

Oct
Oct - 1963 thru Dec.

thru-

Dec 1-

Yakima - (Lk)

1963

LK4

Monday night - Aug 26th

I forgot about expecting L to call tonight. I just assumed he wouldn't after I'd called him this noon.

So I was surprised - and pleased - yes - when he called about 10 to 6. He seemed ~~most~~ fearful - almost - and apologetic about interrupting my dinner - too much so.

I couldn't figure why he called. He seemed to have nothing particular to say, though he did try to find out the name of the girl I got for Lou. I refused to tell him and he acquiesced.

He began telling me his "plans" for the evening - some people coming at 8 about an art job - Then a bit vaguely murmuring about maybe offering me the job? -

At this faint offer I ~~beg~~ exclaimed about my new luck and told that I had to spend the evening preparing my new studio so I could do the job I got today.

He seemed hesitant about something - began something about "so you'll be busy -? I'll see you tomorrow maybe.?"

I almost got the impression

he wanted to see me tonight and was disappointed. I couldn't quite figure it; the unexpected, "unnecessary" call; the careful detailing and elimination of any suspicious ~~elements~~ ^{elements} — "a man and his wife" etc; the offering of his plans and the asking about mine; the mailing down of tomorrow for sure. It wasn't like him.

I said, "Yes, call me tomorrow" (to which he didn't reply) and then I said, jokingly, "I ~~suppose~~ can call you at R's then?" referring to his joke of last night.

He ignored this and when I pointed out he'd was ignoring it he said, "Well I did sort of want to drop by there — just a minute —" And then a long explanation about wanting to see the mother.

I was a little chagrined, but somehow not too upset. (there was too much family there for any intimacy anyway) He was so questioning like that I finally asked — "are you asking for permission?"

Again he went through his "reasons" going to great lengths to minimize the length of his visit. I thought of ordering him to make it early in the evening and then withheld. In fact I said nothing but a "uh-hmm" ~~gently~~ leaving the verdict hanging. Let him decide. I left it at that.

Then I changed the subject and asked him gaily what was with him and the sister-in-law — that "go-to-bed with me" look. "Yes, she did give me a look!" he said. "I noticed that!" (That was all he was going to say) So I brushed it off, kidding him about his "irresistibility". He laughed — probably with relief.

We chatted a bit and hung up.

I spent the evening discussing both ~~him~~ ^{developments} with him & my kid troubles with alternately Helen and Lois and working cleaning up the very dirty house & fixing up my "Studio" a little.

Both Helen and Lois ~~seemed~~ ^{seemed} ~~about~~

disappointed that I hadn't kept up my "break" with him. I felt a little foolish & hard put to explain.

Helen "advised" me, suggesting "high school" techniques, to protect myself, and riding along on the vicarious sentimentality of the thing.

Lois was significantly silent, merely commenting, "So you're still going with L!" in a rather cynical manner. (But no offer of real help like producing a definite date, I noticed.) My impression is that she thinks I'm a fool — not worth exerting herself for. Her vicarious thrill is to see other women make mis takes with men!

Her unspoken insinuations gave me a jolt and made me think again. Why damn it, L was not "sewing me up" as I claimed, from fear and jealousy^{& love}; he was checking to see that I'd stay put so he could slip off to R's or get into mischief! He was

"Playing safe." Such was the cynicism
Lois produced in me. What a
gullible, sentimental fool I was!
Damn her, she spoiled the nice
feeling I felt between her & me!

Now I was suspicious again.
I felt the same calm, mean need
to check this out — but — no car. So —
I walked all the way down to R's,
at 11 p.m.! Sneaking past Lois'
and street lights, fearful of being
caught but not observed, as I
used to be with V.

R's car was there. There were
lights on, but no ~~other~~ cars. It
really didn't mean much tho I
was momentarily relieved, for
it was 9C. time for L and he
could have come either before
or after. Before didn't bother
me — too short a time, but after!

Why can't he give up
those people? Would I run
back to a Chianello - Eszate
reunion? Yes, I would — if
I were asked — !!!

Oh so! I hadn't thought of
that! Was L checking to see if

I was expecting to see him —
would create a scene if he
was gone all evening without
explanation? Would I check
on him? — because R. had
asked him to come?

That sounds more like it.
Warn him! He was just
avoiding being checked on!

Tues - Aug 27, 1963

I got up this morning convinced that there was something funny going on.

I was very curious to see if L had gone to R's for it would make a difference in my attitude and my plans this week. (I am trying to hold out thru the oil meeting and my son's visit, at least - and until school starts. I want no great emotional upheavals at this time. This is something my friends don't understand)

Then it dawned on me: of course! R. had invited L to come "see her mother". (The fault is not entirely his, as I thought.) I have a very formidable rival. Should I fight, stooping as I'll have to, to their shady tactics - or shall I give up?

Visions of ^{the loss of} newly proved benefits from my relationship with L. changed my ~~former~~ ^{recent} "not caring" attitude.

This week offers me very good opportunities to be "too busy" for L; it would be a good time to "saw him off" or "discipline" him. In fact I should not really go to

the ball game tonight — I should work on this job.

Now — did R. invite L? It makes a difference. It puts him in the dilemma, rather than a being cheating character. It makes him merely weak, not vicious. And, if he's weak, he dance to the strongest tune. Do I care enough? What am I frightening for? Answer: a pleasant "dater" — the best and only I've found in 12 years, with very little hope of anything better. Same old story — get them this year.

~~All of a sudden I "knew" R~~
~~had~~ I tried & tried to think of some-
way to check this out before this
evening, for, this evening was the
best time to refuse to see him if
~~they~~^{he} were cheating on me again.

Then I thought of it! That
"job" he "offered" me. Did he use
that as an excuse to "have" to
call me? Well, I could do the
Same!

Thinking it through I called
him, suddenly realizing that I
really did have to know whether
I had another job deadline and

whether I was going to the ball game or would have the evening to work, for I had a very full day ahead.

I phoned him at work before I left. (To hell with his stipulations! Obviously R called him when & where she pleased!)

I began by inquiring about the job. As I thought, it was infinitesimal, "he did it himself". (It wasn't worth a special phone call.) I was suspicious.

Then I asked about the ball game. (The weather was beautiful - no excuse here!) - Yet he floundered, he hedged; He put me off till 8 o'clock this evening, then tried to convince himself that there was no game tomorrow night.

Here was no eager ball fan who had to see the two last games of the season!

Here was no eager lover finding excuses to be with me!

Something was wrong. He had told me to set aside these two nights. Now he was trying to "get out of it" - offering only grudgingly. And we had no date till Sat - if then. I was mighty suspicious.

OK, Boy! I thought, I'll let you have it!

"Did you see R's mother last night?" I asked. He was wary, and He petulantly began to explain that he had "just phoned - it seemed the thing to do -".

So! He'd talked to them! Maybe he did just phone, but why was I suddenly being put off 2 "important" dates for the next 2 nights?

Ha! R. had invited him to come! Sure! Dinner tonight? - ("I'll see you about 8" - unusually late) or a full evening tomorrow - if he could get rid of me!

"R. invited you, didn't she?" I asked. First he tried to deny, then he evaded, then ~~said~~ said.

"Come on", I said. "Well -" from him.

I snorted. "I always thought it was all your fault. Now I'm beginning to get the picture!"

I had to hurry. I "agreed" to 8 o'clock and hung up.

I went to work. I was now bothered. Damn this man! Is he worth the cost? Is it always thus?

I tried to think of some way to check on him to see if he was going to R's for dinner. But I had to know now, in order to be able to plan and use my day if he weren't in it.

Then I got the idea of using the baseball game as an excuse. ^{to call again,} I no longer cared if I bothered him at work. (He bothers me, doesn't he?) And I got the bright idea of pretending I'd meant to ask him to dinner and then changing my mind.

I called him. I told him about the ball game. There is one tomorrow. (He is a Director in the Club?) His strange reluctance to believe me and his apparent discomfiture at the news and my need to hurry the call made me jump to conclusions. He withheld any definite commitment on tomorrow's game. At least that was my impression.

So I pulled my test trick. (See how I'm stooping to "playing games", too!) "I meant to ask you to dinner tonight—" I ventured. "All right," he answered definitely. That was

all I wanted to know. — but I decided I wouldn't have time," I added curtly.

Then I began to pin him down.

"You want to go to the game tonight? Then?" I was being crisp and business-like.

"-Ye-es." "About 8, then. I'm not taking you away from anything? — You sure you want to go to-morrow? — You sound like you have some plates — If you're busy — " (My mind was made up. I'd forfeit the whole week if necessary. I had him intrigued about Sat. night with my "mystery woman".

He was unhappy, suspicious. He agreed very definitely, — spoiling all my set-up. What had he done? He sounded so despondent. Well, he'd probably decided that he was caught and would have to play my game now and R. would have to wait — she'd understand! — until Thursday & Friday. By then he could get rid of me.

That is where we stand now.

Now:

I am very sure what I want from L. I want to keep things going and "nice" until after my son leaves and school starts and I can get busy and have time alone. (Time for a Giant re-reading of another "Book".!)

~~By~~ this is the least I want.

If I can - if I can stand it - I'd like to keep him as an "entertainer" until next summer's decision time.

I do not want to marry him. I hope something happens to save me from that if I haven't guts enough to save myself. It would be a very unwise and foolish thing to do in view of all the realities.

Whether that something will come from inside either of us or outside us or "unconsciously" promoted by either or both of us I don't know.

I don't care whether I meet anyone else to "date" or not. My dream of marriage is over.

Better to wait for that unlikely chance that I will meet someone more moral, more compatible.

Other wise, I would prefer to suffer as little as possible until such time as L and I drift

apart. I am not going to force things; to "nobly suffer"; to "play games";

I prefer to let time kill my illusions slowly until I can part from him with relief and peace, secure in new interests.

I realize I don't have much to say about this and that I may have to eat my words, or be surprised, or suffer anyway. But I'm going to drift for once — I'm tired of fighting dragons!

It occurred to me, too, that I may be having too much faith in Lois and her judgment. After all, I am 10 years older than she and she often impresses me as quite mistaken in her judgments. I have "lived" more than she. I have seen more varied aspects of life.

Let me be me.

Wed - August 28, 1963

Hear me! I don't want to take time to write, but there's too ~~much~~^{many} importance developments.

Worked on my free lance yesterday afternoon - what a joy! - to have a place - my life's dream fulfilled! - who needs men?

Called L because I needed some pencils from him. Everything ok. Checked with him about 7.¹⁴ Was so cagey about going to dinner plans that I drove by R's + checked. Ok.

He came at 8 to go to ball game. Good feeling. Art work interests again. I felt gay + free - liked him - for what he was with me only - no sweat about what else. Mind made up - won't marry him anyway.

Good rapport at game. All 3 went out to see Agnes' dog. (I was right! L lost interest.) I am in on hunting deal if and when.

To G.C. - meaning to go home early. No one there. L and I got into good, personal talk.

He said "You know, it's a funny thing - I've ~~lost~~^{lost} interest in hunting. I seem to want to read and do art work now."

I was astounded! Here was my

Answer, my offer, — what I was waiting for — the "offer" to "give up" hunting — disguised, true, — not the way I'd figured — true — but none the less it!

I was a little alarmed. It meant I had influenced him more than I thought — temporarily, only? — wrongly, maybe? — toward something that wasn't true to him?

We discussed it and many other things very frankly and joyfully. Again I had won when I ~~didn't~~ no longer cared!

Then he pressured me about the Clara date — as I knew he would. I was now tight on beer. I'd have to give. I'd known I would. I did. I found myself telling him very frankly just what my fears were: "Leonard ~~has~~ is not through playing around, She's what you'd go for — tho it wouldn't make you happy — Don't you dare (either rob Lon of his date or give me up for her. Words to this effect.) Maybe later — next year —" (Somewhere here he made a comic face of dismay at my implication that I was going

to send him up next year - That I had decided against marriage I was surprised. He meant it !)

Now came the cancellation of the glow he'd given me with his other words. Instead of saying, "I don't want anyone but you" or words like that that he should have said, he said, "But if I'd been attracted to her, I would have been the first time I met her. I don't even remember her!"

Discounting the fact that he never had a chance the first time, my answer was there in his unconscious admission that he is still looking. [If I'd been attracted to her, nothing would have stopped me - not even you!]

We were interrupted by cries of "Fire!" Suffice it to say that a very melo dramatic thing then happened. There was a sudden, roaring, unattended fire - a garage - in the alley. L & I went - of course - then fled from the dangerous rain of fire the wind was blowing on us - right into (to shorten the story) - a fire

engine that swiftly and suddenly + silently loomed out of the night and caused us to flee out of its way. BUT we didn't know they were trailing the hose and we were both caught by it - L flung against the wall of the building heads over heels I caught and pinned ~~against~~ against the wall, helplessly watching the hose ripping across my thighs as the truck spun around the corner of the building I was pinned against.

Luckily we got out without more than a bad bruise on my thigh + the loss of my best skirt. But we were badly scared, and became more so as we went back & stayed till ^{closing time} ~~2~~ ^{disparately} drowning our fear in unprecedented amounts of beer.

L, I realized later, was more frightened than he'd let on - mostly about himself, but even about me.

We shared death together, I realized this morning. And there is now unexpected oneness between us. We are committed as

We never have been — after last night's adventures and talks.

And so, this morning, I find everyone at work openly asking me ~~if~~ when I'm going to get married — first when I'd decided not to!

And so I told them.

Thurs - Aug 29, 1963
morning.

I had hoped not to have to write.
I had hoped to have this ^{long-waited} vacation
of mine, which starts today, a time
of pleasant business, since it can't
be a ~~fun~~ ^{pure} relaxation and escape, and
refreshing period which I need. It
has been a long, hard, nose-to-the-
grindstone summer and I had hoped
to end it ~~on this bus~~ with a busy,
as-much-fun-as-possible Labor Day
week end.

But now I'm mad. I'm very
mad at L. And I don't know why!
So I have to figure out why.

It is all very well for L to
tell me "I am my own worst
enemy" and "everything is all
right" and "quit worrying" and
so on. Such "reassurances" do
not erase the fact that I ~~found~~ ^{found}
myself inexplicably annoyed ~~with~~
~~him~~ last night to the point where
I was exceedingly nasty. And
I don't know why!

~~Before I can~~ No matter what
"advice" I'm given, I know me - I
can't free myself to do all the
myriad things I have to do

until I prygle this cat?

Why am I mad? When did I start getting mad? What triggered it?

Lets' start on that one.

"All was well". We went to the ball game and I was determined to make this "last" game a pleasant, memorable occasion. There was nothing to upset me there or then. I was "good"; we got along all right. He even did "what I required" — (politeness acts, etc.); he even held my hand publicly.

It was when I began to wonder how he was going to fit into these next few busy days of mine and tried to "feel him out" that the trouble began.

He balked. He started to "fight me". I sat and mentally searched for the "just-right" approach to him, for we had no commitments for the night or Friday, though he was over-eager and "came through" very definitely about the Class-
hon set-up for Sat. night.

So that seemed to be the danger zone: the "nothing" Thurs or Friday but I am very

interested in this Clara set-up
you made "for Sat" pitch.

What was he going to do Thurs-
Friday? What did he have in mind?

I know him so well by now.
When he has "sneaky mysteries" in
mind, there is a "brush-off period"
with elaborate, uncheckable
"Reasons" (excuses) and then an
equally elaborate "placating wonderful
time" for me. ^{to look forward to} But, in the meantime,
I'm supposed to be "a good sport";
I'm supposed to "take it for granted"
that he "loves" me, "wants" me, "will
see me" — ("I've offered you a Big,
Great Capitulation", haven't I?) —
I'm supposed to "leave him alone";
I'm supposed to understand that
he has "dull, but 'important and
necessary' chores to catch up with.

Well, hell! so do I! But
I don't expect him to "take it for
granted" that I love him and
would "rather" be with him in
the meantime! I expect him to
be a trifle hurt, a trifle annoyed —
maybe even a trifle suspicious
if I told him (even tho "necessary" —
which it is) to "get lost" for 2-3
days!

I would expect and consider it one of the "burdens of human relationships" that I'd have to keep him "placated" some how "with one hand" while the other hand did what has to be done. I would forgive him hurt, annoyance, and suspicion if I "couldn't" see him for a few days, for I would feel the same. I'd rather be with him, but I have to do these other things!

So I'd "tend" him; I'd compromise. Not promise, but com-promise! I'd ~~either~~ explain frankly and openly and with great honest, checkable detail just what I had to do and why, and beg his understanding, his patience. ~~and~~ I'd point out that I looked forward to the time when we'd get together again - a celebration! I'd find out how he was going to spend this "unhappy" but "necessary" interim. And I'd try to make it as easy and happy for him as I could. I'd take "time out" from my duties - even tho I could ill afford to to maintain and foster this important - above-all-else.

relationship with some one
who meant "more than anything"
to me right now. The other things
are secondary - tho necessary.

I'd make this clear.

Or, if circumstances prevented
this "meeting of hearts ^{& minds}", I'd try to
convey by tone of voice and gesture
in the short time I had that "all
was well" - "I look forward to seeing
you after this "suffer-deprivation"
period" and that "I trust you" - "I
believe in you" - "I know you're "busy" -
(So am I) - we'll work it out -

I haven't much time - I may be
unavailable - I don't know - I can't
tell now what I may get involved
in - BUT - when I can grab a
moment - no matter what time of
day or night - I'll phone you -
[Who knows what opportunities may
arise?] - I'll phone you - (to
you mind?) - just to hear your
voice (which I'll be missing) -
just to see how things are going
with you (I care!) - until such
time (wonderful!) when we can
get together again. Meantime, I
promise you, you know for sure

that I am not doing anything
that you wouldn't like — that
would jeopardize our so ^{all}-important
relationships in any way — that what
I do or have to do is dull without
YOU — that I can hardly wait to
be with you again — that this
time apart is agony for me.

You can check on me if you wish.
I'll understand. I'll take it as
a compliment — a sign that you
know I wouldn't hurt you — (or
you wouldn't dare try!)

And because I want you to
know all this I will not let you
go into this "deprivation period"
without some "token of assurance".
So I tell you that I'll call you
at [] tomorrow for sure — come
hell or high water. Or, if I can't, if
something intervenes, I will consider
it my A-1, most important duty
to get a hold of you and explain
why — and that — no matter what
— I love you — and beg your
forgiveness for what I cannot
help!!

Did I do this? No! He implied it. He implied it this morning when I called him and gave him an "ulkinactum" on I knew not what.

But, I don't trust him! I don't trust him on his record! He has proved time and again that he is too weak to resist the temptation of a momentary pleasure if presented. He has proved time and again that he is not willing or able to forfeit his chance at these momentary pleasures. He will not commit himself. He will not deny himself!

Witness his remark when I "kidded" him about his Clara interest last night, saying, "L.K. is not through playing around!"

"I's anyone? — Ever?" he said.

I could not refrain from an expression of disgust, "You make my skin crawl!" I said with a shudder. And I meant it, even tho I hurriedly "changed the subject".

No one is ever through "playing around" !! ?? (After all our nice talk we ^{just} had!) One doesn't know what one wants, then? One isn't willing to sacrifice, to deny

oneself, to sort and pick and choose, to commit oneself, to "get with it" — to have purpose, ideals, aims, goals. In short, one doesn't know oneself!

One is afraid one will "miss something", some pleasure, some excitation. One is afraid one will be unhappy, will suffer — will "go without".

One has no perspective!

This, then, was the argument — the crucial Difference — marked in trivia? This was the reason I said, in effect, "get lost!" "Do what you please!" (If you don't know yourself and what you want — it's time you found out.) Let us deprive you of what you think you want and see how it stands the test. Sure it hurts! It hurts me, too! But until you make up your stupid, vacillating, weak mind we will have nothing anyway!)

Nothing but what you advocate: "You are your own worst enemy," he said. It didn't reach me. It smacked of reverse. How did he know I said that

About him to Don, his boss?)

And what did I mean? What did he mean when he said it to me?

I meant -- that he is kidding himself -- and only himself. Everyone else sees "through him". Everyone else sees that he has "made up his own world" and spends all his time defending a premise that consistently proves other wise, that he is so ~~blinded~~^{obscured} by the need to prove his premise that he is blind to all evidences to the contrary. In toto, he "has to be right" even at the cost of everything!

So - Am I this way? Have I made up a world I'm trying to prove? Am I blinded with my own obsession to be "right"?

No. I don't think so. I honestly don't think so. I dream. True. I dream unrealistically. I get hurt. I get disillusioned. But I don't think I am blinded to evidences of reality. I expect them, I dread them. I try to face them when they come. Sometimes I fail, I get so hurt that I retreat. I

"Compensate", I quit trying. But I see them. I concede to them.

I do not feel that I am right.

On the contrary, I feel that I may very well be wrong. Time + experience have proved me so often wrong — even against my intentions.

My intentions were "good".
My method was wrong.

So it is with L. How can I get him to see it? It is like the only answer I got before I phoned him — when I prayed for some "answer" — and all I got was

"It isn't what you do — it's how you do it, Leonard."

I was nearly crazy last night after L. brought me home, after "showing" him the "difference" between mere sexual play and "love" (the first time I've ever "denied" him).

I was nearly crazy with some instinctive "message" that kept screaming at me — "Something, wrong; Something's WRONG!"

This is what I've been trying to work out. I've been going on sheer and maybe dangerous

INSTINCT these last 10 hours.

As I plead with L on the phone, "Some things bugging me! What is it?" And he - typically shallow? - attributed it to jealousy over an "imaginary" Raymond interference. Maybe it is. I don't know.

All I know is that I had to do what I did.

All I know is that L failed me in some subtle, very important way last night. All I know is that I sensed a "playing false", a withholding, a "placating", a smooth, shiny, over-the-surface-of-life attitude that chose and insisted on ignoring the ~~festering sores~~ ^{my stomach lumps} beneath.

I could not, I refused to "go along with it"!

I do not know what the solution is or was. I only know that - working "blind" - I elicited a commitment for a 6 o'clock phone call tonight - something he "should" have done last night.

I'm sick of this. I haven't had time to think about it" ~~but~~ ^{catch} I want only the feelings - the thinking can come later!

Is this what I want from L —
the emotion expressed — and not
the "Plan" — the careful, safe —
always-too-late "Plan"?

Is this what I'm trying to
get at? "Speak up, Man! Tell
me what's in your heart — not
in your mind!"

^{instruct - on my}
my heart says
"right."

I have a strong
tendency to
fight it (for fear
of looking a fool)
this is what I have
to guard against.
(social approval need).

[You, too.]

The "heart" has a
wisdom of its own.
It says "I love you" -
you love me - no
matter what your
mouth says -
or your "mind" tells
you to do
right.

Call me - no matter when
or why - Call me when
your heart says to

Bar to you. Bar to
"Guards" with
this is me

I do agree with
you - tho you
are partly right,
I am not my
own "worst enemy,"
I am my own
"best friend."

I am my enemy
when I fight my
instincts, But
my instincts -
(even for self-
preservation) have
proved only too
"right" in 48 years.
I go "wrong" when
I fight what

Well - what is it I want? Why do I face this time of no definite "dates" or connections (until hunting?) with L with the feeling that it just is too much trouble? Waiting and wondering and guessing and having a fine, fancy date and then being "brushed off" or "neglected" for days at a time. Having to do all the phoning, all the arranging and suggestions, all the pinning down and questioning. Then not knowing, not ever being sure where he is or what he's doing, whether it is "good" or "bad", whether, even if he's told me if it's the truth. Not being able to find him or contact or, if I do, knowing that I always interrupt something - that he resents my calling him at that particular time - that he is either napping, about to nap; working, gone, or "busy" with his friends. That these things come first, they are the most important. That he assumes that I'll wait on him, stand by, be available. And yet he does not have to be. Nor will he ever call available.

me voluntarily, on his own,
unless there is some pre-arranged
"reason" that has most likely
been set up by me.

What do I want? I want a
man I can count on, whom I
don't have to prod and pry at
each time I leave him to see when
and if I'll see him again. I want
a man who will say goodnight
at the door (not in the car),
(because he wants to linger as long
as possible with me) and then
say, without being prodded, "I'll
call you at 6 tomorrow for sure"
whether there's a reason or not —
or "I'll come by tomorrow ^{at 7}" or
"Anything you want me to do to-
morrow?" etc.

