully weary to write the details!

Usually I work half-days. Today I had to work all day. I went to lunch with Lillian and her baby daughter, after we got our flu shots at the store. Lillian is so much fun!

Then, instead of taking the bus home, I called L and asked him to take me home. He was delighted!

He picked me up at the store in the Cadillac (a feather in my cap!), beered me, deared me at his place, and then took me out to dinner at one of our nicer restaurants near my home.

He left me off at my house at nine o'clock,

tired and happy!

And mother and the kids are all happy, too!

Next day, Thursday, October 18, 1965

I enjoyed today, although I'm very tired and don't feel very well.. I feel wildly out of context--lost, disoriented--fumbling for the old, familiar rut I have been yanked so thoroughly and suddenly out of the last few days. I will sink back with relief into three days of the "old familiar".

I do not know how to account for it, whether it is the sudden entrance of L into my life, middle-aged non-adaptability, the effects of the flu shots, or exhaustion from two full days of work, when I've been working ~~only~~ half days.

Since I had to work a full day again today I would have to lunch downtown. I tried L for a ride home again, and he was very willing. Then I suggested that I join him and Lois for lunch, seeing that I had an errand in that neighborhood anyway. Again he seemed very willing and offered to buy my lunch.

But, somehow, I didn't feel quite equal to being seen alone in public with him today. Perhaps it had something to do with Mozelle's, my stuffy little co-worker's, oddly-timed and inexplicable and startling "warnings" about scandal and small towns this morning.

So I called Lois, to ask her, too, though I sensed that L wouldn't really want her, and I was relieved when I found her already gone.

I found L in the restaurant alone--already eating, which struck me as strange and rude, especially when he made no mention of it or any apology or explanation.

He was solicitous and attentive, but oddly different. He didn't seem like the same soph-

isticated, eager, fun-loving escort he was last night at all. He acted somewhat embarrassed and nervous and inattentive to my chatter. And he was eating LOADS of food in a greedy, gluttonous manner that somewhat shocked me.

Yet I didn't feel scorned or unwanted. When I noticed the amused little eyeings going on between the habitues of the place and between them and L, I rather thought I'd "put him on the spot" by intruding myself into his routine.

But, in a funny, embarrassed way, he seemed almost proud of me. This surprised me, because I'd been so sure he hadn't wanted to be seen in public with me. In fact, I could say that he gave me the feeling of considering me something quite desirable, quite a "feather in his cap", a "catch". He made me feel like the clever, sophisticated, career woman I like to think I am instead of the dowdy, matronly housewife I thought everyone considered me.

His embarrassment didn't seem to pertain to being seen publicly with me. In fact he seemed quite oblivious to the smirks and stares and whisperings going on about us that bothered me so.

After work he picked me up most nonchalantly from the group of waiting employees. (And that was a "feather in MY cap"--to have a nice-looking man in a Cadillac pick me up! I had such a reputation for being a motherly little soul!)

He also seemed only too willing to forfeit his haircut and other "plans" he did not divulge to accept my offer of having a couple of beers at my house. THIS time he allowed ME to buy it without a murmur of protest or offering.

Julie had already prepared dinner, and very graciously took over any duties, allowing me time to sit and talk to L.

But, though he sighed, and lowered himself into a chair and put his feet up, he absolutely

refused to stay for dinner without giving any plausible reason.

It was all very stilted and difficult. It was exactly like one of Nick's visits into my family. The family all went into sullen hiding.

And I was puzzled at L8s sudden change in attitude toward me. He was ill at ease and strained. He made none of his usual little furtive, suggestive passes at me, though I tried to instigate them. I would have thought I was getting the brush-off if he hadn't made a couple of frantic passes as we toured the house.

He seemed anxious to get away and made none of the eager suggestions he had last night, nor did he make any commitments at all except vague future ones.

Gone was the "handsome, accomplished, sophisticated, middle-aged, eligible bachelor in a Cadillac" of last night. He looked ill-kempt tonight, and his mannerisms and chatter began to annoy and bore me a little. And he kept alluding to habits that rather disgusted me with the picture they painted of a night-prowling, beer swilling, girl-pinching "BUM". This was something new, something I hadn't seen in him before.

Although I enjoyed his visit, and I realized I was tired and ill, he suddenly lost his glamor--he seemed, all of a sudden,--TOO easy!

I was tired. I had troubles pressing me in my private life I had to cope with. Perhaps we needed a rest from the strain of this new adjustment. Things were getting a bit "too, too".

"I need 'time out', L," I told him bluntly. He professed that he did, too.

It was almost relief I felt when he went, without a promise of anything definite for the immediate future. I couldn't sustain this much longer right now.

Saturday morning, October 20, 1962

It's odd. I haven't missed L since he left. I don't YEARN for him as I did before. I don't quite understand it. Maybe it's because I am able to discuss this affair openly with everyone as I discussed it with Helen last night.

Perhpas the "thrill of the chase" is gone. Yet it isn't that I feel SURE of him; I haven't the slightest idea when I'll see him again. Rather it's that it doesn't seem quite real. I feel like I'm just playing a game, a too easy, too sure, too market-place game that won't last long; that will peter out.

I was sorry I'd called Lois last night. I thought I'd btter placate her, as I had rather neglected her lately and she is easily hurt, and a bit dangerous when piqued.

She was piqued and annoyed. She put on an elaborate act about the fun she was having with new female pals and pretended not to know about my "success" with L, although I knew her sons were reporting every move of mine to her.

When I gave her a report on my latest activites, she did not say, as Helen did, "I'm GLAD for you, Lorna!" No. She proceeded to tell me that she and this gal had seen L's car near a downtown bar the night he'd told me he was going to work with another man on photography. The implication w.s obvious. I was a little suspicious that maybe L had been WITH them!

And it didn't reassure me when I said lightly, "Oh, I KNOW L night-prowls!" and she got very defensive of him.

This was based on a new suspicion of mine aroused by his two allusions the next day of having "talked to a nurse" the night bffore and the evasive phone calls he'd made that night in my

presence supposedly pertaining to the "work with a friend" he had to do. The calls were too full of the same evasions and excuses he'd pulled already on me. I had suspected at the time that he was trying to get rid of me to pursue some mysterious "bachelor" pursuits. And WHERE had he seen a NURSE?

I was disappointed in Lois and annoyed at her. Evidently she had joined the "cocktail circuit"--something she and I had vowed NOT to do. She was neglecting her kids lately, whereas my conscience was beginning to hurt me about mine.

I saw a decision looming ahead of me. My domestic ties were beginning to press on me. I knew domesticity would only scare L off; he'd lose interest.

There had been a subtle cooling off between us Thursday evening. He seemed to have suddenly lost his excitement about taking me hunting and bringing me a goose. In fact, he was almost annoyed--tried to talk me out of it.

I began to ponder what I'd observed about this man. There seemed something false, inconsistent about this man's hunting passion. It didn't quite ring true somehow. It seemed so abnormally important to him. I had begun to take more interest of late in the myriad hunting stories I was exposed to at the store. I had begun to note that "hunting" to most of these men meant more an ESCAPE from their families and obligations--that more often than not the "hunting" was more an excuse for a BINGE. Perhaps L's were week-end BINGES?

There is something odd about those Thursday and Friday nights he claims he prepares for hunting. He has alluded too often to "beer bumming" on those nights despite the fact that he ABSOLUTELY can't see me on those nights; he is "too busy". Especially Friday nights. There is something definite about

his Friday nights--some committed habit--that I AM NOT to be a part of. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he had a long-stnding Friday night WOMAN appointment!

It all has a "dualism" that fits with the sudden clear picture I have; that good/bad ambivalence I noticed at the very first date.

Why, of course! He is "good" in the DAYTIME!-- He "goes through the motions"--desultorily, without interest, with a mask. Daytimes he procures the wherewithal with which to live his REAL life, his EXCITING life at night--ALL night! DAYTIMES are for eating, sleeping, money-making. He admits this, alsmost, in telling his habits.

THIS is HIS solution to the small town gossip problem we have discussed! He likes NIGHTS. Nights, when the "goody-goodies" are home in bed, out of sight, out of the way. THIS is when the "night-crawlers" come out! THIS is the lonely, scared person's solution about small town gossip!

And now LOIS has joined the "night-crawlers!" I must make up MY mind!

For L isn't quite sure which side I'm on. I have been toying with a new idea:

So I needed a boy friend? Because my kids seem to have reached the stage where I'm left alone. Because I need to build a social life for myself. To avenge Nick. Because I don't want to spend the rest of my life alone. Because everyone says I need one.

Well, I got one. But he doesn't quite seem to fit in the picture. We'll have to compromise. If I want to keep dating this man, I'll have to compromise. What can I do?

He is a "night-crawler". I am not. But he makes up for it by taking naps during the day. Well, I only work half days. I could nap, either during the day or early evenings, and then I could go out with him LATER, say about ten, and "play" with him till midnight. Would this work?

But he doesn't stop at midnight! He'd still have the rest of the night. I CAN'T go with him all night, every night! I haven't that much opportunity in a busy household to nap that much. I have my reputation to maintain, my example to the kids to maintain.

Well, I could try. I could offer. We could work it out. We could compromise.

And where would this lead me?

I had outlined to me the other night the set-up his friend has--what a late, middle-aged marriage can be--the man has his hobbies, his hunting, his nights with the boys; the wife has her hobbies, her friends and interests. After marriage the man stays home for his beer and his sex and his meals etc., but they each more or less go their separate ways. I seemed to admire this. It seemed to be his "retirement" plan, his capitulation to settling down and old age.

Well, with my job and my art interests and my other involvements we might very well work out something like this. In fact, such a set-up might be just the best thing for two people like us, who like our independence, but don't want to be alone.

We could try. Besides, I still needed someone to "escape" with, to "play" with at this particular time.

If I really wanted this man, I could do this. I could "catch" him--by joining the "night-crawlers"--now.

What would it cost me? Neglect of my kids and my goals of a lifetime. Perhaps changing my goals of a lifetime. A little down-grading of my ideals of child-raising NOW while I do a little "night-crawling"---to "trap" this man---IF I want him!

DO I?

Besides giving up all my life goals and past ambitions, I would have to forfeit my REAL interests.

I would have to be satisfied with a man who "likes music", he says, but whose tastes seem to gravitate to churchy, electric organ music only. Who doesn't care enough to buy a record!

I would have to put up with a man who seems to carry a beer bottle with him from 5 p.m. to 5 a.m.; who even DRIVES with a beer bottle in his hand! But who refuses to drink any other liquor.

A man who would never leave Yakima. Who LIKES Yakima! For, although L "changed his tune" the other night and spoke of "leaving town", "finding a better job" as if he'd been toying with the idea, perhaps under my influence--his reiterated fondness for this area and its pursuits, his lack of familiarity with other environments or desire to experience them; his lack of REAL ambition about his work; his whole "make-do" personality assures me he never would leave here. Nor that he would be happy if he did.

Do I really want this man, who seems to charming and gay and assertive--at TIMES? But who is also diffident and shy and uneasy and restless at other times? Who eats and naps and avoids commitments; who STAYS PUT and follows a dull, worn routine--who hides behind a suffocating mask---when he is SOBER!

And that, I realized is the difference!

The man I like is the beered up one! Who has "courage", and is loosened up--by BEER! Who is charming--at NIGHT--when his beer-drinking pals are loose, when the beer caps are falling right and left! When the GOOD people, the people he grew up with, with whom he associates in the DAYTIME are gone! It is the NIGHT personality I like! The other one I don't like is the DAYTIME L! The SOBER one! Which is the REAL man? Do I want this man?

I think not. I don't think I do.

I think of Nick. Nick was gay, vital, ambitious when he was SOBER! We had fun when he was SOBER! Hmmmm!

Speaking of whom, that wonderful day when L took me out to dinner, a louspeaker blared "non Domenticar!" in my ear. ("Do not forget! Do not forget!) Oh, go AWAY, Nick! I thought at the time. Who cares about YOU--NOW?---But it bothered me a little.

I created a little "test" for L at my work yesterday. I worked hard putting what I thought was a very appealing look into one of the female figures I drew-- a look of great love, of great appeal--"I am Everywoman! I want YOU! I am your love!"

I told L there was a "message" in my Sunday drawing for him--to look for it. If he has the perception to see what I meant, I figured, he will dash to the phone and call me--Sunday. It will give him an "excuse". If he does, he will be the man I'm looking for, I figured. If he does not--if he's too crude--well, then--I'll know--he's not to be bothered with. I'll go my way.

But CAN I? Can I relinquish the image I now carry with me of that quick, sudden, surprising look he gives me sometimes full of explosively released warmth and intimacy and understanding and gratefulness that disappears as suddenly as it comes?

That makes me wonder if he looks at other women this way--that reassured me that this is no mere "wolf", but a man who NEEDS women--who wants ONE--that gives me a little glow that makes me feel---DEAR Leonard!

Is this going to be as easy as I think it is? I find myself not as calm and disinterested as I profess. I find myself alarmingly stirred up!

I wrote a letter to L today suggesting that I join him and the "night crawlers" next Tuesday night. Then I tore it up. It sounded too eager. I'd noticed that doubts assailed me every week end. Monday I'd feel better. I decided to wait.

Tuesday is as soon as I can expect him to call, I've learned. I wish he had the assurance to call me before Tuesday, but I don't think he does.

Mother is not quite as interfering in this affair as she was during the Nick one. "I've learned my LESSON!" she snapped at me when I remarked on it. And I was glad--glad that I had learned enough from my experience with Nick to fight her off a little. I was glad I'd had the experience with Nick, after all. It might help me this time.

And, if nothing comes of this, I must remember to view it, too, as a learning period.

I flew around all day Saturday trying to get everything done, hoping that L's repeated comment about getting back from hunting on Sunday afternoons might mean I'd hear from him tomorrow, and I wanted to be free, if he did.

It was such a beautiful autumn day that I made mother mad by borrowing her car and then using it to escape to a friend's where I had a very good time, drinking wine with them and enjoying her husband's flirting with me.

On the way I detoured around to enjoy all the beautiful autumn colors. Oh, how I envied L out hunting on a day like this! I wanted so badly to be with him I could hardly stand it. I wondered if he wished I were. I wondered if I could get him to take me out to the woods some week end while this weather lasted. I yearned for it so badly, I had to stop thinking of it, for I'm afraid he'll never get around to it.

Then, after my visit to Irene's, I went home to an irate mother, postponed housework and a houseful of teenagers to feed, including Lois'--for she had deserted them AGAIN to go with Bert.

Sunday, October 21, 1962

It was a very emotional day for me today. At least I feel ALIVE again!

I went to an art showing of an old school chum with Irene, and it aroused all the old yearning to "get back with it" and with that kind of people. So did my long talk about art with Lillian on the phone.

And Lois and I had a set-to today. We talked at first on the phone. At every mention of L, she clammed up again. This irritated and puzzled me so that I trotted down there to have it out with her. After sparring for while and much evasion from her, I asked her bluntly what it was about L. Still she evaded. All she would say is that Bert had said was something she wouldn't tell me; something she evidently pitied me for. There were glints of amusement in her eyes that made me uneasy.

But then, when I admitted that I was beginning to be aware of certain undesirable things about L, she gently chided me on my cynical view and stoutly defended L!

Then I frankly asked her for her help in getting me "into the swim", realizing as I did so, that

I had made my decision: I, too, would join the "cocktail circuit", if that's what it took.

Now she got quite condescending and began to give me advice on my social habits and attitudes to the point where I began to sense strongly the ten years seniority I had on her. (How naive you are, Lois! I thought.)

As for L, I was all prepared to have him call me tonight--my work all caught up and my mind full of those allusions to Sunday afternoon he had been making lately. I figured he had three good reasons to call: one, to bring me that goose; two, his reaction to my drawing I was awaiting; and three, his broad hints.

While I was enjoying my arty session that afternoon, I kept thinking "How would L fit into this picture?" And I realized he WOULDN'T! He'd be a bore, a nuisance. He wouldn't fit; he wouldn't understand. He'd TRY FOR awhile--in a heavy-handed, cloddish way--but he wouldn't quite make the grade. He COULD have--once, but now--now he is a "might-have-been".

But this did not keep me from waiting for the phone to ring that evening. It didn't ring. It didn't ring at all. But about ten p.m. a car pulled up furtively out in front and backed and stopped--a long, light car, all tail fins that set my heart turning over with joy--but it only turned out to be my neighbor, Helen. "He didn't pass the test. He didn't pass the test!" I thought.

I gave her all the joyous attention I'd been building up all day to give to L, hoping he might be prowling around and would see this strange car in front--and wonder.

After she left, I got ready for bed, trying desperately to be nonchalant and uncaring--and not succeeding at all.

I lay there and thought:

I knew that it would be up to ME to forge the links in this relationship. I had proved that alre ady. What had I done wrong?

First, I'd done exactly what I said I wouldn't do again: WORKING at a very odd character, eliciting a response that never would have come on its own!

Second: I handled things poorly Thursday night. I challenged his manhood, his "virility" when I said, counting on his sophistication, "I'VE been 'carrying the ball' this past week; now I'll return it to you!"

I sensed I'd made a mistake when he ~~after~~ muttered a protest, barely audible--more like a thought than a communication, "Oh, I don't think YOU'VE been carrying the ball!" He hadn't LIKED my saying that! This was our first difficulty! HE thinks HE'S made all the advances!

And I think I could have elicited a date that night, but, being tired and sore beset with neglected home duties, I gave the impression of a woman too "home-bound".

Third: I should have taken him up on his hint about Sunday. I should have ASKED him to call me when he got back!

Fourth: I should never have mentioned the hope of a goose, for I got hurt and suspicious when he suddenly evaded it, and it showed.

Fifth: I counted too much on having depicted some clear message in that drawing. When I say it today, it looked only inane and trite. If he saw it, I can well see how he must have been very puzzled. I can just hear him saying, though, "Oh, I didn't SEE the paper--" completely forgetting and ignoring my request. (Note: He DID say just that!)

But, most of all, I realized, I forged no "link"; no "reason" for future contact. I forced no COMMITMENT! And his kind HAS to have that!

Whatever, the fact that he did NOT call me to-night reveals to me more than I care to admit. For instance, LOIS would have been called! And he must lack the ABILITY to call; he must lack the NEED to call. There is a LACK there; a lack of intimacy feeling, a lack of sharing--a cold bloodedness in being able to go days without contact that frightens me---

Why did I start this? I wish I were out! I wish I were out! I don't want to be HURT again! I've lost the "light touch" already!

Oh damn! damn! damn!

Monday, October 22, 1962

I'm suffering! I can't eat! What's the matter with me? Oh damn! why try to fool myself? I'm FALLING IN LOVE!

Not because of the person--no. But because of your ^{my} need to love!

It's not Leonard I'm falling in love with--not this man who doesn't read books, doesn't go to movies, doesn't go to the "better" places; who is obscure, second-rate, mysterious; who refuses to drink anything but beer, but who drinks enough of that to produce that fat, white belly; who goes around in those unkempt clothes, and unshined, old-fashioned shoes and that ridiculous hairdo. No. It's not the MAN I'm falling in love with--it's just that loving is such a wonderful feeling!

That is why I sit here and wait, hoping he'll call.

I thought L was going to be able to play a "light and easy game"--Let's see each other Tuesdays, for sure--say; or let's see each other every evening--it's not necessary to change all our life habits--let's just agree to when we'll see each other and then go our own ways the rest of the time.

And when we do see each other, let's be kind, solicitous, agreeable.

But no. It has to be INDEFINITE--a waiting for something that never happens--nothing sure, and nice, and settled, but something vague and tantalizing and doubtful. Something that creates a perpetual state of anxiety.

I suffered through a lonely lunch hour, sure that L and Lois were happily chatting together. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer and I went over to see Lois.

I hated her when I saw the mocking little twinkle in her eye. She knew why I wasthere!

"I saw L at lunch today," she said.

Controlling myself and making myself look her straight in the eye, I said, "Oh, did he get any geese?"

"Well, he didn't really say. Youknow how he is." And she proceeded to relate how she had tried to pin him down and repeated his evasive answers.

And, although we gave each other a knowing look at this, I defintiely got the feeling she was withholding from me. There was evasiveness, and the smug little grin, and the careful, gentle kindness to me, and then the urging for me to join the cocktail circuit with her and her chums--to try something else? It hall made me very sure that L already HAS a woman!

I put on an act, trying to fool her, though I knew I wasn't. I professed impatience and disgust. "I don't WANT a WAIT*and-WONDER relationship!" I exclaimed. "I want to tell him I have game limits, too!" She only made me feel inept and "difficult".

I finally asked her point-blank if he'd said anything--given any hints.

"We only talked about the kids," she said.

"WHOSE kids?" I asked.

"Yours," she said.

But her eyes were far away, ruminating on something enjoyable. I endured her long recitals of her successes and left in a pique, trying to flirt with every man I saw, hoping L might be watching me.

I wish my car were fixed! I wish I had some escape!

I spent a miserable evening.

I had told Lois that afternoon that I saw no reason why the man couldn't just say, "I'll call you TUESDAY" for instance--instead of always being so vague. She agreed with me. She said that's why she gave up on another man--that he always did that--called rarely, unexpectedly, just before he wanted a date and that she simply refused to put up with it. This reassured me. I couldn't be so wrong, then.

I finally got so mad I decided I had a right to know if he expected a date Tuesday, so I waited till everyone was gone--about ten--and called his number. It never occurred to me that there would be no answer. There wasn't. Then I was in a quandary, remembering how he had simply not answered the phone one night when I was there. Was he doing this to ME?

This is not what I expected at all. He is either heartless or too scared to bother with.

Next day, Tuesday, Oct. 23, 1962

(My notes are incomplete here. Either L called me or I called him. Probably the latter. Any way I note that I waited all week for a date and then got only more vague postponements. And I was damned mad!)

Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1962

I spent a night awake until 5:30 am smoking and taking pills until I was almost ill, and then I got a bright idea. Why not phone him EARLY--before my kids got up, while he was still home and naked of defenses--before he went to work?

And so I did. And so he was. Yanked out of a sound sleep, he had no defenses ready. "he had meant to call me the night before, BUT--" (evasions)--he "intended to call me later tonight--". He then offered to pick me up

after work and when I told him I wouldn't be working late, I got him to say he'd call me right after he got home from work--right after six--he said. Then he started one of his long nets of evasions and postphonements. I got mad. "SKIP IT! SKIP it!" I said.

That brought him around. He agreed to call. He agreed to take me out LATER--(to join the "night crawlers".)

I prepared so eagerly I couldn't even eat. It was so much fun to have something to look forward to! I had won my try to make a night of it with him. I felt real good!

Then everything went bad. Moods were bad around home. I found I couldn't get my car fixed etc. etc. I almost called off the date. It was no longer any fun.

Seven o'clock came and L had still not called. I called him and gave him "what for".

Finally I found myself in the Cadillac purring off for what turned out to be a perfectly marvelous evening until 2 a.m.

Things were bad at first. I forced him to go to a tavern a former woman friend now ran and whom I'd been promising to go and see for a long time. He didn't want to go. And when we got there he was sulky, self-centered and an utter bore. Besides I found he and the woman seem to know each other from times past. I didn't enjoy it myself. It was a crummy place. Well, that proves one thing"! I thought, L is no BUM!--he didn't like that place, either!

Then we went to one of his favorite hangouts--a nicer place--with better people, who seemed very fond of him--and it was fun! (the Glee Club.)

Here we did all the talking I'd planned to do and I felt that he answered my testings better

than I'd anticipated.

His drinking: I found he doesn't like to drink very much, which pleased me after having divorced a drunk. Actually, I found him a little stuffily ritualistic about it at first, but a little later he seemed to loosen up. I excused the ritualism. After all, he's lived alone so long---

He impressed me as being wonderfully frank and open and enterprising in settling mutual mysteries. He probes directly into a question, yet with gentle consideration.

He is direct and sophisticated and wise when a little beered.

He is sincerely appreciative and turns out a compliment with finesse.

He has a wonderful way of keeping his mouth shut at just the right time, but telling you worlds with his eyes.

He has an excitement--a "fun feel"--that agrees exactly with mine.

He is an idealist--an almost gullible one--sic the story of his marriage.

Yet his is proactical, foresighted and clever--though inclined to narrow perspective in money matters.

Anyway I came home creamy, dreamy happy, feeling blessed--knowing I could MARRY this man--He thinks I'm IT! WE both agreed on this possibility with our eyes last night. It is almost fait accompli.

This is the most wonderful time! This is the best! For we see each other at our very best right now--and we like what we see. WE agree in many, many ways.

I could marry him and be happy IF I could give up my dreams...(but I'm afraid I might be BORED!)

There were extra bonuses--he is RICH! He has very lucrative investments, the tale of which I realized he uses to lure women, when Lois dropped by tonight and laughingly told me he he'd told her the same tale.

And we are agreed on the Tuesday arrangement--at my suggestion. It is a wonderful feeling--freedom with security!

There is a promise of a two-day hunting sortie within the next two week-ends--and an offer to pay my tuition to the January night-time art classes--with a show of genuine surprise at my doubts that we might not last that long... (Ah--Nick!)

This is the top! This is the wonderful part! God help me through the valleys ahead--for I must "winter and summer" with this man before I can decide---

And I do not regret now the agony of this recent period of doubt. It was good because it was needed--to CRYSTALLIZE things.

Thursday, October 25, 1962

Today was almost a repeat of last Thursday--one of those busy, full, vital, exciting days.

Again, Lillian and the baby came down and lunched with me and we had much good talk. Again I was terribly busy and late. Again I was without a car.

Once again I called L and he was only too glad to pick me up. I invited ^{him} into come up and see our office and how we worked, and to my great surprise, he wanted to. So I trailed all through the store with him in tow. In the office I could see that Mozelle was impressed when I introduced him to her. And then out to the front to the big Cadillac in full view of everyone. Fun!

Then he suavely suggested going to a cute little bar for a beer on the way home. He handles these things with such finesse!

And he talked openly and frankly and flatteringly and excitedly to me--just like Nick used to! It is so much fun!

Then we sat out in front of my house and talked some more and then he left.

He is giving me such a rush! I feel terribly desirable all of a sudden! He seems PROUD to show me off!

I was so pleased to see him respond to the Nick treatment just like N did! The minute I freed him from all obligations to me he lays his whole life at my feet. He even makes DECISIONS! All the mysteries of what he does that he wouldn't let me in on came suddenly spilling out in great detail. Whatever it was before he now wants me in on them--he wants to share them with me!

It is amazing! So very public! So very open! So frank and honest--so different from Nick!

Friday, October 26, 1962

I left the gay, charming, adept, glowing, hand-a-feel bachelor-about-town Thursday night whispering eager, ardent sweet nothings in my ear.

"I'll go home and maybe I'll call you later tonight--or tomorrow night. I don't have anything to do Friday nights--only go to bed early--"

"Anytime! Anytime!" I said. (Just whistle!)

So I waited for his calls. They never came. I waited the early part of Friday evening. Nothing. Finally I tried to call him. No answer.

I could no longer stand the mystery of these Friday nights. What in the world did he do that I could not know about? Besides, I assumed that his saying he'd call me meant that we had a date, as always before. Well, did we, or didn't we?

I had my car fixed now and I was alone, so I set out to solve the mystery. ~~I had been to his place only at night and~~ I did not know how to find ~~it~~ ^{it}. I drove around and around trying to locate it and then, when I did, I couldn't figure out how to get in to it. Suddenly I saw the way in and I pulled around the corner as he had done and was confronted by that huge Cadillac parked right at his doorway.

It startled me, for I had called him just fifteen minutes before and gotten no answer. Then, with a shock, I saw the trim, sleek, erect silhouette of the personable 'bachelor-about-town' sitting quietly, "waitingly" at the wheel.

~~Ever~~ I realized then that he could very well have seen me prowling past those streets. Perhaps I'd even passed him several times! Perhaps he'd parked there waiting to see what I would do? I felt like a fool!.

But he was like Nick in not appearing one bit ruffled at my seeking him out. He seemed only concerned about damage to his dear car as I nudged it mischievously.

The ease and suavity with which he got out, smiled at me, invited me to park my car and some in! The self-possessed calm with which he explained that he had JUST arrived--that he was sitting there listening to the radio! The utter lack of apology, guilt or explanation reminded me so much of Nick! Where had he BEEN for four hours when I THOUGHT we had a date? Such unconcern! I did not like the picture.

Nor did I like his sophisticated little accusation that I was "casing the joint". It hurt, for it was all too true. His amused unconcern about it ~~hurt~~ hurt.

And his puzzled remark about "where did I get THAT car?" surprised me. He was familiar with my car!

Anyway, that was the last glimpse of the L I like that I had that evening. The man-about-town disappeared the minute we crossed his threshold, and two other Leonards emerged, tho there were glimpses of the L-who-likes-me.

I was now confronted by a grim, steely, old man who didn't want to be bothered! I saw the other side of the coin--and it frightened me. I saw the OLD MAN who has lived a lonely, selfish life and could be cruel in preserving his "status quo".

For the first time I saw how OLD he really is. This OLD man who now stared me down had cold, steely hate in his eye. The little twinkle that finally crossed his face was not warm enough to dispel the fear in my heart.

He was obviously mad, but he refused to admit it. He began to fuss with his "hunting gear" as he calls it. I felt very much the intruder, altho he kept assuring me that it was "exciting to have me there--nice of me to come--"

I saw now another side of him emerge as I noted the QUANTITY of things he takes for a mere two days trip. They were silly things--little, old-womanish things.

He was clearly impatient, eyeing and setting the clock for morning, rushing around accomplishing nothing really.

And his voice! It seemed to me all the time I was there that it was just plain querulous, womanish, almost peevish!

When he evinced evidences of his strange panic, his PHOBIA, about drafts and catching cold, and I saw his old-bachelor preoccupation with the minutiae of his body care, I was annoyed beyond endurance and made several snappish, jeering remarks, hating myself as I said them.

In fact, before I left, all his behavior showed such glaring symptoms of non-masculinity and of being the "mama's boy" he claims he isn't that I asked him point-blank if he'd ever been a homosexual. In stead of breaking into peals of laughter, as I expected, he denied it with such outraged vehemence that I was more suspicious than ever.

I confronted him wth the sweet promises he had made to me Thursday as my reason for being here, thinking, of course, he'd now make some

attempt to make up for them, since I was this upset.

He only laughed. "I'll have to be more careful in what I SAY to you!" he said. "You LISTEN too much!"

(MORE careful?!! I was warned. More evasive, more self-protective he meant. Instead of figuring that he'd been nice, he only figured he'd let himself SLIP!)

Now, in the middle of my plea, the phone rang. The last time I'd been there and the phone had rung, I had ignored it. THIS time he LEAPED to it! (I had INTERRUPTED something?) I thought. I heard him now explain to whomever was on the line that he had been in that little bar he'd taken me to that night on the way home from work--or at least he said the "Club Cafe". My interpretation, at least, was that he had been sitting there heavens knows how long enjoying himself and blithely ignoring any commitment to me.

I definitely got the impression he was being forced to talk against his will, for he launched into the same pattern of querulous lies and evasions that used with me on the phone. I felt completely disgusted.

In fact, when he clearly showed a growing impatience to get to bed and to sleep though it was still quite early, I threw on my coat and started for the door, saying, "I'll see you AROUND!"--which is a current way of saying goodbye.

It didn't seem to impress him as goodbye. He seemed not the slightest upset, fending off my anger with a plaintive, "I thought you said TUESDAYS. We had a date for TUESDAY."

I came back then, and tried to explain as nicely as I could why I was upset. Not seeming to get anywhere, I finally asked him seriously, "What do you WANT, Leonard? TELL me!"

There was a silence and then, haltingly, he said something about having to BUILD happiness. I countered with my little quotation about happiness being a butterfly that comes and sits on your shoulder, but he didn't understand. He was like Nick--it was no use.

I left--glad to.

I had a feeling he was relieved.

I left with a feeling that a relationship with him simply would not work. I wanted a ~~showdown~~ right now--where were we heading? But he simply has no ability to communicate.

I saw the things tonight that would keep me from marrying L.--the flaw I feared in him. That inability to share with another person; to be psychologically intimate with someone else; that belief that the ultimate intimacy is SEXUAL.

I saw that L would never give total commitment to anyone. He set his limits; his limits of concession long ago. And his life has been too much under his own control for him to ever change. He has not been humbled by life. He wants to set his own limits.

And he has given me to understand that our relationship will be on HIS terms. I have offered three times already to "let him out of it"--as I did Nick. But he has rejected them all, persisting in a strange naiveness

to head into crisis. He made his decision a long time ago. He is looking for a bargain ON HIS TERMS. He is trying me to see if I'm it. But it will take him a long, long, slow time to decide.

But I can't stand the waiting. I haven't time and attention to give to another "failure type". One of the reasons I sought L out tonight is that I was terribly upset by a new family crisis. I wanted someone I could "lean" on, talk to; someone who would commit themselves totally to me as I would to him.

And yet I am going on with it. I am writing him a letter trying to explain what I can't seem to get through to him--what it is I want and expect--or, if he can't produce it--why we should stop now before it is too late.

Am I being unwise in assuming another "lame duck"? I hope not. I hope I can salvage some good out of this experience if I view it as a practice session, as I did with Nick. For it did Nick good--it DEEPENED him. Perhaps I can deepen L.

My heart bleeds for the "might-have-beens"; I am so much one myself. Even though I know I bare my breast for the thrust of a spear, I cannot deny a life urge within me to plant some will to live in some fertile ground where it will grow.

But, L, is your ground sterile, used-up, dead, as I think it is? I challenge you, Leonard! I challenge you--Reach! Reach for the stars! I'll hold you up!

Saturday, October 27, 1962

I felt that unless I found some privacy to have a good cry today I would go berserk until Lois came by and we talked over our "amours". But she actually encouraged me--approved--placated.

But still I have no appetite, no energy for the myriad problems and duties of the day.

My disappointment in L last night is hard to bear.

I intend to mail my letter I wrote to L telling him that I wasn't sure where we stood when I left and containing a plea for some definite plans for Tuesday and going hunting with him. I also tried to explain that I had desperate personal reasons for my emotional state and asked him to bear with me.

As the day wore on I began to have second thoughts about last night and it didn't seem so bad as it had at the time. I began to realize that L wasn't really mad at me, he was tired, preoccupied, anxious about the morrow. Actually, he was quite nice, but I wouldn't listen. I vaguely remember some protestations on his part that no one ever came to visit him, and so on. ~~he appreciated it.~~

I had been worrying, too, about one of those strange long stares he gives me sometimes. Now, as I thought of it, I realized it hadn't been the manifestations of a ~~hate~~ look--it had ended in a twinkling between us--as if we were both saying, "This is getting to be more serious than we meant it to be, isn't it?"

But I got the weeps at dinner tonight. The war mobilization announcement on the radio triggered it. I wept for my daughter and her new tragedy; I wept because of the wars; I wept because I was tired.

And all the time I wept, it wasn't Nick I was calling on anymore; it was L. Where has ^N gone? I find I have ceased spying on the

Esgates. I am looking for white Cadillacs now, not red Dodges. N seems like a high school romance to me now. All that heart rending tragedizing now seems trivial. Funny little Nick! I found myself thinking today.

2½ weeks later, November 14, 1962

This two and a half weeks have been wonderful! People ask me how I'm getting along with L and I tell them sincerely, "fine! Fine! Fine!--Fun! Fun! Fun!"

But today seems different. I feel sad somehow. During this time we had reached a second stage. The "courtship" ~~twas~~ over--that time of desparately trying to please each other, the discoveries of mutualities.

We had gotten to the "take -it-for-granted", "settled"; "we want to be alone" stage. Last night in the Glee Club, for the first time, all L's cronies avoided us. I took it simply as our mood. We had built up such an aura of intimacy that people simply said, "leave the lovers alone!"

But L was very upset last night when no one joined us. He was very nervous. He fended off a man whom I thought was his intimate. He fussed. Then he started blaming it on his physical state; he was "too tired; he'd had a bad day." He was, for the first time, too tired for love.

I tried to account for the change in him. There has been a slight cooling off, a kind of retreat a withdrawal since I "committed" myself to him. He is showing me his FAULTS now and he seems to expect me to go along with them. Suddenly I sense a challenge that I must change to suit HIM. Lately I've found myself with a boring,

self-absorbed, hypochondriacal, middle-aged bachelor. I feel as if he's chafing at the bit. I feel the need for a little vacation from each other.

I know there are two things I said to him that he didn't like. I didn't mean them maliciously. It was simply that we'd gotten to talking about deeper subjects. I told him what Don Prior had said about his being "covetous". That bothered him a GREAT deal.

And, trying to settle US, I referred to his aging. He did NOT like that! As soon as I said it and saw his reaction I realized that he has not adjusted to growing old; that he is not ready to settle on ONE woman. A sixth sense told me that this man needs yet to prove his ability to still attract YOUNGER women, and I felt alarm, a sense of foreboding, of trouble ahead.

He said one cute thing last night, when we discussed our strangely un-gay evening: "At the time it seems not very good, but when you think BACK on it, it seems like we had a real good time!"

I feel foreboding. The next step is not going to be fun. It is an all-important step--the deepening, the consolidation, a feeling for firm ground--the GROWTH of love. I feel I must be very careful, very gentle with him now--perhaps even leave him alone for awhile.

It was odd how he fended Jim off--as if Jim might reveal something about him to me.

Not that I resent this entirely. I find it pleasant, too. For I, too, have lost the first desparate apssion. I can now enjoy just his warmth and nearness and dearness without having to touch him.

But I cannot forget that this change happened so suddenly, right after I, having had too much beer one night, told him with much tenderness that he was the only one right now; that I had no other interest.

Perhaps this is good and all right. Perhaps it is just something that I never experienced before. But, coupled with his past history and Don's remark about his covetness I can't help but wonder if it isn't just the chase he likes and the captured prize bores him?

And how am I to know without being badly hurt, perhaps?

For I have sat by the phone all this Sunday evening--and he has not called.

And yesterday I let Lois draw me out too much. I cannot escape the feeling that I belongs to Lois and she is just letting me play with him while she holds the strings. She makes me feel like an inept pupil!

Now she suggests we double-date. I have no relish for it.

In fact I'm getting weary of the whole thing. L doesn't really need me; he has his schedule; he can easily procure other women. And I'm getting tired of beer and huntingcronies in sordid taverns; and naps and schedules; and big meals and hypochondria; and little lectures and limp love-making; and whimsical dating with the long waits in between; and sudden

withdrawals and evasive non-committments; and unnecessarily sloppy clothes and lack of grooming; and that hot, ugly little apartment; and routine and fuss-begetting and strang, inconsistent stories; and mother and woman rejection; and flirting with every waitress in town; and blatant references to innumerable sordid past amours; and endless filthy stories and woman-degrading attitudes; and vulgar remarks and hip worship and fawning on people and the pretense of liking children...

There is something cheap about you, Leonard-- something sordid.

BUT---

Leonard! Come to me! I haven't listed all the nice, nice NICE things that are so rare and wonderful and important! WE've had some rarely beautiful moments--like ~~those trips to the~~ ~~parts of them!~~ Come! Let's have some more!

I can't let you down now. You would only go away--shy and hust and puzzled....

Sunday, November 18, 1962

I tried a new approach to this week end. I was going to prove to L that I could be a good sport about letting him go hunting; that a week-end apart could be refreshing, and not harmful to our relationship. It was my suggestion that he go--and go without me. I was freeing him, showing him I could do it.

"And when you get back," I said, lightly, "call me and tell me about it."

He had agreed, remotely, absently, only nodding his head and not answering me or looking at me.

How familiar this is getting to be!--this apparent acquiescence--and then later I find he hadn't even heard--he doesn't remember. He withdraws momentarily, is thinking about something else, some private thing of his own, and his surroundings mean nothing to him.

And it is this constant withdrawal that may break us up eventually/ And no one will understand.. For right now everyone is making a BIG THING out of this. It has spread all over. There has been too much talk, too much acceptance of Lorna and Leonard, too much taken for granted, too much expectation.

And it is not that sure a thing. Not by a long shot! I don't feel a bit sure of L's long range devotion. I am sure he is currently very interested, but there is a huge back log of non-committment behind a great barrier wall that I nor any other woman can cross.

I think it is too late for him.

People are not going to understand when L and I drift apart and do not marry. For it seems such a "perfect" thing. And it is!--the best I'll probably ever have.

But I can't sustain it. I can't carry the burden of keeping the relationship going. I am tired already of it. It is always I who calls, who makes the approaches,

, the suggestions, the affirming of the next meeting or call. Even though we have an agreement L never verifies it. He simply doesn't mention it. IF it's convenient; IF something else doesn't turn up--etc.

Women have a certain place, a compartment, a very PART time place in his life; at his convenience, at his whim. That's what hurts about his not calling--that lack of eagerness and desire to share all phases of his life; that division of his life into this, that and that. Woman, keep your place! Sunday is HUNTING day. It's none of your business! You said Tuesday. TUESDAY is your day--a part of Tuesday, anyway.

For he has cut down Tuesdays now to a few hours between ten and midnight.

Suddenly I am being taken for granted. Gone already is that clinging eagerness to be with me, to think up the next time together, to plan something, to create some reason to get together. He has completely changed his behavior toward me. Gone is the skillful, passionate, frequent lovemaking that pleased me so, that was one of his main attractions for me.

Now his is like a husband; once a week is enough--in a hurry to relieve himself and sleep, sleep, sleep. There is a new subtle exasperation and disinterest in MY satisfaction. He just wants to "cuddle" indefinitely--without passion, without any signs of being aroused.

Almost gone, too, is the eager grasping for hand, the sudden, frequent, secret pawing at me. He has slid into a rather bored, passive, disinterested companion type of thing.

Next day, Monday, November 19, 1962

I called L and suggested we lunch together again--and everything is more than wonderful again!

There have been strong pulls in the ITALAIN direction lately. I wonder....

Tuesday, November 20, 1962

Whatever prompted me to make that comment about Italian influences? My daughter called me today at work and said I had a letter from Sicily!

It was my answer from Danilo Dolci! How pleased I was! My secret!

I had a WONDERFUL evening with L tonight! All my worries are dissipated! It made me think of Nick's wish for "the star of love to shine down on me". Tonight I felt that is has. Tonight I think seriously of marrying L again.

Friday, November 23, 1962

I have been utterly happy with L all week. So happy and so appreciative of these rare and fleeting moments.

For suddenly it is flown. Yet nothing has happened that I couldn't expect.

He told me tonight he wanted to work on his model for the big secret sign--(a self-imposed task that no one asked him to do; something I rather suspect he is using as an excuse to stay in town (with ME?) and not go hunting so much). So we did not expect to see each other. I knew, of course that he'd go out beerig later. He always does.

Now I've often wished that L would call me impulsively at the last moment and invite me to go with him. But he never has. He keeps talking about it, when I suggest it--keeps insisting he THINKS about it, but he always has some "reason"--he "went to sleep"; or he "overslept"; or he only went out for ONE and got involved, etc.--all reasons that could be easily refuted.

He does take me once in awhile but it's always pre-arranged. And I do suffer twinges of jealousy and pique; yet I have resigned myself to it for I know he just wants to talk hunting, etc.

Yet tonight I want to be asked! Tonight I'm suspicious! For I saw him talking to a man near a beer parlor on my way home and I got doubts, knowing L's whimsical giving in to the opportunity of the moment--his PUTTING himself in positions where his plans WILL be changed. I can just see him about 3 days from now telling me with that sheepish look of his that he never did get around to working on the model!

But we've had such a good week! I MISS him tonight! Why can't he miss me?

So I sat all alone all evening, realizing the kids being gone again, that I had learned to lean on L as an ESCAPE. And I cogitated on our romance.

I congratulated myself on the victory that L stayed home from hunting this week-end if only "to work on the model".

Then the little dissatisfactions with him I'd been quelling all week began to sneak in;; again his shocking vulgarity; his illiteracy; his too agreeableness; his too eager dependency; his growing laziness and self-absorption; his increasing crude references to things past; his increasing USE of me--

I thought of the burgeoning of other association this week that threw L into the shade: my talk with Lillian that brought out my fear of BOREDOM with L; and the essential differences in our tastes and pursuits.

I thought of the beginning wedges of interference from outside: Lois' wedges; Lillian's tiny, sharp wedges of warning; mother's too true observations; Joe Donahue's lack of enthusiasm about my L association.

I thought of the difference in L lately--how he fawns on me less; demands more; cracks a whip at me; his utter lack of verbal endearments for me even at moments when they should burst out naturally; that lack that keeps me from saying I love him.

Yet, relax, Lorna! We are only adjusting. We are changing our patterns. L is changing a little, too. For, future boredom or not, he is still the most fitting, the most satisfying companion I have found yet in my life. To hell with the differences! As Lillian said, sometimes they DOVETAIL!

Saturday, November 24, 1962

Right now I'm very happy with L. I feel that at last I've found the man I've been looking for for 47 years, and I am daydreaming about being married to him. To think that I searched 47 years and found the right man for me right here "in my own backyard"! That's the way I feel now.

But, thinking of marriage, I realize that someday I may forget what seemed so very special about him now--at first. So let me list what I now see in him:

First: I must remember to respect his uniqueness; his separateness. He is different from any man I've ever had a chance with before. It is this very uniqueness that I like; that makes him "special". He is not just "run of the mill"; he is different.

Second: I love him now because he seems to meet challenges with gentle, inquiring passiveness. This man is PASSIVE; almost TOO passive! But it seems to complement my newly-found strength and leadership. He NEEDS to be led; he WANTS to be led. And I want to lead, to inspire. He needs my leading; and I need to feel needed.

Third: I predict that one of the first things I will forget is the unusualness, for me, of finding someone with his talents, abilities, potentialities and accomplishments that is available for me. True, I know many men of "better" possibilities, but they are not accessible to me. I know L is a ROUGH diamond; uneducated, unrefined, lacking in opportunities; warped by poverty and inept upbringing, but nevertheless of diamond caliber.

To me right now he seems intelligent, sharp; inquiring, probing. L is not dumb. He is objective; even self-objective. When he sets out to do something, he DOES it, even to the point where he sees it means sacrifice to

himself. This I admire. That he can give things up to achieve a purpose.

He is a patient perfectionist; idealistic, capable and accomplishing. He wants only the highest and the best and he sets out single-mindedly to accomplish it. When he does something, it is a FINE job, a CAREFUL job. He thinks it out thoroughly, reviews it endlessly for mistakes; sorts, eliminates; refines the PLAN and the method of proceeding. He perseveres. Yet he seems to have the willingness and wisdom to compromise and sacrifice if he sees it necessary. And when he gets it done it is a better job, a better-thought out job than most people do. And he feels pride and satisfaction in what he has done, but he doesn't seem to display egotism or bravura. Rather he calmly accepts the fact that he knew he could do a better job--and he did it. I am thinking of his goose-hunting; his work at his job and the models and things he makes when I say this. I admire this in him: if a job's worth doing at all, it's worth doing well!

I can forgive him the apparent indifference and obsessiveness and "fussing" it takes to do things this way, for my father and my son are like that. I am like that. I am used to it!

He seems to me open to new ideas and influences; interested; seeking new ways and willing to accept and try them. I am thinking of his excited, "Hey! did you see this?---Hey! Look at THAT!" approach to mechanical devices and ways of excelling over other people.

And what he has acquired he has done it all himself; he is self-made; self-educated. His art, his engineering, his money, his job--all of them he has eked out on his own--starting from nothing and against great odds.

Yet, again, he is narrow, imprisoned, unchangeable...?

Then I like his sex attitudes. For a man who spent 29 years being a shy celibate, he has accomplished and solved his problem fairly cleverly. At least he DID something about it! And managed to keep himself clear of a loveless marriage.

And he satisfies me more than any man I have ever known! He is perfectly honest about sex and dispells any false repressions I have had. He has the same basic honesty and frankness about sex that Nick had that impressed me so, but he is more tender and concerned and warm and mutual and more curious than N was. Also he is more of my kind, my culture, my background. We get along just fine in this respect. He makes me happy as no one else ever has. I have never enjoyed sex so much or so consistently or so frequently as I have with him.

True, he is a bit too crude, too hedonistic, too male, too irresponsible for my ideal, but then I am beginning to realize that my ideals were too dreamy.

Then I like his sense of humor--that twinkling eye; those unexpected "bon mots". He has sort of a wry, sad acceptance of life that can see the FUNNY things in it, too.

He seems to accept people in a gentle way, and seems to desire to understand them --to be NICE to them.

I search for one word to describe L. I come up with ----canny!

Thursday, November 29, 1962

L and I have reached a new stage. L is newly content to stay home. He has even cooked a little for himself instead of going out to eat! He even has given up the hunting and the nightly beer sessions a little! He even waits by the phone for my calls, so I am still the one who calls. But he volunteers his once so mysterious shshedule to me now and tells me when I may call!

What baffles me now is his unreasonable ob-session with this model. He is overdoing it! When I asked him about it, he said, his eye glancing off mine, "It's a reason to stay in town."

When I saw that the model came before me, I couldn't understand, but when we established a pattern of my going to his place and watching him work, I began to understand a littel more. But what a long way round!

Last night he rather verified my suspicions it wasan excuse when I saw and heard him use it as an excuse to fend off pressures to go hunting.

Friday, November 30, 1962

Everything is awful! I've got more troubles, and I am so tired, and now it looks like my relationship with L is breaking up.

I intimated to L that I didn't expect us to last and he said, "Why shouldn't it?" Well, this is why: L simply can't adjust. He will NOT change his habits or routines. I am ex-pected to adjust to his bachelor ways, and I simply can't! I am too burdened with family trials--and now Christmas is coming up. I will just have to wait until I'm alone for this sort of thing.

I can see that L is wearying of playing the

"good sport" all the time; that I am interfering in his long-time pursuits. Things have cooled off between us.

He no longer caresses me as he did. He has hardly touched me lately. He'd rather work. He no longer looks at me as he used to. I see him beginning to eye other women covetously again.

He no longer listens to me or shows the eager interest he used to, unless I praise him--and then he laps it up--and invariably AGREES with me!

I was a little afraid when I asked him to "move in" to family doings--like going with me to Dennis' football dinner and coming for Thanksgiving. Poor old bachelor! This is too much for him!

He did not call tonight at eleven as he promised. I knew he wouldn't. He NEVER does on a Friday.

Saturday, December 1, 1962

I went to bed and was a good kid Friday night. I didn't want to disillusion L in case he did call.

This morning I awoke with a horrible compulsion to run down to L's and talk to him. He had promised to give me some eggs left over from his hunting trip and heavens knows we needed any food we could get. I could go down and get them.

I was almost sure that such a thing would finish him forever, but not so! not so!

Just as I approached his window I heard his radio alarm go off. What lucky timing!

And L was quite welcoming, although he warned me he had his day scheduled. I hadn't the slightest idea what I had come to say, only that something needed saying badly. I just launched into it.

I put his arms around me and reassured me. He went into many vague apologies, excuses, "reasons why he hadn't called me last night, why he hadn't worked on his model.

He'd been unexpectedly called out on an emergency relationship... (Something told me very strongly that there was a WOMAN involved!)..and he'd gone to sleep by the telephone until 4 a.m. (There WAS a beer bottle by the phone.)

Regardless, I was quite reassured and left, when more or less dismissed, feeling much better. He said he'd call me at 3.

I didn't believe him, but he did! In fact he tended me like a queen all day and evening. I was so grateful that I told him I loved him-- and then I waited, expectantly, hopefully. There was only silence, and then, "Thank you. That's very nice of you. It sounds good." He sounded slightly strained, but in his best warm manners.

It didn't hurt too much, though I was disappointed and I wished I hadn't said it. I might have conveyed more of my real meaning in my tone than I intended, for I felt more a fondness, rather than a one and only passionate love when I said it.

Anyway, the rest of the evening was most successful. He had told me during my "breakdown" to him, "I have only two things concerning me for the day--you and my model." And he proved it!

Sunday, December 2, 1962

I had such tender, sure feelings about L all day after he was so nice to me yesterday. And he promised to call me at nine in the evening and we'd get together for some beer. He was going to work on his model all day. It was his last chance.

He did not call. I wanted to make other plans if I weren't to see him, so I called him. Three times. No answer. The third time I got mad. Since it was now to late to do anything, I got ready for bed.

He called. "Did I want to go out and eat and watch him work and have a beer? He was apologetic.

I hesitated, looking at the clock, but I went.

Everything was fine. I was quite relieved when I saw new parts of his model done, and almost believed that he'd worked eight hours as he said. Everything was fine until 1 a.m. when the phone rang.

"Who in hell's calling THIS time of night?" cried he, rushing to answer it. After he answered it, did he excuse himself--say he was busy, had company, was asleep? No!

He settled down for what was a long chat with what was obviously a woman, being his gracious, attending, too-anxious to please self, and completely ignoring me.

I got more and more embarrassed. Then, needing to go to the bathroom, I fled, hoping he'd show enough tact to get rid of her. No.

Then I realized that the apartment was so small that the flushing of the toilet could be heard over the phone. So I waited, trying

to signal him, but he ignored me, completely absorbed. Then he said, "But you're a MARRIED woman!--Oh--You're NOT? When did THAT happen?" Gladly, gayly.

I flushed the toilet then, in anger.

This, coupled with his strange preoccupation and silence and odd mood when he picked me up; and his lewd interest in the waitress when we ate; his lack of intimacy with me; the not answering the phone for three hours and then suddenly calling me and showing no concern about imposing on me so late; then claiming he'd worked eight hours simply was too much. To top it off he offered not the slightest explanation when he finally hung up.

I called him on it.

Now he went into a long discourse on jealousy and the uselessness of "explanations". I kept at him. Well, he'd spent three hours with this woman and some people today...Well, it was a friend of his who was getting a divorce and wanted to talk about it...

I more or less accepted it, pending more thought. Now I asked him about meeting him for lunch Monday--he'd said that was the best day for him. Now he was very reluctant, "Oh no, that was the WORST day of the week for him--" I couldn't ask for Tuesday now, for I'd heard him say to this woman, "No, not MONDAY--make it TUESDAY." (Did he mean to cut me out of our usual Tuesday night date, too?) I tested him. "Well, Tuesday was the day he HAD to work on this model. He HAD to finish it..." (He had been claiming to finish it for weeks and he hadn't even worked on it half the time he said he did!) It was all a very strange story!

I awoke the next morning with two and two put together. Why, I'm being TWO-TIMED! I thought.

What a fool I am! I'm only one of many--just like everyone has been trying to intimate to me! Why that was the THIRD time we'd been interrupted by a woman when I'd been there! And one call he hadn't answered! One woman had come to the door and the others had phoned. This was the second one he had explained this way. He had covered up for all of them or her. I thought with horror of the BOXFUL of earrings he had braggingly showed me one night when I had lost mine while we were necking. "Oh, don't worry! I have quite a collection!" He'd laughed. Ugh!

Monday, December 3, 1962

Did I dr did I not have a lunch date with him? I wondered at work. I called him to check. "yes of course!" "You didn't need to change your plans for ME!" I said sarcastically. He didn't like that. He was curt and short.

When I arrived to meet him, I jumped up, his old affable, eager self. But I was annoyed to see he was sitting with Lois, for I'd come to have a showdown with him and there wouldn't be much time, for he'd have to go to get that damned nap, although I had been up as late as he. I could go without!

I sensed something was wrong, and so did Lois. Things were very bad. I was very nasty, although I tried to make it sound like a joke. When I said he'd shifted dates on me because he had another date, he got wary, defensive and clammed up. When Lois finally left, embarrassed, I launched into gay chatter about his work as if there was nothing wrong at all.

The time was VERY short now, so I cut right into his chatter and made my accusations.

He was going to have none of THAT! He simply refused to answer me, deliberately changing the subject and evading any and all answers.

Now I was alarmed to see a rather pretty faded blonde seat herself vis-a-vis L and fasten her eyes on him in a much more than casual way. There were other empty seats and it was obvious we were having a fight, yet she sat down practically at our table and there she stayed, just waiting, and eyeing L and he eyed her. He seemed very conscious of her. (Was this the woman he was supposed to meet?)

Anyway, he wasn't going to talk while she was sitting there, I could see that. But I was desparate. I plied him with questions, with offers. I insisted on answers. He fought me off.

No, he didn't want "time out". Did he want to keep trying? Silence. Then, for the first time, he turned and looked at me, heart, hurt, and appeal in his eye, and nodded imperceptibly.

Neither of us could eat. I lit a cigarette to annoy him. It did. "Have you had enough of this place?" he snarled abruptly in more anger and disgust than I'd ever seen in him, and rushed me out.

Out on the sidewalk he lingered, as I'd hoped he would, and we talked there. Now he talked more freely. In fact he put on a temper display such as I'd never seen in him. "This two-timing business!" He was so sick of it! What did people MEAN when they said "two-time"? What was two-time to one was not to another! And so on, and so on. A STRANGE display! A STRANGE answer! Certainly not a denial. Certainly a kind of confession that he'd been so accused before!

As he calmed down somewhat I pressed him for answers. "Do you want 'time out' to settle your 'affairs'? Are you involved yet? Are you two-timing me?--"

"All these questions you ask me! I can't answer them! I don't know what to say!" he fended petulantly. He wasn't looking at me. His eyes were busy, busy, busy--thinking, weighing, thinking.

I kept it up till I felt we were both groping for some meeting ground. He did not try to get away. He stayed, which gave me some hope.

Finally he said, "No...I'm FREE..." but it took him a long time to get around to that answer. He wasn't currently entangled--I was the only one recently-- But his tone was grim, final. I had a very sure feeling that he faced something, fought it and decided--right then. "I have my FRIENDS..." he added.

The answers and the manner in which he gave them were most unsatisfactory, but he really seemed puzzled and very wrought up. A bit of pity and a slight tinge of disgust crept into me. Well, perhaps I was wrong---

We tried then to makeup. I fought for a Tuesday commitment--I didn't want to lose those Tuesdays for there is nothing DEFINITE left then! But evidently he valued them not.

He began the excuses and ples again about the work on the model. Once again each day was the "last" opportunity he had, yet he had proved over and over that he could skip it if he chose. But to ME the work was always a "MUST"! What befuddled me is that he made such a prolonged, unnecessarily tedious job of it!

Anyway, I got only vague promises that maybe I could come and sit and watch--(he LIKES that! he enjoys showing off!), but I certainly couldn't expect to be ENTERTAINED.

I was DETERMINED this time not to phone HIM a y more, and I told him so, realizing that I risked loss of contact, for he'd never phone ME. For suddenly the thought of me joining ~~all~~ that bunch of tawdry divorcees and waitresses phoning him and beating on his door at all hours of the night--eager, desparate for this canny, spoiled bachelor--made me a little sick to my stomach. Not me! I'll compete with my own kind, but not with that bunch of harpies!

I told him, "I won't COMPETE for you--I don't care that much--a woman in my position--I don't want to get mixed up in a mess--" (he agreed)--" one meets these men and knows nothing about them--" (he nodded).

"Do you want ME and what I am? Or do you want what you have been having?" I was forcing him to a decision, a commitment, right then and there.

I could see him fighting, considering--then releasing something--something from the past. (How I love that puckered CANNY look on his face as he uses that powerful brain of his with all his might!) It was then he said to me, using my own words, "No, I have no obligations, no commitments--". These words I had used when I told him "I love you, L--with no obligations, no commitments." I had thought he hadn't been listening, but evidently he had. Perhaps he was absorbing a new idea, a new insight, a new approach to love.

And so he turned to me and tried to be friends again. I hope it works, L! I hope it sticks! I make people REACH, L! I can't HELP it!

And so we left our romantic little parking meter ~~try~~ place and parted. (It reminded me so much of that showdown on another street corner with Nick!)

But I left with the conviction that I'd lost him. And now, of course, I wanted him. I was utterly miserable all afternoon and evening.

Seeking solace, I searched through my notes, and couldn't find what I sought. Instead I stumbled on my therapy notes. Taking the clue, I made a decision--and then I felt better.

I tried to get rid of my daughter to effect what I wanted to do, but when I couldn't, I asked her to drive by L's apartment, when I couldn't get him on the phone to apologize, and left him another comic plea, since the last one had been so effective.

I was feeling much better, until, as I searched for some place to deposit my note I heard his phone begin to ring. And it rang and rang and rang. Oh damn! I thought ANOTHER one after him--and I felt bad again.

But it helped anyway. I'd done all I could. Something had to be done. We couldn't go on as we had been. If this delicate balance I was trying to effect between encouragement and discouragement did not work, well, it was all for the best anyway, perhaps. For I began to think of all the tawdriness that was beginning to weary me. Lorna, you can do better than that! I began to think--and realized this was exactly what others had been trying to tell me. Oh well--in time perhaps I'd be glad--glad I got out--

And then it occurred to me--that note! Supposing one of THOSE women found it? Ha! maybe it would get him into a big fight! Godd! --But he'd never tell me!

Monday, December 3, 1962

Well, I thought today, it's all added up--all his non-committment; his evasions; his lies; the phone calls from women and the visit from that woman that night; the hints and speculative looks I've had from all L8s friends; and all my own suspicions:

L is still involved with other women. I am only one of many who call him. They are not "things of the past" as I thought--as he led me to believe. He is not currently free---

(Actually, I wrote this down BEFORE I went to that lunch with him.)

Later I thought about this "changing a man" bit. Noticing that Lois changed Lyle and Bert, I thought it isn't the PERSON that changes another person; it's the LOVING that changes them!

Not just BEING loved, but the act of putting OUT love--that brings new strength, new ability, new maturity--healing!

Later:

Well the Fates decree that L and I should be together, I guess. L and I are involved in two dove-tailing art jobs that necessitated our calling each other today "on business"-- and all is well between us--better than ever!

Later: Janie Esgate just sailed by me so close that I gave her a deliberate grin and she smiled back warmly and a bit shamefaced. (I'm forgiven?) Odd that I should run into her just when I'd been thinking about N and heard some of "our" music

Next day-Tuesday, December 4, 1962

I can always write L a letter!--

To the Yakima Divorcee's Stud Service:
I wish to place an order. I said I couldn't afford your service before, but, after shopping around, I find that you have the best service in town. I would like to place an order with you for your prize gelding, LK. Or, if this is impossible, let me know when he is put out to pasture. I am interested in buying up good, used stock. I am willing to pay the price--on YOUR terms!

Wednesday--December 5, 1962

Things are going along beautifully! L and I had a wonderful evening. He quoted me about coming to the end of a perfect day last night.

I ran into someone today whom I know will tell Janie Esgate about my "dating". I only hope she remembers to include the white Cadillac!

6 days later--Tuesday, December 11, 1962

I am all fouled up again--after our BEAUTIFUL week end at the ranch. For I miss L. I want to be with him. All seems dull without him. But he seems not to have the slightest interest.

And I am hurt and piqued at the lunch-hap rejection. It is humiliating to take second place to a nap routine!

And I am irritated at the continual fending off of MY plans and wants. I begin to feel that I am up against a rock wall of ingrained habit. Even though L has changed quite a bit to suit me--for him anyway--I feel it is only temporary--a courting effort to please--a mask..

And I am still bothered by Lois' flirting with L. I called her on it tonight and her way of answering did not exactly reassure me.

Next, now that I feel more assured of L, I begin to panic when I think of his self-centredness, the low-grade rut he lives in, the sex obsession, the utter lack of interest in the "higher" things of life, the indifference he shows to everyone outside his narrow orbit, the eagerness with which he laps up my praise, the perpetual lack of commitment about our next meeting.

I had so many warm, sharing things to approach him with this evening. Now I approach the evening with misgivings....

Next day--Wednesday, December 12, 1962

So I approached the evening with misgivings? Well, I was right--although this morning it doesn't seem too bad.

But last night, L began, now being "sure" of me to reveal the traits I'd feared. Gone, suddenly is the charm, the attempts to ingratiate himself, gone is his "line", the mask, the false front that has worried me with its chameleon comings and goings.

By giving him the "soft line" I seem to have brought out all the hardness in him--the hardness he claims he doesn't have. What astonishes me is the quality and quantity of that hardness. He is absolutely obdurate! He is not only selfish and self-centered; he is CRUEL!

He has become suddenly dictatorial; rude, even insinuating. He not only withdraws; he REFUSES. What kindness he finally does come through with seems more a tool, a means of power over someone to exact what he wants.

And his wants have changed! Last night I saw that he had given me a flase picture all the time. Why he is a SCROUNGE! a PARASITE! He takes what he wants, here, there, everywhere--even, I suspect, gleaning from more than one source at a time.

I STILL have strong suspicions that he is toying with another woman besides me. He has not dispelled that suspicion despite his too-late protests and promises for the future to me. These promises smack more of convenience to HIM than any desire for ME! I get the impression he thinks he is too clever to be caught by a woman.

I shall not try to catch him. I wanned him I'd drop him flat when and if the time comes that he is exposed. I told him this when he asked me what I'd do.

And I do not like this strange dual personality he displays--this attentive, responsive listening he affects and then the TOTAL forgetting, and then the repeating of the whole act, not once, but many times. This is a trait of a false one!

Nor did I like the pseudo rapport between him and Lois last night: their naivitee, their goody-goody approach to life and people. For neither of them are as wholesome as they think they are! They are both mean and grasping and vindictive underneath their marshmallow fluff.

In spite of my veiled warnings Lois did not lay off L; she knocked herself out to install her own sweet self in his heart. Bert and I, the cynical ones, were amused.

Tonight I don't feel that I can last with L. I think he figures he has found someone he can bully into a slave---

Later:

I have talked to Lois and she soothed me somewhat. And I have to admit that in spite of L's panic-stricken hypochondria and irrational blame-throwing last night, he did come through with some thoughtfulness and kindness, like insisting on getting my car fixed for me, and agreeing to taking me out Christmas Eve so I wouldn't have to sit through my ex-husband's visit to the children, and then making a belated shamed offer of Christmas gifts.

And his warm, impulsive hug when I said I'd drop him if I ever found out he'd two-timed me. But I can't figure why he probed so to find out what my reaction would be to being two-timed!

And his attempts to straighten out our misunderstanding, even though it was done crankily and petulantly.

And his appreciative glee at my peals of laughter at his shockingly crude references to his past.

And his quaking alarm when I said he was too old and I'd have to find someone younger--then his hungry embrace when I reassured him.

Actually, he seemed very understanding and sympathetic and tender and offering--digging at me to reveal my troubles.

We discussed his sex attitude and he shamefacedly admitted to age and braggadocio; and tiredness and sickness. Then said tactlessly that he preferred mere cuddly warm proximity--"his OTHER women had liked it!"

It still smacks of passiveness and laziness to me! and I was rather surprised when he unwittingly revealed less experience with passion than his talk and reputation would lead one to believe.

Later:

L said he'd phone me about getting my car fixed tonight. I waited until about 8, and then, needing to settle what I was going to do, I called him.

He answered as if he'd been waiting for the call. How strange he is! It's almost as if he means "call ME" when he says "I'll call YOU". Yet he really thinks HE calls ME. He does, sometimes, I'll admit, but only if a very, very definite arrangement has been made.

And how glad and happy he sounded about it all! Hmmmm.

The only time he sounded upset was when I asked him how he felt, since he had been claiming to feeling badly "from overdoing". Then he was sulkily silent.

(I shouldn't have twitted him about his hypochondria last night! But then I hadn't expected him to be so self-deluded, and besides, he had antagonized me.)

Still later:

A call from my ex-husband tonight announcing he was coming over for Christmas Eve.

Which spoiled all my good mood of peace and assurance L had left me with last night. For I faced new battles now; new challenges. It made me evaluate my desire for L again. DO I want him? I do! I do!---But something's wrong--

I noted that L had said yesterday, "I had no INTENTION of deserting you!" And I wondered if I was just borrowing trouble? Maybe it's all right. I must remember he isn't leaving FOREVER every time he leaves me.

Monday, December 24, 1962

Well it's Christmas Eve Day! And I find myself in a very strange mood.

For, by leaving my family to go with L tonight on this traditional family occasion, I feel that I have broken my ties with the past, and committed myself to a new, strange relationship. At the time I did it, it seemed fun and exciting.

Now I find myself riddled with unexpected qualms and nostalgia. It isn't easy to turn one's back on one's family on Christmas Eve and strike out into a strange land with a stranger, I find.

Especially a stranger that revealed strange, dubious traits as L did this week end. He made a startling remark that dashed my hopes: "IF I marry again, I will investigate the woman!" Of course this was in answer to my suggestion as to how to avoid a fiasco like his first (and only) marriage, yet the "IF" bothered me. I thought it was all settled!

And no Christmas card from either Nick or Janie--and I sent them each one....

Later yet:

The qualms were only momentary! I enjoyed every minute of being with L--and didn't give the others a thought!

He took me to a fabulously fancy dinner at one of our nicest night clubs, and, even though I had to browbeat him into it and make all the arrangements I had thought he would have already done, and even though he made me leave before the dancing started--we enjoyed each other and the evening.

Day after Christmas--Dec. 26, 1962

I have practically LIVED with L since last Thursday, and I'm wondering now, while I suffer a cold that keeps us separated, how I feel about him now.

My heart is hurt and my brain tells me that L is not interested in marrying me. I had hinted strongly that Bert wanted to give Lois a diamond for Christmas. I had hoped for at least a very special present. I got nothing. Not ing at all. It was very embarrassing when everyone asked me what L had given me.

I keep testing him, remarking abou the inconvenience of having to take me home from his place all thet time--a perfect chance to say how much more convenient marriage would be. He says nothing.

He says nothing about marriage, makes no allusions, no plans, no sweet talk at all.

He keeps trying to cover what he has increa revealed as a very sordid past with bald, nervous, unsolicited denials, which means he is evading Honesty in our relationship?

I am preparing to be discarded. It isn't as if I hadn't expected it.

Getting no cards at all from Nick or Janie depresses me; it shows that even the deepest relationships can fade away.....

Yet the whole week end was perfectly marvelous! I said so, too. When I called him, affectionately, "Very Important Person" (VIP being a current witticism) last night, he said, with what I knew was a GREAT effort for him who cannot express himself, "You are that to me, too!" The little embarrassed shake in his voice nearly broke my heart, for I knew what it had cost him to get that out.

And I made a great effort to thank him sincerely --surprised at the shake in MY voice.

But most of all, there are those long, happy looks he gives me--like when we're dancing--They are not the "you are WONDERFUL!" looks Nick used to give me; they are "you and I" looks. If only he could learn to SAY the things he says with his eyes!

But the doubts come again when he tells me, as he did tonight, when I called him about my cold, in that annoyed way, "I have things to DO tonight!?" WHY can't he do it graciously?

I have been brooding, too, about his reaction to my report that Bert wanted to get Lois a diamond for Christmas. "Bert must be AWFULLY crazy about Lois!" he commented. Poor L! he can't conceive of a man's making up his mind!

Yet I, too, have insisted on at least six months. People like L and me don't play the same kind of games that people like Lois and Bert do.

And I know so surely, that there is going to have to be a "blow-up"; a parting; a test--an ultimate testing--miserable as it will be--before L will be able to commit himself. He's going to have to suffer a hell of a lot before he will let his emotions overrule his "brains".

When I called him tonight to tell him I had a cold and would rather not see him for a couple of days, I intended to beat him to the brush-off for once. He can't help but be a little miffed. Let HIM worry for a change.

I did not get a chance to tell him, either, that I intend to bring Lillian into his office Friday. Let it ride! By Friday, he will be ready!

1963

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1963

A LOVELY day!

L and I had a big fight last night, but we made up--and the making up was worth it! He told me tonight that something has happened to him since our relationship!--that suddenly he can work better; he feels better; he seems inspired!--that he can honestly say the THESE HAVE BEEN THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF HIS LIFE!

What balm to my heart! What vindication of my hard-won premises! Another victory for love and psychology!

How happy I am! Let me remeber this!

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1963

L took me to his oil meeting in Seattle. This was the first time I had gone. We had rather intended to stay all night, but he "chickened out". At least he "forgot" all the things we intended to do.

He made me sit all day in the cold car in the parking lot waiting for him, even laughed off the nasty little scolding one of his oil friends who sympathized with me gave him about it. I acquiesced patiently because I had spent weeks working on him trying to get him to take me and to overcome his irrational fear of driving over. It had been HIS suggestion to take me in the first place!

When he found what a delightfully easy drive it was over, I DETERMINED that we would have fun; I would show him how! And so I waited for him, bored, cold, imprisoned (he would not let me take the car or go anyplace), humiliated by the wonder and remarks of his fancy gentlemen friends, because I looked forward to an evening out on the town and perhaps a night together.

He was an hour late ~~when~~ coming out of the meeting, and he brought a friend with him and announced that the three of us would set out for Yakima immediately!

"But I'm HUNGRY! Don't I even get to EAT?" I wailed, afraid to make a scene in front of this "rich" man.

L frowned, annoyed. "We'll stop and get a hamburger somewhere," he said. I didn't say anything. I knew there was no place to stop on the pass, and I knew he wouldn't. My trip had not been fun at all. I wished I hadn't have come.

There was silence as we drove out of town. Absolute silence between the three of us. "Turn to the left here, Leonard," said Marvin, who seemed like a sophisticated gentlemen. "There's a wonderful eating place in Bellevue."

And I obeyed him like a pleased child! So Marvin took over. He and I had two strong drinks and fun and made fun of L and his clumsy lack of sophistication. So Marvin saved the day for me. Bless his heart!

But the whole trip had not really been fun at all. It was all fraught with the most depressing evidences of L's demandingness in a relationship. I was so afraid of what I saw in him that I deliberately made a Saturday night date with a woman friend before he even had a chance to suggest anything else.

I thought it might teach him a lesson. He was only gooffully RELIEVED!

Saturday was a terrible day. I was beset with signs of trouble brewing with my ex-husband and my daughter. I had money and work worries. I saw a movie depressing in a characterization that reminded me only too much of what I fear in L.

But I was sure I'd see L Sunday. I did not see him all day. He "stood me up". But I MADE him see me in the evning--and he was very sweet and attentive. We had a long talk about finances and my future plans, etc. In discussing them, I asked him why he just didn't move in to my house. He didn't answer that. I definitely got the impression all through our talk that the man has no intention of marrying me.

He even agreed with me when I said he might not be able to stand the strain of waiting a year or so until I get my kids launched. Then he added, as if it were a solution, "But you always know where to find me!"

He kept cautiously playing down his wealth. And there was certaihly no offer to help me with it or share it with me in the future. The only help he "offered" were vague allusions that maybe I might come to work in the company where he worked. My being without money or unable to find work didn't seem to bother him at all.

And he had another long conversation with a WOMAN on the phone tonight, which he evaded explaining. And why was he so mysteriously absent this week end--so pleased at my not wanting a date Saturday night? Also he seems a little piqued with me.

But by Monday all was well. By Tuesday I noticed that he had been ve y attentive to me for two days, yet there were strong indications that he'd stepped out on me over the week end.

Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1963
I sense something wrong.. L was getting quite relaxed with me for awhile, but suddenly he seems to be fending me off again and returning to his mystery pursuits. I am suspicious. And when I voice my suspicions he gets mad--very mad!

And last night in the Glee Club a very pretty woman kept eyeing L and then when we went by she grabbed his coat lapel and appealed to him with lovelorn eyes. It was obvious she LIKED L. And she was no cheap gold digger, whether!

And there are other little flirtations....

L's attitude about his money makes me realize that someday I may have to give him up just to prove I'm not after his money...

L is going to have to prove his need for me before he can ever commit himself...

A little hangover from the Nick period today... and my Italian endeavors...

I note that the outside world is beginning to move in on our romance. Everyone keeps telling me L is "NICE", but I always sense a reservation, an implication that he is very odd and strange. I sense masked ridicule. They say he's odd, queer, difficult to get along with. Even Lillian. She quit evading today and said she does not approve of L--not for ME--that I can do better.....

Yet I have been blithely calling him all week to share my problems with him----

I had had a hard week, full of many troubles and I was looking forward to going out Friday night with L and relaxing.

Thursday night, when I called him, he tried to get out of seeing me Friday in the same old way., claiming he was "too busy". Hurt, and suspicious that he'd stepped out on me the preceding week-end, and annoyed at his continuing refusal to compromise on our two week-end nights when he had been told continually that I craved outings on Friday nights, I tried to find out WHY Fridays were so taboo again. This had become a bone of contention between us.

I made my remark about "flying blind". Then I tried to find out what kind of a relationship we were supposed to be having. He had recently referred to me in front of his friends as a "companion"--a label I didn't relish. "What AM I?" I asked now, "--a mistress? Is THAT what you want?--a friend? a companion?"

When he refused to come out with anything more meaningful as I hoped, I challenged in disappointment, "Well, I guess that's all right--a mistress Just so I don't have a NUMBER!"

He laughed. Then he said, to my horror, "Well, that's pretty good, isn't it?"

Now I was hurt! I insisted he take me with him to his nightly session at the Glee Club, for I wanted to talk further to him--see what I could find out. He insisted he was "busy". I teased him into it, knowing he wouldn't be "too busy" to go without me.

Later he said he "didn't mind"--that he NEEDED to be dragged away from tasks sometimes. This helped not at all, for, as I say, I knew he'd go and enjoy himself anyway, whether I went or not.

I was annoyed at the Glee Club when he invited two of his cronies to come sit with us so that we couldn't talk. Nothing was said between us about this, as usual, but I sensed his evasive technique.

Then, when everyone else became engrossed in a heated conversation in which I also became interested, he sat aloof and uninterested, another trait of his that annoys me.

I looked up once to see him giving me that long, long, long, concentrated look he has been giving me lately that I can't interpret and that bothers me so. It is a look that makes me know he's thinking about ME, and therefore it makes me feel good, but there is a little cold, mean glimmer to it that baffles me. The nearest I've come to interpreting it is that it seems to say, ("This is IT. The end of the line--all I get. Not what I wanted, but what I get. What IS she?")

I stuck my tongue out at him, which made him stop it, grinning. But, a little later I caught him at it again. It embarrasses me. So, this time I said, "STOP that!"--and he did.

When he brought me home and we parked out in front--(NOT for the usual reasons people park--he NEVER does that; he never lingers--unless I force him to.) I tried to get him to talk then, having been put off at the Glee Club.

"Why are we playing games?" I asked him.

"We're not playing games," he said. "What do you mean?"

"What is all this MYSTERY act? Why can't you just SAY what you're going to do?--the reason you can't see me--WHY you're 'busy'?" (What is so all-fixed important that I have to forfeit what I have repeatedly said is

my most convenient night to step out? I meant.)

The long, long struggle to elicit from him what was eventually a feeble, lame little excuse made me realize that it wasn't WHAT he did, but WHY HE COULDN'T TELL that was important.

He had already "apologized" for putting me off the night before, and asking his friends to join us tonight when I mentioned them as thorns in my flesh.

Now I tried to explain to him how the MYSTERY act CREATED suspicion and jealousy. He conceded, reluctantly. We sparred.

Then he started blaming me, accusing me ~~of~~ of suspicion and jealousy. "I am NOT having a date with another WOMAN, if that's what you're afraid of!" he exploded in a tight voice. But there was something about the way he said it, some hesitance on the end, some birth of doubt in his voice as if he were thinking, --("--or AM I?") that left me unconvinced.

Now jealousy became the subject. "You act as if you're afraid I'll make a scene! You act as if you EXPECT it! Perhaps you've had experiences like that in the past---?" I said, vaguely sensing that I was being accused of something I hadn't yet done.

I could sense wonder in him--doubt. "--Perhaps I have--yes--maybe that's it--" Then a hot defense, revealing more than he intended to reveal, "People are DIFFERENT! Some people you have to treat ONE way; some another--" etc. etc.

(NOW I knew why he was always placating; always "FALSE!")

"That's it!" I said, "That's what I mean: we're PLAYING GAMES!" Now I was fumbling, trying to find a way to say something I knew not what--

"Treating on e person one way; another another-- the MYSTERY act--the FEAR--It's not honest; it's not the TRUTH--it lacks INTEGRITY!"

(Now I had the word I wanted: intergrity--wholeness; that something lacking in L! But I knew he wouldn't know what that meant--he and his word poverty!)

So I "undid" the conversation. It had to end; I was getting beyond his depth. "oh yes, he wanted to 'go on'--yes, he wanted that--". I was placated, but not at all pleased or enlightened, and sorely troubled at NEW things to worry about.

I made him kiss me goodnight--and then I SLAPPED him--not once, but THREE times! And I flew into the house.

Why had I slapped him? Why had I slapped him? I didn't know.

I gave him time to get home and then I called him on the phone. He answered oh-so wearily. I told him I was STILL unsatisfied (though I didn't know why). Strangely he didn't act as if anything were different between us, even though I had slapped him. He didn't act mad, as I naturally expected him to. Rather, he gave me the impression that he was taking "punishment" as if he DESERVED it!

We talked a little and I began to feel better. He murmured something about calling me "tomorrow". I assumed he meant evening.

Next night, Friday, Jan. 11, 1963

I tried to plan a "revenge" evening on L, but it didn't work out, so I slept away most of the evening alone, finding myself VERY tired, and rather content to stay home on such a bitter cold evening.

I entertained myself with imaginary revenge on L at the thought of having his pal, Jim, take me out, realizing, for the first time, that there were things about Jim that I liked much better than L. But then I realized Jim wouldn't do it.

Then I began to worry. Most people would not want to see me again after that scene. Would L stick to his "promise" to call me (date me Saturday night?) I wanted to know. I wanted to be able to go out Saturday night.

Pretending I needed to apologize again, I tried to call him about eleven.

He didn't answer. I hadn't really expected him to. I was rather relieved. At least I couldn't be accused of "chasing him". But I was a little suspicious. I knew he sometimes simply didn't answer the phone. He had a strange way of seeming to know when I'd tried to call him, even when he'd never answered!

Next day, Saturday, January 12, 1963

I tried to call L again about 9 a.m. Still no answer.

I sweated and suffered a complete emotional tailspin all day trying to figure what to do next; whether to call him and be "nice"; to call him and end it all; or to wait and see IF he'd call me.

I cogitated on many, many new insights into him that I didn't like that that Thursday night had revealed.

I ended up by trying another note with sketch. I meant to drop it in his mailbox before doing some errands.

But he was THERE!

He insisted I come in and have a beer and then he said he'd planned to call me for he had some very definite plans for us for the evening. I was delighted.

So he picked me up later and first we went to his place where he wanted to show me his movies.

He had the movies all ready to show me. And this time there was no fussy, cranky neuritic way of doing it. He was wonderfully smooth, assured and tactful all evening!

The only mar in the evening was his insistence on showing me a film taken when he belonged to the "Singleton Club". I didn't want to see any more films of the years of fun he'd had before he knew me. I'd already seen too many handsome women escorts of his from his past in other films he showed me. I was shocked to find out he still belonged to the "singleton Club" ..

I dreaded it, but he was very insistent. It wasn't as bad as I feared--its effect on me, but it was a revelation to see howmany, how handsome, how intimate, how fun, how sophisticated, how HIGH CLASS were his former pursuits and women. In spite of myself I began to think a little more highly of the man. Maybe he was more of a catch than I'd figured. Maybe I should be flattered!

He made no comment and I made none as revealingly intimate involvements unrolled on the screen. I was able to keep down my rising gorge and hurt only by constantly reminding myself that these were only the GOOD times; the most impressive incidents to him. See how he preens about them!

I asked him where all these people were now? Mostly married, he said. And I reminded myself --all but HIM! I watched pictures of him: he looked slightly effeminate, slightly odd and queer--that diffidence, that falseness--

He looked as if he didn't quite fit in--an odd ball. And I remended myself that it was L who TOOK pictures; the rest were too busy ENJOYING themselves!

Now he kept saying, "Look at me! See ME! There's my car! Did you see ME? Shall I run it back so you can see?" etc.

Afterwards I quizzed him a little about this Club. It looked like fun. I wanted to go. He confessed that they had never called him to join their last holiday fesivities, rather verifying my suspicions. But it made me feel good when he reminded me that he'd spent the holidays happily, intimately with ME. And then he made my heart glad by asking me if I'd like to go to the next session. (He felt I was worth showing off?!!) (Later note: I never heard another word about the Singleton Club!)

Then he took me out to dinner. He did it just exactly right. He wouldn't tell me where we were going--just took me. Dinner in a "high class" place he stipulated. And it was! He even offered to order cocktails and wine! Most unprecedented! He was trying so hard to do it MY way--to please. He even volunteered and over-detailed account of what he'd be en doing all day. He even offered me invitations to call him and get together!

Later we went to the Glee Club, as usual. There I was both flattered and torn when one of L's friends referred to me as one of L'd good looking women. I ended up being flattered--that this man likes me, wants me, is satisfied with me--after all the beauties he has had!

I told him he checked out very high on my list. He said I did on his, too. I was very happy!

Sunday night, Jan. 13, 1965

It is 1:30 a.m. L just left. I feel all warm and cozy and secure.

This morning I loved him so much I could hardly stand the happiness of it. It was so nice to know what he was doing--that it was all right for me to call him--that he expected and wanted to see me that evening.

Things worked out so I could call him and ask him to dinner. He accepted with alacrity, which pleased me.

And I liked the evening, quiet and domestic--reading, looking at some more of my drawings, visiting Lois and Bert--and then a long nap on the davenport--not passionate, but enough tender caresses and a good, comfortable, loving feeling. All this I liked and enjoyed.

I did not like his jealous reaction to my drawings; nor several indications of his vulgar and cheap tastes; his too easy giving up on the offer to get my car fixed; and a return to his old vagueness about our next date and resistance to my suggestion.

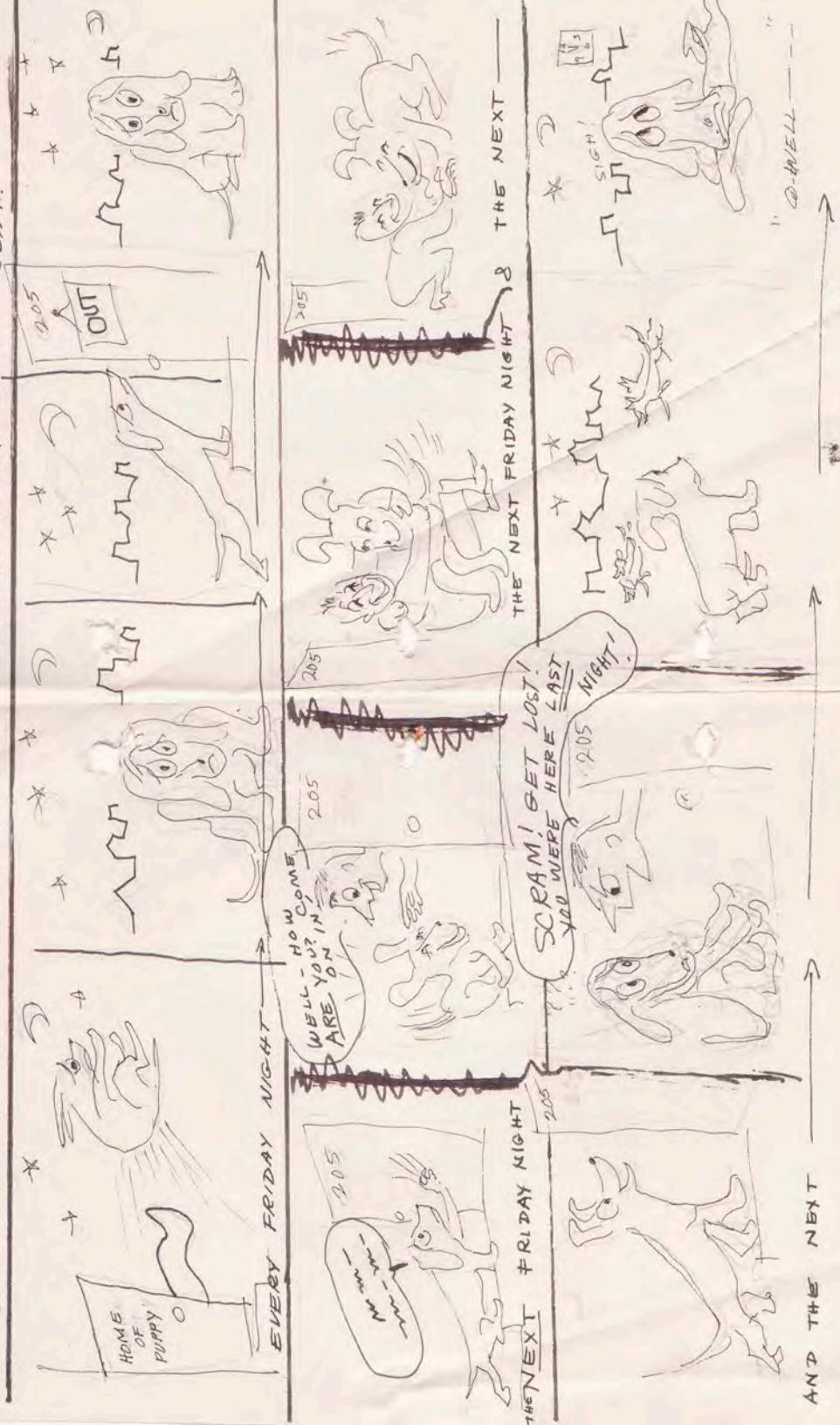
But he did suggest vague things we might do in the future--a trip to the ranch; to Seattle; to join a sketch class; to work together (this is the one he seems happiest about).

I am his girl now. There is no other. I'm flattered.

Notes: L never acts too pleased about my calling him, but he does NOT like my calling him at work. He always acts nervous and embarrassed then, whereas when I call him at home he is gracious and encouraging.

I note he LIKES to come to dinner, though he'll

THE STORY OF THE MAN & HIS LITTLE PUPPY DOG — Cont'd.



only come on Sundays or holidays. And he is sometimes content, and sometimes restless.

I note that his PLANNED dates are fabulous--trips, dinners, week ends--real generous fun adventures. These are always instigated by him, sometimes timidly, sometimes quite frankly

When I NEED something--an outing, say,--he always first fends me off and then gives in so that I feel I've EXTRACTED a "promise", but he usually seems gracious about it.

He NEVER calls me during the day. He calls only when he "has" to and very likely as not "forgets"--or "goes to sleep"--or "gets busy"--or "was on the phone". He usually claims he "was JUST about to call" when I call him.

Monday, Jan. 15, 1963

L was so sweet about my car. And so brave when I passed on a shattering criticism of his work I felt he should know.

But we "fought" when I insisted that our dates should be more definite.

But I am afraid. L is too apt to drift; I fear we will drift apart.

My job, as I see it, is to help him not fear what he wants. It is a big job and I don't know if I can do it. And it will never end, for, left alone, he would easily slip back into the old ways. I am preparing a cartoon for him to "explain".

Thursday, Jan. 17, 1963

It worked! It worked! L called me last night and mentioned the cartoon in a strange, soft voice. He said it was VERY CLEVER. "Are you mad?" I asked. "Mad?" he said, "What's there to be mad about?"

Then--"Do you want a date for Friday night?" It worked! Victory!

Tuesday, Jan. 22, 1963

Ponderings about L:

I've noticed a change in him. He seems newly "softened", newly "caught". No longer do I have any trouble coercing him into seeing me; rather I can't get RID of him!

He shows evidences of new "heart", of deeper feeling, of tenderness and need for me--almost to the point of alarming me for it makes me feel a responsibility for not hurting him. I feel again DEAR leonard, SWEET leonard--(I don't want to hurt you!)

I seem to be leading him gently by the hand into new experiences he wanted but was afraid of. Yet he approaches them in a manner puzzling to me. Whereas I enjoy them with a quiet enjoyment, he seems to get intensely excited, to the point of mental confusion, to the point of incompetence. He reminds me of Nick in this. That childish exuberance, that excitability.

And, although he seems to be "arriving at conclusions", I note a new ambivalence--swings from very generous to very miserly; very forgiving to very blaming; utterly kind, then destroy it all with some tiny little murmured remark.

And his bragging about his past prowess in love. How his eyes glow! How eager he is to tell me ab t his conquests and methods of pursuit!

It all makes me wonder. His good qualities somehow make me suspicious; I suspect his kindness is based on getting what he wants; he is too ingratiating. There is a false note. There's something temporary about it that makes me fear he will revert to selfishness in time.

His excitability about things versus my merely pleasant enjoyment makes me wonder is we aren't just pretending to like each other's pursuits; that eventually, as the novelty wears off, we will each become bored and go back to our original likes.

I fear his "casanova" complex. Will he return to it? Can he sustain anything deeper?

Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday L and I saw each other. Then, because we both had things to catch up on we didn't see each other Tuesday and Wednesday, and that was all right.

Tuesday night he said he was going to be home, so I called him. He wasn't. The old doubts came back.

I miss him so! I have a gone feeling in my stomach at the thought that I can't expect to see him till next MONDAY!

Wednesday I got to thinking about the new controversy between us. L is supposed to go to another oil meeting next week-end, this time to Portland.

I had assumed I might be going on the strength of past allusions and remarks. Yet, when I told him I could go, hintingly, he immediately started to fight it--he "couldn't drive the pass this time of year--he'd probably go on the train--". When I told him there was no train to PORTLAND there was only silence. A heavy silence hung between us.

Then he suddenly started relating the gay, mad time he had had there before, at one point making an allusion ~~to~~ to the WOMEN that had been there and suddenly pausing--while I suffered a wrench in my insides.

But he recovered himself and went on. But there was another silence between us later. Had he "spilled some beans"?

Later, to save my face, I said I'd only been teasing. But he still said nothing; offered nothing.

Still later he began to make references to "the highway going down--WE'D be going this way" and so on. I had no idea whether he meant me or some man he'd be taking. But it didn't matter now if he did ask me, for that first rejection, that lack of having PLANNED to include me was too much.

And now any decision by him to go without me would be suspect, for there is no reason I COULDN'T go, and I have a dear friend in Portland I could visit and not even bother him.

Now, if he went alone, I would be wracked with doubt all the time he was gone. Nothing he could say would ever erase my suspicions, for I KNOW he is a man who "scratches when he itches"--and he has told me that women go--or are included in the parties.

I will have to test him on this, and I fear it, for it will make a difference in our future relationship.

Thursday, Jan. 24, 1963

Well, this is the way it goes. I miss L so, I end up calling him, and then he's aloof, uncommunicative, impersonal--explains nothing, promises nothing--will hang up as impersonally as if it were a business call.

Last night (Wednesday) I called him and said, bravely, "I MISS you!"

"That's nice of you to say that," he said. Silence. I laughed. Then hesitantly, he said, "I guess I miss you, too." (GUESS!!? doesn't he KNOW? Do I have to put words in his mouth?)

"I'll call you--", I said.

"Yes," he said, "I'm interested in how you come out in your job search."

I hung up mad and bitter again. Did we or did we not have a date for Friday? I was getting sick of this!

I solved it by faking an urgent job-seeking type call to his office. I was scared, but he fell right into the trap; he was even nice and eager about my calling.

All this PUSHING! I wish it were LEADING!

Sunday, Jan. 27, 1963

Well, L and I had a very gratifying reunion after our 3 days apart. Everything seems fine. We even have some exciting, fun things to do lined up for this week.

There are new things beside the usual faults in him that are bothering me, though. He seems so PREOCCUPIED lately. I have a strange feeling he's holding out on me.

He was uneasy last night. He kept a watchful eye on the incoming people where we ate, a very second-rate place that he was TOO familiar with. And he was TOO familiar and too conscious of the waitress. He was too lustfully obsessed with the picture of a mean, hard-looking brunette he showed me in a magazine. He was too secretive about his activities.

Wednesday, Jan. 30, 1963

Well fate has a way of throwing L and me together! All my job tries fell through. L had "promised" me to try to get me on where he worked. He dragged his feet so for weeks about it that I finally approached his boss on my own and got on half days. I was to work in the same office with L, side, by side, the two of us alone together.

His boss was dubious, and so was I, for L is notoriously hard to work with--a true loner, but he had made some brave efforts to get me on--at first. Anyway, we all thought we'd give it a try and I was pleased to see L was as excited about the prospect as I was.

Today was my first day. I appeared in his office all disheveled and preoccupied with battling our first snowstorm of the season.

I walked in, reconnoitered a second, looked up and caught a most intimate, joyous look in L's eye: ("It's happened! It happened! Here we are WORKING together! Our dream come true!" that look seemed to say.

He began to explain what I was to do. But I could not keep my attention on what he was saying, for the radio was on and suddenly there blared out the opening bars of "Volare", Nick's and my song!

All through L's explanation that barrage of Italian poured out. I couldn't concentrate. When the song finished, L suddenly left on some errand (I have never been able to tell if he knew about Nick or not).

I found myself alone, and there were tears in my eyes (Nick! Don't! DON'T!--how did you KNOW, Nick? how do you know I'm here--and that this may be the turning point in my life?) (For L and I expected this to be the start of our life working and loving and living together.)

I was surprised at how shook up I was, but I forgot it when I got to working side by side with L.

Until--here came the strains of "Ritorna me"--a song I haven't heared since Nick left, I'll swear!

And THEN--a while later a song all in Italian, something plaintive I'd never heard before.

How strange it was to hear such a wealth of Italian songs all in one day--and on this day of all days!

And I sensed that L noticed my attention was on the songs and not on what he was saying to me each time.

Later, when L and I went out to Lillians, where I posed for her sketch class as nude as we dared, L'd car radio burst into "Volare" again. This was too much! I felt that Nick was appealing to me, somehow!

~~(note) What has happened to the oil meeting?
It was postponed.)~~

Friday, Feb. 1, 1963

It never stopped snowing last night! It snowed and it snowed and it snowed! Our first snowfall of the year broke all records!

L had kept his promise to me and we were attending weekly night water-color classes at the College. Thursday was our night.

We thought they would be called off on account of the snow, but, when we found they weren't, we went--partly for the adventure of getting out in the storm. We found ourselves about the only ones who showed up, so we went on to the Glee Club, not far away.

It snowed all the time we were there, and L got endlessly involved in rescuing foolish people like us who hadn't sense enough to stay home on a night like this. He did it churlishly, which disgusted me, for his big, heavy car was the only one that could get through the drifts.

There was a sense of adventure rampant that night and we were very late. By the time it was time to go home, the hill up to my house was reported impassible.

We usually followed our Glee Clubbing with a little visit to L's apartment, which lay toward town--in the OTHER direction. Tonight I laughingly twitted L that we deliberately used the snow as an excuse to be caught together, but he stubbornly refused to admit it.

Anyway, I stayed the night with him (my conscience bothering me terribly) since the roads were so impassible and I had to make it downtown to work the next morning anyway.

I have been telling L that I love him, hard as it is to say that to a man who WILL not say it back. But I am trying to "teach" him--to get him to loosen up; to be ABLE to say these things. He claims he "can't".

But each time I find it harder to say. He makes it increasingly difficult with his perpetual silences or some inane remark, like his replying, "I know you do" once.

Last night I tried hard to overcome my reluctance and proffer him my love again (I am convinced it is good psychology). I finally did, I got it out.

"Are you comfortable?" he asked.

He might as well have slapped me in the face.

This bothered me terribly all that night and the next day. I determined to have a showdown with him about it, for I could no longer go on GIVING to a man who could not say "I love you" to ANY woman.

What I should have liked to have said to him was: "Leonard, I think you misunderstand me when I say 'I love you'. I am expressing my new-found CAPACITY for loving. When you react as you do you kill a little something each time and my heart begins to freeze over again, just when it was beginning to know how to love. Each time I find it increasingly hard to say, and I can no longer do it with the warmth I originally felt. You are killing my feeling for you. Your CAPACITY to love ~~depends~~ not just me, but ANYONE, depends on accepting love when it is given to you, too."

So, today, Friday, I meant to have it out with him while we worked together.

We were to leave for Portland Saturday morning, in spite of the snow, for the oil meeting. I had guessed luckily and brought him around by finally pretending that I wasn't going, because I "hadn't been asked".

Things were not too good at his office today. Perhaps we were nervous about the preparations we had to make that night. Anyway, he wasn't in too good a mood, when I broached my subject, but I couldn't wait.

I told him I was upset about something last night. He put me off. I told him anyway. I said, "I was wondering last night if you knew what I meant when I say I love you?"

He said, "What am I supposed to say--I love you, too?"

Then I lectured a little on how, even tho I didn't know his past or future, he surely couldn't get anyplace with anyone if he kept giving answers like he gave me last night.

"I changed the subject, didn't I?" he said.

Then I tried to explain that, in saying it, I was not expecting anything specific from HIM, that I was just expressing something that was in me--a feeling I was feeling at that moment--something I might feel for anyone--any human---

"what?" he said.

I went on telling him he made it hard for me to love when I was just learning how when he gave me answers like that.

He said nothing. There was silence between us. We worked.

Then he said, "Saying 'I love you' can mean many things. I am afraid it will mean a promise."

I was stunned--at the implication. He was telling me that he would make me no promises, then?

I laughed. "That's how I figured it," I said.

There was a pause. Then I tried to be a "good sport". "I've tried to explain to you--to SHOW you that I don't EXPECT and promises from you--you're not that kind of a guy!" (I wished later I hadn't said that; it wasn't good psychology.)

After awhile I said, having been thinking bitter thoughts, "I haven't made any promises to YOU, either, have I?) He looked perplexed; thinking. "--because I DON'T KNOW!" (I was mad. This was revenge.)

There was another intermission during which the subject was dropped. I was quite aware this was not the place to discuss love.

I must have threatened to quit working with him, since I knew we couldn't work together and discuss love, too. For he began urging me to keep trying on the job of working with him. "Don't PANIC!" he said.

I said, trying very hard to give him one of our "understanding" looks, but getting nothing from him in return, "And don't YOU panic!"

I moved close to him, made an intimate gesture, such as we had been sneaking sometimes. He evaded me. "I'm not trying to HURT you!" I said, (hurt)

Now, instead of looking at me as he so often does, and I expected him to do, he withdrew and stood alone and aloof. His eye glanced off mine when he caught it and his face suddenly looked old and miserable. It was a look I couldn't understand, either then or later.

All I know is it scared me. It was as if he was saying to me, There is something you don't know that is going to hurt you. (Another LOVE was my first thought.)

This look upset me all the rest of the evening. Even the heart-t-heart talk I had with his pet office girl that dispelled all suspicions I had about the two of them when I discovered she felt as scornful of him as everyone did didn't erase it. Even the many unsolicited phone call attentions I had from him that evening didn't dissipate it.

I was tired and unhappy as I prepared to go on a weekend trip with him.

I had been wondering about those Italian songs so much. Why? It seemed so odd. Tonight when I got home there was a letter from the "Friends of Dolci" enclosing a copy of a letter they had sent to Nick on the 22nd of January! Odd.

Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1963

(After the trip to Portland)

I kept no detailed notes on the trip. It lives in my memory as quite an adventure. We took another couple with us, oil friends of L's and drove in L's car. They were a strange couple, the man an utter boor, whom I detested; his wife a pretty priss, with whom, since I was playing the part of ~~his~~ mistress, I was very uncomfortable.

They were all very well to do people--nouveau riche type--and I was very ill at ease with my dowdy clothes. (L had only laughed at my hints to buy me something to wear.)

The drive down was pleasant. We had no trouble in spite of the snow. L was very happy and affectionate. The signing into the hotel--a cheap one I was disappointed in, ~~was~~ as Mr. and Mrs. Karr was very difficult for both L and me. We both suffered agonies of embarrassment.

I called my friend, who came down, and we sat and made fun of these silly bourgeois people. She is one of the most sophisticated women I know!

I suffered agonies from L's indifference all during our stay in the hotel, and also from his fawning on these people and his provincial crudities. He neglected me outrageously, and our night out on the town was a nightmare. L fawned on all the other women and neglected me to the point that I became very obnoxious and made a scene when he left me alone in our room in the wee small hours after we got back and joined the party the others were having in another room.

When L finally came back to our room, I picked a fight with him. I informed him, having gotten some upsetting new insights on this trip, that they were not my kind of people,

yet they seemed very important to HIM, so therefore he, (L) was not my kind! I told him I had no business being there, humiliating myself for a purpose that any chippy could have fulfilled.

And I cried. I cried hard in his arms, (which surprised me.) I told him that all this meant "goodbye"--the beginning of goodbye--whereas I had thought it was going to 'work out'--and I started crying again.

What I want to remember is his great alarm, and the desparate, anguished fight he put up, even forcing out things he usually leaves unsaid--like the JOY of the whole trip to him was having ME along--that he wouldn't have come otherwise, and so on.

I tried, while he was thus softened, to find out what he had in mind for our future, but this wall I found I STILL could not crack. I got only the tiniest allusions to our togetherness in future things.

I want to remember the ANGUISH he displayed at the idea of losing me--and the RAPTURE he showed when we finally settled it and everything was all right again.

It was then he devoured me with looks and kisses. I have never seen such ~~rapture~~ ^{happiness} on a face!

(Surely he didn't feel THAT deeply about me! His ACTIONS certainly didn't show it!) What rapture there was on his face above mine! I have never seen him like that! It was a beautiful moment, such as I have never experienced--and such as I will never forget--no matter what the future holds---

The trip back was one of the adventures of my life. Things were cool between me and our guests, but we were all "good sports" about it.

But the suddenly melting snow had caused floods that sent us on a detour that turned out to be a very exciting and scarifying adventure that brought us all close. We had to ford a raging torrent under very melodramatic conditions. We really thought we were goners for a while. And L was magnificent!

So ended our "trial marriage".

3 days later--Friday, Feb. 8, 1963

I am furious tonight! After what seemed weeks of wonderful rapport with L he gave me the old brush-off tonight! I had forgotten how he could do it!

I waited all week, counting on the week end. I let him go to the Glee Club every night alone except our water-color class night. I did this because he has been spending the week ends with me, and I expected it again. Also I worked with him half of every day now.

As we parted after work, I tried to find out if we were to go out later, for he has been conceding me Friday nights more often. He had been gay, fun, promising during the afternoon. Now he turned a cold, irritated, calculating, impatient eye on me, "Goodbye. I'm BUSY. If I get through MAYBE I'll call you--" He was resentful, in a great hurry.

I eked out a forced, reluctant half-promise for (Sat)tomorrow night. He acted restless, annoyed.

He pulled away. "You're telling me to 'get lost'--until further notice. And when will that be?" "I don't know--IF I get thru--IF I have time--IF I feel like playing--I'll let you know--" "How?" No answer. "when?" A look of irritation.

"Oh--Sometime--I'll see--maybe tomorrow--
not tonight!"

I thought of how I'd noticed, with a shock, today that he had left the door of the office open. Heretofore we had always kept it closed, for more privacy. And when I remarked upon it, he simply ignored me.

And I have noticed something different when we go to the Glee Club lately. L AVOIDS his friends; they avoid us. We sit isolated. "L has a girls friend"--they won't move in. I get a lot of attention from themen in there and L is jealous of it. But they won't interfere. They simply don't join us anymore. Gone are the old "fun" groups.

Yet I see evidneces, when I haven't been in with L for a while, that he has had fun there in the interim without me. Last night a woman came up and fawned all over him. When I asked him about it at the office today, he simply turned back to his desk and started to work again, whereas he had just closed up for the day. And there have been little catty digs by the office girl.

He has acted bored when he has been in the Glee Club with me lately; and I am bored. I am beginning to find it noisy, vulgar and shallow. I am getting a little bored with the subjects of conversation: it is always baseball, hunting, oil; highly prejudiced opinions, and the eternal dirty jokes and sex.

Actually I no longer worry about his Glee Club nights. I know only too well now that he spends his time there goofing off with his cronies about things I'm not interested in, anyway, and/or in irresponsible flirtation with women I know can't hold a candle to me, and then he goes back to his dull, sterile life, and his lone, middle-aged comforts.

I am quite sure he doesn't pick up women there, for there is too much gossip, too much kidding, too much reporting. He knows I'd hear about it.

As I say, I was furious. Could anything have been a more obvious brush-off?

I tried desperately to find some way to step out on him, but there was nothing. I spent the evening at home alone. I never called him at all, not even Saturday. I even rigged up a plot with my daughter to not be at home if he called later.

But he did call--very early for him--on Saturday--about six. He was very accomodating, explained his afternoon, almost apologized for not being home as if perhaps I'd been trying to get him, offered his evening to me. No, no! he WASN'T busy--he WANTED to come--and he explained very carefully just what he had to do--why he couldn't come earlier. I didn't expect him earlier. I had learned he never comes before 9 p.m. at the earliest.

But he came at EIGHT!! A placating sign I had learned, preferring to believe it was because he had missed me.

We spent the evening at home with my daughter, mutually agreed to do something restful. ~~We~~ We read, listened to music, watched TV. There was a very good mood between us and I was most alarmingly affectionate. Yet it was sort of a calculated affection and it left me cold.

He didn't like my music; he got bored. I didn't like his television programs; I got bored.

Then we went to the Glee Club where everyone ignored us again. I was hurt; I was restless, itching to join the men, torn between me and them. We were both bored. Somehow I sensed that I had become an "Outsider" in his group. I was no longer the "gay companion"; I had become the "good woman"; the "little wife".

Then L took me to his apartment and RUSHED me through the usual routine. I felt he wanted to get rid of me for some reason.

But he was full of excuses. He claimed he had a "cold". Yet in the four months I have known him he has not really had a cold although I have dangerously exposed him myself and he is continually threatening and complaining of catching one. (A cold would be a good excuse for all next week, I thought!)

I tried to figure what was happening. L was pulling away--why? I figured it this way--suddenly I had become the "GOOD girl"; his "intended"; the woman on a pedestal; the gal he should marry. We were going on trips together, working together; studying together, dating together--it looked like a marriage-in-the-making.

But L didn't WANT to get married! He didn't want to give up his role of "man-about-town"! He doesn't want to give up his lone-wolf ways!

This working with him had not been wise, as I predicted. The spice of our affair was our balanced separateness--parallel, but SEPARATE. Marriage is assuredly out of the question right now --certainly not on this basis! Our six-months "trial period" (MY idea) was about up. We had reached a crossroads--a "plateau", as Lois and I were calling it just that afternoon. I must have a showdown with L about this!

Sunday, Feb. 10, 1963

There was supposed to be a glimpse of L on a TV commercial for his shop this Sunday, so he picked me up early, about 3 p.m., and we went to my sister's to see it, since I did not have TV on that channel.

We missed it, but we got to playing ping-pong and had a lot of fun. Then we went down to his office and had a very fine work session together, then dinner out, home to his place and a good, long nap.

All very fine. My worries about a showdown were dissipated, for he was very glowing toward me, clinging, solicitous, proud, attentive and agreeable. Those blue eyes he thinks are green fairly melted all over me all the time.

Monday night I was so tired I realized something I hadn't realized before: that I had always worked halfdays for so long that I didn't realize until I started working full time as I have been (mornings at the Bon; afternoons with L at Dwinell's) how tired and rushed one is all the time. It gave me new insight into his "busyness".

I find I am accepting the fact that L is not a marrying man.

But why has he had this sudden flare-up of tactless, shameless references to past intimacies of his? He is utterly shameless about them! And they often ruin our best moments, though neither of us make an issue of them.

Tuesday, Feb. 12, 1963

I had a horrible blow today at work! I found out my hopes of eventual full time work at the Bon as promised so long are not possible. This upset me terribly. It meant I had to figure on leaving town and finding work elsewhere as soon as I could (I won't go into the reasons here.) All my future was thrown into chaos. It was a mortal blow.

And where did L fit in this new picture? Would it be necessary to give him up? Would he come through and help me? Did he plan on marrying me? I had rather gotten used to the idea of eventually marrying him. NOW what did I do? I needed to know. He would have to tell me. Besides, I needed a shoulder to cry on. I was very miserable.

So I sought him out, if only for a sounding board, a sympathetic ear. Surely it was HIS concern, too?

He offered me no help or reassurance at all. Nor would he answer my questions, my hints. He only looked pained and secretive. He clammed up.

He dexterously evaded all answers and commitments. All I got was evasions and "I don't know's". Then he became like a rock wall--a mute wall. I tried all evening to get through to him. I beat at him verbally, finally, in a desperate attempt to break that frozen, locked barrier and try to elicit some emotional release, however damaging. But all my arts, my skills, my "gifts" were to no avail. He remained adamant. His heart was locked as tight as ever.

My heart bled for him, his eyes were so full of suffering and pleading and appeal, but I finally became so desperate and exasperated that I began telling him off--truths about himself I'll bet he never heard before. I painted a picture of himself as others see him. I made him look in a dark mirror. I upset him terribly.

He suddenly got terrible pains and nausea (which disappeared as suddenly as they came when things calmed down!). I offered to go several times. In fact I WANTED to go, for I saw the evening was not going to do ME any good. I had come to help ME and we were only talking about HIM!

But he wanted me to stay--unhappy as we were.

He did, of course say a few things, and he did show some emotion. In fact he roared angrily at me a few times in the wrong places.

"It's all right," he kept saying, "Everything's all right."

At one point, exasperated, I told him that he

acted like a man who nursed a secret love. He only accused me with his eyes.

One remark hurt me very much. I asked him if he hoped for, planned, or expected another woman in his life--something better maybe. "Who knows?" he said, "Who can tell?" And I said, angrily "You sound like a DRIFTER--just whatever happens along--Don't you KNOW what you want?" I got no answer.

After one remark I said, "The private life of Walter Mitty!" He laughed sardonically and said, "I f you only knew--"

When I asked him if his life had made him happy, he claimed he had not been unhappy with it.

Before we left for the Glee Club he made one last declaration, "I'm trying. I'm trying REAL HARD!" (Trying WHAT? what's so hard about loving, feeling? He meant he was trying real hard to PLEASE me.) This was not what I wanted and I told him so. He said he knew it

"Do you know what I want you to say? Do you know what I want to know, Leonard?" I asked him.

He laughed mischeviously, "Yes, I know!"

(but he doesn't. He thought I meant "I love you; I will marry you." I wanted him to reassure me, to offer help or at least bolster me to go my own way; I wanted him to tell me how he did feel one way or the other; what he intended and wanted, the dope!)

At the Glee Club someone picked this night to ask him if I was his girl? He gave a hesitant little nod. The hesitance hurt. It was HE who had called me his girl before!

He brought me home after the Glee Club closed. I left him feeling terrible. I felt terribly about the way he let me tell him all those nasty things about himself without fighting back.

Fearfully I went to the phone and called him. "L, why don't you quit TRYING so hard?" I asked him, "Follow your HEART! It will work! I assure you!" Ans I went on pleading with him. I was very careful not to mention love or commitments or promises. I just stuck to the "trying".

Somewhere in our conversation he said that he "had given me a clue," then he laughed warmly, a little responsive laugh, and added that I wouldn't (something) it. For the life of me I couldn't figure out to what he was referring. But he wouldn't help me; that's all he would say.

But he liked my calling. He seemed to like what I said.

The next day I wrote a little note to him and enclosed it in a Valentine and put it in his mailbox. "Would he tell me AT LEAST if I were anything special in his life--special enough for us to keep on trying together--trying hard; special enough for me to consider him in my future plans, barring unforeseen blows of fate? I added that he was special to me."

I waited and suffered all evening for a telephone call about the Valentine. It alarmed me when he hadn't called by 9.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I finally called him not expecting to find him in. He sounded happy to hear from me but mentioned the Valentine not at all. I was afraid.

We talked. Then he started complaining about last night. Then he brought up a problem he'd

had at work and to me he seemed unfair, unrealistic and petualnt about it. I apologized for my tirade last night. He was "nice" about it, but not really forgiving, only forbearing. "It was understandable" he said, unenthusiastically.

Then he said everyone had been asking him where his girl friend was lately.

Do you mind?" I asked.

"no-o-o---" He said, hesitantly.

About last night he said, "I'm sure everything will work out all right--you know---whatever you weere talking about--" I didn't find it a very satisfactory answer.

FINALLY, I asked him about the Valentine. He DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS THERE! He hadn't looked in the mailbox, he said.

I asked him to and expected him to call me back after he looked at it.

But he didn't.

Thursday, Feb. 14, 1963
Valentine's Day! And no Valentine sent to Nick this year. I sent one to someone else! How strange is life!

I woke up in the middle of the night last night and said to hell! with LK!--and I meant it! I'm sick of it!

But this evening (sketch class) L kgave me his own kind of Valentine--not a real one, no REAL kindness or thoughfulness, but many "trying hard" little gestures. No VERBAL answers to my questions, but little actions, allusions and physical tendeeness. "My ACTIONS speak louder than words!" he always tells me.

I find myself missing him terribly--blue and lonesome at parting from him after work and at not having him around.

He was clinging and attentive and solicitous all afternoon--even offering. But, though he seemed to be really busy tonight, he seemed blithe enough at not being able to see me tonight. I sensed almost RELIEF.

This evening I am in conflict. I have doubts and suspicions about his activities this evening. Last week when I didn't see him, he regaled me the next time I saw him with a tale of the LONG, gay evening he had with his men beer drinking cronies. There was no mention of regret at not being with me. I suspect something like this is going on tonight: while I sit here and miss him so horribly, he is not missing me at all!

And, too, I am a little shocked and alarmed, working with him, of my mounting observations of a tendency to cheat in him; of a tendency to bluff. This does not quite correlate with his own claims of perfectionism.

He is far from perfect in his work, despite his insistence on perfection. In fact he acts downright confused about some things. Granted his conflict about my being there may be a factor, there is still an element of self-delusion about it that bothers me.

I thought back on other observations I have made recently; his OFFER to double-date with Joan, his ALACRITY to; all those flirtatious looks he is beginning to indulge in again; his smug remark that a past conquest was jealous of me when I reported a catty remark of hers. Are the feet of clay appearing? Is it only this--more knowledge?

Yet, strangely, there is a new oneness between us--a new acceptance of our togetherness--even an appearance of possessiveness and jealousy between us.

I remember his bothered prying at me one night recently, "Did I think that man was good looking?" Was he MY kind of man?" What prompted this remark?

Yet, too, it feels good to leave him alone. For, last night we were almost sated with bodily contact--with togetherness.

Besides I got some badly needed chores done.

And, I suppose, it will be more exciting when we do get together again, despite the price I'm paying tonight.

Yet at all makes me fear marriage again--all that "too too" intimacy seeming to spoil things----

It occurs to me to wonder if L is AFRAID--afraid of the love relationship?

Anyway I'm tired of being blamed for his Glee Club hangovers when he would have gone anyway; tired of ELICITING love and dates; tired of inconsistencies, and silly little little brush-offs and shushings and petulant blamings and evasions; tired of wearied looks and closed eyes; tired of inconsistent, dictatorial little sexual routines.

Tired of it all when I am being confronted with evidences that my hard fought for reputation is ruined by my activities with a man who intimates nothing better. I have crossed the barrier; it is known now that I can 'be had'; I am getting other offers. If L is not a prospect--why bother--what does it matter?

P.S. The evening was wonderful! L knocked himself out 'proving' himself to me--"in his own fashion". No Valentine; no REAL kindness or thoughtfulness, but many 'trying hard' little gestures. No VERBAL answer to my pleas--only little actions, allusions, and physical tendernesses: 'My ACTIONS speak louder than words'.

(Note: I am testing this typewriter and the best way to create the readability I want. The red is too illegible. From now on my THOUGHTS will be in red, the EVENTS in black.)

SATURDAY MORNING

RIDAY night (last night) Last night I had that long-promised bean dinner for L and Jim Rooney. My asking my widow neighbor friend, Helen Marsh, in on it worked out better than I anticipated. It all went very smoothly and turned out well and fun for all.

Actually it was due to my being able to MANIPULATE things because of my new detached feeling about L. I 'didn't care'.

It's strange. I feel with L as if I were skimming the surface; merely taking the cream off. And, when I do this--have this feeling--all is well. When I delve deeper, it gets bad. Somehow, there is nothing VALUABLE beneath the surface with L. m I feel as if I were dipping into a sour mash that sickens and dis-

satisfies. I feel repelled, and scurry back to the fresh air and good APPEARANCE at the top.

For, he didn't come through in the important things last night. There were new, alarming evidences of this strange inconsistenc~~ey~~ and 'forgetting' of his. His lack of memory for vital things versus his great memory prowess for trivia is quite alarming.

It challenges me to find out how one can SEEM so receptive and attentive and actually not be receiving the message at all. What IS the man thinking about at such times? What an excellent actor he is!

I am getting more and more collaboration on this trait from to other sources, and it begins to loom large and important.

Does it have an EMOTIONAL basis? Yet, how can one APPEAR so UNemotional at the time?

.....
Later comment:

I think it IS emotional. There is a great, sour, deluded, poorly trained emotional turmoil underneath; crusted over with over-compensating defensiveness; topped with an ALMOST adequate, superficial compromise with the outside world--a compromise that his native potentiality has produced.

But every once in a while, the soured emotionalism bubbles up and breaks through the crust and shows, sickening him and those around him, and causing him to summon all his inadequate defense mechanisms again. All his energy and attention is expended fighting this eternal internal turmoil, so that the EXTERNAL world never really reaches him-----



Sunday night, Feb, 17, 1963

I gave L a terrible tongue lashing all last evening.

The television company had included a shot of L at work on Dwinell's new TV commercial. We both wanted to see it, but neither of us had television sets. And neither of us knew just when it was supposed to be on. I said I would try to make arrangements for us to view it at my sister's or someplace. Since it would only last about a minute, it was necessary to make very exact arrangements.

L was supposed to let me know so I could set it up. And he was supposed to find out and let me know just when it would be. As far as we knew it would be at 4 p.m.

He had told me that giving in to my bean dinner in-
plans had deprived him of time to do things he had planned for Friday night. So I had offered to cancel our usual Saturday night date so he could get whatever he had to do done. He did not tell me what it was. I awaited his decision about this.

I held up all my plans for the day and evening and held up contacting my sister waiting to hear from him. I waited all morning and all afternoon. Then I started trying to call him. I called and called and couldn't get him. at 6:30 I still couldn't get him. I was **MAD!**

At 6:30 I wrote a nasty note, inserted the \$10 I had borrowed from him and set off to stick it under his door.

As has happened so many times before, he had JUST driven up as I arrived, and, as always before, he was very welcoming, very cordial and very unconcerned, and insisted that he "he was just going to call me!" (It was now seven p.m.)

I let him have it.

I told him "to go back to his 'Bunnies'" (night-club waitresses)

He bleated at me. He had plans for the early part of the evening he inferred, but to 'please' me he would change them and manage to see me late in the evening.

I told him, angrily, to "just skip the whole thing!"

A very grim look appeared on his face and he assented immediately. we would just skip it, then.

Now I was scared--I wouldn't have any date at all,--so I capitulated. these week end dates were so precious to me.

I was so upset that I went home and had a great emotional orgy and cried, and I began to drink. It seemed that I had been under so much pressure recently. It was a much needed release, but it was accompanied by some kind of resignation, and, by the time he came later, I felt a detachment from him---and

I was tight1

So, when he came in and made advances to me and tried to kiss me, I fended him off and was terribly cool and nasty. Not only did I feel that i simply didn't WANT him, but I didn't want him to smell my breath; he always got so nasty about my drinking when he didn't.

So we fought. He got mad and went home soon after he came, but he insisted on calling me Sunday at noon and arranging something for the day.

My son came in then and we had to cease our quarrel. But I called him after he got home and told him off some more.

I was really ready to quit with him, having realized by playing over all the old Nick songs recently and finding that I reacted with no emotion whatsoever, that one can get over anything.

Sunday morning--

in bed I got to thinking and I realized that I had perhaps fought with him mostly because I'm lonely, tired, depressed and scared.

I wrote out an explanation and apology to him, trying to make it encouraging, too, and set it aside.

Everything worked out just fine and he came to dinner. I presented my note to him then. He took a long, long time reading it--and I THINK he was crying--I don't know--

And he made love to me that night. He was almost better than usual. BUT, for THE VERY FIRST TIME, the magic was gone from it for me. To me, there was none of the usual glow at all. It was gone! And gone was the tenderness, the desire to tell him I loved him--that wonderful glow I've felt all the time up to now. I think he sensed it, too.

It alarms me. Though we go on--perhaps with better understanding of each other, I feel a strange conviction--almost a kind of RELIEF, for heaven's sake!--that we have passed some crucial testing and it won't be long now until we part--that we WILL part.

I feel his inadequate response to my plea for love--his lack of offering anything except what we've already had--has killed something very important, very vital in my feeling for him.

I could honestly say I LOVED him before. I cannot honestly say that now--all of a sudden. I even find myself acting a little--just going through the motions--bored, annoyed with his STUPID prejudices and beliefs--unable to be charitable, kind, interested.

I don't know what's happened. I only know that suddenly it seems to hold no future for me--the magic has gone out of it all--it has become commonplace.

Monday morning

I have money in my pocket again; my trouble-wracked daughter is out of sight, out of mind. No one is bothering me, pressuring me. I won't see L for three days, BUT-----

My mood of yesterday is gone. Today I feel wonderful--free, relaxed, at peace. It is a joy to be myself, be by myself, do as I please. I needed this respite.

I even feel at peace, relieved, sure, glad about L and not seeing him for three days. I feel sure that he loves me, wants me, enjoys me, intends to see me again, for he agreed to, even if not agreeably, to my suggestions about how to get along better. At least he knows what my thinking is.

I find myself fired with old enthusiasms and energies. I find myself ANXIOUS for time to myself to DO them!

He called tonight, full of capitulation and ideas. (leave 'em alone, and they'll come home!) He was full of a story about a great success he'd made on a job due to new skills he had acquired from going to that water color class that I had had to FORCE him to go to.

And guess who's taking the credit! it hurt, but I swallowed the hurt and tried to appreciate the good. And it's such a good feeling when my theories test out!

* * * FRIDAY, February 22, 1963
It is a holiday. I have money troubles again. Julie came back with all her troubles. I have a rush free lance job to do. I also have company. There is domestic chaos about me. My dearest friend, Lillian Mathews, doesn't like L or seem to understand. I went to the Glee Club the other night without L to see how the men who made so much fuss over me when I'm with him would act if I was there without him. They left me alone; I'm L's gal!

I have to do this freelance job on a holiday weekend amid chaos which frustrates my desire to do a really good job with it because it's one that will be seen a long time by a great many people.

I am annoyed. I'm annoyed at L, too. I can't tell whether I'm annoyed at him because I'm annoyed at all these other things or not.

I have been trying to get L to spend his Friday nights with me instead of on whatever mysterious business he always has on Fridays. Because Friday is 'goof off' night for me--and most other people. It's the end of the work week, and so on.

He has fought me about it and resented it. He implies that I am 'interfering' in his affairs. He holds a grudge about it.

Well, THIS week end HE got this job for me--and I NEEDED it; I needed the money. But it was rush. So I told him I couldn't see him THIS Friday. His rejoinder annoyed me. "It's DIFFERENT when the shoe's on the other foot, isn't it?" he said.

To me, this shows that he has resented my appeal for his companionship on Friday nights all along. Even when he gives in to me--even when he's trying to please me, this remark showed that he has begrudged it all along; that his 'giving' to me was false.

He annoyed me by telling Jim Rooney at the Glee Club that we had "stopped off at his place first" and made a dirty joke about it. To me, that was CRUDE. It was also risky. And it hurt very much because the session he had referred to had been to ME one of our finer, more intimate moments. Evidently it was not to him. I felt as if he'd dragged my name and our intimate glorious moments in the mud.

I'm annoyed because tonight--on a FRIDAY--when I don't NEED him--he stayed home. All other Fridays he's "too busy" to see me.

I am annoyed because he is beginning to plan alone again and not include me.

I am annoyed because I see something that is going to cause trouble between us in the future: I am getting all the attention on our nights out at the Glee Club. And HE has no 'feminine conquests' going which are so important to him.

* Sunday

I had a date with L. This was our usual routine. Now, I had spent all week trying to create better communication between us. I had been trying to show him the advantages of planned, consistent, early continuous communication. And I tried to point out the disadvantages of not doing so.

Sunday night he acted amenable to my ideas. But amenable only. Yes, he'd do as I suggested. But I could see his heart wasn't in it.

Monday

I had suggested that, instead of being so vague about our dates he phone me at a definite time and EARLY, instead of his usual late hour--about ten or eleven. I had asked him to phone me Monday at seven.

Well, right on the dot at seven he phoned. This was very early--for HIM.

I had tried hard to show him that communications like this could be casual, fun, and uninvolving; as well as contributing to better relationship.

So, he remarked to me on the phone that he MIGHT call me 'some evening and ask me out for a couple of SHORT ones'. I acquiesced.

Because--This was a 'giant step'--for HIM. He had called me, as I suggested. It had 'gone well'. I encouraged him as much as I could, it being, as I said, a GIANT step for him.

But it bothered me. For it was still inadequate. It was too vague, too uncertain, too uncommittting, too indecisive, too irresponsible stilll.

For I didn't know what evening it would be. I didn't know what he meant by "very late"/ I assumed he meant his usual going out time, which varies from 11 to 11:30 to 12.

what is late for me is not late for him. I was put in the position of having to wait up for a last-minute, emergency-type, hurry call until midnight. When, otherwise, I would have put up my hair, taken off my make-up, undressed--all things i could not undo on ten minutes notice--and gone to bed, buildin up rest toward another night's long beer drinking se session with him.

The result was that I was left hanging; on call; forced to change my plans and take risks with my family and work that i would not otherwise have taken.

These were my thoughts on Monday. What did he mean by "some night"/ Would it be later TONIGHT?..... I waited. Nothing happened. I didn't hear from him.

I felt anger and resentment.

The next day--Tuesday

During the day opportunities came up to do something that night. But Tuesday was L's and my usual date night. He had said "some night". What did he mean? tonight?

This thing that I was offered for the evening was something that wouldn't happen again--something I was interested in. But, right now, it was IMPORTANT to me to see L. Besides, if he expected a date with me, it was risky to not be available; he is so 'touchy'. What to do?

Once again he had put me in an unnecessary, annoying dilemma by his vagueness. WILL he call me tonight/ when/ If I accept this opportunity tonight i'd have to leave before the time I suggested he call me. There were some things i wanted to see him about.

And tomorrow was not a good time to contact him. Supposing I should leave tonight before the time I told him to call me? Or, supposing I forfeited the chance to do something I wanted to do and, even if he called, he'd only talk and I'd be left sitting home alone anyway, when I COULD have done something?

So. If one is 'committed to a man'--'going with a man' and something unforeseen comes up--what does one do? one tries to contact him and let him know.

But I could not. For L had told me 'I must not bother him at work'. Yet his mysterious evening activities also left him unavailable. And there was this, too! if I DIDN'T call him and he expected me to, he'd be hurt. What to do?

Odd that there was no way to leave a message for him.

Besides, even if I caught him early, there was no satisfaction; he'd only say 'he didn't know what he was going to do yet'.

In other words--to me--it meant only more vagueness, more procrastination, more indecision, more non-committment; more dependence on chance and mood. to me it meant more IRRESPONSIBILITY.

These are the reasons why-- to communicate with him-- I write him notes and leave them in his mail box.

So, what did I do eventually? I decided to call him at the only time he is available--just before he left the office to go home.

So I did, explaining to him that I would be leaving home at 6:30 and I would be back 'early'. (I didn't really know if I would, but I decided right then that I WOULD ARRANGE my evening so that I would; I would, for once, assert myself with people.)

He did not like my calling him at the office--at first. "But I'm still working!" he quavered petulantly. (It was five minutes before his quitting time!) But then, when I explained, he relaxed and then he seemed to talk at leisure.

He even more or less offered to call me again when he got home, but he was still indefinite.

So, I was surprised when he did call me--around six-- asking me if I had to leave. (He hadn't remembered I'd said six THIRTY!) Then again he mentioned vaguely, in an unsure manner, that he MIGHT be home around ten and MAYBE he'd call me then (because our conversation was left unfinished).

So--I made an effort to be home at ten. No call. At first I decided to wait--to see if he'd come through with that su----

the phone is ringing!

It was L. This refutes all the arguments I was trying to build up.

It amazes me how much misunderstanding there is between people--how much misinterpretation! As I pondered L's recent remarks, I realized that he had been expecting something else perhaps:

I had mentioned that I'd like to go down to the Eagles' Hall tonight in order to make sketches for this job he turned over to me. He had rather wanted to go with me. It was one of those show-off, man-about-town opportunities that he liked.

He had sounded disappointed when I had mentioned that I intended to work both tonight and tomorrow night instead. At the time it had puzzled me.

Now I realized that perhaps he was miffed, which might account for his subsequent actions.

Wednesday, February 27, 1963

Everything has been more than lovely. I have been working with L again--working together on this job. He has been MOST AMENABLE. He does everything I suggest. He spends all his free time with me or tells me all he does when he can't. But I notice he seems to have lost his AMOROUS interest. He makes gestures, yes, but desultory ones. I have noticed this before when we see a great deal of each other--or when we WORK together. Then, too, I have been VERY tired.

But it makes me wonder. He seems to weary of too much close companionship. It makes me think with fear of MARRIAGE to such a man.

* * *

Friday, February 29, 1963

I had promised Joan Whitehill, a good-looking, chic, 'bachelor' pal of mine where I worked at the Bon Marche part time, that I would go hear her sing at Bel Canto. She had given me comp tickets, and I couldn't very well refuse. I coerced Linto going, although he was reluctant.

As it turned out we had a great deal of fun. Joan involved us afterwards with a couple of her singing pals--two VERY young, very pretty, eligible young women. We had drinks at Joan's apartment and then we made a now very willing L escort us all to Shakey's, a popular beer hall.

The girls made much of L, Joan flirting with him outrageously. And they went into ecstasies over his fancy car.

L had been so grudging about going that I was amazed at his sudden, surprising amiability all evening. He seemed to be having a marvelous time, and I was proud of him; he was a better sport, a better social lion than I thought. But I was hard put to conceal a mounting jealousy as the evening wore on. I couldn't tell WHO was doing the heavy flirting--L or Joan--but it got pretty thick.

But I decided to be a good sport and show him how grateful I was for the way he had come through on something he didn't originally want to do. So, afterwards, I deliberately fed him a great ego-building talk--telling him how much the girls had liked him and what a marvelous impression he had made. (I was grateful for he had enhanced and secured my rather dubious standing for going with him.) I deliberately, too, left out the things I didn't like about the evening.

To my great surprise I found out that he had REALLY enjoyed the evening. In fact he became a little smug. He even took all the credit to himself. He was even a little smug about my jealousy that I professed NOT to feel.

We had gone to one of his 'greasy spoon' restaurants to eat before going home, and I now saw with horror that he returned to one of his old tricks he had rather gotten away from. He began eyeing the waitresses and talking 'bachelory' again.

Afterwards I pondered it. I had at first interpreted his surprising change in behavior as generosity and good sportsmanship--to please ME. Then, later, as I watched him, I decided it was merely that over-ingratiating fault of his--that pathetic necessity to make 'a good impression'.

Now I saw that he wasn't grateful and appreciative to me at all for having given him an opportunity to shine; I had merely led him into a situation that was right in his element! I had merely fired up all his old bachelor traits again! He had simply started playing his old game again and was very sure of himself. He didn't need my reassurance at all!

By trying to build up his ego with my little talk, I had merely OVERbuilt it! To the point where he wanted to test his prowess again! Damn!

Once again I had only proved one of my mistakes in handling men--my tendency to TOO MUCH ego-building; TOO MUCH 'how wonderful you are!' technique. It has cost me the loss of two other men. Will it cost me the loss of another?

Saturday, March 3, 1963

It was a reluctant L that came to see me tonight. He wanted to nap. (Always that interminable HAPPING!) (Note: the shift key on this expensive typewriter doesn't seem to be working. Hell!)

He seemed to be pulling away again--not as much as before--in a lesser degree, but there. The little evasions were creeping in. There was the slightly scared acting, very, very careful wording in answer to suggestions about what we would do next.

They didn't quite hide an impression I got that he has 'things to do' again that I am keeping him from; that there was a little hope that he'd like to get rid of me for awhile; that he is a little weary of me and my constant tiredness and problems lately (So am I!)--

Once again there appeared the querulous, whining tone to his voice, and the placating little pats. He was a little too eager tonight to open up his horizons a bit and include a few of the luscious young bits of femininity like Joan and her friends that I had produced.

When he left, he left this unspoken impression with me: ("Enough is enough, Lorna. I am an 'loner'. I need--I WANT--my 'scheduling', my rituals and routines. You upset me with your constant impulsiveness and carelessness and lack of 'will power'! Away with you for awhile!")

I must ease off on L a bit, I thought--IF i want this man. But--DOI? Do I want to live with a 'roving eye'?

(Is there any other kind?)

Tuesday - March 2 - 1963

2
Slapped down!

The second thing is -

that I have talked out my current preoccupation ^{with} greedily with all - quite aware that I could bore and weary - and constantly on the look out for symptoms of same.

Past night I got it. My daughter "warned" me that I have been talking too much about Leonard. "You may alienate everyone," she intimated, "and then, when you don't have Leonard you won't have anyone -". (Who's pessimistic?)

Anyway, I'll have to start repressing - and this I regret. It was nice - after all to be able to talk openly -

Later:

Disgust about vacations

I am disgusted and depressed about L. This is what happened:

I worked late. On an impulse on my way home I decided to drive ~~a way that goes~~ by h's office because it would afford me a better view of the hill we climbed a week ago & which he wants me to look at to see the new developments of

this - to him - very important job.
(To me it is commercial, uglyifying
and tawdry - spoiling a beautiful
hill to put up a "biggest-ever" sign!)
Anyway, as I got going and couldn't
get a good view, I realized if I got
there in time I might catch him in
time to maybe view it from his office -
a good vantage point - and nab
him to tell him that I wanted to
talk about the new necessity to
sign up for our vacations that came
up today.

I thought I should consult
him, for perhaps he had some ex-
citing, interesting plans for us this
summer. What fun it would be to
have some time off together! I could
think of several things - little trips,
or even just time together without
pressures.

Ho! as I passed his office in the
stream of home-going traffic there
he was in ~~this~~ car waiting at the
stop light to enter the traffic going
my way - toward his apartment
a few blocks ahead.

What luck! What jolly luck!
He'd asked me in for a beer before
I went home - and we could have
a fun talk instead of having

to talk on the phone!

I honked & signaled frantically, unable to stop or turn. He didn't seem to see me. Almost too late he did, and, as he waved, I signaled with my arm for him to follow me.

Despite the fact that he might have had to wait for traffic, he did not follow or try to "lead" me ~~out~~^{to} his apartment. Instead he turned a block short and disappeared as if to evade me.

Puzzled and a little annoyed, I made elaborate negotiations & ended up at his apartment, only to find a strange car parked at his door - (his in another place) - and in this car were clothes hanging - some of them women's - as if travelers had arrived.

I was shocked. Oh! oh! I'd walked right into something I wasn't supposed to know. (I ~~was~~ was going to be hurt!)

Summoning my courage to go thru with whatever came, spontaneously (he must have seen me by now) - I turned to find him standing in ~~the~~ doorway - (to ward me off?) - I called out, "Do you leave

Company?" He shook his head - then gestured next door. (What a relief!) But he was not encouraging me to come in.

I got out if only to explain, for the distance was too great for conversation. As I approached I saw ~~he~~ he soft he had an alarm clock in his hand. Some association within me stirred up an "alarm", but I couldn't think what it was.

At last he asked me in — more, it seemed, to keep my visit private than a welcoming. Once, I stood. He asked me to sit. Then began to wind the alarm and yawning & looking a bit pleading explained that he was just about to set the alarm for his nap. (It was barely 15 minutes since time for him to quit work. He must have had pressing plans for the evening. He did not elucidate, of course. Typical.)

Piqued, I assured him I wouldn't "couldn't" stay. (No offer of beer. No encouragement.) In fact my mind's eye recorded a picture of a diffident, slightly

more shabby, slightly pathetic middle-aged
standing with alarm clock in hand
to proceed with a lonely ritual
in broad daylight on a beautiful
spring day. A tiny wave of disgust
passed through me.

I began to explain, and then,
excitedly told him about the vaca-
tion business — expecting, (I realized
afterwards,) an equal excitement
& a happy response full of glow-
ing ideas and anticipation.

There was a happy little spark
in his eye — (maybe at seeing me?
~~I wondered~~) — and then the words —
the words without a bit of sparkle:

"I never take a vacation. I haven't
in years" — etc. etc., professing that
his boss did not give vacations too
generously etc.

It was like the slap of a wet
towel in my face. I felt a fool.
He rambled on and all the time
while he was excusing, evading, ex-
plaining, I kept thinking (he always
does this; he fights a new idea —
like mother — he always has to
have time to think about it and
then he often comes through —
wonderfully — if cautiously, tentantly.)

At one point he said - with a show of embarrassment - "I think I'll take a vacation this year" - his face glowing -

Delighted, encouraged I began to "work" on him as lightly & facetiously as I could, "With me as a companion" - etc.

Immediately he backed down, No. No. It was out of the question. He would lose out on money - I understood? of course? an explanation here & I was disgusted, I began to get a little mad.

"You're no fun!" I cried, still "joking", "I'll just have to find some one else to spend my vacation with" - etc.

This didn't seem to bother him at all. He remained adamant. Whatever loophole there had been now seemed to disappear. Feeling very foolish now - I began to apologize - and try to un-say what I'd said and prepare to go.

He only smiled and placated me. No attempt to keep me or invitations or commitments for later.

I felt so depressed about

it all that I succumbed and tried to call him later, to pretend a necessity of ~~knowing~~ ^{knowing to know} for sure — to make my vacation plans — ~~without~~ him? A last try.

He wasn't there. I slammed up the phone. Mad. Disgusted.

What a stuffy, un-fun, tedious sort of person! I can't marry a man like this! Not one who'll never take a vacation; who, solvent as he is, thinks only of more money; another Nick — a work escapist!

Phooey!

* * *

Later: I got involved in necessary, & boring, & troublesome family business and didn't get another chance to phone L. Nor did he phone me.

Always, he waits for me to phone, even when I ask him to call just to chat it seems.

I feel resigned and blue. Nothing to look forward to, really. He is such hard work! It doesn't seem worth the effort tonight,

Still disgusted

Wed- March 3 - 1963

I am still depressed. It is a dark, rainy day, too.

Aside from my other problems - which don't pertain here - I am still depressed about L and the vacation reaction.

For no amount of "coming through" now will change the basic fact. The neurosis is there. Nothing will change that!

I am trying to think how I can tell L - for I must tell him. I want a truthful relationship - if possible.

I always have to be careful not to use psychological lingo - it scares people off - makes them defensive, I find.

I could say, "I am depressed." [Why?] "Oh, everything - and then your reaction to my vacation suggestion depressed me -" [Why?]

"Because I am afraid of a man who can't (won't?) take vacations -" [Why?] (Now, what would I say - ?!)

"You are very smart about these things - I think you can figure that out for yourself -"

What drudgery to be tied to a man
who has the means for joyous vacations
& won't! What boredom to be
tied to one who doesn't know how
to have fun! Who can't do anything
impulsively—with feeling. Who is
nigh to retirement age to boot.
He'd be one of those fretful, hypochond-
rial retired men — [ugh!]

April
Sat - ~~March~~ 6, 1963

Company comes back
its response to brush-off
its two emotional spots
But ^{from} Joan ^{+ incidents} Use new technique on L
testing

I wrote this morning without compulsion, without emotion, without need — merely to record & ponder a couple little observations.

It is odd, too. For I am free to write as long as I please this morning. And there is no need to! Life is strange.

Witness: I was upset & disappointed when my sister & my daughter had car trouble and had to come back after I encouraged them last two weeks with them. I was looking forward to a spell of peace and quiet, a chance to re-read my notes on my L relationships and "straighten" things out. To consolidate.

But I have learned that there is often good in every situation even when we think it isn't what we want. And so it has been in this case.

They were gone just long enough for me to re-read a little. And, by the time they came back I was able to see certain "needs" in the present situation and "exploit" them.

One is that my sister + I have re-established an original "rapport" between us this second time around - and I found an outlet for certain emotional needs of my own that have gone wanting. This does not pertain to this record, so I shall not dwell on it.

But one thing that does is that I found she fulfilled my need for "something else to do" to distract ^{from} my obsession with h, to interest me enough + keep me "busy" enough to treat him with a certain detachment that has been needed lately.

("I am "busy"; too; go your way; I'll see you later.") — It works like a charm! Immediately, he begins to "pursue" me; not be so "busy"; lose interest in his "busyness"; think up definite things for us to do! I sensed this was needed, but didn't have the opportunity to carry it out realistically. So this has been good.)

But this is not what I set out to ponder! There were two things this week: I hit a

2 April 6
as evidences of
emotion in L.

"hot spot" in L and a "silent" spot". Both were ~~emotionally~~ significant to me. In both I sensed a psychological danger points in L — at least as far as future adjustment with him goes.

The first was his reaction to my report on the progress of Lois' romance. I told him that Bert had been accused of "deceiving" Lois; of maybe "stepping out" on her — and that Lois had rejected it on the grounds that Bert (apparently) spends all his time with her.

I expected him to agree — to go along with Lois' and my conviction that love, real love, had "changed" the man and his habits; that a new ability for "trust" and "faith" and "loyalty" had grown with the growth of a new depth of love capacity.

But no! His reaction was a shock to me! He completely bypassed this concept and came up with the declaration, in effect, that it was probably true — that "apparent" fidelity meant nothing — that it would not stand legally — that, after all, Bert had

opportunity to deceive Lois during the day due to the nature of his business & the fact that Lois was tied down days on her job? whereas he, Leonard, was not suspect because I knew where he was! — "didn't ~~I~~? didn't I?" he queried, challengingly.

He dwelt a great deal on the legal aspect of the accusation, claiming, at my challenging his reaction, that he was only thinking the thing through reasonably.

This I ignored, for it was all too apparent that his reaction was deeply emotional: it obviously had touched some "hot spot" in him. Noting this, I "let it go", for future pondering and ~~testing~~ maybe testing. His grimness when I did so only collaborated my suspicion. There was no lightness, no humor, no objectivity in his release of the subject.

Within the next day or so I had an opportunity — when he was in a "good" mood — to gingerly "test" the subject again. Again I got the same hot reaction. This was enough and I set it aside again.

April
March

Now: My hypothesis was this: his emotions were involved — either present, past, or maybe future? It hit something from his past?; or something in his feeling toward Lois? (there was a surprising lack of fostering Lois' "happiness" with Bert); "Don't you want Bert to marry Lois?" I asked — and away he went on the legal proof of fidelity again — arousing again my old suspicions of his personal interest in Lois — not quite dead yet?

"Where does faith & trust come into it?" I asked, since this was a recent conflict of our own. "That's just where it does come in!" he replied hotly. !!)

Or — I thought — the third possibility — that his reaction applied to something in the present situation — something in our relationship? A guilty conscience? After all, circumstances (my company) had made it such that he had been pursuing his own way for over a week alone — without me — without any knowledge on my part as to what he was really doing with his time.)

Why this surprising "hot" reaction? — doubly tested? — rejected

as to something from his past when I asked him? Why did a picture of apparent fidelity that could not be legally proved produce such a soaring display of emotion in him? ("You know where I am! You know what I do! You have only to ask these people here — (the Glee Club) — and they'll tell you!" he cried, defiantly.) Hmmm! He did not reassure me — as he evidently meant to do; he only aroused my suspicions, and I record it here for future reference. Perhaps it was only and evidence of mental infidelity — a ~~recent~~ conflict brought on by his recent trying to "be good" "for my sake"; a wish, a habit to be otherwise and a great uncomfortableness in his new role? — a blasting out at Bert therefore — an identification a revenge at Bert? I don't know. I only know it bears watching.

The second thing: ^{still on the subject of} a persistent tendency toward infidelity — the "roving eye" — pertains to Joan, one of the ~~most~~ nubile

April
March 6-7

young things I exposed him to as recorded earlier.

I fought this one openly; using a new power I've found in being older, "wiser", more experienced. Perhaps my technique was wrong - we shall see.

I have noticed that since that night - L shows an unusual excitement, an unusual interest in Joan; an unusual pattern of setting up "reasons", "excuses" for contact with Joan - including me, through me, to be sure - but things that do not carry real necessity - "reasons" that he drops as soon as the Joan contact is completed.

And Joan is the same way. She has sudden, strange reasons lately to "cultivate" me; to mention L; to "check" on L's & my relationship; to "foster" our new ^{3-way} "friendship"; a sudden new interest in and desire for "an older man", all coupled with a false, manic show of "how wonderful for you, Lorna!"

I am not unaware of the eye-play that went on that evening, or the "unconscious" show of

excitement that both she + L show when I mentioned either to the other.

And it all makes me feel old + sad + cynical. For I know both of them well - and I know they wouldn't, couldn't adjust to each other at all after a period of time. I see, with that "radar eye" in me, a pathetic, ^{almost} tragic father-daughter need shining from both of them. And I think how sad if I were to be forsaken to that psychotic ~~that~~ unfulfillment in them.

So I fight it - desultorily - knowing the tragedy of life that what must be will be - no one can really stop it or avert it -

I "fought" it by slamming it right at Joan - right in her pretty, merry, deluded, immature little face - ("You and L have a "open" for each other, I note") - and got just the reaction I expected: a "shocked", "heavens No!", "how silly!", "denial", utterly belied by her happy, happy, on-top-of-the world.

April
Blanche 6 - (5)

reception of the news that L
"cares", he's "interested" in her.

And the inadvertent admission
that she plans a conquest of just
such an older man — "just for the
fun" of it — just because everyone
else wants him — she doesn't
really want him herself — just wants
to see if she can capture him —
(this applies to a man I could
well be interested in myself —
and I let L. know it later
when I related some of this to him
— carefully, maliciously "setting
my trap" for these two self-
deluded, immature, in sincere
tormenters with human emotions!)

Go to it, "kids"! Go to it! I
have found the best cure for
a false want is complete
freedom to satisfy that want!

And such is the technique
I used on this week's Friday
night dilemma with L. For
that is a third observation I
wish to make:

I "trapped" L on Friday
night as he has "trapped" me
all these months. I used the

opportunity that presented itself without actually realizing what I was doing. And it was only after I did it that I saw clearly (by having our positions reversed) what it is he has been doing to me all this time: what I was "fighting"; what I resented — without really knowing what it was.

For, I was able, by pressure of new circumstances to "Sew him up" in vagueness, doubt and non-committance about whether I'd see him this Friday night; "maybe I will, maybe I won't" when he began evading and see-sawing — and then — when I realized how it constitutes (as I suspected) a way of keeping a person "locked up" while and so you can do as you please — I didn't contact him or come through with my vague promise. I let him down, as he has let me down so many times!

I had him "Sewed up"! I spoiled his evening — his freedom — as he has spoiled mine so often.

April
March 6 - (6)

and I had unexpected collaboration in the gleeful comments of a couple witnesses.

Yet I can't say I enjoy it - or I'm glad. For I know only too well - (having suffered it so many times myself) - that he will be, cannot help but be - mad, very mad. And that it may well spoil the perfect week-end he has set up for us on the strength of my "Leave me alone; I'm busy" opportunity this past week.

It may only be an under-current during the week-end. It was nothing definite enough (herein lies the "Safety" of non-committment!) for either of us to throw openly at each other. But it will come out in little ways: Snide remarks, such things as his not calling me till later than we agreed today, a "Letting me sweat" technique; a sudden "change" in his plans; things like that.

I'll wager! I'll wager!

And what depresses me,

aside from the inevitable, but necessary and "good" rough spot of "adjustment" we'll have to go through, is the self-degrading feeling that I have fought fire with fire; neurosis with neurosis. I have borrowed his - (lesser) - technique; his "negative" adjustment pattern.

I wonder if I can "get on top" of it; use some positive approach? What would it be?

Apology comes first to my mind. My usual solution. But is this good? It has "worked". But, having used his technique I find myself with nothing to apologize for; I played it "too safe" !!

We'll see. We'll see what happens.

Later: 3 p.m.

His unexpected reaction

This is very interesting! My understanding was that he was going to call me ~~around~~ around 4 or 5. He just called — cheerful, gay, easy-to consolidate our date for tonight!

This is most unprecedented! Usually, on Saturday I am in the position of searching out and heckling a very reluctant, very "busy" man, who is fighting for "time to do things"!

Ha! "Leave 'em alone — and they'll come home —!"

Note: I can't help wondering if he called me last night — and no one answered — all evening — as I planned — He'll never tell me; I've "proved" that out. He feels "humiliated".

Planning climb to hill

Sunday morning — March 7, 1963

I haven't much time, for I must get ready to climb the hill with L. But I want to finish the story.

I was either very wrong in my surmises or else my thinking prepared me and averted

what I feared.

For every thing ~~was~~ just the opposite of what I predicted. Last night was absolutely perfect! Mood, activities, relationships — every thing! We went to dinner (\$4.00 steak!) a "nice" show, Glee Club with new, fun company & a nice session alone. Good, good, good!

★

★

★

Note: I didn't get time to finish.

Perhaps I can go back & get down a few thoughts sometime. (3 things: new slants on my worries above.)

Sunday, March 3, 1963

Have I mentioned that that I got on at Dwinell's for half days of work? That I work there in the mornings, with L in his office, alone with him, side by side, and then go to the Bon to work afternoons? This is what I mean when I say L and I are working together. I talked Don Dwinell into it. although L thinks HE got me the job. Don was very dubious, as I is notoriously a 'loner'. No one can work with him. He isn't used to having anyone around and he doesn't like it. This is a test. I am determined to make it work--to show them that L is not impossible to get along with.

this is what I meant when I said L and I have been seeing too much of each other, perhaps. It will take him awhile to get used to it. That is why I decided to leave him alone more. since we see each other every day, I'd better lay off the heavy dating for awhile.

Also I doesn't like my smoking (These damned capitals! For the amount of money this typewriter sure didn't last long!) he is barely tolerant of my smoking in the office.

So, this week end, to please him, I decided I would stop smoking. I had the right feeling. I really meant it.

monday, march 4, 1963

This morning I craved a cigarette. yet I didn't last night. why? why? I got to thinking:

I am not at all sure of my relationship with L, I found. we are not TOGETHER; we are not SHARING--going forward--as a TEAM. we are only marking time.

he promises me nothing; says nothing; shares no vital future plans; is only silent; uncommunicative--placating--amenable--going along--

note only that, but he is showing symptoms of the wandering eye again--hopes of new conquests--a tiny

vague boredom with me--

And that's it! I thought. I'm BORED! Nice as L is, accomodating as he is (and that is the word!)--as good a project as he is, there is no excitement, no challenge; nothing big or vital or deep or important.

It's all time killing--shallow, fenced in, no-future pursuits. Moment to moment, purposeless, self-indulgent, careful, cautious routine---

It isn't worth giving up smoking for! It isn't worth a long range effort! It isn't sure enough!

i lit a cigarette.

on my way to my Bon job i tried again to not smoke. i suddenly realized I wanted to smoke because I HATE that job! It's boring, dull, hopeless exploitation and drudgery.

I had an appointment with the manager and I was determined to make it a good old heart to heart talk. But my hopes were shattered. I got a rude brush-off. What is the use? It's hopeless.

i smoked.

Asad, hopeless obligato ran underneath all this thinking: I am not being MYSELF! All this is not true to ME! I am pretending--going along.

I sense a handwriting on the wall--I, too, am only placating--placaiting L for SUPERFICIAL benefits!

Monday evening

I am going through the throes of letting L alone for a few days. It is both circumstantial necessity and self-determined. Tonight i am surprised at my reactions:

Thursday, March 7, 1963

It's 2:30 a.m., but I'm mad! I'm madder than hell!

I suppose I have no reason to be, for L instigated and carried out a lovely evening for us last night. BUT, he would make no promises for tonight. He said it depended on how he felt. How HE felt, mind you!

And tonight he DIDN'T feel like doing anything. He was tired and sleepy, and so--he slept. But later he took me out to the Glee Club.

But what I'm mad about is this Friday night conflict again. I even fed him the words I'd like to hear him say about Friday nights. But he still begged out, still without explaining why.

He's stuffy! Just plain STUFFY! And I'm getting tired of it!

I finally succeeded in stopping smoking for a couple of days--to please him. (I'm dying for a smoke right now!) And, when I quit, I saw why I smoke. When I don't smoke I feel a great burgeoning of energy, energy that I can't expend in a town like Yakima that inhibits me so. And it frustrates me. Smoking burns up that excess energy; leaves me half-sick and listless.

I find myself when with Leonard holding in, careful, oh so careful--bored, cautious--cautious as hell; placating, placating; not telling him any more what I REALLY think and feel and want. For I have found we have differences, great basic differences. He and his friends I find so PROVINCIAL, so uneducated!

Anyway, tonight I am SURE, I am positive I could never marry L. If how he acts now is his TOP performance--the best he can do because he's "a-courtin", what a bore he will be when he lets down! As he would when married.

I can see clearly there would never be any gay, impulsive trips to the mountains; they would all be toward hunting areas, his well-worn rut.

Those gay dates he mentions will never materialize; he will have to "work". He is like Nick in that respect--he can never take a vacation; he "has" to work!

It is almost the end of the six months trial period I gave myself with L. And this is the way it is! I find myself screaming inwardly with inhibitions imposed on me by L----it is funds been n't made do it And yet last night I was thinking how well everything was going--and how wonderful it was!

Friday, March 8, 1968

It is midnight. I slept all evening!

I had another fight with L today. I started it. I know I did. After writing the above last night, I brooded on it all day, and it broke out in spite of me. I would say that, superficially, it was about this non-committing trait of his. I suppose the real problem actually lies deeper. I glimpse something ugly I cannot face.

I was brooding, as I say. I can no longer "rise above it" as I used to be able to do. Try as I might, I can no longer summon my psychology and my therapy rules any more; or that feeling of "loving detachment" and discovery of powers in getting along with people that I found just prior to knowing Nick and has sustained me until--until when? It was that feeling that got me started with L, but somewhere I lost it. It worries me, for it makes

everything very hard. Was it when my daughter got so unhappily married?

Anyway, today I felt very grim. I was full of anger at L. I had to keep reminding myself that there were only two little things that bothered me: his constant rejection of Friday night dates in spite of my repeated pleas that that was my best date night; and his consistent refusal to disclose his reasons for rejecting Fridays.

I wonder if it is his last stand against adjusting to MY schedules?

I hounded him about it today and we fought. I have been informed by him how he spends all his other nights, and what he told me was not what I feared or worried about. But Fridays he would not tell me about. Today he claimed that Fridays were his "catch up on work at home" nights.

So I concluded that the great mystery was simply another of his ritualistic schedulings he didn't want interfered with. And, since Friday night, to me, was "play" night, perhaps we just had been misunderstanding each other.

I have tried to explain to him repeatedly that I would like to readjust our date nights. MY home-work night had always been Sunday, what with the kids and school and all, and my working. I had given this up to him without too much of an issue. For he likes to "sit around" on Sunday nights. I have tried to wean him away from Sunday night dates to Friday night dates, since there are more people concerned on my side.

L likes dates on Saturday and Sunday nights; that is his longtime ritual. I need one week end night for the household chores I am too tired to do on Friday nights. Yet I want to see him two week end nights, too.

L claims that he has accomodated to me, and that's that.

I mentally reviewed it. At first L would only date me on an emergency basis; indefinite, sudden, widely scattered offers--always late at night; never before 9 p.m., usually as late as 11. And always for the same thing--beer and sex.

I found it very trying, having been immersed for years in a domestic routine devoid of any dates at all. Mamma had started stepping out! and it was hard for her to adjust to.

So I got L to agree to certain times: Tuesday, at first. Then he began going hunting and Tuesday was dropped and it became Saturday that was our date night, for he would only allow me one night a week.

With a deepening relationship and sketch class and growing social contacts we began seeing each other several ~~in~~^{consecutive} nights a week until we were neglecting our personal chores so that we ~~felt~~^{felt} harrassed and guilty and began to pick at each other.

So now it had become necessary to name a night we would ~~NOT~~ see each other, so we could catch up. And, because I was more overburdened with duties than a "loner" like he I felt he should concede to me--and Friday was my free night.

Now, I was beginning to see what I feared had happened: it was the set-in-his-ways bachelor versus the domestic working mother. Simple. Ha! But I kept pecking away at the problem, still hoping to solve it.

The other thing we fought about that had been bothering me was the shatbering remark he had made to me.

He told me he considers me "mean"! He's wondering if I'm MEAN!

This really hit me. For no one has ever accused me of THAT! Quite the contrary!

I could see what he might have meant, for I FEEL mean sometimes. But it was his lack of insight about what makes me feel mean that hurt.

I began to wonder if I had been called mean before. And I realized I had, a few times. I asked mother if she thought I were, and she agreed whole-heartedly that I did have a mean streak in me!

I tried to remember who else had called me mean and figure out why. I realized then that it was always the same kind of people who had accused me of this: it was people like my husband and mother, and now L, whom I had tried to "do good" to. People I had "taken under my wing", and babied and placated; people I was conscious of "spoiling"--until they began to lean on me too much and begin to use me and push me around until I felt so burdened I would become literally sick. And then I'd have to fight for air, for self-preservation--against being DOMINATED.

I would begin to try to fend them off a little, and then, invariably, they would get mad and turn on me, accusing me of being MEAN.

What makes me mean?

It feels to me this way: I feel a desperate, unhappy need, an obsession, sometimes to protect myself, perhaps over-protect myself against people who are hurting me, who are taking advantage of me. I feel I HAVE to fight back to preserve myself.

I am also trying to protect myself from my own tendencies to go along too far, to "spoil" people, to give in. More people have told me that I let people take advantage of me than have told me I'm mean!

50

I tend to be weak before domineering people. I really believe it is this very malleability in me, this weakness, that attracts aggressively frustrated people to me--the ones who are looking for someone to push around.

I let them push me around until the time comes, at last, when I have to fight back, and then they turn on me, angry at my sudden self-need, angry at their loss of a scapegoat and ego-support--at the loss of the "free ride" I have been foolish enough to give them.

~~while I kid myself I am "doing good" when I am in reality only playing the martyr---because I am afraid to play any other role!~~

And this is the very attitude that annoys me in ~~in~~ that martyr role. "How GOOD I am!" "See how I suffer!" "I never fight back!" "I'm never mean!" "I love everybody!" It is hypocritical! It is false! It is foolish! It lacks self-respect.

In Leonard, who acts like this, I see myself--and it disgusts me. (So I pick on him?)

The trouble with being TOO nice to people is that, in time, anything LESS becomes a "betrayal," and destroys the very thing it was meant to foster!

In short, quit SUFFERING! It's an ACT to get sympathy and attention. No one really enjoys a martyr!

March 9, 1963

It is Saturday morning and I am sitting in bed writing and smoking as is my habit of late. I am writing about my relationship with L, trying to figure it out.

I am brooding about our fight Friday. There was no date Friday night. I slept the evening away. What L did I don't know.

I had left him challenging him that if anybody offered me any fun this lovely Friday evening I'd take it! And then as I rounded a corner and had to stop for traffic a drunk tried to pick me up! (But I didn't take the offer!)

I had also made my first allusion to L about Nick and learning to enjoy life from Italians, and told him I hated stuffiness and inhibitions. And then I turned on the car radio and heard "Funiculi, Funicula" and "Dark Eyes" as if in answer to me.

It made me think of Nick, but he seemed remote and far away. Or had my heart hardened?

I felt that L and I came to a point of decision yesterday. At least I challenged him. It was a kind of showdown. It was I who instigated it. It was I who apologized for "getting too serious". It was I who said I'd return to the "light touch" with which I claimed to have started this affair.

What did L say? Only things that reinforced my suspicions that he wants to "have his cake and eat it, too"; to remain a loner and yet have an intimate relationship, too. In short, as I interpreted it, to use me, at his convenience.

Yet later I found I couldn't get in the mood of the "light touch" again--that "therapy" approach that worked so well at first. For I began to wonder if I am really being sincere with L? Am I being myself with him, or only pretending--playing a game?

I realized the approach I had used in the beginning with him had been only a false allurement, a man-catching trap, which I preferred to call "therapy".

I have been putting on an act. I have only pretended to like most of the things he likes. Underneath I have been bored and frustrated. I have not been true to myself. Therefore I could not possibly be true to L. This would not be the best thing for L's good. It would not be therapy at all. For it is false. I cannot continue in it, knowing this.

And L has been false, too. He, too, underneath has felt bored and frustrated. He feels a strain with me. That's why he fights so hard to get away when we've been too much together.

My impressions from our talk yesterday are this: L QUIBBLES with life. He FUSSES. He deludes himself with a picture of himself that is not realistic. And he resents my attempts to try to be more realistic; to admit our humanness.

What's wrong with fighting, being mean, knowing we are sometimes TOO nice to people for ulterior motives? I asked him. He resents the very thought. He rejects it. The very idea of such things in himself or other people horrifies him.

After I had talked to him and discovered these things in him, I felt yesterday that I just wanted to unload him. For about the fourth time I offered to quit.

And AGAIN he rejected this proposal, complicating things still further by using the very methods that made me want to break with him in the first place--more unrealisticness--more placating and evasion.

I didn't, this time, after I left him, feeling as mixed up as ever, feel the usual great desire to make up with him. Rather, I actually felt RELIEF, to my surprise. I felt only a sad regret and a desire to "let him down easy."

For we had fought and I had told him we might as well quit, and I assumed we were through. I felt FREE of him, and this interminable guessing game he taunts me with; this "jump for me" technique he tortures me with.

I felt free to go ahead and do what I have to do and be myself and not have to ~~today~~ to him; not have to pretend I'm enjoying all this increasing inhibiting ritualism that had replaced the fun we used to have.

I cannot go back to "therapy" now, I realized. For it wasn't therapy at all. It was only borrowed tricks to capture him. (And it worked! I "got" him!)