And I'll know that I might
get a call from him anytime during
the day or night — at work —
anywhere just to say "I love
you" or tell me a joke or
ask me to lunch or dinner
on a sudden impulse or
desire to see me — or desire
to do something. Some fun

little gay surprises! (Not drag,
drag, drag!)

I want a man who
wouldn't dream of dating another
woman or being seen with
one while he's going with me;
who would consider it a
breach of love, of faith and
loyalty. Who wouldn't even tease
about it. About whom I
wouldn't have to worry when
I don't see him or his away
from me. A man I could drop
in on or call any time of the
day or night and find him
innocently engaged and glad
and eager to see or hear from me—
to drop what he's doing if necessary
and enjoy me — just seeing me.
Who'd encourage me to do just
this for he's lonesome without
me ~~and~~ ^{and} he tells me so.

And he'd tell me all he
dreams & wants & does and
is interested in all I dream &
want & do. And it checks out!
He find him quite sincere and
consistent. He means what
he says.

And, after knowing him intimately for a year, we would be so close, so intimate, so grown together, so interwoven in all our pursuits that neither would think of doing something without the other without at least explaining or preparing the other.

And he would be open to my thinking & differences — would consider them with love. — not reject them all, fight them be a "know-it-all," ~~And I would be~~ And vice versa

We'd face life together — always because we like it that way. It would be better, more fun.

We wouldn't spare all the time, jockey for power over each other's time & pursuits. We wouldn't have to demand — we'd give —

mutually, gladly — with love and tenderness.

I'm tired of having to demand things all the time, of being forced to demand them, because the other person won't give.

I'm tired of having to plead and entreat and grovel - When will I see you again? When will you call? ("I don't know - I can't say -" ("I don't want to say. I won't make any promises - Who knows if something more amusing might not turn up?")

Then demanding because of the eternal evasion, procrastination & shilly-shallying - Call me; Come! Make look to me! Demand.

I'm tired of being com-
mended - Do this! Don't do this! Think this! Don't think that! Go. Come. Leave me alone. Go home. Hang up. Get lost!

Get lost yourself - L,
I demand it!

★ ★ ★
Later:

Misery, misery, misery all afternoon hating L. and plotting revenge while I did my free lance work

eking out the interminable minutes until 6 when I could call him.

I couldn't eat, I tried. then paced until I couldn't stand it any more. At 5 to 6 I went to mother's empty apartment (because my son was home) and called.

He answered right away sounding glum. "Hello, Leonard-I-hate-you-Karr," I said.

(I had just tested a make-up technique on my daughter - watching carefully to see how I did it with other people and took some pointers therefrom: A light, "humorous" blast - "I hate you! Why did you do so-and-so? I expected, etc. and I'm mad." then (her) explanation, then mine. then a agreement of mistake - misunderstanding. Then inquiry about some mutual interest - chit-chat - and all was well.)

"What?" he said, "What did you say?" I repeated and then he asked me to repeat again.

"You do?" he said sounding surprised and not too happy.

I hastened to explain my

business — about Clara. This gave him something to talk about if he chose. And he chose. He didn't say "Yes, well OK, I'll call you" like he does when he's mad.

I then requested him to call me — as I had planned, making it very clear when he floundered around and said it might not be till Sat. afternoon that it didn't make any difference when, but that he was to call me. The inference was that I wouldn't see him until then. I was cool.

This seemed to get to him. Suddenly he began to explain that he should have made it clearer last night about needing some time "to himself", as he put it. I was surprised. He hadn't mentioned my wild note I left him today, but here was an attempt to make-up!

"Well, don't put it that way," I said. "Rather that you have things that need to be done —" etc. I launched into what I would do if I had to "brush him off" for a couple of days as "I had to do" I said. My presentation was much like the foregoing writings. We "agreed" that we

Should have been franker and that we meant well etc., though I was doing most of the talking.

Then I summed up, "You mean I'm supposed to trust you," etc."

"Don't you?" he asked. I laughed derisively. "Well, really!" I said and would say no more. He didn't answer.

Then he began saying nice things — proffering — but haltingly — "I count my blessings — it's been great — I think we've done all right, etc. Then "It isn't as if there were a pot of gold at the end of the rain bow — I enjoy the moments as they come —". (This shocked me, and I dwelt on it later. Hedonist! Shallow opportunist! Purposeless drifter! Woman-taker! for he now mentioned something about having "it", "that's all you think about" I cried.

"What?" he asked. "Sex!" I said. He laughed, "How did you know [that's what I meant]?" (Fool!

Erotomaniac! I thought, disgusted.)

Anyway, we were "settling" things. I felt much, much better

(dammit!) He assumed all was well and said so. I knew better; he had only proved what I already knew again — impossible! utterly impossible! I noted he was ~~not~~ still not offering me any "goodies" for these 2 days ~~the~~ evenings tho I made a plea of a sort. In fact, we had quite a talk about his never calling me. "I don't have to," he said, "you always beat me to it!" ~~He~~ and "what's wrong with that?" etc.

Finally, I exclaimed in disgust, "You're just spoiled!" I cried, "you just have too many women phoning you all the time!" He laughed, very well pleased with himself, "I can't help it!" he announced. 'I could have flattened him to a pulp!

So we hung-up. My horrid, paralyzing mood was dissipated. I was now able to work & relax, tho I hated myself utterly for feeling so — for "making up" with him — for continuing to lick his filthy boots.

Later I went about my chores thinking how, after Sat., I must stop calling him and wait & see how

long before he called me. I must!
I must! no matter how hard it
will be. I will not call him again!
So? I flew to the phone & dialed
his number. Was he home? I had
to know. Surely not! Surely he'd gone
to R's or out, at least. I had
planned to keep R's checked far
into the night but my damned
son took the car again! I just know
he'll go to R's — late — so I can't
check.

Anyway, he fooled me. He
must have expected it, for he let
it ring twice, so that I relaxed
my guard & had to click the button
hurriedly when I heard him answer.
Damn! Now he'd know I was
spying on him!

I went about my chores. My
daughter called. Quiet. Much later
the phone rang again. Forgetting I'd
planned not to answer it any
more, I picked it up, sure it was
my daughter again, and nearly
dropped dead with surprise. It
was L., sounding quite natural
and cheerful.

(My heart relented a ^{little}. He was home,

after all! I had misjudged him!
Poor, dear, pathetic L.! But I was
wary — here it comes! (Sure enough!)
"Did you call me a little while
ago?" he asked evenly.

I summoned every nerve in my
body to put on a convincing act —
(these people have me lying now!)

"Why — no —" I said.

Immediately he said, "Wrong number."
and launched into gleeful reports
of contacting his oil cronies, giving
me a carefully ^{detailed} account of his plans
to spend the evening with them and
then hanging up, apparently well
satisfied with himself and his
relationship with me.

Who does he think he's kidding?
I thought as I left the phone, full
of doubt and ~~misgiven~~ conflict. He
was too detailed, too careful! He's
alibi done this to me before — and then
I found he'd gone to R's! He'd
only set up an elaborate alibi.
Does he expect me to believe him?

How I wish I could! — Always!

Friday morning - Aug 30, 1963

I woke this morning thinking, "It's not true that L. doesn't take a vacation! On the contrary he takes more than the rest of us — only a reverse one. For, he has taken a life-long vacation from life — by going to work!

He has denied life — taken a "vacation" from it. — Work is his vacation — from life! He is perverse, negative, anti-social — deeply. There is no hope.

Working from this concept, one can see his attitude toward people and living: he approaches them as if it were a "vacation" — a temporary, limited chance for fun, escape. Nothing to really get serious about, for it will soon be over and one "has" to go back to the "important" thing — the thing that life revolves around — work. One enjoys these moments for what they're worth, but one doesn't really get involved in these "passing" pleasures, for — ~~who~~ knows? — one might decide on a different place and people "next year". And women are a pleasure — but nothing one can take to work! ✕ ✕ ✕

On re-reading last night, I was surprised to note 2 things: ① - I project myself onto L?

For what I say about him is quite true of myself - I would say equally true, but perhaps this is my big mistake.

What, specifically? Well, about being afraid - afraid of losing out, missing something, suffering. This is me!! This is what L meant about being "my own worst enemy"; N's accusation that I "worry too much".

This is true. I can see this. I admit it. It is why I panic at no future dates. It is why I pound at "my man" for reassurance. It is what I try to get them to see about me and give me - but they won't.

But perhaps I am mistaken in accusing L of this, for he really doesn't panic at "loss"; He is quite sure of himself, quite sure he can find other pleasures. He is quite sure of me, because I "hound" my men, I have my "ideals" - they know I am a "one-man woman". Why should they worry?

But they do weary of the hounding - for I pick the wrong men.

I pick the ones who only dally - who have "main" interests in life - careers, work. I pick them and then ask them to make me their main interest. And they cannot.

Which, perhaps, makes me the mixed-up one - the one with a split goal. The same old conflict mother implanted in me - career or a man? Well!

- ② A trivial. I can see reading The Sequence that I might have been suspicious, annoyed, (or deflected in his private plans?) when I "rejected" him Monday night.

My impression that he rather wanted to play that night; his vagueness and reluctance about the ball games etc. Perhaps R had already invited him and he was trying to work both ends against the middle - a "sneak" act - please us both. It is typical. He intended to take me to one game and go to R's the other night - (his insistence there was not a Wed. game? He never "remembers" what is convenient to "forget"!) He offered me Monday night to placate me. And I "fooled" him.

For I was going on past experiences with him. I assumed his consistency of pattern. I did not realize - (not knowing) that R - and only R - has the power over him, the "inside track" - that can break that consistency. - as no one else has with him. It is this "whip-hand" of hers that I object to - that I fight. What hold does she have on him that no other woman has or can get?

What motivates I more than anything else? Self-enhancement? No. He gets more of that with me. (He realizes R is "second-rate".) Sex? No-o. Her also gets that. Money? Yes! ??? R "owes him money". He always ends up saying he has to keep seeing her because of the "business" between them.

Is he afraid that if he breaks with her - annoys her - he will lose his "investment"? Is it that big a sum? I wouldn't put it past him. He is that cheap, that stingy.

Yet this implies that she holds the whip hand in this "investment". It negates his "legal papers" argument. But, of course, it means "trouble" -

either non-payment by R. or legal action to collect. And this is another of L's main motivations: avoidance of "trouble".

Well.

I don't know.

All I know is L's "modus operandi". I know it now like a book: avoidance (of "trouble"); evasion; "two-timing"; "mystery"; secrecy; alibis, lies, deceit, procrastination; "main chance", opportunism; aimlessness; avoidance of responsibility and "involvement"; "toying" with pleasure; grasping greedily at moments of pleasure after stalling and withholding until all chances are in; with drawal from displeasure and uncomplaisances; then self-righteous indignation and self-defense; accusation, blaming, projecting — the Lone Wolf fighting his way through ~~life~~ a grim life that offers only occasional "goodies" that must be snatched sneakily and "safely" from under other grasping hands: — "goodies" that must be eaten quickly and furtively before one is discovered and "punished" for not being the "good boy" one spends one's time pretending to be.

Which reminds me. That I was being "punished" again for Monday night, (perhaps?) Unwittingly and unknowingly I frustrated him in his snatch at a couple of "goodies" for the week. He needed a scapegoat for his guilt and annoyance — (me.) I must be "taught a lesson"; one does not thwart Leonard Karr! L.K. must be in control of a situation — or he feels "lost." He would "control" me. He would "get me in line" pending his next need. I must eat out of his hand — there is no other way to handle a woman!

So, Women seek him. They "need" him. After all, doesn't he "give" them the "main" thing they want? Doesn't he do a Super, Special job of it — he in his "superiority" and "generosity"? It always "brings them around" to scare them a little — to withdraw this. Sic! Deprive them for a little — (2 days usually does it.) They come running — phoning, seeking, begging; crying or mad or crawling. (which he prefers.) If not, he can sit it out; there are always others — "when time comes around — they come" — most of them come back —

eventually - begging. And then he can have his revenge! Then he has power! And, if they don't, there is always the comfort of knowing that "they lost a pretty good thing" - they just didn't appreciate him. (But they'll be sorry! They'll be sorry when they see him laughing and escorting another handsome, adoring woman right away! The thing is to get one right away! So where's "the little black book"?)

So - this I must remember. I must remember that a 2-day "brush-off" is "punishment", it's a "whipping" to make ^{me} "come around" - for something I am supposed to have done. (It isn't just need to do things: witness the phrasing - "time to myself" - i.e. withdrawal. Witness the times he has postponed chores day after day with alacrity when something interesting - "pleasant" - comes up!)

I must seek to find out what that "something" is I have "done". I must be prepared to discover that it is likely to be something I am blameless for - something the

has failed to accomplish effectively (because of his ineffective methods) - himself.

I must remember not to get upset about it. I must remember not to "capitulate". I must seek a better way than other women have: ① to "teach him a lesson"; or ② (like R.) to wait and then "ignore" it, sure he'll be back. (I do not have the "hold" on him she does. As I told her I know that, in my case, he'd just keep running.) or ③ give him up. or ④ crawl back.

What else is there? What is my way? So far - in my best moments - I have simply "ignored" it and gone on phoning him or dreaming up "excuses" to contact him "as if nothing was wrong." Yet I cannot always do this.

And there remains the fact that he must be made aware of ~~the~~ ineffectiveness of his behavior. He must be shown a better way. Otherwise what we have is no better than all the other futile circlings. (We went through this before. I "trusted" and sure enough! in 24 hours he

figured it out for himself!) after
I "patiently" suffered the fantastic
"blast-off" —

So — where are we? A 2-day
"brush-off" should alert me. (I has
tried something that "didn't work".?)
He has a great mad to get rid of.
Left alone, he will with draw
and "lick his wounds". When the
(embarrassing) emotionalism has
worn off — he'll be ready for
another approach — if offered. (He
won't come back to displeasure!)

And woe unto anyone who men-
tions it again! His pride — his all-
important pride has been hurt! Men-
tioning it will only open the wound
and start the revenge act all over!
(I must say R is "wise" in this — but
she had 3-4 years to figure it out!)

So — (I must quit) — one
has to be "therapeutic" after all — in
spite of social disapproval — One
simply has to laugh it off
— (if one is able.)

If one is not able — one just
has to suffer thru the mess —

L's attitude toward the solution of woman-trouble problems is evidenced in his significant remark the day of our "reconciliation" — something I forgot to put down. I had asked him what I he'd had in mind; what he had been going to ~~do~~, — since he did not respond to my offer to make up.

* "Sometimes it's better just to let these things ride awhile," he said. (Meaning that we were to stay apart — a few days — weeks — whatever he felt "necessary". Note he didn't consult me; he didn't even inform me. He simply intended to withdraw — evidently pending my actions.

This correlates with the foregoing. He felt no need to make a move himself. He would simply withdraw and see what I'd do — which of the foregoing. He was pretty sure I'd come back. I had before. He played a "long shot" — and won — again!

In the interims — during these "punishment — challenge — withdrawals" he has a chance to think and sort and control the emotion he is determined not to reveal. He can "pull himself together". (This

is a "need" of his I have commented on before. However, I no longer feel that he should be allowed this "privilege" as I formerly did. Rather I find myself working to make him reveal and face his emotion — get over being ashamed of it. Perhaps I'm wrong. But, if he is allowed to persist in selfish, trouble-making withdrawal from emotional expression, he will never advance beyond his current ineffectiveness!

Besides, it is his domination technique. He does not approve of "temper tantrums". Yet he does virtually the same thing: he threatens, he dominates a woman: "Do this to me and see what you get! I'll show you! I'll make you go without me and then you'll see — you'll appreciate me!"

It amounts to a Big Sulk. It's childish. It's foolish. It doesn't work — in the long run.

It's "spoiled-child" behavior. People weary of it after a while. So let him sulk — who cares? And they go their way — too busy,

too immersed in people who recognize, face and adjust to trouble spots in life to bother with the Big Babies - who have to have their Own Way or Sulk.

So it is with L's whole attitude toward life. It amounts to a Big Sulk. That is why he reminds me so much of mother. ("OK. If you won't give me what I want, I won't play!" ~~For~~ you!")

And he gets left alone.
And so does she.

Sun night - Sept 1 - 1963

September Song! ?

Something new is entering L & my relationship. L showed the first sign to night of relinquishing me. He stood up to me, definitely, coolly, and irrevocably.

When I needled him about the ball game subtly, he rejoined, "Ok. I'll go by myself. And I'll get out the little black book again."

It shook me. I can't deny that, yet somehow I liked it. It tickled me. I was glad to fight openly. I was glad not to see the hang dog clamming up - that sulky, petulant wall that one cannot penetrate.

I think I know what it was: Clara made an overt predatory play for him last night at the oil party, (what a fasco that was!) and it set him up. He is convinced he can go back into the little black book game again and Clara will be the first on his list.

Little does he know how that would work out! It would take 6 months, maybe. But they'd each find

themselves deluded by apparent appearances. — Clara would scorn contemptuously the fuddy-duddy in L when she discovered it; and L would find himself mounted on a tiger.

Yes. I'm jealous. They both did me dirt last night. (these good looking people!) I don't play their game — and I don't want to! What a grim way to spend a life — always vying and competing for your partner?

I tend to force L into it. I am aware of that. He has to learn. Let's get it over with!

I am unhappy. Not so much at the loss of L — as at the loss of a dream. A dream of a good man.

(The Party? I can't write it. I choose to "forget" it. L's oil man "stood us up" — me and my trumped-up date! My "bright idea" boomeranged. I only injured and complicated his ~~L's~~ difficulties.)

Monday morning - Sept 2, 1963

L & I "agreed" to try to be nice to each other yesterday and see how it worked. But it didn't - really.

After we were left alone in the evening and L & my oldest son, Mike, who is home on a rare visit, established the rapport I knew would be there, there appeared a subterranean "cold war" between us - under the surface of civil amenities. It was a "hangover", an aftermath, of the guesstimate party evening, I think.

And, when L showed cool restraint toward me, with holding the usual shows of affection in spite of my (also cool) advances and suddenly announced he was going home at an unprecedented early hour, and when he began the oh-so-familiar "excuse" routine, I became alarmed and suspicious.

The familiar behavior ^{pattern} (Symptoms) rang a bell in my subconscious. ("He's up to something!") it sang. I interrupted his smooth (too smooth) "excuse chatter" and began to feed him an analysis of what his real motives were - a ~~precise~~ picture of which stood clearly in my mind's eye - as figured out in all

these pages. He fought me, of course, interrupting me to parry each "accusation" of "not-nice" motive.

I kept raising my voice to make him shut up and hear me out.

At this he dictatorially shushed me — (in my own house!) — claiming we were disturbing my younger son, who'd gone to bed.

This only annoyed me further: (How can you settle anything with people who won't hear you out?) — The attempt to force me to suppress what ailed our relationships made me all the more determined to air it and set rid of it: He was only evading; evading the "truth" about himself that he did not want ^{hear or} face and that means so very much if we are to go on.)

I finished my "accusation" in spite of him: "You're doing this to 'revenge' me for last night" I said. He denied this, of course. (L.K. is not 'guilty' of such dubious practices as "revenge", of course!) "You're 'playing it cool' — there's no reason for you to leave — you always stay before our Sun, nights —" This, too, he denied, the facts are against him. He was also ignoring the fact that tonight

I insisted on my point: "You will seek 'revenge' till you get it. — for women do not treat Leonard Karr like I treated you last night!". He was silent.

was different — a holiday tomorrow — a beautiful moonlit night — all peaceful + quiet — nothing pressing for tomorrow — a need for "reconciliation" between us — plenty of food for his usual "snack" — which he inexplicably refused. It was not a night for "holing in" over chores as he claimed he was going to do. It was a night to roam to seek comfort — to salve one's wounds — ?? (!!!)

"He's going to R's!" I thought. Of course! (The perfect set-up! I without a car — no way to check on him!)

Immediately all my attempts to be "nice" fled and a grim hardness filled me at the prospect of another "cheat" act. I could no longer be "soft" and "nice" as the situation needed.

Reluctantly I saw him to the door, stalling, hoping for some mending "overture" from him. It did not come. He was in a hurry — anxious to be off — why?

Just it came. "You're going to R's", I said. A not very convincing denial. Somehow I was sure, sure sure! I didn't care too much if he did — a social visit — a "duty" call.

It was the fleeing to ^a more
"understanding" by some that ~~perplexed~~ ^{perplexed}
me. It was the iron-bound
"necessity" to lie. It was the un-
happy truth of a personality that
would never change. It was my
instincts warning me in spite of
the oh-so-careful words that poured
out from him.

So, I was unable to respond to
his placating "goodbye" hug... that
was utterly devoid of real feeling.
And this, of course, only complicated
matters.

I went back in the house &
began fighting evil temptations to check;
call his apt - call R. Something with-
held me. No. He was alerted. He'd
circumvent me. He'd go home first
and wait out the "checking" call he'd
learned to expect, then he'd go to
R's! I was trapped. Nothing to do
but play the long shot that there
was some glimmer of good intentions
in the man.

My oldest son came in. (Too
early!) Perhaps this is why I left -
this "fear" of my sons - this play-acting
of "innocence". Could be. Typical.

Anyway, Mike and I got ^{to} talking — and I was glad L had left. This was real, this was me, my life! this was my people, my standards, our way of living and looking at life! this was the sum total of years of sacrificial laboring for ideals I believed in, we believed in!

Balm entered my heart as I heard this eldest of mine play back to me the ideals I had hoped to instill in him and feared I had not. Here was a one-woman man; a man who took it for granted that one loved and courted only one woman at a time, even tho it was hard and called for sacrifice; even tho one held realistic reservations that all people can "err", can slip — onerely included.

This was not a a carbon copy of a potential "Leonard"! Relief flooded me. And when my heretofore self-centered son made a voluntary, overly generous offer to "forgive-and-forget", to "accept" L and my interest in him, to part with a large portion of his so-dear money, in short — to take us all

to dinner - L. included - at our most expensive restaurant, I was so touched that I wanted to, run to the phone and call L immediately and let him share this "little ray of hope and "goodness" with me.

But I could not. My son "needed" me; he wanted to talk to me; he wanted to share with me. Here was a place I was needed, wanted. I relaxed, and enjoyed my blessing.

Time enough for L and "lost souls" like him. Here was the future, the meaning, the be-all and end-all of life and living! Here was my job, my duty, my life. Here was where I could find comfort, compensation - in time - no matter what people like L did to me!

I was content.

(Call L at any "ire"!)

So - this morning, I tendered "younger son", who also "needed" me, the underneath impatience to call L before he "got away" from me tore at me.

I called, braving his ire at being "abandoned" again at such an early ^{hour} ~~ire~~ "for no reason" - (only the reasons of the heart!)

I proffered my "gift" of "acceptance and approval". I got "nothing" in return - only an "empty heart", a "hard wall" of civility, of silence, of barely concealed "impatience"; of hard-shelled "challenge"; of imperious "non-giving"; of "discipline"; of "revenge"; of "punishment" - almost of suspicion.

He gave nothing - absolutely nothing. He made me crawl. My heart was fluttering with a strange fear; tears were very near the surface.

I was being punished! I was being whipped!

I came away from the phone thinking this: L is whipping me!

Long damned-up tears rode high in my insides. Why do I feel like crying, I wondered - when everything is "all right"?

Reluctantly, I brought this out and started writing, fearful of the conclusions I would come to - the new insight that awaited me.

And here it is - as "bad", as "unhappy" as I feared. Me! not he, but me!

I cannot deny this "revelation". It was all in a nut-shell last night - my "plea" to my son - I attracted me because he is so similar (note!) to you and my father - the two men who "meant most" to me in my life - the two men I "lost" - the only ones I felt close to - "like ants"; the two men in my life who made me "suffer" with their "coldness"; their "mistreatment"; their "rejection" of my appeal for affection - their years long "withholding"; their exacting, perfectionist demands.

on me and themselves — the things I "admired" them for, the things I "understood" them for: their "ivory tower" remoteness and "idealism"; their anti-social single mindedness; their "intellectualism" — in short my picture of the "ideal" man? — the "best" ones I've known — the ones who "meant the most" to me! ???!

This, Leonard, is the image I have projected onto you! — this "father", this "son" — this very likely not true similarity — and similarity only. (This must be true, it hurts so! My insides are like a fresh wound. I have a sudden craving to get very drunk!)

What does it mean? What does it mean? I know. I know. I haven't read psychology for years without knowing. I've known it for years and years: I seek a "father-image" & I suspected this in my first attraction to L. I saw it confirmed in the unhappy nodding

of friends' heads when I mentioned it. I face it now.