And now I'm sick and ashamed of myself, for I deluded him. Did I lure him only to reject him?

In order to do L any REAL good, he must see me as I am--smoking, drinking, mean, ~~martyr~~ish, impulsive, dissatisfied--all the things he dislikes in me. He must look at the REAL me---and make his choice. He can love the real me, or reject me and go on to pursue his daydream, his illusion--of a woman that has all the qualities he, Leonard Karr, dreamed up a long time ago.

Really, that is all we are doing anyway. L and I are sharing an illusion of love--a daydream of happiness and love neither of us ever had--or can ever hope to GET!

For L and I have proved that we are formed in ugly molds. I predict he won't be able to face it. He'll RUN!

It is L's lack of contributory purpose, of dedication that I fear--that bores me. His pattern of existence seems wasteful, self-destroying--LIFE destroying, time killing, without future, negative, self-consuming to me suddenly.

I admired L in the beginning for what he made of himself starting from scratch. But what is the purpose of a lifetime of hard work accumulating money and a reputation in his work that serves only one person, was created for only that one person, ends when that one person ends. All that work and sweat and suffering that merely becomes an end in itself--himself.

Sunday, March 17, 1963

I spent Sunday morning thinking some more about L and me. Our fight Friday had upset me and set me to some serious thinking.

I found I had a different attitude about him than I had had before our fight. Somehow this seemed rather fundamental, as if I were facing something. I had experiences this week that took me back to old times and old ways, and I found myself evaluating.

And L came out a loser. The old things stirred me as L does not. In comparison he seems shallow, false, ambivalent. By now I have seen what he has to offer, and it seems insufficient, purposeless, neurotic, self-centered, aimless, ambiguous--almost heartless.

He compensates terribly, and he has drawn me into his compensatory pursuits. And they don't fit me, I discover! They really don't fit me at all! I am beginning to suspect that I am using L as an escape from a temporarily trying situation.

And suddenly I don't want to see him. I am even beginning to doubt my need of L after this week's revealing events. The old life I got a taste of this week seems better, truer.

I feel I have been forced to face things this week; either I must go HIS way--or mine. And I seem to prefer mine. It seems more vital, more significant. Besides, it was so hard-won, I hate to give it up now!

I decided this morning that L must go MY way--or there will be an end between us. And then I found I didn't even feel sad about it. I felt a little frightened at the emotional involvements, but I could not see happiness with him--only misery. This is a strained relationship. It moves toward an inevitable testing, some inevitable major parting that will test its worth and truth.

This is all false pretenses, just another strain I

can't sustain.

I keep thinking of the song--"Run, Rabbit! Run, rabbit!
Run! Run! Run! Don't give [Lorna] her fun! fun! fun!"
I have a feeling I will run-----

I spent the afternoon and evening with L. We had planned certain things, I had thought, but they didn't work out. But we had a wonderful time together, and I felt blue and sad, as usual, on parting from him on Sunday night.

He made love to me, but, though he seemed satisfied, I was not. And I usually have been.

There was something wrong about today; something different. What was it?

First, the plans that, as I said, I thought we had, went awry. We did different things--and we did them HIS way! ~~And~~ I admit I enjoyed myself.

BUT, there was a difference in him today. I noticed that he had lost his great intent to please me. He seems newly able to leave me. He does not cling and stay and grasp, as he used to. That he leaves me alone, without him, no longer seems to bother him.

His love-making, heretofore, had been kind of ob-
sessed. It no longer is. He has always before,
seemed to be concentrating on an effort to please
ME. - Now he seems to do it more for his OWN pleasure,
according to his MOOD.

I miss the old way. Somehow he has lost a great deal of his appeal for me thereby. I do not know what this means. Perhaps it is usual.

Recently he has evidenced terribly excited, desperate attempts to get together again throughout the coming week as we part. True, we are working together at his office now. We are assured of seeing each other every day. And that is good, but it is different.

I am beginning to sense that he wearies of me at the office--that he would, almost, secretly like to call it all off and work alone again. It certainly seems that seeing me at the office is enough for him.

He no longer seems to want to see me other times. He seems satiated with me at the end of our work day. MY wishes for INTIMACY after our work stint do not seem to reach him at all. He refers to things we will do together, but they are always things he has done and intends to keep on doing and likes to do. It is only that he alludes to my, perhaps, being a COMPANION in these habits---later.

Yet, in spite of all this, it is GOOD; I enjoy it.

Monday, March 18, 1963

I took time this morning to make a few notes, for I find I am still fighting this thing.

No, L did not "satisfy" me sexually last night. (And he prides himself so on this skill!) Yes, L has "cooled off"/ Is it only that men do this? The pursuit, the "wooing" makes them try hard. Then, assured of success, they quit. And, suddenly, they cease to reach a woman's heart.

And I find myself tempted to warn him that I, too, am cooling off. For I have waited so long, it seems, for some hint of a desire to marry me. And it has not been forthcoming. And I am beginning to get discouraged. ^{So} And I find myself starting to make other ~~plans~~ for my future.

Something tells me that, by the time he gets around to telling me what I want to hear NOW, it will be much too late. And he will accuse me: "But why didn't you TELL me? You didn't TELL me what you had in mind!" (he will say this after he is very, VERY "safe"!)

If I presented this pitch now, what would he do? I am afraid I know. He would retreat. ("Run, rabbit!")

So, Let us face the reality of Leonard Karr. I am wasting a great deal of effort on this man-----only to teach him "tricks"----so he can get along a little better with SOMEONE ELSE?

I am torn because I have a purpose in keeping L in attendance right now. My other job, where I have worked on an ~~hoff~~ for years, is having their annual party in about another week. I have never gone to them because I never had either a husband or an escort. This year I have the possibility of an escort, who, at this time, seems very "acceptable".

Besides, the date of the party coincides with my (personally) set-up deadline about L--6 months, I said--six months I'll try him. I intend that L shall escort me to that party! I have to hold out until at least that long!

Later:

A few days later, the results of my battle with myself became apparent: I managed, although I thought I couldn't, to re-establish the "light touch", the "therapy" technique. I girded myself to "not CARING". I gave him gay little hints about what "I'd Like": "We're 'just having FUN'; passing the time--!" (You're damned well going to take me to that party no matter what I have to do!)

And, Lo and behold! IT WORKED!

Once again I found him attentive, clinging, yearning, tender, "thoughtful", And I found myself flirtatious and "popular".

With what result?

L began to act jealous and possessive again!

He even agreed to go to the Bon Marche party with me! (We HAD lasted at least THAT long!)

Everything was good. Everything was wonderful. I enjoyed myself and life and L to the hilt. I was sublimely happy and grateful that life had brought me this. I loved L wonderfully, happily, warmly, and he responded in kind. It was such a rare moment of happiness that I felt it wouldn't last. So I forced myself to tell L how happy I was and how much I loved him.

It was HARD to tell him. The moment was not right, and I had to force it on him. His reaction was a slap in the face; not at all what I expected.

I was glad, though, later, that I had said it when I had a chance, for the happiness lasted two days.

Friday, March 22, 1963

L came through with a Friday night date. He took me to the Glee Club. But I was bored. And L acted very provocatively.

Instead of sitting with me at our table as he usually did, he table-roamed, leaving me unconcernedly, to with talk to those lustful neurotics he chums with.

Then, when he did sit at the table, he began that overt masturbating that annoys me so. He has a persistent habit of fondling his genitals quite openly, in front of everyone---men OR women. I have twitted him about it and he has cut down on it some---(I have only to give him a look)---but, tonight, he began it again and kept it up.

Not only that, but tonight he openly showed me the results

he had produced, again right in front of everyone, laughing like a fool and leering at me. I was embarrassed.

The place was full of cheap, young pick-up women that Friday night. And L was openly lustng after all of them. His display was crude and vulgar. He hadn't been doing this so much lately, either, and I was not only humiliated, the "ignored date", but also suspicious; I hadn't been with him on Friday nights for quite awhile!

Then he professed he had to get home early, rejecting any desires of mine. I offered to go to his place and relieve that display of lust he had so proudly showed me. This, too, he rejected. Then he reneged, dropping his insistence that he had to get home and stayed----- and very obviously enjoyed himself.

Piqued now, I felt him out about this masturbating habit. He had heretofore seemed to be honestly trying to break the habit to please me. Now he explained to me very condescendingly that that display of lust had nothing whatsoever to do with ME; that it did not mean any desire for ME. It was simply his usual procedure and had been for years and years!"

This was a very crude blow, especially coming on top of our two very glorious days together this week, and all his queer actions tonight. It was the straw that broke the camel's back.

For I had other worries that had suddenly descended on me after this nice week. First, I had been laid off down at L's office today. It was a blow. Not only did I need the work and the money desparately, but it was an omen that our so hardwon attempt to work together was not going to work out.

I was beginning to have doubts, too, about my other dream for future security--marriage to L. I was beginning to "get the message"; there very likely was not going to BE any marriage from the way L talked

and acted lately. My Bon job was very shaky. I had forced work out of Dwinell's because all my other resources were exhausted. My kids would be leaving soon; the only source of income I would have would be what I could earn, or--slim possibility--marriage. It alarmed me very much to be laid off. I had noted L's increasing lack of enthusiasm about having me working there with him. Certainly he did nothing to ENCOURAGE it! I couldn't help but have a nagging thought that he might have, perhaps, subtly influenced their diminishing need for me.

For it was up to HIM to create work for me! HE was the one to tell the boss he NEEDED help. He had done it before--in the beginning. More and more recently I had noticed an increasing tendency in him to give me less and less to do; and more and more ~~menial~~ tasks; to mention more what I did wrong than pass on glowing compliments as he had done at first.

It was almost a kind of jealousy---something I had anticipated, and it worried me.

It worried me, too, that he was so blithely unconcerned about my reaction to the lay-off. He never mentioned it, or gave me a chance to mention it. In fact, he had begun, as he did tonight, to act as if he were "free" again---to "look around" and ignore me and concentrate on his OWN desires more.

L dropped his "courtin' mask" last night, and I was repelled at what I saw. As I watched him last night, earlier in the bosom of my family, and later at the Glee Club, I saw L with new objectivity.

I saw that he would do ANYTHING for self-enhancement; that he is OBSESSED, without knowing it, with selecting only those things from the environment that enforce his own twisted, shallow image of himself.

A need for ego-bolstering is all right, and forgiveable, but L seems to strive so hard toward such vain, PETTY things--things in which I have only a passing interest. And therein lies my boredom.

sure

This is the man I would be married to. I told L things this last week that made him sure of me. He reacted, not by with appreciation and increasing devotion, but just the opposite. All of a sudden this week he has begun to pull away, act "free".

I began to glimpse that, as a husband, once he was SURE of a woman, had her "sewed up" he would revert back to old habits, old pursuits-----and I DO mean PUBSUITS---literally!

I began to worry. I began to fear.

Saturday, March 23, 1963

So the pendulum has swung back. I am taking L to the Bon Marche party tonight. But the fun is gone. I had looked forward to this for months---for years even-- the time when I could show up at one of those parties with a good-looking eligible man on my arm!

And I was laid off at Dwinell's. There will be no more SURE days together with L to look forward to. We will be going back to the old nagging, eliciting, hounding attempts to keep in contact with him--to make him keep in contact with me-----

And there are a lot of new, unwanted family obligations settling down on me-----

Even the weather, which was so gorgeously spring this last week, has turned into a gray, nasty rain outside.

I am irritable and anxious.

I must remember not to take it out on L-----

Week end of March 23/24, 1963

I took L to the Bon party.

It didn't go TOO well; we left early, but it was all right. These big, corporation parties are dumb, anyway forcing people together who should never be together. I struggled with L all evening, for he was a misfit---except with Joan Whitehill, whom we had partied with and he "sucked" around her. He was difficult on the drink bit; it was embarrassing to be held to beer when everyone else was buying hard liquor and buying each other drinks. XXXXXXXXXX L simply "isn't there" when the rounds are bought. Also, it was "cliquish". I was hard ppt to find drinking chums, eating chums, dancing chums. L spent more time dancing with Joan than he did with me. I had to elicit a dance with him.

He suggested we leave early and I left with a sigh of relief; those people don't mean that much to me. We forgot it was Saturday and our favorite taverns were closed by the time we got back to town. I don't remember what we did---probably went to his place and drank some of his beer.

The next day---Sunday---L asked me to go up on a hill with him. He needed, he said, some help on measuring for a mysterious new sign Dwinells were dickering for.

I went because it could have been fun. But, knowing L by now, I was afraid it wouldn't be---and it was and it wasn't. I knew he would treat me as if I were a man or a squaw---and he did. I climbed hills and impatiently carried out his dictatorial orders: I held tapes and moved an inch this way and an inch that way as per LK. But, when he was finally through with his self-imposed, unnecessary task he relaxed a little and we climbed to the summit of the hill and excitedly talked about the possibilities. He even, almsot, took me into his oonfidence on what was brewing.

The best momemnt of all---the most romantic moment---was when I wheeled around at one point and saw him sneaking a movie of me. I knew he had color film in the camera, and I knew he was tight as hell with his money, so I was flattered. (L wants ME in his record

of conquests!}-even though I looked like hell, having dressed for RUGGED chores, after my lesson of goose hunting with him.)

I got ver excited being up on that hill, looking down on the valley. It made me want to make love--with abandon. But I knew L tooke his job over-seriously, --that whatever mysterious reason he had for doing this job was strictly self-imposed; no one had asked him to do it; it wasn't necessary; he only hoped to butter up the boss and self-enhance himself, but I kept my mouth shut and patiently waited, waited, waited. I thought that he would "kick off" once he was through. If we couldn't raise hell heere on this lonely hill (which was MYsecret hope)--we could after we got down.

But L didn't and wouldn't. I think I joshed him into a bit of apssion in his gruesome apartment afterwards, but it certainly wasn't what I'd had in mind.

Anyway, I took what there was and enjoyed it. I wrote afterwards that it was a GLORIOUS week-end---thought fraught with frictions.

My difficult sister from California was going to be here next week--indefinitely--as is her wont. I knew I couldn't mix L and her visit, so, when I left himXXXXXXXXX Saturday night after the party, I told him that I probably wouldn't see him again until Thursday, the night of our sketch class. I released him until then, whihc was something very new for me to do.

Hes reaction was a visible jolt. Although he did not fight it and seemed to accept it he said, "We'll see." And then he came upbwith this trumped up need to go up on the hill. When he said, "We'll see, " he had smiled in a way I called wryly.

By Sunday night, when I still had to stick to my plans NOT to see him, whibb was so very unusual between us, I was feeling sad at the prospects of not seeing him for three or four days, and hoped he'd insist on something anyway. He did not. He "accepted" it. He didn't do one thing to fight it or mitigate the situation. He apparently went along with whatever I said.

This disappointed me; I was disappointed in him. Family affairs weren't THAT great; I would rather have been with him. But he bowed out, and that was that; I was stuck with it.

I forgot to say: There was one thing when I discovered L taking a secret picture of me. It alarmed me, in a way. For I had gotten the impression when viewing his movies that he took pictures to keep a record of self-enhancing exploits----to show to the next new woman and "impress" her. When I saw him taking the picture, I thought ("oh, oh! I am going on the record!) And this augered ill to me, for it had a certain finality about it. Was he afraid he wouldn't have another chance? Was he planning on dumping me? Or was he afraid he was going to BE dumped? The SECRETIVENESS with which he did it was what alarmed me. If he wanted a picture of me---one we could both share later---why didn't he ASK me?

I was so upset by all this that I took time early Monday morning to jot down my thoughts.

I was sad that L accepted our parting---so like N used to---without a fight. His acceptance, his taking the picture and his trumped up excuse for a reason to take a picture---all rather pointed to his lack of faith in this thing, too. It was as if both of us saw "the handwriting on the wall"; that we had discovered there is too much difference between us, too much "water under the bridge".

It had been the same way with Nick. I had denied that, too. -But it had turned out as we feared--in parting. Like in this case, we were both ~~too smart~~^{to}; we saw it wouldn't work.

What is new in this instance is that I accept out vacation from each other: for these reasons: while my sister his here there will be too much prying into my affair; there has been too much friction between L and me lately; too much desperate trying; a preminition, a fatalism; too much carefulness; too much lack of future commitment.

I also feel right now a Sexual parasite quality to L. He takes. He collects. He gives only what is necessary. He withholds.

There is still too much interest in young, pretty girls. There isn't that unconcern with other prospects that one feels when one has found the "one and only".

He is still looking; still wondering; still doubting if the one he has on his arm is she.

He has procrastinated too long. He has allowed me to lose interest. He has offered too little. He has played it too carefully, too cautiously, too fearfully.

Besides the man I could love would have laughed at himself up on that hill yesterday.

Yet----although I thought it would be a relief to be away from him for awhile--all those restrictions on me: the no smoking; no hard liquor; the naps, the rituals and the routines; the differences in tastes in music and friends and concepts of life--I find that I shall miss him!

I thought it would be nice to be able to do things my way for a change--to get some things done that needed doing. Now I find myself thinking that all that friction just added spice and interest!

Oh nuts! I don't want to live L's way, but I don't want to live WITHOUT him! He is so close to what I want. And time is so short. And further opportunities so lacking!

Monday, March 25, 1963

The next day would be the first one that I would not be hurrying from the Bon Marche over to work in the afternoon with L for quite awhile. I would not be seeing or hearing from him again until Thursday night, which was art class. Meantime I expected to be busy with my company and so on.

It was a beautiful day, and I felt rather a relief at being able to go home at noon instead of hurrying around to eat and being so terribly tired at 5 o'clock, when I got through at Dwinell's.

Besides there had been such a resurgence of Italian songs lately. They brought back memories of Nick, and I would have a chance to think about that and what it meant to me now.

But when the time came NOT to go over to join L, it got me right in the pit of the stomach. It got me very badly. It overrode all the other compensations I had looked forward to. I had no idea I was going to miss him so terribly.

Besides there were some nasty, new personal problems that had arisen today; things I feared and dreaded. I wanted comforting--even just L's presence.

But I went on home to spend the afternoon alone, for L will not be missing ME; I realized, gloomily. He will not even be giving me a thought; he will be too "busy"!

At home I began to rest up and revive. More encouraging thoughts occurred to me. Maybe L took that picture of me yesterday, because he was PROUD of me?

It was a record of another one of his ACHIEVEMENTS; something more in his collection to show and brag about? I felt better, a little more encouraged. I was always looking on the dark side of things, I realized when I re-read what I had written.

And Nick--. Thinking about Nick, I remembered this same situation had come up when I was having that affair with Nick--my sister and brother-in-law had made one of their unexpected, long-enduring visits up, and I had had to shoo Nick off.

And he, too, had reacted just about as L did. He had been so agreeable and nice about it at first. And I hadn't expected this; I had expected him to be mad, so that it had hurt a little, too, just like with L.

I had expected him, too, to be upset at the prospects of not being able to see me for days at a time, and create a little scene and fight it a little. And he hadn't. Instead, just like L, he had been very nice about it, so much so that one sensed that he was almost RELIEVED!

So that the expected effect of a lover unhappy at being deprived of me was negated, and all the joys of having acquired the upper hand, for once, fled.

But then, too, there was the first unexpected relief on MY part. I, too, felt relief at a respite, so that one forgave them, understanding a little more, and accepted the separation and looked forward to the reunion.

Then, again, the sudden switch, throwing one into turmoil again after everything was "settled". Nick, too, like L, had, after a day or two, begun to get clinging, then sad, then pathetic and lonely, and then cross and bitter.

And I began to wonder if it weren't the same in this new case? Was it that a vacation from each other to AVOID dangerous developments could be dangerous in itself?

But these two thoughts were reassuring. I almost convinced myself that I had misunderstood L's reactions; that they were more indicative of LOVE, perhaps, than I'd realized. And I began to yearn for him and miss him more and more.

And, as the day and evening wore on, and I brooded over my troubles, the need for a confidante and a reassuring shoulder began to obsess me and I longed to call L and talk to him--at least just TALK---

Yet, I was afraid. He had conditioned me to "not bothering him" unless he desired to be. He claimed it was because he was so "busy", but I had learned that this was not necessarily true; he only FADED being busy--WHY I had still not quite determined.

I had also learned, to my sorrow, that calling him would be risky: I was beginning to stumble on things I didn't want to know and he was often angry with me. He didn't realize his "busyness" was false--just trumped up little-boy self-enhancement pursuits.

Well, if I could think of someway to butter him up, I could deflect his anger at being "interrupted". I needed him. I was lonesome for him and that nice feeling we had had this week-end.

I decided I would wait till late and then call him very lightly and casually and tell him nice things that had been said about him after the party.

But once I made up my mind, I couldn't wait. I convinced myself once again that it was ridiculous for a boy friend to insist he only had time for one way late in the evening.

So I called him. It was the usual thing. He wasn't in. Then I kept trying. For over an hour his phone was busy.

I was angry. I began to think angry thoughts: So! He was happy and busy! Relieved to get rid of me and back to all those private pusuits that he does not include me in on! No call to ME! Oh no! He was just dying to get back to those things he can't do with ME! I'm jealous!--and I'm damned sick of being "compartmentalized"--shut out of large areas of his life; not included, not introduced into certain groups he knows---!

I finally got him, but it was a disappointment. This was no LOVER! It was more like a friendly business call. He was pleasant enough, but there was no warm intimacy or any expressions of regrets at not seeing me or being able to see me soon. There was no hint of invitations or promises or plans. In fact, he was quite brusque and detached.

I was hurt. I had missed him so today!---Damn MEN! They are so IMPERSONAL!

I was very much surprised then, when he called me back later. He lauched, without preamble, into what sounded like a project we were going to share together lsómetime this week. I was encouraged. I had a glad suspicion that he WAS trying to keep in touch, after all--only, from his innate shyness, he had to do it in a masked way.

He talked on and on--in a rambling sort of way. I waited patiently to find out more specifically just what this was all about and just when it was going to be. I got more impatient as I found he wasn't giving me any clues at all.

I began to try to prod more facts out of him. This only irritated him. He had started out by asking me to help him on some project with "friends". I couldn't get out of him just what the project was or who the friends were. He made it sound all very mysterious, and he balked every time I asked him an outright

question, sounding, as I said, a little irritated at my "prying". ^{Yet} As he went on, it sounded less and less like something that involved ME. My long experience in the business world began to warn me; this thing was sounding more and more dubious; I began to recognize the symptoms--I was needed on some project Leonard was going to do but only for some phase that HIS talents didn't cover. I was going to be "USED".

"Will I get PAID?" I interrupted. "I need money. I can't afford to do things for free right now--".

"Oh yes! Oh, YES!--" In fact that was one of the very reasons he was getting me in on this! He KNEW I needed money, and this was a chance to MAKE some! (You get me thrown out of Dwinell's, and YOU can't buy me anything like other men do their girl friends, and you give me no hopes of SUPPORTING me, but I can WORK for some money--only you won't tell me WHO or WHAT it is! I thought.) I was getting a little angry.)

"Well, " he said, very pleased with himself, "I'm going out to see "these people" Saturday night---(Our DATE night!)--and then I'll let you know--". (THAT was a shock! He wasn't going to get to see me all week and now he had even made a date for our usual SATURDAY night that didn't include ME! He hadn't even CONSULTED me about it!)

Now he went on, hesitatingly. He was beginning to sound a little scared. Something warned me in his manner now. He sounded as if he were building up to something. There was a "please-don't-make-a-scene" tone appearing.

"Ummmm---by the way----he had---a --a-DINNER ENGAGEMENT-Wednesday night!""

And again no explanation or elucidation. And again, when I pressed him, the mystery and refusal to explain further. And then the increasing irritation as I continued to press.

"Well?" I had said finally. (We had had no date for Wednesday night--)

I thought maybe he was going to start explaining that he had maybe hoped we had, or something. Instead, he went into an obstinate silence that I finally had to break, and then it got worse and worse. He only succeeded in making me feel that I was acting like his JAILER--that he couldn't do a damned thing without my getting mad about it----

I had difficult releasing him from the phone in a light-handed manner----

I was badly hurt. I had called him in all good faith and love, simply from missing him and needing him, and he had been brusque about it. But he HAD called back--and raised my hopes with this seeming attempt to keep us together, only to dash my hopes even more brutally by informing me he'd make TWO dates for the coming week that didn't include me, and he didn't consult me about and that further extended our separation. He had built up my hopes only to dash them worse than ever.

It was such an unhappy conversation that I called him back, in hopes of working out some better understanding. He answered and I worked on him at length. But it was no use. He simply would not give out with whatever it was that I sensed strongly was bothering him.

I hung up still puzzled, confused and hurt. What was he trying to do? Was he tired of me? Mad at me? If so, at what? Surely he understood why I was piqued? Why hadn't he met my challenge to suggest some kind of date in these three days?

I was so piqued I had ended up by making a nasty crack about his having "a nice vacation from me. Now he could go "BUNNY" chasing!"

I was so upset I couldn't stand it. And now I could not call him back; the kids were home. (But I could go over to mother's and call him from there!) She wasn't home. I dashed over, sure he would be gone by now.

But he wasn't.

I was tense and upset--and so was he. But I tried to smooth things over. I told him I was difficult because I had troubles, new troubles, and I apologized. I told him I missed him and I wanted him. And I tried to be frank with him and get him to reveal his REAL motives.

But he only got franker and nastier. And he began to accuse me of CRITIZING him until he had been FORCED to tell me of very important, very secret, very necessary pursuits of his that "had suddenly piled up--AND WERE REALLY NONE OF MY BUSINESS!"

I had hoped, by calling, to re-establish some reassurance and peace. I only hung up feeling that he was mad at me and I didn't know why.

For those pursuits are NOT important and necessary at all! They are only silly little projects that he dreams up to enhance his own idea of himself with his "importance", his "busyness". None of them are REQUIRED of him! None of them are VITAL things.

Besides they are not the least bit important to him when he is ENJOYING ME!

Besides, as I said, my business sense alerted me to the suspicion as he told me about this job he is involved in that LEONARD is being used. He is so gullible, so anxious to "shine" that people, I have noted, use him outrageously. It's very SECRECY warns me that it will not "bear the light of day!"

Tuesday, March 26, 1963

The next day I was still mad--at Leonard?

Or just at the fact there were no longer any EXCUSES to see him--

Except night class--and we were both getting bored with that--

EXCUSES? Why weren't there any REASONS for our seeing each other? What was the matter with us? Why did we pull away from each other? Why did L pull away from me?

Why did I think I'd enjoy a vacation from his queer-nesses---and then find I didn't? What did I want? And what had I done wrong? What were the differences between us that were causing the trouble?

I wanted to fight it out with L. And he "didn't want to 'fight'--just drift---?

It seemed to me that I just wanted someone to share my problems and my moods--ALL of them--as I wanted to share that person's. But L didn't seem to want that.

He acted as if he didn't want to be bothered; didn't want to be burdened. He seems quite happy to trump up "reasons" to be alone--to stay away from me.

Perhaps I had been getting too serious again.

Why was it that both of us seemed afraid to approach the other?--to commit ourselves to each other?--to marriage? Why did we seem to be so afraid of the differences between us?

L was an irresponsible man--the kind who wants to "have his cake and eat it, too". This had been my original judgment on him. One should leave him alone and let him go more. Perhaps I had been getting too serious about this.

Yet I couldn't find things to interest me enough to let him go when I should. Damn! I can't seem to compensate for his absences like he so happily compensates about mine, as evidenced in this last telephone conversation.

Yet, was L really so happy? Or was he just bluffing? Just kidding himself--as he is so prone to do? Was he just covering up his own disappointment in our failure to have reasons to see each other--by dreaming up "important" reasons why he "couldn't" see me?

Was he just covering up the fact that he seemed to be unable to sustain satisfactory reasons for our seeing each other?

Was he ~~hiding~~ from the fact that he refused to take the RESPONSIBILITY for reasons for us to see each other?

I kept thinking that the mere reason that we enjoyed each other and WANTED to see each other was enough. It didn't seem to be with him.

He was beginning to have doubts about me. Yet he wouldn't discuss them. It made me MAD!

I felt terribly pressured, and it made me do some heavy thinking. Without my realizing it at the time, the blow of Dwinell's laying me off forced me into major decisions. At the time everything seemed to revolve around my emotional embroilment with L; it seemed that it was he who held the answers to my dilemma--if he would only answer!

Not only would he never answer me, but he seemed to always complicate things more with his strange ambivalent actions. I no sooner decided I loved him and he'd be nice and everything was wonderful between us than he'd pull something like he had this week., and I'd hate him and we'd fight again.

I thought about his reaction to my trying to find out about this last job offer he made. How could he expect me to be meek and trusting about it when he hadn't been able to effect the job at

Dwinell's for me? Surely, if I had to make my own living, as he seemed to expect me to do, I had a right to know what kind of a job I was to do and for whom? Yet, when I pressured him, he snapped at me, "There are SOME things that I wouldn't even trust my wife or my mother with--some secret, private, BUSINESS things!"

What a nasty way to tell me he was trying to do me a favor!

I was sore beset. I HAD to provide for my kids and myself. The Bon job wasn't enough; Dwinells' was dwindling; I had exhausted every other possibility; I wouldn't tell me enough about this job to make it of any use to me, and I had proved beyond a doubt that I couldn't depend on HIM for any help--not even marriage, it seemed.

WHAT IN HELL WAS I GOING TO DO?

And I had this company coming; and I had to go without L for a week! And now, with all my troubles, he was even being nasty to me!

Tuesday, March 26, 1963

Tuesday was a terrible, terrible day! I had a showdown with the Bon Marche, and a showdown with L; and then he skipped out on his promise to call me.

I went to the management at the Bon this morning, determined to find out once and for all what my hopes with them were. They, too, had made promises to me. My hopes were blasted. "We haven't anything for you right now," they told me unctuously, "but we don't want to LOSE you!"

Well, THAT was out! Now I had to confront Mr. Karr. And he wasn't going to elude me, either!

I went straight over to his office, in spite of his perennial whining insistences that he "couldn't talk at work" and I made him talk to me, for I was horribly upset.

"This means I have to go to Seattle," I told him. "Everything for me here is exhausted." I was near tears. "I HAVE to have some answers---!" He was supposed to understand what I meant--what about US, what would this do US?

I knew the word "marriage" would only scare him off, so our long conversation was in double-talk. He told me, in effect, exactly what the Bon had told me, "I can't do anything for you right now, but I don't want to LOSE you!"

And he was rather nice about my upset state, though he tried, as usual to get me and my chatter out of the office. "I'll call you tonight," he said, and at my little face I made--"early."

My company came that afternoon and I was wanted over at my sister's. So I tried to call L, to tell him I'd call him when I got back, planning to come early, for talking to him was more important to me

than my family, I couldn't get him. I kept trying and trying, frantically. As usual, I didn't know what he meant by "early". I assumed early meant within the first two hours after he got home, but those passed and there was still no call from him and I still could not get him. So I went on. For once I would be the one "unavailable"!

I was obsessed with wanting to talk to him tonight, for I still hadn't elicited any definite answer out of him--not anything I could go ahead and make basic plans on.

I returned early, about ten, I think, and eventually he did call, never mentioning of course, whether he had tried to get me before or why he hadn't called or where he had been. If I had asked he would have said, Well, this IS early! So I didn't bother.

My distress evidently reached him for he agreed to a short session at the Glee Club. There, I was discouraged when he "barricaded" himself, as usual by letting Jim join us. I had wanted a private talk, and he knew it.

But it turned out all right. For Jim was a help to me, dropping remarks that let me handle my questions to L in a light-handed manner. I was able to make L aware of my need via Jim, something I could not have effected with L alone. Jim, a more understanding, more humane person, made L have to put on a solicitous front.

The result was that I had L eating out of my hand and attentive as he had never been before. He was even DEEPLY concerned and promising. He "promised" to make up his mind, and throughout the evening there were more public displays of love gestures between us than ever before. And they were more significant than our most passionate moments.

It made me feel warm and grateful the next day when I thought of them. And of how L bent his head toward my shoulder as he made this promise to me after we were out at the car. And his goodnight kiss had more feeling to it than any I'd ever had from him. Everything's all right! "Va bene!"

Wednesday, March 27, 1963

Wednesday I did not see L, of course. It was the night of his "dinner engagement" and I was involved with my family company. I rather had my suspicions of where he was going for dinner, and I saw him headed that way that night.

And it made me start to imagine his evening. Doing so, I happened upon inexplicable discrepancies. When I correlated them with certain other things, I began to wonder IF L IS COMPLETELY HONEST?

I had tried to suppress my doubts that had arisen this week and "trust" and "have faith" as he begged me to do. But, try as I might, I could not help realizing that this "right to secrecy" was neither normal or necessary. It is a dangerous premise. For a man who could not confide in his wife, could not share his secrets with her, could cause a woman a great deal of grief.

For the first time, someone who does not know L, had said to me the other night, when I was hinting at marrying L and implying that six months was a long enough test period, "Oh, I'd be careful, if I were you---". And I realized that, if I had heard of a circumstance like this, I would have thought the same thing. I would have thought that any woman who married a man with L's superficial traits after only six months without investigating him was asking for trouble.

And it made me review what I actually knew about L. I began to realize that I have no actual proof that L makes as much money as I assume he does; that he has made many uncalled attempts to cover up and be secretive about his salary. All I actually know is by hearsay and implication--HIS, I realized.

And my observations of discrepancies in things he tells me correlated with his undeniable craving

for self-enhancement made me realize that the combination

makes him capable of LYING AND CHEATING.

I looked ahead a little and imagined how these traits would stand out more after the love glow, the attempt to please is gone--as it will go--someday. And I felt premonitions. Lack of sharing is forgiveable, but SECRECY is something else again.

In fact I became so unhappy thinking these thoughts that I could not face going home to be alone and I went out to Lillian's for a while.

H

How shall I treat him tonight when we go to art class? I am afraid; afraid he will try to pull more evasions for the week end, and this will be bad, for I can't summon the attitude he wants me to take.

I had confided my troubles to Lillian; my dilemma. She is very perceptive. She looked away for a moment, thinking. Then she said, "Why don't you just go on to Seattle?--That would make L decide."

This hadn't occurred to me. And somehow I didn't like the answer. I was disappointed. I had an odd feeling that Lillian was withholding; wasn't being quite frank with me.

(I have no notes for that night. Evidently it was all right. We must have talked. For I remarked that the next two days were wonderful--that my daughter remarked Friday that I seemed to be on "Cloud 9"!)

L surprised me. When I presented again my dilemma about going to Seattle, he, like Lillian, said, "GO to Seattle! I'll go, too!"

I was very surprised. And, at the time, delighted. Of course! What a brilliant, "generous" solution!

Yet, something bothered me about it--the time element--that would be a year or more yet; I was looking for an IMMEDIATE way out of my dilemma.

"Oh," I said, "then you want to wait out my kids--?"

A pause before he answered, which made me suffer pangs of disappointment.

"Isn't that what you want?" he asked.

I thought. I made a hurried recapitulation. Yes. Yes. That is the way it had to be. That is what I'd said--what I'd decided--the "wisest" thing--but it was a blow. "Yes," I said, "Yes." (I would vacate this tomorrow.)

Nothing else was said. There was no scene; no histrionics. We went on with our evening. But there was a new peace between us. It was settled. We agreed.

Infact, from that moment there was a change in our relationship; a new level had been reached. L had "chosen"; I had chosen. We were no longer sparring. Things were "settled" without any proposal, without nay mention of marriage. We both knew that's where we were heading--in time--when things worked out. Peace descended. I stood tall and free at last.

It was the next day my daughter made her remark. It surprised me for I didn't feel ELATION; I felt RELEASE. No more need to worry and fret. L committed himself to standing by me indefinitely.

Whereas I thought I had had to decide either/or L, I now had both! L had come through with more than I expected. He would go my way, hand in hand. This I had not dared to dream of!

Between us now there was a great peace, a wonderful togetherness. There was even a weathering of an ugly little testing event with the new understanding and faith in each other we had acquired.

This lasted two days, for L changed his dating pattern and took me out Friday, too. This tickled me, for it seemed that L's being sure of me was as if a light had been turned on in a dark, murky place. What I had thought would take years had happened in the space of a few days; reassurance had wrought a little miracle in L--he was now easily and surely himself; he had ceased "knocking himself out".

I tried to intimate this to him, but, as I suspected, he didn't comprehend it at all.

L said, "I can't do anything for you now, but I don't want to lose you." I had been pleased, pondering it and convincing myself that it was true; he was only a victim of circumstances, too. There wasn't much he COULD offer right now, as long as I had the kids around. "I promise I'll try to decide," he had said.

And I had blurted out, "Well, THAT'S a weak answer if I ever saw one!", not knowing what I meant or what had prompted it at the time.

"I get the message," I had also said to one of his meandering answers, and began to sing from the song, "It was great fun, but it was just--one of those things!"

"No! No!" he said, "It isn't like that at all!"

But it was. For--

Saturday morning

I lay in bed and wrote to catch up with my week. It was my figuring out time.

All of a sudden it dawned on me, sad as it was; L did not say "yes" as I had thought; L said "No"!

He had said No. I CANNOT. I WILL not. It will not be. Yet, tragically, he doesn't know he said it. He doesn't know that he chose to continue the way he has always gone--alone. Living for himself alone, and adding himself.

For I saw very clearly, suddenly, that his solution was only a WISHFUL solution, a very unrealistic solution, the solution of a man who does not know himself, does not face the truth of himself--and WILL not! The old story: Do not deprive me of my neurosis! I need it! I like it!

That was why I exclaimed that it was a weak answer. For it was. And typical. It was safe, overcautious.

It allows him infinite time to have his cake and eat it, too, which is his creed, his way of life.

I'm afraid that I may lose this thought consciously, but that it will stay in my subconscious, motivating me next year, without my realizing it.

First of all, I realized that I still did not really say anything about MARRIAGE. He left only the assumption, the implication, the possibility, as he has done all along. The safe way, the cautious way, the uncommitted way, the escape way, the loophole, the way out, the irresponsible way; the let-fate-decide way.

And it will! For, when there is no purpose, no goal, there will be no motivation, no accomplishment.

For he will NOT marry. He will NOT pull up stakes and leave Yakima. Not now. Not at the age of 50. Not when he has already turned down two or three offers to leave Yakima. He will not leave his hunting.

In short, he knows not himself or his "level of achievement"; his rut he cannot get out of.

It is even possible, though, I realized, that He may go and I stay in Yakima, trapped in MY "level of achievement"!

It was these unformed thoughts that made me tell him I got the message. His words fed it to me.

It IS "just one of those things"! L is only kidding himself. This is what L told me in effect:

"Go. Go your way. Continue as you intended. Don't change your plans, your life for me, because I may not come through. Don't make me responsible for changing your life.

I am not really that interested; that motivated. I shall continue as I have--(though I don't know it.) It is easier, familiar, safe. I have chosen long before I ever met you. I won't change.

For I still, you note, have not offered you any financial support, either now or any promise of any. I have told you (subtly) to keep on working. Support YOURSELF! Don't expect me to.

I still, you note, have not offered you marriage, either now, or if, or when we ever get to Seattle. I didn't say marriage. I only said, "I'LL go, too."

I have not offered, you note, to share the burdens of your children with you. In fact, I plan to sit that one out very safely--two or three years, if necessary.

Infact, my real intention is not one whit different than it ever was. I know that by the time a year is over, if you plan toward leaving, we will have drifted apart, and I won't HAVE to go!

For, by placating you with future "promises" I can free myself of you now, and, being free, I can intensify our differences, because I can WORK. I can be more that person you don't like; the one you reject. I can be more ME. And you will be more YOU, planning ahead to leave.

And so I have really offered you nothing--except a companion for longer than you'd hoped for. THIS is your gain--this alone!"

And I find I am only presented with a new dilemma, really. L was not SUPPOSED to go to Seattle WITH me. The Seattle move would constitute a rejection of him; a new life; a new man. My dilemma was to adjust to Yakima AND L vs. leaving Yakima AND L. For they represent two different ways of life; they would not mix.

L's answer was only a dog-in-the-manger answer.

We actually chose long ago, when we met. We are only kidding ourselves. We pretend this is it; that we are happy.

Real happiness lies in being OURSELVES: I neurotic, lonely, deluded in Yakima; I seeking forever for self-fulfillment, in SOME setting.

I have worked myself up into such a state of mistrust and dread that I almost wish something would happen to keep me from marrying this man and later regretting it.

Why can't I accept the fact that L was offering me all he could offer me--to go with me?

L has promised me a fabulous date tonight: this is to be our "night of nights". Now I almost dread it!

Sunday, March 31, 1963

L SAID, " I LOVE YOU" TONIGHT!

And only last night I had reconciled myself to the fact that he never would!

Actually, he said."I love you, too" in response to MY declaration to him--but I'm not quibbling.

For this is the man who has been inarticulate; he has never been able to say "I love you". He claims he has never been able to say it to anyone. Certainly he has been tongue-tied up to now with me!

Strange how unexciting and commonplace it sounded after allt this wait. But, as I've been telling L, the first time is the hardest; after that it will be easier to say it.

The next day I had a strange reaction to L's decar-
ation. It was not what I had anticipated. I had expected to feel a kind of glorg. Instead, though I feel peaceful and secure and pleased, there is something strange--a missing element that was there before.

Trying to account for it, I find a certain element of FUN is gone. There is a certain careless, irresponsible fun to having a man dangling.

But when someone says "I love you", they present you with the BURDEN of their love. Now one has a responsibility bot to hurt this person. One has to be careful, One has a heart in one's hands! Before they were "unhurtabæ".

Now I understand why it took L so long to say it; why he accepted my love so reluctantly; why he now seems completely melted toward me, seeking and clinging and confidential as he never has been before. He has entrusted himself to me! I appreciate now the MAGNITUDE of his gift!

April 2 - 1962
3?

? The responsibility
in of saying
"I love you"

A couple observations to make:

1 - The odd reaction I am getting from L's having said, "I love you" (too): It is not what I expected. I expected a kind of glory. Instead, tho I feel peaceful & secure and pleased, there is a strange missing element that was there before.

Trying to account for it, I find a certain element of fun is gone. There is a certain fun to having a man "dangling" — I can "do" as I please — who cares? — No future to it — enjoy it, enjoy the moment — (or something.)

BUT, when someone says "I love you" — they present you with the burden of their love! Now, you have a responsibility not to hurt this person! Before they were "in-hurtable"; now they are "hurtable"! One has to be careful. One has a heart in one's hands!

This I never realized before — and I see now why L. took so long to be able to say it. And I see what I did to him by telling him — when I thought I was giving as I have

him a gift! Why he accepted it "reluctantly". I had a glimmer of this before. Now I see it.

And I see the magnitude of his gift to me by saying it at last. And why now he seems suddenly completely "melted" toward me; seeking & clinging and "telling" as he has never been before!

What one says, in effect, is that "I have put my happiness in your hands; I no longer am taking care of my own happiness. Therefore, what was merely "fun"; a "game" (an irresponsible toying) has become a serious thing, for it involves my very being. Therefore what you do and how you treat me has become terribly important to me; I have become a part of you, and vice versa. Therefore I am newly interested in what you do, how you do it, what it signifies — for me."

Herein lies the "act of faith", the trust, that is inherent in every declaration of love for another. What I learned with N. - L is now learning with me — the giving of one's self!

What a Giant Step it is for him! And I am awed — and humble!

family troubles
reactions
to marriage
mention

Monday - April 9, 1963

In the meantime - many new worries & conflicts - many & most of them revolving around my daughter (yet!) and/or money.

The conflict comes in having L in the picture: I don't know if it's good or bad that he came into the picture "too soon". Surely, it tests him - and me! And, perhaps, the time it takes is just as well, for he would take such a long time to "capture" anyway.

As it is, we are "moving into" marriage (?) I don't know. I don't know. He surely doesn't give the impression of holding any marriage thoughts - except, maybe, an inadvertent reference he makes - like yesterday - "You need a husband that - etc" - (a "joke")

And - my "drunken" brave ^{joking} remark about "every body's getting married - guess we're next" - do you want to get married, Leonard? and the odd, puzzled, appealing look in his eye vs momentarily, before he realized I was "joking"

I should - - - - - to

note good and bad observations,
instead of the ones that upset
me - the bad ones, I suppose.

Interruption here (again!)
which changes what I was
going to write - but still is
an important (?) observation:
It pertained to my conflict
about wanting to ask D's
help and knowing it would be
wiser not to involve him. It
pointed out his negativism(?)
toward involvement in group
activities - his lack of ex-
perience, & that's reluctance - his
lone-ness again. I must wait
it out. I must wait it out!

This is an opportunity (if
that) for just we two; he does
not want my whole family!

And I find it hard to
carry out my recent observation;
Leave him alone! Go my way -
alone - hard as it is. Do not
involve him - else I "lose" him.

All this against the doubt
of whether I want him; whether
he'll last.

Nice as the week-end
was, I could not ignore the
See next to next page

April 8 - 1963

Smart
Pattern

~~The best~~

Forbearance is the best a ~~person~~ person can do who hasn't borne children!

Am wondering if L and I are bargaining secretly with each other?

He wants someone to attend to his needs; I want someone to ensure my needs.

We both want to be "free"; he by having someone independent; I by having someone secure.

Our pattern is thus now:

Friday - friction

Saturday - capitulation

Sunday - truce

Monday - resignation

Tuesday - need

Wednesday - endurance

Thursday - fulfillment

And then it starts over.

unresponsive
call

Hillair's
disapproval

evidence of future trials. Even L
was aware of them:

1-He is not romantic enough. (But
what sane, secure man is?)

* * Another interruption & I
find I have lost my thought &
don't much care now. New ones
have moved in. (Insert)

I did end up by burning my
note to him for fear I'd tie him
up so much that he'd "run" and
forcing myself to wait for further
developments. I was glad I did,
for I ended up calling him and
finding him amiable enough but
rather unresponsive. He doesn't
like Mondays, he said. (Neither do
I? I wonder if our reason is the
same — ?)

Well, I find myself unfired
about writing. It is late. My
sister & I have just returned
from visiting Hillair, which always
gives me a slight depression
about L - for she thinks I am
making a mistake — She
thinks I could "do better"; a widow;
She wants me to have a career;
go to the Big City. —

*Entered
here 3 weeks
ago*

Tuesday - April 9

Well, things are gradually working out - as they must. My Sister leaves tomorrow and I am very glad I withheld on approaching L about that problem!

And, strangely, now I rather hate to have her leave for she filled in the empty places when I can't see L. and gave me reasons to be "busy" as I noted. I find I rather dread facing again the long weeks of waiting, trying, arranging, pressing at L for "reasons" to be together - this "trumping up" of contact reasons all the time.

Can it be that I am still not secure about him? I find myself afraid that during this 3-week interim we have learned to do without each other, - returned to former pursuits & habits somewhat, adjusted to being separated.

And gone is the obsession to be together - (it was gone before). In its place has grown up a habit of being together - a

loss of excitement
college ends
baseball begins
fishing begins
daughter trouble
= Separation

Yearning, a wanting, but not an obsession. I miss him. I feel sort of only half there, sort of lost when he isn't around. Yet when he is around, it seems quite natural, quite "normal" — but not exciting as it used to be.

My thoughts, my conversation, my habits now revolve around him, but not solely around him as they did for awhile — other aspects of life have re-entered my consciousness.

L. has become a part of me. I wonder how you feel, L?

I feel a little afraid. There is a change coming — an end of one pattern and ~~a~~ what? coming. For, the college classes are about to end. Baseball will begin & L has already shown too clearly that I shall not be much included in that area of his life. It will separate us. — And fishing. And my necessary, unhappy involvement with my daughter — and my new, unhappy realization that no one stays with a too-distant goal —

I learned in psychology that one gets discouraged when a goal is too distant — too far. And I know that I will never go to Seattle — or that if he should, he'd never be happy there.

Oh, pessimistic home! Haven't you learned that time changes situations and situations change people and people change their goals & wants with time & living? Who knows what lies ahead? Haven't you learned that miracles happen? Things you never believed possible?

Call back to
Doveriello's - happy reunion

Wednesday - April 10, 1963

I prayed last night. (Long time since I have.) "Make I happy!"

And lo! I was happy to day!
I was called back to work
with him, & he wanted to bring
me home & procured dinner for
us. He glowed at me all day!
We were so happy to be together
again!

Friday - April 12, 1963

together
Birth day + lesson action
writing - passive

My 48th birthday. L. gave me nothing. But he offered when he saw how it was, that is if I got something, he'd pay if it would "look better". I rejected this odd "gift".

I only wish to note that L is talking as if we will be married some day. This is not talking directly, but indirectly. This is something new in the last few days. (11)

And also he demanded that I stay with him yesterday. (We spent all afternoon, dinner & evening together - work - "hill project" class - his place & singing of Glee Club)

*Possessive
his mother*

For the first time he got cross
at my attempt to leave & tend
my kids. He insisted on my
staying with him. This was
a bit alarming. He has never
acted jealous or possessive before!

And he's clinging, too. After
me all the time; keeping "in touch"
— even tonight — Friday! Even
speaking of "being lonesome"

And has made plans for
me to join him & his mother!

I seem to be newly
accepted; it is almost com-
mittment!

fine
bad to work
with

Saturday April 13, 1963

Well, what do you know! No compulsion to write this Sat. morning! Things are just fine! But I have a good chance (am alone) so will trump up something.

All my worries as recorded above have been more or less resolved because they were latent in the back of my mind and popped out at L in my conversations with him when I got beered up or circumstances produced emotional tension between us.

My "small miracle" of going back to work with him helped. And Joan seems to be "soared off" — (as I hoped.) and I, ~~drove~~ ⁱⁿ beered up moments made suggestions for future contacts to replace our present, almost ended pattern and found L more than willing — even eager & promising & elated.

As for the "infidelity" worry, something came up that helped resolve that, and, also, on re-reading I wonder if L didn't feel that I was accusing him (as someone must have accused him in the past) and

fallout

therefore the "hot" reaction. A sore spot in his ego. Nothing to do with me, especially. More his own, not quite true, conceit of himself as a "very worth while" mate.

The Lois angle is sort of funny. I ~~feasted~~ "fought" his secrecy about what he did Mon. & Tues. nights when I was "busy" (and I had occasion to note he was not in his usual haunts) by making a "innocent" clean breast of what I had been doing.

I was surprised ^{at his reaction,} when I revealed that I had entertained Lois & Bert (without him) this I had thought of it but had to reject it. Besides he wasn't home when I'd called him twice about something else). He seemed mad, hurt! He was suddenly silent & grim.

They apropos of nothing, he related an incident that happened at one of our master lists "when he was there last night".

The arrow that pierced my insides suddenly made me

Sat-12th

realize that he was fighting me.
Why?

Why, he was jealous and hurt that I hadn't included him—asked him to join us! I thought. Relieved, I was able to carry on our conversation lightly and he then said, laughing, that he wasn't there, he'd "read it in the paper!"

Not quite convinced, for I am now familiar with his "cure-by-denial" technique, I tested this little story further and found it rather wanting as ~~were~~ his reactions during the testing. I let it go, figuring that he had been there—perhaps in a moment of peccadille at me for being too "busy" for him,—or perhaps a quite legitimate response to an opportunity to revert to "freedom". But that he'd found it not quite such fun, after all, and that I had been "innocent", after all—so he decided to "be sorry" & to "smooth it over".

But this is what's fun about L. He is the first man-relationship that I've had that is as "psychologically" clever & perceptive as I am. In situations

rapport

like this I sense very strongly that I'm not fooling him & he's not fooling me; that we understand each other and are willing to "let it go" as a "joke"; one of the quirks of life and fate & people that is relatively unimportant compared to our real desire & need for each other and a good relationship.

This is one of the "adjustabilities" (unexpected) that keep me going with L. We can work things out as I have never been able to do with anyone else.

Anyway: the other "small miracle" that happened - that exploded into this latest happy mood of ours, gave me a chance to test and "prove" this "infidelity" question again:

I was out of the office and I was working there alone in full view from the myriad windows that surround that story-and-a-half height room.

As I was working a rather decrepit looking car slowed and crept around the corner

R appears at office

lasing ^{itself} around and along the windows on the off-side of the building — away from the front office, the firm name plates, and the view of the office crew. I say this to show why I surmised it was not someone looking for a certain building.

Curious, I watched, and was fascinated to encounter the big brown eyes of a rather handsome, but faded and "life-beaten" Brunette woman alone at the wheel. She was driving at snail's pace along the windows that L's desk faces, her eyes searching, searching. When, at last, her eyes encountered mine, there was a mutual long, locking look between us and I felt each of us mutally asking "Who in hell are you?"

I could see her look at me and then back along the windows where L should be and then back at me, puzzled, questioning. I stood my ground & looked her right in the eye — wishing I'd had my glasses off — the better-looking to be! "Defeated," she quipped

the car and drove off, not to appear again as far as I could see.

What in the hell? I thought. What did she want? Who was she, searching, searching for L in that distraught ~~way~~ "I'm in trouble" way? For only L works in that office! No one else does or is supposed to! Anyone looking for anyone else in the firm would have prowled the other side of the building! And something about her fitted L's "type-of-woman" — the types I've noticed he's had. She was not competition, I noted, with relief; but she was obviously someone involved enough with L to know his new whereabouts (since Dec.) — since me! And that look she gave me — we women know!

Coming right on top of his not-meant-to-be-revealing admission of bistro-involvement it hit me a stunning blow and destroyed all that new, happy surety of there

Sat - 13th

Last few days. Oh hell! I thought,
O hell! Doubt again!

I was so convinced - (in-
tuitively) that I made a large
size sketch of her as she
looked peering up out of that
car and wrote in big, bold
writing that this woman "was
looking for you" and put it
on his desk. Aside from my
own hurt, I felt there was
something desperate in the occur-
ence I could not ignore.

Doubtfully, unsure, I added
"Confession booth on the right" and
made an arrow pointing to my
desk. I could not fail to see
it the minute he came back
to his desk.

He came in - gay, light-hearted.
My head down, I watched from
the corner of my eye, he
approached his desk, his eye
falling on the note ~~long~~,
~~enough to comprehend its~~
~~content~~.

Without a word or comment
and he gave a little
sharing laugh and exclamation
of enjoyment, for I have

*his reaction
to R's appearance*

often left him silly notes & sketches to please him on his desk.

The laugh cut short as his eye dwelt just long enough to comprehend the gist of the message. Without a word or comment his hand pushed the note a little aside & placed the business papers in his hand beside it and he "uncconcernedly" began to speak of his business appointment he had just returned from.

Try as I might I could not act unconcerned. I was heavily silent, "busy". There was a big, heavy thing between us.

Without any further comment he whirled around and disappeared out the door and down the stairs, not to come back for a long time — often — silly on an "errand".

When he did come back he ignored that blatant, incriminating note, leaving it lie in full view — he, who is so quick to seize

~~Scat~~, crumple & toss in the waste-basket any gay, "unbusinesslike" communication I let lie about.

When he disappeared so fast I remembered, despite my wishes, all the times he had acted similarly. He is avoiding, evading, I admitted meekly. He is playing for time to think, to prepare himself, his answer; fortify a mood to go with his "lie".

His actions when he came back and the heavy silence andewood hanging between us did nothing to dispel my fears. He continued to ignore the exposed note. It lay there burning, burning into the atmosphere; burning up all our happiness & new-found faith in each other.

He chattered. He was "busy". He tried, (surreptitiously) to break me out of my sudden gloom; my "accusing" silence and "impersonal" actions.

Finally, I couldn't stand it any more. I had been battling with myself and was able to muster an almost light enough tone; "You got your message,

didn't you?" I finally fired at him.

"What message? What message?" he queried, hysterically, riffling through papers on his desk, where the note lay large & obvious on top of all. "Oh!—oh yes!". Now a pretended perusal too quick, too flattery for real comprehension, his answer coming—the answer I know was coming—before he even began to read: "I'll tell you this" (emphatically, too clearly)—I don't know her!—I don't know who it is." Then the crumpling and the toss toward the waste-basket and the "that's that" head-ducking, ~~back~~ neck-like, duck back into his "work".

We worked in silence. I began to calm down. He was lying, of course. But it was obvious that he was going to make no explanation—not even excuses—tho I'd interpolated something about "It's better to tell these things than let them ride, you know".

Sat-13

My new program escape from office

— (a part of my new "training" program.) He ignored this, of course. Whatever it was, whatever he was involved in, he was going to settle it "extra-curriculars" — outside of me.

And, later, I was curious when he began to ponder over a little written note & eyed me "understandingly" when I chanced to catch him at it & then whipped off downstairs to make a "phone call" — or "something" —

Nor was I reassured at his subsequent actions. Though I began to work out of my mood, resigned and beginning to be amused, especially at his typical, inadequate handling of the "truth" about himself, he persisted in unusual unexplained absences from the office — from working side by side with me?

And, most revealing of all, was prolonged period of yelling at me; of talking too loud, too much, too fast about strictly business things — things he knew I had no interest in — that, ordinarily, he wouldn't mention.

order to
stay with him

And then the sudden, nasty silences between us at which he'd suddenly have another "errand".

But this was the evening when he made me stay with him [(!?)] I just thought!! - he had reason not to want to go home? ~~if~~ someone might find him there? He was using me to evade another problem? Hmm! [?]

The circumstances that made us stay an hour after everyone else was gone from the office delighted me with their opportunity to "have it out" with him. I mentioned that I "wanted to talk to him".

He seemed not too unwilling but "postponed" it; postponed it until suddenly he was "too busy" too involved again.

Resignedly, I made a mental note to bring it up later in the evening — after a few beers.

So, I was surprised when he announced, "You wanted to talk to me?" and presented me with enough time and

Sat 13 ^{fight him}
^{his reactions}

attention. [This is another thing I like about him: He is brave about a real need to talk, when he sensed my necessity.]

So I started in, finding myself launching into the same old "jealousy" pitch I'd given him before, but intent on making two new, "dangerous" revealments to him:

1- That I still doubted his capacity for fidelity. 2- That I doubt his attraction-ability even now—that, despite his self-delusion, he is really too old.

I made these points, and he surprised me with his reactions. He surprised me even my telling me that people will often surprise you with their reactions! (This, too, this perception of his is another thing I like.)

He fed me back my own line about jealousy, but amazed me by going on to say exactly what is' the basis of my jealousy—a feeling of inadequacy, of imaginary inferiority; of not realizing how much [I] might mean to "a person"—! That, often, one person can

among another by their capacity to stick with a vow when they make it. (Thank you, Leonard! Thank you for that "Commitment"!)

As for the other question, He was a little more evasive. He almost admitted that he, too, is still not quite sure about that. ("He is not ready, He is not ready," I thought, and "let that one go.")

We ended up by being warmly intimate and "cosy" again — ~~and~~ we were for the rest of the evening. My real "answer" was that mocking, sleepful, "We understand each other" look he gave me after we got in the car — that look that he gives me so often — that I hope I never lose —

So —

another "write-up" I didn't have! —

~~date to
meet his mother
cancelled
2 weeks
date~~

Sunday - April 14 - ¹⁹⁶³ Easter

And what an unhappy day!
After such a perfect evening last
night!

I loved h to the utmost last
night! And the whole evening turned
out not only smoothly, but very
interesting & different, with new
depths & changes & discoveries. (And
it was an evening I dreaded, for
it had dire possibilities.)

But today —

I got up "early" and frantically
prepared, carefully for the full day
ahead — (h was to pick me up at
one and I was to meet his mother!
It was his idea; planned for
almost 2 weeks and I had ad-
justed to it to the point where I
was looking forward to it.

But what happened? First, two
or three or four shocks within the
family circle. ~~Then~~ ^{and} a dark,
gloomy, pouring-down rain day.
(Easter is usually perfectly
beautiful!) a environmental disappointment

Then h called — at 1/2 —
and cancelled our plans;
reasons being rain, which
fonled up a ~~person~~ strictly

(to hell with our disappointment; our
change in plans!)

personal, self-imposed plan of
his own — a plan which he
had tentatively (he now says)
included me and his mother.

I had no idea it was
tentative, subject to change — especially
one hour before it was to take place!
We had checked & re-checked it
for almost two weeks. I had
checked with him — promoting a
suggestion of his — because it per-
tained & was useful to goals &
plans of my own.

I assumed that his mother
knew of the plans, too. I assumed
that the weather would not make
much difference; (I had not
revealed exactly what it was
he had in mind.) I was committed,
here, there & every where, within the
family circle to a "day with L," and
therefore everyone else had made
their plans accordingly.

It seems it was not so.
Not only did it appear that L
had not told his mother of his
plans, but that he had not
revealed my part in them! Everyone
has jumped to conclusions in —
cluding myself, when he

suggested - at last - that I
meet his mother!)

It seems - again - that he
reserves every "right" (the lower
again!) to change his - (and
therefore others) - plans at his own
decision (or whim?) that he is
totally unaware of the chain reaction
set up thereby. This is the dilemma
point: he is unaware of guilt or
responsibility in such situations. So,
like a criminal, can one blame
or discipline one who is a moral?

This is now my dilemma;
one no one else understands.
What profit? as I have long
since learned - in conditioning
one who is incapable of under-
standing - whose experience lies
outside of understanding? What
profit, what achievement lies in
this? It results only in a false,
superficial leaving of one's own
way.

And is it worth the long,
upsetting "lesson" to make it
a learning experience? What
will be achieved thereby and
is it worth it? Will it penetrate,
will it stick if I do?

Mad

hater!

As I re-read I see what was bothering me: He involved his mother & me (and all my circle) in "a plan." He cancelled this plan at the 11th hour for, I suppose, legitimate reasons, BUT he felt no Compunction, no obligation to us for "ruining" our day. He felt no need to "make it up to us" — to compensate. This is what annoyed me! He took it for granted no one would be annoyed, or disappointed, or thrown into a turmoil or presented with difficulties. He expected complete absolution, complete understanding & "forgiveness": He saw no reason anyone should be mad or annoyed at him!

This is the "Spoiled", the mother-bound aspect of him that makes me reserve judgement when he insists he is not a "mama's boy".

No! He is not a mama's boy, but somewhere along the line he has learned to expect women to accommodate him. I see (with other incidents)

*got him
+ freight*

to point it up today - in other areas
mamas who are self effacing;
Slaves, servants, who accommodate
their men; excuse them - placate
them - tend them! (I, too!)
"Forgive" them!

For - I tried to call him, I
even tried to ferret out his mother's
number. (Why the mystery, the
private number?) Etc. Etc.

Interruption.

Monday - April 15, 1963

Well, we finally got to -
gether & got it "settled", though
at the 11th hour. And I had
to instigate the settling. I was
willing (and desirous) of "letting it
pass". Our mutual attempt to
get together again was enough for
him. All's well, he seemed to
say.

But I knew it wasn't. And
I deliberately picked a fight with
him - disclosing, eventually, -
very much what I had sur-
mised. There were hot, stinging
accusations between us. His
preceding actions made
me realize that when he
acts stuffy, picky, fussy

I made my dinner date
fussy, "old-womanish" he's mad;
mad at the world — picking at
all and everything — in a fussy,
fear-based, self-deluding way.

I exploded it out of him,
suffering the shock of confirmation
of my surmises, as I said: Self-
centered, cold-blooded, objective
concern over his car, his money,
his health first of all. Then the
unwitting revealment that I
had not acted as "reasonably"
as his mother did. Then, the
biggest shock of all — he had
completely "forgotten" my reason
for wanting to "be busy" Sunday;
my reason for checking in with
him twice earlier in the week —
(unwecome dinner date.)

(But he hadn't forgotten Saturday's
need! Is it that he remembers what
is convenient, desirable for him; and
"forgets" what may interfere in his
"plans"?)

Or so he professed & exonerated
himself on this score; again
that irresponsible non-commitment?
We "settled" it. It was all a
"misunderstanding". What ever —

it was our desire & our mutual attempt to settle it that mattered.

His mode was disillusioning (and mine to him, too - no doubt) and it elicited a lot of bitter revealments from me toward him. We had a long talk that left a bad taste in my mouth. (I have become so critical of him lately, it seems. I no longer dare go his way so utterly; it is too false. I feel we need a true basis — and we have lost some of our "fun" activities thereby, but we have also gained in depth & realness.)

And today, Monday - flirted with L

Today I felt "pretty & witty & gay" (like the song.) I had spring in me — a new dress & the sun shining & compliments. It made me flirt outrageously with L at work this afternoon. It made me throw caution to the winds & dare him to seduce me after work!

For awhile I thought he was going along with it — I almost was on top of the situation, then I lost my nerve — began to

his refusal mad called

be afraid & doubt. Perhaps this spoilt it. I don't know. All I know is that he refused me, at the last minute — refused my mad, wild challenge of spring — his manner diffident, apologetic, fearful, yet obviously intrigued — and his face red!

This was all so opposite to the sophisticated "bon vivant" I was probing toward — the original "mask" he wore at first, that man I was challenging. Here came the shy man, the diffident, the careful, cautious "Mr. Mitty" — the pathetic little misfit man — I scared him?

It was a blow. He had told me to "let him know" — he liked having me "let him know" he'd said once. And now he refused me — rejected me! Things have changed!

I was — naturally — humiliated & therefore hurt & mad & nasty. It made no difference. He simply "allowed" me to go. And it took a great effort for me to call him when I got home & smooth it over.

his decent

Then (safe) he claimed he liked it, it was ok.; etc.

But, he said, suddenly he had gotten "too tired" that last hour (after my suggestion) etc etc.

What a dull, stuffy, careful bore! I decided.

Later I kept wondering why the blush? It wasn't like him! I've caught him in a commitment for after work he dares not explain, I realized! putting the blush with that long, thinking look I caught him in earlier.

Now - was it a bad type commitment - or (let us try to be fair, formal, and not our usual trouble-seeking, insecuri, suspicious self as revealed in these writings) ~~or~~ or just that he wanted to work on his model & was ashamed to admit it — after our talk last night?

A little later:

I had occasion - (an "excuse") - to call L at 10 o'clock. He wasn't home! Now - I remember that he was out of the office

on personal business awhile this morning, he said, so he'd "have to go back & work awhile in the evening" — after six, he meant.

This is most unusual! He is not the type to leave his job on "personal" business! I wonder what it could have been? Nor would he be apt to be working at the shop this late. But, he might. How often I've suspected a rival — and found it only his work — his "hobbies" actually!

All this silly little suspicion worries are going to be dull reading in the future. And embarrassing reading — when I know sometimes — as has been proved so often already! But — they are useful to me in figuring out the man — my chances — helping me not to make a serious mistake!

"Thinking".
L's "health" rule:

April 15 '63
His phobias
tell how reach him at mother's

① One of the things L talked about last night was that he considers it immoral to "mis treat" one's body - (smoking - over-exertion; lack of sleep; drafts; chilling; "acid" eating specifically!) hard liquor. These are his phobias.) Pebble-based, he claimed, when I queried in astonishment.

Yet, how inconsistent he is! All these late hours + the daily beer imbibing; and the women up the past — Strictly neurosis! That's why I ignore it. That's why I keep on smoking — "Secretly"! — I don't smoke around him — and that's the only thing that makes me "able" to leave him when I have to — Now I can have a cigarette! His false "health" rules don't inspire me; they aren't real enough!

② L told me sheepishly how to reach him at his mother — "Sycamore Apts" on 6th St. (?) — ask for Mrs. Marshall — He "volunteered" — after I objected to the secret —

In fact — that is the word for his reactions — now SHEEPISH! They

used to be peevish — now they're sheepish. I wonder why? First it was "Mind your own business! It's none of your business!"? Now its, "I'm sorry — I didn't mean it that way —"? What's the difference? I have taken issue with him about his "secretiveness". I have objected. One would expect him to be more peevish — more resistant. Why did he change? What does it signify?

③- I am aware that I fret over things. Useless fretting, perhaps. Yet I want to figure it out. I want to know. Why does he do this? Why does he say this? What does it mean? Is it good or bad? Did I promote it? If so — why? Why am I so curious?

④ There is something new in our relationship. Something settled. Yet, we have a long way to go — to my mind — before we reach a marriage relationship. There is still this "You go your way; I'll go mine"

*h's cooling off
rejections beginning*

"agreement". No need, no obligation to account for ourselves or our doings unless we want to!

There is still the "date" pattern; the what-can-we-do-next? feeling - the arranged contacts.

There is no share-all always pattern. It still remains with chance, with circumstance.

We are still sparring, dueling for position, for agreement, for knowledge of each other, for ways & means to "get along."

There is still suspicion & "testing". There is still "proving". There is still unsurety.

And, more and more, our passion has cooled to convenience, especially with h. The lazy, thing, the comfortable thing has grown lately with him. There has become more necessity to work at it. There is, as to day, a beginning of rejection - "not now". Is this a cooling off or an acceptance?

I must quit

Tuesday - April 16 - 1963

I awoke this morning with
the answer:

the answer to the whole
dilemma of Leonard:

Leonard is a COWARD!

- a conditioned coward,
through no fault of his own —
this is the tragedy — the
tragedy of life and living. This
is the tragedy of L that
appeals to my heart.

Noak needed someone
because he was a hater; Leonard
needed someone because he
is a coward. I extended
my hand to both.

But more I cannot do.
And this is my dilemma.

It is the answer to all the
'my story' about L that I have
pondered. I have turned
the key — and found THE
SECRET.

It is the answer to all the puzzling
ridicule I sense in his men
friends. It accounts for his
"Sheepishness". It accounts for
his "meanness", which was what
I sensed all this time. It was
not calculation; it was FEAR.
Fear of life; fear of me; fear
of people and "situations"; of
anger, of conflict, of unhappiness,
of aggression, and so on. Of
death, of illness, of TROUBLE.

Leonard — like all the men who
attract me — has been sent out
into the world naked, unarmed,
unprepared — like I was.
That is why they attract me.

Hann! From now on it will be
hard. For I will see the truth,
the fear in everything he does.
And I will be afraid — afraid
of my own impotence — my
futility — my wasted effort —
as with Nick and Jamie —
fighting something I can't do
anyting about!

Still - Tuesday April 16 - 1963

Show down ^{on} ~~deceit~~

Continued - (at work)

Problem to solve: How to maintain a "kindly reserve" with L today - to reassure and encourage without becoming his "victim".

In case he does not volunteer where he was last night ("I am afraid to tell Lorna I had something else planned after work") it doesn't matter what: note by me

"I'm afraid she'll get mad, jealous - (woman always do) I'm afraid I'll "lose" her - I'm afraid" (blush here) - I'm afraid of a scene - I'm afraid of unhappiness - I hate unhappiness - I want to be happy - maybe it will all work out all right if I don't say anything - She'll 'get over it' - I won't say anything" [Appealing look to her here - silent, pleading -]

I am thinking: real love doesn't have to be forced out. I get weary of working at L; arranging the next moment, withholding on this one. Real love comes open-armed - free - eager - with a smile on its face; not quibbling, not reticent, not with holding. It is heart felt, warm,

speeding his reaction

giving. It is not calculating, planning, scheduled. It is an emotion — irresistible — impulsive; not a thought, a blueprint.

"Leonard," I could say today — if you ask me — gingerly testing, "How are you today?" — "Leonard," I'd say, "I am resigned; resigned to life and people as it is and as they are. Resigned to things I cannot change." Later note "after the fact."

I did not use a "kindly reserve". I did not encourage & reassure. I needed. For I was too anxious to find out what he'd done the night before. Jealousy was uppermost.

And — (note) — he ruined even the benefit of the doubt I gave him. It was not because he had something else to do! He said he "just wasn't in the mood" — he just "didn't feel like it". In other words, he wasn't one bit excited. And all my "sexual rapport" with him I was convinced was mutual was only a delusion on my part? For the first time L. was not excited by me or my touch? Or so he professed.

Or was it just fear — inhibition? I rather think so — from the glow on his face — (not the blush) — I prefer to think so!

Brooding

Tuesday evening - April 16-63

It has been an emotionally exhausting day. Besides the weather is nastily cold & gloomy & they "smudged" last night - all very depressing. And my upset about L "made" me smoke too much, so that I feel almost ill.

I fought this L thing all day. What Started it? It seems to have snowballed from nothing. I got upset at his - to me - crude cancelling of our Sunday date and it seemed to have aroused many latent doubts in me, which I've flung at him and created a great friction. I don't understand. Is it me? or he? Or what?

Anyway, it was interesting today, I must say that. I felt gloomy & depressed all day, after my coward realization, and tried to battle myself into resignation, then into detachment, new interests, and then a light mood & determination to keep it thru the day.

I succeeded in "getting on top" of my mood - I felt prepared to face L. - us.

beginning of Alice escapes

until I drove over to his office. Then I found, as I planned my "entrance", that I wasn't sure he'd be in the office. He always used to be - always, when he knew I was coming - or else he'd soon come bouncing in and stay with me all afternoon - reluctant & explaining if he had to leave.

But lately, I realized, he was often not there - especially when there had been some controversy between us. Intuitively, I have known & "proved" that that is his way of "punishing" me, if disapproving me - or, perhaps, sometimes a way of avoiding me. He knows it hurts me - not to be greeted.

So - I realized he might not be in the office. I'll test him, I thought. I'm curious to know if he sees me coming & then leaves?

So I'll sneak around & approach from where he won't have time to flee.

Imagine my consternation to see his car was not there - Nowhere! This was most unpreceded! He is as regular, as conscientious as clockwork.

Fighting my fears and doubts I went up to the office. Absolutely

He's mad at me now & in office

Two signs of him! ~~But~~ on my drawing a sheaf of work. So. He was gone for the afternoon & left me "imprisoned" with work — so I couldn't get mad & leave — or so I'd be sure to be there when he got back!

I was completely miserable. He was mad at me. He really meant it this time. He'd done this deliberately I knew. Oh, how miserable I was!

Over this man I "don't like"! I could hardly work. But there was nothing else to do.

In about 20 minutes I heard familiar sounds. He was coming? No. I didn't see his car anywhere. Yes! Here he came up the stairs — coatless — he'd been here all the time!

The look he gave me, the lack of explanation, the long delay this time and the way he picked up the work orders I'd thrown back on his desk in anger and asked, "Why did you throw these back here?" told me that I was being punished. It was the word "throw". Why didn't he say "lay"?

I retreated. I made nothing of it & tried hard to be "normal"; both of us launching into work

*(his car
gone lie?)*

talk, not personal as usual at the beginning.

Finally I asked him where his car was? Then he told me — he had a different one to use — his was being serviced. Why today? I knew it was "planned". He is a sharp boy!

So then I brought out my "offerings" for the day — little things to please him + 2 poems I'd happened on last night that were small miracle in their appropriateness to our dilemma of yesterday + which I had cartooned up.

He asked if he could read them later. I agreed, but was hurt — things weren't all right yet.

And so we slowly battled our way back to rapport all afternoon. I managed pretty well for awhile showing him I "wasn't mad" — just a mite cool-businesslike. It got bad again when I went to the pencil sharpener + didn't cuddle him as I usually do.

Nothing was said, but we knew. Then I tried to trip him up on where he'd been last night. He parried that

Wickling found out
new Cruetis

one, making me so mad I slammed the door & gave him a scattering look when I went down stairs to the bathroom.

When I came back the door was opened wide. Significant. So! I thought, open warfare!

"It's funny," I said, "How two people going to gether can't ask casually 'what did you do last night?' as Joan aske'd me this morning."

Silence. "Well, what did you do?" (I had thrust deeply home in revenge for his "bistro" joke the other day by presenting him with the poems & saying, "I found these when I was in ~~that~~ man's apartment last night.") He fooled me. I didn't expect him to fall for it. "What man's apartment?" he cried and wouldn't let me go on with what I was saying. He was really shook up — the fool! It struck me funny. So I laughed & said I was just joking.)

This was still hanging between us — he was still in doubt like I was the other day, so he parried — "oh — work & a couple of beers. — What did you do?"

make-up

Games, huh? I thought. So I, after playing for time, said maliciously — "Oh — work — and a couple of beers —".

I hadn't realized how it would sound on top of that other innuendo. After a long silence I capitulated and said, "a couple of little 7 oz. ones" — and he knew I'd stayed home —

Suddenly it got better. It got all right. I don't remember what or how, but all of a sudden he was telling me very kindly, very thoroughly that I didn't realize how much I might mean to someone — that, since he met me he was able to work, knowing that he had me to look forward to — or words along that line. It was a very nice speech and I appreciated it and told him so before I left.

And he looked me very seriously in the eye and said, "I won't lie to you". Dear Leonard! He made a commitment!

And he asked me to go ~~out + p~~ with him to pick out some new clothes, and he

stayed on

explained some recent things & more of his innocent pursuits saying he did the best things with me — (all else was humdrum) — and told me of future plans & made a few promises" (I shouldn't worry! I shouldn't worry! He means it! He wants me! Why do I worry?)

So I told him before I left thatking him, that I was sorry I needed so much reassuring — (But, even so, with all this — he stayed on & didn't go out with me as he used to — !!)

I was also able to ask him more calmly than I'd even hoped if he wanted me to invite him when I thought of things to do early in the week. — meaning to add "or if he wanted me to leave him alone" —

He interrupted me with a surprise reaction. Instead of the heretofore preoccupied "business" over his work & the usual lame "excuses" and "evasions" and "need to work" chatter, he turned to me full face (how old he looked!) and, putting his hands on his

*business
for next
two nights*

Knees he said, point-blank,
"I always include you in
everything I do, don't I?"
This was an unqualified and
very surprising "Yes!" answer
& was verified by his ^{sudden} playing
down the importance of what he
had just claimed was great
(mysterious) business, for the next
two nights.

However, it was not quite
true & later I challenged him
on it. It was then he said about
the best things etc.

So - all is well again. My
doubts are dispelled - until
the next time, I suppose.

What was the gist of it all?
When challenged, he comes through
utterly - it's you, you, you, torna.
But left unchallenged, he reverts
to old habits of indifference
and "loner" traits. What is
my role? For, each time these
things happen, I learn some
new reason why I don't like
him and new reasons why
I do!

Worries - new difference in L

Wed. April 17- 1963

Why all this writing right now?
Partly because I have more chance,
(my daughter is not around so much.)

And why all this bickering
between L & me lately? I re-read,
trying to get the overall picture and
noted that L must think I'm
having doubts about him; I'm not
treating him as nice as I was.
True - and that's just it.

I started out to say I am
desirous fed with L & our relation-
ship lately. It seems to me we're
drifting apart; cooling off. L is
different. Not eager at all like he
was - amorously, that is. Yet he
plans around me - at least his
'free' time.

We are not sharing pursuits &
interests as we did. We are drifting
apart there - each tending to go our
own ways - aware as we were
not before of our different tastes.
This is partly my fault, for I
have ceased pretending to like
what he likes - Rather, I have
ceased being interested. The novelty
has worn off. I am beginning
to be bored - as I was afraid I

*losing off
on his work*

would be. The thought, the mention of geese, of signs, of the people in the Gee Club, of baseball; of his uncomfortable little apartment; of his health, his queer prejudices, of corny TV programs is beginning to irritate me. The raves, the scheduling, the stuffy attitude toward compulsive acts, spin-off-the-moment ideas. The persistent slovenly dress and always the don't-bother-me-now-I'm-busy times & moments.

Now, something new. Suddenly his artwork looks horrible to me. I thought the other day "what veil was over my eyes to ever think these were good?" He has brought out things, pathetically expecting my raves, that have literally left me speechless with their crudeness & poor taste. And he knows I don't like them. And it hurts him.

He is beginning to know I don't quite like all about him — I have told him so much lately — things that couldn't help being said. I think perhaps he is beginning to know it

"won't work". And therefore the desultory dating and attempts—?? — the "hang dog" look?

But I miss the things I really like that he does not provide — as I feared I might — good music; good, new art; ideas & probing for truth; gaiety, impulsive men; emotion.

Yet — these are superficial things — the man himself I like — I love. It's his shell I don't like — the other shell — the Mr. Milquetoast shell — the "all-male" shell.

And — I haven't mentioned that external events may be frightening & worrying us: my eternal, never-to-be-ended involvement with my daughter — and the end of the sketch classes — and, always the hovering possibility of being laid off at work with him — and his about to start a summer long involvement with baseball.

Leonard! don't leave me! And the strain of not being able to marry for a long, long time.

We are under strain. It is too hard; to hard to be

together - to set together.

Blues last sketch night
Summing up

April 18 - 1963 - Thursday -

I heard a new song yesterday evening on my way home from a 2-beer-after-work (coerced) session with L.

— "What is there to do? What is there to say? My heart's in a deadlock — I'd almost face wedlock — with you You're so lovable — you're so livable . . . (what I once would have called a small n. it was so apropos —)

So — my heart's in a deadlock. Exactly!

Today is Thursday, the day I am usually happy in spite of myself because I am assured of being with L all afternoon (lucky!) and all evening. And the sun is shining — at last!

But I am very depressed — like at the loss of a loved one. My heart is a heavy weight in me. I am surprised. Why not happy on this, our last assured date?

Because it is just that: our last assured date. From now on it will be wait and wonder again. No amount of "promises", af

"assurances" from L will convince me of what is all too evident these past more than six months: He goes his way - even yet; I must wait his "convenience", his mood.

No commitments; no assuredly - at all. I have to instigate, suggest, then verify and promote and work out all dates. And face the always-present possibility of a last-minute cancellation. "Well - after all - he might be busy -"!! Busy with things that are still prior to me; many of which he professes no real interest in, yet drops everything to do.

In other words, we have not yet achieved a casual, come-and-go, you're always welcome!, drop-in, call up, let's old something - just on my way by - thought I'd call - we share life relationship.

It's back to "Maybe - we'll see - I don't know now -". I have a very busy life - (what time's left - if there is any - is yours - I'll let you know when ever that happens). In the meantime - don't worry - everything's all right. I won't lie to you [Neither will I let you know.]

You won't see me in the meantime —
I won't call you — I won't drop by —
You won't be able to get hold of me —
I flit around. Please don't call
me at work or at the Skee Club —
and when I'm home I may be
resting. Please don't talk to me,
either personally — or otherwise at
work — it disturbs me — I'll get
in touch with you — don't worry,
don't worry — I'll call you —
And, like Nick, time has proved that
days, weeks may go by before he
does — no matter what he claims.

Damnit, I'm tired of playing second
fiddle to a "busy" schedule! I'm
tired of eliciting dates! I'm tired of
being told to wait — "we'll see" — I'm
tired of being bound, prohibited, hemmed
in, imprisoned by some one else's
neurotic little phobias. I'm tired of
being blue-printed. Tired of being
left out of certain whole chunks
of my "lives" life; of being ignored,
passed by, not consulted, not included,
not explained to or confided in!

He thinks alone. He plans alone.
He makes commitments for his time
alone. And then he "fits me in." If

I express a desire, a suggestion, we always have to go through a great battle while he undoes, re-thinks, unplans — while he considers my suggestion at great agonizing length and decides what price he'll have to pay according to his queer scale of values (~~the~~ schedule first, "health" first, work first, cronies first, self-enhancement first.) and whether he wishes to pay it.

Since he often fears the loss of me (or what I represent?) he often comes around to my suggestion, but always leaving me feeling I have forced it. And then, when he feels sure of me, not afraid of losing me, back we go to his things first.

This is all very confusing — This writing. I find I am terribly, terribly upset and afraid. I fear another "Scene" at work with him this afternoon. I'd like to get myself in hand — get it all clear in my mind before I see him. (And so I can quit this smoking, be "fresh" for tonight — for that is another prohibition) But I can't. I am

Soiling with emotion —

And I dread to night. I should
so like it to be a "celebration", but
I'm afraid it won't be. He has
"scheduled" us lately — "Whap-Wham!
Thank you, ma'm!" and off to the Glee
Club to show off the latest achievement
in ^{his} prowess to his cronies. (Is that
why we always have to go to the G.C.?
It isn't any fun unless all the guys
know — or suspect?)

Let's be specific. What is it I want?
If I asked me to snarry him or promise
him I would to night — I couldn't do
it. I'm not sure. (Neither is he,
dummit!) I'm not sure I could
stand all this I complain about. I'm
not sure for the same reasons I said in
the beginning: this isn't the real me —
this routine. It's too inhibited; too
small town; too corny; too deluded; too
narrow!

I wish:

That I felt perfectly easy with L.
that I could call him or contact him
anytime, anywhere whenever I felt
the urge or ^{to} necessity, however small,
and he'd be glad and welcoming and
accepting. "Of course, Lorna, what is it?"
What I do, feel, want concerns you —

and vice versa." I wish I could suggest things I'd like to do — gay, mad, sort of wild things — new experiments & experiences — and he'd be delighted & eager (as he was at first!)

Now I feel scared of him. He's always "busy", "tired", "afraid" of silly things that are not true. He refuses me; he fights my suggestions — or he acts like he does.

I wish he'd tell me where he goes, what he does, whom he sees and how he feels about them. I wish he'd tell me voluntarily — I wish he'd share his daily experiences with me — and he doesn't. Only the special times — the well-worked over, carefully planned, completely considered aspects of things he likes to do and wants me along on.

I wish he wouldn't keep telling me that there are things one has to do alone (so many of them others don't feel that way about!) I wish he didn't attach so much importance to the silly projects he involves himself in. I wish he didn't take himself so seriously!

I wish he'd drive by my house evenings when he's out roaming around — just come in and take me in his arms "because he

missed me!" And then leave if he had to.
I wish he'd phone me up — not at
set times — but unexpectedly — "just
for fun" — "just wondering what you're
doing?"

I wish he'd do something unex-
pected sometime. Unplanned. Emotional.
Impulsive. Loving — thoughtful —

I wish he'd relax —

I wish he wouldn't insist at me —
try to make me do things his way. I
wish he wouldn't give me that re-
proving look when I smoke a "for-
bidden" cigarette or want something
besides beer to drink. I wish he
wouldn't "slush" me so often —

I wish — I wish — he'd take
advantage of his opportunities — his
money — his car — his work contacts
to do something new and exciting
+ wonderful. and human with
people — not against people. I
wish he'd get out of that crippling,
old-fashioned rut!

But he won't! He won't! He's
getting worse. I thought at first
he would. He did. He seemed to.
Now, he's reverted back to all that
latent stuffiness — and trying to
drag me with him. And on
top of it — he has lost that

Gay charm, that sparkle that
attracted me to him — that devil —
that buried little try-anything
Spirit I saw and liked —

What has happened? Why has
he reverted? Worse than ever?
Is he scared off? Is he dis couraged?
Is he disgusted? Why does he make
me feel he doesn't like me any more?

Why does he look at me the way he
does? "Will she go my way? Will she
do things I want to do? Can I fit her in?"
Is that what he's thinking?

Whereas I thought he was
wondering if he could go my way!?

I must go. Time is up. I have
to go over & work with him.

God help me!

last night

Thursday evening.

He did! I prayed hard and, — whatever prayer does — it worked. The afternoon & evening were just fine.

There were moments when L's reactions were so utterly stuffy I almost called the whole thing off then & there. But, when I went over to work, I found him so gay & amiable (today is the scheduled day for love!) that I forgave "all" & went along with the mood.

And, during the evening, I made myself remember that I loved him at first & despite his character — that I have known all the time how he is — and loving consists in overlooking what he can't help.

I noted, too, that — as has so often happened — all this writing & mental & emotional confusion is often just the groundwork for a short, succulent sentence or two done lightly & rightly at just the right moment that "does the trick".

So it was today & tonight. I got across what I wanted to

reassurance

Say with "a little bit o' luck,"
Like - in parting from L
tonight - I said in a sentence or
two what worried me and
that "I wished there were just
the two of us" — !! (What a lie, I
suppose. !)

And he said, "I figured you
felt that way" and reassured
me - whatever that means!

* * * *

Mind picture from today:
L unlocking his car as we
left for work looking very
handsome & white-toothed as
he grinned at me and said
easily, "I wouldn't worry about
that" in answer to my "humorous"
lament about "no more assured
dates - back to 'wait & wonder'".
It was balm to my heart!

Loving again

Friday - Apr 19 - 1963

Today was the way I wish it would be all the time (only of course that wouldn't work!)

And my conclusion was that he, unbeknownst to himself, just hasn't been having enough sexual release lately. I've known it all the time lately - it has been one of my regrets - the "waning" of that part.

For today, he was simply wonderful! And, again, I marvel at the power of love to motivate people - when coercion works not at all? (Had another minor proof of this today in another area of my life.)

He greeted me by taking me in his arms this noon, his ~~front~~ heart in his eyes. True, he fumbled me off almost immediately, muttering something about the big windows, but that was only wise & necessary under the circumstances.

And he shared his work & his activities & his plans with me. He was attentive and thoughtful and gentle and apologetic when he got hurried & cross. It was a glorious

(Date me)

afternoon.

He even stopped work to relax and voluntarily launched into our private life saying openly, lightly and definitely, "Would you like a date for to-morrow night and all day Sunday?" Miracle and joy! How helpful it was! Victory at last! Just what I've been wanting & working towards.

It proved its rightness in the way it worked out, for we were immediately able to ~~work~~ ^{give} out the details of our week-end in most friendly cooperation, and there was no sign of the friction and hurt & suspicion & jealousy & possessiveness that has marred every Friday.

In fact I was glad, relieved to let him go when he rather sheepishly refused my half-hearted offer to join us in my daughter's birthday dinner. And my later accidental encounter with him at the bank, where he obviously lingered just to "see me off" though he didn't have to, was an added bonus. As was the apologetic explanation about where he was going and

the lingering, glowering goodbye
he kept giving me.

How wonderful to be rid of that
negligence - that friction!

I can't claim that it was all
joy, however. On that he was a com-
pletely changed man. There were
several times during the day when
the stiffness I don't like in him
penetrated even this glowing, happy
mood and I thought resignedly,
clearly - No. No! I would waste my
few remaining years of life limiting
myself to this narrow, unfortunate
negativism when I realized what
burgeoning life-force and creative
powers were realized in me by
last night's "gift".

Yet, too, I realized I could not
fail this man now. I have gone
too far. I have committed myself.
Could we balance each other ^{perhaps}?

* * *

There has been a rebirth of
Italian things the last day or so:
conversations about the long-
forgotten Jamie and E. Gates; the
little Nick-like "I talian" salomon in
~~the New York~~ printed matter & media
suddenly full of Italy & Sicily -

Sept 6 '90 Friday
on Friday slept.

lots of little things.

And no emotion — no emotion —
no interest what so ever — just
memories — reminders! It is
gone — gone — gone + all dead ~~or replaced~~.
It is rather reassuring, in fact,
to know that things pass — that
we survive even the utmost.

Why I was even amused — and
amused only — at the irony of life
when L said eagerly tody, "lets'
order that (sex) book!" How odd
that it was an exact repeat of
a certain experience with Nick.
And Nick had "failed" me. And
how disappointed I was!

This time I had cared so little
that I had thrown the brochure away;
This time I don't need it!

And so life goes — way up one
minute; way down the next —
as a friend mentioned to day.

* * * *

In fact, I was glad to let L
go on this, a Friday night — for,
despite all my want-to-play-Friday
claims — I slept all evening
in great weariness — assured,
willing to go for it Friday robin
& knew up to me "was dead of me!"

FEB to MAY -

1963

Summing up 3 years later - knowing now what I didn't know then.

When he was cranky, evasive & indifferent to love making he was up to mischief - cheating ^{distacted} - until he aroused adverse reactions.

Then he'd suddenly make great overtures until he had one reassured.

In other words his actions were always suspect: "Coolness" meant ^{secret} mischief.

"Meanness" meant ~~wrong~~ & placating -
Anger meant guilt & ^{in fear of discovery} great fear
of discovery.

There was never anything else - for he was always false ~~for~~ doing things for defensive motives, for he was always trying to ~~not let his weight~~ cheat on more than one thing at once.

Saturday - April 20-1963

Today is different. I don't feel any need to write out an emotional dilemma in my relationship with L.

I feel that I know now the symptoms of when we're getting along well, and when we're getting along badly. I feel that I have more or less proved that my instincts, my intuitions are "right".

I feel this morning more a need for skill, "rules", "pointers" in handling these dilemmas. I resort to my psychology notes: Herewith: "proof": - again: -

- L is neurotic (So am I!)

- It is true that we get along best when I handle him with a certain detachment, a certain amount of self-protection; a certain tolerant guardliness. These are symptoms of our "best moments". [These remarks are also based on my psychology notes.]

- For it is true that he is not thinking of me. He is not aware of me or my needs. He is fighting his own inner battle, his inner

- inner conflicts. And nothing will change this. When I get upset about him it is because I am "taking it too seriously". I am allowing him to "emotionally exploit me". I am blaming him. I am pitying

myself. And then I try to sacrifice myself. I try to be a Florence Nightingale. And it doesn't work.

I am only allowing him to suck me into his neuroticisms. [See this from notes; not my words!] And so I get upset. We have "troubles".

I can only love this man in a "mature, quiet, permissive manner." Nothing else will work. It will always have to be this way, I know this. I've always known it. But I forgot. I can never love him utterly. He can never love me utterly. He is incapable of it. What appears like love with him is "an inordinate desire to receive love"; what seems like I am the "one & only" is only a "violent form of obsession" with him in someone he has found that he would like to have love him. This is all he can do. This is as far as he can ever go. An obsession; an irrational need to find, to take from the environment some offer of love, adoration, approval, deification of himself, some stimulation to compensate for his unresolved sex urges; some escape from the bitter dissatisfaction

with himself that pervades all he does. All this revolves around himself and his great emotional comfortableness. He is so uncomfortable inwardly that his whole life is one great "seek" to alleviate the pain of it.

He is looking for a balm, a "bandage" for his own hurt. Right now, I am it.

But he has spent his life tending this festering sore ~~of his~~ that his illogical conditioning has produced. His own self is preoccupied with it — new "medicines", new "cures", new "bandages". As long as one seems to work, he swears by it, accepts it. But let it not "work", let it pain or burn just a little and he needs must discard it and try another — or retreat into Stoic "suffering" → this "sore" of his has become life itself to him. He assumes that all people are so afflicted. This is "right"; this is "normal"; Surely everyone must see that he has a problem & desire to attend it with him!

*on
Sofe
"cures"*

He has become so absorbed with his tending it that he never once looks around — away from his own suffering. He never

once asks himself why do I have this sore? What is the matter with me? Or seeks the reason and the right cure (Or notices another's ^{trials}) He approaches it by accepting it; "it is right, not wrong." So he starts out with an unrealistic assumption. He accepts his psychological pain.

And, so desperate is he, that hai seeking alleviation, he is willing to accept "more poetry than truth". So he approaches the cure unrealistically. This accounts for his "gullibility", his "delusions"; his "naivete". Anything that looks like a cure (a "Band-aid") he is willing to try!

So here comes the contradiction the CONTRADICTION that is the essence of L's personality: that "ambivalence" I first noted. It is discord between what he wants to do for himself - (which is based on an unrealistic conditioning) and the means he uses to achieve his goals. ~~and~~ ~~wrong~~ "delusions": 1- Illogical goal. 2- Inadequate means. Result - Self ~~desires~~ ~~desires~~ dissatisfaction

= Self-dissatisfaction = self-driving =
Self-absorption = self-centredness =
difficulties in human relationships.

Nor does a glimpse of "peace" and "cure" help straighten him out, because he attributes them to the wrong goal, the wrong means!

He thinks: I am happy because I have achieved what I am driving at: ("Control" (Ritual!); ("Achievement") ("escape from Failure-in-My-Own-Eyes"); ("Morals") (Guilt + self-punishment); ("Peace" ("escape from hostility, friction + trouble")); ("Approval") (Ingratiating); ("Rightness" ("perfectionism")); ("Smartness") (compulsion); ("Realism" (rationalization); ("Self-Protector" ("Defensiveness")); ("Safety" - (rigidity)); ("Solitude") (withdrawal) - ("Health" ("release of tension)) - ("Fun" - (crackpot-ism)) - ("Love" (stimulation)) - ~~Direction~~ ("Purpose" (release of inertia + emotional blocking)) - ("Ambition" (need for self-enhancement))

[What am I doing? I am tired & confused! And who is to cast the first stone? Just let me remember what I set out to remind myself again! —

love this man ⁱⁿ with "a
quiet, mature, permissive manner."
"Give generously of yourself to this
person, for he is salvageable. But
do not sacrifice yourself; do not
expect too much. Don't blame him.
Don't pity yourself." Live — and
let live. Inspire, don't
coerce.

Etc.

* Sat —
that night.

* —

I didn't do the above. I tried,
but under very trying circum-
stances. For he "spoiled" every-
thing. He spoiled that loosely
mood & lost his gain by
immediately taking me for granted
again. He simply made his
own plans for the week-end
without consulting or informing
me & assumed that I knew & it
was ok with me.

Specifically — he did not
call me to day. It put me in
such a bind waiting to see what
I was going to do about dinner,
errands, & my evening that
I had to call him, finally
getting him about 6.

"Oh", he said, "I was wondering if I should call you -".
~~As I do~~ "I'll see you about 8.30,
Well! + ~~we'll just sit around~~
~~your house + read.~~"

Well! I was disappointed, there was a date? Usually, on Sat. he offers to take me to dinner (& food was scarce this week-end) and out some where - if only to his place + Glee Club. I hung up, "agreeing", then called him back, realizing that I didn't know what we were going to do, whether I should dress up etc. He then said he planned to sit around our house + read. He informed me of this; he didn't ask.

This was Sat? Usually this was our Sun, routine (& once a week is enough of that!); I had just told myself yesterday that at least he seems to like to take me out on Sat! Besides, my kids were home; it was inconvenient for us all to sit around etc. Besides I had stayed in this whole gloomy rainy day thinking I'd have a chance to get out Sat night at least, I was so annoyed at the prospect of a dull week-end tied

down in my own home with an "enraged" guest that I proceeded to get a little tight, then called Lois & Bert & invited them down. He made plans without consulting me; I'd make some without consulting him! I simply wasn't in the mood after my morning analysis to be "put upon"!

He was disappointed at my plans. I was lucky in not having to disclose that I had made the plans. He assumed it was "accidental" so went along with it amiably enough. It was rather a dull evening. Then the usual short session at the Glee Club & then he took me home with him.

This was good; at least, and I was able to act out my role nicely enough — until he brought me home & started giving me my "orders" for tomorrow. They were so self-centered on his part — (he re-negged on what had been planned for a week or two) and they assumed again that I would be able to read his mind without his informing me and that I would

be ready at any minute to either go with him or not see him, which ever he decided on the last minute, and that he would appear for dinner (I hadn't even asked him yet & had little to offer) & that we would spend the eve, reading, etc.

The whole plan impressed me so with the difficulties it presented me for the day that I began to ask him questions in order to straighten it out so I'd know what to do. He became a little annoyed and then I realized that I did sound quite snappish. But, good heavens! what he asked of me was very inconvenient and indefinite! My whole day & evening would be spent attending him & waiting on his decisions!

So - we parted on a bad note, but it simply happened because of his thoughtless nos. I didn't really have any intention of annoying him. I'd just asked too much, assumed too much. It was as if I would be gloriously grateful no matter what he did!

And so - that exciting

"victory" of a date Sat. night
& all day Sunday" turned out to
mean that "if I have any spare
time left from my pursuits I'll
let you entertain me — at
your house;" and you can accompany
me on a [business] trip if I decide
to go."

The whole tone of the thing
was as if he might present me
with the "pleasure of his company" this
week-end while he did what he
pleased. He never even asked me
if any of it was all right with me!
He never even waited to be asked
to my house or to dinner! He never
once asked me what I had to do,
whether his plans were convenient
for me or possible or desirable or
if I had any wishes.

In fact he vetoed 2 things he
suggested that I would have liked
to do because he didn't want to!

And possibilities of working
with him next week or the
ball game look pretty slim. It
looks like the beginning of
the end to me.

Monday - April 22, 1963

Yesterday the weather broke at last & spring came. So for Lt me it was a "major adjustment day."

He "failed" on resolving our week-end plans cooperatively, leaving me wracked with doubts and anger! Observers other than myself confirmed my reactions as most "normal".

So we spent the day on our (boing) drive to Toppenish to fulfill a hobby "need" of his, "fighting". I was in inner turmoil — trying to make myself treat him with "mature, quiet permissiveness" and failing by bursting out in angry emotions. In spite of myself. By dint of great control & frantic prayer I managed to finally accomplish treating him as I intended and the day ended amiably.

But, first, I surmounted a great inner decision: I "detached" myself from Lt completely. "From now on," I said to myself, "I go my way — expecting nothing from him — absolutely nothing!"

Strangely, things immediately got better between us — in spite of the fact that I became curt & abrupt. It seemed to be the decisiveness he

needed.

It happened that I realized I had caught up the work I had been doing at L's office & it became necessary to check with him to see if I'd be "laid off" again. This was important to both of us, ^{for} I pointed out to him that it is our sole remaining external reason for contact now.

His answer - evasive and long-winded - warned me, prepared me for disappointment which came just now when he called and I said - (prepared, thank God, so I could sound "business-like") "No work, huh?" "No work," he said, apologizing, explaining, much more disappointed and emotion-wrought sounding than I was. Then, eagerly - frantically, "Do you want to go to the ball game tomorrow night?" (Decisive, definite, at last! The loss of the work contact did have its compensations \leftrightarrow for I was also prepared for indecision, evasion, & last minute cancelling on that!)

It annoyed me how upset his call left me. It was not only the loss of money involved, which was a blow, but primarily because I had approached the problem superstitiously. Yesterday, ^{today} I "played games" with fate -

Mon - Apr 22

I said to my self: If "God" wants us to be together, "He" will call me to work with L to day. If I don't get called it is an "answer" to my prayers — "give me a Sign if I should forget about this man". I was convinced these things have "worked out" in the past. And I did everything this morning as if I weren't going to work there — forcing my luck.

So it was a blow. I had had my Sign, my Omen, my answer: I must not count on L. Grief assailed me.

Actually, I have taken time from work to record this before the grief feeling disseipated, (as it has already,) for there are many good reasons why I'd rather not be working this afternoon with ^{him} or for a day or two.

Perhaps it is one of those "blessing in disguise" episodes, but it is hard to give up my faith in superstition.

* * *

It was hard, too, to face my daughter's wise little observation — dovetailing with my own secret doubts — that I shouldn't marry L: for he'd neglect a woman, once married to her. It was hard to

Date: 1/2/52

suffer h's reaction when I con- 3
fronted him with this & subsequent
~~Conversation~~
~~Subjects~~ relating to marriage. This
his steaming, hot, blast of state
defense was encouraging - (he didn't
~~offer~~ ^{or offer} a "way out"!) - his answers were
either silence, evasion, or non-
commitment - still. It is not that I'm
trying to force him to ask ~~him~~ to many
~~him~~ (I am not ready yet, either) but
that I am trying to force him to
avoid the weakness of evasion.

I would that he'd say - "I can't
tell you now. I'll be able to tell
you perhaps by this summer - or
this fall when things have worked
out more." I would like him to say
(as I have said to him) "I am seriously
considering marrying you. I am
waiting, as you are, for a little more
testing of our differences & our similarities
and our adjustabilities. I am waiting,
as you are, for resolving of your
personal problems - and I have
some of my own. (If he'd only tell me
what they are!)

I want him to say, "I instead to
ask you. Give me a few more months.
We can always not marry. In the mean-
time consider ourselves engaged -"
(a commitment!) If he'd cross ~~that line~~
~~we could think it through more closely~~

April 22 3

If L + I were to say, "Look - lets' get married as soon as we can -" what would happen?

My memory is coming through! I'm beginning to remember little things L said yesterday - "I haven't enough money yet -" and my saying disgustedly - "there's never enough!" (Another evasion!) Why, in effect this is what we've both been saying - I more openly, he by innuendos - fearfully, cautiously, in character!

What a hot defense he made for his prowess in marriage, for his intention (?) to marry!? Why, the car reeked of hot, wet wool from his emotion!

And, if this particular type man were not contemplating marriage, wouldn't he have jumped at the chance to explain why he couldn't? Wouldn't he have (warily) joined in with a calm, calculating agreement that his life - his way of life - did not permit of such a relationship as marriage - that it was better for him - "he hasn't been too unhappy" - to continue as he has - at this late date? Etc.?

Yet, he did do this somewhat. He

defended his "right" to be "busy". Was he only hotly defending himself - as is only natural - against a picture of himself that does not fit with the (entire) picture he has of himself? Wouldn't I, too, get hot if someone told me I wouldn't pay much attention to a man once I'd married him?

And, tho he agreed with me, when I said it "had been wonderful" yet he greeted my — "no matter what" with silence. He did not say anything about continuing - still to be better, etc. — Oh well, what difference? Here is the measure of the man, the man, who himself admits, as he did yesterday — that he can't put things into words — or the right words —

* * *

And, why do I toy with words so? What a book I am writing! Why? It does me good — that's all I know. I cannot review my thoughts in time of need as I can those writings. And I muchly enjoy pinning down an emotion, an impression, an observation. I love to seek & find just the right word — the right phrase

that is needed. (And I get a small reward for my practice in L's recurring admiration of my "gift with words"—tho he is my sole admirer!)

And, good, too, — I notice my daughter has adopted my "therapy"— my "writing it out". With her, it seems good. — at least for a lonely person — despite its inherent danger of discovery — despite its pathetic appeal of "listen to me!" Someone — Someone listen to me! In her, it looks like the cry of a lonely, aching heart.

Sic!

My daughter
Questions the
worth of a fostered relationship!

Mon eve - April 22, 1963

When will I see you again?

When will I hear from you again?

The above is an attempt out of a dilemma I found myself in. I had a strange reluctance to commit myself either by writing or word yesterday concerning my new determination to "divorce" myself from L.

This afternoon a sadness hit me as I realized why. This whole relationship has fostered only because I promoted it. Leave L alone and he will withdraw. I have proved it time and again. So, what to do now? I can't leave it up to him; it will die! And my sadness made me realize I didn't want it to. There is much good in this. Dilemma.

My evening reading brought me ~~the~~ two answers I need - unsought. (Once I would have called it a "miracle". Am I learning to be more realistic?)

One article gave me the answer to something that came up between L & me last night - something he readily admits - his sexual pre-occupation - that "bunny" complex - as I've called it - that "old goat"

attraction to female flesh. The article dealt with the difference between eroticism, sex and love. Eroticism! that is L's problem! Exactly as the man put it! I quote: (the emphasis mine)

"Eroticism is a short cut to masculine interest + curiosity (!!) — a safe + easy card to play —

Eroticism is sexual pleasure without sexual responsibility [Damn!] that irresponsibility again! I knew it!

It's having your cake + eating it. Is impersonal... The tickling of a single nerve ^(in the dark), concentrating upon a certain kind of excitement + pleasure to the exclusion of everything else. [Damn!]

It is solitary + self-regarding — other persons in it being treated as things, Nothing worth calling a relationship can be created by it, ... no good created by its opposite sex not really there ... barren... blind ally — solitary, barren, forever unrewarding — a trap — comes either from hatred of Woman or fear of women and/or real sex or love.

Whereas Sex is natural — Man + Woman urge — Love is personal — complementary —

Why I object to being treated like a
"thing" sometimes! Apr. 22-2

This, then, is that uncomfortable feeling I have about L — It expresses exactly one of my big doubts from my observations of him. It is the thing I fear in him. It labels his peculiar, abnormal attitude toward women & sex and explains his loneliness in spite of it. It explains his obsession, his persistence in it, his inability to control it. It explains that perpetual, public disturbance of his. L is "twanging his sex nerve" constantly — afraid to do anything else. Does this concern me? Can he ever resolve it?

Yet he seems to feel the Man needs Woman urge — the natural sex urge, too. Perhaps the last is the answer to our friction — the fearful advance for the first time? into love — the personal aspect; one person — to completion — to satisfy? Can he achieve it? Can we achieve it? Is it too late?

* * *

The second answer is harder; requires action — practice — has a broader more enduring scope: the use of FACT in unpleasant or touchy subjects; in mis-

understanding; in influencing; in advising.

Actually it is laymen's language for my old psychology "rules". By careful planning I can answer the dilemma posed at the beginning of this. Herewith I apply quotes:

"Wait. (My "divorce" technique)

Wait for the right emotional atmosphere — when theories are good-right between us — where we are close. Or — create that atmosphere. Make yourself as agreeable & desirable as possible. A man likes to know he is wanted.

Then try to survey the situation from his viewpoint — involve his interests — assure him that your interests are fundamentally the same — (You have a point — I agree) — that we are both trying to work it out.

Then — pose a question — (not an ultimatum) — allowing him full prerogative to DECIDE FOR HIMSELF! "etc. etc (The rest I have on other notes.)

So. Tomorrow night — I wait for (or create) the "right" atmosphere.

Apr 22-3

Then I say, in effect, "L, I want you! I want to make you happy. [This always softens him!] I think we have created something good, don't you? Would you like to keep it going? I would! We can work it out, can't we? Can you think of ways to work it out? I trust in you (??) — You decide how — "

And — should I be ashamed of this strategy? No! Not according to the other article which answers another cloudy point about L & me for me: "Real love is based primarily on liking — respect etc. It is created from this basis." It just doesn't just happen — it isn't only emotion — it is created — by the two people! This is what L and I are doing — creating a relationship we'd both like to have because we like each other; we respect each other. It sounds deliberate, but then, our best moments are when we are using all our skills — not the merely emotional ones!

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I was glad to note that advice was given on breaking a long-standing "date" to do it gently — to offer a substitution to soften the disappointment. This explains my hurt & L's lack of tact & crudeness a week ago Sunday. He admitted his crudeness. At the time I was shocked at his ~~Sophistry~~ (?) "cold bloodedness".

I must quit. I shall suffer — as always — for this session physically tomorrow — but I shall be better prepared psychically. I hope it works!

(1)

Tuesday - April 23, 1963

I'm still probing.

What bothers me - (and it does!) is that, after all this time, I still feel that L and I are SEPARATE. We are as separate as we were in the beginning. True, we have a habit of each other.

But I feel it. Others note it. Leonard keeps himself separate. He's not mine in some sense I can't explain.

I sense that this is the parting of the ways. True, there is some des-parting, some "last chance" quality to it, but L wants no interference in his life.

He gives me the feeling that I'm interfering. He insists that his life is full of unchangeable, absolutely necessary pursuits. Pursuits in which I cannot in any sense share or that he can give up. I can "go along"; I can listen; I can tolerate, but, come right down to it, certain things are "none of my damn business!" He gets irritable, impatient, self-righteous at any

"Grasping" by me - at any insistence on my part. Leave him alone! He'll come to me - when he's ready! At certain times - when the others things are all done - all "Caught up". There is a quality of that "impossible" trait I saw in Nick.

Maybe I'm possessive - greedy. But I think not.

A loner is a loner. A man who fears women cannot quite make it across the line to intimacy.

I don't know, I don't know. There is something wrong, something missing, something cold and selfish that repels me - that makes me have to work at this thing.

I weigh the cost.

And I regret this thought this morning. It is not a good preparation for tonight. I had my mood set. This ugliness will show through no matter what I plan. It spoils the fun. The slightest rebuff by I tonight will set off an explosion.

Apr. 23 - 2

But I can't help the feeling that I'm putting on an act now. I am getting discouraged with h. [I am just writing as things pop out — perhaps it's better I should.] We are beginning toicker more. I'm finding more fault. (Danger signs.) I care less. I dis-enjoy his pursuits ~~less~~ more all the time. I find it harder to be nice, to be patient to be loving.

I feel I am up against a rock wall, an obdurate, unyielding, sterile sort of thing. A calculating thing, A thing unto itself. A grudging thing. A demanding thing. A thing? not a person.

Not a person who has suffered, shared, sacrificed, endured, knows the heartbreak and futility of life and living and the oneness of all of us, but a person who knows all the answers, who beats his head against life, who demands and dictates to life.

What is it? What is it?
This "missing link"?

I feel almost as if I'm tired of just dating; I want to get on with life. And

Somewhere L's dragging his feet.
He's not "with" living — !

What could be rising is my
own lack of faith in the man,
in my ability to hold him; my
own — first-of-the-week dis-
couragement with circumstances!

My own fear; my own resent-
ment & jealousy of the long baseball
seasons that will take him away
from me; the worrisome laying
off from work with him; the
lack of future date surety — the
long days & evenings without him —
Waiting — wondering —

Tuesday - Apr. 23 - '63

(3)

Further cogitation:

Got to thinking: what I'm really beginning to wonder is —

Am I the "girl" for L?

Then I thought — No — what I've been doing is wondering if

Any girl is for L?

Then — am I the girl?

I have long since pondered if he is the man for me & come up with the answer many times:

almost, almost. Could be. With effort. With some adjusting — some sacrifice on my part (and his).

But is any girl for L? is something for him to decide. We can't do anything about it. He thinks yes. He thinks he's still a "good catch" — at 50 — after all these years of "unsuccess". We think "no". We think he's a poor risk.

So it really comes to this: What has L got to offer (this I've been through) — superficially — a great deal in a worldly sense. What has he got to offer any woman — what kind of a life?

And I come up with this generalization — only half a man — half a life — half a marriage — only a few years

left - even.

A husband gone most of the time.
A husband "busy" most of the time.

A life of endless beer drinking —
nothing else — just beer. A life of
dull movies (if any) and TV and
^{endless} naps and fuss-budget cooking +
health watching — of clothes fussing —
petty fussing. Of lazy — diminishing
sex urges — of girl-watching —
ganny pinching. A lonely life —
a boring life — a narrow life.

What has happened? What
is different? Why am I "talking
myself out of" L? Why am I
spoiling what started out to be
a happy date day — a beautiful
Spring day?

Because I expect to get hurt.
I expect to get hurt tonight and
henceforward. For L offers nothing
actually. He is offering me nothing
but indefinite, wide-spaced
dates. And they get increasingly
boring.

Gone is my hope that he
was gay, adventurous, progressive,
ambitious, open-minded — alert,
broad-minded, intelligent, curious;
warm, affectionate, generous and
easy to get along with.

Spri. 23 - 4

He has become increasingly narrow, stultified, petty, fussy, ritualistic, stuffy - in a rut. It has to be his way, his life, his routine. He does not really like the impulsive, emotional, gay things I like and do. He was only "going along". He isn't fun at all - as I thought.

I have a great fear in the pit of my stomach (which is now sick from unhappy over-smoking.) This is going to be another Nick thing! I am going to be alone again!

It was the baseball that did it! I betrayed me! He claimed he cared little for it - and he loves it! There are going to be 70 games this summer and it's obvious he doesn't really want me to go with him ^{at the time} - nor do I want to spend my summer in a ball park! And I am getting ridicule from all sides - horna and baseball! Horna, you are out of character! And it makes me stop and think: what am I doing "pretending" this interest in seagulls, in hunting, in baseball, in beer? I thought I was to be a companion - we'd live & go together in the outdoors;

we'd create new, exciting signs + pictures together, we'd have a group of fun, gravitating people; we'd make trips together — fun trips and have enough money to spend.

No! I see now I will be a Sportsman "widow"; an annoying goad to an old-fashioned, out-of-date narrow minded artist; a lonely, confined maid-servant to a loner; a bored accompanist on dull business trips — a body to vent an occasional urge on.

Leonard! what has happened?

(1)

Wed - April 24 - 1963

Report on Tues night: Terrific!

All my worries either as naught or having the advantage of making me well-prepared.

On credit side: came early, was patient with my difficulties, attentive & proud during game, fun at Gala Club, confiding and voluntarily promising & cooperative about future dates (reassuring me & making my "plan" needless). Used it (unconsciously?) in different situation & worked like a charm! ("turned left" - his own decision). Great rapport and then a voluntary compliment on my agreeability as a baseball companion!

On debit side: came too early without warning. Impatient & blaming about ensuing difficulties. Self-centredness & self-enhancement show at same. Observation that is every body's too-anxious-to-please slavey and "old ladies' darling". Not really "in" in spite of fawning - rather rejected. Impolite hint about sleepiness

afterwards. Masturbation + erotic displays^{in q.c.} odd reception of "twanging Same old nerve" quote - been "watching" - hesitation before "left turn" - and, most of all, - unsuccessful attempt to repeat erotic experience and then - for first time - short display of impotence! All in all - very good + reassuring.

Was surprised at my own need of him in spite of all - my own eagerness + pleasure at ~~first~~ being with him in spite of "above" protestations. (Was merely lonely for him, I guess.)

[Have been doing reports at work - therefore "business like" tone of this!]

Note: Lois dropped by + explained her procrastination in getting married thus: Wants to wait till unknown becomes known and then commit self "with eyes open" - to avoid future "blaming" (A safeguard measure?) [When I told L her nodded in agreement.]

But I sense something "wrong" in this. What is it?

Apr 24-2

I say commitment is commitment, whether before or after.

What if she waited and then found self unable to accept the known? What then?

Seems irresponsible to me - a dependence on time and circumstance to reveal what should have been analyzed & decided before allowing a relationship of 8 months! It sounds like a playing for time, a hope that decision will be taken out of her hands? "Something will decide? Something better will turn up? Something else will end it? Not me! I don't want to be responsible for any mistakes or hurts! Fear & lack of self-confidence & faith.

Very much like L, (I'm sorry to note.) Again I am beginning to note their basic similarities!

There is something newly cruel & bitter in Lois. I wonder what it is?

Evening:

Oh it is wonderful to know where L is, what he's doing, what he will be doing, that he chooses me - that he is being "good"!

I feel so released! And am able to putter around getting things done. I feel so peaceful!

There are 3 little things that I'd like to check with L. and I find I dread to pick up that phone and start all the evasions & worries and not finding him home again etc. ~~all~~ all over.

How nice to feel quite relaxed about waiting till about 10 when I'm pretty sure to find him in.

And how disheartening to find in trying his ~~number~~ number along with other casual evening calls that he wasn't in earlier and find the ugly emotions sneaking in again!

Yet - if I wait till the last minute, there will be complications. If he were only "normal"!

Apr. 24-3

Example of h's procedure:

"Can't decide if go to morrow night to game — maybe not — "(reason) — We discuss

"Yes, maybe go 3rd night" (Thursday?)

I don't know what he means } Nothing more said. No confirming when leaves me. No call to day or this evening.

I call him 8:30 — No answer. 9:30 no answer. 10:30 — line busy, 5 min. still busy. 10 min —

Am carefully planning wording so as not to antagonize — ("I told you") Am afraid of rebuff — change in plan.

And so I kept trying — every 5 minutes until 11 — his time to go to Glee Club — 45 minutes the line was busy!

Damn it! Now I'm mad again — all upset again! ~~Steady~~ I Ed didn't really care whether I went to the game or not. Now, I'll be mad either way — if she shows up or if he doesn't.

For — surely I'm justified — Like last night; if he wanted to go earlier than he'd said — he should have — could have easily called me & warned me — others agreed on that. He absolutely wouldn't admit this.

Noss - I am put on the spot
of being ready - all prepared
for a cold night at the game -
and then what? If he comes -
I'll be angry because he hadn't
verified it. If he doesn't I shall
be angry because he didn't verify
that! (And that will spoil the
whole week-end that I was so
happily adjusted to - for then I'll
doubt him again!)

And who was he talking
to that long - at that time of
night? He never talks to me
that long! And why can't he
call me and say "Want to
go with me for a short beer?"

No! I am the sometime thing!

II - Now I check to see if
he's gone to G.C. - No! still talking!
It must be important! (And he'll
never tell me who or what it was.)

Spoiled - all spoiled.

The only thing to do - I guess
I've proved it is go my way -
"forget" him - It seems to work
every time.

To hell with him! Now I
don't want to go to the game at all,
I hate him - inconsiderate
loner!

April 25-1

Next morning - Thursday - April 25-¹⁹⁶³
(the day when I don't know
if I'm going to the ball game
this evening!)

Well, last night I kept calling
until I found him gone (to GL, I suppose)
— about 11:10. — He had no intention
of calling me.

And now I want to say what
I forgot to say during this last
"dilemma" — the conclusion I came
to. It's simply that —

I'm tired of NAGGING at L!
Nagging to get a date — a decision —
a verification. It's as simple as that;
Indecisive people tempt the nag
in a person! And so I resorted
to the easy way, the usual way, the
natural reaction — an attempt at
indifference. Either nagging or indiff-
erence. This is what he brings out
in women! This is why he "can't
get along" with them for long. That
wall he puts up makes them either
beat at it or give up.

That's what was happening. I
was tired. Too tired to "handle" him
as I have been. Working at it all
the time. That's what my daughter
meant when she asked if a
relationship you had to work at

was worth it?

The psychiatric nurse again!
The Receiver. The "Unable-to-Give'er!"

L - I have learned - assumes that I assume we have a date - if he so much as mentions something (that is - something he wants to do.) Likewise, he assumes that I know when he doesn't want to do something and he assumes I wouldn't want to, either. He takes a great deal for granted. Makes a little effort & assumes the rest.

This is the basis of my vague worry about "drifting apart". If I don't work hard at handling this odd ball - there will be nothing. For the usual methods won't work. My extra-special method has worked, but - as I've found - there is a limit to how much & how long I can be a nurse-maid. I get tired! And I begin to do it the long way - I nag! And, when that doesn't work, I seek the self protection I need in indifference.

This shows up to L as a "loss" of me and elicits

Apr 25-2

that panicky ^{sudden} attention I have noticed when I "callous" up. It is the loss of what I offer him — not me!

"Mature, quiet, permissiveness" works (but is it love?) if I can sustain it. When I need, my self, what do I do?

L. becomes, then, another one of my "experiments" — another "help" — "good deed" — that only. What I glean from it is no more — no more long lasting — than raising a child — to set them free — to lose them — eventually — to help —

"A mother to everyone — "mature, quiet, permissive"!

I must make L seek me but — instead of handing it to him on a silver platter or (begging) throwing it at him (nagging.) — otherwise — he won't "grow".

He can never give, but he can learn to offer — and this I must make him do. I am sure enough of him now — that I have something that attracts him — and ~~he has~~ what he does offer doesn't interest me so vitally now that I've ex-

pereniced it almost to saturation—
that I can afford to sit & wait!
I can relax a little.

Apr. 25-3

Thursday - Later:

I must make a "calendar" of his "offers" for the coming few months. Actually, they are barely offers; they are plans, ^{activities} that I can go along with if I please - (some of them.)

I make suggestions - which are usually hardly considered - except verbally - and somehow get lost. Along the way, Oh, once in a while I have a definite invitation. These he goes along with. My wishes he is unaware of - or, if voiced - assumes they are the same as his (an impression I have given him) fear. If I voice my wishes, he is apt to be amused, doesn't take them seriously - "day dreams" "wit" - that funny Lorna - impractical ideas, of course! "for a busy man!"

When I think of the "offers" he has made or is apt to make for the next few months, I find myself thinking - No thank you! - (Baseball, "work" Doctor, Horse Heaven, - beeing - his apartment - sitting around my house - even the errate, unremunerative, ^{idle-bound} ~~harrow~~ work in his office with him.)

If that's all he has to offer - (and it is) - I don't much care!

I can think of other, more interesting things to do!

I thought there was going to be more fun things; I thought he was going to have more life verse - more adventure + more imagination - more joy + fun!

Don't get me wrong! I'm not going to turn down date chances with him - It's just that I feel slighted all the time

And so - I make myself sick with apprehension between the times I see L - and when I do see him - everything's "all right."

(1)

Friday - April 26, 1963

I said "I love you" twice last night! He said it easily and firmly & happily. True, it was still in answer to my saying it to him ("I love you, too") but he has become able to say it! Miracles! He says it as if he enjoys saying it. And - I thought - It's the first time in my getting very long life that I have had a man tell me more than once that he loved me - and without any qualifying additions! It is something to be thankful for.

I am too weary & ill from last night's emotional binge with L to write more now - only that - which was this morning's ending to it all.

I really almost made the break with him last night. If it hadn't been for that movie we saw (To Kill a Mockingbird) I ought have. For, as I told J., to break with L would be "to kill a mockingbird" - But, if it hadn't been for the movie, I would not have reached the empassioned point of wanting

to break with him!

(1)

Saturday morning Write-Up - April 27, 1963

(If my daughter will leave me alone
I should like to delve into Thursday
night.)

I find it difficult to recall. One of
the things I did that night was look up
"forgetting" in my psychology book (to
analyze L) and so I know why I
"don't want" to "go back". There is much
unpleasantness & significance to face
in that evening. Much truth that is
hard to face. Uncomfortable reality.

This is what happened. I stayed
dressed up, prepared to go to the ball game
if necessary. As tension mounted in
me & my family, who obviously wanted
to "get rid" of me, I kept trying to
contact L & find out if we were going.
I called his office at 5. No answer.
I kept calling his apartment then
about every 5 or 10 minutes until
6, with a brief interim when our
phone was busy. No answer.

I waited till 7. He did not
appear or call (7 was his deadline to
go to the game).

Then, in a perfect fury of
emotion, I wrote him a cruel,
final note, pocketed it & the

car keys & announced to the kids that I was going out to seek him and break off with him. (they were upset & upset at my "unreasonable" display of emotion about "such a little thing".)

I drove wildly, hysterically planning a route that would check all possibilities before I planted my "Goodbye!" note at his apartment, this involved a lot of driving & futile chasing of what might have been a white Cadillac. I went to the ball park, the Glee Club, past his apartment & then to his office. This was my last try before going back to the apt. & leaving the note.

I was shocked when I saw the lights on in his office — and, sure enough! — the Cadillac parked in front. Some how I didn't want this. At the time I didn't know why. Now I know I had hoped to catch him at his apartment as had so often happened before. His being at the office proved that he'd had no intention of going to the game. That his mention — (delighted) — of "seeing the third game" meant nothing!

Apr. 27-2

I rapped on the door to be let in. He was a long time coming, and for a minute, I was worried. He wasn't going to let me in? But he did. Not gladly, but strangely quiet. "I just called you," he said. "The kids said you were out looking for me —". (Nothing else. No apology, no explanation.)

We went up to his office. He seated himself at his desk, his back to me, ostensibly "busy". I seated myself and waited. Waited for what he'd say; waited for my emotions to calm down.

I was grim, holding myself in, trying to be "quiet", patient. I don't remember quite how it went. There was too much emotion in the air. (And this is very hard to write.) He acted evasive, "busy", toying with the radio ~~or~~ which was tuned to the ball game. He gave me the feeling that he didn't want me there - he wanted to work - wanted to post- phone whatever it was I wanted.

He kept looking at the clock - starting & stopping his work.

I sat. Whatever he wanted, I was going to have it out.

I think I accosted him with my reasons for coming, explaining more than I had intended how desperately I had tried to contact him to day & last night & why,

He rejected "it all" — he wasn't that unavailable!" He offered no explanation as to why he wasn't available. He began, haltingly, as I waited, to explain his "thinking" the last 48 hours. He had called me — at 7:20, if I wasn't there! ~~to~~ He had intended to contact me that evening. In fact he had. He didn't call me at 6, as he'd contemplated out of "consideration" for our dinner hour (what a farce!) — or last night — he never called people so late — he was too "considerate".

When I blasted him with his 45 min. 10:30-11 p.m. call of last night & got no answer,

At no time did he show any recall of having mentioned our going to the game. Other desires of his had intervened, apparently. He had simply gone ahead with what he wanted to do as of the moment, "intending"

Apr. 27-3

to contact me in his "own sweet time"; What in the world was I so upset about? — "I wouldn't want him around all the time; I'd get sick of him —". But, I conceded the grain of truth in this, realizing clearly the implied insult.

He evaded all my probing to find out why he hadn't answered his phone when he (now) claimed to have been ^{home} there during that half hour I called every 5 minutes. "The phone had not rung", he declared. He insisted on this — ignoring utterly my suggestion that maybe he should check with the phone company, and fussing around "pretending" to try to remember when he was there — then suddenly dropping it & ~~getting~~ me off abruptly by faking an interest in the game on the radio that he did not sustain after the subject was changed.

Nor did he ever answer my point-blank inquiry about whom he was talking to the night before (a test on my part — not curiosity — simply to see if he would evade.)

He did. He thought quickly

for a moment then answered
challengingly, "It was a
friend - just a friend - just 'sharing
the breeze'" (an expression of
his I detest!) and glared at me
letting me know he had no in-
tention of telling me - " - it was
nothing - 'nothing' -" (meaning it
wasn't a womans relationship
I was to worry about.)

I had to drop it. As I had
to drop the mystery of why he
didn't answer between 5 & 6. He
was "covering up", something, it
seemed.

* * * *

[I was interrupted! The kids made
me get up. Now I've lost my continuity]
Later.

He seemed very busy. I got the
impression he wanted to work, but
I bothered him. His preoccupation
I interpreted as concentration on
his work, so I was surprised when
he began to present little "offers"
for the evening - little ways I
could "share" what he intended
to do anyway. Each one he, himself
rejected before I even realized
what he was doing. All this

Apr. 27-4

time I was grimly sitting, waiting, as I told him, ~~for~~ to decide if, when I left, I was leaving for good. When I mentioned it, he only turned and his mouth grim, ~~and~~ "nick-like", "worked". It seemed as if he, "courageously", waited for the blow - the axe to fall. While I, I stood on the brink, waiting, waiting for something to push me - one way or the other. Now I realize I was waiting for him to persuade me - say something - something to activate me one way or the other. He didn't. He "left it to me". The Decision was mine. Whatever I decided, he'd "take".

It was then I noticed his little attempts to put me off - to play for time. I noticed, too, as he toyed with the steel scraps that constituted part of his "work" that he cut himself - blood flowed - and he nursed his injury! (Significant!) It alerted me. Why, the man is upset! I thought. Then I began to listen to him.

"Leonard!" I said, "You're trying to placate me - like you always do -!"

"What does that mean?" he

asked — (my poor deprived illiterate!)
Ensued a bout with the dictionary.
Then, gradually, — I gave in to his
"too little, too late" "offer". ("To
Kill a mockingbird! To kill a
mockingbird!" I thought, backing
away from the Brink. This man
means no harm: he doesn't know
what I am talking about!) Con-
templating him with sad objectivity,
(which he met with ~~looks~~ of weary
resignation) I slowly agreed to
"let him work an hour or two"
and let him pick me up for
a Glee Club session later.

Not what I wanted. Not
what I wanted at all! Wearily,
my feet like lead, I left &
drove home to face a long
waiting session.

It was then I decided to
set out the psychology book. And
I became so immersed that I
hoped he wouldn't come too soon —
that he'd be late. He wasn't.

And I, caught unawares,
ended by handing him notes
that I thought pertained to
his case, which is exactly what
I'd decided not to do!

Apr. 27-5

I was surprised at his interest then and later. And that he pocketed the note for further perusal.

On the way out I said, knowing now that the thing I hoped for — that the situation needed, was not to materialize — a good TALK — I said "Well, I'll go to the Glee Club. I'd rather have a good heart-to-heart talk, but — I'll go —" Silence.

Then, abruptly — too abruptly, "that reminds me of a story!" — and away he went into one of his dirty stories I'd heard before. Some trigger from my psychology class went off. "Watch this association!" it said. "Watch! What he says now will be very significant!"

It was a story about "turning the wrong key!" "Later!" I thought, "Later I'll figure this out!" and heard myself say, "Watch it, Boy! I've been reading the psychology book!" which he ignored, of course, but knowing what I meant, I interrupted whatever chatter he escaped into my saying quietly, "How does one find the right key?"

Whatever made me say that ?
I wondered. He let it pass, as I
knew he would, and so did I.

Instead of going right in at the
G.C. as we usually did, we lingered
in the car because I was talking
about something — something a little
controversial, but not very.

Even so, I was rest less, anxious
to get going and away from me &
my "problems". He began surveying
the parked cars — his friends weren't
there yet, he said — hesitating to go
in. From the way he spoke &
acted I knew he was afraid of
my continuing a heckling con-
versation. He was looking for an
"escape".

It was until the next day that
I realized his offer to go to Harley's
for awhile (a quiet place) was
not a stall to wait for his
friends, but an offer to "let
me talk" — if I had to.

(Another long interruption. I
feel a desperate need to write
this out. It gnaws at me.
And I am not getting a chance!
L. evades me, puts off dis-

Apr. 27-6

cussion, changes the subject, finds things for us to do. My family presses, presses at me with their young, burgeoning life force.

Mother evades, walks out, dismisses the subject — very much like L does.

It is Sunday morning now and I feel a great, great need to think this thing out. I wish they'd leave me alone till I do! I wish L would discuss it to an ultimate conclusion. Wait! Wait! Time! Time! They all cry.

I could cry myself with fear and doubt and frustration. I am thinking this morning that if I could only explain to L that I am messing at him lately because I love him — because I have gotten to the point where I want to live with him. I want him to be around all the time. I can't stand these days & hours away from him; these daily partings & goodbyes — etc. And I am trying — testing now to see if I could live with him. And I am so afraid I couldn't! I am afraid of that

already creeping boredom that would end in already appearing naggings as I see L reverting to his sleep, narrow rut again - his lonely little routines as he gets more "sure" of me.

Would I end destroying the man instead of inspiring him? This I fear.

Yet I don't want to lose him. He is all I have and worst yet - all I may hope to have!

He said last night "We need each other." (Didn't he say it? Didn't I hear him say that?)

* * *

Any way, back to my tale - which burns for expression before it is all swallowed up in time.

We were standing outside the G.C. I saw that L hoped to join his friends in order to fend off my "attacks". So I told him, "Don't worry. I am not going to talk about it any more.

(1)

Sunday night - (April 28 - 1963)

Well, I give up. I didn't & won't have time to write up that night in detail for future reference as I wanted to.

I'll simply summarize as of tonight - Sun - our usual dull sit-around family evening (included a dull baseball game tonight.) L. likes it this way; what is dull to me is comfortable to him - napping, reading, sitting, - a beer - eating. "It was nice", he said. (Ugh! I say.)

I have proved beyond a doubt that he prefers, he insists on not only just ~~over~~^{the} ~~evan~~^{on} of ~~dis~~^{on} ~~cu~~^{cu} discussing things, but actual no-~~dis~~^{on} ~~cu~~^{cu} discussion. He thinks this is a virtue! We will never be able to iron the things out now:

(over)

I really scared him off last night trying desperately to "fire" him up. To him it was nagging — and it was. He is a naggable man! There are such — and women like me are attracted to them.

I got him — in lieu of nothing else; nothing that I wanted — last night to talk at great length about his family. It came out about like I had it figured — actually even worse. I got the picture all too clearly.

Now, when I look at this man, I see nothing but that Great Fear in him. He has become pathetic in my eyes.

I "proved" this week that he will not fight for me; if I say "the word", he will simply sigh, give up, and immerse himself in work and that will be that. What he wants — evidently — is to just be "comfortable" together — no passion, no words, no "fights", no decisions — just drift into marriage.

Apr. 28-2

Tonight he made some remark about how time had passed so quickly lately — "that's what to do keep busy — and time will pass quickly —"

What time? Pass quickly toward what? Was this a deep remark, or a hint on his "desires", his intentions?

I don't know. And, at this point I don't much care. I feel right now that he is my consort. I have gotten used to him — for better or for worse. I feel, lately, that he may be very hard to get rid of — if I ever wanted to.

I thought, too, today, how little he offers me in the way of solid, practical help — sharing help. In fact, he shows new signs of being negligible. There are, I suddenly realized, no presents, no clothes, no buying of food, or paying of bills — no assuming of any of my burdens such as other men give their women.

True, he is "generous" in helping me to find work — to make my own money — and

(for him) in paying for me
when I accompany him - ?

I told him tonight I
won't count on any dates
until next weekend and I
hoped for that - expressing a
wish that he might call
during the week. He offered
nothing - seemed quite content
to have it that way -

Was it then he spoke
of "Keeping busy so time would
pass"? How grudging! How
miserably!

I noted, tho, that when I
told him - (play-acting) - that
I loved him tonight - that my
upsets were because I loved
him that he seemed unusually
calm & happy (content, rather)
all evening. And there was
no popping in the mouth of
"Stomach pills" all evening as
usual.

And how sweetly he smiled
and placed his head against
mine even tho he was driving?
And how I wondered if
maybe Jamie Es gate might
be driving by & seen & would
tell Nick. (Hmn!)

Apr. 28-3

Should note before I end that last night was bad again. Everything all ok. He called & offered two "exciting" plans for evening - each very different as far as dress went for me - and gave me about 20 minutes to prepare if he called to verify. He didn't. Good thing I guessed right - that his "guy" companion would reject him! As luck would have it the baseball game was called off. (I was rather relieved.) Then I made a suggestion which he agreed with heartily - and then that did nothing further about.

We ended up being very dull - very usual. He was tired; he napped at great length. We went to See Club. He brought me home, altho he knew I didn't want to come.

I "went along." I napped, too. But then - for the first time - our love-making was clumsy & I failed to respond. There was a "psychological death" in me from all his recent "walking off" of me. It was very bad. Something ugly came between us last night. A great difference

①
Monday - April 29, 1963.

Well, only heard that my psychology teacher said I was "a very complex person — there is nothing simple about Horna!"

Whatever he meant, the implication of a need to simplify is there.

This is what I need now. I am getting bogged down in complexity with this report. Heavens knows I wish I had time alone to review & straighten out. This is exactly what I wish I could do!

Yesterday — L was quiet, remote. There was no display of affection — I did what there was done. He did not reject the (quiet) advances I made, tho. Most startling was his leaving without any attempt at a final embrace until I instigated it. This is quite unusual. And I had to put his arm around me as we sat and read. I noted, with surprise, how jealous I was (again!) of the cat when L leaned over me without any tenderness and tenderly, lovingly, with marveling wonder stroked the cat — who is a male!

Of course, he had "reason" to be quiet & remote. I had given him much to sadly ponder the last few days; he had "had it" the night before; he had been working hard - he was tired; and Sunday is his self-designated rest - evening - whatever I want. And, too, I was feeling remote & passionless.

I find myself today imbued with a feeling of being STIFLED by h - as if he had his hands around my throat repressing the "life-force" within me. I feel right now as if I would deny myself my right to life if I tied myself to his never-to-changed neuroticism.

I had thought - it appeared that I could "open him up", free him - loosen him to new achievements, new joy in life - that I could sustain a quiet, glowing flame of inspiration - And so it has been - somewhat.

But, of a sudden, that part seems past. Now he seems merely dependent on me and the new (or old) rigidity has reappeared and been all too sadly verified by my probing these last couple of weeks. I now find myself up against a blank brick wall of Self-righteousness - the worst kind

Apr. 29-2

of neuroticism! The loop hole I thought I perceived has closed with his revelation of his admiration for the self-righteousness in his father. He is trying to be that way!

This I cannot combat. It is beyond my meager powers to re-do that conditioning.

He admires not the way I point, he admires the "wrongness" of his father; he would have me go that way! And this, of course, I cannot do.

So - I am newly faced with the realization of having trapped L. "falsely" (?). If I go on now - I go knowing that I play false - I pretend to agree - for what reason?

For mercenary, selfish ones! For what I can get out of him! For I see he will never go my way - the way I have learned through psychology + suffering + "proof" - he does not believe in it, as I thought he did. So - I cannot make him happy. He would always be fighting me - convinced of his own rightness and my "wrongness".

It is a kind of goodbye, Leonard. I feel it.

* * * *

I forgot to say that I realized what L's "and time will pass faster" remark must have referred to. Actually, it was only a weary little murmur — hardly directed at me at all — a thought that escaped.

I think now, that I had just made some, half-planned announcement about "leaving him alone" for the week. It was then he said it. The implication, in this light, was "Now, you're beginning to get the idea! You'll find it much easier if you keep busy — etc. It was, in effect, another version of "get lost. Leave me alone, I am busy. There is a time & a place for you (and such as you) — I'd let you know."

This "fitted" with his answer to my disclosure about Joan's comment of "then you couldn't get married!" when I told her of his remark about getting "sick of him". At that time he went into a great discourse on how much married people are separated any way — by work, by hobbies & pursuits etc. — His idea of marriage (I was so right

Apr. 29-3

in my original premise!) We go our separate ways. The old verdict on Nick is "I want a sexual companion; not a partner, a wife, a helpmate."

The bachelor's idea of marriage! A cold, lonely, convenient, irresponsible relationship; a series of "dates" — what we now have!

I know now that I expected him to come forth with some denial, some protestation, some suggestions, plans, offers to see each other before a week passed. He did not. He "jumped at" the offer with almost relief — (Although when I blatantly said that my needling of him was based on a newly-realized desire to live with him — that I didn't like "going home" all the time, he came up with one of his "You-said-it-for-me" responses: Hesitant, grudging — "I feel that way, too —" inserted into my discourse.)

Also, I confronted him after the above "marriage pattern" with the challenging question — "But who said we were getting married, hush?" laughing at his unconscious disclosure of intention by defending any marriage pattern. ("Marriage would be the same!" he was almost saying — not rejecting

the idea utterly.) He did not, of course, answer me. That would be commitment!

After the above writing at the office I left thinking, "Leonard, I might as well stay away. I can be "content" staying away because I know now I can't make you happy. No one can make a man happy who is more interested in being right than happy. I can only go my way — offering you, as I have tried to — the things I have learned that make happiness — that has proved can make you happy.

If your need, your desire, makes you seek me out to talk in these things — whether you approve or understand them or not — then that proves that happiness has nothing to do with your ideas of "rightness" or "wrongness".

In other words, as with raising my children, I am laughed at for my theories, but when they work I get no credit!

"There are none so blind as those who will not see!"

Apr. 29-4

I wish to make a comment here on these, my writing habits. For habit it certainly has become! What is it — almost 5 years? Or more?

Anyway, it is an obsession, a compulsion. Again I feel that I enjoy the writing almost more than the living!

And how useful this record can be! Not only for myself. I laughed inwardly with glee when, during my argument, with L. the other night, he defended himself hotly with assertions that he bet we hadn't gone more than two days without seeing each other in all this time. (that would prove how attentive he was! he inferred.) And some other claim solely from his memory.

How tempted I was to say, "I can prove it, Boy! I have an almost daily record!" How I wish I could go back and do so!

Yet I caught myself, knowing how cold-blooded and predatory it would sound ("I keep a diary!") — and that it would really scare him off.

Besides, a little stab

warned me that he might be
right!

I remember ~~how~~ surprised
I was at the evidence when
I did just that with the Vick story!

I withheld, pending an
opportunity for investigation.

Monday - April 22 -

Determination to "divorce" myself from L.
2 articles - Eroticism & (treats like things).
Tact use - (You decide \rightarrow)
(Creating a relation slip.)
(Technique)

Tuesday - April 23 - (Separate feelings - interfering)
Date for 1st Ball Game. (discouragement - fear)
What does he offer - $\frac{1}{2}$ man!
Doubt & boredom

Verdict! Terrific! \star own idea! "Nice",
"maybe" go to game Thurs night (New slant on social fawning.)

Weds. April 24 (nothing)
fruitless attempt to phone (didn't verify date? - Not known -)
(Peace & release
45 min. late talk to?)

Thursday - April 25 (nothing)
fruitless attempt to phone (Doubt. Worry - Wait for date verify.)
doesn't contact; doesn't (Suspicion - Anger - desparation)
show up. I seek out (Moved) Emotional peak
in anger. Office fight. (fight & "make-up")
Glee Club "placating" (I leave again.)

Fight in car.Leave in anger. ("I love you, too")
Date off Sat. - will phone.

Friday - April 26 -

I. busy on big sign.

I phone in morning -
(not see, but of. work)

apologizing. "I love you too,"
Seek out sign after eve.
All ot. not know
ph. ~~some~~ phone
What's ok

Saturday - Apr. 27-

"busy" during day - ok.

Phone 10 a.m. to congratulate

has company - ok.

"Will phone later."

PHONES - two dates - last minute ones.

No verification - Ball game called off - "ignores"

2 dates - sleep + G.C. very eager ~~too eager~~ tears - fight - Takes home -

make go back - make talk.

Date for ball game Sun. Eve - invite to dinner
accepts. Tells plans!

Sunday - April 28

"Emergency" comes up. Fired him
when I phone aft. - Office hours - ok.

Dinner ok - ~~forgot~~ "Forgets" about
ball game. Ball game + home session

Free him for week. Ask for phone
calls - Sat eve. date agreed. Give sweater.

"Promises" work (?)

Monday - April 29 - ("divorced" from)
has work to do - no ball game Sweater - no
expectations - ok.

Called about sweater - ok

says will work at home,

Emery called. "Had to call h."

Not home all eve (9:30 - 10:30)

Got at 10:30 -

Emery contact at office tomorrow

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Monday-cont.

"Plans" for week with L.

"Free" him for week. He accepts. Seems glad.) Ask for Sat. eve. date. Agrees. Ask for telephone contact. Agrees. Tues. or Thurs. Agrees! ("Yes!") Gives sweater to wash. Challenge to leave at office. Agrees without other offer.

"Promises" work at office.

Claims will be real busy - has work to do - (Big Sign estimate - model to make - personal chores - oil phone calls -).

No mention of Baseball games. Big game TUESDAY night. (No mention). Big Drawing game Wed. night. (No mention). No mention of time of phone calls, ever Sat. No offers. No promises. No "ideas". No external connections except sweater (rejected) and possibility of work.

Summary: No expectations until Sat. eve.

Mon eve:

Spent the afternoon happily employing TLC (Tender loving Care) to L's sweater. How I've yearned to set my hands on that filthy "uniform" of his! and thinking "I like Mondays! Mondays I'm sure of him, I feel content. "I know his home busy etc."

Then, proud of the job I'd done
on his sweater. Came a perfectly
normal, casual urge to call
him & tell him — maybe he'd drop
by & pick it up — during the evening
or on his way to G.C. — or suggest
some other warm, casual little way
to use it as an excuse to see each
other — just casual friendliness —
very common amongst my friends —
very ordinary —

His line was busy. I waited 15
minutes & called again — Meantime the
casualness had gone out of it — (He is
so hard to get ahold of!) This
time he answered! He sounded
warm & glad. I ~~suggested~~ told him
it was ready — he could come & get
it if he wanted it — (Nothing from
him) — "Well, I'll drop it by at
office tomorrow?" "Yes, yes — that'd
be fine." No chit chat from him.
"How was your day? (Me) "Oh — tired —
Mondays, you know — I stayed
up till 2 after I left your
place —"

Oh that fantastic man! He
is so tired when he's visiting dating
me that he has to sleep all the
time and then goes home &

stays up till 2 — ~~and~~ can be tired the next day for that silly little reason, but grumbles + blames about my keeping him up sometimes — He "can't" — "would be tired next day". How inconsistent!

Ensued a lame conversation from him claiming he wouldn't go to ball game — would work at home all eve. So — still content, I went about my chores.

Then Lois dropped by — asked me down. ("How nice to be "free" + able to go !) I went. While I was there my brother-in-law called — "Did I want the desk?" I said I'd try to find out.

I called his apt. from Lois's. No answer. (He'd be home all eve?) A bit annoyed, I tried the office. No answer. (not working, then?) Out again, after claiming he'd stay home. How many times this has happened!

Another thing: I walked into Lois' house. Here was Bert, her old faithful boy friend — always there — every eve. — every week-end — takes her to work, to lunch, brings her home — Here he was busy.

Carpentering + helping her in the house newly decorated with his help. (And she has as long to "wait" as I!). He just simply steps in and helps her out with her chores + needs.

How different from L! I thought with a sudden pang of envy. How different these pictures in my mind: Best helping, sharing; Leonard heckled into coming, eating a free meal, ensconced with ^{Wrote} the paper or in front of TV - never helping, never sharing - only ^{or} bringing his beer - Coming always otherwise empty handed - even evading the promising job he "promised". What a fool I am!

So. Now, annoyed, I fought my self about calling him again. It has long since lost any easy, casual, normal aspect. It now became a chasing thing. (Lorna is chasing L again!)

Convinced, in spite of the risk, that there was need to contact him tonight, I Kept trying & not getting him, finally so mad I determined to leave a call at the Skee Club. To hell

with him!

In this mood, I was taken off guard when he did answer my "last" call, and found myself blasting him & telling him in "mock" anger that I intended to call him at the G.C. I didn't care at this point.

To my surprise he only laughed. (It didn't matter, after all; I could be annoyed instead of so careful!)

Again, to my surprise, he launched into quite a conversation & was interested in the desk (I had expected him to try to get out of it.) Altho he did not tell me or offer to tell me where he had been — as most people would have done under the circumstances. He sounded anxious to see me, tie me down to some contact — albeit "business" — tomorrow. Yet I did not like his queer silences when I mentioned working there again — nor his lack of reassuring when I confronted him with his response. (I don't understand this one)

Anyway, that's the first day gone.

External things and the

"tie" of the sweater helped me
keep contact to day. — in spite of L!

All in all, the day's events made
me draw this conclusion: this man
is damned difficult to get along
with! That's all, he's just plain
difficult! It would take an angel
and I don't feel like one! What
am I doing?

For stringing him along plus
my interminable money problems
& daughter problems keeps me in
a state of anxiety that keeps
me smoking "ad nausam".

You're always "too busy" for what?

Putting myself in what's shoes — to see what happens! ↴

- I have a full time job — a hard, high-pressure one. ~~shortened~~ lunch hours & evenings are all I have during week. Weekends I have to do all other things — housework — personal chores ~~any~~ people etc — my mother etc.
- I belong to a Club I like that I have to go to meeting every Sat. morning & ^{makes} other demands on me.
- I have some money-making investments that ~~often~~ need tending & ~~opportunities~~
- I am very interested in my work & am anxious to spend a lot of time outside work perfecting it.
- I have 2 or 3 absorbing hobbies I share with quite a few friends.
- I like to relax by drinking beer ~~with~~ at "my club" with friends I've known for many, many years.
- I have other commitments of years standing with friends & cronies — often involving ^{little} out-of-town trips
- I get quite a few phone calls & have to make quite a few on business or Club work.

This is the pattern of living I've established over the years. I like

all these things. I enjoy them. I don't want to give them up. I intend to keep on doing them. This is my way of life. This is me. I am often pressed for time and subject to emergency activities. I'm always tense & under pressure trying to do so many things. I get tired & nervous. So I have evolved a "pattern": work 8 to 5 - five days a week. Lunch takes quite a bit of time when you eat out. What little time is left I found it helps to just unwind - so I have evolved a habit of keeping lunch hours to myself. I eat & then go home & take a short nap. That gets me through the afternoon.

After work - if I don't have errands or emergency calls of some kind, I try to dash home & rest & unwind a little. Often I get phone calls or get involved in something that changes my plans to get things done in the eve that I planned to do & set out of the way.

Then I go out to eat in some restaurant. This takes time. And, since eating alone is gruesome, I try to go where I can meet friends, so often get involved then.

Then an evening of chores & things to get done. Often I have to go out & get things or someone calls &

wants something — or I have to see someone. I try to get these things over with by 11. And then I'm tired.

So I've established a habit of joining old friends and using beer to relax my tensions quickly. The beer makes time pass all too quickly so that I find — over the years — that I never get to bed before 2 — or 3 —

Since I need more sleep than that — I try to snatch it in minutes during the next day.

Now I'm a man — a rather attractive one — women seem interested in me — and I'm interested in them. So, I have to work them in somehow. I've found it expedient ~~to~~ it saves time to have a fancy car — money to spend — white shirt & suit & tie on all the time — and a fast-working line. ^{+ a place to take them} This way I get the dates quiet — get what I want quick and can get back to my other businesses.

It's all kind of frantic & lonely sometimes, but I'm doing things I like — time passes — I have a lot of fun sometimes.

Now - into this picture comes a woman who interests me more than others! She seems special. She seems to really enjoy the things I like to do. She seems to understand & like me. She's a good sport - a good companion. We've hit it off pretty well for about 6 months.

Now, she's beginning to be "different". I spend as much time as I can with her - often letting other things go or changing my plans. Yet, she acts as if I neglected her - don't pay enough attention to her. She says I'm "hard to get a hold of". She makes fun of my activities lately - as if they weren't really important - as if I thought them up on purpose to avoid her. She has, at present, a lot of free time on her hands and seems to resent my having things to do.

She resents my falling asleep when I'm with her, not realizing that when I'm with her, I relax at last. She refreshes & restores me - just being with her. I feel fired up & ambitious when I leave her - anxious to pitch into things. She thinks I am by-passing

her when I go to my "club" with my friends and don't take her. Yet these times are short, limited and necessary. (I can't drop old friends entirely.) Besides, we have things in common over the years we like to discuss that are outside her experience — or my relationship with her. I can even discuss this — my relationships with her — with them — get an outside viewpoint — set a new slant — go back to her refreshed. This is necessary to me — as it is necessary to her to goof off & drink a little with her private, long-standing friends. Unburden herself. There is an ease & freedom and time limit on these little chats that one needs once in a while.

Etc. Etc.

Tuesday - later.

Well, that really worked! They say it does! My ~~skeptist~~ reaction, on writing it, was "I should offer to help L more - be willing to do what I can so he will have more time -" instead of grudging every service I give him for fear of "spoiling" him. He is busy! Why, that's what I like about him - his ~~solitude~~ active solution to solitude - instead of sulking in a corner like N! It's just that I'm not busy enough now. Time hangs on my hands. I need to use some "time-killers" right now instead of avoiding them!

So -

I went to his office feeling light & gay and unresentful. (No my little slab of business with him and lie me off to pass time somehow with pursuits of my own and not clutch at him!)

It worked like a charm. He was most amenable and easy. We had fun. And he "came through" - when he wasn't "clawed at". He gave me another sweater to fix; he said (unasked) that he wasn't going to the ball game tonight - he still had things to do - and

(happily,) "I still haven't had a chance
to get with my little model."

I don't know about Wed night
(gone, I suppose) — (So. I've
decided I don't care about the
games now anyway.) "I'll call
you tonight — (about the desk.) This,
too, unsolicited.

Now. Bored as I am, lonely
as I am, hard as it was to break
away — without the slightest sign
of my going to work there again —
and face another afternoon — eve —
night — day away from him, hard
as it is I must keep my resolve —
no Leonard until Sat. night.

Annoy yourself. Forget him.
Forget even those hopes he raised
in you with those usual well-
meant words.

Suffer not if he doesn't come
through. Don't expect it. It's
all right. It's all right. He's
not really such a good catch
anyway. Don't encourage him
too much — you may not want him!
Go back to your old way of life —
enhanced sometimes — not very
often — by dates with L.

So!

Still Tuesday.

I bought a thesaurus - something I'd been wanting a long time - and began tracking down the words I use most with L - which brings at me new insights,

He evades: eludes me, it seems. Seems to avoid me sometimes; he by-passes chances to see me, giving me the feeling that he has given me the slip ~~sometime~~. When he comes to see me, he decamps (goes home).

His "promises" are fleeting, transitory, ^{impermanent} mere passing thoughts. Most of all when he goes somewhere he leaves no trace!

He eludes and parries direct questions. He retreats from discussions. He recoils from dissension.

He circumvents; he prevents and staves off commitments.

He is lax and negligent of commitments.

He likes range and latitude for himself. Wants me to give him margin, rope. He wants to do what he likes, have scope,

go at large, paddle his own canoe;
go uncommitted, unattached, foot-loose.

He wants to be unhampered, unbound - UNCHECKED!

He wants to be ungoverned, released, undominated, free to roam at will with no restraints (but his own)

He wants to be privileged, excused, special.

He is full of self-concern, self-indulgence, self-absorption.

He is a taker, not a giver. He attaches himself, he assumes things.

He calculates. He has an eye out for the main chance, a bit of a fortune hunter, has a desire to feather his nest. He culls the environment, then [attaches] or helps himself to what he wants.

He uses expediency; what is convenient to him or advantageous to him, what is useful. He uses whatever approach suits the occasion.

He is a bit of a sycophant, a toady, a bootlicker, an opportunist.

He is somewhat small-minded.

I waited & waited for the ball game to get over, wondering what he had in mind for the evening. I feel dull & sleepy & disgusted with him. He knew it & went into his "Inferiority act", making things worse.

I could tell he was anxious to get away & out of this bad mood & I was anxious to get rid of him. We bickered politely back & forth, each pretending to want to please the other. I simply could not face another dull evening at the G.C. in my mood & yet I was hurt that he didn't desire me or want my company.

Finally, I "let him go" - (how quickly he took me up on it!) 3 more nights & days of baseball I thought, ugh! All this beautiful weather - so many interesting, lovely things to do - and nothing but baseball.

As he left, he said, "I almost called you this morning" meaning he was sex ually excited (& now he wasn't!) I made a sarcastic, insulting

May 30-63

rejoiner - "you dope!" I
said,

And I meant it! What a
dope! I'm getting bored
already!

Why couldn't he have asked
me or tried asking me to go with
him to day? Why couldn't he
have post phoned it or told the
people that he had a dinner
date? Etc.

He is crude & rude & para-
sitic.

And I am depressed at
what my daughter has done
to me — just when things were
going so well.

She told me I was
getting ~~bitter~~ & selfish. How
right she is!

This thing will not last
now. It is all spoiled.

All this gives me a good picture:

Of a man utterly on the defensive all the time, as man who ~~domination~~ deeply resents domination, checking, hampering, binding; who is fighting all the time to get away, to be "free", to do as he pleases; who assumes he is being restricted when he is not and begins fighting before there's any reason.

He scatters (my word!) through life cannily looking around for what he wants and then ingratiating himself to get it. He uses the soft approach. He acts the "fair-haired boy" - (as he was with his mother and the "neighbor ladies") - Wants people to women dote on him, cotton to him. He fawns on people, truckles to them. He tries to be "popular" and never quite makes it because people sense the falsity of his approach, the too-trying to be nice effect - the tiny little suspicion that he wants something (which he usually does - if it's only to be liked.) So, everyone calls him, "nice" - "very nice" - but don't have much to do with him!.

Mon eve.

L did call (he had a "business reason!")
on the dot at 7. I pulled what I'd
planned about kidnapping him into taking
me to the GL with him tonight. "That's an
idea", he said, and went on talking, then
said, "You can call me tomorrow."
"I guess that tells me", I said. So then
I had to "beg". It was all spoiled and I
"lost my touch". Which made him
(where are my new words?) stave off a
commitment — "I'll see if I can work
it out," he said.

I expect nothing. He wants to be
unaccompanied this evening.

Later:

Bored, restless, full of anxiety I bought
Something to read — to kill time — and
ended up, as usual, with a new
psychology book. Reading + pondering
brought forth 2 revelations:

1 - I did just the wrong thing in forcing
a date with L tonight + rejecting the
"business" contact of the desk!

2 - I know now why I don't get
work at Dwinell's! It happened
just as I feared it would: it
was too close a relationship. When
I got emotional at work I scared
L off. Sad, I suspected, and

Now I'm sure, that my working
there depends on L and not on
his boss! He doesn't want me
there now. He's afraid of me!
Darn!

11 p.m.

No call from L. I've called him
twice — not at home. I knew it!
Meantime, I shifted my tactics
by calling Emery & putting
the burden of letting L know
about the desk back on
me. (My "excuse" now for trying
to call him).

2 more calls 11 & 11:10. Darned
mad — Why couldn't he have ex-
plained that he'd be busy or
what he had to do? — So for
"discipline" I called the G.C.
Not there.

Not very nice, I say. Not
very nice!

Emery was supposed to call
L. tomorrow. Now he isn't.
Help me not to call L. Let
me make him sweat like
he has me!

Let me have revenge
for once!

Wednesday
11963

Dear - dear Leonard -

It is with a great sick feeling in the pit of my stomach that I approach you with this that I have feared for a long time might have to be.

It is this: that there might come a time when my family problems might interfere in our relationship and then it might be wiser, fairer to you to call it off for awhile until things straighten out somewhat.

This has happened now, I'm afraid.

I am so full of anxiety and strain about everything now - Julie's dilemma (which may go on for years), approaching grandmotherhood (I don't want to live with a baby now!), Mother's jealousy of you, Dennis' needs; financial worries, job worries, lack of free lance opportunities; lack of enough to do - & - & - and Julie's taking over all the housework; the strike at Boeing's which may take away our food money; needs I can't fulfill in the house - & - and how to get along with you ~~now~~ ^{now} It all keeps me in a state of emotional crisis that makes me want to escape or seek a shoulder to cry on.

You used to be both for me, as well as a financial help. (Dinners out, the car, etc & ^{etc}) You used to be the understanding, reassuring, "pal" I could turn to at any time; the know - fun - let's get away from the house & its problems, let's get out in God's Country and breathe again, or let's get a little tight & relieve the anxiety companion. Not to mention the sexual relief and the joy in sharing "Shop-Talk" and someone to work so companionably with.

Not to mention the nice, nice, love feeling.

I started out trying to make you happy, but I am so upset with my own problems lately that I can't even think of yours — or "help" you. All I'm doing is having emotional scenes that scare you off and make you "close up" on me and try to avoid me and make you afraid to work with me.

It used to be so nice to go out in the country, to go out to dinner on the spur of the moment, or to the Gee Club just whenever we felt like it — or over to your apartment. It used to be so nice to have somebody I could call up or go see, who'd give me a beer or two and a big hug and a ~~smile~~ ^{smile} ~~as a~~ as a I had troubles — even if I blamed him for them.

Now, I've scared you? I've been a mess. You don't want to be around me, you'd rather work alone, play alone, keep busy — drink alone.

I don't blame you. But, Leonard, if we're no longer able to fulfill each other's need, — hadn't we better eliminate that strain for awhile — what do you think?

Old upset Lorna
And don't just tell me — "We're doing all-right, aren't we?" I need someone I can count on — like last night — someone who'll be available when I need them. Someone I can love — I need to love you — ^{not just "have dates"} Let me... 1717

12/45-

O hell! I suppose I have to finish the story — so I'll know next time.

I was too miserable, I couldn't sleep, I refuse to carry burdens of emotions into my working days any more "just to teach someone a lesson". The price is too much to pay.

I prayed very hard. Then got a hold of myself so I could think & decided to chance it. I plowed again — and got him!

Very "gay" he was! Tried to pull that act of "don't know what you're talking about!" He almost forced me again. But then he gave himself away.

I talked to him as if he were a child, explaining what & how he should have done and repeating until he got it thru his head what he should do — the next time.

Then came the placating — tomorrow night. I doubted him openly. Then the reining a little. Finally I agreed — making him repeat & repeat. He will! Call me tomorrow about 5 he said.

Wednesday - May 1, 1963

I feel very little satisfaction over my "victory" over L last night.

I find it very hard to carry on these emotional learning processes under the omnipresent eyes of my son & daughter. My daughter saw this writing last night - First time I have (knowingly) been caught. I have a suspicion she is reading all this when she is home alone.

Was glad to note a few encouraging things in my new psych. book! I am not as crazy as I thought! All this "analysis" is nature, it seems, - an anxiety aroused by empathetic observation of people (L, for instance) - a "reading-between-the-lines" curse. - That curse motivates me to investigate and thereby learn. (Whew!)

So. This point in the book - on communication: The dilemma of whether to change one's viewpoint after learning. It depends on the purpose & the issues at hand.

My purpose last night in asking L to take me out? Selfish. My own emotional need; my own emotional self-preservation; a need to relax - get away from my frustrations - I felt like the G.C.

The issue: Whether I had a "right" to bother him with my needs; whether he was willing or able to meet them.

He was able. But claimed he wasn't. He managed it in such a way that he fulfilled his own "need". In other words he was not willing to meet mine.

He offered me tonight. Tonight I don't care. It is too late. Too little & too late again he is.

Even whether he learns or not does not matter. He was unwilling, tho he did not know it. The "learning"; the "discipline" — (to give unto others) — means nothing; it was not really giving; it was elicited. This leaves me emotionally unsatisfied yet. And somewhat bitter — and discouraged.

What do do now? He won't discuss. (He won't understand) He wouldn't "go along" if he did understand. "It's all right", he'd say, "It's all right" — when, obviously, it isn't.

I am newly beset by external expectations: When are you getting married? Did you see L last night? (Yes) Have you a date with L tonight? (No) etc.

Everyone assumes that since we have been going together so long that I am with L practically every night, I assume I should be. Yet it seems that I increasingly answer No to these questions. Is it likely that everyone asks more often?

Or is my suspicion that we see less of each other now correct? My feeling that it gets harder & harder to elicit a date from him instead of easier? That period of sweetness when we both assumed that we'd be together every week-end & at least twice a week ^{more} seems gone.

Now I feel as if L. feels it a rather bothersome duty to see me - one to fight against - evade & excuse himself from if possible.

"Augh" "Scared"? The same old story?

My well-meant determinations to "leave him alone" get ruined by the reoccurrence of a "nice" feeling

and then I start being "casual" again with him — "casually" contacting him and suggesting "things" as I would with any friend or family. Just pick up the phone to call when some little things comes up, just drop by, ~~just~~ assume he'll be by —

It doesn't "work". The minute I start this he begins to stave it off — ("No strings, please, no strings!")

All this merely adds to the anxiety and insecurity of this particular period of my life — this unwelcome approach of grandmother-hood-in-residence and bread-winning difficulties, both of which is more of a hindrance than a help.

Thursday - May 9, 1963

Note: There has been a significant change in L's attitude toward me. It seems since I showed him my art work.

Trying to describe it, I came up with the word "fawning". Why, L's fawning on me, I thought.

Fawning on me! I've seen him do that so much to others, but never to me - (except at the very first) perhaps.

Now - provided he is - what makes L fawn on people? Answer: when he's very impressed with people he'd like to cultivate, but doesn't think he's quite worthy enough.

I could say the last few days that I have him "eating out of my hand". Whatever I suggest, whatever contact I make, he acts absolutely delighted and agreeable. He offers contacts; he conches them. He even acts a little afraid of me; knocking himself out making inadequate "promises" and warily watching my reactions to whatever he does.