What do I do now? What will happen to me? What will it mean to know this? What will it do to L & me?

Will I be able to do as my Studies tell me I should — begin to see him as himself — a completely new and different personality — just dressed in a suit similar to the man I "Seek"?

Will I be able to relinquish the emotional habit patterns I fast on him? Does he really understand this — with his strange, "peasant-wise" heart? Will he fight my need to express this? Will I be able to trust his innate humanity?

Does it make a difference in my "wanting" him? Am I kidding myself? Am I injuring him? Will I go on seeking, "finding", fighting this "hero"-image that lures me and never satisfies me and never can, for it is not "idealistic" but seeking

of fundamental, deep-seated emotional maladjustment; the "maladjustment" of the cerebrotonic, who cannot love, cannot care, cannot be affectionate — ever — for he is deficient in "heart", in "warmth" in the necessary, conditioned recognition of his deficiency?

Will the endomorph needs I inherit from other sources, — the need for warmth, humaness, sociability — keeps hounding me as my mind and "man-image" and cerebrotonic needs keep attracting to the "cold" ones, the "With drawers"?

Where is the answer? — "the answer is blowing in the wind" —? Conflict — choice — dilemma — forever —!

The only answer — "adjustment" — "peace of mind" — a "loving heart".

God helps me!

Aud L.? I'm positive he went to B.S.
His manner would have been

merely a suspicious waiting
for "discovery" - "punishment".
He feared I "knew". I "forled" him.
So he was unable to "get with" this
new ~~an~~ incident I offered. If I forget
my projected image of L (as I must
learn to do) and go merely by my
observations of him, I'd say that
he acted as if he'd gone to R's.

So be it. Let me see this
man as himself and not as
he wish he were or could have
been - and then we'll see how
I feel!

Wed. Sept 4-1963

It will be necessary to summarize these few days. One thing, life has been too full and interesting; another I'm running out of paper!

Having my eldest home after so long an interim has been revealing. I find him the "child of my heart" that I always thought my daughter would be. What I mean is that we ^{ever} unwittingly formed him "in our own image" - fostering upon him our own youthful dreams and hopes. I can see this now.

But he seems happy in the role. In fact I find him one of the happiest people I've been around in a long, long time. He impresses me as a person who has found himself - utterly; and enjoys it - and life, therefore.

Having him here is like reaping the rewards of a long-gone, long term investment. I have been getting a "feed-back" of my early hopes, enjoyments and enthusiasms. Life is fun when he's around - fun for all of us. He inspires us; he brings

us out — out of our shells and
inhibitions this "small town" foists on
us.

It all made me realize suddenly
what I have realized twice before —
that this town — living in it — STIFLES
me! My old "joie-de-vivre" has been
reawakened and I found it rusty,
unused, stifled! I found that the
original joy and fun and "freedom"
I found in "discovering" L is no
more — that I am not the happy,
influential, "Most Happy Fella" that
made our early days together so vital
and so much fun — so inspiring to
L and all his friends. In short, I
have long since ceased to be me!

I looked with wonder and dismay
at the "chains" I did not realize I
had begun wearing — that I did
not realize I had "allowed" L to
put on me. I suddenly feel the
weight of all the "don't's", the
restrictions, the "pained looks", the
inhibitions he has slowly bound me

with ("Don't smoke; don't be 'free'; don't be impulsive; don't be 'silly'; don't express your emotions; 'don't' mix your drinks; don't be 'high-brow'; don't 'fight' me. Don't force your 'philosophies' on me; don't 'preach' at me; don't seek me out; don't 'interfere' with me." — How long the list!)

True, the vitality and enthusiasm of youth that nurtures my son's attitude is now lacking in me, but still the old embers have burst into flame again. (Even the Nick inspirations have rekindled!)

It all gave me a sudden perspective of my whole life and the feeling — as I had in the hospital — of one era ending and another beginning — that made me burst into sudden and unexpected tears Monday; tears of thankfulness and joy; tears of awe and humility; tears of hope and fear — tears that L' could not understand when I told him of them.

It all helped to bring on my "resolution" to "retire unto my self" and view L' more objectively, more detachedly. It is a time of consolidation — foisted on me by circumstances and events

beyond my control. It is a time of insight and renewal; of change. It is a soul-searching and time of "finding myself"; of finding and placing myself in a new piece of time, in a new setting, among new peoples.

And so, I found myself assuming anew the always-necessary burden of "tragedy" - of sadness. I found I had to "quit denying the sadness of my heart"; to assume it, to integrate it again; to quit seeking the "butterfly of happiness" per se - to realize ~~that~~ again - that life is half and half - always. Always half happiness & half sadness. That there lies no middle "man" between the folly of my husband and the "security" of L. Not for me, anyway.

That both attract, yet both repel. That it will always be so. That I am the "middle-man". I am the one who is seeking, who is gleaning this from one, that from the other. That the crop is there, intact, of itself, one kind - weeds and ~~crop~~ ^{food} mixed. It is for me to harvest, me to reap, to choose. The crop is only there. I am the "Harvester". I cannot

expect the crop to come to me - to jump into my hand and say, "Here is the food you want; eat me!"

(Here did I digress onto this?)

What I wanted to say is that I have approached L in a new way since I last wrote - with "sadness"; with non-expectation. Not with the jaundiced eye of recent months, but with a "contemplative" one - one that neither seeks nor expects - just observes and waits. I have "let go". I have been able to let go because my eyes have been opened to gratifications of my own that I had lost sight of. I feel humbly grateful for things I had "forgotten" how to appreciate.

I have re-entered "my own skin" - and the result has been - as always before - that that which I sought and could not find has now been placed gently and lovingly in my lap.

L has shown me the love - the giving, ^{self-}sacrificing love - these last few days that I could not elicit with all my "hounding" before.

We - we Chambreaus - have showed him what we are. This past week - take it or leave it; we like it! He has looked - and

found it good. He has "chosen".

It is strange.

All this was implied in my last words to him last night. I hope it did not spoil my show of deep-felt appreciation to him.

I was absorbed on the way home thinking of how I am imprisoned here in Yakima; how I see no escape; how my wings are "clipped"; ("Poor splendid wings, so ~~clipped~~^{injured}, so spoiled, so torn" (or whatever the words are.)) I was feeling the sadness of it, letting it in at last; wondering if anyone really understood the nature of the walls that ~~bound~~^{blind} me.

It was this that made me turn to him, after a long embrace that told him my appreciation for his "Sacrifice" in forfeiting the All-Important last ball game ~~to~~ go to dinner with us Chambreaus; made me turn to him and say words that were brought on by an illuminating "recall" that hit me as I embraced him.

"Why," I thought, "I used to tell him all I wanted was to 'make him happy'! How long it has

been since I felt that way! -- No
I still feel that way? --- "

With sadness, I realized I did
not.

It was then the words came in-
voluntarily from my lips, "I used
to say I wanted to make you happy,"
I said, "Now I know I can't. ---
To say one is going to 'make another
happy' is to 'play God'. I am not
God."

He was silent, while I sat won-
dering why I'd said that -- where that
had come from -- if it was true --
if I'd hurt him -- spoiled our "recon-
ciliation" --

I don't know. All I know is
that he was silent, I confused. We
parted amicably, he offering an
unprecedented and unsolicited offer
of another (consecutive!) late date
for tonight.

He had told me earlier that he
hadn't been feeling well today -- (Oh dear!
I thought. My cruel words of the
night before taking effect) -- "nothing
mood-wise, just physical!" -- he
hastened to explain. I knew better
but, at least he was making progress.

Sat. morning - Sept-7, 1963

Well, it's all over: the summer, the ball games, my son's trip; my "vacations"; Perhaps even my daughter's troubles.

The "new era" I looked forward to has arrived: the quiet, simple, routine, busy fall season — with only one child to care for, new social & business activities — "alone" with L. The trials, the emotions, the franticness of summer over. And I find it lonesome, and dull, and sad.

I was amazed at ~~how~~ ^{the} let down I felt at my son's leaving. Surely my heart has not been wrapped around this child so much!

I never thought we got along so well; he always rather bothered me, annoyed me, but now I feel the loss of something vital in my life. Yet I am proud & glad of this fine son — off on his own.

And why do I bring this into this saga of Leonard & Iren? Because my son's visit made a great difference!

I expected to find and verify the separation of myself

from my children; they on one side, complete & happy unto themselves — their own time; and L + I on the other — the older generation, ~~comp~~ content and satisfied in our time — with each other.

The acceptance of L, and L with me, by my son at first delighted me — I saw us as a unit — but then I found it only pointed out my lone someness. My son reflected a kind of pity for me; "Poor mother. She needs someone."

It is good she has this 'recreational pastime'. It helps."

It pointed out to me — all our joy & fun & shared sun-Yakimaish delights — It highlighted the essential problem even more — mother's

Compromise, mother's fate, mother's unhappy ^{note} fate — to sit out the rest of her life in frustrated dullness in Yakima — with people like Leonard Karr! Poor mother.

There is nothing else for her. I hope it won't be too bad for her. But I must go my way.

This, I guess, was the newly mature insight — the "Kindliness"

- So unexpected - I found in my eldest son this time; the motivations for the gifts and glamor - the dinner, the special record. My Son has grown up. He sees what he was not supposed to see.

And I saw what I was not supposed to see - his pity, his pity for me that I have had to settle for such as I. He saw my compromise - as no one else has ~~seen~~ seen it - for he knows me, and my background and what I loved & crave and am used to.

This is, I guess, the true basis for this strange emotion he left me with - like a pair of new glasses that made me see only too clearly what I ^{only} sensed as a blur before.

I did not expect to be understood! It is a shock. I did not expect my dilemma to be accepted as irrevocably salved. This, too, is a shock. I thought there was possibility, escape yet! But, in the eyes of youth, I've "had it". Life didn't give mother what she wanted. Life won't give mother what she wants. Mother is through. I hope she won't suffer too much.

True, this is still an incomplete version: a youthful judgment.

Still, it has enough truth and reality to it to hurt.

I started out to show that this visit of my son's made a difference in my feeling toward L — a new difference I've noted since he came — and left.

I have a new impatience with L, a lack of the old "togetherness" feeling, the "we-are-happy" feeling. It isn't the disgust or doubt I felt in him in the beginning; It isn't the "truce, let's pretend anyway" feeling that has pervaded our relationship lately.

It is a new schism that has arisen despite his too-late, desperate, last-ditch attempts to change himself to suit me lately. (The cocktail drinkings, the "arty" interests, the "offers" of hunting & foot ball compromises, the "disinterest" in other women, the "you-and-I, of course" plans)

No longer is the feeling a goad, a whip lash to make him "come around." For he has

come: He is doggedly "walking the line" — apparently hoping for that "pot-o-gold" at the end of the rainbow that he claims he doesn't expect. (What the "pot-o-gold" is I can't imagine, I have a feeling it is merely avoidance of loneliness.)

No. There is a new charm forming, growing. One that we each watch in horror, in terror — unable to do anything about. The Great Difference has appeared — not to be denied. It is the same sensing I feel with N. — even with my husband — the beginning of the end — the parting.

Something has happened. Truth has stepped in. The veil has been rent. "We kid ourselves not." No amount of pretense, of trying, of play-acting can help now.

I sense it in L's attitude toward me. He knows. I know. He knows I know and vice versa.

In spite of the last attempts he is making, there is also an element of "building his escape route" — this time with my approval. I have "let him go".

Not because I have something else to look forward to — another man, a career, former goals. No. He knows it isn't this any more. There are no more threats. Our old threats to each other no longer work.

It is simply that I have found myself — a new self. One with new "goals" — principally that of acceptance. It no longer bothers me that I am not pleasing L — the smoking, the party-role, the sports-enthusiast role. I care not. I am me. He can take it or leave it.

And, altho he professes to be "taking it" right now, there is an sad little under current of acceptance in his manner — "this gal is not for me — either".

Until he finds himself — ??

Until he discovers whether he is artist or sports man; lion-vivant or hashrand; egg head or boor; "Casanova" or Leonard Parr.

Is this part of the picture?

Just a new adjustment — a new self-discovery in each of us?

I re-read.

And thought this: Our pasts caught up with us — that's all!

Just as the Raymona business revealed L's formative past to me, my son's visit revealed mine to him — as well as me.

We understand each other better now, perhaps? Maybe that's all. No more of the go this way! — go my way! battle. Rather, now I see you! Now I know what you are! Now I know what to expect — and why. Now I know what is important to you — how to please you or annoy you — what to overlook — what to enjoy! Perhaps that's it?

Notes:

L makes goats' eyes at other women; and sheep's eyes at me!

"Heavy masses fall of their own weight and the invisible seeds burst into bloom —" Paul Goodman.
(Such is my view of life, too!)

Mon Sept 9 -

Nothing that has happened in the interim is as significant I think, as one dis^{appointing} comment I made last night. Rather, the manner in which he made it.

"Well, you'll be seeing R ~~tomorrow~~ night (Mon.) So I'll get some things done -" I said lightly, teasingly - glad I could be light & teasing now, for I'm sure he hasn't been seeing her.

He looked upset. ~~Then~~ his "I haven't seen those guys in a long time," he said, his voice choked up and muffled, his eyes elsewhere.

Then, excitedly, warmly, with interest & love, he said "I'll bet Raynie would like that show we saw!!"

"I imagine he can find someone to take him." I said tartly. End of conversation.

All the niceness of our new "reconciliation" — all our cozy hand holding this week end — was blown away in that little remark — by the manner in which he spoke. The light in his eyes, the interest, the love, the warmth — all there — as it is never there with me.

Flashes of his manner with me came to view as I saw him return to the withholding, the grudging, the wariness and carefulness, the sheepish pleading to be let out of some "fun" thing I suggested; the cool, mental approach he has to me.

No. No. I thought. I was right, I am not "his kind," hard as he tries, protest as he may. He is not at ease with me; he tries too hard. He does not feel "accepted".

Whereas with R — he does feel accepted. They accept him "as he is" — cheating, lying, boorish, uneducated, trivial. They accept him as they think he is — "kind", "agreeable", "helpful", attentive, useful, "rich". For they are that way, too. They are, as I said, his kind. R. doesn't hound him about his manners, about his art work, about "improving"^a

move

himself. Rather she fusses over him, rolls her eyes at him, hangs on his word, serves him, "works" him — "understands" him. And I — I see through him, he says!

I could do that. I "should" do that — play the "feminine kitten". But I can't. And I won't. I would only be betraying myself — (and him, too.) I would win nothing but a man I couldn't get along with — a man with whom I've worked out a "formula" for getting along with — as I have this week-end; ignore, placate; Keep silence, "go along with" — [I am beginning to use his pattern.]

And, when I do it, I find it is because there is no real feeling or enjoyment there. I am constantly aware of "trouble areas", alert for them. I withhold my true impressions + convictions; I "play along" merely to reap the superficial benefits — the evasion of loneliness + boredom.

I do not "love" L as I did once. With his new withdrawal of sexual interest and advances I find I care less. I find it was a very important component of my feeling for him.

He has withdrawn his "fun" approach to life and presents me always now with the hermit, the misanthrope, the stuffy, cowardly, life-afraid, selfish old bachelor.

And I don't care enough to "inspire" him — to elicit that "play-boy" I used to see ~~any~~ anymore. What's the use? He has shown me "the other side of the coin". Maybe not the real L, but the one ~~some~~ would have to live with — the daily L. — that whiny, crotchety, complaining, fussing "little-old-maid"-man that his men friends see in him and evade. (The "Mama's Boy", I fear!)

I don't like it. I don't enjoy it. I don't enjoy the endless "re-education", ("reconditioning") necessary to make our lives fit together. I don't enjoy the always "too little and too late" approach. I don't enjoy having to beat on him, to heckle and hound at him, to crawl & beg & demand for those moments of fun & excitement that he, himself, used to instigate. What has happened? There's no feeling, no fun anymore — just habit.

And, most of all, I walk with the thought so aptly expressed in that stupid movie we had to sit through — (that he didn't dare enjoy when he saw I didn't) — "I can't trust a man who can't make up his mind!"

Just so. Just so.

I think of answers and things to tell him now that I no longer bother to say to him. What's the use? He doesn't understand; he doesn't care. It only puzzles him and makes him all the more wary and ill-at-ease.

I thought of telling him, in answer to his "You don't like me" on the phone the other day, "yes, I do. L. yes, I do. I like all the L's — all twelve^(?) of them!" (the "Artist", the ~~hard~~ "Sports man", the "Businessman", the "Ladies' Man", the "Idealist", the Hermit, the Misanthrope, the Mama's Boy, the Cheat, the Bohemian, the Coward, etc. etc.) And, as I thought of it I realized this is how he is; there is no real L — only a shell from which issue all these "roles" — whatever the occasion demands. He is like a chameleon (another word he

wouldn't understand!) - He changes color + coat to suit his surroundings - to "hide" - to avoid "danger". It should be interesting, I suppose, but somehow it isn't. I only feel that there is something lacking - something very vital and important. I don't quite know what it is.

* * *

Yet - I found myself discussing hunting, fishing, baseball etc etc this morning at work with the men in the store who used to bore me utterly with this talk. And it didn't! I found a new warm, participating interest I had not felt before! this is good; this is pleasurable, I discovered.

Hmm!

Thursday - Sept 12, 1963

I am full of heartache today - (and wine!) - despite the fact that L & I had one of the most wonderful evenings we've had in a long time.

We were going to the show, the one I wanted to see - a very sexy little satire. I had a full day, a busy day. I had to go to the dentist. I was caught in a time squeeze and a bad session.

It was necessary for the dentist to give me 2 shots. I got sick - drugged-out of my head.

I called L to come help me. He did. Willingly, givingly, sweet and kind.

He took me home. We stopped at the market. There we saw 3 friends of his - all female - 3 friends who saw us in that domestic little ^{scene} ~~incident~~ - L pushing my grocery cart; L carrying my groceries to front in his car.

He came in & I fed him. He liked it. He said, "This is fun!"

We enjoyed the show. We

enjoyed each other. We went — as if of one mind — to a beer tavern we haven't been to since the beginning. There I saw one of my friends — a work contact.

We looked in each others' eyes. We talked. I looked at me with that "Thinking about home" look I haven't seen in a long, long time. It was as if old.

We enjoyed each other. We enjoyed each other to the hilt! I was very amiable — very consenting.

He was too amiable. It made me a little teeny bit suspicious. More so when, leaving delivered me at home, I got the "brush-off". "See you in a day or two" he said. No more.

I was alerted. I had been there this before. I checked him out Monday night — sneaking out furtively — hating myself twice — to go by R's. I knew he'd go sometime this week — after that remark he made.

Wednesday - yesterday - another
busy day. I had plans - chores -
duties. Joan invited me insistently
to a feminine dinner-party
that I did not want to attend.

But "good!" I thought. "Use it!"
'Step out' on L! Be gone - for once -
when he calls - (would he?) "

I prepared the way. Circum-
stances were such that it was
quite feasible for me to drive
by R's on my way. (Might as
well, tho I didn't expect
anything so early. Planned to
check on my way back - about
9:30.)

I got a small "innocent"
cheap bottle of light wine, for
I was tired & not in a party
mood. Yet I found my self
welcoming a chance to relax
with just women - be a "wit" -
not have to dress up. "Is this
the way I feels about a night
away from me 'with the boys'?"

I thought. A new insight.

I drove by R's -
blithely.

No! NO! It couldn't

66!

But it was. His car was there — 6:30 — he'd come for dinner — he'd been invited!

O hell!

What to do? What to do?

Suddenly I couldn't face the party. I wanted to get drunk out of my mind. I had to phone him — where? Where?

I didn't want anyone to know I'd been "cuckolded" again!

My daughter's "new" house — open — a phone. She was involved — not going home yet.

In wild haste I went to her house & phoned R.

"You have guests for dinner?" I queried sweetly — sickened, as usual with her affected "Good evening!" answer to a telephone ring. "Bon Soir!" I'd said. "Bon Soir!" She answered lightly — gayly — with good accent. (Damn her!)

~~She~~ She parried me with self-assured evasion. I asked for L. He answered —

his voice tight & strident with fear. Evanois. Excuses. Placating. I hated him.

He put R on. She began to blather away - she'd handle it! She'd take care of him! She'd return him to me "intact". She was condescending, sure of herself. I hated both of them. I let her ramble on.

"I'll stop by," I said, wondering why. All I wanted to do was talk to Leonard - not to her! I wanted to see him face up to what he'd done. For he'd admitted - by "not remembering" that he'd "planned" it this way. He had been invited - he "couldn't remember" when. (That little bitch! That little bitch! I thought)

I drove wildly back so absorbed in planning my strategy that I roared by the house and had to ignominiously back up.

"Come in," said L. in that fearful, tight voice as I rang the bell beside the open door. He didn't get up. He didn't

Greet me.

I went in to find them
— he & "Raimie" — ensconced
"à table" — R waiting on them
assiduously. L had a heaping
plate of good, well-cooked
food in front of him. I felt
sick. ("Scrounge!" I thought, "You
cheap, sneaking scrounge!" Only
last night I had fed him — at
my expense — in an emergency
in which I was sick — while
he napped!")

Raimie's eyes were fearful
— and red. (Had he been weeping?)
I made some nasty remarks —
my heart going out to this
wronged child. It did no good,
they allowed him to stay.

I saw the stacks of wheat
in the corner — many pheasant
tail feathers in exhibit on the
wall — L's "offerings" — over
4 — 5 (?) years — (Jack
"doesn't hunt") I hated them
both. (L had never brought
me wheat or pheasants!)

R. was "busy" — "hostessy" —
quite calm — quite assured —

"enjoying" the moment — no thought for that desperate child. L. was "Mama's Boy" — no sign of the intelligent sophistication of the night before. He "fought me off" — evaded my "ultimatums". He talked to Raine — of school — of trivia — things he should have long since known. I thought of saying — "Don't waste your breath, Raine. He won't remember 2 seconds after he asks you." I was absorbed with "saving" the child.

No one cared. I gave up. No one got "with it". The kid behind "amenities". (No use.) I excused myself & ~~left~~ prepared to leave. I sat, eating.

At the door I turned around — frankly exposing L's one truthful comment — ("Sarcasm won't get you anywhere.") — and said, with loathing "You big, Sissy!". I approached the door. No one escorted me. I remembered. "Leonard!" I said, "Come outside with me!"

(He came!)

Evanie — full of "promises"
"excuses" — alibis — his eyes
roving — everywhere but
on mine — he leaned on
the car window. "I'll call
you tomorrow. I'm not staying
long — I want to tell you —
we'll "go out" tomorrow — we'll
do something —".

Full of hate and scorn and
disgust I blasted him. I
turned on the engine. "I could
SPIT on a man who lets
women fight his battles for
him." I flung at him.

"It's all right! It's all
right!" he bleated. ["Va bene! Va
bene!"] "It doesn't make any
difference between you and me!"
"It already has," I said,
coldly — and left.

He went back in — (I knew
he'd stay — to be "brainwashed")

All I wanted was to go
home — go home & drink
myself into a stupor. I was
obsessed with the need for a

drink. I'd called Joan +
said I'd be late — "I had
an 'emergency'". I didn't care.
(To hell with them!)

Knowing the risk, I "care-
fully" spent more than my
budget allowed. I sneaked
to a grocery store — bought a
bottle of the strongest wine —
much gum — sought out
+ found — a secluded road
into an orchard — drank —
popped gum in my mouth
— and went onto the
asinine "phoen-party" — and
"got away with it".

Home. Later than I'd
intended. By R's.

Yes. His car was still there.
I wasn't surprised. I "hid"
my car ^{in my driveway} ran to the wine bottle
— paced the floor — "shut off"
my sleeping son — Contena-
plated the phone — listened
to my "heart" — to God (?).
Phoned.

Phoned R. Ignoring
her plather — I asked for L.

I said (eventually), surprised
at my decisiveness, "When
it is out of the picture —
phone me —"

"OK," he said. "OK!"
(like a sheep — no fight!)

"Goodbye," I said.

"Goodbye" — he said.

I drank. I paced. (Oh-
hell!) I was suffering. Damn
them! Damn them! To
make me suffer! I was
allowing myself to be
made to suffer!

Nothing to lose. A "last
ditch" stand — just phone them
both — in time (what's six
nights' sleep any more?) —
and "tell them off" — appeal
to them.

I tried R. (I was gone!)
She talked incessantly.
I got nowhere. I'd expected
this. I let her prattle.
Then I gave it to her!

"Porey to you!" I said. "All
Raimie knows is that you

changed "Daddy's" like you
change your dress!" and
slammed up the phone.

(No reverberation),

I called L's. He answered
before the second ring. He
sounded glad, eager - hopeful.
We talked an hour. He was
gay - "witty" - "wise". I
told him all the "accusations"
that I'd heretofore refrained
from. "Beware of her!" I said.
"Why? Why?" he asked, eagerly.
"What do you think? Tell
me!"

(Ha!) (I wasn't going to
foster her "care"!) I plagued
him. I "needled" him. I
challenged him. I threw ultimatums
at him. I "battered him up".

He suddenly became self-
self-permitting. I re-traced:
Where had he changed? He'd
already "disillusioned" me
with 3 "counts": (1) "I can
do as I please" (2) "I can pick
myself up by my bootstraps".
(3) "I can 'latch on' to
people". I told him my

"2 Leonards". (He was
delighted! "True! True!" he
said.)

He had changed when
I said "From now on
you'll tell me when you're
going to R's."

(He didn't like that!)

I was to have "faith" — I
was to trust him — why didn't I
trust him? (Oh God!) Etc. Etc.

It was all futile. The words
I wanted — the words I waited
for — love, "I love you", under-
standing, forgiveness — help —
Kindness, never came.

"You'll be sick tomorrow", I
said.

"Sick?" he queried.

"Yes," I said.

I "wined" my self into bed —
far into the night — fully
aware of my responsibilities
& risks for the morrow.

I awoke — early.

Thursday - Fatal Thursday
Sept. 12

What happened Thursday.

Written afterwards, because it was so bad I had neither time nor inclination nor energy to write.

I got up and went to work, surprised that I did not feel worse physically than I did.

I was not "supposed" to see L. today, tonight; Friday or Friday night. Our next "date" was for maybe Saturday, maybe Sunday afternoon to go to Madge's and "try out" her hunting dog preparatory to L. and I going pheasant hunting alone together the first day the season opened.

I looked forward to both. It sounded like fun — outdoors, something new and interesting; L. and I alone together in God's world again — things would be better. We got along better in that setting — as we did last year — away from all this "civilized" fal-de-rol. This is where we really came together.

If only we could sustain our relationship until those times came again — the outdoor times.

I looked forward to it.

But it seemed so far off — a month or so yet — and all this difficulty to get through first!

Why couldn't I just relax and coast along comfortably and easily with me until that time — sharing our days and evenings and plans and ideas? Why couldn't we just work together preparing for this good hunting season ahead? This sharing of foot ball and hunting fall?

Why did he have to be so arbitrary, so insistent on making his own plans in his own way, so insistent on separating from me while he was doing so? Why did I have to be "brushed off" in the meantime?

I had elicited a grudging half-promise to maybe call me Friday night — or "in the meantime". It meant nothing — just a little too-late attempt to smooth over his mistakes.

So I felt, too, about his "offer" to "do something" Thursday night when I caught him at R's. He was only "telling" me that he wasn't going to R's Thursday night. He still did not account for his mysterious need for Friday

ought to himself. I was promised Saturday (what more did I need?) He was only alerting me to more chicanery; it did not absolve his original intentions.

So - I was alerted. Wearily, I realized I had another day and evening ahead of checking him out to see when he'd go to R's again. Where was he going? What was he up to that he couldn't tell me - couldn't share with me? He was offering nothing to give me any peace of mind - no assurances that I was "one and only" in his heart and mind. That, altho busy, Rex was completely available to me these next 2 days.

No. On the contrary. He and R had been exposed in ^{some mysterious} long term intimate involvement that "necessitated" much "togetherness" between them for quite some time to come. There was no place made for me - not even any offers to include me. Rather, they both showed annoyance at my persisting tendency to "interfere".

This, then, was the mood in which I faced Thursday. I was

tired and busy and far behind
in chores and necessary routines.
I had many demands on my
time, attention and energy. I had
planned to "catch up" on Wed. night,
perhaps Thurs, too, and "be ready"
for what I might have to offer Fri.
night if not before. I assumed we
had both agreed on time out - from
going out to gether only - to catch up
on chores.

I had not expected to be cut
off from him. I did not expect
to be burdened with new dilemmas
presented by him. This was the basis
of my ire at his not informing me
when he was going to R's this week.
We both "knew" he was going some-
time. His so-right fear that his
disclosing his intention to me would
cause trouble only caused more
by extending the trouble through
the whole week, instead of just
one day, one night. Damn him!
Damn them both! They had
completely fouled up a week that
could have been planned ahead.
They with their "mysteries", their
sneaking!

I worked on a very difficult drawing assignment, battling physical depletion that my upset with L+K last night had evoked, battling emotional upset they'd brought on me "unnecessarily", battling time and other commitments.

Some "message" I needed to get thru to L kept bothering me in the back of my mind. When & how could I get it to him? Oh damn! — not another note in his mail box? Yet I had to fend off any foolish "revenge" attempt by him this evening. He was very apt to "show" me by getting another date. I had to "save" him from himself; save our relationship — so dangerously on the thin edge now — from another unnecessary complication.

I grabbed a moment and wrote a tentative note to him — surprised at what came out — the difference between what I'd do in R's place and what she has done! Take it or leave it. Take your choice.

No, it wasn't "right". I had maintained last night that it was not his relationship with

R that bothered me, it was merely his attempt at deceit. This note revealed that I was deceiving myself — I did care! It was R that bothered me. It was jealousy. "Why didn't I have faith in him?" he'd asked. "Why didn't I trust him?" This I should have figured out. Somewhere the two had something to do with each other, but I didn't have time to wrangle with it. I had to let it go.

I would have to call him (damn) and "finish" the note with him. He wouldn't call me. He was scared. He thought I was mad. He'd avoid. Oh hell!

A bit of luck was with me in that mother left + left her phone free. I gravitated from half-hearted mother chores to "sneaky" phoning. I got him. He was there. He sounded glad to hear from me.

It has been too long. I don't remember what we talked about. I know we talked a long, long

time and the talk left me unsatisfied, unfinished feeling. I played a "good sport" act - (I was primed, "dulled" with a little more wine)

I tried to show him how dangerous things were; how near the thin edge we were; how much I needed his support and reassurance right now; how important it was that he reach out for me now and sustain me and our relationship; how he needed to make a choice right now. I tried to make him "come to me" - to give.

He fought me. He fended me off. He was fighting for "freedom" for a few hours, a day or so. His heart & interest were obviously elsewhere - on some other private, important problem of his own. I couldn't "get through" to him.

He became nasty. He "told me off". He said, "Your note - you were wrong in your note -"

I let him talk. I let him on. Now, now at last he was telling me his "philosophy" of life, revealing his motivations, his

"modus operandi", Here was what I'd been waiting for! Here was the "check-out" on all my hypotheses, my conjectures.

How lucky we could talk privately and indefinitely! I settled down to hear what I feared to hear, should?

the way ^I He was telling me "how to live", how to "get along with people" — his way. He was cold, and arrogant, and condescending, and dictatorial. There was not the slightest chance of getting in the appeal I had intended — not through this self-righteous, defensive wall.

I settled to listen. I began making notes as he began to get away from affectation and got to the "heart" of the matter. (therapy! therapy, Lorna! my brain reminded me of the therapy technique) My notes glared back at me with crushing truth — "myself — I — what I want — what I can get — how I can be successful — how I can get people to do what I want — "placate" them — "fool" them — be "always pleasant" — never antagonize — keep your

this is the way to live, Lorna. this is what you don't know — "Etc."

true thoughts & feelings to yourself.
— never talk to people — never reveal yourself — they always "come around" — they always phone you — all you have to do is nothing — just sit & wait — this is the way to success — getting along in the world — getting what you want out of people —"

My heart was sick. Wearily, without expectation, I went through the "therapy technique". "I have been taking notes," I said. "Let me read you back what you've said." —

I did, three times. No use. I knew it. (I'd have to "interpret".)
"You mean you should use people?" I asked. "What do you mean by "success"?"

The explosion. The eruption.
"I didn't say USE people!" he cried. "That's the trouble with you — you always put meanings on people's words — what they don't mean —!" Etc, Etc.

I let him rave. My heart was sick — sick — sick.
Carefully, in a little while,

I changed the subject —
deflected to trivia, and eventually
hung up. Nothing settled. Nothing
gained. Only time — and trouble —
and lessons to be learned —
the hard way — the only way —
by time and experience. —
Walking through the Valley of
the Shadow, step by weary step —

✱ ✱ ✱

My evening was ruined. All
I had intended to do I could
not do. With disgust, I wan-
dered around amid the undone
chores, the have-to-be post-phoned
personal "therapies" —

It was going to be a night of
emotional crisis — of crisis. ("This
too will pass.") I might as well
resign myself to it — gird my
loins for battle. I needs must
fight.

✱ ✱ ✱

How right I was! How right
I was! ~~I hoped~~ All things past
came winging into a marked
landing spot in one night in
such a way as to make one

Stand aside and observe in
awe and wonderment.

I hope I have time to tell
it. It is a tale. But time and
energy are running out on me —

What happened this night?

After my phone talk with L, I found emotional let down taking me over. The walls of defense broke. The "good sport" act crumbled. Truth seeped in. I had to face it — face all the truths, the unpleasantnesses — (even of myself?)

Help! I cried to myself. Help! Someone help me! Who? God? Yes.

I prayed. Now who? Someone within this circle — R — L + me. It is our dilemma — ours alone. Keep it "private". Which one? Which one first? I had talked to L. Now R. Yes. R.

What are her intentions? Let me ferret out a few facts, a little knowledge to go on.

I called her. "When can I see L again?" I asked, "If I see him again —?"

"You don't have to be sarcastic" she parried. (Good girl! Good girl! Frankness at least!)

I settled into "it". We women played our game. We

"traded" "information"; we lied; we pretended; we played for time with chit chat; we dissembled; we were "friends". We hung up, each suspicious of the other. We bided our time.

Now L again. Unfinished "business". Appeal. Last appeal. Got nowhere with R on appeal. Expected. (Sigh)

Called L. (Home!) "Help!" I cried — and meant it. (Help me, blast me, scourge me with the truth! Let it hurt. I'm ready.)

It came. Not the truth, the scourging. He beat at my "willing" back with eager relish. He flailed me with all his heart and worry and bewilderment. He played me with R. as his whip. Take this! And this and this! Look at this woman, this young and "desirable" and (naked, titillating) woman that eats at my heart — that "betrays" me — that keeps me imprisoned and "upset" all the time — Look at her! She that I "whip" you with! Isn't she beautiful?

Isn't she dearable? Isn't she?
Isn't she? Tell me! Tell me!
~~Am I wrong?~~ Admit it!

She loves me! She wants me! She "understands" me! She is nice to me! Not like you!
Not like YOU - (sob) [whip, lash!] -
not like YOU - who are mean and
vindictive and cruel -

Not like you who hurt me,
teckle me, laugh at me - "misunder-
stand" me. YOU! YOU! (I hate you!)

Look at this woman - how
she treats me - how she needs me!
Look at what she does - --

Why! She even called me to night
- in distraught desperation - she
has a dire ~~emergency~~ - she needs
me - she seeks me out - I have
to go to her - (I, who am so good,
so understanding, so important
to some people) - I have to go -
I am needed - I am wanted.

Why can't you be like her?
Isn't she good? Isn't she
wonderful? Why. you don't
know the things she does -
the goodness of her heart -
her self-sacrifice, the burden

of misunderstanding and
gossip (untrue! utterly untrue!)
that she bears so willingly —
So bravely — so good-heartedly, —
So "forgivingly" —

Why, do you know what
she did for you — for you, (who
are so jealous and vindictive
and mean?) — She bought your
way to the ball game all summer!
It was her money — her money
(do you understand?) — that
"allowed" you to be able to go
with me to all those [wonderful]
ball games.

She "sacrificed" herself. She
stayed home. She said "Take
Lorna. Take Lorna to the
ball games. It's all right. I
understand!"

She is so good! She is so
understanding. You can't
possibly appreciate her — her
and her kind of people — my
kind — Why we know things
(I flinched at a "we" ~~he said~~)
that you wot not of! We are
the Good, the Pure. True —
the "Misunderstood" — but

then - wasn't even Christ ~~understood~~ understood? We are noble. We are Brave! We can take it!

But you - YOU! "Get off the phone! R is going to call me! I must get her call. Would you please hang up?"

These last were his actual words - the rest is a just-now "after-impression" I have of our conversation - which baffled and hurt me so at the time - and since.

He told me to "get off the phone". He said R had called him - terribly distraught - needing him - couldn't say what it was - had to see him - later (nigh onto midnight) - No, it wasn't about Lorna - he'd asked (this he volunteered. Obvious what was on his mind. Also the reference to "our triangle" he let slip) He meant to go to her. No. No He couldn't come to me. No. Our problem was Nothing compared to hers. Yes. Yes. If he had to, he'd call me afterwards - (instead of 24 hours later as he'd "offered") Yes, he'd call me as soon as he ~~found~~ talked to her. He

hung up hurriedly, slamming
the receiver in my surprised,
unsuspecting and unbelieving
ears.

I sat stunned, the receiver
in my hand. ("leave it off! leave
it off! Don't break the connection!"
Some devil whispered in my
ear.)

Not comprehending what I
was doing I laid the receiver
gently on the floor beside
the phone I'd taken "out of
earshot" of my son.

Then it dawned on me.
Of course! Of course! All that
recent "trouble" with the phone &
my "interest" in my oldest son's
repairing explanations had not
been for naught. It was "intended"
for this. To break this important,
"last ditch" connection between
R and L!

Did it work? Did it work?
I flew to mother's & dialed L's
number — Buzz! I was de-
lighted, full of glee. This was
fun! All my years of trials
with teen-agers use of the

telephone as a weapon were now of some use! (Why did I dream that night of fantastic, personalized machines that did vindictive, malicious things I wondered the next morning.) Then I knew. For my whole night was spent using using the phone as a weapon to duel with R. — fully aware of the "touche's" she could pull if she knew how.

She "foiled" me. She "played dirty". She went too far. She over thrust. Yet she played "into my hand." I realized vaguely that I was playing in the dark — literally — for high stakes. I forfeited all else — tomorrow — my family — my job if need be — risked all — and settled down to devote my night to finishing this 3-way duel. Tomorrow could take care of itself! Now was the time!

So I "bugged" R's call to L. I interfered just long enough to call L and get a blatant, foolish denial from her. She

"Knew nothing" — "nothing was
'wrong' — "there was no
Emergency — what was I talking
about? — No — she hadn't seen
L. — wasn't going to see him —
she 'couldn't care less' — Get off
her phone — her child 'was' on
the toilet! ["Who cares?" I said]
[It wasn't a 6 year old child
who was 'on the toilet'!] — I
couldn't care less about your
LOVE LIFE! she said & slammed
up the phone.

("Liar! Liar! You foolish,
foolish liar!" I thought.) She'd
played into my hand! Now I
had a Reason to call L all
night — "bug" him all night —
as I threatened. Who had died
to me? L — or R. I knew. I knew.
Instinct told me. But I now
was drinking everything I could
set my hands on — chain
smoking — "priming" myself
for the Battle. I even watered
poor unsuspecting, befuddled
mother's gin bottle — drinking
straight gin after polishing off
desperately 2 different kinds

if left over

some of my own.

"Where are these people leading me?" I thought, "What vicious, "underworld" game am I being tempted into?" With great self-loathing I went on thru the night.

("Use all you know — all your innate intelligence — my horoscope read when I looked it up the next morning at work — "YOU WILL BE WINDICATED!" — I will?

I will? I thought. Right now I am working in the dark — I even put on black clothes — !)

I kept playing "Telephone". I kept just L's phone ringing — (all night, if need be.) Then, realizing he wasn't home — wouldn't be — he'd been "forced" to go out to phone — "forced" to meet I elsewhere — I let R's ring awhile — testing to see if anyone answered. No one did.

Instinct told me to minimize my thrusts at her. She was more aware, more cunning than L. I could suffer. I

roamed the house — trying to go to bed & sleep (with L's phone dimly ringing away all night in my ear) — couldn't. Got up. Down. Up. Tried this, that. Where were they? It was now 2 in the morning.

Surely R was going to fight me somehow in my telephone game. How? I was alert.

3 a.m. (Touché!) She got me! My phone was suddenly dead. Mother home. Couldn't check. What to do? What to do? the car? a middle-of-the-night check-out trip to L's Apartment? Oh NO! But — who lied? What happened to the phone? I had "bugged" L's "promised" call to me. Had he called? Had he tried? This was Important! Wait till tomorrow? (It would be 5-6 p.m. before I could "know".) Too long. Too long. I had hard work for the morrow. I "couldn't afford" emotional upheaval. I couldn't afford daylight scenes.

Play the "night sneak"
like they do! Fight
fire with fire!

Play their game! Play once
more — just once more! Then —
— THE END. This was IT.

I was full of enough disgust,
enough self-loathing, enough
fear of being involved — so
typically — with the wrong
people to carry me for a few
days — weeks — if necessary,
I paced, thought, paced.
I did it.

I dressed, sneaked out and
drove to L's at 3 a.m.

Scene? Yes. O.K. Has to be.

I pounded on his door. He
came — "awake", "expectant",
"agreeable" — nude from the waist
down (???) He stayed nude. I
made many nasty insinuations
(I had driven by R's earlier.
No one there — car gone — lights
on — Rainie alone? — where
were they — she & L? — I resisted
a temptation to report her for
"child neglect" — I didn't know —
I couldn't prove it — They had
met somewhere — somewhere
where I wouldn't — couldn't
find them — where? I gave up)

Now - seeing R ^{half} made - (as he leaves me) I "knew" - I suspected - and kept on suspecting - in spite of - be cause of his quiet, too quiet denials. (Righteous indignation shows its flare, doesn't it? Unjust accusation shows, self disgust is weary, resigned - as he was.)

World-weary - I went straight to his phone. Tested it. "Your phone's dead" I said. "Yes" he said, 'world weary, too. 'I had them disconnected.' (A statement of fact.)

Neither of us "troubled" to discuss it. No need.

Then we began. We ran the gamut - every emotion in the book - every "rule of the game" - every "rule of our own" - threats - viciousness - sparring - comparison (that "wonderful poor dear, unhappy R" - "she was so upset" - he kept repeating dreamily - giving me only half his attention) - [Jack had post-phoned the wedding!

Oh god! I was too unhappy to really enjoy my victory — tho I laughed & laughed — in his face!) We did everything but love — or show love — in any form. I even scared to his very core, thrust a vicious, hateful face into mine with an expression I'd never seen before ~~on~~ his — (Here is Nick's hate on a Nordic face, I thought,) and threatened to beat me up if I did what I was (facetiously) threatening to do.

Having known & faced HATE before, I saw the desperate fear behind it — the "Schiller's heel" — (his ~~job~~ - his money!) and stared him down.

~~He~~ pleaded for time — "let it ride" — let it ride awhile" — "he whimpered. "No." I said.

(He had given me nothing but a cruel insight into his delusion of "Love & perfection" with R, and his helpless imprisonment in same.)

I got up. Went, without

words, to the door — wondering
what I'd say — what words
would come out,

He robed himself. Now.
Now to go to a uneyed door
at 4 a.m. — and "saw me out"
— at least as far as the screen.
"Don't bother," I said. "Don't
bother. You've never bothered
before."

An old, tired, drawn,
miserable, suffering face
just kept turning to me,
following me, the feet, the
feet that should have been
following me, the body, the
body that should have been
seizing me in love & need —
frozen, glued to the "safety" of
that little "safe" place behind
the his own — his very own —
screen door — that face
— lonely, un-helppable — followed
me as I left — saying —

"You made your choice."
~~turned~~ (I went out)

"I don't like you, I never
want to see you again."

I meant it.

I left.

(I spent my noon hour looking up
"Etiquette" and "Crisis" at the library.
I found a lot to sustain me.)
like the following—

Ris a divorcee living alone.

As such she is a sitting duck for gossip — she risks her reputation.

When she invites unattached men to her home, especially late, late at night; when she persists in ^{so inviting} ~~pursuing~~ 'last year's lover' in spite of the fact that he has been ~~going~~ dating another woman for a year; when she always excludes this woman in her invitations; when they both fail to tell this woman of their meetings; when she asks this man to help her — with her son, with her imminent wedding —

She implies an intimacy which neither can disprove.

September 1963

Friday the 13th!

I am on my way to L's office to try to get back or destroy that photo he took of me. I have a sign to put on his car to threaten him with

"Used Karr

CHEAP

Complete with automatic Two-Times (must share with previous owner) I will offer to exchange. It is to be my last encounter with him.

I stopped this morning and dashed in and told the girls to take me off the payroll. (I did not see L, for which I found myself glad, tho I think he was about & might have seen or heard me. I did not phone as I feared the girls would not think it authentic enough.)

Right now I am hurting in the pit of my stomach, but it has been only the last 'half hour that this has started — since I knew he was home napping — doubtless awaiting my usual

"make-up" call. It is time for him to go back now and I didn't call.

I did not have the slightest urge to! In fact I found that I do not want to go anywhere near that drab, semen-soaked apartment again. The very thought nauseates me. Even tho it would have been "wiser" more private & a better chance of getting the picture.

I plan to walk in and say "Happy Friday, the 13th --- I believe we have an anniversary about now. ---" etc.

(I couldn't write any more. The mood wasn't in me. I just wanted to go — and get it over with. I even found myself looking forward to it! Not to seeing him, but to hurting him — as he has hurt me —)

Later - after wards.

It went very much as I planned. Tho I didn't expect ~~the~~^a sudden queasiness in my stomach. However it didn't last & I found 'myself' oddly calm, oddly sure.

I don't understand it! I feel good - in spite of the fantastic drinking spree I went on last night - and no sleep. Maybe all that alcohol hasn't worn off yet. Maybe I'm still in shock or broyed-up by hatred and revenge and disgust. There has been not a tear - or a feeling of tears. It will come later, I suppose - 'unexpectedly' - like with Nick.

Speaking of whom, my day at work began with the playing of "Volare" - (been a long, long time since I've heard it.) - That got me - as a reminder - only.

Any way, there I went - to his office. Somehow, I wanted other people around. I wanted the safety of business. I wanted to expose him! I wanted to expose him very much! I not only

hoped for a scene; I was willing to create one. I wanted Don (his boss), everyone to see what kind of man was this. I wanted to vindicate myself!

Luckily, he was in his office. I was "too early" and ~~he~~ afraid he wouldn't be. But he was. He heard my approaching footsteps, of course. (He always had before!) But he gave no sign. He was "absorbed" over his desk — waiting, no doubt, to see what mood I'd give out with.

"Happy Friday the 13th!" I said, approaching fast across the room. His turning was slow and cautious. I must have sounded gay, "all right", for he turned a "happy" face to me, tho he scanned me carefully & held back a little.

A little spot of difficult silence here when he didn't respond. But I inserted a "I think we have an anniversary about now —".

This gave him something to talk about, but it took him a long time to get with it and then it was only ~~with it~~

"mouth" — no mind behind it? "We do? — we do? — what's that?" etc.

I discussed it a little, giving up when I saw it didn't reach him. He had now spotted the rolled "Karr" sign in my hand — and reached for it eagerly, his face alight.

I withdrew it. He flinched. (What was the matter with the man? He was happy, he was gay, he was amiable! Was he that relieved?)

"No," I said, "I came to make a bargain —". We both began to move around now. "Where's that picture you took of me?"

He reacted to the now grim tone of my voice by getting rattled, wary. "What? what picture —?" He didn't "know what I meant", he "couldn't find it", he "didn't have it —".

I waited, prodding him, resigned that I wasn't going to get the picture. But he found it. He finally produced it, well hidden in many, many silly "ego" papers in his billfold — (a sort of "diary"!) He handed it over without a word, without a fight, as if it were no great loss at all to him —

like a miserable, obedient little sheep!
I was disgusted.

I destroyed "the evidence". Then handed him the rolled sign. He took it eagerly to his desk and unrolled it. Poor guy! was he expecting a "make-up" cartoon? ~~but~~

I watched his reaction carefully — and got a shock. He laughed! He laughed, with apparent pleasure and glee! (He should have been mad!?!)
"Leonard!" I said, "You always laugh at the wrong things!"