And

There is something ^{newly} puzzling to me about his attitude toward my working with him. Nothing has come through, as he so desparately "promised". Rather, he seems to be encouraging me to look elsewhere. He gets silent and grim when it is mentioned. To me, it seems as if I displeased him; I "finished" my self there that last day when I insisted on doing a design my way? I feel that he has decided, reluctantly, that sign work is "not for me". Nor does he reassure me as he used to when I hint to that effect. He evades answering.

And last night, when I called and suggested I join him anyway at the G.C. after he didn't show up ^{W.} and did (managing to keep it all "light" "and" "separate") — last night he denied being either tired or ^{W.} moody, but still acted so. Then he complained of having "stomach

troubles the last few days — probably 'just nerves,' he said.

Being the kind of person he is — (hypochondriacal in the stomach region, especially) I immediately jumped to the conclusion that his symptoms were psychosomatic.

What could be bothering him? His work is going all right (I think —) perhaps he's not telling me — as has happened before).

And yet, I, too, have had "stomach troubles" + ailments this week. I assumed mine was "nerves" since I am in such a quandary that yesterday I thought I absolutely had to get some counseling — and blessed a couple of psychology articles that helped me.

Could be we both have a touch of the illness going around. This happened before when I laid it to "nerves".

Anyway, I'm wondering today if I have scared him in

another way. For my immersion in my past art work & "career" has made me subtly "indifferent" to him: I have other, more important things on my mind — evaluating my whole life, past, present and future — and plotting "plans".

Could it be that he senses that my "preparing my samples" is a kind of decision, a beginning of "parting" from him — an "ultimatum"?

Will he rise to the big challenge — the one I can't help but present him with?

He "offered" — and I forced "him" by "accepting" — to take me and his mother out to dinner Sunday. (Mother's Day). He did it rather tentatively — rather sheepishly. — laughing.

May 10 - 1963

Notation for today:

• Calculated love —

I do not go for calculated love — which is what L. pulled on me last night. (He set me up and then reneged: he "was tired, tomorrow night, etc.)

Why do I resent it? Because it does not fulfill the need of the moment. and A "beautiful moment" is lost. Love that ~~does~~ deliberately rejects a need of the loved one is not love.

He made a date with me for last night, made it with such eagerness that I "assumed." But I suspected, when he rescheduled the evening to be very, very full. (The drive-in theater, which I assumed ^{erroneously} was a "set-up" and then Glee Club.)

It took all the forbearance I had in me to try to carry out the admittedly very hard attitude of helping

that I found in a new psychology article ("Make them feel safe; Safe to see and decide for themselves.)

Even so, a few nasty, sarcastic remarks leaked out. I can only placate myself with the admonition that I cannot be perfect. After all, this is not a professional relationship!

I hope I can keep the necessary attitude through this evening (the ball game; his "substitute" — at least a step in the right direction!) ~~but~~, if he fails me tonight — woe unto him! All hell may break loose.

For one of his main attractions for me ~~was~~ ^{has been} the opportunity for sexual freedom and satisfaction — at last! (bold and bold as that statement may be.) If he proffers me only a long "imprisonment" of sexual inertia, procrastination & frustration, he does not fulfill my need any more than any other arrangement or man.

Humph!

I say "love that does not fulfill the need" etc. If I turned the tables — what do I get? Me — not fulfilling his need!!

That is why I was "patient"; I sensed his "need" — he was "too tired". But this was only a superficial need. (This he must see for himself) — that he was tired because of his need. We have proved that! And that was my point, my need, last night! I needed just the relaxation for my big day today that he could have given me — and he wouldn't. It would have done him good, too. This is an erroneous idea that he defends and preserves. (But I must let him figure it for himself — [damn!])

He must learn to use love positively, as I have, — as we were doing — and now he is not.

But, if I can carry through this new concept, It may "work", for one "reward" I got last night —

for trying hard to use this ^{new} concept with him was that he came through himself with work ideas that I have long tried to "force" on him - so far without avail.

* * * *

One item on the selfish side - That I "dislike" or "can't accept" in him is a growing ~~development to~~ ^{separation from} "Suckering" on my femininity: He acts too often lately, in more intimate moments, like a child used to a parasitic relationship with anything feminine. (He claims, he accepts, he expects, he hates; he gives nothing, instigates nothing - only minor ~~momentary~~ responses.)

[He claims he was thinking too much (work)]
Now: Can't see these things for himself; that love can be used positively and that he isn't doing so by denying, post planning, repressing it? Will he observe that that is what he is doing?

Will he continue learning to integrate love into his total life as he has lately been doing?

This is the missing link I felt in that new article: One cannot help a person to arrive at certain known conclusions until one has figured out how and why he ~~has~~ has not arrived at these conclusions before, and then one can use this concept, this technique in "nourishing" him into a feeling safe enough that he can look around and re-consider.

Translated:

Leonard, you are "safe" with me! I know you can do it! I know you're smart enough to perceive certain effects: i.e. that Lorna becomes unhappy when I do thus & so, and happy when I do thus and so. I know you are curious enough, care enough to try to figure it out. I know that - left alone - you reconsider and often (lately) come up with a new ~~appro~~(better) approach. I can only wait — and believe in you.

Friday - May 3 - 1963

Where did I leave off? Monday night he said he'd call me at 5 the next night? I don't remember now what happened. He did call, but it was a little later than 5 -

I can't remember. Seems to me he was busy Tuesday night but promised we'd go to the ball game or do something later Wed. night. Any way he 'came through' somewhat. All I can remember is that I felt more or less assured of a date, but very sad about the whole thing in general.

I was in a great desperate mood about no money & no work & all my troubles. It suddenly seemed that L was more trouble than he was help lately. I worked my self into a terrible state - almost a break down - and smoked until I was literally sick, trying to figure it out & get my self gerded to make a definite break with him.

By the time I left work Wednesday I felt almost crazy and the last thing I wanted to do was go home & stay cooped up with my daughter and her troubles and mine.

I ~~decided~~ wanted to run away & write & think. I wanted to compose a very basic letter to L, explaining all. But there was no time — no place to do.

I decided to be terribly neurotic & buy a bottle of wine & go some quiet place & take a few nips of wine — (I'd tried everything else to "calm my nerves").

So I set out to do this, but then my conscience bothered me & I found the wine that once seemed so wonderful no longer appealed to me. But I bought some anyhow. ~~the~~

Then I drove rather aimlessly letting ideas come as they may. I felt I should do something about looking for work.

Suddenly ideas popped into my head and, when I proceeded to do them, one thing led to another and I ended up going 4 places & getting quite reassuring promises. I had an appointment for an interview with the employment agency the next afternoon (Thursday).

After this, I "indulged" myself and sought a place to write — somewhere not too far from L's apartment in case I decided to leave my "letter" there — I wasn't sure.

The place I found wasn't what I wanted, but it turned out all right. I sat and wrote & wrote — rewriting the one I'd started at work — and sipped a little on the wine — not much, for it was too public.

Then, physically ill from a sick soul I didn't know whether to leave the letter or not. I started home, then, half consciously, "led by strings" I turned & went & put it amongst some mail sticking out of his box. I felt very final. That would be that.

I guess this was the night I was to call — maybe the baseball game, he'd said. When 5 passed & he didn't call, my daughter made some heart-rending comment on it. (Of course he won't call, I thought. He's probably reading that letter. Maybe he won't call. I was resigned. I knew

he'd seek me out about it eventually.)

So I was surprised when I was called to the phone about 5:20 and it was Leonard.

"How are you?" (Not a word about the letter.) Sadly, wearily, feeling utterly exhausted, I only said "I'm pretty good."

"Do you want to go to the ball game?" I hesitated. (What about the letter?) ~~then said~~ He wasn't going to mention it. Maybe later.

So I said, "Sure." "I'll be up at 7" he said, etc.

When he came, I made a point of being very "usual". He looked at me a little oddly, a little merrily. Neither of us said anything.

* I reached for my coat, mentioning how cold it was. (He seemed in a very good humor. Odd.) Then he said, laughing, "I've got news. I just heard on the radio that the game was called off!"

Oh no! I didn't believe him. My heart sank - not because I regretted not being able to go - (I'm always rather relieved) - but remembering how awfully our

Other evening turned out when the game was called. "Well?" Very wearily I sat down in a chair facing him. (Now for the bickering?) My kids were both seated across the room from us.

As if they weren't there, as if we were alone, he leaned intimately toward me and began the warmest the most intimate, the most loving and sharing and offering explanation and substitute plan I have ever seen him or anyone else do. I was completely stunned.

Though the man hadn't said one word about the letter, here was my answer — all I could ever have hoped for — and more! All I meant in my letter — even things I hadn't been able to say. He knew exactly what I meant and what to do.

Amazing! A stounding!

I was so overcome I could

only agree mutely.

Then, then he began to hedge. "Well—" he did have some things to do—how about if he went home—And—oh I could come if I wanted to—(grudgingly)—thinking "how would he have done these things if we'd gone to the ball game?" and that's what he'd promised last time—to call these friends and go see them—and he never did—"I let him off the hook"—and said he could go home & come back later.

Suffice it to say that he did come back in time. (I made myself not look at the clock this time!) That he did call the friends—that they did want us and we did go.

Suffice it to say that she was the most gracious, most attentive, most loving consort a woman ever had all evening. That there was suddenly again

all the original very beautiful feeling between us — altho nothing was said about the letter — and somehow we both knew there wouldn't be and that there was no need to be.

Not only that, but these friends turned out to be people I liked immensely, their home & attitude "my" kind ^{almost} and they seemed fond of L. Not only that, but L. chose to drink Scotch & consumed 3 and cared for the other one I took off thinking he wouldn't want it. When I remarked on this (privately) to our hostess, she said, "Why he always drinks when he's here!" (Why, that old hypocrite! I thought, laughing to myself.).

He didn't seem to get tight or any different, either. I was the one who got tight. Whatever hit me I don't know: whether it was the state I was

out the wine I'd nipped - +
our host's over-generosity +
his twinkling, slyness in pressing
me insistently or what.

Any way, I haven't been so
drunk in years! I don't remember
anything but leaving - all was
OK then - and then crying my
heart out ~~behind~~ L's shoulder
on the way home. I haven't the
slightest recollection what
Started me! And L's helping
me across the lawn - very kindly -
altho I staggered wildly.

I awoke in the morning
fully dressed in bed, and the
morning at work was sheer
hell.

L. had even "promised" me
among all his other ascetics
that night that I ~~would~~ be
called back to work that day.
(Too little & too late again! It
made me sure that my

working there depends on him no matter what he "says"!)

I spent the morning calling him to find out if I should cancel my appointment. He kept putting me off and then, after I'd finally given up, realizing how significant it was that he told me to go ahead with the attempt to find a new job, he told me to come.

We were in the Heaven that afternoon. He kept to the kind of work where he could talk and it was simply lovely. I was happy, happy, happy! (After having dashed home & "treated" my hangover. Thank God my co-worker at the Bon and even L. himself had hangovers that day! It was all very chummy.)

When he announced — without a bit of prodding on my part — that he was including me in his evening plans again — I was simply wild with unbelief.

And it was another visit to another beautiful home — one of his better friends. And he was planning it all so carefully ~~so~~ that I could so as with him (not wait in the car) — and they'd offer us a drink (he said.) etc. etc.

As it turned out, it was not nearly so nice in evening: we weren't so "lucky". Our hosts were somewhat grudging, but I was astounded at L's finesse, there were no drinks — and it was a thirsty L + L who returned to beer drinking at the Glee Club afterwards with relish!

I began to note, though, a little gradual cooling in the ardor he displayed the night before. Nothing much — just a subtle, gradual returning "to character".

So I wasn't surprised when

I had to prod him about how we were going to finish the evening and he sheepishly, with a wary, merry eye on me, "begged out".

I tried to be a "good sport", but didn't quite make it.

We had arrived at the GL. "too early" (his cronies hadn't arrived yet.) He sat lingering in the car. This always puzzles me somewhat. I never quite know if it's a made opportunity to talk. This time he reached over and took my hand in the most intimate, loving care I have ever known.

Something (in his breathing?) told me that he was about to say something — something very momentous, and something whispered to me "this is not the time or the place" — Something intangible that seemed to reach from me to him that made him sigh — and the moment passed. I had a feeling that he was on the verge of proposing — !! ("Today, when I mentioned it, he had

"forgotten")

We left the G.C. early — by mutual consent — with cries of dismay following us.

Headed home now, I had a sure feeling that L was not doing what he wanted to do. How could I make it easy for him? I thought furiously and then "ordered" him to park in the driveway.

I felt justified when he did, and further justified when it turned out as I intended!

Friday - May 3rd - 1963

I found myself working at the Bar in the morning only to pass time until I could go to L. at his office.

He greeted me with a major business confidence. I was flattered. But then I saw that he had retired into his business self — that nervous,

indifferent, fuddy duddy pretty
tyrant.

Honesome at the loss of my
own sweet love" I "revenged" myself
by doing my assignment my
own way — and not consulting him.

This was a mistake, for, when
I enquired if I was to come back
Monday, he was cagier about it
not reassuring as he is when he
"loves me." (This is the tomorrow I
worried about yesterday; I knew
he'd be difficult to work with — tho'
all seems well on the surface. He sees
to that!)

And I found disappointment
creeping in in ratio to his incipient
return to character. Here again was
my usual Friday night escapee.

When he offered nothing as
I gently pressed him, I found it
necessary to prod, and got
only the usual half-promises
& evasions, and I ended by
"walking out on him" in the

sense of being in a hurry.
It was all "pleasant" enough,
but there was a "game" going
on underneath.

And it lasted all evening.
Gone already was the "sweet
surety" these last two days ~~had~~
~~had~~ my letter had produced.
Here again was the sparring
of intimacy vs. "freedom".

L. won.

I left him with a wrench.
He hugged & kissed me warmly
before I left - the first warmth
he'd shown since I ~~had~~ arrived,
but he stayed seated at his desk,
fascinated by his work.

The long, dull, lonesome
evening stretched ahead of
me. I knew he wouldn't call
& ask me over to "clean up
"his place" as he or "call later"
as he pretended. How to amuse
my self enough to keep from

calling him? I wracked my brain & came up with nothing that interested me. I was shocked at how lost I was without him, whereas he (damn man!) was blithely indifferent to an evening without me (else he'd run to the phone, wouldn't he?)

I searched until I found an excuse to go some where for awhile, being sure first that someone would be home to answer the phone.

I stopped at Lois' (anything to kill time) and only added to my woe by seeing Lois & Bert so cozily domestic — so faithful and consistent — every evening — so easy & sure — (Why couldn't I have told me to come on over & clean his apartment while he came & went — just to have me close, I wondered?)

Then — very reluctantly — I dragged my self on to the store,

futilely calling home first in case L had called, now frantic I was away from the phone, and torn hoping he would call & find me gone and have a taste of what he does to you.

He hadn't called, of course, when I got home. Nor did he.

As 10:30 approached I gravitated toward the phone - having dispelled my gloom somewhat with "unwanted" sips of wine -

How to "check" & yet "revenge"? I needled my daughter & her friend to "give him a bad time" when I dialed his number. They didn't "get with it" - only Julie's friend, who did an amateur job.

I was not amused. Nor did he respond to my slightly hysterical "gay" daughter & fishing. (He was home, at least)

He only demanded over & over
"Who was that? -- Who was that?"
["Who's there? What are you doing? --
Without me?"] I read between the
lines. 7

I gave up and forfeited his
promised call of tomorrow morning
by settling our business tonight
(the desk). Oh well -- I thought -- I'll
get through the day tomorrow &
trust -- hope for tomorrow night --

So I was encouraged &
pleased when he offered to report
to me (I was going to suggest that)
or call me tomorrow. (Another
long wait!)

I felt better, then, tho tho
I was depressed by evidence of
"infidelity" in my daughter's & her
friends husbands. Ugh!

So that's the way it is tonight,
Neither I nor he mentioned that
he had spoken of calling me.
I "dribbled away" the rest of the
evening & here I am -- in bed,

Monday - ~~April~~ ^{May} 6, 1963

"Dear Diary":

Well, things looked pretty good there for a few days. There seemed to be a break. I was quite happy.

Now I am full of depression again. The weather continues unusually foul; my daughter's dilemma continues intermittently; my work and money worries are still ~~insolvable~~; and L seems to be no more real help than he ever was.

True, he maintained his new "sharing, togetherness" technique through the week-end. tho we did nothing exciting, there was a warm, close relationship between us — more so than usual.

I did have to prod him, especially sexually — there is a new inertia in him lately, both that way and in his living pattern. He seems suddenly to have given up

"trying to be young". It is not exactly "settled down"; it is more a "bogging" down — a sort of a temporary "resting" period. A respite.

On the other hand, I noticed this week-end how much less fussy, nervous, vacillating, indecisive, dictatorial, and compulsive he is. When I watched him work, he sang as he worked. He was relaxed! He set a time limit and a scope limit! He was able to "let it go" and finish.

What I set out to put down today was my reluctant observation of his (unconscious) private meggardeneries — his "ungiving".

In our domestic-type conversation last night about money he was regrettably inconsistent about my arranging

my finances took way to take care of myself the rest of my life. He made it clear that he, ~~himself~~, is against carrying insurance on himself; ("it is an invitation for relatives to murder you or wish for your death," he said. "Oh Leonard," I cried. But he actually said that!)

He has been too obviously disinclined to have me working at his place of business this last session.

I sense all too clearly his conflict about it and wonder secretly which of the ~~five~~ reasons it could be:

1 - Real lack of work 2 - My technical incompetence 3 - My refusal to do it his way 4 - Professional jealousy (maybe I'm too good!) 5 - I'm a woman.

And He is too eager to encourage me to look elsewhere for work. When I disclose my very real financial frustrations, he never, at any time, offers to help with his money (except that quickly

dropped "joke" about putting my name
on his checking account). He
never says, in effect: "Don't worry,
I'll see that you don't starve". He
never says this. Or even intimates it.

Then there are the seemingly in-
creasing little evidences of what
might be the basis of his reputation
as a "tight wad". Witness an
example:

He asked me if he should bring
some beer last night. I said I had
a little, but, yes, to bring some.

He came empty-handed to eat
dinner at our house, saying, when
I remarked at the absence of the
familiar beer sack, that he thought
he'd drink mine. We fed him (He
took the last piece of chicken.)

Then, desperate with car
troubles, I finally confided to
him. He made no generous
offer as he did before. Then
our money-security conversation

and its depressing inferences.

Then we shared a sandwich when he took me out for a late snack.

True, he took me, and true, it was a large type club sandwich, and true also, that he offers after making the "sharing" suggestion, but, still, there is no insistence, no unwrought offering, — no real generosity.

This I wanted to note for future reference.

And I must admit that today, as he "turned me down" on work, he did try to reassure me that there might be some (stop-gap) work, after he had encouraged me to look elsewhere when I 'challenged' him, subtly. Yet still there was no offer of personal help — only help to work!

This man would make an odd husband!

Tuesday - May 7-1963

I didn't see or hear from L today or tonight, but it was "all right" because we had such a nice evening last night.

I decided yesterday to work off my depression, so tackled sorting out all my life's drawings stashed in the attic, a job I have been meaning to do for years in preparation for the last big job Hunt. And specifically to prepare some things to present to the man I saw last week,

As I covered the room with tens of drawings I found many little treasures I'd been wanting to show L, including the scrapbook of my life, I couldn't resist the impulse to call him at work and invite him to come see - a last chance before I stored them all away again.

I apologized profusely for calling him at work and was surprised that he didn't seem

very angry and surprised that he said he'd call me when he got home and surprised that he did - immediately.

Also I was surprised that he seemed to want to - on a Monday (we never see each other on a Monday!) He even insisted when I freed him after he said he couldn't make it till 9:30.

And come he did, walking in & upstairs where I was working as casually as a member of the family.

I was so busy and so immersed in my own past that I felt somewhat remote from him, but it seemed to be a good mood for us. We got along famously all evening - just close friends, free and easy - no intimacies except casual ones.

I had too much on my mind to over concentrate on him (which I see now has been my trouble.)

He gave the drawings an interested, but cursory perusal, dwelling mostly on the nudes (which at the time didn't seem to affect him as he later told his friends they did!) Then he asked me to go ahead & work, while he cornered himself with my scrap book — something I had wanted to share with him to note his reactions to various things — like old boy friends.

He made several delightful comments until he got near the end (my married life, luckily done very briefly) and then seemed immersed & strangely silent when he got through. His attitude made me realize there were things in there I had rather he hadn't seen, I thought I noted a me bit of jealousy all evening!

I was surprised that he didn't immediately leave, full of excuses & evasions — I was prepared for that.

Instead he made himself comfortable on the chavenport and proceeded to unburden himself to me about things at work that had upset him thru the day. I felt just like a wife! He was making me his confidante, his wailing wall!

Then — (early!) — he cried, "lets go hoist a few!" (beers) — I need some beer. Again I was surprised. I hadn't expected him to take me with him. He didn't even ask ask or quibble! I was delighted.

And we had a real good time. There were good friends & good talk & good mood & good beer this time and I was thirsty and vivacious.

not trying and dull like he
so often is.

He bragged about me and my
work and his whole manner
dispelled my worries about any
reactions to my scrap book or
my "forcing" him to come on a
Monday night.

There was such a good, agreeable
close feeling between us — such a
everything is all right feeling —
that I didn't even notice that
we came right home ~~without~~
as if agreed and, after chatting
awhile ~~about my daughter's~~
~~feet~~ parted very amicably with
L volunteering profuse "promises"
that I'd soon be back at work
with him. (But no call to day or
this evening.)

I feel close to him to day.

It was odd that we saw the
boy who "started" all my
daughter's troubles the other

night; that I had an encouraging / depressing ~~teat~~ telescopic view of my whole life last night and then we ran into the man who "ended" her troubles last night at the G.C. It was almost as if someone had presented me with a short & pertinent Review in this, my last month, before becoming a grandmother.

It all gave me a strange disembodied view of my self & my life as if I were reading a book — This is I? All these strange things happening to I? → → → →

Tonight I worked hard on my drawings again, having started more than I intended. I was quite content — only a little lonely for L — and all was all right until, feeling like chatting with him, I couldn't get him & realized he simply hadn't called — hadn't felt the need or urge? — and I got a little hurt. ~~It~~ ^{It} ~~hurt~~ it somewhat

Monday - May 13 - 1963

Everything is absolutely perfect!
No problems. (Except the noted
growth of a desire to give up my
"career" for L.)

A week end of baseball-baseball-
baseball! Friday night, Sat. night +
two games on Sunday! With time
out Sunday to take L's mother out
to dinner (Mother's Day.)

I was asked to help drive the
baseball team to Sunnyside, since
their bus had burned. It changed
our plans, but it turned out very,
well - and very interesting.

L's mother was a pleasant
surprise - "corny", but sharp,
"spunky", more "twinkly" than
what L had led me to believe.
I was pleased at their banter
+ general relationship. We all
got along fine.

And L was most attentive
all week-end. I felt like a
cherished wife. In fact, I

was mistaken for his wife twice!

He seemed reluctant to leave me - eager to be with me, and muchly on the phone. He seemed pleased & proud of me. And how "decisive" & happy he seemed!

We even found ourselves talking of where we're going to live - as if it were all "settled" - !!

He called me tonight to tell me he had to work with his boss. (I didn't even ask him to call!) and he talked at great length!

Wed - May 15 - 1963

Peace and calm and surety continue.

One thing to record: (outside observations + "interference" beginning.) Went to dentist's yesterday. His "by appointment" (good looking woman 'our age') one L. Said he'd "known before her marriage" and had followed her to this dentist, implying (by "withholding" + leering) a perhaps intimate relationship. (This has rather bothered me for some time).

Determined to check, I said, "I understand we have a mutual friend—" "Who's that?" "L.K." -- "O yes, he used to go to Dr. S." (pause, then) "That's one man I can't stand!"

"Whom do you mean?" I queried, shocked. "L.K." she replied, and continued, "he's such a SISSY!"

Amused, I said no more.

It was a shock. I left and went over to work with L seeing him suddenly in a new light — as others see him. At first, it

bothered me. I felt disillusioned. Suddenly, I, too, saw him in this unlikeable aspect.

Then, all the things I liked came surging back and the reasons why I do not agree with this verdict — why I understand it. And all was well again.

He asked me to join him at the office, ^{that eve.} where we worked hard, and, later, at the G.C. — there were more illusions, somewhat joking, about our future living "plans". I toyed with former reactions, at first feeling rejected, then my new knowledge of L. came through & I knew he was "serious" — and it brought on a ~~new~~ continuation of our new "togetherness" feeling — one that keeps us acting now almost like a husband / wife team.

Wednesday - later.

I note again that our intimacy is diminishing in ratio to ~~the~~ the amount of ~~our~~ working together. It is wonderful to be working with him again, but he is a hard task master (as I feared) and he becomes so unpersonal when he's working.

After I "reflected" his boss attitude to him today I read almost exactly what I had been saying — and a little more:

He is hard on me (as any "underling") because he's hard on himself. There is danger in this for his demands are unrealistic. I fear an ultimate professional rift, for, as I predicted, as we know each other better, he is less and less patient with me and my learning requirements.

I read that such people consider "inefficient" work by

underlings as a threat to themselves. This is true with L. - in this sense:

- ① He fears a threat of losing me if I don't work "well enough", for then his "boss" will be displeased & "fire" me and that will make me "mad" & "separate" (he thinks.)
- ② He fears my "inadequate" work as a threat to his job because the work won't be up to his standards and ② he feels "responsible" for having me in there. (It would reflect on his capacities & judgment if I "fail").

My only hope is to try to make him understand that mistakes are normal in learning, and that I am still learning and that the above things are not necessarily so.

Saturday - May 18, 1963

I don't feel a bit like writing -
I am weary to the bone - soul weary -
but I am all alone and have
something I feel should be recorded.

Yesterday I became a grand-
mother - my first grandchild, Carrie
Lynn, was born, catapulting me
all too suddenly into grandmotherhood.
It was not supposed to be till next
month, and I was "not ready". It
was premature - in more ways than
one - and I did not meet it
maturely!

Now, this morning, I am utterly
alone for the first time since I don't
know when - not alone for an hour
or so - but all day - no one will
appear. And it is a good thing.

For I need to juggle and re-
sort my life and attitudes. I
dumped all my "gunny sack"
full of unexpressed grievances
on Leonard's unwilling head
last night. I "screamed and
yelled" at him, beseeching a

psychological support that he was utterly unable to give. He sat, ^{quietly} aloof, and apart, enduring — enduring only — the hot trade of words & tears that poured over him — waiting, waiting for me to release him so he could go home and sleep. — He "wastred"! he said.

"Tired?!" I flung at him.
"You're tired!?" what have you got to be tired about? You and your half life — you and your petty little pursuits! while I sit here, torn asunder with a need so great I thought I would burst.

All evening — all day I ^{quietly} or gently prodded at him to come through — on his own — to offer, to give me the nourishment, the sustenance, the positiveness, the sympathy I so badly needed to be able to carry on — and which I was

utterly unable to summon on my own - being suddenly too distraught, too busy with the avalanche of duties that descended on me with this sudden change of events.

I needed someone who could see for themselves the great need of that day and give; someone whose experience would make them automatically step in and pick up the loose ends that I could not handle - knowing it was only temporary - knowing the too-great strain of such a crisis.

And there was no one. No one at all. I needed a help-mate; an understanding heart, a stout hand. But it was all on my head. (Mother just left for California)

Knowing myself, and knowing such circumstances, I knew I could do only a half-job. This was no time for perfectionism. This was

no time for pseudo-“therapy” and gentle handling of faint-hearted neurotics. This was no time to have to explain, to point out what was needed and how it could be done, step by step.

This was a time for stout hearts and truth and guts and that all important effort beyond the “last” effort. This was a time when ^{mere} “tiredness” meant nothing — when a super-human challenge must be met — a challenge that might cost one one’s very life. This was a fundamental life and death affair!