I am confused now about what happened and what was said when. We talked more than I realized. At the time it seemed like a very cut, very short, "murder" visitation.

I remember I said something — wending my way toward the door — about "I think I'll just forget the whole year — just pretend it never happened." Then, since he appeared to be nodding, his face sad, puzzled, I added lamely — "you, too".

His persistent gaiety and blitheness puzzled me and threw me for a loss. It was not the

"right" reaction for the situation, He "Should" have been either mad, cold, or fighting for a reconciliation. He seemed to be doing none.

We were talking at his drawing board - I don't remember what I was saying - I was trying to sum up - explain the reason for my visit - that it was the last -

" - let it ride. Let's just let it ride for awhile - " he was saying, without passion, without looking at me, skimming over every thing -

I said something about "time out" - maybe we need time out" (It hurt to say it.) - "Yes," he said, nodding at his drawing board - "just a squabble - these things happen - let's let it ride awhile -"

I was furios! He didn't have the slightest conception of the seriousness of this! He didn't have the slightest intention of making any effort - any change. It was all nothing to him - He expected to just go on as before - "nothing wrong" - all the same - Raymona and all - He was rejecting my ultimatum, all my hurt and suffering - he didn't give a damn about me!

"No!" I cried. — "It's all over.
--- You killed it!"

This was it. I'd done it. I
had to go now. No retreat. I started
toward the door.

He stayed where he was, then
with only a quick glance at me
and then his eyes back to his
drawing board, he said, "I didn't
mean to — I didn't mean to do
that — "

I laughed, scornfully, "The
road to hell — " (then conscious
that I was "epigramming" again,) I
said — "Another quote — "The
road to hell is paved with good
intentions — "

He got it. He sat, a tight little
huddle. His face suddenly got ugly —
all the "handsomeness" disappeared.

I watched in fascinated horror —
like the "picture of Doan Gray" —
as the skin of his head actually
seem to shrivel ^{in a spasm} against his skull
pulling all his features flat
against the ~~skull~~ bone and
creating a face I'd never seen
before on him. It was as if
he'd died right before my eyes and

his face became a death mask while I watched, the dead head of an old, old man — like a shriveled egg!

He was "gone". Gone from me — from everyone — forever. No hope. Killed. (Or was this before?)

I approached him again. "You still have R," I said. "I said you two would be back together by Spring —" Here I laughed, ruefully — "I said Jack wouldn't marry her; — oh, how I wish my predictions wouldn't come true so much — it scars me; it really does!"

He laughed warmly with me, agreeing by gesture. "You'll be back with R by Spring," I said (wishing I didn't know it was so).

He was thinking — "No," he said — "I don't — think — so —" But he looked up at me now, pleased, warm about something, smiling at me.

"You don't have much to say about it, Boy!" I rejoined, with humor. Again his reaction was all "wrong", totally unexpected. Here was my old L — my friend; — my understanding "buddy" in this

flash of the old grin and laugh
he now suddenly gave me. (Oh!)
"He likes it that way," I thought.
"He appreciates my "understanding"!"
I hated him!

Now I was mad again. Good.
I could leave — go on with my
"hurt-Leonard" campaign — teach
him a lesson such as he's never
had before — throw every thing he
thinks he wants at him — throw
all the truth of himself at him —
from all sides — make him ex-
perience the bitter brew of dis-
illusion by living through it —
if it took 6 months — a year —!

"She's for you," I said, "She's
your Gal She's the best you'll
ever get" (And what a
disappointment it was going to be!)

I went to the door — "Get
out your Little Black Book," I
said —

"Happy Hunting!"

He only smiled usefully — nodded,
I left.

— Sure of myself, calm, at peace.

I knew what was in store for me. A shorter (I hoped) repeat of the post-Nick era. I could recognize the changing moods now as they came. this was the "get-even" period. I was, and would be broyed up by hate and revenge acts.

I had, and would, numb myself with wine - anesthetizing the hurt, the wound for the time being with dangerous drugs. Time enough for the ensuing moods. I'd face them when they came.

They came. Home. Write. Wine. Hurt. Sorrow. Loneliness. An overwhelming desire to go back. Leonard! Leonard!

To the phone. "What are you going to do about Agnes?" (and the dog "date") I asked him when he answered. "O - fine - I'll go - we'll go - it's up to you -". "I'm not going!" I retorted, not wanting to say this at all.

"Oh," he said. (Now he realized. Now he knew I meant it! - Oh God! Oh God! I hurt! Did I have to make this sacrifice?)

We were "polite" then - two

strangers. I "offered" to call Agnes — handle it for him. He agreed — up to me — thanks —

"What if we 2 gals set to talking?" I said.

"OK. OK. That's all right —" he said, his voice sad. "Then he bricked me off ^{wisely} — (the big Sissy! I thought.) I have to go — ^{Don't} ^{talkin}g to me."

I called her — made polite arrangements. Nothing said. "Tell L," she said — such & ~~more~~ such. (Did I have to?).

I agreed. (I'd figure that out later)

More wine. Things beginning to come through the "mad" — I'd forgotten something — what was it? — Oh! the "diary" — these writings — I'd meant to tell him about them — "threaten" him — "glow" him —

Tight now, I simply called again. "I forgot to tell you," I said, "I have kept a diary all this' years — pounds & pounds of writing —"

He was delighted! (Why?) "Good!" he crowed, "Good!" (What now?) what was the matter with the Sing?)

"Wouldn't you like to read it?" I threw at him —

Wouldn't you just!"

Something here about writing that "book" — "Yes", I said, "now I can write that book, . . . How would you like to be depicted? (I didn't want him to leave.) "What? What?" he said.

I had to explain. "Oh, I don't know —" he said. "I know!" I said, "— the ~~Good~~ 'Good Guy'!"

"Yes. Yes, that's it!" he said — and laughed — pleased.

"Well — keep on trying —" I said — and hung up.

I waited (it was hard) till just before he was through work and called him and gave him the "Last Word" — coldly, impersonally, shortly. "Agnes says the dog will be in the house if she isn't there."

"OK." he said. His voice was low, sad.

I hung up.

Friday
~~Saturday~~ night
11:45 p.m.

Just home. Lois & Bert "rescued" me to night. Lois had one of her "feelings" — was just going to call me & ask me to go the football game — the first of the season.

(How long I waited! All I wanted last year at this time was an escort to ~~the~~ ^{at least one} game to "bug" Game Esqate. I wanted it to be L. That was all I wanted from him at the time. All summer I looked forward to this fall. I suffered all those baseball games hoping, planning that I would reciprocate by seeing my escort at foot ball games this fall. It was paramount in my mind.

And here I am! The first game. No L. No escort. Right back where I started. L "betrayed" me. He "refused" to go to foot ball games. He "close" hunting. There was a spell when he "promised" — and I was touched & delighted — only to find that — altho he refused to forfeit hunting for me, he willingly

and eagerly forfeited that particular week-end to take pictures at R's wedding. That was the reason he was willing to go that week-end — not me!

And, I find, surprisingly, that the feeling of pride in having him as my escort at a game that I felt last fall is gone. If he had gone tonight — (I didn't even ask him) — I would have been ashamed. I would have felt that everyone was feeling sorry for me — knowing that he was just a creep that was two-timing ^{me} all the time with R — and I "allowed" it.

Surprisingly, I was happier without him. And this is the mood I wanted to record about this evening. This is my summation of tonight's experience — my first night in a year without L in the background: "You can't teach old dogs new tricks," I guess. Perhaps this is the puzzling reluctance middle-aged second marriages show in actually getting to the marriage ceremony.

For it feels good to slip on the "old shoes" again — back in the groove — back to being me — the habits of long-standing — the comfortableness of not having to strive to please L — and his strange, uncomfortable ways — at least to me. Wren't he feel this, too?

After the game Lois & Bert, either from kindness or snoopiness (How was I taking it? Is this really it?) took me out for a beer — avoiding (to my relief) the GC. — going far across town so that it was "necessary" to cruise the main avenue — as teen-agers do — searching for not-present loves.

Was it strategy, kindness, accident? — I do not know. I know that I was surprised to find myself really enjoying myself — (Still numbed with the "therapy" of wine I'm snapping at till the hurt — the change — is over?) — only occasionally feeling a pull of habit and/or curiosity to look for that white Cadillac. (How is he solving this hurt? What is his reaction pattern?)

I saw one - when I'd least expected to. I didn't get a chance to verify the license plate. Lois was talking to me. I was quite frank and at ease about telling her that I'd been distracted by the ^{glance} sight of a white Cadillac. Perfectly normal - perfectly usual reaction, wasn't it?

It was parked (conspicuously) on the Avenue in such a place that he could have been either at the Chinook or "the Turf". Knowing him, I'd bet on "the Turf." (Chinook too "high class", too "lonesome" for him - the Alley-Cat.) Of course. Drunking himself into numbness - even as I - but a difference. He seeks (as he did, in the same place after his divorce) an "easy ass" to comfort a lonesome penis. - whereas I seek the joys & comforts of ^{good} friends & warm family and old familiar routines. He is "twanging that same old nerve" - sterile, futile, self-destructing, vicious; trouble-

brewing. I have "investments" I can resort to. Investments of time and love and sacrifice. He has "investments of money and telephone numbers." (Good Luck, my "love", good luck!) ^{easy chump}

I mentally checked. I expected him to "Glee Club" — or run to R's — Was this really his car? I did not know. It surprised me. I hadn't thought of that. But typical & typical. Had he taken R there? — No-o-o — (She doesn't drink beer. He needed to drink beer, to spend money — to self-indulge. R wouldn't please him to night — too much yak-yak about her own troubles!)

We didn't go by the Glee Club. I didn't have an opportunity to check R's. I find I "don't care".

So be it. Rest a while. Rest. Rest. I need it. (So does he, I'll bet!) As I told him today — phoning "heart wise" — phoning when I vowed I wouldn't — I am so sick of this R. thing!

— Maybe we need "time out".

"Yes", he'd said. And went on in some way I can't remember

to show me he meant a day
or two; whereas I meant
months — or six!

So —

Lois + Bert + I went to the football
game. Lois' gossipy little mind
was eager for the details of my
new Saga; her pseudo-psychology
busy on the whys? wherefore? and
"cures". I filled her in — knowing
it was a "good story" by Bert's
"innocently" cocked ear — all
the time fighting for adjust ment;
from baseball to football, from
being-a-pair to loneliness; from
reminders, old habit-patterns of
a year to new stimuli. It
was a "good show". I felt none
of the obsession, the suffering
I'd experienced with my
post-Nick era (I've been
through this before!) No tears,
no hurt, no personal-retali-
ation ship difficulties — the joys of
"old age", of experience.

They took me downtown
for a beer — 2 beers — away from
home, the phone, the Glee Club —
bless them — (or damn them?)

Now it is late (Will I revert
to old habits?). I am tired. I
could sleep — and sleep — and
sleep —

All I have to say is this:
Leonard, I offered you a
"new way of life". You
rejected it.

Let time be our judge.

Sat. noon -

I haven't called L. I think he thought I would. I lay "fallow" + let my sub-conscious creep in - take over - it took me to the phone - at "11th" hour -

"Too bad you think R is so wonderful -" I'd say.

"I wanted to go very badly today -"

He wasn't there. He didn't answer. I was sorry I'd called. I made a new try, a hurtful "correction" again.

you should have said "Please come Sat, horna, please! I want you to - Please!"

He heard - instead of putting it to me so that I had only a choice of inviting myself to go - or refusing.

"It's up to you" - you said. What choice did I have?

I have my pride, too!

I called him again - from a pay phone while I was getting groceries. For I was hurting too bad. Oh God! I was hurting! How I wanted to be

out in those sunshiny fields
with him & that dog! he onard!
Leonard! Where are you! Come to
me!

"This is Silly" I thought, "All
this "needless", "noble" suffering — and
he's only a phone away — find a
phone! Call him! To hell with
pride!"

I did. No answer. It hurt. It
sturred it all up again. (hates
I was glad I had been "rescued"
— couldn't get him — he wouldn't
know I'd called.)

For I managed not to again.
I was buoyed up by confiding
my hurt frankly to everyone who
loved me — dear friends & family.
They helped me. "I'll do your
work, mom" — (my daughter.) "Just
keep reminding yourself it
isn't worth it" (Lois). "I'll kill
you if you ever go out with that
Guy again" (Kelen). "Here's a gin
drink" (mother)

"Jim McCabe called you — said
you'd hung up on him, mom", (my
son. The "wolf-pack" moving in
already! Jim McCabe is one

Of the Glee Club drunks - a slight
calm to my ego!)

"Some woman called me last
night ^(Fri) about 10 to see if I knew
where you were. I forgot you
were at the game. I told her I
didn't know. I don't know who
it was - no voice I knew." (mother)
(Raymona? for L? - a "mystery"
call - it didn't "check out." I
still don't know!)

"I have a feeling you two will
get together again... Yes, L took
the dog out - Yes, he was alone...
I thought he acted strange...
no hurry - came earlier than
he'd said - 3 instead of 4 -
stayed till 6:30 - He had
plenty of girls at the ball games -
even when he was going with
R. (!!!) until you... R is - un-
rather "forward" -" (Agnes,
when I called her to "explain". Ha?)

They all helped. They all
helped me to hold off while I
realized that, even if L "came
back" nothing would be better -
nothing would be solved -

But it was hard - it
was a hard, hard day to get thru.

I spent all day wallowing
(as of the old Nick days) in
my suffering.

The loop-hole! The loop-hole!
the "unfinished business"! The
capitulation — the last "friendly
gesture" — as I did to Nick —
and it worked — in time.
What? how? better! better to
N. better to L!

this is my first attempt —
not "right" — not "right" — the
second I wrote at 3-4 a.m. —
unable to sleep — written by
a hand now crippled with
writing — from deep night
"subconsciousness" —

Saturday
Secondary - first attempt -

Letter^S to a Hermit-type person, No. 1

You didn't TELL me about R--you THREW HER IN MY FACE! You compared her--your IDEA of her--to your idea of me! You challenged me to be like her--like your IDEA of her--how GOOD she was, how KIND she is, how UNDERSTANDING of you she is, how NICE she is to ME--why she even made all those wonderful ball games possible for me! (You implied that if it hadn't been for HER, I might never have gotten to go! You implied that I should be grateful to HER--not to YOU--for getting taken to the ball games. Whereas I didn't even know the woman existed!) Can you blame me for being shocked? Shocked that it wasn't YOUR idea, YOUR pleasure to take me, but some woman's who'd put you up to it! Who sanctioned it "from the 'goodness' of her heart?" Who was keeping track of me and everything I did with you, unbeknownst to ME all this past year? For what reason, I wondered? Why should some woman, a complete stranger to me, be so interested in MY welfare, I, who was a complete stranger to HER? Why? WHY? Why should I be grateful, why should I be "sanctioned," why should I imitate and be like someone I only knew from hearsay--from what you'd TOLD me she was like--from what you BELIEVE she is like? Someone who once meant very much to you?

Why was this woman so interested in us--in ME--without ever approaching me? WHY? I ASK YOU!

Who IS this paragon of virtue--this "ideal" woman of yours--that I was not like--that I should imitate in order to please you? For I wasn't pleasing you. All the ways I've learned to get along with people and make and keep fast friends were not working with you--all those years of living and trial and error and certain successes--were not working.

Then you blasted me with it. You told me of this woman and her virtues. You extolled her graces--better, far better than mine--much more pleasing to YOU. What was I to think? Where was she? WHO was she? Let me see for myself--if I am to be like her! Can you blame me? Even if you hadn't told me about her--hadn't been FORCED to tell me about her, OTHER people were telling me. You, yourself "told" me by your preoccupied manner when with me, by your increasing and persistent dissatisfaction with me, by your wary and slightly fearful way of acting toward me as if you were afraid of me always, by the glow in your eye and face when this woman or any of her associates was mentioned or seen, by your persistent pattern of sadder "cut-offs" and "disappearances" from me periodically in spite of our growing "togetherness"--cut-offs always preceded and followed by ESPECIALLY nice days and evenings and attentiveness from you--almost as if you felt "guilty"! You "told" me with your repeated remarks and comparisons about "OTHER women" didn't treat you "this way". You alerted me by "actions that spoke louder than words" that there was some-

PLACE, someBODY, some DREAM of yours that pleased you more than I did! When the force of circumstances brought everything out in the open and these two women met and began to fight over you--yes, fight over you--you stood aside--and waited. Then took the EASIEST way--the least UNPLEASANT way, the "comfortable shoe" of old habit. Not for you new ways, new "tricks"! Not for this Old Dog!

When confronted with the "decision" you had YIELDED to, it was too late. You now "told"--because you were FORCED to--what you COULD have told BEFOREHAND--VOLUNTARILY, BRAVELY, KINDLY, in time to avert, with a LITTLE scene, what anyone with their eyes wide open could see was building up to a BIG scene! You LET it happen, in spite of warnings, in spite of invitations to negotiate.

You told. Yes, you told. When you were cornered, and your back was against the wall, you told--for once--instead of denying or merely keeping a grim silence. You told what was really happening. ~~It was~~ it was too late. It had to be forced out. The damage was already done --and your "telling" boomeranged on you. When you got the indignant slap in the face you deserved for letting things go too far before you made any effort, you turned on me and shouted, "I TOLD you so! I TOLD you so! I TOLD you you'd get mad if I told you! Look at R! SHE doesn't get mad! SHE doesn't do this; SHE doesn't do that. SHE'S NICE to me! She LIKES me! SHE doesn't hurt me!" And so on and so on--words to that effect, COMPARING me, me, the newcomer, me, the Baffled one, the wondering one to someone who'd known you and all your family and friends intimately for YEARS.

This was the first time round for ME! I didn't know what was going on--nobody told ME! I was only trying, guessing, doing what I've always done before and had it work out. But this time it was different. It didn't work. I was playing ggmae I'd never played before. I made mistakes? OF COURSE I did! Did you?

* * * *

Thought #2: Why didn't you BEG me to go out with Ames' dog? I DID so want to go. I was looking forward to that very much--that and all it was to lead to. (what does a hunting dog lead to???) Why didn't you say, "Please, PLEASE! I WANT you to go"? Why didn't you INVITE me, URGE me? Why did you work it so I was put in the position of having to invite MYSELF--not knowing whether I was wanted or not. "It's up to YOU", you said. What if I'd chosen wrong? What if I'd FORCED myself on you when you really didn't want me? What a day that would have been? How could I tell? How could I know in such a short time? Why did you make me have to CRAWL? What could I do but "play safe" and say "No".? Because we were both AFRAID. AFRAID to show any feeling! That's why! The story of our lives! You and me. The self-appointed HERMITS!

Such is life.

Sun-morning.

It is written.

It is all written. My heart
is sore; my hand is sore. My
pen is dry; my tears are dry (?).
My stomach is sick from wine
and drink and cigarettes; my
soul is sick from "betrayal" and
viciousness and "misunderstandings".
My back is stiff and sore from
propped up secret writing sessions;
my pride is stiff and sore from
a humiliating year's "mistake".

I am ready - more or less -
to "face the world"; to release my
energies elsewhere. To get "busy".
To "forget".

To let time pass. To let
time "cure". To heal. To forgive.
To let "things fall of their own
weight" and await the "blossoming
of unseen seeds".

It is the 15th of September.
When did I seek out Leonard
Karr? Why did I? It has
turned out just the same, - just
the same - as I knew it would
as it had to. I gave it 6

months - it span a year -
a year to the day? Little
miracles? No, no more
"miracles"; this has been a
sordid thing - a revenge
act on all sides - Leonard,
Raymona, me - (Wick! Jack!
Leonard!) the "other" parties -
the "reasons" for all this revenge.

It leaves a bad taste
in my mouth. I have been
running with the "gutter-crowd"
again. Foolish, Neurotic,
Useless, Futile, Self-punishing,
Self-disrespectful, Self-hate,
Self-doubt.

I feel no good in this.
It is all bitter, bad,
I have been evil,
I have used and I have been
used. God forgive me!

One more cigarette - one
more sip of wine -
then living -

— again —

Sunday after noon —

— the wine "talked". Maliciousness came through. I was "all right". I was being "noble", "suffering" until — another said, "Your rival's picture is in the paper today."

(Oh no! No! No! No! [Shades of Nick ~~get~~ rebound — James' picture in just after I'd suffered so thru another last-ditch stand.] Oh no! I had a feeling I didn't want to look at that paper!)

So — of course — I did. I got all wracked up again. (The little bitch! the little bitch!)

+

+

+

I pulled myself together — went on with the work I'd finally gotten around to,

(A devil, "all devils!" Go away, Devil!) A vicious little idea came to me:

Call L's number — (put silk stockings over the phone piece — I'd heard somewhere it "disguises" your voice) — put on an "act":

"He-ll-ll-o-o-o — (saxy as hell). Is this LK? — I've

heard you have a stud service
for lonely women — — — —

I'll be by about 3 some night —
OK? — — — — — !!!

G-o-o-o-d-by-y-y-e Sweet heart!!"

Could I? Dare I? Why?

I don't know. I did.

It was hard, I am not an
actress. (think of R! think of R! I
kept reminding myself — She
could do it!))

My heart was pounding. Would
he be there? (It had to be now!)
Quite all right if he wasn't — I'd
be "saved" — I could always do it
"later".

Wine! (Help!). I put 2 layers
of heavy silk stocking over the
mouth piece. I took a deep
breath — and dialed. It was
all written out in front of
me — (I didn't trust myself!)
How I hoped he wouldn't make
any rejoinders! I just
planned to read it off — and
hang up.

Let him worry! Let him
lose sleep! 3 a m - ivery

right — ha!

He answered. (!!) Glad, Eager, Hopeful. He knew who it was! (Damn that silk stocking deal — it didn't work!) I went into my act — not quite with it — "L — K — ?"

"Yes?"

Etc. He was interrupting — he was trying to get through to me — (Damn!) — When I said "stud service etc." he said — "ah," ~~at~~ ^{but} must, bludgeoned.

I finished, finally getting the effect I wanted. Wing up. End.
* * *

Helen called. "I have a drink for you" (Oh God, I had just over — drunk priming my self for that call!) "Come on!" She said, "It will help you!" (Mother had just offered me a pre-dinner drink — to "help" — bless them all!)

Helen told me more things about L that she "hadn't dared" tell me before. I felt a fool that I had mailed that letter! For here were two eye-witnesses that L had two-timed me — & dated other girls than R or me —

— good looking girls — while he was going with me — in the last month or so!

What a fool I'd been!

Then I got to thinking. I hadn't recognized my voice! he thought I was someone else — someone sexy — that was the eagerness, the glee in his voice. That accounted for that disappointed, now-I-know-little "oh." — I'd forgotten — my "stud service" line was a dead giveaway, damn.

I bugged him once more — with 2 grapes in my mouth — this time he sounded mad. "Yeah!" he said in a ~~sharp~~^{cut} tone I'd never heard in him.

"I'll feed you dinner Sunday night if you'll f-t me Saturday night!" I said in as silly a voice as I could muster. Then maniacal laughter. "Hee! Hee! Hee!" Slam! Enough of that. I'll give myself away.

August 3, 1963 - Saturday

LK5

I must really put this down, for, after all this complaining and unhappiness —

Yesterday was absolutely perfect!
Day and evening, work wise, home-wise, money wise, Leonard wise.

Perhaps it was one of those "meshing" of circumstance cycles that I used to note. It seemed as if everything came out even.

And I'm wondering if perhaps I wasn't right all this spring & summer — circumstances were just plain too stressful.

Next week it looks as if I'm going to be utterly "alone" — and I'm looking forward to it. Perhaps I won't like it, for now that all these burdensome people disperse — now that I see hope of the burden being lightened — I begin to feel fond of them and realize I might miss it all.

Anyway, aside from all the other joys of yesterday, Leonard, too, was just right. He was exactly the "L I" always wanted. There was

only one man to the whole evening — his twice-repeated request that I cover my arms if he was to take me out in public. This rankled, since I have suffered humiliation so often from the way he looks. However, I understood it — the male pride — so I was able to not let it ruin the evening.

Specifically, what did he do that was so different? First he appeared on time — even early for dinner (our crab feed). And he came with an offering of beer that I hadn't even hinted for.

Next he "settled in" for an evening with me. No pulling away, no mysterious "business", nothing to arouse my suspicions or ire. Even tho I was in the bosom of family, he seemed quite content — quite amiable. "Whatever he had to do, we'd do it together" he said.

Everything that came up we worked it out together

in peace and accord. I felt that he, too, sensed as I did, the rare and precious mood and was as careful as I to keep it nice.

As it turned out, ^{when} his plans fell thru, I mentally struggled to think of something we could do to keep this newly agreeable person near me for the evening.

I could evolve nothing & was prepared for a brush-off. Not so!

Calmly, sweetly, nicely he announced (as he used to do in the beginning) that we were going to one of our best bars in town, which we did. Then, ~~we~~ took up a suggestion of mine & we went to the next best one - the air port - where we saw Joan & Sam - then to the GC. - where my cronies appeared - people from the Bon. All very nice, very pleasant, with little episodes that put final seals of approval on certain recent problems (like my work situation, gossip about town that Mozelle and

[Effort to please]
[Capitulation]

I had done almost too good a job - that my boss's job is endangered! This, of course, pleased me mightily. It was a victory I have dreamed for many, many years!)

Then we went - by mutual agreement - to L's, where our dammed up passion broke gloriously in amazing new evidence of our sustaining rapport in this respect.

Then to eat + home - happy with each other, happy with the prospects of a glorious trip to the mountains tomorrow, happy about our freedom next week, and he was happy at the way L. had voluntarily sewed me up for months to come with various fun-sounding activities.

L played it my way last night - and I think he found it good!

Monday - Aug 5 - 1963

[Hanson]

For the record:

I feel utterly wonderful! I've never felt so good in my life! All my prayers about the week end were answered — it was fabulous! — (even tho our car was wrecked. Sat.)

As I told K last night — he really pushed the "main button" on me last night — I never knew that such could be between two people! — It lingers with me — his unsolicited words yesterday: "I can give you everything you want" — and his passion towards me all day — spoken & ^{with} gestures: the admission of how much he wanted me on the way to the mountain; the attempt at finding privacy and his spoken regret at not finding it; the way he brought his brow to mine and yearned with everything in him toward me at that picnic table; our session at his place — ("beer in the nude!") — and the way he engulfed me in a ^{couldn't} bear hug as we crossed the public street after eating. And, most of all, our

perfect union that leaves me floating on "Cloud #9" to day. This is all new from him. If this is not love — what is? I am satisfied.

Yet — all this glorious week-end there was not one declaration verbally of love from him. Not once did he say "I love you". True, I read it all in the "Leonard language" I have learned to read in him — yet still he cannot cross that barrier to declare himself to commit himself; he still can't give himself.

Nor did I give him a chance to merely acquiesce in a declaration. I am no longer telling him "I love you"; I only say "I like you". (And somehow this seems to please him more. A love declaration bothers him a little.) Somehow he forces me to "play it safe", too.

Lately, I feel like "playing it cool" — maybe "hard to get", tho this is not my intention. Perhaps because I have found our relationship better when I withhold a little. As noted, when I give utterly, he dominates me. This way, he seems to stay in the role of pursuer; it seems

to keep his interest whetted; he tries, whereas when he's too sure of me, he begins to "take me for granted" & revert to self-interest.

Thus it was some "instinct" ~~fact~~ made me say when he said "I can give you everything you want" — "But first you have to find out what I want!" I said it archly, but in all sincerity, for at that particular moment (smoothly gliding toward the mountain in the radiant sunshine) I was quietly crying behind my dark glasses for he had just "failed" me in a most fundamental way.

His petty refusal to respond to my plea for help Sat. night when the car was wrecked shocked me out of the euphoria his "perfect" behavior of Friday night had left me in. It "spoiled" everything. I was no longer in the right "make-it-wonderful" mood I wished to approach this long-awaited trip to the mountain in.

In spite of earnest prayer I still found myself with a hard little core of hate for him Sun. morning. I don't believe I

could have dispelled it on my own.

I ~~had~~ held myself in quiet awe as a tiny "miracle" seemed to unfold as we rode along - we two in that car alone together;

I turned on the radio leaving it on church music, for 'that's' all we could get on Sun. morning. I "went along" with this tho it annoyed me. As things' turned out I was glad.

I was fighting a new annoyance on top of my knotty mood, for I had pulled ~~her~~ "woman, my slave!" act ~~just~~ as we prepared to leave. (If he keeps this up all day!! I thought)

We stopped at Naches for gas. I had started to remark on Julie's & my reaction to Stephen Ward's suicide (an international current scandal in the news.) My remark was going to be on the tragic immorality of a man who had brought so much grief to so many.

Before I had a chance to finish, I interrupted in passionate defense of the man, "He had done nothing - nothing that any man hadn't done or was entitled to do -

etc."

I was so shocked that my heart turned over in me. It was as if my last night's horrified ~~thought~~ glimpse at L's essential immorality was now blazoned in flaming comparison: "Why, L is a little version of Stephen Ward!" I thought, aghast.

He finished now. "What were you going to say?" he asked. Feeling at one with Christ on the cross, I said, gently and hopelessly shutting a door between us with infinite weariness "I can't say it now."

He begged me. He pressured me. I sensed that he sensed the importance of this, but I could not play God. (Let God take care of his own - in His own time.) Instinctively I deflected my words from that heart-rending truth and silenced him with a trivial component of the story. Somehow I felt he knew there was more, but he said nothing.

We went on. Now the radio broadcasted a sermon about "thirsting in the wilderness" and "drinking from 12 fountains and not slaking one's thirst" (trying to fill oneself

with things of this world and not finding the truth, the truth of Love" Etc. I was crying so that I was unable to pretend I wasn't. I don't know if L noticed. He didn't seem to.

They sang a hymn about a "miracle"—a miracle! a miracle! (A miracle is happening I thought. God is here in this car helping me to reach through to this Kerr! A road sign I don't remember the content of struck me with one word. (There is something I must say, I thought. I don't know what it is.)

"They are ^{preaching} ~~talking~~ about Stephen Ward," I said, not knowing how I knew. Since we had long since dropped the subject and ridden many miles in a living silence L seemed surprised at my remark.

"What do you mean?" he said. "A man may drink at 12 wells in the wilderness and still remain thirsty," I heard myself say in a deeply meaningful way and knew somehow that I must say no more.

There was silence. "You don't know what I mean, do you?"

I queried.

"No," he said, his voice quiet with wonder.

It was over. Whatever was happening was over. Whatever instrument I was being made to be was now finished. I felt a little scared. I don't know why I said what I did or why I said it in that particular way. All I knew was that something very significant had happened. That I had played a part in something strange and awesome. Something very much beyond my control, and that something large and peaceful had entered into my being and melted away that little core of hate. I knew that I would be able to make a wonderful day of it, after all. I had no more fear. I was equal to whatever came.

It was a remnant of this feeling that made me say much later — "if you only know what I want" to L. For now I knew what I wanted. I knew exactly. I did not want this man if he could not find that Truth that flowed and permeated all about

as these last few days and that he could not, would not see. At that moment I knew I could wait infinitely for such a man. He would come.

I also knew that L. was capable of finding the truth in his own way, in his own ^{time}, but the job was not mine - it was God's - in His own time.

I was able now to switch my mood to what the day demanded - lightness and humor and patient enjoying. I did - and all was well.

And so it was a Shock when L. told me that evening that during that session he had felt an unusual, overwhelming desire to (there a vulgar, "peasant" expression) that meant he felt a great desire to be one with me!

Miracle, indeed!

Aug 5 - con't.

The lovely week-end started Friday night, which I think I've already re-coded.

Saturday I'd been promised a sure call "at the usual time" (5-6) and maybe more "as needed". I felt sure we'd get together to plan the picnic & trip that evening.

He did call at "the usual time" and put me off till 9. Which was all right with me because, for once, I was very busy & very happy in being busy, for I felt sure & happy about L.

In the meantime the accident happened and my first impulse & want was for L to stand by me, especially since I was all alone.

His utterly selfish response hurt me deeply and was made worse by his apparent intention not to see me at all that evening - either before or after the accident. - not even the G.C. - He'd go alone, without me!

Damn him! Damn him!

I "forced" him to agree to come tho the damage had now been done & I didn't really "care." I even planned to call him as soon as I was through with the baby and let him go,

fearful of the consequences if I saw him feeling the way I did about him at that point.

However, he came before I was free — and seemed so honestly trying to make-up for his defection that I began to meet again.

Still — tho he alluded to our going out together — his efforts to avoid it were too obvious, to the point of making me suspicious. No, he would "forfeit" the G.C. (I knew he wouldn't) If he didn't call me, etc —

~~When~~ By the time he left I was so wracked with suspicion that I openly "followed" him to see if he went to R's. He didn't. But I still knew he'd go to the G.C.

Which he did. He told me the next day — along with delighted reports of how much fun he'd had — (without me!) —

I still suspect that he might have could have gone to R's after. (And I did not like that unprecedented acquiring of tickets + knowledge about the play that Raymond's handles "business" for! Nor did I like his reaction to my knowing look. He looked "troubled".)

Sunday's episodes consisted of:

- ① The preparation. (Breakfast + loading at my house). Which seemed pleasant (he came on time + seemed happy). I felt married — then he pulled the dominating, fussy male on me. "All ready?" he announced. "Sure!" I said (I'd been waiting for him while he dawdled over a little-old-maid breakfast.)

When I was ready to settle in the car, he began to send me back in — to wet a napkin to wipe the windshield — (he got gas + it was cleaned anyway) — to find him a slab of salt — (he never used it) etc.

② - The drive half-way — as described.

- ③ The rest of the drive to Mt. Rainier.

I fussed + stewed about where to go + how to get there. He didn't believe me.

He didn't trust me. He had to get maps.

(But he wasn't as bad as the Seattle trip) — and he finally settled down, trusted me.)

We didn't talk much, the car was too noisy: a muffler had blown. But surprisingly he didn't seem the least bothered by it. The feeling was good between us. We were enjoying ourselves. The day was beautiful

and we were anticipating.

I wanted a beer right away, but didn't dare say so. To my surprise he asked for one. It helped.

Also, to my surprise, he stopp'd at all the view points. At one, I turned to find him contemplating me with a look of great love in his eyes.

I showed him the Gorge I had been trying to lure him to so long. And he was as fascinated as I thought he'd be.

I was a little annoyed when he began to get hungry. Too soon, I thought. I had planned (hoped) to find a private, secluded, beautiful spot in the woods some where where we'd have one picnic, much beer all at once, a nap, some love-making + some fishing which he'd expressed a desire to do. Then on to the mountain or after the mountain & sight seeing. Then leisurely home stopping, as he suggested at Kemrock Lake to eat a nice dinner in the famous restaurant I'd been trying to lure him to. There were my

expectations.

As it was, we were both frustrated by the crowded conditions everywhere. There was absolutely no chance for privacy. We hadn't realized the woods would be forbidden except in certain designated, very crowded areas. Things had changed greatly since ^{either of us had been there}.

I had counted on L to know some good fishing places from his past. I had counted on him to know some good secluded places. I counted on him to take me to dinner at Rimrock. I counted on him to be enterprising about love-making according to all the definite allusions he made.

I was frustrated and disappointed to find that it had been too long since he'd been there. He was as confused & surprised & uncertain as I.

BUT - I did not know how he was going to approach these frustrations. I did not know that he would silently and without consulting me change his mind and activities - that he would give me no inkling that he, too,

was disappointed.

I did not know that, disappointed, he would revert to the creature comforts for himself - that he would "baby" himself and completely ignore me or my needs or wants or expectations or disappointments.

All I saw was that he gradually seemed to lose interest. He became silent and preoccupied with love pursuits and "needs" of his own. He kept getting hungry. He wanted to eat right now - wherever we were - in the car, even. He would not wait, would not plan ahead.

And, as soon as I got out the food which I had bought & made myself - except his own Special sandwiches, he scorned my offerings - nibbled a little & made me put it all away again, only to be dragged out again in another hour or so and the process repeated.

The result was that we were satiated at all times by tired little nibblings - too "fooded" to enjoy the beer - and the beer was the same - one - and then a long with drawal - and

then another one - until I felt
dopey and irritable - instead
of high and then relaxed.

We did "compromise" quite a bit.
He wanted to eat in the car. I
insisted on beauty & a view. He
consented. He wanted to eat in the
shade. I consented. He got cold.

When we finally got to the
mountain he wanted to stop at
the lower level. I wanted to go
all the way - and then back.
We went all the way, but he
spent all his time with the
binoculars watching ^{up} for some
strange obsession I couldn't figure
the climbers until I got impatient
& walked off on him. He then
made a bee line for 2 pretty
blonde waitresses sunning them-
selves & set up his binocular-
watching station beside them -
ignoring my pointed remarks
about the tele scope at his elbow.

I ^{muttered} made a nasty remark
about "They'll notice you if
you stay long enough" and
walked off and left him.

He decided he wanted

an ice cream cone (for God's
sakes!) I consented. He
wanted to sit in the lounge
(to watch the pulchritude). I
Consented. He wanted to view
the fancy dining room. I waited.
I could see he was sizing it
up - he was impressed. I could
see him making mental notes
to patronize the place some day.
But he said not one word to
me about it. (Some gal in the
future is going to have a really
fancy week-end, I thought.)

I became increasingly
irritated with his inexplicable
obsession with the mountain
climbers. He was neglecting me.
I suggested ways of finding out
about them, if he was really
interested. These he consistently
rejected. (Now I wonder if it
wasn't an escape mechanism.)

~~Then I suggested we go~~
We were looking for a place
to nap & relax. It was too
crowded, too restricted here.
I suggested the pretty little lake
bed. Shown so much interest in ~

—for fishing. We went. We stopped. He talked himself out of it. We went on, I knowing there was no place to stop till we got almost home again, unless one just deter mined to find a se-cluded spot & make a try for it.

He disputed me. He seemed to have something in mind. I trusted him. I went along with it.

But I was right. There was no place — only another crowded camp area — as I'd known. This seemed to be what he was looking for — camp areas — peopled areas. I didn't understand. I wanted to be alone. I thought he did. But he was not making any attempt to find us a place alone.

I let him try the camp area. (Let him learn.) He did, sweating & swearing (for him) as he wove through that maze. At last we found a place — not too crowded. We were both sleepy. I began to seek a secluded spot where we could lie down to-gether under the trees & sky — my whole summer long aim! —

He began to prepare separate beds for us in the hot, stinky car. (All this fantastic, summer long effort to nap ^{eat} on the car!) I got mad, asked for a blanket, said I'd find a spot and we could sleep in the car if he chose.

He went along with me. We found a delightful spot — but didn't dare try any love-making. Sure enough! we napped & woke to find a carload of people dead taken over our spot & we were staring into strange eyes when we awoke.

There was one compensation. He admitted he wished we could have made love.

We got out of there. I was mad — mad at those people who had invaded our "privacy", I was mad at him for not believing me, not trying for something better.

And so it went the rest of the way home. I was expecting, waiting for him to find that secluded, love-making, beer drinking,

fishing spot I had dreamed of all summer, either before or after we stopped for that pleasant good meal at the lake as I thought he had promised me.

We stopped here & there — several times. Each time I watched him talk himself out of it. Now, an hour before I thought we were going to stop for dinner, he wanted to snack again. We did — driving & eating our so-called, tired sandwiches — just enough to spoil our appetites either for dinner or for the beer I felt might save the situation.

We were both getting tired & cross & discouraged. We reached the lake. I had hoped to stop — I'd never really seen the place — I'd hoped maybe he'd rent a boat & take me out. No. He stopped, but he was bored, resistant. He grudgingly offered to buy us a cup of coffee (I wanted to get a little light on beer, not sober up more on coffee!) and a pop for

Drake - picnic area - fishing -
mad - power house -

him - (it'd spoil any beer drinking)

I refused. I was getting
mad. I walked off from
him muttering. He began to
remunice, alluding to gay
times & parties he'd had here.
He began to girl-watch. It
was a very bad mood.

[Note: as my life progresses and I do this writing, I am beginning to find it my greatest pleasure. I do not know what this means — only that it is so.]

So — L and I started down the mountain from Paradise. I felt a vague let down. Going up was fun. Coming back a different thing.

L insisted he'd seen a camp where we could stop. The only one I could think of was Ohanepicosh, all my talk about which he'd ignored. And so it turned out to be. We took our nap as described. In spite of the frustration that was a very pleasant interlude — sleeping against the warmth of L on a mossy slant & waking to contemplate the towering waving trees canopy over us and discussing it. That was nice. I tried to deflect tomorrow's judgment against me by him for "making him sick by sleeping on the hard, damp ground." by making a humorous "prayer". He, of course, had to go along, pretending that Of course it wouldn't make him sick!

Our stop at the lake was the crisis. I had come to the end of my patience. The man had no intention of feeding me a fine dinner there! In fact, he had seen to it that I shouldn't be hungry when I arrived there by making me nibble on my own sandwiches just before arriving! What a cheap skate & scrounge! Besides, he seemed to be wracked up in some unhappy associated memories with the place. I could feel him wanting to get out of there.

Suddenly we were "saved" from our disastrous mood. "That looks like Duke's dog!" I said of a dog tied right beside his car. "No!!" I claimed. Yet something told me - some pre-knowledge. I wasn't a bit surprised when I saw Duke standing before me.

What an unhappy timing! If we had stopped as I wanted on the way in we could have beered & boated & fished in fun. Now it was too late. They were in the throes of leaving & stiffly unwelcoming. We lingered a little & then I excused us and we left.

But our mood was dissipated. I had found a crone just when he was beginning to sicken of the too-long burden of feminine companionship. It perked him up enough so I could explain to him my idea (about the secluded spot.)

I could tell he really wanted to get home, altho it was still beautiful & sunny. He'd had enough. He yearned for the comforts of his lonely rut. I left him a loop-hole & then waited to see what he'd do for he, typically, said nothing.

But the agony of unknowing suspense became too much for me as we paused at place after place and he talked himself out of each. (I could have made him do any of them by taking the lead in excitement, but I wanted him to do it himself - I wanted to see his show - unprovoked by others as he always is.)

I was almost at patience's end when he finally turned on his signal lights to turn. At last! I thought

at last — tho the place was dry and uninviting.

"There's a secluded picnic table here someplace + a good fishing hole," he said, "Let's drink our beer." (Now, now he was getting the idea, even tho ~~the~~ allusion to past pleasures hurt.) I recognized the place instantly as the scene of a former innocent "picnic" of ours + tried to match his allusions, but hadn't the heart to lie that much, when I saw it set him against me.

It was here we had the brow to brow intimacy after one beer. I was ready to "settle in". This was it! But no! he saw people near and he rejected this place, too. "There was a better place further on." I couldn't read his mind. He didn't offer the slightest explanation of what he was thinking. I tried desperately to read his acts + motions, since he would not tell me what he wanted even when I asked.

My heart fell a mile when the next "wonderful" stop turned out to be a very second-rate

beat up roadside cafe lousy
with people + junk. (He hadn't
anything romantic in mind at
all I realized.)

"Reading" him + "resisting" This
place silently I saw him give it
up, too.

One more such tentative stop
and I exploded. "Listen, Leonard!"
I said "let's give up + go home.
Let's go to your apartment +
drink the (few) remaining beers
+ read the paper + nap + go
to the Donut Shoppe + eat (one of
my pet peeves - that horrible place!) -
I don't care - I'm tired - too."

With relief all too apparent
he agreed by silently starting the
car + heading toward home. He
still pretended to be looking for
places, finding something very
wrong with each. I ignored
him now. I was decided.

BUT I was not surprised
when, almost home, on the
sordid outskirts of town, he stopped
+ announced he was going to
fish in the power house out let.
I laughed. I knew he'd go
against me, whichever way I

went.

So — I "settled into" it. I didn't care now — and exerted myself to make it fun — which it was — almost. At least he saved his ego.

Then, as related, we went into our usual routine at "home". He was now in his element — (Nothing but a Lounge Lizard, after all his Outdoor Man talk I thought bitterly!) — and he relaxed and we really enjoyed ourselves — (he did anyway) — in his usual sordid, ~~crummy~~, second-rate Man-about-town little routine.

Oh well —

As I said in the beginning — it did seem like glorious fun at the time — a pleasant day — tho I was puzzled at his half-hearted agreement with me. It was only as I write that I realize the subterranean feud that went on all day. Perhaps he realized it before I did — without having to write it out.

Ah — Leonard — you fail me, you fail me!

You "failed" me L. True, circumstances "failed" us. Things were different than we anticipated. We were both frustrated in our desires and expectations.

But you "failed" me in your response to frustration. You responded alone, without sharing, without frankness, with withholding.

You even failed to share your expectations, which got us off on the wrong foot. I didn't know what you expected or wanted. You didn't ask me.

We both assumed we knew. I tried to let you know mine, but you didn't listen, you didn't respond. You left me in the dark. I had to guess. I had to use trial & error & coercion.

Your reaction to your frustration (if you had it) was to start "babying" yourself, pleasing yourself; ignoring me. You wanted to get away, escape, go back into your "rut"; this didn't please you; you wanted out.

You were a poor sport! You didn't express yourself, you didn't discuss it; you didn't laugh it off. You didn't try. You gave up.

You didn't reorganize; adjust.
You didn't make any serious new
attempts. You didn't alter or
change to fit the new experience.

You simply took a look — and
retreated, leaving me "stranded".

This is what irritated me. This
is what annoyed me. I kept waiting
for that philosophical recognition of a
change, a difference between expecta-
tions and reality — and some
constructive adjustment to it.

You didn't. You simply pretended
to try, for appearances sake, — to escape
friction — then rationalized yourself
out of what you didn't want and
didn't intend to do. I was supposed
to believe that you tried — and not
"Get mad" — "it wasn't your fault" —

You weren't thinking of me — the
other person at all! You were
thinking of L., who had lost
his "Candy".

Friday - Aug 9 - 1963

L. has been trying to get out of going to the play tonight. Not one try, but many - consistently, ever since he made the date, which puzzled me in the first place.

For it was so unlike him - so bold, to flaunt me in Raymond's face - (for she will be working there) His trying to get out of it makes me feel that he's a little ashamed of me.

He doesn't know he's trying to get out of it. But, after so many mysterious & feeble excuses I finally pointed it out to him - "So you don't want to go to the play?" And when he began a hot defense I merely said "I think I know why" and then waited to see how he'd react.

His reaction saddened me. For he knew what I meant. And, did he reassure me - tell me I was the one and R. doesn't bother him any more? No! He became so very, very upset that

I had to admit that to
all evidences R. still bothers
L a great deal. I merely
let his angry, upset
words hang in the air for
him to see & hear them
himself —

and he did. He was
a sad & shook up man.

Aug 8 - 1963 - Thursday -

Where!

Things were "simplified" last night — at last! At last I had one evening as I thought I'd have this whole week — (and I won't).

No time right now, but want to get down this comment by my "knows-all; stands-by-me" neighbor (not Lois).

"Leonard is not through playing around!" All my probing, all my "psychology", and my fretting and fuming is summed up in this objective remark by an outsider. Too true. Too true!

Leonard is not through playing around. This is the inescapable, proved again and again plain, bald, unhappy truth.

This is why I don't trust him; why I feel constant misgivings; why I get moments of disgust.

She also said, "If L. were half the man you are a woman, you & I could have a happy life together." Yes. Yes. This I know in my heart — for all my rationalizing.

As I relate Leonard

behavior takes to more & more people I get more and more adverse reaction. It makes people see, as I have, the real L. under the mask — the cheat, the opportunist, the parasite, the dissembler — the TAKER.

This I saw in disappointment last night in spite of our "perfect" romantic evening — L. "moved in"! He moved in to TAKE. And he took — without giving.

How strange it was to go through almost exactly the same routine under almost the same circumstances that I went thru with Nick & how many years ago? (Mother on boat trip — kids all gone — a lovely summer evening — mother's apart ment empty — the swing — the festive flight up the steps of mother's apt — Dennis appearing too suddenly after wards —)

One part of my mind noted with wry humor the similarities — and the differences. This became living of a reluctant lover —

— the same "capturing". But this time it was different — it was "better" — it was a step up — maybe only a step, but up — anyway.

And that same cynical part of me noted the evidences that L, too, was going through a routine quite familiar to him — in another time — in another house — with another woman — He was an experienced blasé hand at this sort of thing. He did it all with a revealing ease and know.

It made V's fearful sweetness all the more appealing in my memory. There was no sweetness in L. There was only greed and "main chance" — and hurried, expertness.

I felt like a "paper doll" — one of L's paper dolls! I felt that I was being played with — "toyed" with!