I knew L. couldn’t do it. I knew he couldn’t meet it. I knew I should have simply told him that I’d be too busy —

~~~~~

Interim while I answered a long distance call from the kids' father, which pointed up a point I was just about to make: it takes experience. Experience is the Great Teacher, the great Humanizer. What we don't go through, we don't understand.

This is what I was reading up to about L. yesterday - the tragic new insight that made me end the day by blasting him with my frustration at his incompetence, at his half-help. That explained the sinking heart with which I heard him - finally - express his sympathy for my "troubles". Sympathy - hell! I wanted help, not sympathy!

And so, back to what I was saying: All my "instincts" told me to leave L alone - Take time out - make him wait till I got through this crisis - It was no time to "date" - to

"have fun", ~~and~~ <sup>to</sup> pass the time, as he obviously had planned for the evening.

Yet, my heart sought him out. I wanted to be with him, to share my feelings, my crisis with him. He was my first thought, my first want. I left the hospital and went back down to work with him, when I should have gone to my other job, where there were experienced hearts, understanding hearts, helping hands. I knew this at the time. I knew I was doing the "wrong thing".

Yet some compulsion forced me to make the "showdown" — to walk right into the test I knew would disappoint me.

And it did. Z. was trivial, "polite", "ingratiating"; offering too little, too late,

too grudgingly — again!

I played along with it. I "rewarded" him with gestures & words of appreciation when he evidenced various little gestures of "help".

But as stress and strain mounted during the day and I became burdened with the vision that hospitals give us of fundamental life and death struggles versus trivia and time-killing pursuits, I knew I was demanding too much of him. I could see that he was already "giving" more than he had to give. I "planned" to let him "off the hook" early, before my own desperate need became explosive.

But I could not foresee that the other part of my life that I temporarily walled off for the day would move in on me. That those people who belonged to the "un-Howard" part of my life would seek

me out to help; would join me in my temporary placation of L for the evening.

I hoped to "escape" with L for a few hours, to "get away" from it all and recover & refresh myself for the ordeal ahead.

I even asked him to beer me and feed me, & drive me in his car. I hoped to have a nap, a relaping sexual session (lets be frank!) and maybe - just maybe - a good cry at his apartment.

In other words, I hoped he'd take care of my physical needs for the evening while I fought my psychological battle.

He began by putting me off - I "interfered" again in his schedule - his "rituals" - Again there was no "time" for

the emotional needs of the moment  
— later — when his "chores"  
were done —

Reluctantly, he forfeited his  
"plans". Reluctantly he appeared.  
Reluctantly, he brought me the  
requested beer and waited while  
I drank it. Reluctantly, he  
tore himself away from the oven-  
port and the paper to carry out  
one last chore I had to do before  
I could relax for the evening —  
before I'd be "free" to concentrate  
on him.

I smelled danger.

This man was "filling his  
sunny sack" full of repressed  
desires and resentments, filling  
it full and convinced it  
would be morally "wrong" to  
empty it.

Knowing <sup>his</sup> it would spill  
over somehow — sometime — I  
began our activities with  
misgivings, quite aware

that my own gunnysack  
was about to burst with  
ugly, hard-to-face facts.

And so it was.

"Fate" postponed my  
physical need plans. Neither L  
nor I had the courage or  
the wisdom to express and  
insist on our bodily needs —  
to do that which we should  
have done: find a quiet  
place and sleep & talk.

L's first evidence of  
Gunny Sack spill-over came  
when he "forgot" to feed me.

My mistake was in  
trying to postpone the  
bursting of mine.

It burst.

We sat in the car out  
in front — sat on opposite  
sides of the seat — (fighting  
for position!) — a "glass wall"  
between us, while I "screamed"  
and cried describing the

ugly things that were spilling out of my burst sunny sack.

I wouldn't look. He wouldn't "look" at the things I "showed" him. He kept his eyes straight ahead. His mouth was grim and silent. He was holding the top of his sunny sack closed with all his might & main. It took all his thought, all his energy, all his emotion. He was oblivious to me. It was tragically evident that all he wanted to do was get home, alone, to his "Sanctuary", where he could "adjust the fastening" on his sack in his own special, private way. And, gripping it tightly in his white-knuckled "fingers", fall asleep and "forget".

Open your sack! Open your sack! Spill it out! Look at it! Face it! Talk about it! My heart screamed at him, while my mouth cried other symbols at him and tears flowed down my cheeks.

It was no use. He was locked tight in emotional

paralysis.

Frustrated to desperation  
I "gave up" — flounced out  
of the car crying words at  
him I don't even remember,  
I went in the house —  
unsatisfied — unsatisfied —  
and paced the floor, suddenly  
wide awake and full of  
desperate, desperate need for  
something — I knew not  
what. Full of futile, in-  
solvable tragedy.

Call him! Call him!  
my heart cried. He knows  
you now. He expects it.  
this is all unfinished, un-  
finished. Finish it! It needs  
finishing! Ignore L's "rules".  
this is for his own good, for  
our good. It has to be done.

I dialed. Then, when  
he answered, as usual,  
Surprisingly mollified, pleasant,  
"soft" — for all his frantic  
hurry to sleep — I found  
myself in articulate,

So was he. Sighs. Silences.  
Attempts — then — inanities —  
I hung up.

But as usual, feeling better.  
Why 'better'? I don't know. It  
was "right". Nothing "accomplished",  
but "right" somehow,

How I yearned to fly to  
him — throw caution to the winds  
and just go down and crawl  
in bed with him and sleep  
till tomorrow — tomorrow —  
Tomorrow would be better.

I couldn't. Of course I  
couldn't.

Phone him again. He was  
"soft". He talked more freely on  
the phone — lying in bed —  
comfortable — "secure" — away  
from me — "safe" —

I fought the impulse. No.  
No. Listening ears. (Dennis)  
late hours. (2 a.m) Wait, Wait.  
"Let revenge be God's."

I "substituted". I smoked,  
hopped a little on the wine I  
used in place of the support  
I could not find all day.

the physical rest that was "unavailable" — carefully, carefully — (a hard day to morrow.) Just enough to unwind the tension — I got sleepy, I fell asleep.

I awoke, expecting to feel terrible — to be "punished". I felt fine!

I "got with" my temporary duties — (somewhat relieved at the return of responsibility my daughter has "too-nicely" relieved me of lately).

I had no thought of L. Then, like a bolt it hit me. I should call L and "apologize" — as is my wont, "my 'pattern'" for these emotional crises. I "should".

But there was something new. I felt no desire to "apologize" as I usually do.

I owe him no apology", I thought. But it is my "duty" to phone him. I made a mistake. I was "wrong". I am guilty. Guilty of saying things there was no necessity of saying now. Of putting him to a "test" that was not appropriate in timing.

I was guilty of going against my better judgment, my "instincts". I was guilty of the "wrong way" of emotion neuroticism —

I called. Shocked at his apathy, I then at first, I then deduced I'd roused him out of sleep — a deep sleep — "escape" — (unlike him on Saturday morning) (My bolts had shot home last night. I destroyed something.)

With weariness and resignation I said I was sorry I'd said all those things last night. This was the truth, I was sorry. I shouldn't have said them. No apology — this

wouldn't come. Just sorry.  
Forgive if you can. It doesn't  
matter. And thank you.  
Thank you for what you did  
do. (I forgive what you  
couldn't do.)

Yes. Yes. It's "all right" —  
"all right" — the usual line  
he gave me. (My "va bene's  
to kick!)

(It wasn't all right.) "Is  
it?" I said — weary. I was  
so weary. "Vaya con Dios,"  
I said, surprisingly —  
"What?" he said — and  
something else. I couldn't  
hear for I was clamping up the phone.

Now I am at the end  
of a physically disabling  
writing — one beer (thank  
you, L.) — smoking session.  
But psychologically, my  
"gumby sack" is enfeebled.

I do not yet evaluate what I see. All I know is that it is unpleasant, Time will "tell" me.

I have much to do. I weary way to go. Two weary ways. I do not know which one. Do I have a choice?

[Phone rings. I hope it will be L. I brace myself for something else. It is L.  
10:30! He said he'd call at noon. I wasn't expecting that!]

He "wants" to send T. flowers. (I told him to.) I make him go through with it. He needs the "practice".

I am tired. It is late. I did not get down what I intended — a record of reality — what happened yesterday. Nor comments on "little inside" manifestations — that "perfect" timing — most appropriate music on the radio —

I wasn't the only one who noticed it — Julie did, too. We girls are "on the beam", It's all right. "Pri" was at work.

Sunday morning

Too busy to write, but only record that, as before, in these crises, L "came back" to me, silent, with grieved eyes, but exceptionally attentive and newly changed.

He attended me all day. He took me out to a fabulous, expensive dinner, he "deared" me utterly. It was a most wonderful day and evening. We were very warm, very close, very content, very loving, very happy.

It was a glorious glorious day weather wise <sup>(our first)</sup> and I was glad when L finally joined me to lie in the back yard.

And I was amazed at new relaxations in him - no hurry, no chores, no green sweater! - and -

he was asleep at 10:30 a.m. when I called him this morning. Sun morning! It was

more than "escape" — it was  
a new evidence of relaxation!

Glory be!

The quiet peace makes  
up for the still evident dullness  
I find with him

Friday May 24-1963

Everything has been more than lovely - even including the stress & strain period of bringing my daughter & her premature baby home.

All was well tonight - show, cleaning & caring - all very well. Then at the very last minute, when I was tired & sleepy, I unwittingly threw a bomb, I guess.

I meant to assure L. that I had given up more or less gracefully on the trip to Seguin with Jimi Rooney that I had ~~promised~~ somewhat skeptically promised. Perhaps there was more scorn & bitterness to my voice than I realized.

Any way, I was sorry I'd mentioned it tonight. I should have waited till after the <sup>3pm</sup> party tomorrow night at least. Now it

is all "spined",

For he launched into a tirade that lasted a good half hour, — some silly defenses and self conclusions and "excuses" and "reasons" and accusations that I "mis-understood" — on and on.

I was completely non-plussed. In the first place, I didn't really care: I hadn't really expected the thing to go through <sup>anyway</sup>. And then it was going to be too difficult at the present time <sup>after</sup> anyway. This ~~let~~ tried him, but still he went on.

In the second place, I was too tired to batte — especially tactfully. I was really sorry I'd broached the subject. I tried to placate him. It was useless.

I let him rave, — closing my eyes & listening — not

opposing him. Still he went on hotly "inventing" things.

Instead of working off his mood & either quieting or laughing at last as I expected him to do, he completely surprised and shocked me by suddenly declaring that

"there were reasons he could not take week-end trips right now!" (I hadn't asked!) He acted as if he wanted to tell me something - almost.

I waited. Nothing came forth but - "You wouldn't believe me if I did tell you!" Again I waited. Nothing. Now he was silent. I was silent, too.

A great silence came between us.

Wondering if I was to probe - testing - I said, "Oh now we've got Big Secrets!" -

Adamant silence. I tried a little more, No, whatever it was - he wasn't going

to tell.

Suddenly I was angry. Everything had been all right between us lately. I had thought that at last there were no with holdings — we shared all.

It seemed now I was wrong. Quickly scanning my brain for reasons why he'd have a <sup>big</sup> secret, I could think of nothing. It must be work; nothing else would be that important to him. Yet, if it were something like that — why would I not believe it? A change, a promotion, an out-of-town offer? Yet, why would he have to stay here? And why couldn't he confide in me — as he exactly had before?

Something personal? — me? Save money for marriage? Buy a house? or something? Yet — again — why wouldn't I believe that — and why

worried that keep him from little  
week-end trips - ?

I could think of nothing. I  
was tired. He obviously was not  
going to seize, to share, to explain  
to me. He could see I was hurt  
& mad, yet he didn't care enough  
to mend things. He wasn't even  
trying.

So! There was something big,  
in his life he couldn't share with  
me!

Suddenly all our lovely relation-  
ship was destroyed. All the mad-  
e quacies, the <sup>recent</sup> not-quite-enoughs  
in his personality flooded over  
me. To hell with him! This  
was the last straw! Nothing but  
time-killing inanities to get  
from this man! Nothing big at  
all! Imagine withholding some-  
thing from me! What a trial  
he'd be to live with!

I wanted to get away from him before I destroyed everything in my great disappointment.

"Well," I said, "I thought we were getting along very well. Now it seems you have a Big Secret in your life!"

I got out of the car — things not "right" enough between us to kiss him good-night. I thanked him for the evening — profusely — trying to show him I was reneged — not mad.

But I spoiled it by pounding on his car twice in angry frustration as I went around it. I "couldn't" look back — part "gaily" — as was my wont.

He did not start the engine — as usual — (He wanted for clues to see if I was "mad.") Regrettably, I waved — my "sign", then he left.

I went in, heavy-hearted. & glad to see problems confronting me — problems to keep me too busy to keep from phoning him as I usually do in these crises, (I wonder if he waited? — if he expected me to? — if he was disappointed?)

Now — much later (5 a.m.) I still cannot think of anything that he could have meant. My heart is sore with new "reflection", new Withholding on his part. My brain is faint with new Mysteries I cannot solve. My body is weary with committ matts I can't escape.

I dread to-morrow — all day with this burden in my heart — and L unavailable — off to tend to his mother, once again changing our plans without consulting me or considering me. (We were to have moved her together

Sunday — he'd said!) I dread the party, now — when I thought it'd be fun — I'd be proud of him.

Now, I'll be ashamed of him (He would not buy any new clothes, despite my pressures!) and there will be this uncomfortable thing between us — making him flattery in "reverse" — and thereby causing new trouble —

O hell! Why do you have to be that way, h? Why do you still have to doubt me?

Sat. morning:

I fell asleep determined to try to call L in the morning & "force" him to a "reconciliation".

I awoke, alarmed (not literally!) at 9:30. Too late! Too late to call him. Damn! He'd be gone.

Well, I'd try anyway. Thank heaven mother was gone & I could use her phone. I needed privacy for this call.

He answered — at first glad — then glum. (What was this?) Then he confessed he hadn't recognized my voice — (his alarm went off in the background. Thank God I hadn't awakened him from his precious sleep!)

The conversation went badly. He tried to "fall away" — hurry. (Now as I write I realize he gave all his "mad" symptoms. Maybe he was mad I hadn't called last night — or early this morning! Maybe this baby

thing will separate us -- for I  
haven't time to "tend" him as  
I've been doing - !)

Anyway, it was a most  
unsatisfactory conversation. The  
only significance or satisfaction  
was that we had tried to mend  
our difference. I had tried that is.

As I reviewed the boddings  
of the "hot area" talk last night  
I found he did assume I was  
mad -- (he'd expected me to be  
mad and had all his defenses  
ready already?) -- one word from  
me and he was off?)

Most significantly, he either  
retracted his Big Secret minimization  
or it was merely a momentary  
defense. At any rate he denied  
it. There is no Big Secret -- only  
his "necessary duties" he explained.

I was disappointed. I preferred  
the Big Secret to the admission  
of neurotic inability to act. To

the unwilling disclosure that he talks and dreams but can never act or perform or carry out his dreams.

All in all - though he gave me all the "right answers" — his tone of voice said "I do not like you. You are mean and demanding. You curs and get angry. I am disappointed in you. You do not "help" me. I will "go along" with you, but I am deciding that you are "not for me" after all. [You do not handle me with "Kid gloves" as I like to be handled.]



(Intermission + interim in which L + I go to a very fancy Bon Marché swim party + then an hours nap at his place + home for me)

The terrible depression with which I started to write is somewhat dissipated in the interim in which I helped with the baby. I don't know if I can quite recapture it — to examine it!

Yesterday was full of frustrating  
complex problems and re-  
relationships with <sup>many</sup> people.

I felt as if I had "no place  
to lay my head" & by the time  
I brought me home the feeling  
amounted to a mania: I felt  
lost & lonesome & homeless.

I did not fit in the teen-  
age group around me, nor in  
my daughter's new family group,  
nor in those conformists people  
at the party with whom I work,  
nor with my ex-husband, who  
"failed" me again — but, most of  
all, I did not fit with Leonard.

I had hoped to see a  
little re-birth of that "gay  
adventurer" pose that L first  
intrigued me with last night.  
I thought he would put him-  
self out to make an im-  
pression at the party — and  
for me — but he did not.

True, he went in swimming with me. For this I was deeply thankful, but I had to force him into it.

The rest of the day was a mosaic of little pictures of a stuffy man: First, there was his petulant defense of his Sequim refusal on the phone; then the self-centered change of plans to move his mother; then his disappearance, his unavailability all afternoon; then his "mystery" act on where he'd been.

Then his appearance — not in sport clothes as indicated — but in his "uniform" of ~~precious~~ quaint little white collar worker; his niggardly proffer of beer for our guests; his matter-of-fact acceptance of my proffer of the rest of the money I owed him without even offering me the change due me; ~~and~~ then his unawareness of his mother's strategy in moving into a neighboring apartment and its threatening implications; and —

his neurotic self-delusionary  
block about his inability to  
step out of routine to make any  
little trips this summer when  
we again discussed the sig-  
nificance of his Sequim-trip re-  
jection.

Pervading all was my daughter's  
observation that he was "not the  
man for me" & her mother-in-  
law's admonition to step care-  
fully into another marriage.

Then, at the party: his "shy"  
clinging to me, his lack of open  
friendliness, his shocked scolding  
of me when I "gossed" him in  
the swimming pool ("Everyone can  
see us!" he said) — he, who  
gossed me all the way down  
the stairs in a crowded theater! —  
his retreat into a far corner  
to spend the evening, and — most  
heartbreaking to me — that  
last vision of him perched alone

watching television while this  
gay, glamorous thong willed about  
that gorgeous home on that gor-  
geous evening.

Then - at his place: his with-  
drawing of his body from mine  
while we slept; then the treachery,  
~~but~~ timid little reminder "Isn't  
it time for you to go home?" tho'  
it was still "early".

I dragged myself up - feeling  
unwanted, dismissed - to face  
the crowded, interminable problems  
that awaited me at home.

Suddenly L's apartment, which  
up to now, had seemed a warm,  
welcoming haven of escape where  
I found sympathy, support and  
tender, <sup>reassuring</sup> patient arms and satis-  
fying reluctance to have me  
leave, became another ugly  
little cell where I wasn't wanted.

I faced the silent, for bearing  
patiently waiting figure of a

man who was anxiously waiting to "unload" me so he could get to sleep again again & silently appealed to him for sanctuary, for help, for support.

No love, no warmth, no humaneness issued from that coolly waiting figure. He stood.

I cried something at him — some appeal. Fretfully, he held me off, subtly steered me out & into the car.

Silently we wended home — a wall of glass between us. Lonely as hell, I turned my back to him & silently wept a little.

Silently, grimly, carefully contained, he parked his car in front of my house leaving the engine running, offering nothing — nothing for tonight; nothing for tomorrow.

Hopelessly waiting and getting nothing I then let out a little of the weary disappointment the day had filled me with:

"You don't really like me," I said. "Oh yes I do," he replied, (or words to that effect) his voice flat, emotionless. "I'll get in touch with you to-morrow—".

"Such passion! Such wanting!" Etc. I burst out. "I want you to want to see me—" I tried hard to "reach" him.

It was no use. He was "enduring". "Well," I said, "perhaps you'll find someone ~~that~~ will really want you up—" (Silence) — "but I don't really think so."

He looked so sad, so bitter, so uncomfortable that I patted his hand, gave some mainly "reassuring" remarks and went in — not looking back.

I passed. Then went to

brothers and called him,  
suddenly sure he had gone  
to eat — having "gotten rid"  
of me.

No answer. Where was he?  
I had him paged at the all  
night restaurant. Not there.

Then I got him at home.

"I'm lone some", I said.  
Silence — then a reluctant  
offer I rejected.

To bed I went knowing  
in my heart & his that  
we have parted ways —

\* \* \*

Sun night. I suppose I should  
report on the outcome of all this.

I was so convinced I didn't care  
whether I saw L all day or not.  
But when 10 o'clock passed &  
he didn't call I became alarmed  
& unhappy.

Resignedly I determined to offer  
him our hospitality for the  
day though I had to stay

home & work, I called. He answered immediately. Wearily I broached my offer. He accepted matter-of-factly — and vaguely — as usual.

Hours passed. I worked very hard & was bone weary & utterly whipped emotionally & mentally to the point where I feared a breakdown. As the day wore on I became more & more convinced that I felt through with the man. Help me to treat him with "loving kindness" at least, I prayed.

Desperate about my physical condition I invited myself over to my sister's for a couple of badly needed drinks, not even caring if I missed h.

He called me there — offering (too late) to buy steaks for dinner — I came home to find him already there — and not empty-handed. He had brought his meager leftovers of beer & food enough to ensure that he got what he wanted — a good dinner.

We spent the day & evening together comfortably & matter-of-factly — ~~sleeping & watching~~ too full of a strange apathy to even talk — much less make issues. ~~We~~ only looked at each other. Somehow we "understood" each other — whether bad or good, I don't know.

I tended him & he was accomodating — even making one feeble offer to buy us some groceries — (but it was money I needed!) — and he made not the slightest reassurance in that direction.). How little he offers — really — except companionship, I thought again.

He treated me as if I were a crate of eggs, showed some tenderness, but no passion.

He told me that he stayed in bed till ~~noon~~ 2 p.m. & didn't eat all day — not sick, but unable to get up or eat.

I said nothing, not knowing why he told me. It was so unusual I did not ignore the possibility of great emotional upset from last night — I don't know. I don't know.

We made several errand calls in the evening even to his mother's in her new apartment. (I don't like her moving so close to him — nor his gravitation to her!)

All very pleasant but not exciting. We spent a warm, close evening, but parted without passion, but tenderness..

Again he ignored a plan of mine & expressed a desire for his kind of trip without realizing the inconsistency of his words.

I feel to night that we go on because we can't not go on.

May 27 - 1963 - Monday

My apathy persists. It seems there is no way to turn but what I meet an impenetrable blank wall. There is nothing I can do but sit & wait.

The blank wall is Leonard. I had thought here was an opening, a "ladder," a help, a way out. Not so. Recent developments have shown me, sadly, that L is not the answer to my problems.

One by one, the things I hoped from him are being shattered. New ones are:

① ~~He will never be any financial help.~~

Not even if it were just her & I alone. He has proved beyond a doubt lately that his grudging, niggardly help was just a pose, a lie. The man is selfish, miserly, greedy — "covetous" — as Don Prior warned me.! What he has is for himself — alone. He prides himself on his thrift — for God's sakes!

② - those refreshing, glamorous little trips

I doted on and hoped for are not to be. This I just newly discovered. I have suspected that he will only trip for business reasons — or for something he himself is interested in — his man things: — and only to the kind of country he

L 11/20/1941

Mother

likes — the barren wastes. This, I find, is all too true. How cruelly he found "reasons" to exclude me from ~~future trips~~ and "prove" that I did not enjoy the ones we'd had. How inconsistently he rejects ~~the~~ my desires & promotes his! What a chore it is to get him to go somewhere at all! How unrealistic & self-centered are his "reasons" he can't! What rash ideas he has and how little he enacts them!

little trips are out, I do not count on them any more. I don't believe a word. They're not fun.

③ I have proved beyond a doubt — I even have collaboration that I could not live elsewhere than Yakima.  
living elsewhere with him is out.

④ I have discovered he is more mother-bound than either he or his mother knows. It depresses me.

He will not escape his mother.

⑤ He is utterly absorbed in baseball, despite his claims to the contrary. And I find myself sick & bored to death with it. And he finds me so.

I would live with boring baseball as well as hunting — all summers!

⑥ He will never get over his erotic masturbation & "nerve twanging" sexual approach — and pornography & young ladies still excite him — whereas I no longer do! ~~I could never keep him excited enough.~~

⑦ In fact, his interest in my daughter is still erotic and makes him (I discover) more of a hindrance than a help in my handling of her. ~~This child-interest is false.~~

⑧ In all, I have concluded, once more, that L is a good date, but no more.

He is not the answer to my need. He does not fulfill my need — nor do I him, I fear.

We have (privately) taken stock of each other this week-end and found ourselves deluded and misled. And disappointed.

I saw his stock-taking reflected in his eyes and actions toward me this week-end. I disappoint him: I am not the soft, yielding, protective, soothing, always agreeable, desirable ~~playmate from life~~ he thought I was — that I seemed to be with my deceptive "therapy".

When my need is aroused, he loses interest. He does not want to give — he wants to take.

Monday - later:

I just told L. I had to break up with him. And the horrible part about it is, he knew what I was going to say and he wadded his head in agreement! Oh!

"When it came out" I have to break up with you" - he made no reassuring gesture or look of any kind either!

Before I digress, let me try to figure out why I do - what I'll tell him:

I have to break up with him because he's doing me no good. He is a scrounge, a parasite, a miscreant. He is too demanding, too arbitrary, too wrapped up in his own problems. He has no heart.

I need money. I need physical help - like yard work - fixing the house, getting the car fixed. I need someone to provide. Provide material assistance - or at least moral support - or, at the very least escape when things become too much.

I knew Leonard couldn't provide the first - at least he

won't, the second he showed some signs of doing — but only when I go into a "tantrum"

The last was all I was counting on him for — and now he is failing me in that.

No more does he take me away from home & my problems. No more does he feed me and take me on trips or let me come or stay at his place.

No! Now he comes to our house. He eats our food, he sits. And demands attentions — a pillow for his feet even! When I express a need, he begs out — he isn't in the mood — or he's "busy."

He pushes me home. If he thinks of something to do — it's what he likes. If I suggest something, he fights it — or rejects it. Or gives in grudgingly and then doesn't "enjoy" himself.

In all these troubles, in all this indefinite, unspoken "waiting period" he never once has made an offer to help me financially to share my burden, to share what he has — not even in the future. Rather, he speaks in the

first person - I want to do this; I would like; I don't like.

His help, his support is weak and hesitating, full of withholding and strings. And then like today - rejection when I don't treat him as he wants to be treated.

Worst of all - it's unconscious rejection, full of "facts" and "excuses" and "reasons" and "other people's" demands on him.

So!

At last I worked myself up to it. It came blurtng out. Something had to give in this strain him under. He was the "variable factor". He doesn't "belong". He doesn't enter in. He takes, He waits. He withholds. He is silent. He won't talk. He resents emotional displays. He doesn't offer.

He's small, neggishly! Self-centered.

I can't "play" with him now. I can't appease + coddle him. I am too desperate, too distraught. This is a blood & guts time not a kid glove time. And he hates that. He is afraid.

I need a man, not a  
mouse right now!

I need an experienced  
suffering, sacrificing heart, not  
a boy friend, a Milquetoast,  
He'll be around. I'll be  
around. Meantime I can solve  
my problems best by simplifying  
them

Li is extraneous. When he only  
upsets me instead of upholding me.  
He becomes an added burden — not  
a help.

It should be WE TWO against  
our problems — whatever they are;  
however hard they are.

It shouldn't be "I'm waiting till  
YOU solve your problems — and then  
we'll see!"

It should be — I'm with  
you — all the way. All or nothing.  
Today I chose nothing, for  
I'm not getting all — only a  
part of a man —

I could get through this  
time if he offered me any hope  
for the future. But he doesn't.

I may sacrifice now &  
spread my self too thin ~~for~~ so

that I can't solve anything and then find he wasn't interested, after all. He decided No. He "couldn't take it," it "wouldn't work".

Then where would I be?

I am afraid of heartbreak (again!) of making a mistake, of loneliness, of failure.

So is he.

O h Leonard! O Careful, Careful Heart! Open up your heart, Leonard and let love in!

Sure, there is a Wasteland. Sure you feel at home there — and I don't. Yet I don't feel at home in this cramped ME. I prefer the Wasteland — if I must choose — to the horrors of me + 4 walls.

I've got to break up with you, L.  
\* For you are not helping — you are part of the problem.

I need a man who will appreciate that I can't give you all of my heart right now. I need a man who appreciates my other commitments pro-temp — not resents them. Some

men would admire me for  
putting life & death & love  
& living ahead of dating &  
money & sex.

Where are they? You are  
not one!

God help me! I do not  
know what I do! I am crying  
in the wilderness. And I feel  
forsaken! I am too tired, too afraid,  
too distraught to act.

I am a 'tigress', fighting for  
my young and the future!  
Is this bad? I gave up one  
man for this — and his future —  
and Social opinion. Today "Volare"  
mocked me — they played it mockingly  
(for the first time.)

I can do it again. Time  
is short. The grave is not far  
away. I should be sorry to  
sacrifice 2 (or 3) children  
& a grandchild to a neurotic,  
wasteful, sterile, selfish, middle  
aged bachelor again.

If L. can't appreciate  
this — then I must suffer —  
for a time — "Volare" today  
taught me that

This too will pass — and

I shan't be sorry.

Once again I must choose. My progeny need me - for a while longer

2 "wasted" adult lives against 4 (now) future ones —

Leonard, set with it

or die! Get with living and the future —

or die!

I will not die!  
I'll fight!

God help me!

Tuesday - May 28 - 1963

What actually happened yesterday is that I reached an emotional crisis (as I knew I would) from all my recent stress & strain problems.

I went over to work with L. depressed with the necessity (I'd decided) of having to break off with him.

As it happened he was busy, curt and rude. (I had the impression, undisputed by him, that there was work to last me all week - badly, badly needed source of money - as he well knew.) He was so unnecessarily rude that I became inflamed and very upset. He, then became angry and things were very bad between us when I finished the little bit of work left and he announced that that was all - there was no more.

This fitted so exactly with my past observations that the amount of work for me depended - strangely - on how well he & I are getting along. He had given me no warning that there would be another lay-off at this crucial time.

It was such a stunning blow that I flew into a blind fury - got my things together & prepared to leave - only wanting to get out of there - away alone somewhere & cry

and fight it out.

I flung angry words at him — among them the afore mentioned declaration that I had to break up with him and his apparent nodding agreement & promise to call me —

I left in wild desperation — wildly seeking somewhere to go — fighting off a desire to buy wine & get sick drunk as I used to in the N crises — then succumbing, but this time buying only a small, bottle of light wine, not a big bottle of strong wine. And I didn't want that. If I could have gone home & been alone I wouldn't have "needed" it — but my daughter was there.

I had to set hold of myself before I faced her & L tonight. I didn't want to be drunk or unprepared mentally for either.

It took a lot of frustrating driving before I found a place secluded enough. And then it was balm — grass & birds & Sunshine & quiet country side. I needed that.

I wrote, drank, smoked, and cried until external circumstances forced me to start home, though I

didn't feel at all "ready". It was every bit as bad as my Nick sessions — those sessions I thought were unique!

I was shocked when I arrived home to see it was 10 o'clock! (Surely, L. had called — desperate from suffering and anxious to "settle" things?) I was afraid to ask. Finally, I did, No, the habit.

Strangely, I felt great determination instead of grief. I had to go through certain necessary motions for the sake of my family, but finally gave up and, going over to mother's, I called L. And found him in.

"I thought you were going to call me?" I asked.

"Later," he said. "I wanted to nap, eat and do a few things — etc. etc.

I was furious. And steamed. The man didn't care at all! I began to be sarcastic, then begging, then pleading. He only got more and more resistant. I begged him to come immediately & talk it out. He would not. He simply would not.

I became quite wild with frustrated need and completely let go, pouring "vitriol" & crazy, in coherent words all over him.

It is surprising to me now that he did not hang up or escape between my next call or two.

For I don't remember how many times I called. I had become quite "insane". I could not move him. I was avoiding the final blow — to part forever with him now — on the phone — as he ~~had~~ challenged me to do. ~~He would not come~~

If it had to be, I wanted it to be personal — with the hope of a look or a gesture to rescue us. But he would not come out now. He would come at 8 — no sooner. Take it or leave it.

His steeliness forced my hand. I broke with him. "Shall I move my stuff out of the office?" I asked, knowing that we could not work together after this.

"It's up to you," he said. Horo maddening! That's all he kept saying — no matter what I said — "it's up to you!"

I pleaded with him to fight. I used every approach I had at my command — exhortation, pleading, "psychiatry" humor — nothing availed.

"I don't like to fight," he said. And that was that.

I was wildly blasting him when suddenly he said quietly, "Wait. I have to put on my Green Sweater and button it up" (that nasty old, in-terminable green sweater!)

"What has that got to do with anything?" I burst out angrily.

"Don't you know?" he said, his voice quite calm & a bit twinkly. "When I put on the Green Sweater and button it up — then nothing can hurt me. That's why I wear it all the time! Didn't you know?"

I was too furious to appreciate this until much later when I realized that this sort of thing is what makes me love him.

He kept on being quite firm about not coming out and letting the whip hand always be mine. He did not fight back but only got quieter & quieter. "It's up to you," he said again, throwing the

decision, the responsibility for  
both our heart aches on me, "what-  
ever you want."

This was it. I hadn't ex-  
pected this. I paused long enough  
to recommit and gather my  
forces. He said nothing. "Your  
last chance, Leonard, your last  
chance!" my heart screamed into  
the silence. It remained silent.  
With a sigh I said, "O.K.  
Don't bother to come around any  
more... I'll come down and  
get my stuff someday...."  
(Leonard! Leonard! my heart  
screamed. You failed me!).

"All right," he said, quietly.  
(He didn't even care! He wouldn't  
even fight for me! He wouldn't even  
give up his nap to keep me! What  
was the use if that's the way it  
was? Who wants a man that  
doesn't even care?)

"If you don't appear in half  
an hour," I screamed at him  
"We're through!" And hung up.

I stumbled outside & around like a crazy woman. What to do? What to do to kill time while I waited. Nothing appealed. The weeds. Frustrously, I attacked the weeds, then suddenly dropped them and ran to the phone again, for I realized he would not come; he would not call. He'd just "disappear". He'd never come back.

It was no use. He'd be gone. It was too late.

I phoned. And felt the hand of God when I heard him answer. Did he sound sad?

"You get out here by 8 o'clock," I demanded, "and bring the keys to the office. We'll go down and move my stuff out!"

"All right," he said. -- "Make it 8:15. --".

I slammed up the phone, And hour yet! What to do? I wanted to talk to someone. Get someone else's slant on this. Someone who knew him — Lois! But Lois was always busy — Best there —

I grasped at a straw — Lois had stopped by — I'd missed her.

I called her. She was free - alone!  
Bless'd, blessed unusual cir-  
cumstance.

I went down & bared my  
heart. She agreed with me -  
but unhappily. This worried me  
a little.

I left feeling much better.  
It had to be done. I now felt  
equal to it.

I killed a little more time  
then lay down, alert to sounds  
of L's coming. Was it? Was it?

There he came across the  
lawn - in his hand, incongruously,  
a baby seat we'd left in his  
car. (Good! a conversation opening.)  
Yet it was all so usual -  
so natural that from force of  
habit he waved & I waved back  
& got up to answer his usual  
timid little tap with the door  
knocker.

He came in and looked  
me right in the eye, his own  
eyes twinkling merrily. That  
twinkle, that beloved twinkle,  
erased completely everything  
that had happened this after-

noon. My mind was a sudden blank. What in the world was it I'd meant to say to him? I couldn't think.

Despite myself I wrinkled back. Suddenly, we were both laughing. "Come on," he said, handing me the baby seat, "lets go out to Abelson bridge & watch the salmon jump."

"Leonard!" I said, going into his outstretched arms, "You're spoiling everything!"

We clung to each other and then, sheepishly, I accepted his offer, and, embarrassment beginning to overcome me, I began to search out a wrap.

He sat in his usual place & picked up the paper. "I have been selfish," he said. "I haven't done as much as I could do lately—" etc. We talked a little — a very little.

"But Leonard," I said, "I'm embarrassed! I told Lois I was going to break up with you."

"Call her," he replied, "and tell her we're going out to see the salmon jump." Again his

eyes were twinkling. He seemed completely at ease, unperturbed.

I marveled. Did he mean it? It was what I wanted to do; it seemed just right.

I called Lois. She didn't laugh as I thought she would. Well, I'd think about that later.

So L and I went out to the river. Then the whole evening progressed just as I wanted it to.

I was afraid he wouldn't talk - he evaded everything at first. I was afraid he would ~~buy~~ me a ~~beer~~ (I was tired & hungry now and the wine wearing off) I was afraid he'd bring me right home and go his way - or take me home early any way.

He did none of these. Our session at the river was idyllic. It was beautiful & just what I needed. And the strangest thing happened: We walked up to the river bank and a <sup>large</sup> fish swam up and lay right at our feet so that L leaned over & picked it up in his bare hands.

He was delighted, and I, thinking of how the Geese came to us that morning felt a strange awe - the birds & beasts come to us and lay at our feet - so to speak.

There were young boys fishing and somehow one of them look as L must have looked when he was there fishing in his youth as he began to relate.

He was pleasant & friendly and comradely with the boys and to

me he was delightful and  
cherishing, as he remained all  
evening.

This was what I started out to  
record, so that I could remember it  
when the "bad moments" come again.

L became his old charming,  
twinkly humorous, handsome self  
again — the L that delighted me so  
at first. And it made me realize  
that perhaps he has just been un-  
happy lately.

For he was happy, happy,  
happy all evening. I want to re-  
member how I could feel him  
looking at me all evening with  
that proud, happy, cherishing look  
and I'd turn to find him grinning  
at me with sheer delight and  
he'd keep on looking even though we  
were surrounded by people until  
one time I worked at him intimately  
and he burst into happy laughter.

Dear Leonard! How close and  
happy and warm we were!

How delightful it was to have  
had that heart to heart discussion  
at that remote beer parlor near the  
river where he took me and we

lingered and talked marriage while the occupants all treated us with the vicarious affection that lovers evoke.

It was difficult to draw him out at first, but when he got started he ~~wouldn't~~ <sup>didn't</sup> stop. He told me many things I'd been wanting to know. He explained much and it was a great deal as I thought - as I'd hoped.

The somewhat halting understanding we came to was that we each wanted to marry, but neither was quite ready yet - that he hadn't asked me because he thought I wasn't ready, which, while not quite true, of course, was an admission of sorts.

He said many nice things and it was mostly the things he didn't mean to say that told me the most.

There was only one thing that he said all evening that rather bothered me.

He said he wasn't quite ready, either. When I asked why & pulled him past his ridiculous "not enough money" piste he still hesitated. Finally he alluded to "things in his life" he had to straighten out etc. Quickly scanning what I knew of him

mentally, I could think of nothing that would sustain. Nor was his long, hesitance reassuring. He was "blot-ing" on something, searching for something he could say that would cover what he did not intend to tell. He finally decided on money and launched into that, while I sat unlistening, for I knew that was not really it. I was thinking how it must be something very personal. Did he still have attachments to some woman? What else could it be?

But that was the only thing. The rest was bliss. We left that place (and joy!) he said we'd go to the Glee Club (I didn't want to go home yet -)

All the way in he talked hotly about his marriage & ex-wife, his hands often leaving the wheel to gesticulate excitedly. It was a very emotional conversation — (and a very important one!)

I could not help but think of the time he shut me up so cruelly when I wanted to talk while he was driving!

We weren't quite thru talking. I mentioned it. He said, to my surprise, "We can sit outside the Glee Club." And we did, sitting in close embrace and caressing, with flight-hearted prods try me, our future marriage!!! Until Jim drove up and it was all gay & well timed.

It was gay in the Glee Club, thank heavens. I was in no hurry, thank heavens. We stayed late until I was really sated with beer & really sleepy and anxious to go home. (I wanted no "woman scorned" session tonight!)

They even brought up the Seguin thing again — which I had given up on — and, this time there seemed some possibility it might materialize yet — that I might be included.

At my house L. turned off the engine & enfolded me in his arms. We talked lazily and lovingly and then I went in.

This morning I knew that it was "right" because I was so completely happy all day. And I told L so later when I called him. And he was happy, too! Happy! Happy! Happy! It was

worth it all. God did help  
me as I prayed He would!

Wed. May 29, 1963

I have tried to sustain that beautiful feeling, knowing, of course, it wouldn't & couldn't last. (But it can be reborn!)

I was too tired & busy (I sure & Content) to give h much of a thought yesterday, though there was a passing regret that he let the whole ~~24 hours~~ <sup>even</sup> go by without calling. I did call him at work <sup>a couple times</sup> to check

I called him this morning to check on to night, not having realized it was so soon. He had thought of that, too, and said he thought I'd be calling him! (Now, why couldn't he have called me, instead of leaving it all to me?) Any way he was happy, glad to hear from me & talkative both times.

I found myself fearing he'd change our date for to night, but he didn't.

We went & it was much fun - very enjoyable. We drove 30 miles into the mountains to this restaurant. The evening was perfectly beautiful. So I suggested we go on up

to my sister's cabin, instinctively  
feeling this was the time he'd  
appreciate it. He agreed readily  
(to my surprise, I thought he'd  
insist on eating.) We went &  
he loved it, as I thought.

We sat on the river bank &  
drank our beer (my suggestion)  
and a beaver swam right up  
to us!

I wanted to linger & have  
another beer, I wanted this  
succesess to last. Again, to  
my surprise he consented  
happily.

Then we left, tho I felt we  
were missing a great opportunity  
for a unique love-making  
experience.

The beer gave me courage  
to mention it as we drove away.  
Again, to my surprise, he  
said, "I'm not that hungry!"  
and turned around & we  
made love in the woods.

It was something I'd  
always wanted to do & it  
was glorious. He admitted  
the same. In fact on our

way back to the restaurant he said something about, "I'm really beginning to live!" and "I have a nice car to drive, a job I like, a wonderful "girl" friend — and I'm happy!" (the Sweet!)

The dinner was very good. (He "came through" with a steak & + the ensuing "music" session (the owner is a crack pot on electronic speakers.) + ride home + Glee Club were quite satisfactory — the anti-climax. I was quite content to be brought home, knowing I'd see him tomorrow, on the holiday.

That was the good side of the picture. It was, of course, not absolutely perfect.

The first let down was his appearance: No green sweater, but the same old stuffy, quaint white-collar outfit (no sports clothes for him!) And he smelled, of sweat & onions. Not clean + sweet as he always did at first. Strangely, ever since I said I liked his cologne — he has

Quit using it! I don't understand.

Next disappointment was his leaving me to wait so very long while he went in & bought the beer.

Next was his wanting to make love, but not telling me; letting me investigate it.

Next was my very large disappointment in the restaurant & the whole set up he'd lauded so. (I am so glad ~~we~~ <sup>my</sup> friends were all too busy to come. I'd be embarrassed.) It was all very corny & queer.

He disappointed me again by hinting he'd like to take me home & then he took me to the Glue Club, he was a bit disappointing there: a short beer, the public masturbating again, too much interest in his corny colors (they aren't that witty!) the usual attempt to leave & the usual inexplicable staying after someone bought us a free beer.

And I was ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~dis~~pleased at his rejection of a day

full holiday with me at our house. Oh no — he'd come at 5 (in time for a free dinner) — "after all, there was still the long evening" he said, his eye merrily on me. Nor would he bring his mother, ~~nor~~ nor would his neurotic' chum come. (Such stuffy people!) "no easy socializing at all!"

It wasn't that I needed him to make my day, it was the persistent SEPARATENESS — the lack of togetherness the always denied "you go—your-way, I'll-go-mine" routine. The utter lack of desire to <sup>stay + be</sup> be with me — the lack of suggestion that we might be — the preference for being alone, doing alone (except for certain allotted times) this man doesn't want to live with anyone!

Yet — despite all these things — and despite my unhappy glimpses of the too "tender" man, the thin-lipped, fine-drawn fastidious woman's boy & bachelor I saw at the G.C. — despite these things, I saw my old happy, twinkling, clever, amusing handsome, "popular" Leonard tonight and found

I'm agreeable, companionable,  
understanding and most  
fitting to certain "true" aspects  
of my own personality.

Is this worth the objective  
picture I glimpse <sup>sometimes</sup> of me coming  
back to the "old home town" and  
~~marrying~~ ending up marrying  
one of the "local yokels" I  
scorned in my youth?

Thurs - May 30-1963  
Memorial Day -

a treasured holiday <sup>to me</sup> - for we get so few where I work. Yet it went badly, as they often do - just for that reason I suppose. I want too much of these rare holidays - & I'm disappointed, I guess.

I wanted it to be a lazy, social, pleasant day. It wasn't. The weather was perfect. But I couldn't get anybody in the "mood".

L. rejected my suggestion to share the day with me. He offered no fun outing like other people were doing. His friends rejected my invitation. My daughter was sulky & jealous; my son moody & busy with his own affairs.

Since L. wouldn't join us, I decided I might as well work - give my daughter a needed rest & fix a nice dinner & have a lazy evening. I had special plans for dinner to please L - things I could ill afford to do.

He had told me to call him - he'd be home all day & told me the dull things he meant to do with this rare holiday - things he could do

On the week end - clean his apt.,  
wash his car, work at office,  
listen to races (he could have  
done last here) He did not offer  
to have me share any of these  
pursuits,

I tried to call him several  
times to remind him to bring his  
camera. I could not get him.  
(He was going to be home?)

At  $\frac{2}{3}$  he called. "Just check-  
ing" he said. Then he proceeded  
to tell me in great elation how  
his oil man hero had called  
him on business. So he immedi-  
ately proceeded to carry out  
this business (on a holiday!) -  
inflicting himself on people's  
holidays & getting himself invited  
to a 3 p.m. chicken barbecue  
with beer. He was very coy  
about not mentioning names or  
places or specific business. He  
did come through with the  
name where I needed him.

I assumed, from past  
experience with him, that he was  
leading up to a change in his  
plans - getting ready to tell me

he wasn't coming over. I traced myself. Then cut into his excited tale to check - I began to get more & more sarcastic as he ~~spent~~ showed less & less importance on his commitment to me & the Scrounge angle dawned on me. (He was scrounging two free meals in one day — only 3 hours apart!) I was disgusted, as well as hurt.

"Well, you seem to be having a good, gay day" I said. "If you have any time left over — drop by!"  
"No! No! No!" he protested, etc. I hurried the conversation before I got too angry. To dull my emotion

Then, furious, I lost all interest in my day's plans. Now I just wanted some beer & to get away & not be here when he came.

But first my daughter gave me a big lecture when I confided my anger to her. Aware that there was some jealousy to her viewpoint, I still had to concede there was a lot of truth to what she said. It depressed me a great deal, being a sound back of my own fears & doubts.

I got some beer & swilled down enough to be quite gay & casual with L when he came, shocking me with his fuddy-duddy version of what he considered Sport clothes.

Just then my neighbor arrived home from Seattle & I deliberately ignored L & asked her over. He stuck it out awhile & then asked permission to nap. (From elsewhere & nap at my house! I was further infuriated!)

Also he was fussy & unappreciative of the special food I fixed him.

After dinner I took him out on back & proceeded to go sound asleep for a long time. The evening was dull. I was dull. L tried to get away once, until my daughter stopped him by making him take pictures of the baby.

"It's too late now" he said, changing our radio & settling himself to listen to the ball game, tho no one else wanted to hear it.

42

Friday - May 31 - 1963

morning:

I am very depressed.

Even if my daughter was projecting calling me selfish and bitter when it is she that is that way now - still she pointed out the things I fear.

It is all too true that - married he would revert to his "loner" way of life and his wife would be a baseball widow, a hunting widow, a work widow, an oil widow, a beer parlor widow, a nap widow, a "floozy" widow, perhaps.

On top of this there would be no financial sharing, no real work sharing (for that is a courtship delusion), etc etc.

\* \* \*

I was interrupted. And by the time I got back to this, a new concept occurred to me - namely: What's so bad about that? My chances of finding a man whom I'd have enough in common with to share everything are now so slim that it would be ridiculous and unrealistic to give up what I have now for some wishful future dream.

With a man like h - I

would be free to pursue those things that mean much to me and little to him. It would take a readjusting of goals, but, then, that has to be anyway.

And I would have more than if I struggled on all alone: I would have sexual opportunity + satisfaction (even if "shared" with some "floozys") (for this is rarely good with L.). I would have some congenial companion ship. I would have some security. I would have someone to care for and, perhaps, someone to care for me.

I would be "free" of mother and independent of my children.

It is not what I want entirely - that's sure, but, then it is compromise. The compromise L understands, too, that we must make at our age and that shocks my daughter at her age.

In the strength of this I wrote L a note and, Seizing an opportunity that I would once have called a "little m", I put it in his mail box - to cheer him up as quickly as possible, ward off trouble tonight and get a message across that might otherwise be undelivered (I could spend my "widowhood" writing a book from all these notes!)

Hates - Friday

This new concept and/or his behavior yesterday have killed something in my excitement about him.

I suddenly feel somewhat disinterested in him. Suddenly he doesn't have much to offer me. With his agreement with me yesterday when I said, "Seems to me husbands and wives are anxious to get rid of each other —" "Yes! Yes!" he said, "That's the way it should be — and then caught himself —

So, I see a future with a consort only — not a mate, a partner, a "belongingness oneness", but a dull, self-centered husband, whom I rarely see. Someone with whom I'll have to go on living my own private, separate, apart life — not facing the world together with a common purpose & goal —

And so suddenly — it makes little difference if I'm with him — for I don't count on any fun — just going along with him —

Monday - June 3 - 1963

My ex-husband & his mother came over this week-end to see the baby.

I found my reaction different from before - and this is what I want to record.

Before I felt desperate to get away with L & not see ~~him~~ and not have them meet. Of course, it was all new then; I was afraid.

But this time, I felt no compulsion to be with L. In fact, I felt a desire to taste the old ways again - a little more "freedom" & sophistication; a little more merriment & fun. I felt bored with L. And the prospects of another ball game, glee club & "will be? won't be?" session left me cold. I was rather glad for an excuse to get out of it.

If L had offered me anything else for the evening - something interesting & exciting I think I would have gone - gladly. But he didn't, and he wouldn't. This I knew.

I compromised. I told L maybe I'd meet him later. Then, decided, I began to worry that he'd be hurt & maybe angry. Then I almost wanted to go with him.

However, the evening went very comfortably and interestingly though I found myself a bit bored with them, too. The former glamour was gone, buried & dissipated in new knowledge of what real living is. As the evening wore on and it was more convenient not to meet L, I found myself not caring much either way.

I made a slight attempt to contact him when an opportunity arose, but found him not at home. Assured that he was at the P.C. I found, for the first time, that I felt tomorrow will be soon enough; I'll "settle" it to morrow.

In the meantime, a little alarmed at how well my ex & I got along, I ran him through my personality "check list" as I had L last week. This convinced me easily - that - all in all, I preferred L. He is more acceptable - easier to get along with.

This I later told him (that I liked him better than E.) and others, feeling quite sure, quite composed about it — and still do. (L reacted by saying nothing)

at all, but seemed very gay and relaxed all evening — almost too much so — he was downright corny!)

What I know within myself is that neither of them quite "fills the bill" for me. This I'd like to check out later sometime.

But, right now, I know that the area in which I find them lacking is a humanitarian interest, — an interest & dedication to humanity itself that negates all personal feeling — that would make a man and I stand side by side easily and surely and face outward toward humanity and the future, absorbed in otherness.

This I'd still like in a man!

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Land I spent a comfortable, domestic, "togetherness" day. I actually got him to do a domestic chore for me (putting on a new screen door) which he did, as I knew he would, from a desire to do something perfectly, something better than anyone else would do it, to show off a little. Nor was I

surprised when he made sure that I knew he would not make a habit of doing such things. (An inadvertent warning: "Don't try to domesticate me!" which made me laugh inside, for I have no intention of so doing; the desire for domestication is already in him, clamoring to be satisfied. Rather, I fear its too great attraction for him!)

For the evening was dull. There was no passion — no <sup>overwhelming</sup> desire at all coming from him. He only sucked up the comfort I extended.

What did surprise me was the relaxed, sure, happy manner in which he worked for 3 hours. How different from when I first knew him!

Wednesday - June 5, 1963

Impressions of a new creeping disillusionment accompanying a still very nice, easy relationship with L.

The glamor is going.

The other day I drove by L's office. No more the exciting compulsion to go out of my way to do so - rather, if it's convenient - it just seems "cozy".

As I approached I suffered a new reaction. The sight of the Brewell sign, L's office window - and then those graceful white tail-fins of his Cadillac - they used to thrill me, excite me almost unendurably: (that handsome, very eligible, very popular, "rich", hard-to-catch bachelor, artistic, talented, successful, respected! I used to think, + would feel a grip of awesome excitement that he was "mine"!)

This day suddenly it all seemed dull, trite, common - even rather pathetic and a bit <sup>shameful</sup> embarrassing. Stupid, mercenary sign business; futile, show-off, pathetic ownership of a car beyond his need! dull, stuffy, queer, not-bound, tied down, old-fashioned,

fussy little middle-aged man!

Funny little 'old' man that nobody  
really likes very well or pays  
much attention to — what am I  
doing — being associated with him?

The impression passed swiftly, but  
its impact lasted to join with all  
the vague little feelings of disappoint-  
ment I always feel when I go by  
his office, expecting a thrill, and  
getting, instead, a let down when  
I see that lonely, quiet, unimpressive  
aging man always bent over his  
drawing board, head down, big old  
magnifying glasses on his nose, utterly  
oblivious to life & action going on  
about him — withdrawn into a little  
world of his own where he is king.  
his work — his dull, old-fashioned, second-  
rate work!

What do I expect to see? Some  
activity! See him moving around,  
laughing, talking to people — a group —  
things going on. Perhaps at the  
window — looking out — eager &  
interested in the passing scene; or  
maybe on the street — dashing about  
in lively interest on some free and  
easy errand — so I can wave & smile  
& get a gay, eager response — or

even just looking up from his board — knowing it is a time I might be going by — looking, hoping, wanting to see me — to wave at me — to greet me — or anyone.

But no! Always the bent head, the confinement, the over-conscientious, ~~etc~~ self-imposed attention to duty & infinite detail, that lovely, glamorous, gracious car going to waste — used only to transport him from one dull routine to the next —

All gorgeous blue sky & sunshine & people & loving & living and fun ignored!

And yet — and yet — that lonely "little" man is what touches my heart. The pathetic effort he makes so cautiously & carefully & so mentally — to be a "bon-vivant" — the pathetic sweetness of him — the pathetic appreciation of my loving him — All that is what I love! I understand it and it makes me love him!

★

★

★

Last night I gave him a semi-humorous "calendar" of his summer evolved when I was trying to figure out when & how he worked into my plans for the summer, when I tried to figure out what he had to offer me.

It was a challenge, really, to make him offer; to make him see the dull, full schedule he confines himself to. It was a challenge to free himself, have some fun, now, before it's too late.

It didn't "like" it. I was afraid he wouldn't. It did no good. He defended his way hotly and, sadly, I realized it was no use—no use at all.

("Do it my way, do it my own stuffy, un-fun way" I want change—he seemed to say.)

I changed the subject, dropped it, feeling full of apathy at how little he had to offer me this summer—or ever. All those fun trips & ideas he's mentioned—all pipe dreams! They'll never materialize. He almost admits it.

money

With it was a strange I-don't-much-care attitude. All right, Leonard, you have chosen; chosen a way of life that suits you; a life that does not include concessions to another. So be it. I will have to go my own way, for your way would stifle me.

I want to live! I want to enjoy! I want to take advantage of opportunities to see and feel and observe.

You want to deny life, play it safe, reject. There is an isolationist quality about you that repels me. I begin to feel again — as with Nick — that "the world forgetting, by the world forgot" necessity. Who am I to change it?

— A — \* — \*

And, so these are the negative thoughts. As I re-read, I begin to wonder if it isn't so much disillusionment as maturity; a giant step into realism and away from immature romanticism, — a "thull". I am beginning to see this man as he really is — both sides of the coin — and love him anyway?

For I do. Not with unhappy  
passion, but with growing  
content and friendliness! I  
feel we are good friends. I  
reach out for his hand and  
he takes mine; or vice versa;  
and we are content.

I enjoy and want to be with  
him, even though I know I'll  
be a little bored. There is some-  
thing new in our relationship,  
— a quiet satisfaction, a  
surety. Something that makes  
it all right for me to always  
be calling him, to be the instig-  
ator — to have him answer  
gladly "Yeah!" — to hurry to  
be home in case I should  
call; to try to do what I want  
to do, tho' he doesn't really  
"agree" with it.

As he said last night  
"We want to be close!" How  
he amazes me sometimes  
with his insight. And his  
sudden unexpected need  
of me, like last night.

And how proud he seems  
of me like last night when

All the men in the G.C. make such a fuss over me. He does not even see that they are teasing him, heckling him somewhat.

He thinks their silly attention makes me something very desirable — and it excites him and makes him want me.

And how he deludes himself about the baseball games: he enjoys them when I go, when he can show off. Little does he note, as I do, his procrastination in going if I don't; how he always works at the stand when I don't go. There is something MALE EGO in baseball attendance I am beginning to think —

\* \* \*

One thing I meant to note: More & more I get little "warning" signs that make me wonder if he does not make as much money as he "pretends"; that he may really suffer to put on a Big Front; that those lauging "eccentricities" of going without basic things are real need. That he likes to give the impression that he makes a big salary — but doesn't really: (There has never

been the slightest proof!)

More & more as I get to know him I find evidences that he is either very stingy, or very greedy & mercenary, or spouts on a false front. — the Big Spender, the Easy Spender; the Cadillac; the oil "interests" that don't really pay.

~~He~~ I find him lamenting more & more over "lack of money"; putting me off for inexplicable, unexplained financial reasons; always encouraging me to keep on working, never offering any big financial help.

And, somehow, the whole picture of the man becomes a bit seedy, a bit "false", ~~not quite a bit~~ "second rate"; not at all the inevitable progression into a higher Social bracket that comes with real money.

Is he a miser or a false?

Friday - June 7 - 1963

I saw Jamie today!

How long has it been? Months, at least. How right I was that our usual orbits just don't cross!

She looked very smart, very pretty and very young and very charming, especially when she saw who it was she was face to face <sup>with</sup> as we rounded a corner.

I said, "Hello!" pleased & warm, before I thought. Her answer was cool & indistinct & she hurried past me.

I had gone to a different restaurant than usual on a whim (once a "little m"!) — near where she works — tho that never entered my mind. Evidently she eats there (after 1 o'clock) for that is where we met — in the doorway.

It amused me a little. It hurt not much, but it made me a little sad, adding to my mood of apathetic disillusion these last few days.

~~For certain manifestations in  
L's behavior and talk began~~

I had an unhappy & unlucky evening with L last night. I thought it was going to be all right tho I had qualms about going out with him earlier in the day.

For I have been overworked at the store this week and, between new family problems and L. frustration was weary to the point of illness.

But I got a little rested & the weather apparently bettered and it was the last ball game for awhile. So - because L has been hurt at my disinterest in going to the games with him I decided to chance it - whipping up an interest I didn't sincerely feel.

Or rather could have mustered under the proper circumstances.

But I was 'unlucky'. L was wary, self-absorbed and rude. The weather worsened so that it was another game to suffer through.

When they tied the score near the end and went on

playing and playing my endurance nearly cracked. It was hard to "keep up a front" in front of those dull people in our box — nor did they help by accosting me with puzzling questions that eventually revealed that I had lied glibly about why I was not at the big game with him the other night.

This, too, was a crucial blow, coming on top of new fundamental doubts in him this past week. I was unable to be warm + close with him + kept myself cool and distant + apart, tho' I hated myself all the time I was doing it. Yet I was too weary to summon the necessary energy to "play-act".

I acted puzzled + worried. He kept sneaking looks at me + badgering me to stay, to joke, to "get with it". I could summon only enough weary resignation to keep from having the whole evening blow up — reminding myself all the time that I was weary, weary, weary — wait, wait, WAIT!

When things went badly at the G.C. (a "necessary" 50 story I was burdened with + a, near racial riot + I was frantically masturbating all evening) it was all I could do to hold on.

I turned off the ignition when we got home and he was patient + forbearing with me while I carefully avoided a familiar tendency to take it all out on him. There was not one intimate gesture between us all evening. The one time I stroked his knee he brushed my hand away almost angrily.

I found myself telling him wearily and without rancor that he was "so-so — self-sufficient!" (It was a very apropos word + I don't know where it came from!)

He said, "I am not as self sufficient as you think!"

He "came through" with tentative offers of a week-end trip when I bounded him about the

ensuing days. (But I could have cried!) Horse Heaven or Wanapum Dens! "The Wasteland!" I cried. "What?" he queried. "Nothing — nothing" I said — "just a poem by T.S. Eliot"

I avoided by a bare margin a blow about Friday night when I sarcastically "offered" him his evening alone when I learned about a Sat. morning baseball meeting. He hesitatingly offered — maybe a quiet evening — "Where?" I thundered, thinking of the myriad people around my house & his dull, uncomfortable apartment. Silence. And then — "I'll take you out — if you want to 'get away' —" I didn't answer. Where was there to go?

— + —

Interruption. It is now Sun. morning (June 9)

and I find it hard to recapture the above mood & thinking for life and moods have moved on.

To repeat. Where was there to go? Where was there to go with a man who had long ago

turned his back on life and living and centered his life around himself?

There would be no trips, no spending or sharing, no relaxation from his work compulsion. "Next year —" Mañana! He could fool himself, but not me!

I turned off my hopes of "a good life" with L. Now I didn't care! I would continue to "go along" with him, but there would be nothing — just an eventual ending.

It was in this mood that I "let him off the hook", explaining briefly that I now realized that he possibly "could not afford" trips, spending on me, etc. — that I was only kidding about the trips.

He said very little — nothing revealing — only smiling an odd little smile.

Then I found myself beginning to be "cold" and "cruel". I now had "nothing to lose" and I surprised myself by beginning to stand up to him, assert myself and my own way of

life — not caring — not angry — just  
resigned & forbearing.

Too, I was tired, tired, tired and  
my body "hormeostasis" clamored for  
"time out" to restore & refresh. I was  
quite willing to be "left alone" — not  
to have to exert futile energy on  
him.

I fully expected repercussions. Let  
him break with me. If he did not  
understand — so much the better!

So —

I was surprised that he wanted  
to be with me Friday night — He  
wanted "to talk", he said. He made  
quite a point of this. It was some-  
thing new and I couldn't quite  
figure out what he wanted to talk  
about, but some instinct told  
me it was not momentous.

The evening was fraught with  
interruptions & incidences that  
denied us a chance to talk. And  
I didn't make an opportunity.  
Somehow I didn't care.

Yet, he himself, brought it  
up again. He hesitantly began  
to broach the subject as we  
drove to the GC.

It was not momentous — as I suspected, it was only a list of self-deluding excuses why he couldn't spend money, make trips etc right now. What he said meant nothing to me. I was too fascinated with the persistent "money-rubbing" gesture his left hand was making in the air while his right hand steered the car — and too conscious of the odd ashamed-sounding, apologetic laughter in his voice as he talked on.

"Leonard! Leonard!" I thought, "What you say means nothing! For your hand and your voice are acting like a suicid!"

And so — we ironed out our difficulties. He "offered" new, surprising things — all of them cautious & evasive. The evening wore on to a very successful conclusion.

As we drove away from the GP, he braked the car and said frankly and openly, "What shall we do now?" and I suddenly realized this was the

way it should have been all the time! — Instead of that unspoken conflict between us when I'd wait to see what he was going to do and then be happy or mad depending on how true I felt he was being with himself!

And, too, I noted he said "our car" without realizing it.

We returned — (agreed) — to mother's apartment & took advantage of the last night she'd be gone.

→      →      →

Yesterday — Saturday — was an odd day, full of dramatic, unforeseen events; events that put L on the spot to test his now found "generosity".

I felt an observer watching the miraculous power of love as I led him gently through new experiences of giving and sharing, making them just a little bit harder than necessary, quite willing to retract if he showed signs of failure.

He didn't fail — quite. He "came through", but it left

him in a state of mild shock,

I felt for him as he did not quite meet the chance to really give us a needed big supply of groceries, as my kids naively expected him to. He agreed to a loan and murmured no verbal complaint at the amount I made it.

The shock at the extent of his own contribution (by worth of turkey) made him attend the fate of that turkey as if it were his favorite child.

And his "generosity" in taking a drunken G.C. pal home was something he would not have done without the moral support & prodding of Jim P. & me.

Even our hot living room discussion on racial pre-  
judice in which my daughter pin-pointed his whole personality in a succinct sentence that delighted me, did not shake him off his evident determination to hold on to me whatever the cost.

But what tickled me most of all in this Misier's new attempt at "giving" was Lois' revealment that he had finally succumbed & came in to be fitted for bi-focals (he is almost blind, she reported!) This cost him — as he later told me — \$75 — (at a time when he said he "could not afford" fun things — or "helping" other people!) Of course he can't now — for he has "managed" to spend it on himself; he found a new personal "necessity" — one that he has post-phoned for 15 or 20 years — until now — when there are soul-wracking new demands on him!

And it lost him his "youth"! This was significant. At last, he crossed the border into old age. A giant step — for him — away from self-delusion!

Dear self-forlorn Leonard! I see the weather has clouded over. What "excuse" will you have for not making that hard-won "trip" we planned for today? We shall see!

Sun - June 9 - 1963

L took me to see the new Wanapum Dam lake - a trip of some 20 miles. The whole day was perfect - barring a tendency to rain all day and the lack of privacy in that open country!

We got along beautifully - each of us trying real hard to please & forbear. We came back to his apt. before he brought me home & I was pleased to see what relaxation could do for him!

On the debit side I could have wished for a more romantic, philosophical companion. L's little-boy obsession with mechanical ~~elephants~~ & hunting possibilities and that eternal snapping with the spy glasses points me a little the wrong way. But then it is also that insatiable curiosity & eagerness and maleness and celebration that I like.

A good day. Somewhat dull & trite, but satisfying.

Tues - June 11

Am frustrated in my tentative plans for the evening. To wit:

Have L for dinner & a nice evening of relaxed beer drinking & conversation in the back yard. Partly to pay him back for the groceries & partly to instill "back-yard leisure" into him. It was so nice out there last night!

But no. Weather threatening & daughter perversely stubborn about changing dinner plans altho I warned her last night. Odd.

And L. L "indefinite" last night but apparently eager. Insisted on calling after he got home from work today which is too late to change dinner plans as I've tried & tried to tell him.

Risked calling him at office but couldn't get him.

When he did call - at 5:30 it was all too late. "I'm tired" he announced. "I want to sleep".

"Sleep, then", I declared, trying to make it "nice".

"Call me about 9:30" he said, "and 'we'll see'".

Gracious!

Thinking on it all later I de-

duced this: that (1) I had leisure & right mood & was dressed in something I wanted him to see. Too bad.

(2) My daughter acts (unconsciously?) jealous. She always "spoil" my dates somehow.

(3) I am really not getting very far in freeing L from his rigidity. For we are still having formal dates.

That's the word! Formal! We are so formal with each other still! Always the phone calls, the planned encounter, the knock on the door, the invitation & acceptance.

He never gets my idea of just dropping by! What I'd like (?) is to be sitting around — perhaps in the backyard on a nice evening like last night and have L come around the house dressed in smart-looking, comfortable sport clothes — a 6-pack of beer in his hand — maybe Jim Romney with him — a big grin on his face and saying, "It was so nice —

I thought we'd drop by and buy  
you a beer — "Something like  
that; just suddenly decide he  
felt like seeing me & run up any  
old time — or stop on his way  
to or from some place. Something  
easy and neighborly! But no!  
Always even, the carefully buttoned  
up white shirt & tie & heavy old-  
fashioned shoes. Grrr!  
Fornality!

Then, as I faced another long,  
~~slow~~ evening of time killing until  
what used to be my going-to-bed  
time & thought "Why, this is no  
better than that unhappy relation-  
ship with my husband, who worked  
nights! And that's one of the things  
I think wrecked our marriage!"

L, too, is a night-owl! Always  
the perverse refusal to fit in to  
other people's schedules, — against the  
grain, eccentric — difficult!

'Damn! Why do I bother?  
All this was suddenly clear in  
my mind as I awoke from a  
short nap. And it dissipated  
all the loneliness left by  
Sunday.

Tuesday - June 11 -

Later:

I'm still trying to figure out what's bothering me!

I think it's humiliation I feel. It's embarrassing, it's humiliating, it's degrading to approach someone with offers and suggestions and invitations and have them respond hesitantly, evasively; to put one off; to hedge; and then postpone to suit their convenience.

I got to thinking that I usually say "I'll be up about 9:30". Tonight he said for me to call him. Call, only. That's what made me mad - made me feel put off - rejected.

True, I sounded unhappy - but all the more reason for him to try to make me happy!

I feel terribly disgusted with him. I doubt if I can call him now (it's 7:30) and have it "come out right".

Thurs - June 13 - 1963

I can't get what I want —  
and  
It doesn't make that much  
difference.

These are the two thoughts I awoke  
with this morning after another  
bad "break" with L. last night.  
This time we almost did it.  
This time he told me to "go to  
hell".

Something happened this morning —  
Some "psychic" experience — after  
I reached the point of utter  
helplessness & gave up with  
nothing left but to pray.

This morning I feel  
humbled. Perhaps I have  
been suffering from pride.

Thursday - June 13

— Or I've been trying to force things?

When I awoke early & found myself uncomfortable — emotionally — not really unhappy — like when I lost N. — but just very uncomfortable, I thought "O — to hell with it! — It doesn't make enough difference — I don't care enough about L to even suffer uncomfortableness —"

I got up & called him. And, as usual, without a word of re-action, he simply picked up and went on where we left off.

Analysis? I just don't care. So L's L. There's nothing I can do about it. My ears still hear the petty, selfish, childish tirade he blasted me with last night — "Yammer, yammer, yammer!" he said, "that's all you do!.. I'm sick of it.. I just want my sleep.. —" etc, etc — "if you're going to keep this up — being so selfish — we might as well call it off — — — other women haven't asked me to 'live it up' and so without my rest etc. ... you're just inconsiderate and selfish!"

"What other women? Where are they?  
Where are they now?" I cried.

"What happened?"

"Lots of things happened," he said, and kept maintaining that they had been & were others that tended him as he wanted to be tended, but he could not or would not be specific or say or tell any more.

"Liar!" I thought. "Liar!"  
"You just wanted to be babied!"  
I said. "And I'm not going to  
bab<sup>y</sup> you!"

This, of course, made him furious.  
And so we went into another  
"Goodbye" pitch. Only this time he  
joined me! We agreed to part.  
(Each time it gets easier.) We get  
wearer to really doing it.

I really meant it. I don't  
like L! I don't like L any more!  
I kept thinking. I thought this  
all night — and I can say it  
yet this morning — having "weighed"  
it all overnight.

I don't like L!

All the "labels" I've found for  
him; all the benefits and burdens  
he is mean nothing now. I

simply don't like him.

I find that I could give him up very easily — (with a short period of readjustment) — and feel I have lost nothing important. Rather, perhaps, that I have gained something. I do not understand this — only that it is so.

And, most mysterious of all — is this conclusion that I enacted without even knowing why: he is not worth suffering over. Take the crumbs he offers — why not? — and just go on "living".

No more "do-gooding"! For this last week I learned that my efforts are wasted: the good moods I elicit are ~~wasted~~ on the same old self-centered pursuits rather than growth + ~~whether~~ adaptability; the "services" I proffered have merely served to make him even more spoiled and expectant; my attempts to free him emotionally so that he can enjoy more are merely viewed as a ~~personal~~ <sup>myself</sup> demand on my part to have a good time at any cost — (he is actually unhappier without his neurotic <sup>defense</sup> protection); my attempts to inspire him to dust off and use his ideals are interpreted as "yammer! yammer!". All in all, my

efforts have been misinterpreted, mis-understood, mis-applied and resented. The same old story! Ugh! Utterly futile!

And the benefits I derived or hoped to derive have been negated. I, too, mis-interpreted. As I feared, his "Courtier technique" was false; the real man is shallow, mean, dots not offer me fun, trips, money, help, new social broadening, or even sexual relief.

Even that has become a self-centered, grudging, personal "masturbation" act, timed to his convenience and lately withheld at his whim.

There is nothing left but the social superficial social approval & satisfaction of having "a man in attendance".

So why not just go on "playing the game" until it peters out? Why make an issue I can't explain or sustain right now? It's easier to keep going than to quit!

This is my current conclusion.

"We have completely "misunderstood" each other."

That is what I shall tell L. if we get a chance to discuss it.

He misunderstood my attempts to "help" - interpreting them as selfish motives of my own (and unable to accept or understand my standards if I told him. For I hoped <sup>for him</sup> and again - it was no use! We were brought up differently. Our apparent rapport was a fake attempt by both of us to dispel our loneliness)

I misunderstood his personality and his potential. I demanded too much of him. He was right last night. It isn't there; he hasn't it to give - as I thought. It is too late for "therapy"

I am tired of "playing God"! Let God take over. I quit!

"Leonard," I will say to him, "there has been great misunderstanding between us. We have misunderstood each other and our personalities and motives. Even if we settle this, there is no great love between us, for we are different; we have been raised differently; our experiences

have been too different; our aims are too different.

All we have is our lonesomeness — and that is why we keep going — to avoid that lonesomeness again!

(And we are in dire need of social acceptance!).

Our differences are parting us — testing us — as they must in all loves. We are finding out. We are not suited to each other ~~just~~ as we feared, as we suspected, as we have been told.

This is what I can tell everybody when they ask, "What happened?" One reason I haven't really quit — how can I explain it?

"We just weren't suited. We were just bored & lonesome when we found each other &

I was trying to help you — and, of course, you don't want to be "helped". To you, I am your mother — gammering at you!

I can't do anything about you. Go your way — be yourself — for better or for worse —

"Vaya con Dios —"

Wed - June 12, 1963

## "Indulgent Protectiveness".

This is the phrase I came up with trying to think why L. seems to be seeking out his. Why Lou, again? I wondered. And I realized, sadly, that I have become too "hard" and "cruel". He yearns for some soft, indulgent, feminine protection — like Lou's false "helpfulness". She spoils her sons and she appears to spoil men with that coy little girl clinging approach. Little do they know there is a devouring spider's mouth behind those big, soft dark eyes!

Why do I say this when it sounds a little fantastic? Because I noted how my daughter, after her resistance to me last night, fawned on L — and, making me out a "witch" — made a big show of asking him to dinner tonight — (as if I hadn't!)

And how eagerly, desperately L responded to her "I feel sorry for him" approach —

In short, I see a depressing picture of a man —

who wants to be BABIED!

I always get this kind! Me and my "therapy"!

I wonder if I can sustain the neglet mood this evening — feeling as I do now that it isn't worth it; L isn't worth the cost to me.

I suppose I should ask Lois & Bert down — (L wanted to last night) — but whether I can do it without being sarcastic and whether I can stand to sit and watch Lois (and maybe Julie) "Safely" babying L — doing the very worst thing for him — I don't know. I just don't know. (They didn't)

And I am feeling a pème of dislike for L — I can't summon the kindly firmness that is needed.

Too, I "saw" suddenly that L is so terribly insecure. It is this, and not his great love for me, that keeps him "coming back". For when he finds what he "needs" (as he thought I was, and is beginning to find out I am not) he grips it with a death grip, <sup>too</sup> panic-stricken to "let go". Result: "habit" — "rigidity" — his own queer form of "constancy".

And I am getting weary and afraid of these G.C. "characters" now that I have become ensconced enough to be embroiled in their sordid activities.

And they are sordid! My first surmise — that none of them would be in the G.C. if they weren't terribly maladjusted is proving all too true. This, I suppose, includes Leonard!

And me!

I am only being "sucked into" others' neuroticisms — <sup>somewhat</sup> as my articles warn me against. Heaven knows, I have enough of my own.

Another depressing objective (?) slant on last night was the sad realization that such psychic "nourishment" as "I" gave L Sunday is distorted & twisted & used by him, not for personal growth and maturity & more adaptability, but only to nourish his neuroticisms. To wit: He turned from me and what we all have to offer him, turned his back on us (and our "dinner — relaxation offer") to pour all that

precious new-found vitality into <sup>self-</sup> ~~apparently~~ self-enhancement activities, into what he deems is "work", which is all too sadly at least 50% self-enhancement. (Nobody asks him to do it! Nobody asks him to do it so all-fired perfectly - so exhaustingly. He is impressing no one but his own too-high idea of himself!)

In other words I ~~feed~~ <sup>only</sup> nourish his neuroticisms. I make him "feel good" so he can pour it all into more "hobbies" + ego-pursuits that only alienate him more from me and the way we all would like to see him go —

It is all very discouraging.

I forgot to note that, when giving  
him a weary rundown on current  
issues between us last night, the  
only "hot spot" I hit was in trying  
to get him to face with me the  
realistic ~~to~~ admission that there  
is really ~~no place~~, no place for  
me working with him. I am  
obviously neither wanted nor  
needed.

He got hotly defensive - almost  
to the point of hysteria. This alerted  
me to something important, but I  
have not yet figured out what.

He is scared? He wants me  
there? Or he is afraid of my  
realizing what he knows is true  
and afraid of the consequences to  
him and his purposes?

I am sure it is something  
personal to his own aims. I am sure  
of that. Whatever it is.

I cut him off. I told him he  
could go on kidding himself -  
but I could not afford to. I felt  
old and wearily wise as the  
total aspect of my long years of  
commercial art batted around.

showed me a picture I was as  
reluctant to face as he is.

→ → →  
And how quickly + willingly  
he took back his \$20 (lent for  
groceries.) Never a murmur or  
suggestion that I post phone re-  
payment or keep some of it - even  
when I "jokingly" suggested same.  
This, then, is the extent of his  
rigidly offer to "help" —

Wed June 13- (Record on 1st 5)  
actions 4

I went home, dreading the hours of waiting, <sup>for to call</sup>, being tied down to the phone - unable to change clothes or settle to some chore until I knew if I was to disappear at his office before 5; whether I'd have dinner at home or with him as he mentioned; whether I'd be gone all evening. If so I had many little chores I should be doing while these precious hours were spending by.

Surely he'd call by 4! That would barely give me time to dress appropriately (for hill climbing) & settle a ride down.

4 approached & no call. Much as I hated to "spoil" him I decided I'd have to call him, I did.

He sounded eager & excited & "Glad I'd called" (he'd been too "busy" too busy to keep a promise!) He began telling me how & where to meet him; first at 5 and then it got later & later as he presentably progressed with the description of his evening, which, as I'd anticipated, was full of work commitments - (no place for me.)

My heart was sinking fast and was grounded by the time he finished & it was clear to me that there was very little

chance that I'd see him at all tonight. (Why had he raised my hopes so? So unlike him!)

He, too, was beginning to sense the futility. His voice was slowing + falling. In the disappointed silence when he got through, I knew I'd have to be the brave one + step into the breach.

"Well," I said, "it would really be more logical if I just stayed home — it sounds like you're really tied up for the evening —". I was swallowing my disappointment at the loss of a lovely summer night on the hill, excitement with a group of men working, a free dinner, beer + fun — + the ego-satisfaction of L's company all evening.

Reluctantly she agreed. He sounded sad, afraid?) We made an unsatisfactory substitute agreement — for late — very late, that probably won't work out.

We hung up. I hadn't been able to sound a bit bitter a bit mad. So I knew he was upset again.

So — risking his anger at

being disturbed again I called + "verified" our indefinite plan, having had a chance, meantime, to check out my chances of enacting it ~~at first~~

while I waited for L's <sup>call</sup> I called Lois on some pretext - wanting another check on others' reaction to L's blast at me last night. She was horrified, unbelieving, as was Julie when I told her.

I told them that I had bawled me out for being "selfish + inconsiderate" about keeping him up late <sup>all the time</sup> + interfering in his necessary napping - and that other women (who have long since inexplicably dropped out of his life) did not treat him that way. It was true! (He had said that!)

I did not have to tell either of my confidantes why I considered this so shockingly heartless. They knew. I knew that I had completely readjusted my own + my family's habits to accommodate his ridiculous + unnecessary "night-awaking".  
~~And all agree that~~

\* → →

I quote from current reading:

"The basis of anxiety is not knowing"  
and

"— in defending oneself against anxiety, the basic needs go unmet.  
<sup>and</sup> ~~but~~ it is so difficult & stressful to  
fight anxiety that one is un-  
productive, uncreative, unable to  
love etc."

So it is in the L. relationships.  
He is so wracked with anxiety  
that he creates anxiety situations  
about him.

It is the anxiety of never  
knowing with him that makes  
it so stressful, difficult &  
exhausting —  
and challenging!

Later Thurs. eve.

My "research" reading also tells me this: "the unrealistic approach is a major source of neurotic anxiety"

Tonight is an example of how L does this.

I went to a great deal of trouble + unnecessary expense to carry out the terms of our agreement for tonight. BUT, I will say that my approach was more realistic than his. It stood to reason (I noted from observation of past experiences) that L would be involved far into the night. So I was not too upset when I could not find him - only his car - and when he called (bleas him for that!) from our m/cst hotel + described an evening of new acceptance by the "big slots" that made me so glad for him that I am happy not to see him - almost relieved at knowing where he is. That he productively involved, that he tried hard (albeit unrealistically!) to have me share his evening.

I was so "relieved of anxiety"

that I was able to do a good job on sewing him up for tomorrow night (even if it is a ball game - ugh!)

Also, I was able tonight, to surmount my feud with mother & discuss my relationships with L nicely with her — and, to my surprise — found a champion, when I thought I had an enemy!

How these books & articles help me! How amazing is real prayer & humility! How awesome the development of needed emotional explosions & their own built-in "therapy"! BUT — I must remember to apply my knowledge in secret instead of openly — as I have been doing.  
Apply, not appeal!

Friday morning June 14-

Thoughts triggered by current reading:

~~So as I was right!~~ Pondering the Glee Club compulsion I came up with the thought that it's a regression to the "gang" - it's "gang" of boys of his youth. He has to be where the "gang" is. My book verifies just that. And so, I think is L. completely immature! - adolescent - emotionally blocked at adolescent age! Why do I always pick immature ones! Or is that all that's left?

Also the baseball. That's what it is about baseball! It's adolescent - the "sand-lot" "gang".

— And these crises of mine.  
"Merely growth - the stress of learning - always preceded by anxiety. "The mature person is bothered by not knowing - seeks facts - analyzes - stress - anxiety - and then learning."

While the immature only defends his stand emotionally. Where!

Thought by me:

"Civilization" is a  
matter of getting  
the mind to  
catch up with what  
the heart already  
Knows!

Sun - June 16 - 1963

What happened this week-end  
is not ~~as~~ important as the significance of what happened.

Events that triggered:

At last the weather has turned hot! To me this meant ① a desire to laze + socialize ② less resentment about sitting out a ball game = ③ a yearning to seek out nature + its beauties (trip to woods or water) ④ anxiety about exposing my ugly body - etc.

He called Friday evening, still apologetic about "interrupting our dinner" (a last stand "excuse" to get out of calling me until later?) and hesitant about asking me to the ball game.

I surprised him. Having made up my mind that I'd enjoy it on such a nice night + after a vacation from it I agreed readily.

He said he'd be late + then was early. I had been "studying" + felt calm + "nature". I approached him, as planned, with a

"Communication elicitation" that went well + settled the fact that we were both in a "good" + "playful" mood for the evening with no anxiety-producing commitments. We planned the evening. All was well.

"I have lots to tell you!" he announced as we entered the ball park. And away he went, talking excitedly + furiously, oblivious to listening ears + his ~~so~~ precious ball game. ~~usually~~ Unwittingly he painted me a picture of personal achievement + success + glory + exciting + lucrative work prospects that completely excluded me. It was a situation that ~~he~~ formerly had taken great pains to include me in - both as experience - sharing, inspirational good, and a chance for me to make a bunch of much needed money.

Most significant of all was the sensing I had that all this was the result of the "nurturing" I had given

him and that the thing I feared had consolidated; my role as his artistic assistant at the sign shop was over.

All the warning signs I saw had proved out: men preferred; boss resentful of me; work inappropriate; Leonard inept at handling the complex personal relationships involved and unwittingly ~~too~~ competing with me. (The "professional jealousy" Lois feared and I knew ~~would~~ was there had finally supported the unrealistic attempt at career-sharing. All this I. has been blaming on "the boss" + "lack of work".)

All this was revealed in his confiding without his <sup>knowing</sup> realizing it and without my realizing it! (It has taken me a day and two nights for my mind to finally tell me what my heart knew and acted on in the next 48 hours!)

When he dealt the final blow by eagerly agreeing to my perception that I was to be a "work-widow" on this, our

first really nice week-end,  
the evening was ruined for  
me.

What had started as an  
especially good one now became  
a horrid crisis evening  
the ~~bad~~ <sup>the tolerance</sup> I felt for him  
this evening slipped away and,  
when he, emotionally kept up  
to a point of "awareness-exclusion"  
now, pulled a few utterly  
self-centered little acts, it  
was more than I could stand.

The symbols of the moments  
were the hot-dog he had  
crudely brought himself without  
~~as if~~ <sup>If I wanted one</sup> consulting me ~~of~~ which he now  
sat voraciously devouring while  
his emotions basked in the  
warmth of successes he would  
not have been experiencing if  
he hadn't met someone like  
me and the apparent  
"rape" of a lucrative job that  
"should" have been "mine".

~~Bringing~~ <sup>I</sup> I excused myself and  
~~left~~ <sup>left</sup> not knowing why —  
only knowing that I had  
to escape from this  
~~or at least shared~~

going-to-be major crises for me.  
(As I write this now I get a 'déjà vu' flash; "this has happened before!" ??) this "Known beforehand" crisis at a (all same!)

I was obsessed with getting out of that barren, barren-people filled commercial arena and across the paved parking area to the greenery and grace of the college campus where I'd found the delight of my life; psychology, and less late-life learning, and Lillian & Cal Matthews, and the ability to surmount and survive things I thought would break me!

My heart was breaking in two - split, as was the real estate, by Leonard & baseball & <sup>+ money</sup> boredom on the one hand and learning & life & love on the other & dear friends. I sat as long as I dared and then forced myself back, feeling like Christ going to Calgary, dragging my feet & trying to summon

some "acting ability".

I needn't have bothered. L beat me to it, greeting me with an almost hysterical account of the plays I'd missed as if I'd merely gone to the ladies' room.

The evening wore on - inevitably - (12 innings!) I had armed myself with a sketch pad this time and with drew into "sketching", noting for the first time exactly what emotional outlet this "sketching" has meant for me all my life. (Down on the paper went frustrations, and people-hating (hoooo caricature!) and bitter observation!) \* see note →

Though apparently "at ease" with each other there existed a mood-link, an empathy between L and me that made us aware of the crisis between us, all during that long game. We maintained the amenities only.

Nor was I surprised

~~He wrote this thought later:~~  
"The trouble with artists is that they spend too much time withdrawn."

When we discovered, returning to the car, that my always overly-cautious escort had left his key in the ignition & the radio going, I listened to his frantic search for rationalization of this act knowing full well that the unprecedented series of "success events" for him the last few days had fouled up his "wiring"; produced a mind-erasing emotional surge in him.)

This, too, I thought accounted for the ensuing days of blaming the hot dog (it must have been spoiled!) for his stress symptoms.

We proceeded according to "plan", acquiring L's friend, Jim, as L's ~~social safety~~ "crisis-evasion guard" for awhile. (During this time we ran into my daughter's former probation officer & the resulting talk with him did nothing but aggravate my growing emotional stress.)

I went to our "rendezvous" at L's apartment fearful of what might happen.

I was "holding in". Later I would have to face the soul-searing tussle with reality facts that L's all too revealing conversation had disclosed : ① My whole "Career" has been abortive ② It is temporarily (?) ended ③ L is a sad excuse for a man ④ our "dream" of working together was only a dream ⑤ the poverty battle must go on ⑥ I am "out of context" associating with L ⑦ My whole life has been "wrong".

And all through this ran a strange little <sup>background</sup> admonition "Leonard must not be allowed to get away with this; for his own good he must not be allowed to get away with this."

I don't know what I meant, I don't know where the idea came from. I wasn't thinking. That would come later: a hard, hard battle I dreaded. Since, if all my energies were absorbed in ~~battling~~ <sup>clamming up</sup> an emotional pressure that the situation and escort would not "allow" to spill over or

relieve.

Wiser now than I used to be, I was prepared. When the deluge came (an endless crying jag ~~in~~ in L's arms) I did not complicate the issue by guilt + shame and futile attempts at repression, (<sup>as I did</sup> "Shh! Shh," he kept saying with alarm and an ear to the neighbors).

I cried. I cried out years of pent-up "rivalry with men" and "Soal I did not want or choose" blocks that I thought I'd long since "conquered". Hopelessly I tried to explain to L what was happening — that a woman was being born — finding her place at last — her place — beneath a man, not beside or above him — and, (futilely) my body sought to make to express my need for him to be that man — the man, the mate, the strength on top.

I sensed only anxiety + bewilderment + fear in his bodily reactions — It was not there to give.

(Note: it came later — in the next few days)

He was "patient". He fed me & brought me home patiently, forgoing food himself - (that hot dog! he fretted)

Next morning, following blindly some innate wisdom in my heart I sought him out & brought home all my drawing equipment from his office and spent the long hot week end day & evening searching my soul & resignedly playing second fiddle to his male needs & his fantastic neuroses.

It ~~all~~ hurt terribly. It was grim & heart breaking work, but "fate" was with me. I had the consolation of a good "therapy" book that confirmed all my blind groping "heart-wisdom" acts & events "went along" with me to show ~~me~~ an "awareness of his own experience" that taught & is teaching him better lessons than all my trade of words could ever do?

Much later:

I have fought my way "back" sooner than I expected. That book has helped me tremendously. I found verifications and new ideas that brought me much new insight & peace and "power".

I learned much this week end almost more than I can absorb. Mostly I find I have changed my attitude to fit the present frustrations, since there is nothing I can do about the circumstances. I feel I have "found" my self again and why & how I went "wrong".

Once again I fought insoluble money frustration by accepting poverty and concentrating on the realities behind & beyond money. A phrase in the book "a skillful assistant" (not a competitor for power) stays with me to be applied on any work & L relationships. (It works! I've tried it already. Tonight, for instance, I found peace & enjoyment in the role of skillful assistant to L & found I no longer be-judged & resented his success & opportunities!)

A phrase about the weapon the Group uses most often against a member they resent is "planned failure". This shows me my difficulties in Yakima in a new light. I antagonized them with my "superiority"; they "plan" my failure?

I got many new insights into L's personality from my reading, many of which have already "proved out" — and it showed me new ways to handle him — which, too, have worked. I am too tired; it is too late to go on.

But one note: Is Duke (a GL, vital personality) getting a crush on me?

Mon - June 17 - 1951

I find myself back at work feeling as if I'd gone thru a major meto-morphosis this week-end. I find my concepts changed radically. Perhaps I learned a lot. At least I have new interpretations of my problems.

First is an entirely new attitude about my work & money & chances for both - at least here in Yakima.

My reading helped me to see ~~that~~ (again!) that I am and always have been a "victim" of being a little Superior in certain areas than the groups I regularly find myself in.

I can say this in all humility, for by now it is universally recognized & admitted, and I have seen what it has done to my children.

I understand now that the "Group" resents any challenge to their own status & seeks (unknowingly) to destroy it. Thus the "failures" I have blamed heretofore on my own ineptitude I now see could be attributed to a collective jealousy & opposition in the areas where I have threatened certain status seekers. (I could name many, many names.)

This is way above & beyond "blaming" - scapegoating - excuses. For

it accounts for the bewilderment I have suffered that certain groups (I again could name names) encourage and "appreciate" me yet others consistently block me.

So I find myself peaceful in new knowledge that my puzzling "failure" possibly might have been forced on me. Even with the new knowledge that I would fare better trying to be the "skillful assistant" rather than the ~~frustrated~~ "top man" in a group, I see that my only hope is to remove myself from "blocking" groups and find "nourishing" groups.

However, I can't do this now. So I must maintain and hold an essential minimum line until such time as I can reassemble my forces.

And so I return <sup>to almost</sup> to my original goal in work & money. "Get by" for now; retreat; lower the immediate goal & perfect what little there is of value right now, ~~blocking off the~~ ceasing to fight what I can't help — that doesn't pertain to me — and using my energies for those values that are needful now.

Oddly, I find this all pertains to L., too. I find that he, too, belongs to the "block me" group in spite of our heretofore ~~delusion~~ to the contrary.

I see all too clearly in little things his essential rejection and distrust of all women, including me; his choice of staying with "the boys". He fights me — I am a woman! He listens only to "the boys"; he trusts only "the boys".

I can learn to handle him. I can learn to be adept & clever at it but even if I do, I should not kid myself that it will ever gain me what I think it will. In fact, as time goes on — as has already been proved in little ways — Leonard will resist me more & more; not less and less.

I can give him "what he needs", not what he's crying for, but — (like Nick) — since he will never acknowledge his true needs, it will only aggravate more guilt & <sup>conflict</sup> in him at forsaking what he <sup>has</sup> learned to "cry for". He would only blame me — as N. Jane did. It is too late, too late.

And I would become frustrated and bitter as I saw my efforts wasted, twisted, distorted; my energies consumed in serving false gods.

Leonard has consistently shown that his interest is not at all in promoting my welfare (the basis of love) but in absorbing from me only that which will promote his welfare — or rather his goals — as he sees them.

Since I see his welfare differently I only succeed in arming an eventual enemy who will someday turn on me and, keeping what I have given him as his own, accuse me of being "wrong" and seek to destroy me as a threat to what he considers his "needs".

That is the hidden conflict between us: Leonard considers me a "threat".

Yes, that is exactly it — the whole thing! I am a threat! Every woman is to him.

A threat to what? If threat to what he wants, to what he thinks is important in his life (i.e.: personal "freedom"; work; time-killing with "the boys"; sexual irresponsibility; freedom to do as he pleases with his money and his time.)

Woe unto any woman who dares to "interfere" in these pursuits! For these are his "raison d'être"; these are the things that make him a man! Without them he thinks he would lose status and acceptance among the males where he has never quite made the grade. He would be overwhelmed by the emergence of that always gnawing doubt that he is a man.

And who gave him this doubt? His mother! His mother, keeping him from the boys, boasting at him, making him do "unmanly" things that brought him ridicule, making him her reluctant companion (in her loneliness among 5 males?) Perhaps,

All women are his mother, threatening his masculinity —

except, of course, in one act. And  
that he'll show them!

He'll show everybody what a  
man he is!

This I cannot combat or  
change. When I augment this picture  
of himself — fine. When I show  
the slightest symptoms of ~~also~~  
drawing him away from these oh-  
so-necessary! pursuits — beware!  
I have a chained tiger on my  
hand!

The result is there is no place  
for a woman in his life or heart —  
only in his bed — as needed.

As time goes on, he offers me  
less and less. The lures he used  
to snag me (or my "services," and  
"comforts") he is gradually with-  
drawing as they appear to threaten  
his "way-of-life".

(And, of course, he is a threat  
to me, therefore.)

As he sees more of the "threat"  
to him in our relationship, he  
withdraws more of his "lures"  
with the result that I begin to

see less benefit to me in the situation and begin to withdraw my "services" & "comforts", feeling they are futile and unrewarding.

~~They~~ So - as we get better acquainted with each other he sees more "threat", I see less "benefit". The "mutuality" we found that delighted us so was relative to the amount of difference and loneliness we had suffered heretofore. <sup>with all others</sup> It made our likenesses seem magnificent.

With better acquaintance the likenesses diminish & the differences between us loom. We lose sight of the still-true mutual differences from others.

Such is love. It goes like this: ~~Is~~ Is there no one like me? Yes! There is! How wonderful! Oh - oh dear - no - no - <sup>she</sup> she is not like me; we are different. Alas, then, there is no one like me!

What remains is that here is someone similar to me. Is <sup>she</sup> she worth the cost? Etc, etc.

Outside influences tend to part l & me now, too. We

have been "unlucky" lately in  
~~things~~ experiences to bring us  
together. My domestic problems  
alienate me from him, — disinterest  
him, scare him off. (Well they  
never end?)

His business + usual pursuits  
take him away from me, and,  
when I find it increasingly difficult  
to share these pursuits with him,  
we each tend to blame and  
compensate in other ways.

Etc., etc.

Dear Leonard,

I wonder if you realize that you nearly broke my heart - and blasted all my hopes last night?

I wish I had the courage to make a clean break with you - for your sake - because, as you say, this way I just "jick" on you; "nag" at you.

But I dread the period of getting over the hurt again, and I dread being all alone again, and being cooped up with no place to go and nothing to do, with just the kids and their problems and mother and her problems.

Yet the way you talked last night (unless I have the wrong impression) and the way you plan things or don't plan things seem to show me that the things I hoped for in our relationship simply are not going to be.

I had hoped we could work together, share our talents and our opportunities together, find some way to work it out so we could.

But the way you talked last night I could see that you intend to go it alone and that, unless things

just happen to break for us, you won't make any effort (as you did for awhile) to make it work out. And that you won't consult me about anything that comes up and find out what I need and want and how I could work into the picture. maybe you talk like a man that intends a career future alone.

And I had hoped that we could share some interesting and fun experiences together — some things you like to do and some things I like to do. I thought we could definitely plan on working out some definite specific things to make this a memorable summer. But you ~~show me by your talk that~~ last night, when I said "Since you aren't going to do anything with me (vacation wise or week-ends) this summer I'll go ahead and make plans to do things with other people and you can go and do things with Lyle Warming (and all your old cronies and things you've always done before you knew me) and that I'm not included in." And you nodded your head and agreed without protesting or offering me any alternatives

or hopes for all this long summer.  
So I saw it was no use. It seems  
that you have your plans made  
for the summer and that they won't  
be much different than all the other  
summers of your life. It is Leonard  
Karis summer; not Leonard's and Lorna's.

I hoped that we'd share our  
finances — working them out together —  
maybe if only for the future. Last  
night you gave me to see its Leonard  
Karis money — and there's never enough  
of it — for him. Everything he touches  
has to turn to gold — he needs it!

I thought we had it sort of  
settled that we would like to get  
married someday so we could be with  
each other comfortably enough to work  
out our necessary separate freedoms  
— instead of all this parting + franticness  
all the time.

Lately, you won't say. You have  
made several little remarks that  
show you no longer entertain  
happily the idea of marriage to me.  
You're beginning to fear I'm a  
threat to you, I'll bet!

So — all in all — I was  
shocked last night. You really

have nothing to offer me after all except the added anxiety of never knowing anything — whether I'll see you for sure the next day, whether you'll call me even just to chat, whether we're ~~on~~ going to do something definite <sup>if we</sup> in the next few days, the next few ~~few~~ week week end, the next few weeks, this summer — or next year, whether you're going to marry me — or whether you're just going to "take your pleasure" with me and go your way.

I don't think you understand me, or my way of life, or what I seek — and I don't think you much care. Certainly, you're not making me happy any more!

All this — and then I called L. at home at noon (he won't have any freedom from me soon! poor guy.) deciding — as always — that I have a right to definiteness even if I have to force it.

I called him to see whether I was to see or hear from him today (I "knew" not, but wanted to verify it) or how long it would

be. I had to do something -!

I must say he sounded glad to hear from me. This I must admit. Yet, when I tried to pin him down he did his usual "fast foot work" as a very perceptive woman told him last night.

Angry, — my voice was angry — I said "Do you want me to leave you alone? Do you want to be left alone — ?" (When this phrase came from I don't know.)

Sounding scared — laughing in a puzzled sort of way — he floundered — retreated — then suddenly blurted "One day — just one day — !"

"OK". I said & slammed up the phone and could hear him still talking — his usual inane "Thank you for calling — " pitch.

A strange conversation yet oddly satisfying. Why? Why? Why? I wondered as I went on working.

BECAUSE, I realized — all I was trying to say was in that query — and he knew it —

"Do you want to lose me?" It meant, "Do you want to

be all alone again?"

"No." was his answer. "No." —  
only one day — and the implication  
("I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Forgive me —  
tho perhaps I know not what  
I do —").

Tues - June 17-1963

First, I must note the fantastic behavior — no, not behavior — words of L last night.

I knew not if we were going to the game for sure, since he had mentioned that he might be tied up with his boss. So I thought he'd call. By 6:00 he hadn't. I called — once more having tried to stick it out, but unable to stand the anxiety of not knowing. Not there.

At 6:15 I got "Yes!" we were going to the game. (Good! if I must go to games, this was a good night — just right baseball weather & crowd expected and much to get away from at home & one of my old provocative Nick costumes I wanted to try on L.)