Thursday, the 8th - August

I was sitting working, when, for some reason, I got to thinking about Jim's laughing jibe at L. that night, "How did Raymona's operation come out?" and R's sudden glint of hate and suspicion at Jim and his sudden deflection of anger from me to Jim - coupled with his later preoccupied comment that "Jim was going to talk too much."

Things began to click in my brain and everything began falling into place. Of course! a thought hit me - now I know what was between L & R - what that "money-owing" deal was!

I thought then of R's fearful questioning of me as to just exactly what Jim said, and if he said, any more - and the hard thinking look ~~look~~ in her eye at the time - the shifting eyes - that made me wonder what possessed her all of a sudden. Her ~~just~~ unusual interest in my report of show L had explained his "business connection" with her when I told it - and her appearance of

operation

relief and the unconscious nudging of her head that made me a bit suspicious without knowing why. L. had lied, it seemed, but then I knew I had lied all the time. Things ~~just~~^{hadn't} ~~didn't~~ "checked out".

I began to think back on just what I knew about R — and R's + L's relationship. The gossip about the "Rasmona" in Little Theater who was sleeping with a man other than her husband — whom they labeled ^{her} a "sex-friend" — the "engagement" — the "he-was-going-to marry-me and then (chickened) out" — bitterness — the mysterious "money lending" — the frantic seeking out of L by R — was she the woman who peered out of the car that day I was in the office? (It could have been — the dark hair — big eyes — old, black car; she said she'd been to his office (and he always discouraged me!)) then Jim's remark that smacked of ~~exposure~~ viciously intended exposure of L and L's reaction that amounted to shock — and

L's & R's careful, ^{careful,} over-careful handling of ~~the~~ ^{the} version of their "business" connection to me. (Me thought they "protested too much".)

When did I have that castrating operation? (I've always felt it must have been brought on by a really bad scare — and it was fairly recent — and he seems almost sorry now —) — 1948 did he say?

R. says she met him in 1959 — but I think she was too careful — and she has tripped herself up since — there's something very mixed up in their stories!

This is '63 — R says she "went with him for 3 years — L doesn't dispute it — took her 1 year to get "over it" — I said "this brings it up to this about now" — No one disputed it. That's 4 years. — $\frac{1963}{1959}$. Check.

I'm sure my implication is clear: L paid for an abortion for R! Was it before or after his operation? Was that the reason? I think it was. I think that was his scare. But, somehow I don't think L fathered a child —

I don't know why - I just don't think so. It is not "in character" for L. I think it is more in character - something tells me - that L played "white knight" for R. He "stood in" as the father for the mess R was in, fantastic as it may seem. It is just the sort of "kindness" - gullible "goodness" - that he would do! It fits his passionate cry that he "did a very kind thing for R"!

R. was grateful. She was so set up (~~for~~^{by} her description of L.) by his great kindness that she "fell in love" with him - (with her dream of him!) She figured to marry such a kind one (every bitter woman's dream!) L was too much in love with his own kindness to be kind to her. His deed was done. But he wasn't going to pay for it. Besides, his very sensitive sensibilities were shocked by such a woman without his realizing it.

So? So.

One more thing. It occurred to me yesterday that "those black curls" that R and everyone refer to so recently in L - "where are they?" were probably a self-administered

secret dye job! As my daughter said, when I voiced my suspicions to her, "He probably dyed it so he'd look younger to go with R." I have my reasons to come to this deduction, not necessary to relate here.

Oh Leonard! Leonard!
What a false one you are!
What a fox in sheep's clothing!
What wasted, distorted cleverness!

Friday - cont

The New York Times had a book review yesterday headed "~~Lost~~ Cautious Casanova". Since ^{Casanova} ~~this~~ is h's nick name in his baseball circle and since he is notoriously cautious, I was tickled at the name and wanted to use it.

However, I decided it was ^{too} risky; but if a chance arose, I might get it in. I decided to wait on chance.

Timing! Nothing came up during the game last night, so I "forgot" about it. Until we stood in line waiting to get out!

Up came an elderly crone of h's. "Well, Casanova!" he said, "How are you?"

I couldn't resist it.

"Why don't you call him by his first name?" I asked "— Cautious."

There was a significant silence that alarmed me. I hoped they'd let it pass by. They didn't. The old fellow picked it up and made much of it — too much of it. It really tickled him, but he, too, was afraid. He

"— that was a surprise," he said. "That's pretty good." Everyone was joining in. My little jibe

had boomeranged.

"It surprised me, too!" L. declared with wonderment. (I had gone too far — oh well, what was done I couldn't undo.) —
+ + +

Later, at the G.P. I found the beer making me say something else I had decided not to say. About Y's clothes. Did I mention that I had gone to his "tailor's" & asked (secretly) why they didn't "dress" L better?

The answer, on top of the idea about R. and the remark by my neighbor and the Casanova article depressed me. It seems, the Salerman told me, that L. gives them a bad time: she used to be a "sharp dresser"; he's certainly let himself go in the last year; he certainly looks Seedy lately; we can't understand it — yes, he is a character etc."

I could understand it — only too clearly! For the last year. Raymona again! She shook him up more than I realized. This is serious! As I discussed the "whys" with the Salerman, I

gave every reason, but the one I
couldn't. ("Don't you know he's been
suffering from a broken heart -
that he's "given up women" since
R. "jilted" him? That he doesn't
care any more? That he cut off
his "black curls", let his hair
set gray, got fat and lazy &
disinterested, resorted to naps &
beer & work to while away the
time. Until me. Until I sought
him out and high-pressed
him ~~into~~ into another "affaire"?
That this accounts for his un-
willingness, his indifference, his
reluctance, his fending me off;
all of it - the whole "pulling
away" behavior I sense in him?
That I caught him on the rebound?
That it isn't real at all. That I
am just a "stop-gap". That he is
a trifle ashamed of my nationality.
That he does yearn for and
expect & feel that he "deserves"
something "better", something more
attractive, something younger -
lusher - more self-enhancing.
That he is not "through" with R. -
or "playing around." That I just
"happened" to him. Why not -

take it, since it's offered?

When I observed him neglecting me again at the ball game; when he again took up a girl-watching station & put me again "out-of-sight," my back to all the activity at the G.C.; when he showed bore dom & impatience again at being alone with just me — and, most of all — when he again began trying to get out of ^{the} "play" and announced he wanted to go to Seattle alone — (tho he pretended to deny this) — when he revealed that he'd rather go to Seattle with Jim & buy a hunting jacket — that he'd even leave work to go — than stay with me or go to the play with me or take me to Seattle or buy new clothes to please me — when he inadvertently showed all this plus the fact that Raymona still bothers him very much — then I realized that L is through with me — he's had enough — he was just "going along" — for "kicks" — and the kick is gone —

I bore him.

All very depressing.

In the face of this great depression I faced renouncement, so I just called L (9:30 a.m.) and told him he could go to Seattle today if he wants. (I don't want to go to the play now anyway - Besides I'll be too tired tonight - the mood will be dangerous.)

He said, "No. No. It's all right. I decided I didn't want to go."

Oh Leonard! "I decided. I didn't want." How can you?

In other words if he'd wanted to, he would have! No thought no care - no consulting of me -

Oh Leonard!

No admission or suggestion that I had anything to do with his not wanting to.

Friday yet-

A wonderful opportunity to write and nothing more really obsessing me at the moment.

I could go on about the way I feel about L. right now. like this:

I feel no. Impossible. Not for me. I couldn't stand it. I am already getting bored — and so is he.

Last night I thought "I can't stand another ball game. I get so bored. L is no company at all. He is there ~~for~~ social reasons, (tho he doesn't know it, of course.) He has a "captive audience" where he can run around showing off his latest joke — as he did last night. They're all there — his cronies — prey for his need for social (male) contact. And the "girlies" are there — his type — the "mobile little" impossible anyway" girlies in their tight, tight pants to watch & dream about — one hand masturbating

And there is no one for me. No one I know goes to these games. As I told him last night — I am just plain lonely at those games. — "that he was no company". And to this he (cruelly) agreed instead

of trying to be more company for me.

And I am uncomfortable.

The seats are uncomfortable; the same of angle of view is boring (a box is good?). When it gets dark I ruin my eyes facing those lights without an eye shield or my glasses.

Yet I cannot wear either, for L's whole point in taking me is merely ~~to~~ self-enhancement. ("See! I have a pretty woman in attendance!") If I look my age (like Lyle's wife - sitting, crocheting, beside him like a jailer!) those horrible old men won't eye me as they do now - and L. would get no pleasure from my company.

I could endure it if I thought we'd change about come fall and he'd go to the foot ball games - But no, he has no intention of so doing. He'd be bored! And he wouldn't put up with it. He'd find excuses to go hunting.

So much for the baseball games. It costs me more than it's worth to me under the circumstances. L takes it too seriously, for reasons he won't admit to himself.

2- And, I'm getting tired of his barely concealed boredom with my sole company. Always he is waiting, hoping for a cronie to appear - to "save" him. He gets no pleasure unless he is trying - ^{competing} ~~(conquering)~~ with the other men for his woman's favors. His restlessness with me annoys me.

And - the girl-watching! The separating me from any meaningful contacts of my own. The perpetual placement of himself for girl-watching and me for not girl-watching. I "Cramp his style!" ("Leonard is not thru playing around!") L. will never be thru playing around! For that's all L. wants!

Yet he fears to lose me as a companion when he has no substitute. (And I keep him from finding a substitute, he judges inside himself.)

It all makes me "pick" on him, as I did last night. Yet he doesn't realize that I am not asking him to make any unwilling changes - (as he does); I am only trying to make him face the differences

honestly (which he does not). Then, if it is worth it to him, to work out some changes, some adjustments that will please us both.

Otherwise, if ~~our~~ ^{settling} differences is not worth a willing attempt to change for him, then — we are "not for each other"; he prefers to stay as he is, go on as he was. And I don't want him on these terms. For the differences must be adjusted. There must be first; ^{honest} recognition of the differences — not just pretense — as we have been doing — pretending to like my family, my friends, my pursuits — (me?) I pre-
tending to like baseball and desert country and naps + beer taverns and psychotic playmates. — (and L?)

This is what we're facing now — what causes this new friction — (for that's what it is). As we face the fact that this may be for keeps — we are beginning to wonder about our real compatibility. We are ceasing to pretend so much (the "courtship" stage). We find we are unable to keep up a sustained pretense. And little remarks are beginning to pop out — most by by

me, because, perhaps, I am more aware, more articulate.

I find I can't whip up an interest in baseball. L finds he can't be interested in domesticity, etc.

I find he can't give up his "play-boy-itis". He finds I can't give up my eternal "probing".

Can we live with these things? Do we want to? Is it worth it?

Too, I find with Bert's & his other "prospect" (date) before me that I have something to compare with; something I find an interest in trying. I am almost anxious for L to give me an excuse to date this other man before it is "too late"!

And I sense, since he has been confronted with this, a return of his innate desires to escape a "~~net~~" "trap". I feel right now that he would be almost relieved to get out of this; he's getting in too deep; it's getting to make too much demand on him. And he's a "giver-upper", not a fighter. The easiest way out is L's motto.

How I dread tonight with

mood! I should have let him put it off. I am tired, beset with disappointments & frustrations again. I am under stress.

And L no longer offers me escape, relaxation, sanctuary. Rather he restricts me, imprisons me, makes me be something I'm not. It is becoming a strain to be with him. And vice versa.

He, too, feels this. I have learned with him — learned about myself — how I make a scapegoat of him; how I am often very wrong; how he is often wiser, ~~more~~ more perceptive than I; how I invite disappointment & "trouble"; how I expect it; how I resist him — and all men; how I use him.

The weather brews a storm. I am afraid — afraid of dangerous emotions to night.

Sat - Aug 10 - 1963

(date)

L. actually gave a little last night & I'm this love making, I mean.

BUT - sad to relate - it happened when I was putting on a deliberate, farcial, exaggerated imitation of all those ^{naked} 18-year old girls in that corny satire we saw at (Raymond's) Little Theater last night.

I was over-doing it so that I thought L would see through it. I was trying to be funny, satirical - ~~and~~ ^{but}, to my astonishment! L became a man at last and sought and over-powered and "covered" me as he has never done before - as I have so often wished he'd do. And he can e back for more!

I was alternately delighted and disgusted. Delighted to have found the "key", disgusted that it should be an emotional bloc at teen age level. It all fits. It's all there. It only verified all my observations. L is still seeking the teen age girl he never found when he was in his Teens!

Actually, I did it to test

my observations of the evening —
and it saddened me to find
I was right.

Actually, it turned out to be
a very enjoyable evening — after
a difficult beginning. I was
on top ~~and wise, tho~~ it was
my show all evening. I felt like
a very blasé, sophisticated, worldly
wise "Sought after woman", who
was amused, but didn't care
much. I had to fight hard
not to over do the role I was
playing — to let a little "heart"
into it, to soften my relationships.

Perhaps I was warned by
my premonition of emotional
disaster — for neither the weather
or I blew up — tho we were
both threatening to — both menacing.

The evening —

went like this:

First, I was so ghastly tired from my stressful work week and the weather was so oppressively stifling that I almost wished we weren't going. Besides I didn't have enough time to get ready.

~~Also~~ It was "necessary" to appear at my very best, for I feared this evening-long ~~session~~ ^{encounter} with Raymond and L. This was my "Chance" — one should dress for the Theater — one did where I've been. (If one can't dress for the theatre — when does one dress?)

L. had said he wouldn't call — just come — a little before 8. Yet, when the phone rang about 6 P. I found myself afraid that L. was going to call it off. I found I really relished this dramatic encounter with the "other woman"! I was braced. But no. He just wanted to go earlier. (Damn! Score another for R's side! He was anxious to get out there early so he could hang around R. before curtain time!)

So - I rushed around - putting on my finery. I looked well and I knew it.

I appeared even earlier. My daughter sought me out - warned me - that I'd dressed wrong. Shock of shocks! Embarrassment of embarrassments! I was in his horrible, baggy, out-of-style shorts; wearing two different violent plaids; his shoes old, mended, torn - out-of-date. Worse yet, he was totally unconconscious of his "faux-pas" - of the ridiculous picture we made to gether - he in a "picnic" set up: one in silk & white gloves!

Oh well - I'd lived thru worse. Besides I was hanging himself in his own noose. Anyone I cared about (like Joan & Sam who were going) would understand - get the humor of it as I did.

We went. We were too horribly early. I was alarmed to see that Yvonia was going to come to the theatre dressed as if it were a drive-in movie.

Oh well. I knew what I knew.

The first thing we saw was "Rainie"
R's brat — out to encounter
L & show off. ~~He was~~^I so fam-
iliar with children — got the
"picture" immediately. Here was a
very spoiled, obnoxious brat — one
one didn't dare encourage. I
didn't.

But all the lights turned on in L.
Once again I saw the real L
born before my eyes. Here was
his real interest, his heart, his
emotion, his way-of-life! This,
again, was not the L I know.
This man ~~that~~^{who} now glowed at
R, (who greeted us immediately)
was suddenly alive. He & R looked
into each other's eyes like lovers;
they were completely enwrapped in
each other. I might as well have
been the post near me!

So! It was to be like this —
was it? And it was — all
evening. L & R treated me as if
I were an unwanted guest
they must be polite to. I felt
like an intruder, an interferer,
a nuisance. R tended me

Daddy,

elaborately. And L responded to her with everything in him — with things I didn't know were in him. His eyes followed her, sought her out. He hovered near her all evening, making transparent excuses to be where she was, to eliminate me. And she did the same. Her attention to us was burdensome.

I even intercepted a lusty glance she gave him and his vulgar answer — a gesture meaning "let me put it in you!" Here was something crude and vulgar and cruel between them — even yet! It sickened me. I wanted none of it.

And then there was the "Daddy" bit. "Rainie" greeted L with a cry of "Daddy!". (I shuddered.) R. greeted him before all those people "Daddy!". ("What did that make me? hittle they cared! L was loving it!") A mobile, half-naked little teen-age beauty threw herself at L — "Daddy!" She cried in great

affection. Ye Gods! They had me
on the wrack! I was in for it.
I could see that! Nothing to do
but fight back, I suppose. I
couldn't get out of it now - much
as I wanted to turn on my heel
and just get the hell out of there.
They should not be allowed to
treat me thus! I had some self-
respect! They were making a
fool of me!

Worse was to come. R. and
this buttock-flashing teen-age
"goodie" showed us to our seats -
all pre-arranged - (there had been
some intimate, previous consultations
about this!) - all pre-arranged to
please, to titillate Mr. Casanovakars!
For we were in the 2 front seats
center - all but onstage!

All my years + years of Theater
experience with my husband were
as naught. (Only old goats sat
in those seats - the "bald-headed row"!)
Real theater buffs knew that a Stage
Show is better farther back!) I
was humiliated and embarrassed.
Thank God there was no one I
knew as I perused the crowd!

It was only inability to escape that kept me there during the first scenes, for I saw why we were there — it was a vulgar, corny, sexy, naked burlesque show. I kept a wary eye on L's trembling hand creeping toward his almost exposed genitals there in full view of a hundred or so people as barely concealed female crotches and breasts and thighs slammed into my face over & over & over. From the corner of my eye I could see the lustful gleam in L's eyes — the same look I saw in my husband's burlesque audience — the extended forward head, the sparkling, excited eyes, the parted, mouth & darting tongue. — Lust!

What had I gotten myself into?
What was I going to do?

Thank God that Joan & Sam were coming — my kind of people.

I would need them; I'd have to use them. Too bad they were in a we-want-to-be-alone phase —

As we waited (interminably) for the curtain to go up, I

began to get nostalgia about my life in the theater with my composer-playwright-director-producer husband. How many curtains I had seen go up! How far away seemed the days when we, too, were stage-struck, as all these people about me were now — including I — that was all behind me — these people are just beginning it! I felt out-of-time, out-of-place —

So I sat and tried to figure what to do — what role to play on this side of the stage. For I could see it would have to be a role. There was no hope I could be myself. (Who was myself? The musician's wife? The career woman? The sacrificing mother? The mistress of a beer Tavern? Casanova? The do-gooder? Who am I?)

R. had come & "sotto voce" told L, as if referring to many former conversations and completely ignoring me, how, when, and where he was to make a fuss over "Raine" after the show. I was horrified. Why

the woman was crude as ~~S~~! I only agreed eagerly, like a conforming husband.

This settles it I thought. This settles it! All my ponderings these past weeks. I belong here with R. How much alike they are! How well they understand each other! These two must be brought together again. And how little I care - really. They aren't my friend. I don't like them. I know what I want. It isn't here.

I rejected what I really wanted to do - get up and leave. No. No. Too dramatic. Not worth it. Suffer Act 1 (12 scenes!!??!!) then arrange to sit back further. No. No. By now I was beginning to "get with" the play. No use playing the snob - L & R would just be the winners. I relapsed the cynical boredom I'd felt and which was frightening the very silent L beside me and tried hard to establish some "rapport" with him + repress my disgust.

Poor guy! He eagerly accepted it. Now we were enjoying ourselves. (It was really a good production job — for what it was — ("Common man" vs. intellectual stature as per my newly discovered N.Y. Times article.)

I had decided what I'd do. Play the charming, poised "woman of the world." "Graciously" & "unobtrusively" ~~stay~~ ^{oppose myself} with my "own kind" and adroitly see that I was pushed at R all evening while I remained coolly and contentedly "aloof" — yet not Snobbish — the "goddess" on the "higher plane". My mind toyed with some "hon motif" that would show up the "daddy" — Raimie — who-paid-for-what-abortion? connection. Yet I must be careful. My tongue was getting a little sharp — a little too cynical & bitter. I didn't want to play into their hand.

It went beautifully. I was able to honestly be gracious to R. about liking the show by now. I was able to "run into" Joan & Sam, who seemed charmed enough

with me to offer me a cigarette
which I took to annoy L
who has raced off to be
with R in charge of refreshment
stand — "Must have a cigarette" —
he had been crying — and "Is
it free?" he'd asked R. (ugh!)

I toyed with Joan & Sam, who,
though reluctant, were too polite
to turn their backs on me. I
saw to it that there was a slight
amused rejection of L in his
clownish attire & behavior.
I saw to it that he spent most
of his intermission basking in
R's adoring eye-batting while
I remained "among my own" —
"indifferent, cool, content."

It worked. He now began to
"court" me, fawn on me. By the
time the play ended and I
found my self saying, "You
have to go see your son, don't
you?" in level, disinterested
tones, he was too afraid to
make any answer. His mouth
set grimly (he got the message)
and he only nodded & steered
me with too obvious intimacy

to where R. was over-eagerly awaiting him. I took one look at that disgusting display of "darling child" exhibitionism, smiled just enough to be civil and fled down to the dressing rooms, my silk skirt fluttering dramatically & provocatively about my tripping legs to seek out my three teen-age friends to congratulate. (Thank God for them! Thank God there was somebody to help me carry out my act. How I hoped they wouldn't give me the brush-off! Summoning all my past experience with theatrical people I played the "grand dame", arazing compliments and patting bare, sweaty shoulders with my white-gloved hand. Poor little provincials! They ate it up! I was acknowledged and encouraged & recognized & appreciated. They kept me talking a long time. (How perfect! - Good! Good! I thought. I hope R & L are thick as thieves up there!)

What happened then never occurred to me.

As I tripped back upstairs expecting to have to shoulder my way into an intimate little tête-à-tête where I wasn't wanted, I was greeted by a distraught R. "There you are!" she cried. "I have been looking all over for you! ~~I told~~ He said you must have ~~gone~~ on to the car. ~~I told~~ He's gone over to see - I told him I'd walk over with him - since you weren't here - (?? What was she talking about? Why this silly bit about walking to the car with him? Couldn't he even walk by himself?). She seemed terribly frantic".

I was tickled and amused. It never occurred to me I'd be missed - sought after. Oh this was good, good! Guess I wracked up their little tête-à-tête without even meaning to! Get her! as the saying goes.

Actually, I had really thought I was going to follow me, downstairs.

Without realizing it I had set it up as a test — this "star-congratulating" bit. Would he come with me or stay with R? When he didn't seem to be following me I went on, OK, OK. So be it.

Now I was the victor. I felt good. I listened with only half an ear to R's ~~grow~~ endless prattle only noting that she was shook up, trying to ingratiate herself with me (social climbing, bless her little black heart!) and that L was grim + quiet and not listening to P either. The fire had gone out in him. He was with me now, again, trying to keep up, not understanding, afraid, ill-at-ease, mad. [I was in for it!]

I didn't care. All I wanted now was to get the evening over with — finish playing my role — whatever it was — and relax quietly somewhere alone and be myself. Let's get going, L!

Oh damn! Across the parking lot came flying that gangly, lush little teen-ager. Up to my window she came

crying "Daddy!" I was now trying to unload one of my teen age "stars" who was "sucking" on my theatrical love, leaning on the window - would he never go? And here was another pest! I was annoyed. "What's with this daddy bit?" I snapped. "Are you another one of his children?"

She became petulant. "I only wanted to talk to daddy!" she sulked. (Then why in hell didn't she go around to daddy's window? How stupid these people were!)

"It's just a name - just a nick-name -" she & L. were now saying.

"Well, it sounds like hell!" I said, "at his age! It sounds bad!"

Neither of them answered. She now went around to the other window, spoke a little to him and left. (What a tale they'd all tell of me! Who cared?)

I was just getting rid of the boy when L's favourite

"here" came by. (Oh no! here we go again! I thought.) I was fawning, lights on again window open again engine off. ("See me! See me! notice me! Hey, Big Shot, it's me - Leonard. Leonard Karr. I'm here!")

But Big Shot was on my side. He knew the score. He "wouldn't" play. "Yes, Yrs. Hello, Leonard. ... Good night!" He went on.

For L. He made a couple more tries. Rebuff. He gave up.

Now. Mr. Karr.

"Who in hell was that girl?" I demanded.

He began winding up - The long, wispy-washy prelude to evasion, "O come on!" I cried. "Tell the truth!"

He did. Somewhat. As little as he could get away with. He sounded weary, tired. He showed helplessness and disorientation in trying to find his way to the G.C.

He was expecting a Big Blast from me. I couldn't have cared less.

The G.C. didn't look very

promising. I was given "the Eye". Here was "the Lady"—all dressed up. The act began. It wasn't going to be good.

Where was Jim? Both L + I were silently hoping for our "safety-valve". Thank God—here he came. But he was no help. He was in a bad mood himself and evidently a bit drunk.