Then suddenly "I don't want to go to the game," he said, "How about sitting around in the back yard?" (What in the world? — then I remembered he must be tired from Sun. night's work stint — & possibly was afraid they'd make him work at the game) Well, too bad, but guess I'd have to go along with it — I knew how tired he must be.)

"OK," I said, not <sup>too</sup> happily. Then a "bickering" back and forth until we finally compromised that I'd set ready & then we'd see when he came.

By the time he came I realized why I was reluctant about the back yard - it was full of kids & family & mother.

So I met him at his car & explained. He readily agreed to go to the game. (Why this sudden ~~curiosity~~ importance about the game? When I had tried to break him loose he was adamant until I told him what Duke had said about his taking it because he had money invested in it!)

We no sooner started then he announced that he had caught a cold lying in the back yard the other night (my suggestion!)

Disgusted, I played back to him as even voiced as I could that I thought - I'd observed - that he always got this tight little cough when he was tensed up as he had been for days over that big job.

He denied this & minimized the seriousness of his cold.

Then we began discussing about going to the game - whether we shouldn't just go to a park (he suggested) - what about the

lying on the grass?) "Oh, I don't mind missing a ball game when I have something like work to do!" he said magnanimously. Annoyed with all these inconsistencies, I played this back to him, too, emphasizing the implied rejection of me. ~~He only looked at me with a~~ "Oh, quit picking on me!" he exclaimed.

I was so surprised — and secretly pleased at this unusual direct honesty that I shut up immediately; tho I tried a little later to defend myself intending to show him that he, too, picked on me, but in some wild rage found myself ending up saying I picked on him.

The next little annoyance was when, hungry (I'd been too upset to eat) I hunted for a hot dog. When he ignored me, I bought my own.

All was well between us — the game & crowd & all was fun. We spread ourselves about & almost cuddled. (I had on his gillyby, wrinkled, old-fashioned shorts).

I asked him about how his job was received & then said he could tell me later when I saw he was

Getting  
Carried away

Going to talk more than the circumstances warranted. There were a few other little tiny rudenesses, but nothing to mar things too much. (like his implying I'd hogged mother's radio we'd brought.) (Insert)

It was when we parked outside the QC. (after a puzzling to me, bit of hesitance by him as if he wanted or expected me to want to go elsewhere <sup>but</sup> I suppose that he'd <sup>only</sup> had hopes of a short nap at my house.) and he agreed to whip thru the men's fashion brochure I'd brought in hopes of inspiring him to better grooming.

He was bored & indifferent, which surprised me a little. But what really surprised me was his reaction to my graph I'd made showing how the work <sup>for me</sup> at his office had dwindled. I had expected him to be angry, hurt, defensive.

Not so! he was delighted with it! "Show it to Don! (the boss) Show it to Don!" he said. Believing this would be the worst thing to do I said, "Why?" "Why he'd see how clever

you were!" he replied. (Was the man crazy?)

Annoyed again, I challenged him by pretending I'd wait awhile & then go down & have myself taken off the payroll. He agreed with me most whole heartedly — he, who had fought so hard once to get me on, to get me to stay.

[Dinner.] There were two things crucial at the game after all:

"What did you do about the wrist watch?" I asked. Nothing actually, it seemed as he began a long story which showed me clearly his avaricious wish to keep the watch & sell it. He'd even had it cleaned & examined! He'd also ignored my suggestion to call the police station. Delightedly — and a little embarrassed — he said "you know everyone says I should give it to you —" carefully watching me to see my reaction to this.

I demurred, but admitted I had had the same suggestion from people & admitted I had honestly never given it a thought. I hadn't. I was waiting. "the gift without

the giver is bare." "No," I said, "I  
just am curious to see what you  
do about the watch. I will  
consider it very significant!"

Now he tried to pretend he might  
give it me — "You have a watch,"  
he said, "I noticed one on you  
once —" (I have it worn a  
watch for many years —) "You  
don't want it, do you —?" (Hopefully.)  
I demanded. "Wouldn't you rather  
we had the money?" "Why I  
wouldn't get any of the money!"  
I said. "Well —" reluctantly he  
tried to make an offer to split it.  
I let him off the hook, disgusted  
to have them. (Would he "come through"  
& give me the watch? — [No, he didn't])

Then — his hunting cronie approached  
& gave him a bad time about when  
were they going down to point at  
the ranch? (Ugh! I thought — not  
the ranch — not now, A "hunting"  
wedow in summertime? too?)  
He hedged at great length — like  
he always does — "too busy! too busy!"  
Lyle teased him unmercifully,  
winking at me. When he left —

L said, "He sounded a little mad.  
Why?"

"Don't you know?" I said, "You always say you're 'too busy' — It's become a joke —".

The woman in front of us turned and said curtly, "That was certainly a fancy piece of footwork." (Footwork — exactly — I thought! Good for her!)

Hurt & scared — knowing L would put this "need" before me, I decided to handle that one later.

After the game I broached my "challenge". "Since you aren't going to do anything with me this summer — etc. etc —" and he agreed to it!

We sat in the car & talked about the work at the sign shop. This led him to begin again on the big job he'd just finished. In a manner quite as gloomy as V's used to be he went on and on telling me of the fabulous price they'd been paid for it, how well everyone liked, how much more of same there would be and how much more money he'd be getting from them — (and how much more time away from me; I thought)

It hurt me like hell. I couldn't surmount my jealousy & hurt at the all to obvious omission of any reference to me or of all this pertaining to me in any way. It was as if he were literally stabbing me with a real knife over and over and over.

How utterly cruel of him! To rub his success into me when he knew I am wracked with lack of work & money and the utter hurt so new from our failure to work together after all. How cruel to leave me out so utterly.

Finally I screamed at him, "Leonard! Leonard! STOP IT! STOP! STOP! You don't have to rub salt into my wounds! So you're going to be a big success — make lots of money — fine! fine!" Etc. Etc.

My hands were over my ears and I noticed that he had gotten out of the car & closed the door on his side, I was embarrassing him!

I hurled nasty, bitter remarks at him about all the money he

had - and finding worst watches. He only stood there looking very pained, saying nothing. I knew he wanted me to stop, to "forget" it & come on in for a beer.

Reluctantly I did.

I was much made over that eve. in the G.C. L & I got involved being father confessors to one gruesome drunk after another. With each new lament they brought us an offering of beer. I got quite tight.

When we got to my place - I turned off the engine - to my surprise, I was even more surprised when he expressed a desire to "go in the driveway". We did, and it was good though I found I remembered little of it the next morning.

I was surprised at how tight I was.

In the G.C. somehow or other I got started "analyzing" his family. When I referred to his father as a sort of "heir-apparent" he interrupted to start a hot defense (significant!) I smushed him & went on.

When I was through I said,

(I had made it mild & short, aimed  
at his better understanding what  
made him the way he is.)

"Maybe I'm wrong — ?"

"That's right," he said, "You're wrong."  
It was mild — & we laughed,  
(But how well I predicted a few  
pages back!)

Wed- June 19- 1963

So - another "learning" session.  
Another session of "awareness of  
our own experience" for both L and me.  
(that is a term I didn't understand  
when I read it, but now I do.)

First the awareness of "something  
wrong" as evidenced in associates  
actions & reactions and difficulties in  
current relationships, not to mention  
the symptoms of "trouble" as evidenced  
in people's words.

Then the emotional reaction,  
which is paralyzing and uncomfortable  
— sometimes exceedingly so. It leads  
one to action to relieve it — either  
"productive" or "neurotic".

Neurotic is tried. It doesn't  
work. Only complicates. So —

For me it means "analyzing;  
(collecting data and observations,  
writing them down where I can  
review & sort them and correlate  
them) (hypotheses)

As conclusions appear I begin  
to act — to test certain procedures.  
As time and experience prove them  
out I (unconsciously?) find myself  
repeating certain things that have

"worked" (i.e. - "holing in" while suffering the emotional pleasure; using a little liquor to alleviate the pain of emotional gorge. Writing to bring my mind into focus; writing to others (as the notes to L.) when circumstances make them unavailable at the crucial moment. Acting on an idea while it is still "hot", tho it may mean social risk.)

These become my "behavior pattern" I suppose — my "stress reaction pattern".

Well, I guess part of the trouble in getting along (like with L.) is in running up against a new, unfamiliar "stress reaction pattern".

So maybe this is what has happened: L & I have both suffered a stress situation together. We each reacted according to our patterns.

And our patterns clashed?

Well, what is his?

(To withdraw unto himself.)

What does he do during the emotional stage? How does he perceive the original stress situation? When and how does his mind come into the act? What actions do these

things elicit? What effect does all this produce on himself and others? Does it result in ~~fine~~ better adjustment or more neuroses?

So — Leonard first.

1- Emotional Perception of situation:

\* He perceives it as a threat to himself. He feels fear. (exaggerates threat)

2- Emotional stage:

\* He "bottles" up represses — When pressured he explodes hysterically.

3- His mind? (needs emotional outlet)  
He is unable to use it effectively, ~~for~~ because of the emotional build-up from repression.

4- To relieve himself he retreats, withdraws from the 'situation' — He fights off people ~~esp~~ particularly those involved in the situation. (He wants to be "left alone") (He needs to be left alone)

5- Actions (further)

\* He gets "sick". He gets unusually "tired". Thus he has a "cold", needs extra "sleep" — all excuses for evasion.

He becomes "busy" — he has "things to do" — suddenly a lot of "work" (either real or many acted out.)

6 He cuts off unfamiliar social patterns and "regresses" to ones he is sure of.

6- This produces the effect of further complicating the stress situation by alienating & antagonizing participants who tend to seek him out to "fight" or leave him alone in disgust.

Either effect has the result of breaking off the <sup>new</sup> relationship eventually so that he is "left alone" again.

This makes him return to compensatory actions & "justifies" himself — and his fear of new situations.

This does not result in better adjustment. It merely prolongs the neurosis.

Now me:

1- Perception of situation: viewed as personal & threat. Feels panic. Exaggerates threat

2- Emotional stage.

Attempts to bottle up to "please others". Emotional "blows" as result — "temper", irritability, depression — esp. when pressured (Needs to be left alone) or "helped"

3- Mind -

Blames, accuses then frantic "analysis" & "study" & "rationalization" — Over-use of mind needs distraction

4- Withdraws — Fights off people. Wants to be left alone. Appeals for help. needs help

If rejected - retreats, withdraws; fights off.

5- Actions

~~Drinks, smokes~~ <sup>to excess - to point of illness</sup> ~~retires into~~ unproductivity. Seeks out confidants to talk to. Writes compulsively. "Studies" - Reads psychology. Battles self. Seeks "verification". Sleeps. Thinks Needs to talk it out

Then makes impulsive social sortie.

Manufactures <sup>"need"</sup> ~~need~~ for art work. Seeks out antagonists and goals into open fight. Finally adjusts to new attitude. Writes notes, letters proclaiming same. Appeals for "second chance". "Apologizes". Re-enters "world" & activities - "makes up". Tests out new attitudes. Makes new "attempts".

6.

This produces the effect of "solving" the stress situation. Social contacts are "settled" and somewhat augmented.

Some antagonism is created. An effect of "queerness", ~~non-acceptance~~ <sup>needs acceptance</sup> ~~non-acceptance~~ is created. But there are <sup>few</sup> ~~more~~ ~~alienations~~, perhaps ~~eliminations~~ of unproductive associations; rather the contrary. Time brings "victory", "success" - more friends & champions. I get externally justified in time.

Next time I feel surer, more competent. Situations are solved easier, faster.

Leonard is unwilling and too complicating for present situation.

I acquire methods of dealing with crises. I recognize them sooner and can predict my own & others reactions more quickly. I hope this is "adjustment".

I "learn" to avoid too destructive neurotic responses. I learn a little more patience and control. I learn to fear people & situations less. I "get along" better. I learn I have to eliminate ~~so~~ people or things that interfere or complicate too much or are "impossible" or extraneous to the current main purpose & goal.

So —

This is the problem, the test of L. Will he "come through" <sup>"perhaps"</sup> or will he have to be eliminated <sup>"perhaps"</sup>? Is he helping this situation or destroying it or complicating it unnecessarily? Is he impossible or possible? Does he fit in with the present goal? No Is he necessary? Yes Is he wanted? Yes Is he a participant? Yes and is he willing or unwilling?

If unwilling, if "impossible", if "unnecessary", if destructive or too complicating then he will have to go — at least for this current goal — at least temporarily.

But he is attempting and possible 4-  
and wanted  
Will he contribute?

If he is wanted, willing, "possible",  
helpful, attempting, productive, then  
he is necessary and included in  
this situation. If he can better it  
some how, contribute — then I should  
make the effort to adjust to him +  
help him adjust to me and the  
situation.

This is what my letter to him  
I deposited this morning signified —  
another offer, another appeal, another  
attempt at adjustment. Will he  
come through? He has before,

And my sortie to Dwinell's yesterday  
was an attempt to re-modify the  
situation; make a new opportunity —  
the last + only one I can see at the  
moment.

At least this is the way I  
see it.

Now I should try to figure  
out how and a better way to  
"help" to avoid the neurotic, sterile  
"approach" he (doesn't) makes to  
problems. If he reacts "possibly"  
then we go on. If he shows  
himself "impossible" — then I  
must eliminate him.

This is what I was trying

to tell my daughter - yesterday. When she said, "If he's so bad - why do you go on? Why do you go on trying - making all the advances?"

This is what I couldn't explain to her — at the time.

To think about:

How can I "handle" L better?

What chance does L offer me for a better life — now or later?

What surety does he offer me?

No surety, but a chance.

What benefits, what rewards are there for all of us in his participation in our situation? long term

What risks? What detriments? <sup>be it</sup> destructive from outside which is the greater? <sup>a "mistake"?</sup>

Will it all change? For better?

Or for worse?

Will change for better)

In time L + I could achieve a more "mature" kind of teamwork.

12: noon

Later:

I could be reading my note now.  
(How I wish I could have an immediate reaction!)

If he comes through, I must remember this — (and he should.)  
that

1- Circumstances that threaten my security  
may cause me to panic.

2- The more indefinite they are, the more my anxiety increases.

3- The longer they go, the more it increases.

4- That I will go into my stress symptoms which I am familiar with and he should be becoming familiar with.

5- That it does not pertain to him personally — that he should not panic, too — even though I seem to "pick" on him. I am only distraught — looking for a scapegoat, an escape and a reason.

6- And reassurance of some kind.  
That he can help by offering me some kind of reassurance.

7- That these are his opportunities to show love. That he can succeed or fail in this respect.

8- That there are times when I will need to be given to, not give out - and he must learn to recognize them and he must be able to handle them effectively ("come through")

9- That, if he interprets them as a personal threat, a personal affront and withdraws or fights me off - he fails - he fails in a love relationship.

10- This depends on his realistic perception, his outgoingness, his patience & forbearance, his degree of unselfishness, and his ability to give of love and himself, his ability to sacrifice.

11- Conversely, it works for me, too. I must recognize, handle and give to him when he needs it. I must sacrifice.

12- The trouble comes when we both suffer stress at the same time. This, though, is outside ourselves & our power and should be understood as an environmental stress and not allowed to destroy our relationship per se. It will jeopardize it, however. And this is the "cost". This is life.

## Further notes:

Why do I panic I wonder?

1- In answering this I realize I am of a dependent nature. Why? Because I have been rather well-protected, "spoiled" all my life. There has always been some resource of support & money. Now there is neither. I am alone and all the money is spent.

Along this line I began to realize that it reminds me of my dad; it is part of his attraction for me.

Perhaps I look to him, expecting him to replace my father — and, of course, he isn't — or can't. I must realize (again) the danger in this, both to him & to me.

2- I am not only alone & penniless & in debt, but my compensatory support — my work, my art work — has "disappeared". This aggravates my panic. It was not only a "safe" resource, but, as I now realize, a major outlet for energy & frustration. In that field I could always here to fore count on acceptance & approval & ego-satisfaction as well as

financial "security."

Leonard should realize that when he "with drew" as a "provider" (in the sense of supplying work, work hope, and work ego support) — especially when he was my "last resort" — he literally knocked the props out from under me.

Not only did he do that, but he appropriated it all for himself, reaping even more money & acclaim & future hope from it than even I would have done.

On top of that, he offered no substitute — not even reassurance.

This was further augmented by the fact that he was able to give any or all of these — with some self-sacrifice — and he did not.

This was a shocking revelation of his basic character, one I may not get over. For never again will I completely trust him. When tempted, when confronted with self-sacrifice he may always choose for himself — as he has evidenced a tendency to do all his life.

3- I face a time of life I have

never faced before — one of loneliness and deprivation — to wit: old age.

To summarize: what do I panic? Because I have been "protected," because I am <sup>now</sup> deprived of my major source of self-sufficiency and because I face great need.

Added to this is disillusion and apparent withdrawal of what appeared to be a workable substitute and solution — i.e. Leonard.

He "failed" me. Or did I depend on him too much? Did I expect too much? Was I deluded? Did my anxiety & desperation blind me?

1

Why did I begin with him? To "help" him, I claimed. But I am no longer in a position to help him. I did not know that I would be confronted with insurmountable problems of my own that consume me. There is nothing left to "waste" on a heretofore self-sufficient man.

It is time for Leonard to step in and contribute. He is in the Gwei's role now.

We shall see. If he has nothing to contribute, there must

be "time out", the "time out" I have been throwing at him these many months.

If he wants to participate he must contribute his share. Is this what I meant when I said "L. must not be allowed to get away with this!"?

Specifically: If he can't admit that he has enough money and enough time and enough to contribute, then it is only too obvious that the goal is not worth the sacrifice to him. He is only kidding himself - trying to get out of it - for he does have.

Or there must be some way to convince - convince him that he has if the trouble is his own doubt. But this is only the first step and it is too far away from the immediate need for me to wait for him to catch up.

Rather than waste my energies on a doubtful solution, I could use them in surer ways. Like what? This is my dilemma!

What is my immediate need?  
Money and work and some outlet that interests me enough to and distracts <sup>relaxing</sup> me while time passes — some outlet that doesn't cost money.

The money I have "Solved" by cutting back to original minimum goals, since there seems to be some insurmountable obstacle at present to procuring more.

The work must be something that will contribute to my future — not a stop-gap or waste effort. (Like sign designing per se.) The sign designing with L was a means to an end, not an end in itself as L was trying to make it. It was 1 — an expedient means to pick up some needed cash 2 — a "filler" until something better came along or 3 — ~~a means~~ these are stop-gaps — sterile, temporary. It "promised" to be a means to an end 1 — To consolidate & test my relationships with L. 2 — To widen my experience & contacts with a view to future work possibilities 3 — a beginning on a mutual career partnership

for L and me. 4 - an "insight" experience into preparation for marriage with L. 5 - an "in" with the view of working it into something more in my line. 6 - a threat + challenge to the Bon Marche + other <sup>top</sup> clients of mine. 7 - an outlet, an energy consumer, a time-killer <sup>an ego support</sup> emotionally. 8 - a way to stay near L. 9 - a "proof of performance" to L's boss etc. 10 - an excuse to ~~escape~~ from the situation at home.

"He was trying to make it an end in itself." I was supposed to give up all other career aims + become ~~immersed~~ immersed in a career in the sign business.

It was not a completely wasted effort. Items - 1-4-7-8 and 10 materialized - the personal aspect. Items - 2-3-6 + 9 did not - the career + business aspects.

Number 5 I'm trying. BUT I did not go into it with a career + business aspect. This is what annoyed L so + probably why he "gave up." But he should realize that

I couldn't right now. I am too temporarily immersed in personal problems.

So that it did become a stop-gap in personal problems only. That is the "wrong approach" I sensed + the reason for its failure no doubt. However, all is not yet ~~wasted~~ lost. When these personal things are resolved, perhaps I can work the other angle — if it isn't too late."

3- As for the outlet — I has provided me with that — interesting, distracting, relaxing, inexpensive + time-killing. This is what remains — the only real thing — the reason I go on, dear daughter.

When that no longer is <sup>①</sup>interesting enough to distract me <sup>②</sup>when it becomes a tenison source instead of a relaxation <sup>③</sup>when it does not fill my time <sup>④</sup>or when it becomes more than I can afford — then it, too, must "go".

Item 1 still is pertinent. ~~So is~~  
Item 2. in some ways. It even 4 is beginning to cause trouble.

But it is item 3 that is beginning to cause trouble.

L does not fill my time.

Without work, with my daughter taking over the housework, I have too much time on my hands. It is not L's fault. I shouldn't blame him, tho he could share his spare time with me more fully — if he were the sharing type.

I have an idea about that.  
(We'll see.)

Item 4 is beginning to trouble. Without sufficient income I cannot keep myself amused or busy, nor groomed to please a man, nor afford escape devices, nor can I keep on feeding L when he contributes so little. And he has ceased taking me out for meals.

All these above things make Item 2 appear — tension instead of relaxation between L. + me.

Thus - June 20, 1963

I am forcing myself to eat this morning for my heart is too heavy for neee food -

My note to L did produce the usual effect - and all was well & happy - for he called early and asked me out for the usual late beer. True, his voice sounded sad - and true, he "had" to "work" in the early evening - and true, he rejected my offer to accompany him to his mother's - but he did agree to my request to take me to the show - tho tomorrow night - he "couldn't" change & make it tonight."

But he had called. He had "come through" - Until he came I was happy - ( Every thing was fixed; every thing was "all right" - I had everything all neat & tidy & pigeon holed - not happy Solutions - but at least settled.)

But when he came I saw immediately that he was on the defensive - He spoiled all my attempts to "carry on

as usual" by being self-righteous as hell all evening. Only forced "therapeutic" attempts by me elicited any warm sparks at all.

I haven't time to go into detail, but our ignition key-off parting conversation spouted the "truce" I was fighting for (until time passed.)

For L wanted to exonerate himself. He did it by referring (carefully, he thought) to "someones telling him that he was difficult to understand". As these exact words (the credo of the neurotic!) of Nick Chianello's fell on my ears my heart turned over and died within me. (Oh god, no! Not this cup of vinegar again —!)

That was bad enough, but when he laughed happily and continued, "You know — I was rather pleased," for it showed that I wasn't just like everybody else —!"

Then I knew, I knew in all certainty that the cause was lost; there is no hope at all. For the neurotic that recognizes his vague unhappiness has some chance and the one who wants to be

2

happy, but doesn't know how, has some chance, but the one who prides himself on his neuroticism has no chance at all — not at the age of 50!

I made some weary rejoinder that I could see left him unhappy. All I wanted to do was get out of there and away from him before matters got any worse.

It was even more heart rending coming right on top of the Italian bar-tender's strange and inexplicable insistence on telling <sup>us</sup> a long, long Italian joke full of Italian phrases & dialect about a young Italian bridegroom's troubles — and the man was named Nick!

There was something intended about the way he eyed me while he told it. It was almost as if he knew. And I was alarmed and upset at my reaction. I had to sit with my hand over my mouth to cover my emotion. It was as if some Great Advice and Warning was being given to me. So I felt badly shaken and ~~would~~ weary when I went in the

house. Wandering ~~around~~ with aimlessly my heart led me to the phone — and I let it. Nothing left but therapy now.

I called L. (He answered sadly.) I apologized and this time, I said that "since he'd never bawled me out about these calls, I'd keep on doing it. — just remember," I said "that somebody loves you — I do!" — He interrupted me to intersperse a heartfelt "Well, thank you!" just like Nick's; and just like Nick his voice was slowing with thankfulness. Shook up, I didn't know what to say next. All I kept thinking was that "I mustn't make all the same mistakes I did before! I mustn't make the same mistakes!"

"Maybe you don't understand how I do — but I do. . . . Now — go to sleep..." "What?" he said. I repeated "Go to Sleep — Goodnight." "Goodnight" he said.

My heart is heavy this morning. L. is an "impossible".

As I detoured (with misgivings + doubt) past L's office this morning I found the road blocked. That road is blocked.

A D T

I took another piece of sleeping  
pill last night (it "helped" me so  
yesterday) so my awareness is  
numbed to day, but I feel some  
half-formed truth floating around  
in my subconscious —

Something about not allowing  
myself to be a sacrifice on  
the altar of Leonard's neuroticism  
— not to let him destroy me, too —  
for I feel destroyed — he has  
killed the me part of me —  
trying to make me over in  
his image or something —

Friday  
June 21, 1963

"Progress Report"

I feel very "peaceful" today. L and I had a peaceful evening.

I was in a bad state of nerves all day but fortified myself for my evening with L by reviewing my therapy rules and praying hard to be "an instrument of thy peace" for L.

I wasn't in the "mood". It was very hard to bring myself to it, but, after I got started, I realized how long it has been since I used these techniques.

And they worked like a charm! I had forgotten, too, the benefits to be derived from quiet listening. But found I couldn't maintain it throughout the evening. As I got more tired and ~~relaxed~~ with beer and emotionally burdened with "postponed judgments" I found myself reverting to self-interest ~~protective~~ talk ~~methods~~, but, still, the thorns were pulled from our relationship. I even found that it became a habit, even in so short a time, that carried over into other relationships this morning.

As I said it worked, in a most astounding way. I found out things from L by simply being

quiet & very aware of his silences, tones, hidden meanings, and topical choices than <sup>I did from</sup> all these weeks of browbeating!

I discovered these things: His first & paramount concern with testing a situation by applying his own, peculiar approach, and then "proving" how "wrong" the other person was in the ensuing ~~chates~~ and then blaming them for being "wrong". (This revealed in a very minor traffic dilemma)

His first topic on seeing me was to "prove" his state of illness which I had scoffed at (subtly). He "proved" it by assuring me that his symptoms were even worse than they had been though he had made no attempt to verify them objectively. When I proffered quiet sympathy, he dropped the subject.

His next concern was with far details that must have still been floating on the top of his mind.

Next was an insincere display of social prowess meant to impress bystanders - "big-shotism".

This was on our way to the show. Never once did he show any interest or concern about me or my affairs -

His physical enjoyment arrangements were totally directed toward my stimulation of him - not attempts to titillate me, as when I first knew him. Their efforts to direct him my way were simply ignored.

only a grudging attention shift a couple times,

He went to the show determined to "prove" me wrong. (It was my idea!) And, of course, he did. He almost spoiled my own enjoyment of a very well done dramatic depiction of reality. It was too real for him. He was puzzled. And his interpretations were "off beam" & highly personalized. He's ~~few~~ comments concerned money, sex, and <sup>my</sup> unpleasant nesses.

After the show, I tried to await his first comment, but spoiled it by remarking that it was still early enough for him to get in some work at the office? Perhaps I read his mind or interpreted his obvious appraisal of "what to do now?" until Glee Club time.

To my horror he jumped at the opportunity - "Or - were you kidding?" he queried anxiously.

This was the hardest step of the evening for me. I had to decide which way to go - "therapy" or "self-protection"?? With a great heave I mentally forfeited hopes of a nice evening and chose to "experiment".

From then on it became easier. The "tricks of the trade" came easily.

to hand — (or month!) "What shall we do?" said he, hoping and testing me to see if he really could go back to work. "It's your show," I replied, clamping him within me.

Carefully I waited & watched. Chattering, he passed the usual stops and was headed back to my house. (He hoped to get rid of me!)

"Where are we going?" I alerted him.

"Oh!" he said, looking around, bewildered. Tentatively, he turned back toward his apartment. With hope gone for an evening of enjoyment with me, I said, resigned, "Well, I thought you might buy me one beer before you took me home — or whatever." (Usually, the first thing he wanted after a show was an immediate beer!)

I "turned off" myself and my hopes and wishes; set myself to "float along" with him.

It took him a long time to produce the beer. He fussed about aimlessly, probably re-adjusting to his frustrated hopes.

He sat. I looked my gaze on a spot out the window, turned on my "receptivity" and waited — waited for those first significant

remarks. "Chill - drafts - catching cold -" Then "My father used to say" — and he began to talk about his father. He went on and on, revealing a fixed "identification" with his father — and trying to impress me by claiming his father was an intellect — (this was something new!) ("Poor man! Poor Leonard!" I thought, saying nothing.)

Then — his mother; there were some duties he had to enact for his mother — (my impression was that he was hinting somehow. Later he hinted that I could fill this extra leisure I complained of by "running some errands for him". — the "Serve me" angle again! ("Serve me, woman!")

And so it went. Relaxed, "safe", sure of me, he began to formulate <sup>be subtle</sup> at last on some of my expressed wishes. He fought his way "out of" the painting-at-the-rando obligation with Lyle Warming with my very careful, <sup>for safety</sup> gingery leading. He began to offer me "summer delights". (Almost, almost! I prayed. — No! it came out — a trip to the ranch — the safe way, the familiar pattern, not the new, the old way — "safe"!)

I noted he had now "forgotten" his "desired" evasions for the evening - (work, a visit to friends) — I was going to be all right - he didn't have to fear me, he was enjoying this self-display.

I was beginning to tire, to be bored, yet he was "softened-up". I wanted to take advantage of this condition to promote our relationship.

Warily I began to probe him about marriage, thinking how "apt" our horoscopes had been in the paper the last few days. According to it this was the night. Hating myself for such silly lack of realism, I ventured.

He was too resistant. I couldn't keep my objectivity after he "killed" me with his first remark — that most significant first reaction.

"I don't want to get married," he said, "Why can't we just go on like we have?" He augmented this later with another significant unconscious statement that told me the real truth amidst all the conscious evasive, hope-to-please without commitment, have-my-cake-and-eat-it-too chatter he began.

Also he was now alerted. (I was probing too much!) He became ~~hostile~~<sup>defensive</sup>. Yet his topical choice hinted to me that it was irresponsible ~~self~~ he wanted to give up <sup>most</sup> all those enticing, so-available little round bottoms!) — and then, later, a heavily veiled economic fear (he began to speak of the housing and investments as depicted in the show we saw.)

Too tired, now, I gave up my "therapy" and found myself able, at last, to uncover some of my own emotionally blocked conclusions.

Ignoring his preference for veiled allusion, I declared my intention of speaking frankly — and did.

"Well, I'm glad that's settled!" I said. "Either one way or the other." "What do you mean?" from him.

"You don't want to marry again." I said, -- "Perhaps I should start telling people that — for they keep asking me — after 8 months" (I counted quickly & secretly on my fingers)

He began to protest — deny. I led him carefully through — not verbal — but emotional reactions and saw that he still wants a chance — he is not ready yet — not yet!

Listening to my own words, I heard me give him ultimatums: "No long-drawn out affaire with eventual sterile parting. If so, a break now." (I felt him "lock" himself grimly at this: he didn't want this!) "We go on only with the view of possible marriage." I found I meant it, I meant it absolutely. He almost agreed - he almost "promised". (It was enough for tonight) - a far as I could go with him now.)

"If I must suffer disgrace + heartbreak, I might as well have some fun out of it," I thought + told him, tempering my secret <sup>conviction</sup> ~~thought~~ of mistaken original interpretation of him and current boredom in my ensuing explanation.

We went, then, to the Glee Club - after a planned embittered "pact" - in which I came out second-best (He no longer arouses me as he did; nor I him, I fear) for I felt <sup>tonight</sup> inhibited. His free and easy delight + manner + a reappearance of those old "I love you" long looks of his <sup>very</sup> told me I had been "successful." I even had a chance to explain my "ragging" as an attempt to "modify" his behavior in order to "protect" him from the label of weak.

The second "revealing" remark I made about marriage, I remember now, was, when I said I agreed with the woman in the picture: ~~I didn't want to get~~  
~~more I had one cold-blooded bastard -~~"  
 "And you wouldn't want to marry another" I had said, laughing. (In this sense, the remark does not mean what I thought it meant.) I replied, "I'm waiting to see if this one is — just money, money, money!" I was so busy tempering my remark with hugs & kisses that I did not see his reaction. It seemed all right.

A second comment I made (he who was protesting against marriage — which I straightened out by telling him he must have been considering it to come up with so many reasons not to —) was that he understood that marriage was 90% companionship. ~~total~~ I ~~was~~ wondered what was lacking in this concept (there was something cold and uncaring about it) I found myself answering, "How can you be a companion to someone who's never there?"

"True, true," he agreed.

Now: what are my conclusions on all this.

1- what I right in my "ultimatum" —  
if only an affair - break up, for I  
am not getting enough <sup>because</sup> out of you to  
pay the cost of an affair. or  
I will go on if marriage is in view  
because —

(Because why?) Because there is  
long-range benefit to both in  
marriage. It is worth some sacrifice  
in sheer fun. whereas an affair  
is a short term benefit with higher  
pleasure & higher cost. (to both) And  
I no longer "pleasures" me that much.  
The affair part is over. As I said  
to him - if the end is imminent  
& heartbreak anyway - why post-  
pone the agony? I have other,  
more worthy places to use my time  
and energy.

## Conclusions:

- ① He set out always to prove "the other person" "wrong" & himself "right".
- ② He expects sympathy for his psycho-somatic symptoms.
- ③ His mind is always full of left-over personal details
- ④ He shows off in public. (I'm a big shot, see)
- ⑤ It's useless to expect him to feel concern for you first.
- ⑥ His sexual urge is self-directed, "otherness" feels are merely ego-enhancement perfectionism.
- ⑦ His perception dwells on ~~money~~, sex and avoidance of the unpleasant in that order. It is highly personalized, subjective.
- ⑧ ~~Leave him~~ He gets "busy" to avoid feared unpleasantness. With "Safety" he comes round.
- ⑨ - He needs subtle "steering" into what he really wants to do. Otherwise his ~~actions~~ sub-conscious carries him into "unwanted" actions
- ⑩ He "identifies" with his father. Many of his queer ideas are "what father said".
- ⑪ He will lie to impress if it will enhance his chances.
- ⑫ He resents serving his mother. Will work ways to get out of it.

(13) He expects slave service from his "woman" & personal attendance.

(14) He distorts <sup>inter</sup> personal reactions & "follows" because he is not sure.

(15) He needs <sup>subtle</sup> help in social amenity customs - in translating them.

(16) He fears new things. He reverts always to the familiar, the tried, the tested.

(17) He has great fear of marriage. It takes great skill to make him talk of same.

(18) He waited long & sacrificed ~~much~~ <sup>well</sup> for sexual "freedom". He does not want to give it up - to forfeit his investment. (Maybe I'll have to wait for "proof" of his waning prowess in this area before he'll settle down, or accept a philandering husband!)

(19) His second great objection to marriage is sharing his money - using it for purposes other than his own desires.

(20) He is seriously entertaining the thought of marriage - at present the negative side.

(21) He mistakes freakish behavior for "individualism".

(22) Therapy works!

(23) It does have emotional rewards!

(24) On both sides!

(25) It is the only way he can be "handled".

Mon - June 24, 1963

I have no desire to write up (or down) this week-end's emotional cries. They were too utter. Utter despair and hopelessness and rage against an "unfair" fate.

It was a battle that took a lifetime's learning to come through.

For I was confronted with the unescapable prospect of more than a year more of sharing my daughter's tragedy intimately - to the endless crying of my new grandchild. - (on top of everything else.)

This precipitated a crisis about L. (which is this story). To sum up: though he "went through the motions" - I was left with a vague, pervading dissatisfaction. I felt as if I'd asked for water to slake my thirst and had been given some liquid that was wet, but utterly unsatisfying. I felt like someone crying & pleading for I knew not what and being coldly rebuffed. I felt L "withdrawing" - for all his tears - and my silent, anguished prayers to a "cruel" God.

So, this morning, I sought "biblis therapy". Unable to find what I sought I accepted what "came

to hand". Though it was bitter, it salved as all my attempts at "self-sacrifice" this week-end had not.

It said self-love - not "unselfishness". It turned the key when I "tried it on". The withdrawal from L that I could not accomplish yesterday - that he somehow foisted on me with his inadequate "I'll see you soon" - (??) was born. Peace descended on me at last when I gave up "unselfish" arms and tried loving myself!

For I see now that I sought the main spring of life ~~without~~<sup>with the outcome of</sup> my self. I see why L did not satisfy my thirst. For, while my parched mouth was open seeking to drink from him, to fulfill myself from his source, I did not see that he stood there bewildered, holding only the tin cupful of stale water that had been given him long ago, frantically pouring it into my mouth without a word, engrossed only on gathering as fast as he could the ~~drift~~<sup>drops</sup> that were left, for fear he should be left with his cup dry -

his tiny cup — that was not enough for him and for which he knew replenishing Source — no "main spring", no fountain of life — from which he could fill it again. He had nothing to give — not enough for himself.

This is the symbolical story of his frantic "nerve twanging", his frenetic tittillating all day yesterday — and its unsuccess — its lack of real satisfaction.

"If I could only get enough sex ; if I could only give enough sex" he believes — "Every thing would be all right." But, it is not. — as we both found out. Sex is not the answer, Leonard. Nor ~~are~~ the countless embellishments of sex.

Leonard is sterile. Leonard is more sterile than he knows! He has nothing to give. For nothing has been given him. Nor can he get it from anybody — not even me — if I had it to give. He has to find the source for himself — just as I had to — within myself. I cannot find it for him — ever. This is the tragedy I sense

in my relationship with L. This is the warming little note that crept into our conversation yesterday - "It may not be me, Leonard - it may have to be some one else - (for I can't wait, I cannot be satisfied - ever - with a mere tin cupful of life - !")"

This is what I mean when I pray to God to "help Leonard!" I cannot! Only to hold his hand and suffer together - as we did yesterday - weeping alone, apart, side by side in the car - giving each other one long, anguished look at last. - and comforting ourselves with trivia.

Wed - June 26, 1963

"Do not deny the sadness of your heart - "

Mine is sad. Yesterday we suffered another mortal blow. (That's all there seems to be lately.)

We were accompanied on my ride to work by a vicious woman who had lived in the same apartment with L. in the past.

In the guise of "helping" me she took it upon herself to warn me about L. She minced no words; she withheld nothing. She had sordid, sordid facts available, and she told me all of them — [the music is playing "September Song" — "our" song — I haven't heard it since L + I first went together —]

all the things I suspected. It was even worse than I feared.

"Are you still going with L?" she asked. ("Yes.") "Well, congratulations! — that's the longest he's ever gone with a gal! Give him up! He's no good! He's not the marrying kind! You'll get hurt! Take all you can get from him + get rid of him.

I know! I've known L. a long time. I was shocked when I heard you were going with him — etc.

Then she reported incidents & practices of L that I had long suspected from the multitudes of warnings I'd had in the beginning from all L's associates and his smug refusal to discuss.

"He "works" 2 or 3 girls at a time; I saw him bring home one, take her back & come home with another. All this mind you, late at night, so no one can check on him. He had one gal he was real crazy about — thought he was shaking headway with. In order to "punish" her for something he "jilted" her for 2 days & took out someone else. When he called her again he found she had married in those 2 days! He was very shook up — he lay on our davenport for a week & lamented — until we were sick of him —"

She laughed reproachfully at my relation of L's version of his marriage (She "pumped" me about it.) "Ha!" she said, "It wasn't like that at all! He thought he was going to get some money — and he got foaled!"

Etc. Etc. It was a bitter pill. It was more so coming on top of recent events.

I grasped "lucky" opportunities and, to make the tale shorter, accosted L immediately on the phone — then later made him take me to lunch — & made 3 more phone calls to him during the rest of the day.

I presented it to him as another blow to me, appealing for his support & sympathy. I used ~~the~~ it <sup>as</sup> an opportunity to crack his silence barrier about his past, <sup>masking</sup> ~~distorting~~ the source just enough to make him think it came from another I'd been trying to find out about. I intended and attempted to use it as a proof of my faith & loyalty and acceptance of him.

It did not work. He responded to it as an accusation on my part, and spent the whole day frenetically (I like that word) defending himself, first <sup>by</sup> extorting names & facts from me; then by frantic, ~~fated & ~~reckless~~~~) flat denial he revealed both truth & guilt.

I "stood by" him through all this, patiently & hopelessly & sadly & wearily reassuring him until, feeling "safe", he began to (unconsciously) reveal that it was all too true by "accidental" wording and shocking plans for use of words.

revenge and attempts to enforce  
secrecy on me.

[It is so hard to find time to write  
these things down while they are still  
"hot". This is one benefit<sup>(1)</sup> of my lack  
of vital work: I have time to figure out  
"my awareness of my experience"!]

This "threat" I ignored, feeling  
that the truth stood known these many  
years — only he rejected it — the verdict  
had long since been in — and nothing  
would be gained by more "secrecy".

I proceeded to bring the whole  
thing out in the open. I told "everyone".  
I spent the whole evening thrashing  
the thing out.

I "settled" it with all — even h. He  
was laughing (with relief?) at it all  
as a "big joke" by the time I "released"  
him to go (alone) to the G.C. — All this  
on the phone. At no time did he offer  
to get together with me to discuss it,  
altho he was "home" all evening.

He would explain "the next  
time we saw me" — (no hurry —  
days yet — all very vague — !) "It  
was really very funny — as I'd  
realize when I heard the 'truth'!"  
No, he would not "revenge": because of

— after all it wasn't true — not true at all — vicious minds — malice — "I don't care, Leonard", I began again to explain myself as I had originally. (That stupid denial!)

He began, then, to admit "Well, he said, "if it is true — does anyone expect a man of my age to have gone without?" (The old pitch!)

I "reassured" him — egging him on to face the truth by pointing out the "advantages" to me in consorting with a "Casanova" (How I've come to hate that word!)

He began to brag then. The same old original defense — "why!" he said, laughing — "if I had it to do over, I'd want more! I'm not a bit sorry!"

(Wrong! h, wrong! my heart cried. Something wrong here!) I demurred a little, then changed the subject, not knowing just then just what was wrong — "When he suggested I revenge myself — I said "No. It's just that She represented the gossip I knew we'd have to face some time —".

We talked more. Then he said, "I don't like one thing you said — about the gossip —". Whatever it was he now said made me sense that he desired to protect his reputation at all costs!

Wearily sensing that we'd be right back where we started from I deflected that one.

We ended as my daughter came in laughing & joking at the prideful picture of L. as a famous and admired "man-about-town" with me the "understanding" and "forgiving" current consort—"see you soon" etc.

I, too, was relieved. I had exposed L to a major "awareness of his own experience"; I had opened up a secret door. I had opened his Pandora's box and let out a few demons and had managed to <sup>calm?</sup> take them (temporarily) before someone was hurt too badly. All was "well". Yet somehow I felt a vague uneasiness.

It wasn't just my disappointment in L's reaction: (We were right back where we started; only a tiny calming of minor neurotic symptoms had been accomplished, after all.) Wearily, I realized I'd be a fool to marry this man: He is <sup>only</sup> a selfish playboy. There has been no change. Nothing big enough to go forward on. With a sigh, I went to bed.

This morning:

I found myself resigned to weary reality — right back to the beginning: L is a shallow, selfish man, good only for "dates".

Then it struck me: That unearthing! He had admitted to not one but two immorality periods! I had "forgiven" the apparent issue for it seemed to have happened a long time ago — "He was in his prime" — Isobel had said. "And he really used women!"

But, by devising that double aspect, I had unearthed an admission that these things had been going on recently — in the last 5 years! — since he has been in this current apartment! — the one where we go!

I had been only too right! The period of loneliness, of rejection — at last that I thought I had made bloom had not been! I was only number 46 or something in a steady stream of "loose" women! It is possible that he had been two-timing me — that he is still capable of it. All my theories were disproved. I am only the artistic one — something he hadn't tried before!

Watch  
unscripted

Somehow, the whole "scandal episode" did not really touch me. It was hard to explain to everyone those who thought I was "hurt, " "mad". (And all did.) I could not very well tell them of my "therapy" game. I said that "I know what I'm doing; I went into this with my eyes open—".

It was reflected back to me.

"Yes," said my neighbor defendant in this case, "I told Isobel to leave Horna alone! She knows what she's doing! After all, she has done more living than both of us have to gether." (A dubious tribute — as all these papers testify)

What hurt me was one tiny sentence: "What did you do with watch?" I asked L at lunch, my heart braced. "I sold it" he said. No more. I said ~~nothing~~. ~~What was~~ only "I knew you would." What more was there to say?

Altho there was a tiny flitting sheepishness on his face, that one sentence haunted me all through the ensuing conflicts.

"I sold it." "I sold it."  
("I sold my birthright.") I sold

Note: on re-reading I believe that perhaps I wanted me to wait the watch, but he expected me to "gold-dig" for it, as all his other women had done. When I did not use this method, he misunderstood & sold it to get rid of an uncomfortable reminder.

it for sex, and money, and freedom"; I sold the future to please myself now. [Remember how he twisted my words Sunday? How he said "Sacrifice the future" instead of "Sacrifice oneself for the future" as I said Hmm!]

I am a hedonist.

I am immoral.

Leonard is an immoral man.

I am finding the truth that will separate us without hurt.

Meantime, I can continue with the game of "therapy" as an absorbing interest behind the superficial benefits of "dating".

It will be interesting to listen to the immoralities in L's forthcoming long, boring "explanations" — to search for any clues of growth, of new maturity — pending the time I must separate myself from another personality that I could help only a little, — only a little — not enough —

not enough to pay the cost to myself in loss of integrity.

"I could not love thee, dear,  
So much loved I not honor  
more."

How few people understand  
this!

Thurs - June 27 - 1963

I really have no desire to write this morning - (but I have such an excellent opportunity!)

My mind is full of the deep discussion that L + Jim + I had last night. ~~They~~ I hope they are this morning, too, for they revealed their inner selves to me.

And, if they are pondering the subjects we talked about + our different reactions to them, it might result in some helpful insight - just as another case of Gle Club neurosis was helped by "group therapy".

I was so absorbed that I risked L's ire by making him stay late (a new attitude he has lately!) and it was a risk, for things were touch + go between us.

I found that Isobel's poison arrow had hit home, after all, as, of course, it would. I felt disgust + disinterest in L all day. It made me "mean" to him + he retaliated in his own peculiar way: by fending me off, being "busy" and making me wait, wait, wait. This time I recognized the symptoms.

Still it was all I could do to reverse my attitude so that

damage would not be done.

I "solved" it (rather poorly) by putting on a deliberate act of the gay, popular, funny, desirable woman-about-town who ~~didn't~~ <sup>didn't</sup> need him. It worked. It worked only ~~too~~ well. It made me sad.

Of all the subtle conflict that went on between us last night I only remember that when I got in the car, the air crackled between us and, <sup>while</sup> when I carefully ~~reached~~ <sup>kept my anger in check</sup> in my anger a tentative, seeking hand reached out and enclosed my knee and pulled it toward him. It spoke more than ten thousand words. I knew what he meant — what that gesture meant — and I accepted it.

He didn't need to explain, then, as he'd planned — and he didn't. I didn't give him the opportunity and he knew he didn't ~~need~~ <sup>have</sup> to.

All was "well". He "came through" (an unexpected date for tonight; some too-late apologies & offers and a pathetic gesture of appearing all dressed up in a suit I didn't know he had!).

I must say the things he revealed last night nearly broke my heart. They only verified this new, sad objective look I have at him that Isobel instigated.

Greed, selfishness, secrecy, self stimulation, distortion, and complete inability to change or live with heart — ever.

## Passing thoughts:

Sharing genitals with someone can be no more meaningful than shaking hands.

The things that remind us of something can hurt.

We <sup>can</sup> suffer just as much from too many benefits as from too few; suffering is suffering — it has no value scale.

Some things are only a threat to what's little in us!

Sun - June 30

Thoughts on maturity while picking raspberries.

I am on my knees.

I am harvesting "God's gift" over which I had "no control".

It took years to even be able to harvest.

Some are mature: they drop into my hand without any effort on my part.

Some are ready to drop; all they need is a slight push.

(Some I force: Is this good? The rest I leave: they are green immature. I know I must wait.

Some I lose: they matured & eluded me.

And yet: — these berries would not be here this year if I had not used a deadly poison, and carefully controlled it.

I know: Because last year there were none.

I used no "poison".

Mon - ~~June~~ July 1 - 1963  
on "vacation"

The foregoing was part of yesterdays' battle with (and for) my daughter. I am trying to push her "off my back" so to speak. I don't know if I'm right - whether I shouldn't just "go along with circumstances". But I am pressured by people & circumstances and frustrations of my own - and a feeling of need for self-protection. I feel justified in forcing her to assume her own problems more fully - and quit depending on me & others so much - both she & her husband.

She is married, of age, and they have their own income. I don't see why I must struggle so to provide for her when I have one more child and myself to carry for quite awhile yet. And I'm having such a hard time myself. Help, yes, but not support. <sup>and</sup> time limit to this help - is what I'm fighting for.

Is this part of the L. story? Yes, it is. For he is involved in this dilemma as long as he comes around to see me.

Whether he intends to marry me or not does not pertain. He is participating in it from choice.

But his participation is only by presence and verbal and by "standing by" me. He is not interfering (for which I'm thankful,) yet he is not offering any concrete help. His help is psycho-logical only.

Yet I am thankful for this. I need it. He preserves my sanity and perspective by affording me escape and distraction.

So I wish to preserve this, — whatever his ultimate purpose.

As for our own story, we have reached a "togetherness" that is beautiful. It is as if he had become another part of me. This persists.

But there also persists a ~~growing~~ evidences of his dullness, his self-centredness, his inability to ~~effa~~ give up his way of life — his difference from me and his tenacity in preserving that difference.

There are significant changes: a new current attempt to do the things I prefer to want to do (things that are actually attempts to loosen him, to free him from his chains of habit) And there is less grudging in these attempts.

There is a new tendency toward giving up the late hours, <sup>for instance</sup> although his approach to it ~~was~~ has been so dictatorial and apparently self-centered that it decluded me, still I am beginning to appreciate the evidence that he no longer feels the need of late hours.

There is new pressure from his friends to marry me — they are puzzled at this long delay. And he is beginning, just beginning to be more open to the idea. He jokes about it now.

He makes a point of showing me off more — takes me to his haunts proudly.

He shows much more awareness of his own nature and mine — the real differences — and seems to resent them less. Even tries out some of my ways.

He is accomplishing little long postponed tasks with new dispatch & decisiveness — less procrastination & "excuses". He shares these things with me more.

He is examining his past experiences — as events recall them — with new courage and realism; less defensiveness and fantastic rationalization. And his conclusions are more honest & less fearful. And all this is reflected in little changes in habits and approaches to these particular things. He is beginning to delve behind the defensive blocks and reveal more of the real truth to me as he, himself, begins to see it.

And yet, with all this <sup>as</sup> he is becoming more himself — and makes less attempt to please me, I find the little threads of wishful hope being broken between us and a real charm slowly & imperceptibly widening between us.

I see fear in his eyes, as he, too, sometimes sees these things; as he reveals them to me with a slight air of "apology". I see and hear him "testing" me on my reaction to these now honest goals of his. And a little sadness grips me (us?) as I am unable to honestly like some of these Leonard things:

Specifically: stinginess; vulgarity; mediocrity; servility; laziness; opportunism; provincialism; eroticism; inarticulateness; narrowness; smallness.

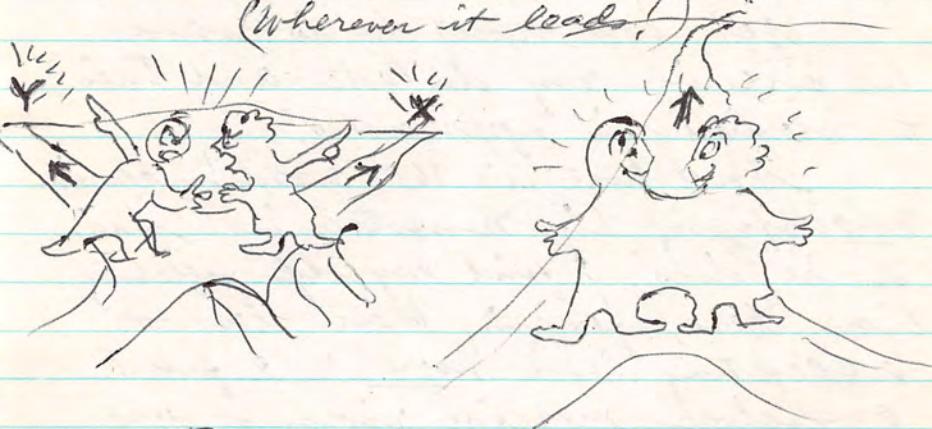
Yet, how sweet he is when he perceives my distaste and tries to modify his approaches!

And that is the word! He is modifying his neuroticisms! And, as he does, I find myself fighting them less, fearing them less — accepting them more! I find ourselves merging more — my goals and his becoming changed and more mutual.

So that, despite the loss of individual wishes and hopes, there emerges a new understanding and relationship based on respect and tolerance and

recognition of our insurmountable Separateness. The attempt to absorb one or the other has become a fusion of two Separates — a sort of "Siamese-twin" effect!

And with it, a dawning realization that neither can force the other along his road + stay together; that — being fused — we must necessarily — travel one road — the one that is before us — not the ones we each insisted on! (Wherever it leads!) ?



For the togetherness has become the paramount thing!!!

Later:

I first call L. (at noon) needing a confidante to ~~tell~~ share my relief at my daughter's reaction to my ultimatum and assuming he felt some concern.

His cold-blooded brush-off sends me to my writing to comment on. When L is in on these crises, like yesterday, he is not exactly solicitous, he is more accommodating. There is a strange little quality of self-interest in what he does.

To wit: he did not "go along" with me yesterday so much out of concern for me as concern for himself: he was afraid of losing my companion ship for the rest of the evening — he had nothing "better" to do; he would have to change his plans — and changing plans is very hard for L. (One of the "laziness" symptoms I referred to as an inertia.)

Witness his forbearance when I seemed to be in a mood, and then the loving pat, the "that's a good girl" gesture when I showed signs of surmounting the mood.

("Don't upset me! For heaven's sake,  
don't get me riled up!"")

My phone call meant nothing  
to him. ~~I'm~~ an annoying interference  
in what he was doing. He was  
belligerently polite - polite only.

There was no heart, no concern,  
no real interest in what bothered  
me.

What a man!

Re-reading notes 8 months later  
on L's personality -

Surprised at how "right" my first impressions were.  
These differences:

① I got the impression he was much more impetuous, spontaneous, venturing & risking than he is. He seemed at first "ready-for-anything" - adventurous. This appealed to me a great deal. I thought "here is a pal for adventures". Now I know he is just the opposite, overcautious - too careful etc. <sup>hard to move</sup> What made me think otherwise?

He was too anxious to please, to make an impression, to "go along". He "faked" it; he followed me for fear of losing something he wanted. (sex)

This is my biggest disappointment in him - to find out (he won't try) any thing new!)

L "goes along" with things to get what he wants, the desirables (fakes)

This is why I fear a future with him, why it would be dull - nothing new - just the same old thing, "tried + true".

② He is not really active & enterprising as I thought. (He won't set ahead, He is only "busy" - putting - fussing - wasting time on non-essentials -

He only acts busy.

"Killing" time, filling in time - again putting on an act - in order to avoid doing the big thing, he is really afraid of.

3- In fact he's really lazy! He spends 3/4 of his time sitting - (goose pits, baseball games, "naps", beer parlor) - all these in the guise of "outgoing" pursuits. When he isn't doing these he's faking a great hurried, harassed "busyness" which is really wasteful putting. All these are big, fat evasions.

4- He is not as responsive, solicitous, cooperative, attentive, accessible, considerate etc as I thought. He seems like a "real nice guy" - (everyone's verdict) - helpful + understanding etc. He isn't really. He pretends to be a "real nice guy"! Actually, he's always thinking of himself. He is not at any time really listening to you, thinking of you or intending to put himself out to help you. He's only "going through the motions" because he's found it can get him what he wants.

5- He is not as animated, blithe, cheerful & enjoying as he seems. He pretends enjoyment. The only thing he really enjoys is eroticism, comfort, - sensual pleasures - self-enhancement - his own feelings. Actually he is always intent on his personal enjoyment - if not now at this minute - he is looking forward to an assurance of his next enjoyment & how to assure it.

6- He is not as honest and fair and objective as I thought. He only acts "agreeable" - again to further his own interests. Actually he is highly prejudiced, intolerant, unfair & strictly subjective.

All this adds up to the false note, the "fake" note, I sensed in him. He's a dissimiler - an "actor" - a "go-along-to-get-what-I-want-er". You can't quite trust him or count on him, because he only goes along so far. When going along seems to threaten his own self-interest he quits - in his own way.

Also - though he is creative, it is mental creativity - not emotional

in the least — cold, sterile, dry,

However — I have found him smarter, more intelligent, more perceptive, more curious (in its true sense) — better mentally endowed than I thought. He has great intellectual potential than I gave him credit for. But it is wasted in shallow pursuits and ains & great, fantastic emotional blocks & fears.

Whether it is too late to release his potential by making him feel "safe" & "wanted" remains to be seen. He shows symptoms of tiny "improvement" — but it would be such a long, slow — heart breaking — futile? — job!

Wed - July 3 - 1962

Well, it finally happened.

I am too sore hurt to write, but suppose I have to put it in the "record".

Y's past caught up with him last night.

I suffered thru another baseball game, committed myself to the holiday with L & Lillian & her husband, and then we went to the Glee Club,

When we went in there were two little kids in there. Very strange. There are never children in that tavern. We'd no sooner ordered than a little boy - a very pretty, cute little boy came clashing in, looked distractingly around & then seemed to join the other two, who were near us.

L sahnped around and then said, "Why — ! how are you?" in a most dad, affectionate way. There was more feeling and love and gladness than I'd ever heard in his voice. (I can't remember what he called the child.)

He immediately left me without a word of explanation as is his wont and went to the child, enveloping him in

some kind of contact. There didn't seem to be any words passed between them. All I know is that L came excitedly up to me and saying, "I'll be back, I have some business to attend to" and went out the door with this child.

It was so very odd and melodramatic that I was stunned. I felt as if I were in a play or movie for a moment. It didn't reach me. I turned back to the ~~now~~ empty bar & started to pour my beer. It was the third time I had been left humiliated by L that evening. Nothing to do but fake it out and wait.

The new bartender looked at me with questioning & sympathy and slunged his shoulders significantly. He acted as if there was something he and I knew. It perplexed me for he was quite new. It was the first time I had been in since Red started working there.

The bar was strangely empty; none of the usual crowd now

(Call)  
H

there, only a handful of people —  
none of L's cronies — no one at all  
for me to talk to or dissimile with.  
No one to give me a clue or re-  
assurance. I feel "unlucky" and  
terribly embarrassed. L had not  
come back.

Rather than sit there suffering,  
I decided to go to the ladies' room  
& kill time. Suddenly I wanted to  
smoke and oddly — I had fastidiously  
myself with a hidden cigarette  
on some impulse before I left.

I went and lingered a long  
time. Surely L would be back  
by now! I went out. There stood  
our unopened beers at the end  
of the empty bar and the two  
still vacant stools. Oh well. I  
went & sat and started to pour  
out my beer again. The bartender  
looked at me significantly, and  
hove over, & then came over to  
chat, leaning toward me with  
interest & intimacy. I decided  
to make the most of it. I  
would appear to be flinting  
heavily when — and if L  
came back. The man was

good looking + "on the make."

We were chatting intimately when I felt him appear at my elbow, I could feel excitement + vitality emanating from him. He was alive as I'd never seen him with me. (Always the cool, collected, restrained, self-contained remote one with me!)

He blurted out some kind of apology while I waited alert and highly aware of every nuance from him — waited for the much needed explanation. — had some business — sorry — etc. Then he stopped, looked at me + then at the bartender — "Do you know this man?" he asked a little suspiciously.

(Touché! It had worked! My little ruse!) I waited just long enough to give the appearance of thinking quickly and then murmured a hesitant "No," and dropped the subject.

He then began to launch into a different subject,

" You know, I was in here last night  
— and Jim + Duke — etc.

I looked at him. No. He wasn't  
going to explain. He was going to  
evade. How could he be so  
dense - so cruel? I continued  
to observe him silently, hoping  
he'd get the message and "come  
through". He did not. He ignored  
me and tried another subject.

I interrupted him, " that was  
a strange deal. Aren't you going  
to explain — ?" He was alarmed,  
scared. " Yes, yes it was — " he  
said, frantically and laughing  
nervously. I went on — " funny  
to see kids in here — in a tavern —  
" Yes, yes " (he pretended he didn't  
know what I was talking about.  
He fought desperately to deflect  
me — )

I went on, determined to have  
a showdown, whatever the cost.  
I kept one eye on the bartender,  
noting that he had tactfully  
withdrown and rearranging  
my insides, summoning all  
my grievances and <sup>present</sup> ~~present~~  
new "charges" against h,

①

hardening my heart, (what difference? what difference? I had (strangely) decided from my re-reading that L was merely a revenge tool for me any way — not worth another heart break. I traced myself not to be hurt, to handle this unworthy man, to detach myself enough to glean important observations from this moment.)

Turning on my "psychiatric counselor" approach, I fastened my eyes on him, tuned my ears to the utmost and began to question him bluntly.

To my surprise he answered my questions in a seemingly honest fashion, as if he realized that evasion would not work this time.

I was cruel. Yes, it was the son of that (very beautiful young & shapely) past mistress of his in his movies. Yes, the boy was not much older now than in the movies. Yes, that was the woman he'd taken to the ranch. Yes, her name

was Ramona -- (some odd  
french name that he rolled off  
with easy familiarity — he, who  
is so clumsy with pronunciation)  
Relieved at the bitchiness of  
the name & his honesty, I laughed  
and the joy of pinning down  
the "mystery woman" at last, I  
laughed at the fantastic name  
and he joined me, — hoping I  
was thorough.

I wasn't, "what did she want?"  
I demanded. He tried now to get  
out of it, — "oh — just some business  
— some business she & I are in  
on —"

"Oh!" I declared, "So you're still  
involved with her —" etc., "No!"  
"No!" He was frantic now. I  
pointed out relentlessly <sup>again</sup> that  
that it was a very odd thing  
to do — to send a child into a  
tavern to summon him out;  
that why hadn't she come in  
herself (I used the singular "she"  
on a hunch & he never denied  
it) — obviously she didn't  
want to confront me [How  
had she known we were

there - I was there? We were late getting there. She must have watched - waited. She must have been seeking him all evening. She knew where to find him & when to find him. Why in the evening - if it were business? Why couldn't it wait when she saw he had a date? Obviously she was used to contacting him in the evening - now - recently. Evidently it was something urgent and important - something that had been going on for some time - all thru those 8 months I'd been going with L - some connection with him that he knew about - that he expected - that he was glad to negotiate. There ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> something there I couldn't quite put my finger on - some significant missing link that made me know instinctively that she & L have been seeing each other that they are not through - that I could well be only a filler-in, a "revenge" myself?

don't care that much -

All L's mysterious nesses and  
wendings off of me; his strange  
reluctance to commit himself  
to me; that underlying, pernicious  
feeling I've always had that  
his real heart is elsewhere,  
waiting, hurt - only toying with  
me flooded over me. I did not  
realize I was thinking all these  
things at the time. I only knew  
in some vague sensing way that  
I had found the "key" and that  
it came in a fateful way just  
at the time I again had real  
serious doubts about the value  
of L to me.)

And so, I did not really  
believe him when, with a semblance  
of making a "clean front" and  
an "honest confession" (but  
swearing me to secrecy - [this this  
will not stand the "light of day" ?])  
and revealing a vital real  
heart involvement at last by  
his slowly reddening face  
and a surge of vitality I'd  
never seen in him before, he  
began to explain that it  
"was burners - she owes me

Some money — "No, he hadn't damned her for it, No, he wouldn't damn me "when we broke up" (my words.)

There was something false, something not quite right about this, and he made it worse when he tried to make me believe that the woman was now engaged "to be married". I challenged this and he did not deny it.

(A middle-aged woman with ~~one~~ broken marriage behind her, who had lived with a man (L) for months was now engaged?)

Ha !)

I would have to think about this later, I had gotten all I could get now. Reality + my surroundings intruded. I took a deep breath + "let him off the hook". We went on with the evening - L "going along" with me to the hilt — afraid to do ~~now~~ any thing else + very aware of my ~~hers~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~hers~~ !

It came up again later when he brought me home, I was so surprised when he turned off the ignition

(my inconsistent one!) that I almost said something about it. But no, he only wanted to give me some money for groceries for our holiday trip. (So he was still rejecting our plan to shop together?) Now I wished we were not committed to that holiday excursion! There was no way to get out of it now, why had "fate" made me "see it up" this afternoon? What "push" am I being pushed with? For I was really ready to quit with him, I just plain didn't care!

And I told him so. Suddenly the money he proffered me — the sight of all that money in that billfold — the sight of his hand about to grudgingly peel off a few for me ("How much do you need?" he asked [How little can I get by with? I ~~have~~ loaned a large sum to my former mistress, but I haven't enough to help you, I never have enough for you — altho I know your desperate need + I never

even offered you a loan!] The sight of that money made me morally sick, I wanted nothing to do with it! It was tainted money. Money tainted with the blood of heartbreaks and using people. Tainted with greed and stinginess and buying himself some sex. I was through! through with Leonard Karr and his money and his Semen stained sheets!

I was so through I was able to kiss him and "forgive" him at last before I left. What matter? What matter? It is all suffering.

I went to sleep with the most frustrated feeling I think I've ever had.

This morning I called his number & hung up when he answered. It seemed the "thing to do,"

¶ And then I called him at his work & told him to meet me for lunch.  
~~I really~~ He was late. - (significant!) I really told him off. And he told me.

Her name is Ray mona (get that Ray mona) Beaudion: (I went back and asked her.)

What a creepy, cheap little male who he is!

Much later: Many weary, soul-searing hours later.

We made up. He told me all about her - without getting mad. And I told him (briefly, generally) about Nick. It made a very convincing little story told that way - I was surprised!

I think it shook him up a little tho he could never, never admit it after the lecture he gave me!

Thurs July 4 - 1963

( We are off with the Matthews to the mountains for the day. <sup>Everyone</sup> Wood is "all right" - but not gay. )

I feel a need to "evaluate" L's Raymona story - (as he told it)

"I was free and loose. I met her in a business office where I did business (???) [Here a long defensive trade to prove to me she wasn't a "pick-up"] Then I went to her house to dinner - [Here a defense about his loneliness, his pleasure in having a "home" to relax in] We talked a lot - she liked to talk -

"I thought her divorce was final when I met her - but it wasn't (???) - She'd had a bad time & was having a rough time - she told me all about it - I lent her some money she needed [a defense about the legality of the procedure "You can see the papers! It wasn't what you thought! (a "stud" fee)"]

"Sure I liked her little boy - after all, it was the only child in my life [defense

about liking children — even mine]

She was quite possessive  
about him — [Pause here] —

"She was quite young —  
too young for me — [hesitation]

"She is engaged now —  
Sure, I'll have to see her again —  
it's just business [a defense  
about no sex] Etc.

I noted a significant lack  
of explanation about what  
happened — why they broke up.  
So —

That was his story. Pathetic,  
I thought. Because it is the  
usual pattern: Youngish woman  
getting a divorce — all shook up,  
hurt, mad, financial difficulties  
& fears. Anxious for revenge  
and "proof" of her cleverability.  
The usual pattern: "on the  
rebound" we call it.

Dates the first thing that  
comes along that looks the least  
like a wolf or pick-up. And the  
first thing that comes along is  
Leonard & his type. — the free-  
loaders who prey and are  
victims to hurt, bewildered

pretty young fresh divorcees. There is always a wolf-pack of them floating around a town - haunting bars & beer parlors & public places, their eyes busy looking for a chance; quick on the uptake; a quick & easy "modus operandi" ready, always ready for some "easy", irresponsible, "impossible" affair. How many times I've seen it, from the woman's side.

All the fresh divorcees I've known who run the gamut of these good-looking, "unmarried", "impossible" free floaters! Until they discover that almost every woman in their position they know has also dated these same men under the same circumstances. And they, too, "liked" the guys, but "wouldn't consider" marrying them. And, in a few months, as they settle down to adjust to their new pattern of life, they meet more desirable men — family type men — and marry them — or have long liaisons with them — "imitation marriage".

In the meantime, they have found a shoulder to cry on —

(as have the men) — and someone  
to "help", financially & otherwise  
— to substitute temporarily for  
the suddenly removed husband,  
they use these men — without  
knowing it — as "bandages" for  
their hearts.

And the men use the women —  
knowing it — but kidding themselves  
that this one will appreciate  
them — and their financial output!

July 5-1963 - Friday

Early morning:

I am in a quandary. I have had another severe blow, and I ~~clearly~~ don't know what I should do about L pertaining to it.

My daughter planned to take her baby and join her husband for a week or two - her "only" chance to see him for a year - she and he claim - though I have no proof or any means of getting any.

I am on the last few days of my "vacation" and this is the understanding I had when I left with L & the Matthews for a day in the mountains. I was very happy about it. What a relief it would be! And I told all of them that that is what was going to happen.

When I got back my daughter informed me she was unable to take the baby: I would have the confining care of her for 4 days!

She promised to come back then, unable to check the circumstances, there was nothing I could do on such short notice but capitulate. It was a blow. I felt that I had been given

<sup>another</sup>  
a "dirty deal" — that I have been  
made the ~~scapegoat~~ victim of  
circumstances beyond my control  
for years it seems.

Recently I have felt so "lucky"  
to have found h just at the time  
I needed him. The future looked  
bright at last: my daughter  
would be independent, I would be  
free of 2 children at last and,  
while I finished off a year of  
the last one I had h to  
enjoy and help and share  
with the prospect — at last —  
of having a congenial mate  
to share what who I had  
always feared would be a lonely  
and desperate old age.

True it meant some sacrifice  
now both for h and for me and  
some change in my goals  
and habits, but it seemed  
well worth it. h and I have  
been so happy together; we  
get along so well in so many  
ways and are always able to  
work out our difficulties and  
end up wanting to be together  
and becoming more.

dependent on and adjusted to each other all the time and more sure that we want to share our future together. We have been waiting out as patiently and bravely as we can the necessary present difficulties. For a while it all seemed so lucky and happy. We were in love and enjoying everything — able to surmount the difficulties.

Then it seemed as if "fate" "threw the book" at us. Difficulties and frustrations have mounted up to the point where it has become, not a hard test, ~~but~~ a challenge, but a destructive obstacle to our happiness. It seems now as if we are fated to tragedy — another "ill-starred love." — another impossible situation, which we must, in all fairness and wisdom, give up.

For it is getting to be too much for us — for h and me. We are not positive enough characters — we are both too scared, too neurotic, too far along in life to change ourselves ~~that~~ much enough to surmount all this frustration. — all

this "bad luck".

If circumstances had "played along" with us (if I had become more free, more independent — ~~both environmentally and financially~~ as I "should" have been under normal circumstances) I would have been able to fulfill L's needs and he would be freed to fulfill mine.

I shall have to ponder this further. Right now I am digressing from a more immediate need. The long-term dilemma will have to wait. For life is like a ~~crossword~~ <sup>crossword</sup> puzzle; one can work only that part which one has knowledge of. From this there will come hints & leads as to what to do next. And finally we will know whether we can solve that one — or not —

Right now I can't solve this one with the meager knowledge at hand. I must first run through & see how much I know as of this moment.

So — yesterday —

It was a "nice" day, it went "well". We just avoided several little "catastrophes". We "got along" "fine". It was "pleasant" — BUT

IT WASN'T FUN as I had hoped. There was something missing, something I have been trying to pinpoint all night.

There was something very lacking in L's + my relationship all day. I was left with the feeling that it was more detrimental than constructive to our future relationship (as I had hoped.)

I had hoped we would be a very congenial little group — eager to do more of the same. No.

I had hoped L would "free up" — come alive — open up — re-discover the enjoyment he has always claimed in such adventures. Not so.

I had hoped we two would find a glowing new "togetherness" in sharing ~~such~~ an experience together that was similar to like pleasant experiences in our separate pasts. Not so.

This morning I thought: L and I lacked rappor yes-  
terday. Why?

Was it us? Was it the experience?  
Was it the situation? ~~or~~ Was it  
"hangover" from our recent  
"fight"? Or was it — (this is what  
worries me) — ~~an~~ <sup>a new</sup> indication of  
impossible differences between  
us?

What did this lack of rapport  
consist of?

- 1 - L started out feeling happy,  
newly free, self assured, — at ease  
and expansive,
- 2 - As the day wore on he became  
"difficult", withdrawing, resistant,  
"separate", grudgingly forbearing,  
a little bit vindictive, a little  
bit ~~whining~~ "Spiril-Sport", — a  
little contrary and self-de-  
manding & complaining — just  
a little —
- 3 - By the time we got home he  
was fantastically "tired" (from  
doing all the things he has always  
professed he loves more than  
anything else!). He was so  
anxious to get away (from me

and the situation!) that he invented  
blatant little ruses that amounted  
to a slap in the face to me, and  
dangerously risked our <sup>next</sup> relationship.

He withdrew, from me and the  
whole situation. Why?

He didn't like it! He didn't have  
fun! He didn't enjoy it! I see now  
that his whole behavior reflected  
that. Why?

He acted like a spoiled brat  
— underneath a carefully, polite,  
enduring exterior manner. He  
"wouldn't" do things; he "wouldn't" eat;  
he "couldn't" nap; he got "sick"; he  
got tired. He kept aloof — from  
me and Cal.

But, he danced attendance  
on Lillian. He faked interest in her  
child. He "courted" her in blatant  
symbolic gestures. He hovered  
around her, sought her out, talked  
exclusively to her. In the mean-  
time he ignored me, placated me  
intermittently, "walked out" on me,  
"fought" me subtly and then,  
at last "rid" of Cal & Lillian,  
dropped all semblance of "keeping  
up appearances" and all but

insulted me in a crude and cruel leavetaking. His leave-taking was almost "patronizing"!

And Lillian? She acted just like Joan. Cool & sure & carefully coquettish — careful of me, sue of Leonard!

And Cal? He acted like me. Like I felt inside. (To hell with you two! Go through the motions. Be a "good sport". When will this be over?)

How did I feel? I felt like a fool — an old fool, that was making a bad mistake, like a little lost puppy that nobody really wanted and didn't have "sense" enough to go mind its own business!

True, the situation was forced. We didn't "get along". Cal & Lilly are too "steppy" for L & me. L was disappointed. ("No" beer, no sex, <sup>attention</sup> nothing his way — no naps — no <sup>attention</sup> from me.) I was disappointed — (for the same reasons as L!)

"I need you. Anyway, I need  
someone!"

If. L. would use this abortive adventure as a basis for future better sorties of our own - all would be well. That is what I meant by it being construction - as I hoped. But no! I can see that he is through. He has labeled his disappointment with all the wrong reasons (his "health", me etc) his voice didn't mean it when he said he'd had a "good time", and nothing on God's green earth will convince him otherwise! He's through with that attempt. He will convince himself that his own way is better. Back to the old way! Back to the nut; "Safe" + "Sure" - without women - just men are safe. Would that he could possess Lillian, he thinks but alas! - no! So -

I'm fact - as I read back, trying to decide if I should "release" L this week-end - as a necessary "test" - it seems to me that there is a new

reasons for yesterday's "mistake". It is that L tries to elicit only the things from an experience that he likes, that he wants. He gleans his "favorite Sports" from out of the fare offered & rejects or withdraws from the rest — very carefully. So as not to be burdened with "troubles". (I could be trouble! Lilly was the only "interesting" thing in the whole episode — to him!)

"What can I get out of this?" is his approach.

So - he will approach this week-end with the same intent. And, I'll have "nothing" to offer him. Nothing that he wants & as companion for baseball, beer, sex; (untroubled) food, sleep, attention. The first I can't give him this week-end. The second isn't worth it — to him — or to me.

I can't offer you anything you like this week-end. Leonard, See you Tuesday night

So, What does L. want?

1 - He wants untroubled sexual opportunity.

No freedom — just opportunity, to take or leave according to his whim, He wants no trouble connected with it — not of any kind, small or large. Specifically he wants an attractive, attractive female body to use as a masturbating tool. His part to be only as much stimulation as is needed to perfect his pleasure.

2 - He wants a self-enhancing female escort for public appearances.

Good-looking, Sexy, well-dressed; one that men covet at a glance. One that he can "claim" publicly with overt lewd gestures. One that appears "his" — by sitting close, by fawning on him.

3 - He wants an admiring, <sup>passive</sup> readily available audience-companion for certain exploits of his, these exploits to be planned at his whim.

Exploits that may be prowess of any kind he indulges himself on — be it artwork or "Sportsmanship" activities or "Success" achievement".

④ - He wants domestic comfort without obligation)

Food - what & when he pleases; a female "hot-water bottle" at his disposal for sleeping, reading, or riding, or whatever; Service & attention without bestirring himself; close, warm, cozy surroundings without cost or effort at his disposal.

⑤ - A meek & admiring audience for his talk & "ideas" & bragging that he can turn off or on at will.

⑥ And no interference or frustration in the pursuit of personal aims he prefers to do alone. No demands on him or his time or his efforts or his money or his services.

Leonard as Slave - a good-looking ~~sexual~~ female slave, at a cost he's willing to pay.

And no back talk!

That's what he thinks he wants!  
(It isn't what he needs!)

And no good looking girl needs or wants to be a slave; whereas no girl who is a slave is apt to be good-looking. Impasse!

Have I given L these? 1 - yes 2 - yes  
3 - almost 4 - yes 5 - yes (6 - no)

I have not been passive enough to suit him; I have "interfered" & demanded and frustrated. I have "talked back", I am not quite "right"! (I lost the therapy touch when I ran up against needs of ~~too~~ my own.)

Can I give him this now?

- 1 - No. The opportunity is lessening for reasons beyond my control. (No freedom, No privacy.) My own need as mounted as his willingness to stimulate abates.
- 2 - No. My freedom for public appearances has been frustrated.
- 3 - No. My availability has decreased for reasons beyond my control. My own needs have made me less passive & more demanding.

4- No. My "services" and offerings are no longer available. They are "invaded" by my own obligations & needs.

5- No. My own needs have interfered.

6- No. My own needs ~~and~~ interfere! And his demands and expectations are too unrealistic. I cannot meet them.

The answer is no. I cannot give L. what he demands at this time. I cannot even give him what he thinks he wants or even what he "likes". Things have changed. I can't help it. And, as things have changed you think I have changed (and I have in my treatment of him!) I cannot treat L as he wants to be treated right now. As I know he needs to be treated — if any woman is to "get along" with him.

As my treatment of him has changed, his treatment of me has changed, resulting in friction &

"trouble" and disillusion.

to expect Only a great (and unrealistic) change in his attitude toward women or the forced (?) recognition in him of ~~the~~ great need for me as I am, with what I have to offer, based on ~~the~~ what he has so far experienced will "bring him around" — literally.

Will he "come around" if I withdraw the inducements? I'm afraid not. He'll quit and seek them elsewhere. Such has been his pattern — and he won't change!

Is it worth my pretending or fighting to keep up the "inducements," I do not know.

This is what I do not know!  
Worth it to whom? To him?

\* \* \*

So I belabored myself this morning until I had utterly exhausted myself emotionally, leaving me will-less and limp. Then came the bright idea of "going to" him at noon. He needed me, I felt. I needed him. It didn't matter

what happened. It didn't matter whether a single thing was said. I'd just go to him. It was like the Nick-time I-am-a-puppet-of-fate feelings. I was "led".

I found myself lying, preparing a pretext in a sudden spurt of energy. I found myself in the car driving to L's apartment to a self-made "assignation" at noon. "What am I doing? What am I doing?" I cried aloud as I drove. "I have lost my mind!" Great fear gripped my sore and empty insides. "Go on! Go on!" Something said, "Go! Just go!"

I went — seeking his car, finding it at his lunch haunt — afraid to approach — terribly afraid of this stranger. I found a lovely hidden place to park & spy on his apartment. It felt like the old Nick days.

I waited. And waited. And waited. He did not come. "I'll count to a hundred — one — two etc".

He did not come.

I left. But once more round. The gas gauge — enough

gas? Then once more, just once  
more & then — home.

He was home. I parked and  
approached boldly in full view of  
his neighbors. What matter? What  
matter?

He acted not at all surprised  
to see me. He smiled understandingly.  
He accepted my sandwiches — thanked  
me — told me to put them in the  
refrigerator.

I don't know what I expected  
of him, I knew what I wanted.  
I knew what I wanted to do. He  
did not do what I wanted. I did  
what I wanted to do.

For he began by simply con-  
tinuing what he always does at  
this time of day — let the world  
go by — he has his routine! "So  
you're tired too" he remarked and  
proceeded to stretch out for his  
nap.

It was gentle chiding at me  
that he preferred to be left alone;  
I could "go along with him" — or  
take the consequences.

I got the hint. I was de-  
feated But I had a surprise

for him! I didn't care. I simply didn't care. "Rend this cloak," Mr. Karr! I have been gone many a day!" "Do with me what you will — and may the guilt rest with you forever! Go ahead! Be yourself! This is what I came to find out! What are you? What are you to me?

In quiet victory, I simply went and stretched out beside him without a word. He accepted me — made room for me, set his alarm and set ~~today~~ me a time limit.

I didn't say a word. Neither did he. He enfolded me in his arms without a hint of the passion I expected and desired. Well, so I was wrong! He didn't need me! But the slight tenseness of his body & <sup>a little</sup> ~~more~~ rest less ness made we aware that he was wary — suspicious. He expected me to make overtures to him as was my wont — as was the habit he had forced me into. "Oh no! Bay! Oh no!" I thought, as I made myself

comfortable against him and told him to go to sleep. "Oh no, you don't! This is your show! I'm not instigating anything - not one single, solitary act or word. Show me, show me what you've made of!"

He did. He went to sleep. But his body twitched. His fingers & arm twitched toward a beginning of passion and then stopped. I lay inert - waiting - making myself a receiving vessel for whatever he'd pour out.

His warmth - our bodies together - was comforting, delicious - no more. I hoped he sensed it too. I'm sure he did. But there was no more - no other sign. I began to pray. I began to pray hard, "God, help this man! God, help us! It doesn't matter what - just free this man's heart somehow! Help! Time is wasting - ticking away".

And so it did. The tiniest of tiny pre-alarm clicks and the hand of the man who professed to be fast asleep silently reached & pulled the alarm button off. Yet he did not get up. He did not move.

He did not say a word. He was waiting — waiting to see what was the purpose of this visit — waiting for the explosion — willing to forfeit some of his precious routine if necessary — (his curiosity was that great?)

"Oh no, sir! — no explosion. I am too tired. I know you. It is not up to me; it is up to you. You are standing "naked" before me. What are you going to do about it?" I thought in effect.

"Is it time?" I inquired, setting up. "It's time", he said, not stirring. I reached for his face and kissed him with infinite tenderness, finding his response full of warmth. I waited. Our eyes met. His challenged mine, I challenged back. He would not break. Had let me go in my story rather than expose himself.

Defeated, I said — not knowing what I was saying — "I have nothing to offer you for the next 4 days —" He didn't

understand. He looked puzzled.  
"unless you want to help me  
babysit—" I said, unable to make  
the complete break or enter into one  
of those evasive "goodbye" scenes.  
He did not get it.

"Julie left the baby with me," I  
said, feeling like I was the last  
person left on earth! Shouting at  
the wind. "Oh!" he declared, getting  
up and "back into the world" and  
leaving me there alone in that  
dark, howling void. Setting  
mundane things about his neck  
again along with his tie, he pro-  
ceeded to get "with it" — "Of course,  
no reason why she should — it  
would be hard for her" — etc. etc.  
He began to list the hardships  
Julie was up against and accept  
the "common sense" of her act.  
Deserted, I resisted a hot  
desire to say "Oh — so you're on her  
side!" — and tried — hopelessly — to  
point out that it meant to  
me — 4 days without him —  
4 days imprisoned — 4 days  
that he could do as he pleased —  
unburdened by me — 4

glorious days of freedom from  
me he'd have —

whatever words I used, though I tried, must have been fraught with venom and accusation and bitterness, for he stood nailed to the floor a minute and then he said hotly, "You said it — not I!"

"I'm not guilty! I'm not guilty!  
You did it! You did it! You're the vicious, mean one; I'm not — I'm nice! Don't you dare call me 'not nice'!" Little boy! Little boy! — screaming at his tormentors!

Now I was shocked. What had I done? — "Unless you have some ideas —" I pleaded, knowing all was <sup>already</sup> lost, knowing that I knew what I'd come to find out, knowing that this man did not love me. — that his "love" lies where a pretty woman is — any pretty woman — even my daughter, that he is simply too <sup>lazy</sup> to break up with me — to face that uncomfortableness!

Rather let it be decided for him —  
any way but by his responsibility  
by me if necessary. Forfeit me!  
Sacrifice me! I am expendable.

"Lazily", wanly, evasively he  
made me some vague "promises".  
I left — not even bothering to look  
back — or laugh with him over  
his silly little cover-ups remark  
for the neighbors benefit.

Home, feeling somewhat better.  
Somewhat. Not much. The real  
agony postponed. Like Vick — by  
the time it comes, I will find I've  
already died the death in little  
pieces?

Home — gritting myself to be  
"kind" and "cheerful" to mother, to  
carry out my lie I had used,  
hoping my ruse had at least  
forced her to ~~surmount~~ her resistance  
to caring for the baby by being  
"forced" to & finding it's not so  
bad.

— Into the house — to find she  
had not only not had to do  
any thing for the baby, but that  
she had walked out on the  
job & gotten my son to carry

on for her and returned only to explain to me how Sorry! she felt for Julie! what problems Julie had.

Et tu, Brute. Et tu, I am hated? I am not wanted — not cared for. (I have "proven" it, haven't I?) Haven't I?

The phone rang as I debated whether to call the person who now phoned. My boss at work had been seriously hurt!!! I will be needed! ?!?

And, Leonard, you showed me what you were. Not one moment to spare from your schedule for aching, hurting hearts — not one second — tho you were quite aware of the appeal. Only the lifetime defense of an ego not worth it.

Sat - July 6 - 1963

Morning.

Maybe these sheets & sheets of writing have some value, after all, for they consolidate my moods & thinking so that the next time I recognize a certain mood and I am beginning to see patterns in them. I am even getting able to predict their process. This helps.

For instance: I was amazed to find last night that my "helplessness" that I "achieved" was not that, but a cure! For last night was perfect! It was just like our best times! And I wasn't even trying! It wasn't even just "going along". It was something more.

I started out by "not caring". It didn't "make any difference". I didn't care what L thought, what he did, what happened — to him or to me; what difference?

To my amazement, I began to enjoy things. And with the enjoyment came skill. And with skill came good responses from others, and thereby good results.

I wasn't trying. I didn't make determinations to "be good".

blood  
Cope

to "please others", to carry out any "rules", I wasn't even just "going along". It was strange.

For I found when I didn't expect anything: any opportunity to see L or to go to the Chatedly baseball game; ~~any~~ anything from mother, any enjoyment from the evening; any good response from L; any benefit ~~at all to~~ myself or anyone else, — when I didn't expect these things, try for them, fight for them, then I found that when they came — came in infinitesimal amounts as compared to my former wishes — then, suddenly, they grew large and important and good. I enjoyed them, despite the fact that there were puny compared to what I had wanted!

Why? I thought, when I discovered myself enjoying the ball game, the <sup>almost</sup> ~~denied~~ opportunity to go out — even to a ball game; enjoying the people I'd heretofore deemed "crummy", "beneath" me; enjoying L, the man I had lately deemed not "worthy" enough; having a fine time — deliberately letting L

out do me in a little drawing "contest" that came up and enjoying his resultant moment of glory — when I discovered all these things I thought, Why! I wasn't "giving up"; I was merely "lowering my level of aspiration"! I wasn't wanting nothing; I was just adjusting to wanting less!

That was a good struggle! I was learning to adjust! It was an adjustment agony! It had nothing to do with external circumstances; it was a changing of my own attitude — (which I would not have been able to do if I'd been conscious of what I was doing!) I was forced to adjust; forced to "give up", for there was no place else to go. It was homeostasis? A process going out without me; that I had no control over? a need that found its own solution?

Also, I realized I should not ignore another minor thing: I was forced to try for another blood drawing. It was hard, for my instinct was to avoid that

"traumatic" situation that preceded a long series of agonizing sufferings for me a few years ago. But I "made" myself do it, because I have read in my "studies" that one should face again what one first feared.

Result was (to brief it up a little) that I discovered I was anemic again; I took a few iron pills; I found things "going right" again. Could it be that I was not entirely well; that I have been physically "unable to cope" - too "tired", too listless, too lacking in sufficient energy to meet my crises effectively?

I don't know. Could be one or both or neither or all. Any way, it all "proves out". I shall think on all these things next time; think twice before I blame people and "unlucky fate" - or even myself.

For, whatever the reasons, the benefits of "what I feared" were fantastic last night: My daughter's "desertion" has proved a blessing in disguise. It

is easier without her around; having the baby "forced unfairly" on me has resulted in new rapport between my mother & me in "sharing a problem". It "deprived" me of all chance to see L or go with him so that a small chance became a joy. Her going has "forced" me into new busyness that helps pass the time and thereby adjusts my perspective better. It "forced" me to test L and find him wanting according to my own aspirations and, <sup>then</sup> wanting less, expecting less, to be more satisfied with what there is as compared to a new glimpse of what it would be without him entirely.

It has all made me realize that I have been living, judging my living, according to what others expect of me — that old, silly, too-high, unrealistic, who-cares-it's-not-me, "appearances-only" aspirations for me. (To wit: Lillian's "false hopes" for me, which have detrimentally influenced me too much lately.) It made

I realize that there was "folk wisdom" in L's repeated recent admonitions to me to "quit letting my life be run by gossip"! What he really meant is "quit worrying so much about social pressure on you". Wise man! Wiser than I gave him credit for!

As for L. — how beautifully he "came through" when treated "right" as he was last night. Almost unconsciously, I realized that I was again treating him, and furnishing him the "needs" I listed so viciously yesterday — and I wasn't even trying! But, instead of accusing him of them with hate and resentment, I was supplying them with love and enjoyment.

Q I am too tired to list all his amazing long-desired but long-locked-in-hate responses, <sup>of insights</sup> that came out. Most significant to me was his anxious query, "Is it possible for a person to be real good and then go to the

other extreme?" Here was the <sup>all important</sup> insight I'd long tried to force out and couldn't now coming out of "its own sweet accord" in the new atmosphere of love and approval and need fulfillment that pervaded last night.

So I told him - explaining the psychology of "ambivalence" <sup>represso</sup> - glad and thankful I could - that I was prepared for this moment; glad and thankful that he understood, that he accepted it; glad and thankful for the glow of a new peace + understanding it seemed to bring him.

Thank you, God! Thank you for my "gifts"! Thank you for the "forced" opportunity to use them. And forgive me my pride - my ugly, unwilling pride.

"Va bene - Va bene -"

and glad that at last I was able to tell him + have him receive - without rancor - my first observation on him I made to him, →

"That man doesn't know whether he wants to be good or bad!"

"I don't like you talking about me to people!" he said — meaning it, but not mad. It was too soon. I was still working out the previous insight — realment. Now he slammed another opportunity at me.

I was glad my <sup>conscious</sup> mind was blurred with beer, for I had to appeal to my subconscious for a quick answer, a right answer to that one. Relaxed as the good old subconscious was tonight, it came through, ~~not too well~~, but adequately. (We'd handle that one later.)

"If it hadn't been for talking about you with people, I never would have found you," I said. "For it was Lois who was trying to promote something between us that started it all."

This satisfied him for the time being and provided me with another unexpected benefit, for I was able, at last,

to give Lois the tribute she has long deserved.

One more thing — a minor one to me; a major one to L. At the ball game we landed on another crucial difference between our life-philosophies accidentally; one that has been bothering me recently: L's money-based philosophy.

"You can't have friends without money!" he cried in great waves of victories glee, pounding my knee in his excitement at "bettering" me.

(Oh Leonard! Oh Leonard! I thought.) "That's just it. That's just it!" I cried, sorry for the listening strange ears around us.

"You don't get real friends with money... And what good is money without friends — ?"

"True. True," he said, backing down, nodding his head in defeat.

"You only get the kind of friends money will buy — and they aren't real friends —".

We both dropped the subject. It wasn't the time or the place.

But we both knew we had  
broken down a major wall  
between us. In time - in time  
(I must quit!)

Sunday - July 7 - 1963

O how I hate to do this! I thought things would coast awhile. Not so.

Yesterday was very bad again. Very bad between L & me. Last night we had a big, nasty fight.

It was a very demanding day for me, fraught with not only the usual, but the double burden foisted on me by my daughter's <sup>new</sup> ~~new~~ problem plus a few minor irritations that were unusual. It was hard for me to adjust my old pattern with this sudden new one, but, actually, I was enjoying myself. I didn't really resent it; I felt wanted, needed, useful again.

But I was out of practice and up against new learning. I suppose I bit off more than I could chew. I know that by the end of the day I was frantic, swamped.

I was in no mood or position to take on the added burden of L for dinner & the evening. L and his demands.

I was almost sorry I had tried to include him. But he seemed so amiable and willing and wanting.

I was grateful & happy that he called me early in the day,

\* Late in the day, offering, not real help, but at least equality (he'd pay his share) and his companionship for the evening.

He came to dinner, "forfeited" his ball game, and seemed happy to entertain himself with the facilities of the house while I was busy. He seemed patient with my busyness and my need for a nap and my immersion with the baby all evening. He even came and gently told me while I was napping that he was leaving a few minutes (to "take a picture of the rainbow" he said).

All this made me happy and grateful, as I said. Also his eager acceptance of my (testing) dinner invitation for the next day. He was more than just "going along", I thought — he was standing by me! Standing by me in my few days of trial. Not "deserting" me or indifferently going about his business, but willing to share my dilemma.

I had visions of us free to spend a long quiet evening alone with unlimited chances.

to continue our good talk of the night before, to discuss things we never have time to discuss in peace, to nap together without interference, to read & share our reading discoveries — maybe even to do a little love making if we feel like it. Perhaps he'd even warm up to the baby a little — (something he "needed").

I expected a quiet, free, long "togetherness" evening. There was no reason for either of us to "go home" early. We could just "go off" till maybe 2 in the morning — when my son & the baby would need my attention.

So — all was well. We got through the first change in expectations: the baby was difficult about time to eat. But we managed that one.

Then my son's plans changed: he wasn't going to be "Safely" gone, but then that didn't matter, because I hadn't expected it any way.

The first blow came to me when L declared, "I guess I won't go to the ball game, after all." !!! I hadn't the slightest idea he'd even intended to. So he

hadn't planned to spend the evening with me! So he didn't forfeit a game attendance when he found I couldn't go! I thought he had made a willing choice: I'd rather be with Lorna than at a ball game. I was hurt. But I said nothing, perhaps

Then, because I was hurried + nervous and resentful of her demand on me, the baby proved very difficult all evening. I had to spend almost all my time with her. I had taken pains to prepare & dress her to look her cutest, hoping maybe I would show at least a little polite interest, a little biological curiosity (as he had on the phone, to my surprise) and his sterile bachelor heart might thaw just a tiny trifle when exposed to the always-irresistible charm of a tiny baby. Not so. He simply ignored her entirely — and me with her. He didn't ask, he didn't come near, he didn't even take a look or express the slightest interest, polite or otherwise.

He's hurt. But he was happily employed running around reading, listening to the ball game on the radio & simultaneously watching TV, snacking in the kitchen, disposing of my grocery purchases his way etc. He seemed happy as a clam. So good! I thought. By the time he needs me or wants me I'll be free. So that was "all right". We were doing famously so far.

Free for a while at last, I found myself too utterly weary, I needed a nap — one of those naps I had taught me to take to suit his routine. Well, fine. He'd want a nap, too. This was one of our at-home week end rituals — the nap together. At first I had resented it, but now I accepted it. I'd curl up and he'd join me. It would be nice. It'd be cozy.

But, he was listening to the ball game in the living room. I couldn't sleep with that in my ear, so I explained & excused myself saying I'd lie down in the bedroom. He was agreeable — very "understanding". I'll join me later, I thought. Not so.

I roused several times, 14  
hadn't come near me. Still  
listening to the ballgame, I  
closed - waiting, ~~F~~ but a little.  
Finally I heard his foot steps  
approaching. I lay in a provocative  
position (how he likes his female  
hips - that boy!) - waiting for the  
lewd caress, and the smeggleing,  
sighing enfoldment of him laying  
down with me. There hadn't been  
a single caress so far this evening.  
Now was the time.

Not so. He tapped me imper-  
sonally on the thigh - "I'm going  
to drive down <sup>to the end of</sup> the street to take a  
picture of the rainbow," he said.

I grunted some acknowledgment  
that I'd heard. Did he want  
me to go with him? I was ready.  
No. He turned & left. This hurt.  
No caress. No invitation. No  
mutual nap. Not even a nap  
alone for him. (He'd be cross &  
"tired" later, and he'd blame me  
for his not having had his  
"nap" and make me suffer  
by leaving early - as is his  
wont lately. The "naps" have  
become a "convenience" tool.)

"The end of the street! the end of the street?" I thought suddenly. "Why would one have to go to the end of the street to take a picture of a rainbow that covered the sky everyplace?" Raymona! Raymona! He was going to sneak a spy on Raymona — perhaps call on her under the pretext of a "long", "difficult" picture-taking trial. Maybe he has been waiting for an opportunity to check with her to see if I did do anything! It would be easy. He thought I was asleep, I "couldn't" leave the house. Raymona lived just beyond "the end of the street". He could always say the rainbow had faded — he "didn't get" the picture. He wouldn't "need proof". But he had spent a long time trying!

I was suddenly wide awake. Yes, the baby was asleep. Yes, there was a fantastic rainbow across the sky. Rainbows have always been my "lucky Symbols" (but what was lucky about this day?) Perhaps I was "supposed" to seek the "pot o' gold" at the end of the

rainbow — at the "end of the street" — where it ended." Perhaps this would be the turning point of the evening. I would be so delighted at my interest in watching his prowess (if he were taking a picture!). I had "forged" the fishing enhancement picture. Let me try this one.

I flew for the car keys. Harry! Harry! I drove quickly toward the street's end wondering what I was going to say if I saw his car there — horribly afraid I wouldn't see it there.

I didn't, the other things hurt? This nearly killed me! He had lied! Without a thought for the baby, bracing myself for a life-crisis, I sped toward Raymond's house. What would I do if I saw his white car in her drive way? I would make a scene. This would be it, I knew. I was almost hoping, freedom from all this doubt at last. Proof! Proof! A reason for all my miswarnings about him!

My heart nearly jumped out of me when there was a white car shape in her driveway! Tail fins! Tail fins! Is it going to have those familiar soaring tail fins? I wondered as I urged the car on for a closer look. Let down. No. There was no car in her driveway (not even a boy friend's? ) — the white car was next door.

Puzzled, afraid, I manevoured a last check-out. No Leonard anywhere in all these neighboring streets; the rainbow was gone. Where was he? Already back at my house? What would I say? I found I didn't much care. I had a conviction he'd know just exactly what I had been up to. Let it stand at that.

And so it was. His car was parked in front when I got back. He came out of the house looking at me questioningly. I desimbed playing out my pretense. An odd little knowing spark in his eye made me sure he knew. Neither of us spoke of it. He desimbed, too, explaining at

great length how he'd gone to the other end of the street (a ~~blind~~-end street about 100 feet a "blind" street ending at about 100 feet from his parked car and where the sky view was utterly blocked by trees!) and how he should have gone to the other end — where the sky is open (my Nick's plane watching station!) <sup>at</sup> "Yes, yes. He'd made a mistake — and to think he hadn't gotten the picture after all — he'd gone clear to Franklin park and then the rainbow was gone! It was gone!" Here he looked at me challengingly.

"You damned liar! You damned liar!" I thought, you've only made it worse. You didn't need the car to drive 100 feet. You couldn't have taken a picture from there any way. The rainbow was still there when I left — long after you'd gone! You never admit to mistakes.

"You saw where I was driving I'll bet — and most of all — you didn't openly ask me where in the world I'd been —

6/1  
Gwin -  
rest  
was tied up  
randomly  
sudden deflation

why I'd been. You only acted  
guilty! Hurt! Hurt! Hurt! Suspicion?  
So Doubt!

So, we went back in. The baby was  
crying. I had food to put away.  
L<sub>e</sub> ensconced himself upstairs  
with both TV + radio going - oblivious  
"content" absorbed in a juvenile  
entertainment - Cowboys + baseball!

When I finally joined him,  
expecting the usual enfolding  
gesture of "togetherness" - there was  
none. In fact he "rejected" me -  
professing great interest in the  
Cowboy drama (which now  
failed mechanically - not bothering  
him at all apparently - my perfection  
-ist! Ha!) I hurt again.

At my gentle prodding he  
gave signs of being "through" for the  
evening. I noted with alarm it  
was now Glee Club time. Oh dear!  
How sorry I felt for myself that  
I couldn't go. I wanted to go. He  
must be wanting to, too, I thought.  
I watched him carefully for  
signs of "settling down", of  
"giving up" of perfecting that  
meager little Sat. hour to

stay with me. No. no. He was only "pretending", "going thru the motions", with holding, waiting, Sardine himself — flipping thru a magazine — stalling — working up an act of bore down — "tiredness". He didn't look at me. He didn't encourage me to relax, join him. I waited. Nothing.

My heart heavy, I said, "You can go to the Glee Club if you wish".

Down went the magazine! Down went his feet! Up came Leonard. "Yes — well — yes — I do think I'll stop by on my way home — it is late — (11 p.m.) I must be alert at my mother's tomorrow —" and a great "line" of asinine excuses. ("It makes me mad again as I write it!)

I tried to control the surge of anger & hurt & suspicion in me. I tried. I tried. I couldn't. Pacing the floor didn't help. Leaving the room didn't help. Gulpng the rest of my beer didn't help. Getting a "forbidden"

cigarette didn't help. "Go! go!" I screamed at him, (Get out of here before I really hurt you!) "Go!". — afraid — so afraid he would. He didn't. He didn't. I flew into a rage, throwing pencils across the room, blasting him with every nasty judgment I'd secreted away against him. I called him names he didn't want to hear — "Mama's boy!" Runt-brained! Cheap sex chaser! Hopeless bachelor! Pea-heart! On and on.

He fought his conflicting desires, silently — his body a study in conflict (Why did he want to go to the G. C. so bad?) Was I that bad? Had I been mistaken in his apparent enjoyment of domestic offerings? Why — he only came, as usual, to glean what he wanted from this situation — now he'd gotten it — all he wanted for tonight — to hell with the rest — to hell with me! What a fool I'd been! Of course! It wasn't me he'd wanted; it was the chance of a few comforts for the evening. Now he was ready to return to his own pursuits. Little

boy! Little boy! Arousing him -  
sleep!)

I deflated. What use? What use? I watched the clock. Still time for him to go. I didn't want him now. It was "too late". He had revealed himself too openly, why didn't he go? Why didn't he go? I wanted to be alone now. I had myself - my own ways. I stood silently battling my selfishness - my disappointment. ~~to~~ "It won't work", I said, "Will it?"

Our eyes caught, pleading with each other, then scurried away, caught, scurried.

The battle went on silently in the air between us. (Why didn't he go?) Suddenly I saw him "give up". His body relaxed. Whatever it was (it had nothing to do with wanting to stay or go) I tested that, ~~there~~ was still time for him to go - it was suddenly finished for him.

We "made up". Not with gestures. There was no bodily contact - no caresses - only later, on my part "forgiving".

little "pots". We resolved (I did) a solution. I phoned Jim's friend Jim at the G.C. & asked him out, L. meantime saying "of course, of course! I should have thought of that - I could have gone down & come back - brought Jim back with me" etc.

To my surprise, Jim came. I told him L. needed him. Somehow L did, felt. L. talked to him. Jim came.

I was surprised when - almost right away - L asked him, "how was the G.C. - Who was there?" "Dead dull," said Jim, "no one was there." And then trivial elucidations & conversational chit-chat. There was something strange:

L was suddenly happy, relieved, convivial again. He and Jim became so "together" that I sat aloof - not needed -

wondering. Surely, the G.C. didn't mean that much to L? Surely he doesn't need Jim that much? How come Jim came? How comes this strangeness? How

come this short, "settled", visitation — for that's all it was. Jim came, reported, chatted, left, L. left. I was glad to see him go. His parting caresses were cool, — patient — pacifying. I struggled interminably with the baby all night — pondering, disappointed, puzzled — "through". My son came in late, drunk, "uncommunicative". The baby cried, fussed, wouldn't be satisfied. My temper flared again. I hurt.

Now, here I am — writing — not wanting to, but relieved from it — "straightened out" in my mind — my anger somewhat dissipated.

My conclusions have gone thus:

First I thought — it's no use. It's no use. I felt this while L was still here. Little boy. Big Fak. Then later, L simply doesn't fit in the picture. It's as simple as that. Not in the present picture. I must give him up. It will only be an unkindness not to. A bigger unkindness to

Keep leading him on — using him when I can't accept him.

Now, this morning as I write, it came to me that I had planned to meet someone at the J.C. last night & someone he half-expected — someone he had to get away to call when he saw he might not get free — Someone he had to make his eternal, ambiguous "excuses" to — someone that Jim knew about — someone he couldn't tell me about — some new (or old?) "mystery" — damn him!

My first suspicion — as evidenced — was Raymona. I have been trying to think what to do & how to do it about that. Now I see it could have been someone else. It might even have been one of his decent "business" my clients. But, then, why didn't he tell me — even with stupid, transparent "excuses"?

I am convinced now that that was the picture, the reason I had "something on his mind" — he didn't need me yesterday —

he wasn't interested in me — he  
only wanted to keep me "on ice"  
— placated — out of his "way" —

For I can read him too  
well now, I know he told me by  
actions, "mistakes" unintended  
verbal usages, tones, looks,  
omissions more than he ever  
wanted me to know.

Our "argument" last night  
was false — "unreasonable" — as  
he kept saying; He knew in his  
heart, as I did, that the real  
issue was not in our words,

He was "trying to pull something"  
on me, and I saw through him,  
this was the real argument. Yet  
he was sorry for it, he was sorry  
for what he deemed the "necessity"  
of "betraying" me. And he is a  
little afraid of me. I am a threat  
to him — always. To his secretive,  
"necessary" way of life. This is  
what he means when he says  
I am "unreasonable".

Of course I am! I am  
playing it "by ear" — the only  
way one can get along with  
him — "arguments" are

just so much "B.S." to me — as he says,  
in his "cultured" way.

NOW —

what to do next? How nice it  
would be to have him available  
both physically and psychically!  
But he isn't. He won't be. He'll  
never be. So what do I do?

I can't talk to him. I can't  
discuss my suspicions to him; He'll  
just accuse me (defensively) of  
that "fantastic imagination"  
again, I can't seek out Raymona.  
What help would she be to me? She  
& I would only gang up together  
against me! Birds of a feather!  
I am the Outsider, the Newcomer!  
I can only decide on a premise,  
a hypothesis — take a chance —  
and act — with decision & firmness  
& kindness (and loops-holes for  
error in judgment!)

1- I can seek h out. Make an  
issue. Force it. Force it out  
in the open. This part would  
be good — but at what cost?  
To him? To me?

2- OR I can just "let it go" — let  
what will happen. What cost here?

3-Or I can maneuver - use  
certain "tools" at hand to  
accomplish a purpose - But  
what purpose? Why? What  
for?

Notes: I was "crying" again last  
night when he looked at me,  
he said wearily, "I always say  
the wrong thing -".

Thank heaven - it looks like a  
busy time for me the next few  
weeks - perhaps that will be  
the solution - ??

Dear L -

Something has to give in my life at present. It looks like I'm going to be very busy for awhile. And I can see that I have been neglecting things that are very important and necessary to me - obligations that I had long before you.

~~Since you~~ I'm sure you won't mind being the thing that has to go for the time being. You simply don't fit in my picture right now. And I am unable to fit in yours right now. Since you seem to be a very self-sufficient person and seem to have a life and things to do that don't, won't and can't include me and that you don't want to include me in on, I have decided - at last - that I'll have to get along without you - much as I hate to.

It is really kinder to you, since you don't under-

stand me or my "way of life" and I can't accept yours.

It was damn good fun, and a good try, I appreciate it. Maybe we can get together sometimes for a little irresponsible fun when you haven't any thing better to do.

In the meantime, you are perfectly free — and so am I. Try out a few things and get some things out of your system. I understand.

If I still look good to you — or you to me — I'll get in touch with you <sup>or</sup> with me sometime and we'll test it out —

Sorry as hell —  
I had hoped to be able to help you with love

Lorna

P.S. I need a man who understands the rigors

of domesticity. You want a playmate. I can't be a playmate now.

Dear Leonard,

Something has to give in my life at present. I can see that I have been neglecting things that are very important and necessary to me — obligations that I had long before you.

Things have changed for me so that I can no longer be the "play-girl" I kidded myself I was ready to be. I can no longer provide you with the things you seem to want. Your type of person simply doesn't fit into my picture right now — a picture I don't like, but can't seem to help. Rather I should say your type of life doesn't fit into mine.

And my type — the type I am and the life I have to lead — doesn't fit into your picture.

Maybe things will change. Right now it seems like it will be a long time. Right now it doesn't seem to work, no matter how hard we try.

You seem to be a very self-sufficient person. You

Start to lead a life and have interests and things to do that don't, won't and can't include me — things that you don't, won't or can't include me in or.

I have decided, at last, that you are the thing that is going to have to go in my life — the other things I can't get rid of, much as I'd like to. Men and fun and love will have to be forfeited — again.

You are a very smart and a very nice person. I'm sure you will see that in the long run it is kinder this way when you really don't accept me or understand me or my way of life and I can't whole-heartedly accept yours.

It was damn good fun and a good try while it lasted. I appreciate it. I wish it could have gone on.

Maybe we can get together sometimes for a little irresponsible fun when you

haven't anything better to do.

In the meantime, I think you'd better consider yourself perfectly free of me — free to do anything you want in any way you want. Perhaps you need to try out a few things and get a few things out of your system. I understand.

Then, if I still look good to you — or you do to me — we can get in touch with each other and test it out again. Please don't hesitate to seek me out for I don't want to break up with you.

Try calling me at 6:00 p.m. Tuesdays and 6:30 p.m. Fridays, for instance, and see if things have changed with me.

I'm sorry as hell. I had hoped to be able to love you enough to help bring you some happiness, but I guess I can't. Because it looks like ~~I~~ you need a help-mate and you want a play-mate, right now, at

least. And it simply doesn't  
work — not right now —  
I hope it will later —  
do you?

I love you better than I  
ever loved any man, but  
I guess I still don't know  
how. Forgive me if I  
am "wrong."

Sadly —

Lorna

Mon - July 8 - 1963

Well, I'll be damned!

You just never can tell!

I wrote the foregoing letters in great passion, so obsessed I even wrote in front of mother. They were my preparation to break with L when he came for dinner.

I didn't even want him. I was weary to the very soul & much "behind schedule". But I figured I'd have him for dinner, at least, and then release him for the evening, until Tues - maybe until Friday, perhaps for quite a long time. My mind was made up.

Going about my work I thought "Why, that's not fair - releasing him because I'm having a hard time! It is not his fault. He shouldn't have to suffer, be the one to go - if he doesn't want to!"

Then, much later, I thought "It's my daughter who should have to go; she's the "fly in the ointment"!" And so, I gave up on my letters.

I'll just be nice to L and release him for the evening, I decided. I'm too tired to entertain him, any way. I

can't do him & the baby, too!

The day wore on wearily & frantically. About 4:30 I decided to try to contact L to check & see if there was any hope of him bringing me some much needed beer before dinner — or if he'd just show up for dinner & esch his wait.

To my surprise he said "I'm just on my way up!" (At 4:30 — unprecedented!)

He came, full of "sweetness & light." (Hm! my tantrum brought him around?)

I haven't time to go into the detail I'd enjoy doing, but want to put down the miraculous turn of events.

This time I accosted him with exactly what his intentions were for the evening. Mother had offered to take the baby if I had a date, but I was too physically & emotionally exhausted to go on any date, for once.

I told L I'd like to have him take me out for at least a short drive — just a refresher — and then the evening was his.

I planned to stay with my duties. To my surprise he showed that he had evidently planned to devote himself to me and my pleasure this evening. He was capitulating to a few of my long expressed desires, even. (Why does he react thusly to my tantrums? He only encourages them! It is the only way I can make him consider me!)

Anyway, we compromised. He'd take me shopping for shoes for him (!!! at last!) and then I'd let him go to the ball game. The weather was very threatening. He insisted the sun would shine; I bet it would rain. (I say this because of ensuing events.)

I went with him too weary to respond in any way at all — it was his show, his show entirely. (What a show it turned out to be!) First, while looking at the man's shoes he turned to me and said, rather — " Didn't I buy you a pair of shoes here — ? " What a shock that was to me! Why the man is mad; he can't even remember one girl friend from another! And it was a blow.

I had thought I was significantly different from the others. Evidently not so! I looked at him, my eyes twinkling, "No," I said.

"I'm sure I did—" he said, without the slightest show of embarrassment or guilt, I continued to contemplate him in amazement. No. He had no conception of the enormity of his ~~other~~ crime.

"It must have been one of your other girl friends—" I said. He continued his "shopping" as if we had been discussing the weather. This new ~~blow~~<sup>blow</sup> only increased my apathy. I now followed him about as he looked exclusively at men's wear, thinking of how he'd ~~ever~~ bought shoes for his other loves as well as loaning them money and how he'd bought me nothing, nothing — not even offering me the found wrist watch — the I had given him as much or more than they had.

It hurt. It hurt terribly to think what a fool I was; what a fool he is. The picture was

clear: "gold-diggers" and a willing victim! I, too, could work this angle if I tried. I began to wonder & watch him to see if he would suggest or offer to buy me something (I needed so much!). I knew I could force him to if I wanted to. There was a feeling in the air as if I had only to say the word. Just a hint and he'd buy me some thing — just to even the score — deflect me from future accusations against him.

That was it, I guess. Why I couldn't. Why I didn't. Why the very idea nauseated me. Why I subtly ignored & steered him away from all feminine articles, tho he wandered toward them suggestively a couple of times. Especially when I saw him gradually talk himself out of buying himself anything — even the cheapest item. (If he couldn't please me by improving himself as he knew I wished, then there was no real attempt to please me anyway — so — ).

So we left without buying  
a thing.

Try as I might — that shoe  
business stuck in my craw as  
we drove back (where I didn't  
know, this, too, would be interesting),  
for he had made & received  
some very "hot", suggestive sexual  
advances.) I was very much in the  
mood. I'd wait & see what he'd  
do; if he'd deny his real desires  
for silly "reasons" as he is too  
prone to do lately.)

I felt very blue thinking how  
that shoe remark had revealed  
~~how cheap & shallow~~ the difference  
in how he treated other women &  
how he treats me. Finally, I  
thought — to hell with it — he's  
going to disappoint me this evening  
any way — he'll just take me  
home & go to the ball game  
happy as a clam — why hold  
back my real feelings — he  
isn't worth the effort.

So I blasted off at him  
about the shoes. "Oh," he said,  
"innocent" as hell, "Do you  
need some shoes?" (He knows

plan well I do!) "No!" I cried, "No!  
that's not the idea!" And I proceeded  
to tell him what it had meant to me —  
that I am not the recipient of  
gifts, whatever that implies — and  
then I angrily cut off his weak  
little attempts to pursue the subject  
& began to talk of trivia.

I was now watching to see where  
he was going. He had expressed a  
desire to take me up on my offer  
to "let" him go to the game. He  
evidently intended to "get away" from  
me even tho it was now raining  
and I was sure the game would  
be called ~~off~~ anyway.

He seemed to be choosing the  
streets that would take me home —  
not to a rendezvous at his place  
as I hoped and hoped he wanted.  
As we approached the last chance  
to turn to his apartment, I thought  
("Oh hell, all's lost anyway. I'm for  
a penny, in for a pound.")

"I'd like to go to your place,"  
I announced. Then, noting he  
wasn't too resistant, I added, "That  
is, if you want to —".

He made the turn, headed toward his apartment. There was now a promising glad gaiety between us, which boded well, but he was engrossed in the progress of the ball game on the radio, which had now reached a fantastically dramatic situation.

I knew I couldn't compete with this. Oh well, I had half an hour—what matter? I could "entertain" him as he listened anyway. Perhaps he'd give me a beer.

He didn't. Nor could I tear him away from the ball game. But, when I made overtures to him, he responded as he hasn't for a long time.

Suddenly, all was glory. As the game went into a miraculous unusual winning play we went into miraculous rapture such as we have not had in a long time.

Thankful & happy & resigned now to my evening of dull lonesome duty we hurried home.

No sooner had we arrived than the weather broke. A cloudburst descended on us, thunder & lightning crashed and rolled about our heads. As the radio announced that the same was "called" I would not be played I ran to mother's to collect the baby — only to find her ~~poor~~ <sup>poor</sup> the her peacefully asleep, the downpour too great to transport her ~~through~~, and mother quite willing to keep her as long as necessary.

I went home, freed of all my duties suddenly — (couldn't even make my phone calls or do the dishes while the lightning hazard lasted) — and found L. happily and contentedly settled down to a long, peaceful, domestic, dramatically imprisoned evening alone with me (my son was imprisoned by the storm wherever he was as L. was here and the baby at mother's!) — for the storm proved to be of fantastic strength and all things stopped for awhile.

Why, thank you, God! thank you, I said privately. thank you for this "reward" for "good intentions". Perhaps that rainbow did mean something last night; Tomorrow, tomorrow I'll give you what you want! Be good! Hold on! Wait! Trust! It seemed almost like that.

So - I had my long, "togetherness" evening alone with a happy, content L, after all.

Only — he almost spoiled it by staying too long. He wouldn't go. He stayed + stayed even tho I hinted, even tho I wanted him to go, I needed him to go — for I was so exhausted I was <sup>slowly</sup> falling asleep on my feet.

It was almost as if he were getting even — almost as if he were —

the stinker!

It was I who named the next date, I who put him off for reasons of "business" this time! It was he who said "I'll see (!) you Tuesday, then,"

when I merely had said "Call me Tuesday." (totally ignoring Monday and the ball game.) It was I who now murmured, "Oh-well-maybe — we'll see" for I expect to be too tired Tuesday night. I don't intend to go to the ball game.

In fact, when I left, I was tired of him — even looking forward, albeit grimly, to a week or two<sup>13</sup> of intensive commitments, weariness and getting with it — at last!

I feel, at last, that I am in control of the situation — not he controlling me!

\* \* \*

How dramatic this week and week-end have been! What fantastic happenings have been — all in a bunch it seems — compared to the ordinary. What great new insights we have all been forced into. How much good — and how much bad has come out of this mess of events.

How dramatic that storm at the end of this trying "vacation" of mine — so reminiscent of last

year's fantastically trying vacation.

And now, this morning. A clean new washed world - the sun bright and full. A new page turned over? A new era? I hope so! I am tired of dwelling in the bottom of the snake pit!

Let's draw another "good" cycle! It has been 6 months - at least —!



Tues - J. Day 9-1 1963

Not so! Not so!

Yesterday my son was arrested for beer drinking; my daughter phoned from Cal. postponing her return; everyone I talked to had unusually tragic current experiences, etc. etc.

I'm in a hurry - back to work this morning - (thank God!) - but have re-read my notes a ways back. I wish I had time to note some succinct observations I have made about L; about h & me.

The whole thing looks pretty hopeless. It sounds like a repeat of the Ntrey and doomed the same. ~~Any~~ I note how my "therapeutic" approach sounds so much like a defense mechanism - (I will not be hurt again!) - a "way out", a "reason", a "Safety <sup>measure</sup>"

I note how really impossible L sounds; how he really is not to be trusted. I note my references to "imitation marriages" (sic!) - to "male whores" - to hurt, opportunist divorcees - !!

I see this morning, ~~after~~ an episode with mother who is so similar to L in her behavior pattern, that I wouldn't dream of expecting mother to change! I merely suffer her when I have to, use her when I can, and avoid her the

rest of the time. So it is really with L. The rest is a pipe dream. He won't change. If he does, it will only be a "modification" — nothing basic. And the differences are basic.

So, too, I note that — even if I modify his behavior (or it becomes modified) "success" would be to lose him. For he could only become more himself, not more to my tastes, and, if he became more himself, he would pursue his goals, not mine.

That — like Nick — the best thing for him is to find someone like him (vulgar, shallow, selfish). He wouldn't be happy with me. And he will find someone <sup>and</sup> ~~using~~ the new techniques he has learned may this time be able to achieve a "success" with her.

It is all too clear that I must be alert for that "new interest" of his. He is a two-timer; he won't change!

He may even be two-timing me now! Especially if he feels the slightest rejection. For he will "punish me (too) for some reason by filling me for (2) days" as Isobel ~~so~~ cruelly; but radiotically.

put it. "Detaching" myself from him for any reason will mean "rejection" to him. Rejection, in his book, means "punishment" — that mysterious withdrawal. I sensed it. I'd be a fool not to admit it.'

Tues - July 9 - 1963

I must be on the look out for Leonard's "Main Chance" - (woman-wise, I mean) for that is what L is doing: looking for the main chance as far as he is concerned.

It is not "goal" with L. It is just that: MAIN CHANCE.

And this, to him, means sex, money, and avoidance of unpleasantness, "in that order". He is looking for a woman that fills that bill. Perhaps he even now has his eye on someone. Surely it accounts for that strange reluctance as far as I am concerned. Surely, I do not fill that bill! I wouldn't want to!

- 1 - The woman must first be someone sexy - to whom sex is paramount. (Not me! You see)
- 2 - She must either augment his preoccupation with <sup>accumulation</sup> ~~occupation~~ of money, or, at least, be such that he can maintain his life-long pattern of stinginess. She must, at all costs, not cost him anything. ~~If~~ This he may be able to find.

It is certainly apparent that that  
is what he is looking for.

She must be

- 1 - Sexy enough looking to attract all men's eyes, yet "messy".
- 2 - Sexually unburdened — no prospects of any children!
- 3 - Sexually proficient & accommodating
- i - Financially "independent", either ~~too~~ "rich", working, and so intending to keep on working
- 2 - Not demanding of his money in any way, except as he sees fit to "give" it (to "enhance" his picture of himself as "generous", "good", "nice".)
- 3 - As "thrifty" as he is. Accepting of his "thrift" — not "critical".

As I say, I don't fill this bill tho he thinks I do. As I say, he may find this. Perhaps even I do (or did) fill this bill.

The trouble begins with the third requirement. This is the "impossible". Even if he could maintain his "unpleasantness avoidance pattern", it would produce only an unhappy marriage. at best.

No human relationship can escape major unpleasantness. And, if he evades them in his usual way, he will only create more, for no

woman (or any person) could put up with that indefinitely. He'd be "hard to live with," in other words.

No one can evade unpleasantness.  
~~If it can't~~

Aside from this

And, as long as any person maintains this approach to life — as long as they figure happiness consists of avoiding unhappiness — they will never, never be happy no matter what the situation or who the people!

Added to this is L's own peculiar problem: that women — <sup>all women,</sup> are part of the unpleasantness of life that must be avoided. Except for one thing. Any woman who aspires to be any more than a sexual tool is doomed. She will get "the treatment".

(And what woman is not more than that?)

To L, any deviation from mere sexual accommodation by a woman plus a role as consort (not "companion" as he calls it) is suspect. It constitutes a threat to him and what he deems is his very right and worthy way of life. Woe unto that woman!

She will find herself deserted, avoided, "punished"; a prisoner of

a silent, secretive, resentful  
"wanderer".

No thanks.

Consort: accord, association, keep  
company, concurrence, association,  
harmonize, escort 'attend, accompany,  
fellowship, (agreement or combination  
to assist.)

Notice the agreement implication, the  
physical arrangement for convenience  
only aspect.

Companion: an associate, comrade  
(pal?) a fellow; a pair, a set.  
a person employed (?) to live or  
travel with another and act in  
the capacity of a friend. — fitted to  
be agreeable, sociable.

Companiorate marriage (!!!)  
no children <sup>agreed</sup> form of marriage,  
divorce by mutual consent  
permitted, & neither party having  
any claim on other.

How cold! How incomplete!

Ambivalence -

Simultaneous attraction +  
repulsion from an object,  
person, or action.

Tues day - Evening

I have been watching L's reaction to 2 situations concerning me. Tonight I "tested" him on 3.

I wanted to see how much "heart" he can display on his own.

The situations are:

- 1 - My serious trouble with my son.
- 2 - My "traumatic" involvement with the baby.
- 3 - ~~his~~ ability to give me material assistance.

I expected - Society expects - Offers to help.

- on 1 - Moral support, if not physical involvement  
(Such as Bert helping Lois thru it. Bert was there!) Concern, at least. Curiosity.
- on 2 - Concern about my welfare. Maybe physical assistance if possible. Offers to help if can. Curiosity. Interest.
- on 3 - Offers. Concern. Interest. <sup>Some</sup> Insistence when refused "politely".

L's reactions:

- on 1 - His interest. Indifference. Evasion. "Excuses". "His appearance". "Work". Silence.
- on 2 - Had to be told. ~~No inquiry~~. Laughed. Belittling of importance of situation. <sup>off</sup> No further inquiry. "Joked" about.
- on 3 - Advice. Self-absorption.  
Only "attempts" to help - a passing remark about where <sup>he</sup> would be.  
~~First concern an inquiry pertaining to my financial future~~

No concern. no curiosity. No interest. Physical "flight". No offers. Apparent ignoring of whole incident and its effects.

on ② No offers of help on own initiative.  
Interest, but as pertains to self only.  
Little curiosity, except as to progression of events affecting my freedom (to be with him).  
• Agreeable to helping me, <sup>the</sup> only personally, when told what to do, but puts off, procrastinates.  
• No offers of physical assistance at all.  
• Some concern for my welfare shown in Indignation & blaming.

③ - No offers. No suggestions. Seemingly not even awareness, until screamed at. Pained look. Forbearance. Silence. Secretive personal spending spree. Then excuses, evasions, resentment, self- "protection", defensiveness, self-pity, self-indulgences; projection ("you wouldn't want me to!") Belittling, minimizing of problem. Wary, regardfully "reassurance".

— wolf pack —  
"support" <sup>than past connection</sup>  
reason for "helping"  
my "buddy" (!!!)

## Confrontation:

on 1-a Challenge — "Waiting for you to ask —"  
b Comparison — "Rest was good help —"

on 2 a- Unsolicited reports — "Wearing me out —"  
b- Requests — "need to get out —"  
c- Challenge — "What can you offer? —"

on 3 a- Charges — "You could —"  
b- Comparison — "Did for others —"  
c- Name-calling — " — gold diggers! —"  
d- Bragging — "I could if wanted —"  
e- Masking — " — don't want to —"

## Defense

on 1-a. Was going to — planned to — no time —  
(hadn't planned on seeing me till I instigated it so)  
"Was "punishing" — "Taking care of problem"  
(on own initiative — in own way — unasked.  
advice without participation!)

1-b. "Good! Good! That's fine!" —  
(avoids responsibility — Let <sup>(Best)</sup> George do it! —)

on 2-a Indignation & projection of blame  
onto male "rival" for prettiest girl in  
situation .

2-b. Self-defense, fending off - procrastination,  
apparent a greediness. Plea for time,  
then stalling, then <sup>reconsideration</sup> adjusting +  
"capitulation" up to point. Preserva-

ation of personal "freedom" - shifts, changes, inconsistencies - going along - & self-approval.

2-c - Nothing. Has to be told. Has to be directed. Unaware. "thoughtless" self-absorbed.

on 3 - a - Denial - indignation - elaborate defense <sup>"excuse,"</sup>  
b - Grim silence. (Vindictive)  
c - Startled. New idea. Ponders silently.  
d - Silence  
e - Silence. ~~Gestures~~ Belated gestures of appreciation. Silent acquiescence.

### Results

on 1 - Completely ignored problem of my son. Let it pass, go by except for one jibing remark at him. Considered he helped by this.

on 2 - Checks progress of his own "main chance" when and if sees me. Otherwise silently ignores. Listens if has to. Responds with irresponsible indignation and blaming of others. Offers nothing until forced to, then stalls and side-steps, eventually "going along". Considered himself kindly and helpful.

on 3 - Carefully avoids all risk. Unaware of inconsistencies and own "spilling of beans". Makes safe pretenses of offering which drops immediately when confronted. Considers self generous to fault but currently "unable".

So - How much "heart" can I display in his own?

None.

Has to be shown. Has to be prodded. Comes through\* in infantinal ways, often too late. Then takes all credit. Takes offense at criticism. Considers self a very kindly man.

★

★

★

Now, for a few significant remarks he made last night:

When I asked him if he "minded" by "ruining" his evening, he was expansively "generous" (after I'd forced him into it.)

"No! No! - he didn't think I fully understood: that because he had me, since he had me, he was able to work in the evenings. (I didn't understand!) You mean you are released - so you can work -?" I

asking, meaning that when he was assured of fun <sup>in the future</sup>, he was released at certain times in the present and could concentrate better on what he was doing — as I have found when I am assured of seeing him soon.

"No! No!" he cried, at an apparent loss for words, "I mean I'd be out with the wolf pack!" He seemed delighted with this answer.

I was not. It only puzzled me more. Something was missing — some implication. My interpretation has been that he prefers to "work" (putter) and that I am hounding him against his wishes.

After great & long pondering, I realized that he was implying that he did not usually "work" at home in the past, tho he has taken great pains to give me the impression that he has always been terribly pressured with "homework" and devoted most of his time to it before me!

He was telling me, in effect, that he <sup>had</sup> spent years out pleasing women in the evenings, but now he had one — so — he was free to stay home and work! This was

Supposed to be a compliment, a tribute to me! I had helped him! Helped him to stop wasting his time. Didn't I understand that I should be proud? (Proud?) ~~proud~~ that I had set him up so he could neglect me to pursue his first interests? Proud that I had "sacrificed" myself to deflect him into selfish self-enhancement pursuits? Proud that he had used me to further his own goals? That I had helped him find his MAIN CHANCE? Somehow I didn't feel proud at all. I felt baffled and hurt and betrayed.

He didn't do this to his other women! He didn't ask them to stay home while he worked! He took them out — one after another. I was lucky! I made him stay home — alone without me — just what he'd always wanted!

I'm tired of playing second fiddle  
to bachelor pursuits.

I'm tired of getting the brush-off,  
being told I can't be seen for a  
day or day.

I'm tired of being told he's 'too  
busy' for me -

I'm tired of being left to sit  
alone while my date dashes off  
to play Good Samaritan to past  
lovers or hopeless drunks

I'm tired of being a baseball,  
work, hunting, beer pal, nap,  
hypochondria "widow"

I'm tired of waiting for  
calls & dates at his convenience

I'm tired of being treated like  
a convenience -

I'm tired of having Jim  
run our show - insinuating  
that he has a right to his  
crudities -

I'm tired of feeling that I'm  
interfering in things -

I'm tired of begging for  
attention -

I'm tired of being second  
choice all the time -

I'm tired of not being

I'm tired of having to toe the line -  
L's line -

Concerned about - of having to  
investigate any signs of interest  
in me or my welfare -

I'm tired of waiting, waiting  
waiting on L for everything  
decisions

I'm sick + tired of being  
stood up all the time for silly,  
sick little reasons!

If L can't share - share  
everything - then - ??

I'm tired of having to  
worry about being punished all  
the time by "withdrawal of  
attention" - having to worry for fear  
if he isn't treated in just a certain way -

If he can't take it -  
let him find some thing he can.

My life is going to be full  
& busy for awhile. Now is the  
time.

Especially when I discover that  
I am being "punished", stood up again  
tonight. L isn't busy at all -  
He plans to go to the ball game.  
He didn't even ask me !!

Thursday - July 11-1963

The reaction of my daughter to my hard-to-do stipulations to her yesterday that she must begin to try to get out on her own & L's reaction to my standing up to him last night and ~~made me realize~~ my reaction to their reactions made me realize that I am afraid to assert myself when I need to because I am afraid to make people mad and then they won't like me any more - and I'll be left alone.

In other words, I go along with people for fear of losing them. And the more I "go along" the madder they get when I have to refuse to.

Is this so with L, too?

I was so upset by my scene with her that when L came last night I was too touchy to every little thing he did. When he pulled a few "Leonardisms" I found myself disgusted with him, which spoiled the mood for the long-awaited night out after my grueling baby-setting stint.

First, he just sat. Didn't offer to take me out. It's getting like that. He offers me nothing but his company sitting amidst my troubles until G.C. time — All I can count on from him any more is a sortie to the G.C. if I stay up late enough. If I don't want to — or can't — I'm "out of luck".

Next, I meant to flatter him by asking for his version on the drawing I was making. Instead of "skilled assistance" he took over, became condescending & patronizing. He acted as if he were far better than I and said my drawing was almost good, etc. as if I were a rank amateur & had asked him to do it for me. I was mad.

Then he sat & played with himself & ignored my nearness completely — not a single gesture of affection toward me — just that self-stimulation.

Along with this he began telling me incidents when he'd been approached by queers & how nice he was to them instead of mad like

worst men are. The picture was all too clear. It disgusted me. He doesn't realize that people think he is queer from his manner of acting.

But, worst of all, was his walking out on me at the G.C. Again, A notorious drunk asked L to take him home & L had to be the "good guy" & do it, though I pleaded with him not to. He insisted & once again left me embarrassed - sitting alone - & unattended while he played "Good Samaritan". No one dared move in on his date while he was gone. So I sat alone & ignored.

Now I wonder why he couldn't have told the guy to pick on someone who didn't have his date with him. (I couldn't go with because the guy was making passes at me.)

Then when he left me he  
insisted that he simply  
wouldn't bother with me for  
a few days — Call you Friday etc.

I got so mad I called him  
this morning & asked if, after  
8 months, I was still supposed  
to "get lost" whenever he told me  
to — that the implication was that  
he hadn't enough interest in  
me to make a daily call check  
just to see how things were  
with me — if I needed him  
or anything

That's his goose model  
he asked to do — (more fun  
than you!) implication

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Friday - July 12, 1963

I elicited a real fight with L. last night! It was a honey!

I pursued him by phone and changed tactics all day until I got him "cornered" and then I let him have it. I warned everyone I encountered (like Lois) that I might really be breaking up with him "tonight".

I lined up a series of compensatory and "diminuendo" dates, even setting up an "opportunity" for L to meet a new "girl". I have heretofore feared his meeting, for I feel that they would be quite alike, take to each other immediately, and launch into one of those post-divorce, male whose limited affairs. I still do.

More of that later. We shall see.

Anyway, I got L defenders in his apartment, first working it out so that he asked & I agreed to go to the ball game, since it is the last for awhile.

He really let down his barriers this time! He blasted me with the ugliest, self most self righteous, most insinuating accusations yet. The trouble

is they were so fantastic, so very angry that, instead of piercing my defense with a bit of truth (as he intended, they only made me retreat in disgust. I do not want a man who thinks + feels like this is what I was thinking.

He dwelt on "right" and "wrong" to a degree. (I was wrong; he was right—always right!) The meek, unsure, pleading man I had known heretofore became a raging tiger, imperiously dictatorial and "unreasonable". I watched with awe ~~the~~ this display of hurt rage that I didn't know he was capable of. Here was a man at last, even if it was one I could not accept. Experienced in these scenes from anguished past relationships, I was not afraid; I knew the pattern; I knew the outcome.

Yet, when it came, the inevitable dissipation of rage in both of us (for I, too, was shouting eye to eye with him), the weary guilt and shame and the beginning of rapport again, there remained in me the traces of non-acceptance.

Though I was now sorry I had committed myself to a "new ~~old~~ girl friend" for him, his rejection of a whole-hearted bodily "giving" (not sexual) and his flickering, evasive eyes as I silently searched his made me realize that he was either still able to give himself to me exclusively or that I was simply "not the one" — nor he for me. Something still remained between us: some barrier.

Whatever the cost, as Lois had replied to my testing of her this afternoon (at great shock to me!) "Well, if that's the way it's going to be, it's better to find it out —". In other words, if he is exposed to another temptation and "falls", I have my answer. So be it. "One sarà, sarà."

Knowing this, and with some lingering anger, ~~some~~ unfinished business between us, our dinners + trips to the game were fraught with a, to him, puzzling withdrawal on my part and remnants of sadistic "whipping" of me by him. So was our "truce" throughout

the ball game. "Luckily" (how "miraculous", had how handy to my needs had been the course of the day's events!) — by being late we had to sit in another box alone.

This allowed us freedom to speak freely and we slowly and somewhat fearfully began to rebuild our relationship, finishing little unfinished "businesses" and unspoken thoughts.

But we really settled it in a long, mutually agreed talk in the car before going into the <sup>19</sup> Glee Club. By now we were each trying to ~~each~~ lick the wounds we had inflicted on each other. By now we were ready and eager to retract and admit our own guilt and mistakes. We had learned. We were now gentle with each other. And so the evening ended — as I knew it could — ~~on~~ with a deeper, stronger, more meaningful relationship than ever between us, and new sure vistas opened ahead of us.

I was able to say, my arm on his, "That was a good fight! I enjoy even fighting with you — because

I know you will be reasonable!"  
And, though the words sounded  
strange to me, I knew somehow  
it was true. It was a new  
thought to him, too. I could tell by  
his reaction, which was wary, but  
acquiescent. He ends up by being  
reasonable. This, as I told him, is  
rare and I appreciate it.

Specifically we cleared a lot of  
"mysteries" between us:

- (1) He had not revenge me by  
making a new date for tonight as  
I was fearful of.
- (2) - He considers me in need of  
"help" and he considers himself  
the one to do it. He is trying  
to make me over in his image, (too)
- (3) He is jealous of Dennis, my son.
- (4) He does have a "serve me,  
woman" complex about women.
- (5) - He does care about me.
- (6) - He has retreated. Because he  
interpreted my tirades in the  
light of past experience — as  
threats. This I think we settled.
- (7) He has heard malicious  
gossip about me — but the

fact that he could not be forced to tell it was reassuring and, since his insinuations that the gossip about me was just like what had been said about him could not possibly be true, (for I have not dated) I did not pry.

⑧ - I think he at last understood (as did I) what I meant when I said I would not hurt him, tho I might seem to be doing so. That, he must believe in me and my sincere intention of promoting his best happiness — even if it meant releasing him to someone more his kind.

~~gave~~ <sup>took</sup> ~~back~~ at ~~me~~ he was giving me when I turned to him after saying this, somehow told me that I had reached him at last with the message I set out to give him, that I meant it, and that the whole horrible episode was worth it.

All was well.

His message he was trying to get across to me, I think, was this:

"I condemn people who indulge themselves in temper tantrums. I believe in control. I think that controlled behavior produces the effect you desire in people to get what you want out of them so that you can accomplish what you want in life."

(This was the gist of our discussion in the car.)

I interpreted this as a charge against me of wanton, senseless emotionalism — he dwelt so on the temper angle — "without cause" — and its disastrous effect on him, which he considered unfair to him; that he would train me out of this. Knowing what was right, if I would only quit being so foolish as to resist him. I needed "help".

There seemed to be no implication that he would break with me for this reason; only that he, naturally, was the master, since, of course, he was so very much right and I, naturally was <sup>natural</sup> wrong. It was as clear as day. I had only to follow his example of controlling all his emotions, especially anger, and pro-

ducing a most effective effect of  
calm surety at all times.

The smugness, the self-righteousness, of ~~times~~ inherent in this, of course, antagonized me greatly. I, who have spent 20 years beating my brains out on the study of psychology and have broken my heart ~~over and over again~~ and ~~yet~~ lived to see the ~~pay~~ numberless times applying it and ~~yet~~ <sup>have</sup> lived to see one proof after another that its precepts worked! I whose record stands against his record of non-productivity and neurotic loneliness! He touched a sore spot.

Angrily I bitterly challenged the charge that my life record showed me ~~constantly~~ destructively fiery <sup>in</sup> temperament or that my "temper tantrums" were unprovoked.

The latter he conceded, after a bit of thought ~~about~~. The former we batted further on, I dwelling <sup>on</sup> ~~psychiatric~~ <sup>benefits</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as proved in my case</sup> precepts on anger release <sup>as</sup> as opposed to the falsity of (and opportunism) of his approach.

"I don't want a man who's always nicey-nice; always false!" I declared. "I want the real you!"

Here I began to admit (a surprise to myself, too!) that I deliberately needled him in order, as I put it to get the truth out of him — (actually I meant the truth of him.)

"You only tell me the truth when you're mad!" I said, and then explained that overt hate had long since affected me since I'd learned to understand it for what it really was. Self-hate.

He was beginning to understand; I could feel it. He began to concede the possible benefits in released repression as I seemed to prove my good intentions.

Actually, today <sup>2</sup> later, we had another talk session the 5th of the evening (this apartment, over dinner at the Club Café, the box at the ball game, in front of the G.C. & in front of my house.) It was wonderful to get it all out and look at it — all these repressed doubts & worries. At no time did he seem to be in a hurry or act like he wanted to get away. The man I'd "cornered" now was a willing and contributing "captive audience".

He was so amenable by the time we reached my house that I was able to reveal how I had

discovered his "line" and we both laughed about it.

Actually, today I feel that at last I have penetrated behind and beyond that smug, simpering, false mask of his. I literally tore it off his face and looked with fascinated <sup>sudden</sup> eyes on the bloody, bleeding, tortured <sup>exposed</sup> face behind it — the face of the real man — who dropped his eyes and fluttered his lids in shame and embarrassment at this unprecedented exposure when I searched deep into his eyes — eyes that could not meet mine, a gesture that made me suppress the question I had intended to put to him, "Do you love me?" — or some such.

It was too soon.

Today I feel good — though utterly exhausted. All is well for awhile — until the next time! But we made progress — real progress. Test #1 will be the exposure to Clarice!

Monday  
July 15-1963

My oldest son's 24th birthday.

I find my heart heavy this morning, altho it was a wonderful week-end with L. We were like a married couple at their best.

We painted signs with Joan + a boy friend; spent a dramatic eve. at the G.C. with same; L +

I had a very sweet session that evening + Sunday I ~~there was~~ was able to

manipulate a lonely clinician's invitation for L + me ~~at friends~~ and <sup>more</sup> <sup>with</sup> completely avoid a distasteful family involvement ~~for me~~.

L + I spent a lovely evening together - quiet and "domestic".

The feeling was very good between us after our big fight. L feels mine, he has dropped all his "conquest" mannerisms + is trying to ~~go my way~~ <sup>be mine</sup>. This all sounds horribly possessive - perhaps it is - but what I mean is that L has begun to accept the "good" life + is breaking away from his queernesses.

I think our week ends are so pleasant because we "postpone" problems.

On Monday - like today - the waiting problems attack.

~~Three~~ <sup>Four</sup> specifically, for this week Clarice, L's week end commitment, and my family problems.

Clarice + L's weekly <sup>work</sup> however, represent major future "battles" for L + me. They constitute tests of his desire for me in his life. They constitute rivalry: 1 - by his reaction to the temptation of a new "desirable" woman and 2 - by his reaction to the pull of old ways and old cronies. It is going to be hard for him, for he is not a fighter, but a placater, and he does not understand himself or my aims for him.

True, I instigated the Clarice temptation - in a moment of pique at him last week.

But I'm afraid that his reaction last night showed me that I am perhaps too previous with my testing of him.

He is not "ready" — not ready to be faithful & loyal to me and give up all other women. (More of this later.)

The other problem is a jealousy fight between ~~L~~ me L's old hunting cronie & me. The cronie, (Lyle) is "moving in", starting to set up L. for the long fall hunting season. He has "stolen" L for this week-end — and L has "gone along" with it, forfeiting me, tho he knows how I feel. So it will be, I'm afraid.

How I dread the fight (& the outcome). And how I dread the little Clarice episode! For L "forfeited" me, too, in his initial reaction to that opportunity. Instead of reassuring me, being on my side, he showed only a foolish titillation of interest

Monday July 15- can't.

Though I find the "hunting war" bothers me more than the "Clarice war", the Clarice comes first, so let us tackle that one.

I suppose I should have been strong enough to "sit out" the Clarice incident and see what happened. Perhaps I would have nothing to worry about.

Yet I consider that risky somehow. I would approach the situation with old techniques. His plan was to set up the old pattern: "double-date" — "show the girls a good time" — fancy place; date procedure.

This would inspire him to "Knock himself out" — be the charming "gay blade" — revert to pattern: another "conquest", "free and clear", "no holds barred"; get this gal in "the little black book", a future "possibility".

Result? Jim and I would be "forfeit". He would be so intent, he'd ignore me — as I have seen him do. Jim would become his "rival" — (and he knows he can best Jim!).

Result with me: hurt,

jealousy, "imagination", friction, scenes, fights; Clarice involved against her wishes. The old, unsuccessful pattern! Approach to a pretty woman with the "wolf" technique — see — possess — discard (when he finds she isn't "suited" to him ~~at all~~ or when his irresponsible, self-centered approach causes "trouble".

My role in this? "Good sport";

See nothing, say nothing, "understand" "Why, she doesn't mean a thing to ~~me~~" (now!) Result to woman trouble!

Why did I set up this dilemma? Because circumstances "fell into place" on a brewing, originally "innocent" situation. Now it is too late to retract. All I can do is modify the destructive aspects.

This I (unconsciously) proceeded to do by clarifying everyone's expectations from this experience. Clarice and I talked frankly: she is not "interested", either in fooling up my affair, or taking on a new beau. She just wants to "look around" a little further. I offered her this of small, un-

promising opportunity. She accepted. I had in mind to prove to Jim my "good intentions" <sup>of get him a "date"</sup> and to "test" L's attachment to me, with, perhaps the small "good deed" to Clarence.

Jim, I'm sure, expects nothing, except a chance to "show off" to his cronies. (This is why I insist on the Glee Club, not an isolated "good" place.)

But h! Testing him, by admitting that I was aware of the possibility of him being "interested", I found him obviously so! He did not react, as he was supposed to, by assuring me that I was enough for him — all he was interested in now. No!

He was delighted, flattered! By silence and a gleam in his eye, and a "plan" which could exclude Jim all too easily, he alerted me to the fact that he is not through looking, he is not satisfied with just me.

I let this go at the time. But the hurt and anger built up. I began by insisting on my own plan, that if L and I casually bringing a gal friend of mine along

with us to the Skee Club at a time  
we were sure Jim would be there.  
Join forces for beer + talk — and  
then — we'd see.

L. rather nastily agreed. (What  
was I trying to pull? his manner seemed  
to say) To explain this, I explained  
Clarice's attitude, Jim's impression <sup>on us</sup> of  
a "date", and Clarice's "possibilities"  
as a "catch", as well as my own  
fears + hopes about L. I revealed  
a few facts that pricked the  
pretty little bubble a little.

"I am better for you than Clarice,"  
I told L. "She is too young for you —"  
(He disputed this with his usual vulgar  
joke, which I dismissed) — "she does  
not draw —". He made no comment,  
no heart-warming agreement. "Besides  
I am not ready to break with you —  
etc.

He seemed a little shoot up, but  
still silent, still not saying what he  
was supposed to say —

Then — like a defiant little  
child he said, after a long,  
with drawn silence, "Do you  
want me to promise? " (This  
was an attempt, but an attempt

I repeated what Lois had said, "If that's the way it's going to be, you might as well know now!"

at placating only — Poor Leonard!

"No!" I cried, disappointed. "No, that's not the idea — If you consider every woman a challenge — (I don't remember what I said.)

We both returned to reading the paper. Another long silence. Exasperated still I then went and sat at his 'feet.' Clarice said the right thing" I said, and explained how <sup>had said she</sup> she would not think of interfering when 2 people were going to gether — I was nodding his head in understanding — "Then I'm supposed to say —" he said, needling me and teasing me, " and he began to parrot words after me in fun — like a child — "

(I could have hit him.) ~~Supposed to~~ <sup>to</sup> I tried to hint to him. It didn't work. He admitted he had no idea of what I expected of him. We read again. Finally I broached the subject he obviously hoped was over and said, "You're supposed to say you're not interested in any one else — just me" — or some words with the same meaning.

~~Somehow, he gave this back to me~~ Silence again from him, a thinking silence this time.

Then he said (and he meant it, he was serious), "If she has a daughter + 2 poodles - I'm not interested —."

Shocked, I looked at him to see if he was serious. He was, but my look must have sent a message to him — for his eye began to twinkle a little —

"Well-thank you!" I said. defeated enough to make a joke of it. We both laughed. And — all was well.

This is the situation thus far. Clarice (to my surprise) has agreed to my plan — Wed. night.

I now know what role he is to play. (He played his new role — (my man) — very well with Joan last Sat. night — we shall see what he does Wed. night.

L. by now is quite aware that I began this with the view of setting up a substitute for me for him. He knows I was angry with him. Now he knows how

angry I really was! He is too sharp not to see through this. Perhaps he has only been teasing me, revenging me. (But I doubt it. He didn't see the true picture 'till later.) He knows now he is being tested. We shall see.

\* \* \*

I can see that he was hurt by my rather crude implication that he "couldn't be trusted". This might have set him against me and produced his resistant, teasing technique. I was criticizing him again, telling him what to do and how to do it. He resented it!

Well, so what? It's true! I was fighting beforehand, not after, when the damage was already done! I was warning him! If he wants me, he'd better watch his actions! —

That's all!

I know him! I have observed him! I know what he'll do! I'm one step ahead of him — not like the other

girls who were too clumsy to  
forestall these things — who  
went into fights unknowing,

I am giving him a  
chance, not criticizing him,  
I can't help it if he  
doesn't know himself!

Tues - July 16 - 1963

— to continue:

So, either I'm rationalizing a "fait accompli", or I acted with unconscious wisdom (?).

I tried, by "pre-run", to avert what I have observed L doing — an in-effective behavior, an inappropriate one, for this new, (to him) relationship.

Now -

There are 3 possibilities: the bases for my persisting feelings of misgiving:

- ① There is still the possibility that L and Clarice may "click".
- ② There is still the possibility that L may flirt with her despite my warnings.
- ③ There is still the possibility that L may not flirt, not because he wants me, but because of his innate tendency to "fake" a behavior in order to achieve what he temporarily wants.

- ① I don't worry about right now. For I have "tested" Clarice. This is where Lois' remark applies. If that happens — then it will be my fate for the future.
- ② I could "laugh off"; or "fight" by flirting myself.

But ② is the most possible. If

L flirts, it will be for these reasons:

- ① He can't help himself. It is a habit he is unaware of. It means "nothing".
- ② He will "show" me; either for revenge, or self-righteousness.
- ③ - He really is interested.

If these ② is the one to watch for now; to figure out what to do about.

To me it would be disappointing. It would show traits I can't do anything about; reasons to beware of him.

If he does not flirt; I also must figure out whether it is mere placating or a successful attempt at a new way of behavior. Whether it benefits me or not is unimportant. It would be good. For he is trying a new approach. This, in itself, is better than simply repeating, whatever the result.

Question before the house: Will L flirt with Clarice?

(He was awfully eager to hear about the date last night!)

The "hunting war" I began battling by alerting L of my desire to "play for time", my hope that it would be a "light" hunting season; that I would share him with his hunting cronies this year and next year (when we'll either be married or broken up) he can hunt all he wants — that I would fight for my half of him — that I hoped they all could forfeit this one season — that I hoped it wouldn't break us up. (for it well might; ~~the~~ work all week & gone all week-ends — we'd necessarily drift apart.)

He said, "We'd work something out," which didn't reassure me much. For his "working out" means placating, working both ends against the middle, trying to have his cake & eat it, too, trying to keep both going; please us both. It won't work, of course.

There won't be any fighting for me; any decision; any sacrifice on his part; any post phorment of his pleasure for the time being.

Something will have to give. I wonder which it will be?

Wed - July 18 - 1963

noon

What a crazy, mixed-up day - both good & bad.

Two "blows" to me — the full time work I have been counting on has been denied me again —

And —

Clarice is sick in bed and can't go out with us all week! After all my conniving & frantic preparing! Also all of L's preparations! (Like washing & polishing his car to impress her!)

Now I am all "set" to go out and I know L won't go. Damn!

~~He~~ And the rest of the week promises so little — more family arriving <sup>tomorrow</sup> & gone to ranch with Lyle (Damn him!) — inventory for me Sunday - etc.

L surprised me last night in more ways than one. He was much sweeter, more eager than I'd expected. But, also, he hedged terribly on marriage talk. He is hard to figure out! Must go — more later — I hope,

"quotes" from reading

"— as intellectually barren in their posturing & moneyed hypocrisy"

"criticism: a disinterested endeavor to learn & propagate the best that is known & thought in the world, and thus establish a current of fresh and true ideas."

You are smarter than she is;  
You are smarter than me.

You don't know how close I came (sic!) — to [marrying]

Quotes  
from  
talk  
with

You!  
You underestimate [your  
effect on me]

"I know when to give up. —"

L. Answer: long speech meaning  
give me one more chance —

"I'll change. I've learned.  
I won't do it the same again."

"You never knew anyone like  
you. You see through me —  
and you won't let me  
get away with it —"

{ Hurt-talk; me - L. Raymona

"I don't understand <sup>my self</sup> about getting married. I think I want to — and then, when I come up against it — I can't!"

I haven't made love to her for a year.

Laughs at "dog in manger" and "engagement".

Sat - July - 20 - 1965

I am unable to keep up this record due to family guests who linger parasitically on. I have neither privacy or time.

And, actually, I haven't wanted to! Things have been too utter the last few days — the crisis of crisis has occurred.

But first let me go back & catch up:

L. did agree to go out Wed. night. I maneuvered events so that I had my sister take me home from work, stopping by L's office so I could run up a minute. (Details I'd like to put in, but no time now)

Wed - stopped at office - dressed up - so "forced" L into GLC anyway. He was amenable, so Wed-night - picked me up after 11 (was late - Lou Dillman!) Went to GL - night night - "Stags" - Lou Dillman - money talk - L fawning - driveway ~~had~~ very late - invited to Powells - accepted.

Thurs - checked with L on phone - put off till 10-11 - "things to do" "Forced" to come 8 (I thought) I went to sisters. L didn't come till 10:30. Acted bored - drawings - excused self - left. Ride home past Raymonds. L's car in her driveway - Scenes + misery ~~to~~ all night.

Fri - Revenged self. <sup>phoned him</sup> & - ride - put off work - went to his office (chain) - talk now (lucky) - interrupted at "right" time - ball game. Breakfast R, call -

Home noon - stopped at L's to do.

Phoned L afternoon -

ball game — Lyle — phone call  
GL — high!) — stag — Jim +  
red-head — "Sleepy" — "Forced"  
to his apt — wonder session —  
home — all well!

Minor

L. Hart No. 4,846,00 - (July 20)

Dankle Jim, the former bar-tender at the G.C. verified some past suspicions about I had about L. last night:

There was a time - an interval, after a long period of going to the G.C. with L most every night, I was tied up at home for several evenings ~~with~~ free lance art work. (I even believe that it was work that L had given me!)

I worried at that time what L was up to - why he left me alone so much, why he was so mysteriously "busy". I felt self-pity for myself and irritation at him for leaving me "tied up" while he pursued evident pleasure.

It was a period when I was suspicious of him, when I was on the constant look-out for signs of the two-timing - that so many of his cronies had warned me about.

Then, when I went back to the G.C. with him, there were several nights there

when I hurt desperately at the obvious evidences that he had been consorting with several "pretty" "party-girls" in my <sup>busy</sup> interim:

Not only did the different women throw themselves into his arms for several evenings when we went in, but Jim and some of the more vicious habituees hinted strongly to me that he had not exactly behaved himself lately.

However, I weathered that one and things gradually returned to "normal".

But last night Jim went on too long and the other beer bums were too revealing in their reactions as was he. I became convinced, when it went on beyond a casual kidding, that it was all too true.

On top of last night's sickness hurt of the Raymona scene it was all I could do to pass the episode off "slightly" by appearing

cynically sophisticated about L.

As for him, he reacted in his usual Leonard fashion. First, laughing ~~casually~~ as at a dubious joke — "going along" with some "innocent" kidding — hoping it would pass over, he dropped before I became too aware of what was being said.

Then, "bravely" denying, playing it down, fighting for time — placating. Then, when I showed mounting belief, a sudden switch to almost acknowledgement and the beginning of the "why-shouldn't-I?" — "Aren't I the gay blade?" — "Be proud of me!" approach.

All was well. I had the whole thing controlled, deflected, when suddenly L. spilled his beer (significantly!) all over his genital area. — something, as he said, he has never done in all his decades of beer swilling!

"Look who's shook up!" I immediately thought, knowing

them, beyond a doubt, that  
it was all too true — probably  
even worse than hinted —  
for he now began a long,  
long ~~unnecessary~~ "cleaning up" activity  
that involved at least a  
half hour of ~~unnecessary~~ unnecessary  
vigorous genital scrubbing  
and cold dousing and tending.  
It was all too clear to  
me that great fear had  
gripped him, great guilt  
that caused him to ~~punish~~  
the organ that suddenly  
flared into activity at  
a violent remembering  
association.

Poor Leonard! Poor Leonard!  
How little Raymona knows  
of how I ~~really~~ view him!  
To think she sees him as  
a Great Opportunity lost!  
And how little I fear her  
"rivalry", for there is  
nothing valuable there!

And -

how clear is the picture suddenly brought into focus of another one of L's dangerous, hurtful neurotic behavior patterns — just when I thought we were "cleaning up" the most dangerous ones! (How far we have to go yet, how discouraging far!)

For, it is this: I must beware of all situations in which L knows for a certainty that I will be tied up for a period of several hours; I ~~should~~ must never allow him to be real sure that he is "free" of me (if I wish to keep him "jailed" — "toeing the line") for he immediately and amorally rushes to fulfill a long-repressed "need" for that idiotic obsession for self-indulgence and self-enhancement; feeling he is "safe" and "free", and can "get away with it". (The teen-age delinquents' moral code: "Morality is what you can get away with!" \* 8

need this!" he thinks. I am his new "Jailer" — replacing his mother, his father — the Jailer to evade, and "escape" and "fool"!

This bears pondering. For I do not intend or relish the role of Jailer. I have long since rejected that role as ineffective and unrewarding.

Somewhat I must make him be self-responsible — not accountable to me; for he will only "hate" + fight + evade me the more. I am aware that I run great risk — great future suffering + many Raymona like "Scenes" before he learns + grows. Is it worth it? Except as a temporary "game"?

Mon- July 22

I beat up on L last night -  
physically - I mean.

And I am preparing to go to  
lunch with Ramona! I'm trying  
to find a minute to write out  
my panicky dread — for it will  
be like the luncheon (same place)  
with Jane that day — I must  
be calm.

It, too, could be the turning  
point. These situations are similar.  
That was the day I found out  
N. had had another love; the  
day I knew he and I were  
not to be.

So it is this time. The days  
since Ramona have become a  
pattern of incidents opening my  
eyes and leading me away  
from Leonard, for the reason I  
saw in the beginning, for the  
reason I keep telling ~~them~~:  
we are simply on different  
strata; it won't work; it is  
too late. We travel different  
roads; he a narrow, shallow,  
immature one that I thought  
he would forsake to join me

in a new mutual one.

But events have shown me it would take him too long — and that we would both suffer more than the mere decade we'd have together would warrant.

R@Raymona is meeting me ostensibly to "ward off" someone's being hurt again as she was.  
The question is who? And why?

L., herself or me. She thinks she will "save" me — as Isobel thought! — the same kind of "saving": malicious hurt. But in this there are the questions of ① whether she really desires revenge on L or ② whether she isn't still trying?

My guess is the latter. Because of L's attitude. He is not afraid of her revenge at all! And there is that strange "we-ness" between them that excludes me. R is "saving" me from L, L is saving R from me.

Diagram: Formula comes out  
① ← ② → me that I am the one

being eliminated!

L should be with me against R.  
He should be eliminating her to  
keep me. He should be  
saving me from her. Not so! He  
persistently defends her!

R should be eliminating L. She  
should be saving herself. (since  
she is engaged to someone new.)  
She should be saving herself  
against me — and L. No! She is  
saving L — for him? for me? or ~~or~~  
for herself. Why?

I should be saving L for me. I  
should be eliminating R. I should  
be fighting with L against R. Not  
so! I am fighting L and R both!  
L is not helping me. He is  
sitting it out — to see which  
"lucky" girl gets him! — the result  
being that he will get neither.  
For R will only toy with him. And  
I shall give him up!

Tues- July 23 - 1963

I don't feel like writing — yet so much is happening. — (the ending, perhaps —)

I'm just back from what was intended as a gay, fun sortie to join L at lunch & lighten things up a little after our heavy dramatics of the last week. I intended to dissipate my bad mood so I could get to work.

It worked just the opposite. I'm just as upset as ever. L was terrible — (so stuffy + indifferent) that I paid for my own lunch & left him there — (to consume TVMS for his emotionally upset TUMMY!)

For I found myself this morning absolutely bored and all interest lost in even going with L after finding out last night that our affaire is no different than any other he's had. I, too, am being used — temporarily. With no future, I found I had no interest — no further interest in doing all these boring things and being upset all the time in trying to get along with him.

So - with nothing to lose -  
(for I have nothing and am  
offered nothing) — and, with  
the prospect of being discarded  
for another anyway in the  
Sometime future — I decided  
I might as well dwell on  
therapy. If it is to be my role  
in life to merely teach "tricks  
of loving" and never to really  
love or reap the rewards  
thereof — then — why bother?

I might as well do what  
I can for L — and lose him —  
if I'm going to lose him  
anyway. So I did things this  
noon that promote just that —  
I find I'm a little disappointed  
he didn't insist on my 2-week  
"vacation". (He needs it!) Right  
now I feel an overwhelming  
desire just to get rid of  
him!

Still Tuesday - July 23

It took me almost 24 hours to realize why I felt completely discouraged about L. this morning.

For he "cooked my goose" last night with what he said. I didn't realize it at the time - only that I was disappointed in his answers.

I sat & waited for him - knowing he'd make me wait - (to "punish" me for telling him what to do!) Yet I didn't care, for I "prepared" myself to listen, "heart & ears" - to wait for those significant silences.

~~Then~~ I served him my "ultimatum" after he didn't give me any answer about if he'd "give up" Raymond for me.

I do not remember whether it was before or after (wish I could - it matters!) but he went into his long, unbroken, grim silences.

Then, when he talked, he said, after I told him again how I might have to leave if I couldn't marry for security, after he claimed R. didn't feel him etc., he said very clearly, very definitely

"I don't want to get married. I don't want to get married for 3 or 4

years yet." (I had just reminded him  
I had one year to decide.)

Yet, later, as we discussed things, he said he wanted to go on with me for that year — till next year. "Then", I said, "we can decide these things —" (marriage, etc.) He agreed, "Yes."

What I did not realize then was that I already had my answer. (He had gone with R. for 3 years & then told her the same — "maybe next year".)

What he told me, in effect, was "I will not marry you (ever), yet I will not break up with you till next year. (Then I will jilt you.) In the meantime I intend to use you — just as I have — my way — my inadequate, non-helping, non-loving, selfish way. I intend to tie you up, but give you nothing.

This is what made me wake up this morning knowing that it was going to be just an affaire ~~till~~ ~~next year~~ after all & then he'd dump me. — next year.

Wed- July 24, 1963

This is the time of reckoning. I was right. This is it. Why it came now, I am not sure. Seems as if the Raymona crisis brought everything to a head. Why it happened now I don't know. It isn't what I expected to crystallize things; nor is it when I expected.

However I may have wished it or L & I "planned" it, the time is now. And whatever means I use to reach the answer, my heart & mind both know the answer right now. It is NO.

No for the reasons I saw even before it started: Middle-aged "bachelors" are impossible marriage possibilities and L is no exception. It has only been proved again.

Poor Leonard! Even he knows it. He does not even fight his fate. He does not even pretend to try.

As of now I face what I knew must be, although both L & I are pretending it is not so! ~~L needs a~~ "Therapeutically" L needs a "vacation" from me.

And he is going to get it. Whatever we think or want or think we want, need is going to triumph. Sad as it makes me I know that he must withdraw and hate me for a while — perhaps a long while. As with N (whose "symbols" have been an under current in all this recent stress) his only chance is to learn by hating the person (me) who made him learn.

So it has to be.

He has set up a tentative date for Friday, even as I set up one for after the first of August — a "discussion" date. But his is too soon. It won't work. We need more time. More time to hurt and think and arrive at the conclusion that will part us.

For there is no other answer. I cannot marry L. ~~—~~. He has exposed himself too much. I am not deluded. <sup>any more</sup> Nor is he.

How sad that we could not survive until my daughter's problem was settled. As it is I shall be left alone — and

tragically, not for the reason I planned!\*

He is sick and sore. Physically and emotionally. Without knowing it, he has already withdrawn. He withdrew last night at the Legion Club — the gesture he hoped would mend things and only succeeded in opening ~~our~~ eyes all the more.

It was there I discovered the ugly scratches I had made on his neck the night I beat him about the head, scratches he has not told me about all this time. It was there I discovered the ugliness in him that these scratches have aroused, that he can never forgive me. I am mean! What he feared is "true". Nothing can change that for him now. Like N — I brought out the festering sore within him — and now I am being punished.

I am being "punished". He has withdrawn — for two whole days and nights! (He will not call me as I suggested just to

"chat" — that will be part of the  
"punishment"!)

What he doesn't know is that he "played right into my hand" — he, himself, instigated the "separation" that I tried to do, that he needs, that is tragically necessary right now. For he has to "lick his wounds", figuratively and physically. It is significant that he made no mention or allusion to my "I hate women" explanatory note to him yesterday.

It is even more significant that he did not act on it; that he employed only the old "repression" techniques and "flight-to-the-Boys'-Club" approach [his search for a "need" of Jim Rooney, his side-kick].

(How ill-at-ease he was with me!)

Alone with a woman <sup>with whom</sup> he could not use his dating limited, but now skillful dating ploy. How he yearned for Jim's "support" and "protection"! How weakly he summoned and used the "suppression" approach! How lacking was his effort when I ignored the ineffective "suppression"! (An effort at fun —

— even false "dating" fun — would have saved the day.) He would not could not, do it. I don't think it even occurred to him!

How he fought me with "self-righteousness" and petty vindication instead of facing the truth when I handed it back to him! How bored we both were with each other! How he hated me — for the scratch on his neck. (it embarrassed him socially, he said) — for not "allowing" him to "look" at the pretty women about — for my standing up to him — for my <sup>advised</sup> boredom at his effort to prove his "high" social status (that corny "club"!) to me — for the cigarette I smoked — without insulting him — for the amount of beer I drank — for my "confession" of "past escapades" —

No wonder we both left and with a sigh of relief entered the old pattern at the S. C.!

And how suddenly he gave up on his "tiredness", his "sleepiness", his "post phonement"! How delighted he was to be with his cronies again — until I told Jim I'd had

money

lunch with Raymond! Then, how scared he was, how unhappy! How he hated both of us when we started to "make fun" of him! Now his anger turned on Jim — and ~~I saw that for~~ He now began to fight all of us: He decided to stay; then he ordered me to leave with him; when I agreed, he switched again and settled down to stay — moving us all to a round table and arrogantly seating us so that I must not be next to him, as was our usual pattern. It was too transparent.

When I began to have "fun," he "went to sleep" in his chair — with drew from us all and our fun. I think this was after Jim boldly asked us if we were going to marry and I made the announcement I had planned to if the opportunity arose:

"No. I said. No — there will be no marriage. He told me last night — he is not going to marry."

I did not like the reaction: Catching L's eye challengingly with my own I saw his guilty

at first, then turns cold, holding  
my gaze while he seemed to say,  
"So be it. You said it." "So that's that."

Scared at having done  
more than I intended I turned to  
Jim, who now ducked his head  
to his beer, "Oh," he said "oh." He  
was glad, - relieved! I had thought  
I had a champion. I now saw  
I had interfered in a "wolf pack  
pact!" He was glad to have L back in  
the fold.

Then it was that Duke, my good  
friend Duke, my <sup>9<sup>th</sup></sup> "soul-mate", made his  
enigmatic remark. "You didn't understand  
me," he said. I asked him to repeat.  
"Some people never grow up," he said, or  
something to that effect. "Oh," I said, "Oh!"

That had not occurred to me - that  
he simply had never grown up - (another  
one of my child-men!) - Yet it fitted so  
exactly with a not-yet formed thought  
I'd had that day. The shock came in  
that Others had known this all along  
about L. And Duke and I "help" each  
other. We trade truths. And he has  
been so right about L before. And L  
listens when Duke speaks! (I used this  
later in the car with L - as I suffered

his now clearly apparently adolescent approaches: "What did Duke say? what did Duke say?" he questioned me. And I told him. Poor L. — what a burden I have given him to think about.

And he will run to Raymona with it. — not me. To R., where he feels at ease, where he feels superior, where he feels approved of and wanted — (or does he — now?) — where he can talk in his own language — at his own level. Is this good? I do not know.

I only know that on some sudden impulse — (or habit?) — I felt the need to call him. I felt a "call" to call. Yes, there was time, as I looked at the clock — & no one around. Do it!

I dialed. Then pressed the button before it rang. No. Leave him alone. Let it be for awhile. Then no again. Some tender thing was emanating from that phone like an aura. Be tender, be tender, it seemed to say. You must call, but make it tender.

Dialing again I got an immediate answer — as if I awaited this call — It was so immediate that he must have been near the phone — not asleep or going, as I expected.

His voice was not what I expected, either. It was a new voice — for him. It was not quite wary, yet not quite welcoming, either. It was low; it was "shook-up" a bit.

"You have my permission to go to R's tonight & to tomorrow night" I said — (Silence) — "in case you go anyway." Still silence. "It might be a good thing" I said desperately —

Always he went then. "Yes, Yes!" I might just do that — if the occasion arises. Thank you! Thank you —" etc. — "It's nice to know I have your permission —" (This sounded <sup>really</sup> sincere, as if he really thought I meant a <sup>generous</sup> kind deed instead of a challenge!)

Hurt, I said, "Do you think it would be a good thing?" He didn't know what I meant — the therapy — he began to hedge —

I was over the hump now. I had proffered my "gift", hoping it would be handed back. It had been taken. So be it. Cutting the strings now I really gave the gift; "I think you two could work it out if you tried —".

The answer was that of a taker, not a giver, but, after a bit there was a tiny proffer — "I wouldn't

worry about it if I were you. I  
wouldn't worry about it."

Grateful — and grateful for the deep and affectionate tone in which it was said. I now released him entirely — "I think you two are being dumb" I said, "You could work it out."

"Well-well-yes" (he wasn't going to discuss that now. "It'll be all right, It'll be all right", he said.

There was a long silence between us over this. I was thinking of Rayme, the child. If it weren't for Rayme, I think I would have married R. I wanted to say so, but I didn't dare. I was afraid he'd agree!

His voice & manner were now so tender and soft and unburdened — despite the lateness — that I broached last night. He knew what I meant — and gave me hope — professing that the hard gleam in his eye had been from irritation at my exposure of an intimacy before his friends. I doubt that but let it go, realizing that it was a coward's way of retracking.

[I must go]

English as  
"Spoken"

Leonard Language

Ear to ear grin = ( I love you. No one else but you right now. You're special. I'm not sleeping with anyone else right now. )

"I'll see you" = ( It may be days, a week, or a month, but it doesn't mean I don't love you. )

"I am not doing such & such" = WE don't do such and such after all? )

"I'm busy" = ( I have a lot of boring chores to do. Let me do them alone and then I'll be free to play. I work alone )

I don't know - = ( I want to be maybe - ~~I'll see~~ with you, but I won't guarantee anything - )



**FIRST BOX OFFICE**—With the Allied Arts Council offices permanently located in the Gilbert Park arts center building at 5000 Sunset Ave.—but under building program temporary conditions—a Little Theatre box office for "Li'l Abner" still has been opened by Mrs. Raymona Beaudoin, business manager, right, and Mrs. David Hubert, who is handling reservations for the musical to open Aug. 7. It is the council's first box office ever!

Sierra - July 28, 1963

Well, I shall probably never get a chance to record the details of this crisis with L. now.

I want to note this if nothing else. The crisis is over. We "weathered" it. To my amazement we have a rebirth of that beautiful happy love that we had at first — with even more!

For L seems to have voluntarily renounced Raymona. In fact, it seems that all that warmth which he was directing backward toward R. he has now directed forward to me! That close warmth I saw between them that distressed me so because it was lacking between him and me!

Now — temporarily, at least — it is all mine. I suspect it may not last, but right now I have a man who is offering, solicitous, tender, willing — over eager to be with me and eliminate all others! Even his cronies and my family! Even to the point of sacrificing some of his clear pursuits and his so precious money!

Not only that, but so suddenly it seems miraculous even his voice has developed a new deepness and sureness; his breathing is steady and deep and quiet. Suddenly gone is the wheeze and the whine and the tense, high register. This amazes me more than anything, for this I have not seen before — not even in our best past moments!

It amazes me even more than the new throbbing vitality and interest and participation and awareness of his immediate surroundings he now shows. He is with us, wholly and vitally — at last. I have never seen him thus. It is more than just the happy response I have seen momentarily in him before. It is participation!

He now enters into conversation, makes eager plans, initiates eager plans, breaks away from things that formerly came first to

hurry back to me and even tells me this is where he wants to be! It is strange - as if suddenly I had become what Raymona was before to him!

It makes me see that he was denying life before - all this time I have known him - not just pieces of times. He was closed, shut-off, utterly withdrawn. Some-how now the door is open and he is welcoming, inviting us in. This is a new Leonard!

I feel awed. I feel humbled. I feel that there is a precious change here, one that I must nourish and contribute to above all else - even to the point of changing myself!

For that is a new element that has entered: I find I have changed!

It started with my vindictive aping of Raymona's asinine, false man-living technique - that nauseating "You big wonderful man!" display. I did it in fun, I did it in cruelty and

revenge, I was trying to be "funny"?

To my surprise, L lapped it up; he believed me! He responded! Why, this is what he wants, I thought in amazement, this is what has been lacking! This is the key that I could not find!

Suddenly, I found myself using my own version of R's ultra-feminine approach — and I found myself enjoying it — even apart from the astounding new response it elicited from L. I found it felt good — right.

I began to notice the difference in that approach and my usual old habits of sparring with men. I noted that men liked R. — (they could not see the falsity) — whereas they resented me!

Why not? I began to think, Why not? It became more than just a game. It became a truth, a working, positive, productive truth.

And suddenly the picture became very clear. I looked about me — at my gathered natal family — and their "teh-niques" — I saw my own behavior as if in a mirror. I saw myself embarrassed, "giving in" to subtle ~~psocial~~ pressure from a self-interested family not to "make a fool of myself" over a mere man — any man. I saw myself trying to please them — the family who soon will be, who has been no ~~father~~ concern of mine. ~~any~~ ~~more~~ I saw me adopting and using a sterile<sup>negative</sup>, approach to men that they had foisted on me from the needs of their own maladjustment.

And I recoiled. I was horrified, disgusted.

Now — as if in a kind of "rebirth" — I wanted to be only with L — to please only L. I began to ignore all my family and "open my heart" "wear my heart on my sleeve" so to speak and openly,

"rightly" show a new tenderness and concentration on L.

My "reward" was an unexpected warmth and acceptance from all sides. The feast was over, the bitterness was gone. I even felt tho I was all alone — a strange and unprecedented release of body tension that I have lived with all my life — and an inflowing surge of peace and quietness that I had never experienced before, why, Leonard has done me good, I thought. Leonard has done me good!

And at that moment the phone rang — the call from him back from cleaning at the ranch with Lyle — that I was not even expecting and the new L. was at the end of the line — the new L. I described at the beginning was there offering me all I had so desperately sought

before and couldn't get.  
And later I felt a  
humble shame when he  
chided, ~~me~~ is pointed out to  
me - in "folk-talk" that I  
once would have rejected as  
"beneath" my "intelligence" -  
certain "peasant" versions of the  
same psychological precepts  
I thought I was practising on  
him!

It was humbling to realize  
that he knew and used and  
has been using this same wis-  
dom on me that I thought  
was a "new", "scientific", "intel-  
lectual", "educated" concept  
that such " provincials " as he  
were incapable of comprehending;  
that both he and Raymond  
("characters" I "scorned") were  
possessed of a really true, ..,  
natural "wisdom" and ability  
to see thru me and help me  
that I have not given them  
credit for.

I am humbled almost  
to the point of fright. Despite  
L's deceiving and antagonizing

mask of stubborn self-righteousness, it never occurred to me that he could very well be right; that he could be as perceptive, as wise, as psychologically powerful — in his own way — as I — that this man could be good for me, really help me — as he claimed.

There is inherent here a new depth of love and living that awes me. What matter the superficial intricacies? This is real; this is fundamental and all powerful that it makes my whole "suffering, self-sacrificing" past look like a wasteful era of childish posturing!

God help me to remember this! God help to stay humble and patient in the face of future trivia! God help me to remember what was behind L's wondering. Comment on his strange new feeling of

power and strength and well-being at the ranch-cleaning session yesterday. ("I wasn't even tired!" he said — "and we worked like demons!")

Let me give up "childish dreams of glory" and be content to nourish this man if he needs me — and let him nourish me!

Now that the thorns have been pulled. Now that the "snake-pit" has been uncovered.

Help us, dear God! Help us! For I saw yesterday so very clearly that happiness — real happiness cures the most impossible neuroses <sup>as if by miracle</sup> and that that happiness comes only from love — real love — that has to include oneself! And that I, Leonard, no one is better or worse in any sense than any other person.

— what an enlightening experience this has been. I feel as if a great light has been turned on every thing!

July 29, 1963 — Monday.

And so —

All that sweetness & light — and then — disillusionment again!

I rode the crest of that euphoria all day — determined to be nice to L. It seems that what was needed, what worked.

What happened? His response to this treatment was "give him an inch, he'll take a mile!" The ego-building I did for him all day, the self-sacrifice to hold my role to "skillful assistant", the restraint and "Kindliness" I tried to show resulted again in being treated like an adoring Spaniard slave! Treated almost contemptuously!

I was ordered around in a rudely dictatorial manner, I was ignored and deserted time after time; My affectionate advances were testily repuffed; all credit for the poster and a claim went to him (even tho she did it blatantly wrong!); I was burdened almost beyond my endurance with a ~~leach~~ that parasitical leach that took and demanded, and when, at last I hinted and then

misery never never

plead for a little token of affection to seal what appeared (on the surface) to be a very pleasant day I was resisted in a long battle of eyes ~~standing~~ in which we "told" each other that we "knew" it was all really "impossible". L's eyes told me in bitter, determined resistance ("See, I told you that I cannot give you women what you demand!")

While I was thinking ("Give! Give! Just a little! Just a tiny bit, Leonard! Please God, make him see + give - voluntarily. It is very important! Make his heart give some little token of affection of love - just a kiss, a hug, a reach for my hand. My heart is like a stone with disillusionment. This morning's revelation "was not true, after all.")

But those stormy eyes melted not one bit. Still they challenged me. ("You see! You see?!!") Then they tried to break through with humor. They started to crinkle around the corners. ("Come on, Horna! Let's 'forget' it and go on playing the 'game'!")

My eyes started to — wanted to — crinkle in response. Yet something within in me told me to hold my line (don't let him get away with this evasion! It is important for him to "come through" at this particular moment!) So I steeled my look again and the light faded from his.

I don't know what broke the ice. I think I started to cry a little, ~~and~~, <sup>hiding</sup>, ~~putting~~ my face in his shoulder, said something about "It was so nice this morning — and now it's all wrong —".

Anyway, at last he pulled me to him and kissed me — and I knew I had to forfeit any more — whatever the cost to me. It had to be a little gesture, a "safe" one. He had to be "reassured" — for the next time, not scared.

And so it was. "See!" I <sup>cried</sup> ~~said~~ "Wain't that easy?" He nodded his head in meful non-understanding.

Actually, I got a sudden insight: It isn't Leonard, that you can't give women what they want; it's that women can't

Give you what you want! For you want the impossible! And the whole thing is stranded on that one bloc of yours — your inability to give. If you — like all of us — could handle that — all else would come!

("He cannot love! He cannot love! He <sup>cannot</sup> give!" my heart kept crying as our eyes stayed locked in that misery of never, never.)

Incidentally, the Raymond thing is "finished"! I'm sure of this. It doesn't worry me any more. I have "tested" it in various little ways the last few days, ending with a test on his reaction to the accompanying picture in yesterday's paper ("How 'coincidental' the timing on these things!)

His <sup>verbal</sup> reaction was — Pictures, souvenirs, the past is 'nothing' — sterile, "juice less"; it's the future that matters!

("Peasant" wisdom again. Hear old "impossible" Leonard!)

There are 3 things I wish to comment on:

- 1- This business of "reforming," or "changing" a person
- 2- L's accusation that he can't be nice to be when I am nasty to him, whatever the provocation with the accompanying implication that he never provokes.
- 3- L's reaction to being sue of a woman.

(last first.) It was not that I misinterpreted L's <sup>first</sup> response to his panic at losing "me" (a woman); it was that I did not could not predict the next response. How was I to know for sure — tho I have noticed it, deduced it — that

- 1- L wants a woman of his own (L is "covetous", said Dore way back there.) — most any woman.
- 2- At the prospect of loss of a good prospect he makes a very convincing show (?) of pleasing the woman — (and actually enjoys it!)
- 3- BVT — when she capitulates, becomes his for sure he begins

to drive her off<sup>(?)</sup>? He treats her with contempt! [He hates women!] the question: does he really want a woman or does he simply want one he can "pick on"?

2 - this takes us back to proposition #2. She has to be nice to him — always! This is his stipulation. At the slightest resistance, he withdraws his "favor".

Never, never does he admit his own provocation. Men are right. Women are to serve them — sweetly, always.

3 - And now back to #1, the constant accusation from all sides of "reforming". To reform implies to change by force — an unwilling change. This is the charge.

Rather, I say, there has to be an attempt at adjustment — an adjustment forced by association and environment + experience.

This implies willingness, & person must be willing to change.

If one is not willing, then one tries re-education, re-conditioning. This is what I intend. But it is a long, an extremely hard & heart breaking and often futile task. Besides, one has to have power & association & an impersonal relationship with the person in order to keep one's own sanity & objectivity.

The same old story - the Nick Story! This I do not have with L.

In this particular current problem I suppose I <sup>could</sup> should re-condition L's response to women. But it would be only superficial. It would take more than I have to make the real change, the willing change, the new insight.

"Would you mind terribly if I told you you disgusted me this afternoon?"

Such as: I was trying to settle a problem involving you and I and Joan, (I am "available" (?) woman) and my friend.

You offered, with a leer, to call Joan yourself.

[I interpreted it as a typical "wolf" gesture.]

BUT — you disgusted me. And, if you'd called Joan, you would have disgusted her.

WHY? — Because "in our league" we do not interfere in the romances of our clear friends. It is a "code of behavior".

If the romance is not successful — then we "give the word" and everyone is free to "make a try".

BUT — when two people are "going together" our code says we stand by our friends

even if we're "interested". We "hold off" until we have the "word" to "go ahead".

Is our code different from yours?

Are you associating with people who may not be your "kind"?

We like you. We'd like you to go our way. What do you think?

Come on, Leonard!

Tues - July 30 - 1963

If I had had the chance to write as I wanted to this morning it would have been a bitter tale.

For I had a great people-disgust mood. I feel disgusted with everyone. I feel cross, tired, "poisoned", mean, discouraged with the whole human race.

I was nasty to L last night - even in front of Joan + her boy friend + mother + later Jim.

I was so nasty that I realized this morning that I am driving him back to Raymona. I felt very sure this morning that he will call on her tonight - despite his "promises".

I have no delusions about human nature at this point. I spent a great deal of energy inventing Spy set-ups for tonight + revenge on him when I see him.

I still think all this. It would be unrealistic not to. But my mood is better. Right now I feel I can stick it out and just say "How's Raymona?" with a twinkle in the eye when I see him.

It all started when I stopped

try to catch him at the office because I was too late for his call coming from the dentist.

To my chagrin his boss, Don, was there. Using a coincidental business connection that happened today (our store sign) I decided now was the time to approach Don.

I tried to be equal, friendly, confidential with him. It did not work. I found him belligerent, suspicious and very defensive — especially about Leonard, about whom I tried to talk. Again I found an enemy among L's associations!

I have not found one ally among them all; not one who approves, who appreciates, who fosters my relationship with L. I find them all resentful, jealous, suspicious, protective and possessive of L. Yet none of them are helpful or really intimate with L. None of them foster his real welfare. To me it seems they all use him, "suck" on his apparent amiability, his gullibility. They all, it seems to me, use L to promote needs

of their own. I do not sense that any of them are his real friends; they are parasites. Yet he does not know this.

Nor are they my friends. I simply cannot be-friend any of them, try as I might. Successful as I have been in ~~past~~ past attempts, it makes me view with alarm any future prospect of having to associate with these people ~~for~~ as in a married state!

However, this is not what I started to say (and it surprises me - this digression!)

So, my "interview" with Don left a bad taste in my mouth. Then, in trying to work out our evenings with L he pulled a "nasty" on me as per preceding note. This left me further upset and sour.

An attempt to numb my bitterness with wine was interrupted & exposed by a not very satisfactory ~~short~~ visit from Lois.

Despite a really "happy" evening <sup>play</sup> found myself in an uncontrollable crying jag — triggered by a depressing <sup>! an</sup> avra

left from interrupted bad dreams  
as I napped in the afternoon.

Lois' comment that the "sub-  
conscious is usually right" only  
depressed me more. For I awoke  
from my dreams knowing that I  
was telling some pleading person  
"No! No! NO!!" — and a haunting  
feeling it was L. — the I don't  
remember exactly.

So I presented L. with the  
foregoing. His reaction was silence  
& evasion until at Joans', I  
found myself (now light on wine)  
needling him. "So you think I'm  
not in your league, huh?" he  
flared at me nastily. "No," I said,  
"I didn't say that: I said 'is there  
any difference?"

His "answer" was to try to "prove"  
to me that night that he was  
"one" of us. He only succeeded in  
convincing me of just the opposite.

What a devil was in me  
as I cruelly taunted him publicly  
about being "stuffy" & about  
Raymond & her picture, using it  
viciously as a painting aid!

Then, at the GL I snapped

at him viciously about his  
morals (and <sup>✓</sup> his "fixed" condition)  
when he "offered" me to Jim to  
be used sexually!

"Get off that pitch!" I cried.—  
"That trading partners pitch!" I  
was full of a great disgusted  
loathing of his cheap sexual  
"morality" pattern.

(Go back! Go back! Go back  
where you belong — back to your  
alley and your alley cats — back  
to your cheap Sensationalism!  
You don't belong with us — with  
us who try to be "decent". Can't you  
see, L! You don't belong! I am  
driving you back to Raymond!  
Yes, I am! I know I am! Be-  
cause that's where you belong;  
that's what you understand;  
You won't be happy with us!  
You don't understand us! You're  
out of context!

And I wouldn't be happy  
with you! Not with you and  
your amoral friends! You  
proved that tonight! You had  
no conception of what was  
really going on —!"

And then the mission —  
When my side by the blossomings  
To collectane that she would drift  
In the accumulation of for beauty  
She would do exactly that !!  
People; Back; — the  
Only one — finally do it may be —  
I cannot be the other wise !  
Please — your second son; —  
Change — persons like you change  
your place; if it fits you !  
Thank you !

And this situation in the  
car after we got home did not  
let me my only situation, but  
the people here are not  
willingly healthy.

Later:

I can't rid myself of doubt + suspicion of L.

I no more trust him or Raymona than I would a couple of cats. It is not that they're immoral; they're just amoral. It shows in all their relationships with other people.

They would no more think of sacrificing anything they want for another's sake than they would of cutting off one of their legs. They simply don't see any "sense" to it. Why go without when it's there for the taking? they think. Who's to know? What difference?

It shows in R's paramount interest in saving her own neck in what she told me of her marriage. Not once did she show any wonder or concern about what caused her husband to act so. Only that she was justified in getting out - wasn't she? wasn't she?

It shows in L's denial of his birth right + duty, etc. It shows in his "giving up" of R. After all, why not? The pleasure was gone!

It is this fundamental lack of concern for the other person that makes me doubt them. When a chance for pleasure arrives, they succumb — without a qualm.

His ~~more~~ "faithfulness" to me is an effort to please, not a real concern for me. It would last as long as I pleased him.

So — there is nothing there to lose because there is nothing there!

BUT — Should I bother to make him "be a line"? Really — no. For it is not real. He doesn't really mean it. It's his show, her show. Let them hang themselves or save themselves. I can't help them!

— What good to know if he cheats? For my own satisfaction — my own proof, my own protection!

Yet — time will tell. The cheater will be exposed again — in time — as he already has. To spy on him (and have him know) is to lose what tiny, tiny chance he has to better himself.

Wait. I should wait.

erotomania

raging,

criticizing  
(intolerable)

fault-finding

wounded silence

doing nothing at all

not knowing what to do,

short-tempered remarks

lash back

wounding by words

Let's see.

I cheat on L.

I smoke & drink behind his back because he does not approve. He doesn't like it. He "doesn't understand". He is "holier than thou". He is silly. He is goody-goody. It disgusts me <sup>him</sup> to be so "noble" about "such a little thing". I pretend I don't when I'm with him. I "go along" with him.

And how does it make me feel? About him? Slightly contemptuous. It makes me keep reservations about him — not wholly accept him. He doesn't know or like the real me. I feel chained, imprisoned, disapproved of. I resent it. I resent the necessity to have to sneak.

Yet I was found out. What was his reaction? "Tolerance" — apparent non-caring. BUT silly little blow-ups when he's mad at me — annoyed at me about something.

Yet I appreciate this attitude. It throws it back on me. It's my problem — one for me to solve — depending on how much I want to please him. He doesn't spy on me. He doesn't scold me. Yet he

He never made me promise. I never  
promised. He lets it be my show.

Show's he disapproves. He isn't  
accepting it at all. I know this.

And he knows I know. He doesn't  
let it interfere in other things. He  
just wishes I wouldn't. He ~~knows~~<sup>doesn't</sup>  
really believe I'll stop. In fact he's  
quite satisfied if I just keep up  
appearances for him.

He doesn't help me, tho. And I  
wish he would. For I don't want  
to do these things. I don't like them!  
I'd like to be able to control them.  
I feel ashamed of them.

He could help me — how? By  
Gently, kindly, humorously but firmly  
laying a hand on mine — and, with  
love in his eye — first silently plead  
with me not to. — ~~at this~~ time  
anyway. By gently clicking me with  
his eyes — but with humor and caution  
standing — when he Smells liquor —  
or tobacco — on my breath.

Then — I would feel bad and  
want to please him and try harder.  
He would make it worth my  
while to quit! For I would  
gain his love and respect!

## Translation:

Horma doesn't approve of my seeing R. She doesn't like it. She doesn't understand. She acts "holier-than-me". She's silly. She's goody-goody. She disgusts me in being so "noble" about such a little thing.

I have to "go along" with her. I have to pretend I don't see R when I'm with her. I'll have to see R "behind her back".

She makes me feel rather contumacious of her. She makes me keep reservations about her. ~~She doesn't~~ thus I can't wholly accept her. I feel chained, imprisoned, disapproving. I resent it, I resent the necessity of having to sneak to Ray's

She found out. She was angry. She made a huge blow up of it. She sought me out and cornered me and lashed at me. She even beat me up! She blamed me. She blamed R. She accused us. She scolded me. She was nasty and suspicious. She disapproved heartily of both of us. She gave me an ultimatum — either her or R — not both. She said

it was all or nothing. She doesn't  
trust me. She doesn't believe no.

An attempt to see why we do it.

(Free association —  
"Subconscious" writing)

Confessional:

I feel guilty. I don't like what I'm doing. It stinks. I don't know why I do it. I hate it but I love it. If anybody would give me what I really want I wouldn't do it. But nobody helps me. Everything's so awful, this is the only pleasure I have. It dulls the pain.

Why doesn't he know? Why doesn't he do something about it? Doesn't he care? He could make me care — if he only tried —

It's sneaky — it's uncomfortable. Why don't we all do it? Why don't we all enjoy it? Get off my back! Get off my back! Let me be me! Leave me alone! Come to me! Take me away from this. Show some interest, Show me something better! Don't leave me alone! Stay with me! Guard me.

I hate my self! I'm ugly, I wish I were better —

Doesn't anyone care?

I want to bug them! I  
want to annoy them! I  
want attention, care - I  
want to be noticed - concerned  
about -

I deliberately do this -  
I clare anyone to interfere -

So - next morning:

Let's see what this sounds like -  
It sounds like the cry of  
a neglected person -  
Someone who had to fend  
and figure without Loving  
Guidance.

July 31-1963  
Wednesday

①

"Play hard-to-get."

This was the "advice" I got from Clarice when I gave her a short summary on the Raymond episode.

How does this fit in with the foregoing?

Last night, after trying my "confessional" I called L on impulse (it was 11:30) just planning to tell him I was thinking of him — how nice he was et al — just a reassurance of being loved & cared about — just in case — I did not expect to find him in. He would either be at the GL or at ~~Ray's~~ (an uncomfortable thought I now felt too tired to cope with).

It was a profound shock to have him answer, (which I told him) then I said what I'd planned to say, being very careful not to show I'd been drinking. He asked me to repeat and then said, "That's very nice if you — as if he meant it.

Then he explained without my asking, that he'd been home all evening without even eating

(almost 12 hours!) At my concerned questioning he denied he was unhappy — just didn't "feel like eating"! (Yet eating is so important to him — his "health regime"!) The only precedent was last week's admission that he'd been too unhappy to eat during our fight! — that he was thinking of going downtown to the Chinaman's for Chow mein. (Most unusual! most unusual!)

"And what had I been doing?" I told him the truth — "just dull chores & probably to bed," realizing clearly that I had a chance to worry him & missed it.

We hung up. I was glad I'd done it under the circumstances, but I spent an unhappy half-hour "arguing" with myself what all this unusualness meant. Good or bad? Had he, would he contact R.? What was he unhappy about? Had he stayed by the phone, been on the phone? Could I trust R.? Why the need for an "exotic routine break"? Oh — well —

Have I been playing "hard to get" without realizing it — worrying only that I was losing him, or driving him back into R's arms?

But I don't need to play "h-t-g"! For I'm not sure I want him!

And, too, I don't quite go along with this "h-t-g" pitch. It implies an irresistibility, an assurance, an intent to get that I don't feel at all. It is not my goal.

I am not interested in getting L; I am more interested in both our learning how to handle an intimate relationship better — whatever the outcome.

So there!

(Incidentally, my superior boss gave me hope of a better future at work this morning!)

Aug 1 - 1963 — Thursday

I'm mad.

And I can't figure out why.

I'm mad at L. Last night was a fiasco. We went "innocently" to the QC, and ended up in what — to me — was a nasty, nasty mess. It leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

First of all, I'm reckoned <sup>by</sup> at h and his associates his past and present as revealed last night. Dgk!

Aug 1- 1963 - Thursday

We were out till 4 a.m - till  
after 3 at the GL. and then refereeing  
a marital battle until 4, between  
Don Prior (L's ranch-funting place)  
owner) & his wife, Anita.

I got to bed all right but didn't  
wake up till 8, which fouled up  
my ride system & had to put  
off Joan, which alerted everyone  
in the store.

I was in no mood to work  
& finally used little opportunity  
in the day to dash out & join  
L at lunch and invite myself  
to take a nap with him and  
then back to work. All very  
contrived & very ugly -

Now I am baby sitting for my daughter as guilt atone ment,  
~~I also called~~

What a sordid, ugly mess!  
I feel dirty & unclean, I have let L drag me into his neuroses!  
And I am pist about to the finishing point. I don't think I can stomach much more. That Glee Club has become a den of iniquity. It is nasty & foul & the source of much foulness.  
All the fun is gone — over.

And L and his "friends" turn my stomach. There would be a glimmer of hope if he didn't defend them and their way of life. But he does. So it is absolutely hopeless.

And I am getting warnings from all my friends. I see that they don't mean what I thought they meant when they keep saying "I'm going to get hurt."

They mean I'm going to be socially ostracized to the point where I may lose my job and my

~~whole~~ reputation on which my future here depends.

Even Joe Burke, heretofore an amiable "friend" to me in my few encounters with him turned a baleful eye on me the other day. He knows I thoroughly (a long time hunting cronie) and he seems to have little to do with him.

On all sides I see the same change in people's eyes & words. My little pipe dream of "helping" L has come to naught. I have only hurt myself by associating with him.

I fooled myself when I thought all his nastiness was in the past. It is still there — will always be there.

There is no love — no good in the man at all. How many evidences I am seeing of it lately: the ~~desire~~ alacrity with which he puts me aside for a few days each week, the excuses he puts forth versus the all too apparent nasty

misniviations of his cohorts  
as to what he's been doing  
when I don't see him; the  
all too apparent liaisons with  
tough, brutal looking women  
when I join him again; his  
very unenthusiastic response  
to my sleepful report of my  
possibilities of staying on my  
job here; his repeated de-  
fenses of his cohorts and  
their amoral pursuits;  
the burgeoning of woman  
interest in him again — and  
such women! the lack of  
tenderness and concern and  
affection + generosity to me;  
the wasteful spending versus  
the niggardly withholding to-  
ward my needs; the all out  
sacrificing of attention time  
and money, and energy,  
to please these horrible  
people versus his dictatorial  
denial of the same for me.

All in all I do not  
like what I see — and feel.  
And just at the time  
when I am achieving

loneliness again in order  
to be with him! How cruel,  
how tragic! How wasteful!

Later: I've had my revenge.  
I just gave the police an anonymous tip that the G.C. needs  
watching! I hope this helps to  
solve a few of my problems, for  
I am honestly afraid to go  
in there anymore for fear of  
what might happen. It is  
getting a bit too rough.

Later. Switchback! And all on  
account of one telephone call —  
from L! — uninvestigated!

He called. He called me —  
voluntarily! After I told him he  
didn't need to — and then I  
was sorry, for I was sure he  
wouldn't if he didn't have to —  
and I've been so lonesome &  
blue & suspicious (see above)  
In fact, I've been perfectly  
miserable — mentally, emotionally  
and physically just because  
I thought we were on the

"outs" and I wouldn't see or hear from him until to morrow ~~night~~  
And I wasn't too sure of that.

After his phone call I was suddenly all night — on top of the world — even my physical problems miraculously disappeared.

Which brings me back to the beginning of last night. I mentioned L's strange not-eating, attributing it — at best — to my discouraging treatment of him recently; at worst — to a desire, perhaps <sup>even</sup> a few tries at other women. Any way — it upset me & bothered me, for I know, I have proved by now, that it is emotional with him.

So I was even more alarmed when he greeted me with the news that he had a "cold" — felt miserable etc. (Oh no! o no! I thought — what is bothering him? Has he talked to R. & she has betrayed me? Does he wish to be thru with me? Etc. Etc. Besides thinking what dull & stuffy company

he'd be this evening when I felt  
gay at long last. He'd want to  
go home early, etc.

On the contrary! He was very  
much the "bon vivant"—witness  
the staying up til 4 a.m.—(he  
was the one who begged me to  
go in at Prio's!)

But, when I saw that old  
flirt game going on so blatantly  
all evening, I began to worry  
for fear his illness was guilt. I  
became convinced that he'd been  
stepping out on me!

And when he didn't want to  
go home because he was enjoying  
the company of other women, I  
took this as a judgment against  
me.

So that was why I was cool  
& rather mean to him to day. I  
figured he intended to step out  
on me to night and I was fighting  
for "indifference". That was why  
I said to him as humorously  
as I could when I left him  
this noon, "You don't have to  
call me.... Have fun!"— and  
then patting his dear, whisky-

faded jowls, I added, "I know  
you will!"

And all day I have suffered  
because he smiled when I said that.  
Damn him! Damn him!

I fought against phoning him,  
knowing I'd never know if he  
would phone me if I phoned him  
first. How I wanted him to! How  
I wished he'd phone me even if  
he didn't have to!

I was relieved the one time  
I tried that he didn't answer.  
(Whew!) So then I settled into  
an evening of misery, imagining  
the worst, & planning how  
I'd force myself to stick with  
him at least one month after  
my daughter moves out — just  
to test the difference. (That  
would make it just one year,  
I thought bitterly — like Nick —  
"Come September" — "September Song"  
etc.)

Then he called — "for no  
reason!" My now lifting heart  
still battled with suspicion.  
I had spent the afternoon  
wondering what his reaction  
to that I know 'have fun' remark

would he. Would I force him into revenge, Spite? Would he admire me for my "bigness"? Would he be mad at my "littleness"? Would he possibly get the hint and reassure me? Would he be relieved to be free and really seek some fun? I did not know. All I wanted was to let him know that I was suspicious, "knowing", unfooled.

"Did you try to call me?" he asked — and explained that he'd just gotten there, breathlessly, — and why. Unsure whether this proved that he does like & expect me to call him & is sorry to miss it — or whether he had heard the phone & was annoyed at my "chasing" him so, I played "cool", not quite admitting that I'd called — evading (I am learning some rotten tricks from this rotten people — a quiring their neuroses; they are a "bad influence" on me?)

He then told me how well he'd felt to day in spite of that exhausting evening (will he

never learn?) His "cold" was gone; he felt "fine", fine! " We traded tid-bits of clay's news (just like I've always wanted!) finding ourselves reluctant to hang up - keeping it going - (!)

I mentioned that mother would be gone next week (I'd forgotten!) Gleefully he made a joke that warmed the cockles of my heart: "Then I can chase you all around both houses all I want — and place a wrinkle in the rug to trip you up!"

(For heavens sakes! It never occurred to me that he was eager for me! It isn't that I don't think I'm lovable; it's just that he pursues other women so openly all the time!)

Then, later, he ~~said~~ <sup>asked</sup>, hesitantly. "And what are you doing this evening —? — If it's any of my business — and, of course it isn't —"

"Oh but it is! it is! Most definitely!" I hastened to assure him, for I wanted this pattern

reversed for the future. And so I told him. He was so eager to list every tiny thing he was going to do that he kept interrupting me!

Still fighting a lurking suspicion that he could be just checking to be sure he'd be safe in some intended "fun" to night, I toyed with a new startling idea that hadn't occurred to me before: he felt about me like I've been feeling about him! He has been jealous and suspicious of me just as I have been about him! Good heavens! I couldn't tell which — yet I almost felt as if he was wanting to ask me to the Q.L. tonight but didn't quite dare. But I don't want to go there to night — nigh! Let the police clean up the place a little first! I couldn't dissimile so soon.

Any way, he didn't ask me. We passed back + forth about the crab dinner tomorrow night, each afraid of what the other

really wanted until - when  
I "settled" it - he became  
glad, jolly & light-hearted!

Interruptions forced us to  
terminate our chat, but, for  
the first time I felt that  
he wanted to linger on -

So - perhaps I misinterpret  
him & his actions & reactions?  
Certainly, as we exchanged  
comments on last night, we  
were quite far apart in our  
interpretations of the same  
event!

'Well. Well.'

I wouldn't die if he  
knew I really was writing  
a "book"! Look at these  
pages! And my "substitute"  
for loneliness next week  
if it be so, was to work  
on this, try to find my  
own warped view of the  
truth - so I can beware of it.  
Now, perhaps, I shall be too  
busy - with L! — I'm almost  
Sorry!]