I tried, and then gave up and watched; watched L. "cuddle up" to his Big Brother while Big Brother "protected" him from me—that vicious female sitting separate and alone and un-defended, unwanted across the table.

Suddenly I was sick to death of the whole nasty, sordid, unhappy picture. I tried to establish "rapport" as of old. They only fought me; fought me with all the dirty, under-handed, psychotic little defense mechanisms their lives had ingrained in them.

A by-play put on at my elbow by some disgusting old

Goose hound further infuriated me. Even to my own surprise I simply flounced off - stayed in the toilet awhile - (how good it felt to be alone!) - and then came back - to their great, frankly admitted puzzlement. Ugh! I felt. Ugh!

We "stuck" it out till closing time. (I was trying to prove he could be "playful".) He didn't fool me. I wasn't one bit surprised when he tried to put me off till tomorrow night. What a fool!

"Look," I said. "We'll play tonight - and I'll saw you off for the week - and tomorrow -" (He had shown me in the G.C. how he was setting up an "I'm busy" set-up for the next 2-3 weeks. O.K. I didn't care. I had other desires, plans now. I don't think I can play this game much longer.)

I didn't "fool" with him. I coolly "read his mind" for him and he - wise one that he is - laughed - and took me to

"Saw me off?" he queried in alarm — (I had to soften it.)

his apartment.)

Here he showed more interest than I expected — especially when I went into the "teen-age" act. In fact it was better, better, better — as it always is, with us. Better each time than the time before. Sometimes this is all I have to go on.

I was still "acting". Now I played the "I love you, dear" record, immediately sorry I had, 'for he was n't answering — just accepting it as his due — (like "L'il Abner" in the play tonight.)

Strangely, all was well between us. He offered to call today. (I hadn't expected this.) And — tho — I don't have much hopes for this evening — I'll live. Heavens knows I have catching up to do — like this!

For I don't understand, L., why you keep trying for me — something out of your reach — something you don't really want or would know what to do with if you had ~~it~~ another one of your bachelor "Safe" affairs — (wouldn't work anyway?)

Can't you see you're losing me?
Why don't you give up? Why
don't you grab R — and be
"happy" — as happy as such
as you can ever be —?

Sun morning - Aug 11, 1963

Funny - how when the stress is relieved - when I can write - I have nothing to write about - the obsession is gone!

How frantically I write, how frantically I steal moments when I have neither time nor privacy! Yet this morning I have the perfect set-up - and I don't want to!

Could it be that the stress itself creates the need for stress relief? That the lack of time + privacy helps create the stress?

BVT - have a couple comments I can make:

① - Re-read before L came last night and saw that my interpretation of L's "happier" with R might be mis-interpretation, on my part. (Again I'm seeing what I (presumably) expect to see? - Something to prove my "unwantedness"?)

For, I thought, of a sudden being at ease with people (as L is with R - [she is not with him!]) is often a sign of not caring, of being on top of the situation, of being sure of oneself, of being in a situation that

one handler with ease because
one doesn't care!

When one cares, one gets upset
over nothing. Like L gets upset
with me. The slightest change of
mood, of treatment by me can
throw him this way or that.

Like last night. I got tight
before he picked me up for the
damn ball game. I told him I
was. I was gay and aloof and
self-sufficient. And he was a
very unhappy boy!

Until I deliberately tried
+ buttered him up — and then
he was happy!

Yet there are many evidences
that L is pulling away. He has
"got the message" that I am cooling
off — and he is retreating. (Self-
imposed "work" schedules, disinterest
in coming plans, resistance,
negativism, perverseness —
exclusion of me — "dragging
his feet".)

(Horna doesn't want me;
I'd better prepare my self.)

And he's right! And I
don't know what to do about it!

I don't want him! I don't want him on these present terms he lays down without knowing it!

This "be nice to me" - or else - angle; this "I-take; you-give" angle; this "all right for you!" business; this "it's ^{to} my money, my life" attitude; this "I'm a good catch" conviction; this "oh, I don't know" careflessness; that asinine false grin instead of an answer; the eternal perverseness — the minute I want something, need something, express a desire for something — he wants the opposite, does the opposite.

This silly backward-itis. Not buying new clothes; insisting on foolish personal habits — this anti-socialism!

He fights us all — the whole world. Leonard Karr is different; L.K. is better - unique — to hell with you all!

Ugh!

The inability to enter into my life — to share our lives and pursuits — like he did with R. He is not in love with me!

Quotes:

x Perhaps the most telling description of an individual is the history of his attachments - of his loves (in the new, larger sense of love - attachment or interest in anything - persons, places, objects, ideas, habits.)

According to this a person habitually given to satisfying him self, to self indulgence, can be regarded as attached to himself, devoted to the unbridled satisfactions of his own appetites and therefore in love with himself - - -

Certain loves have a limiting and distorting effect on others. Self love can easily get in the way of a more mature variety.

Altho a man may seem loving, he may be so demanding that others find his love very trying.

The love of the moment is influenced by previous ones. A man who has just suffered in a love affair is prone to ~~look~~ view the next woman

with distrust. He approaches the woman guardedly because he is afraid the same thing will happen again.

Yet it goes deeper. None of us reach adulthood with the same capacity to give & receive love. We are not born with our ability to love. ^{the quality of love} ~~What~~ we enjoyed or suffered in childhood shapes our ability to give & receive love as adults.

We can teach children to feel that love is a conditional reward, not a birthright or an inevitable relationship.

If they toe the mark, if they do what is expected of them, if they remain clean and quiet and obedient and get "good marks" and act polite with the neighbors they will be loved.

But they feel they have to earn love. They have been taught to receive it, to earn it — not to give it.

So - if love has to be earned, it implies it is

unpermanent. If you can earn something, you can also fail to earn it. Love becomes a guarantee that we will satisfy needs. The inept & helpless need that guarantee.

But the price is high. With that love goes demands, "No. No. Don't do this, do that, come here, go away, not now, come back. Do things my way - not your way."

This is a stiff price to pay. Love should not be charged. One begins to feel that love is unreliable conditional.

One hungers for unconditional love. While love is promissory there is bliss. But when reality enters, when something happens to show that love is often interrupted by other needs, then love appears to be no better than that conditional love one got as a child - and disillusion enters.

Love is unreliable, unpredictable in adult life as in childhood. Sometimes things happen that make love look like non-love.

So - one thinks - love is unreliable; it never runs smooth.

People who have never gotten over early experiences of seeming non-love, of disillusionments in love, always remain fearful and wary of attachments and never marry.

They may come close to it, but the idea of developing a permanent relationship is in the final analysis too frightening.

Love is not a result of mere growth. We learn how to love; we learn how not to love.

Signs of inability to love:
We learn not to love when parents make demands we are not yet ready to accept. Forcing "self-reliance" on a child before he's ready makes him unable to love. Depriving him of his needs before he can take it makes him feel he is being treated meanly. He learns not to love in return.

Wise handling can make a child feel that the inevitable frustrations of the world are a challenge and a tribute to his maturity and a proof of his parents' love.

Unwise handling of the facing of inevitable frustration can be interpreted as breach off, rejection, inattention. He learns to hate - to non-love.

Non-love is taught with ambition. Not love your neighbors as yourself but "do them or be done by them".

~~If you~~ You have to get ahead to amount to anything. Race other defend, people out of the things we want. Perform well! get ahead! Out done others; make a good impression!

This is non-love.

Non-love is taught with self-defense. Take what I want and I'll — (what?) — O Punch you in the nose O Let you have it (and hate you).

Non-love is taught in distrust
of sex. It should be ideal
& rational we say. "He never
asked" means that you
didn't want to hear or didn't
want to answer. So - "we don't
discuss sex. So - there's something
wrong about it, my parents
don't hug & kiss - it's bad."

Toilet training creates
shame of certain parts of
body that is never gotten over.
So - we grow up thinking sex
is not an expression of love,
but something (horrible)
that love might permit.
"If you are sufficiently in
love, then you might indulge
yourself personally with
someone else, but it's not
really an expression of
love. It's sneaky, disordered,
undercover."

It's not giving it's
taking!

Non-love - is taught in unworthiness & guilt.

Constant Punishment & threats make you believe there's something wrong with you. You get to feeling guilty. You feel unworthy and therefore underserving.

* You go out in the world unconsciously looking not for love -

* but for punishment. You look for non-love, not love.

An unhappy marriage or relationship is the result of looking for someone who'll

* Keep telling you "You're not worth the trouble you cause me!" (You need to satisfy your feeling of unworthiness or you can't function because you've been taught to live with it.)

Symptoms of non-loving ability.

(1) Few or no friends.

(Lots of "reasons" - (demanding work, sick father etc.) BUT truth is they are not loving people: They find what's wrong with people more quickly than they find what's right.

* Tend to hold selves aloof.

* Tend to withdraw.

Such a person may make an exception of you and pour all of his love out in your direction. You may feel this person is victimized by his environment and he really has a great capacity for love. He may have, but I would be very suspicious for cause

* if you have a great capacity for love YOU GIVE IT TO LOTS of people!

(2) "Nobody loves me" "Nobody understands me".

The person who feels unloved is usually the person who is not loving and giving.

The person who feels mis understood is the one who doesn't understand or try to understand others.

We have many unpleasant characteristics we frequently suspect in ourselves that we hate to face. We project them onto others. We "see" those things in them.

③ Excessive ambition

He is already in love. He has to do some Big Work. It is more important than anything else. He will lock himself in his (office). He will not see anyone. He will just work on his Big Job, and all the world will be the beneficiary of his Great Work (his "love").

But his loved one realizes that his love for her must be limited by his love for his Great Work - that it is self consuming and he won't be an ideal husband.

④ Inability to say No.

Frequently appears very loving,
But not capable of a stable
relationship. Is compulsively
driven by need to please
everybody out of fear or the
threat of rejection if refuses.

⑤ Perfectionism!

★ ★ Equids inflexibility and
lack of humor and perspective.
Means he will be extremely
demanding. He knows the right
way and he cannot tolerate
the wrong way. He will love
only if his beloved is perfect.
He cannot tolerate the foibles
of people. In short, he
cannot tolerate you!

How do we learn to love?

① Simple imitation.

Imitate loving parents.
A good home = 1 a wife and
second a mother.

② Proper childhood handling

~~③ Unconditional Love~~

Slow and easy - going along
with the rate of development =
love & learning to love.

③ Unconditional love

Not "I love you provided you
do this -" but "I love you",

④ Through maturity.

The more mature, the more able
to love. If mature, we offer
love. Stable & predictable.
Offer love that is more
dependable & consistent than
immature. Less taxing &
demanding on others. A
kind of luxury - a valuable
possession we have bought
after yearning for it for
years. We can enjoy it,

because, having wanted it all these years, we have learned a great deal about why it is good.

We know how to love and how not to love.

We learn we have been bent in a certain direction. We still have a margin. All of us have learned both love & non-love.

All of us have a loving sector. Those with an imperfect ability to love will be fortunate to find someone with a greater capacity — with enough to give.

One who has a good many friends, who is spontaneously affectionate in his attitude towards people; who has been in love; who is flexible; who accepts people as they are in spite of reservations he may have, in spite of secret disapproval, in spite of strong convictions of his own. — who appreciates & understands many different kinds of people.

These people contribute. They make us all stretch our capacities to their limit. THEY KNOW HOW TO LOVE!

Sunday —

So. I finally got around to reading this article. What miraculous timing! It fills me with awe.

Poor L! He doesn't check out very well. It scares me to be so right, according to those I deem smarter than I.

But I am still left in my dilemma: I recognize myself too. I see why L & I are attracted to each other.

BUT — shall I stop here — or go on? Shall I "waste" any God-given "gifts" I may have on this one man — or should I relinquish him and go on "contributing"? Dilemma!

Dilemma you don't understand, Leonard!

(I am Dilemma Emma!!
Parody on your song, my husband-that-was!)

Quote:

The Cheating Man, the Philanderer

Man's basically aggressive nature is focused on sex. They often respond in an erotic manner to excitement, fear, anger or tension.

Sex becomes identified in men's mind with more than satisfaction. It may be a vital release from tension. It may be an escape from dull or painful reality - like alcohol or gambling.

Sex may be Nirvana; power, sympathy, understanding, all the things the man does not feel he is getting from life.

He gets the secret admiration and approval of other men.

It may be an escape from some female "hostile jailer".

Flirting is an escape valve that keeps more serious feelings from exploding. It is not necessarily a prelude to out & out assault.

Monday - Aug 12 - 1963

Yesterday we had a good day. Like married.

If I were testing to see if our being alone together without all my family around helped, the answer would be an unqualified Yes!

For L treated me as he did R. He "lived in" — at least for the evening. He called at 2 (sharp) as he said he would. I called off the hillman visit^{it was} (somehow L didn't fit in) so I told him. Then he said he was going to work all afternoon, (which he did) [Grr!]

Then when I asked him about dinner, hinting that I'd like to be taken out, he invited himself to eat with us, which annoyed me greatly, as I had barely enough for us & he knew I was poverty-stricken! [I'd asked to borrow money from him, which he gave me gladly, pocketing my 100 with alacrity!]

Besides I was terribly busy & tired & hot (no daughter to work for me).

However, the dinner turned out nice & I went in to read

the paper, looking like a little old fuddy duddy man in his (new) bi-focals & ~~that~~ destestable shorts outfit.

BUT - he sat in a chair, across the room from me instead of "cuddling" on the davenport as usual. When I ~~said~~ remarked on it he made a crude comment about the heat from the light globe would make him too hot. I was furious & told him so.

So later he sneaked over & made affectionate overtures to me.

~~He compromised~~ I had to forego the ball game - I was really too busy - and I was a bit hurt that he decided to leave & come back later. (I knew it would be much later).

However I was too busy to indulge in self pity and, actually we worked it out very amicably & he did come back later & we had fun - (with mother gone) - ~~all was~~
~~then he went~~

We also went down to his office to see what he was working on. I played "second fiddle" all eve and it kept him in a fine mood.

We parted reluctantly but very satisfied + happy.

So — today I was terribly busy + tired, + late — and come home to a mess of problems of sorts + I

~~I~~ called L a couple of times (later than usual) but got no answer. Then got too busy until 8 — when I called + got him. To my surprise, I expected him to be gone.

I called because I had no way of knowing if he'd tried to call me + we'd "agreed" to call.

He was quite whiny + unresponsive. I couldn't get the happy spark out of him he's had in our calls lately. I

couldn't figure what was the matter with him. After I gave a long account of my busyness + weariness, he said, "I suppose you'll be wanting to wrack in

early -?" I was surprised.
It was almost an invitation,
Yet Mondays he usually
brushed me off — ???

Now, I had three interpretations of this in sequence:
My first, and typical reaction,
was to be hurt at his rudeness
(he doesn't like me!) he didn't
like my calling)

Later, wondering, I thought
"Why he was pouting!" It was
so unusual for me to be busy
and late and unavailable
as I have been lately.

And it makes the shoe on the
other foot! I brush him off! And
he doesn't like it! I got to
wondering if he'd tried to call
me + got jealous + suspicious
(there are reasons recently why
he could). And I've learned
he'd never tell me if he'd called;
it would be too humiliating.
This made me feel good —
for awhile.

Then as it got later (I
missed not looking forward to
seeing him tonight) and as

I got jealous & suspicious I had a horrible thought. He'd read that article on "Ability to love" (the foregoing) which I'd given him too hurriedly; without checking my too obvious notations, and he was mad at me! This alarmed me.

This is where I am now. I don't know which is right, if any. And I'm upset at realizing that much as I'd like to go to the beach with my sister if I get a vacation, that I wouldn't dare so for I don't trust L.!

Yet the prospect of staying in town - giving in to his refusal to vacation - and going on in this same unsatisfying routine nauseates me.

Wed - Aug 14 - 1963

I was "on top" last night (Unexpected ball game). I feel, at last, neither this nor that about h. So that I am able to go along with whatever comes up without getting upset about it.

If he pleases me, fine; if he doesn't, I let him know. At this point it balances. I don't care whether I have him or not. My work and other things have been augmented enough to make things balance — so I can be myself.

The result is that he seems to "tre the line". What I tried to elicit before unsuccessfully now comes through when I "don't care". Such always seems to be the way.

I want to note one thing. Too much beer made me reveal my tentative "vacation" dilemma, which I did not intend to do.

Witness this: when I revealed that I might go out of town for a week, L's response was a glad look in his

eyes! He said nothing, of course,
— either way.

But that sudden little
gleam in his eye could not
possibly be mistaken for anything
but a happy feeling.

So again I face the very
unpleasant truth — the truth
of L. My suspicions that he
would use & welcome an
opportunity to pick up some-
new bed partners and return
to R. were "verified" as far
as I was concerned.

Nor did he, when I said
as much in annoyance, give
me the slightest encouragement
that it might be other wise.
Cheap, cheap man!

Wed - Aug 14 —

(2)

In other words, as my own personal future looks brighter and become less dependent on L and can treat him more objectively.

He seems quite aware that I have decided "maybe no". And each time I say something definite (like "getting someone else when he starts hunting" as I said at the ball game last night) he reacts with sharp alarm.

Yet he says nothing to reassure me. His actions are more reassuring, however.

Wed - Aug 14th

I told L last night
"Leonard Karr is about to
lose another woman. Listen for
the next chapter and find
out 'Does L.K. really want a
woman?'!"

"He is?" L said.

Actually I didn't mean it quite
like that. I'm afraid I did it
wrong. (His answer alerted me
to that.)

What I intended was to
shake him ~~into~~ out of thinking
he can "toy" with a woman in-
definitely - "play" with - keep one
"on ice" by using alternate
lures & evasions.

He treats women as if
he were fishing or hunting -
playing with them, luring them
with decoys & false "promises" -
then, after landing them not
even wanting them or liking
them!

Thurs - Aug 15

common
Paper & oil
Staw

(2)

No one understands my stand on this latest ~~issue~~ (as usual)

that I don't want concessions! because "the gift without the giver is bare."

If L can't give now, he can't give, period. And I don't want ('I would only suffer) ~~from~~ a non-giver!

"But he's fond of you, Lorna — he's over there all the time — isn't he?" asks my neighbor friend, Helen.

Yes, Helen, yes. I know what you mean. But how can I tell you all what I feel — that is he's not so much fond of me as he is fond of having a woman's house & arms to run to. He was at R's all the time, too. But he didn't want her — or any of the others!

What I'm trying to tell you, L, trying to get you to see is that you are up against that same old wall you've been up against so many times before.

Is it going to be different this time — or not? I can't

help you. No one can. Are you going to, able to make the "psychological growth leap" that will make this time different? Whether or not it means any reward for me?

If you can do it — you can go back to R, even — you can at last get a woman of your own — IF you can face the real issue I threw at you last night:

Do you really want a woman? Or do you want baseball and hunting and beer and work — and loneliness ("freedom"). Which, I, which? It's up to you. We can do nothing — only set the stage, provide the actors, share the situation. You have to push the button, make your paper-doll people come alive! Do you want them alive — really — or do you prefer paper-dolls?

It was hard for me last night. I was shocked, after praying so hard, ~~to~~ ^{to} have the evening turn out ^{to} be a lesson, in a re-education, a re-conditioning. I was sore beset to have to be the instrument of

such a lesson — a teacher again.

For I know I can lose all — all you've brought me. Yet I can win all, too. Back to the beginning — "all or nothing"!

You don't understand, L. Yet I believe in you. I think you can "Come through".

Which makes me wonder if that "coming through" I talk about isn't the same thing as the "psychological growth" I read about the other day. Some, I read, have the capacity for p.g. and some don't. The former are the mentally healthy, ~~and~~ the latter, who try ~~to~~ to elicit happiness or avoid unhappiness from the [environment] are the mentally ill.

Which are you, L? Is that what I see in you — that "potential" — that capacity for p.g. — that makes you different, more worth while; that has kept us going; that made you reject other women; that made you find "happiness" with me — despite the fact (or because of it) I make you try for p.g.? You find happiness with me

because I have been the only one
to make you grow, to make
you step away and through those
childish blocs that brought you
only unhappiness. For, as the article
said, only p.growth can make one
"happy". The other way — the seek
pleasure; avoid displeasure route —
is sterile & can only lead to
non-idleness at best.

The article spoke of the approach
to p.g. — the approach ~~was~~ important.
How does L approach it, providing
it's there? With fear, and evasion,
and escapism, etc. Yet he "comes
through". Will he come through this
time?

Will he understand that it is
NOT that I would deprive him of
hunting or baseball or such, per se.
It is only that he is as nothing,
he makes no advance, no p.g. —
unless he can make that
Great Leap to put them in their
proper place in life — secondary
to living itself, secondary to
love, secondary to ^{other} people & their needs,
second in his life, not first!

When he can do that — when he can show the slightest little sign of doing that — then it means he will have himself straightened out; It means he will have found the secret of giving, not taking for himself alone.

When I says to me; in effect, "I will put you first — your needs or wants first — at least for this fall —" THEN — he will have what he wants — perfect freedom to hunt or baseball as much as he wants! For I will know for sure that he has "crossed the barrier", broken his bloc, and never again will "substitutes" replace life for him!

Even if it is not for me ~~for~~ even if I am only the Symbol, the "teacher", the "bridge" (as I was for Nick), this will be my p.g. in this situation — and we will both benefit! in spite of "losing" each other! We will only "lose" each other" to gain life itself!

I can only wait and ~~see~~ and pray and hope — for I to

understand that "it is more blessed
to give than to receive"!

Yet it will take so long &
elicit so little — how well I've
learned this! — perhaps this is
not the time. Perhaps it will take
longer.

If so, I shall have to "forgive",
"go along" — wait.

Unless L reveals to me — as
he did last night — too great an
"impossibility" — too great for me
to do anything about — in my
time.

then — I must rescue
myself. For I cannot live
with what I see now.

I cannot.

And that's all there is to it.
Somehow I know I am right.
I feel "right". I can only
trust in that.

Amen.

Friday - Aug 16, 1963

Did L "come through"?

No.

The answer is an unequivocal NO. I must remember this and not delude myself at any time!

Not only did he not come through, he RETREATED. In fact, HE decided NO. (No, I do not want Lorna.)

Whether he decided No, I don't want any woman is only my guess. And my guess is that he thinks he does; he still hopes, BUT if he lets me go, (me, his "best bet," whether he realizes it or not) he has slim chance of anything but a desperation marriage or more of the same old story.

There is a complex psychological pattern here that I can see very clearly and I should like to try to write out — but more of that later.

I want to remark first on how I got this impression:

After my writings of yesterday which set me in the mood to watch for signs, these things happened:

I had to work unusually late. I was ill and tired to

the point of hysteria. As I left the store in the company of an intimate friend, I remarked about being picked up. "Leonard?" she queried, matter-of-factly. "No," I replied, "my daughter."

Then it hit me. How utterly foolish for my daughter to have to make a special trip down town and back every night in the heat with her baby to pick my up during this car-less emergency when L. is only a few blocks away and actually free as a breeze after work: no real obligations, no family, no social life; with plenty of money (to buy gas), a nice car, plenty of time and (theoretically) "going steady" with me!

Naturally, everyone assumes that he takes me home. It is the usual pattern - emergency or no. Bert takes Lois both ways, for instance.

But does L. No! Has he offered? No! Would he, if I asked. Ye-e-s. But grudgingly, reluctantly. And each time would be a fight. Not only

has he not offered, he was very quick (when this emergency came up) 'to suggest other ways and means for me. So quick that I, myself, had not even thought of the problem yet.' And, as the problem goes on and on, he is very complacent about it. If the thought of helping ever enters his mind, he never shows the slightest evidence.

Why does he avoid this? Because he has his years-old ritual, his little "health" routine. ^{to do} For 4 hours after work he tends himself religiously — and that is the word! He treats himself like a sacred vessel. That empty, sterile, unwanted, useless "Karr-cass" that is Leonard Karr!

So, I got madder and madder as I thought more on this blatant little piece of utter selfishness! What am I doing, letting myself be a victim of this sort of thing? I thought.

I got home — too tired to eat, the home rampant with the younger generation. Let them eat. I'd eat later; all I wanted to do was sleep. Idea! I checked. Yes! enough food.

Why don't I call L + have him come a little earlier + eat with me? I wanted to "check him out" before we went to Lois' anyway. It would be necessary to dissipate my anxiety about his reaction to last night's "testing".

Calling, I couldn't get him. My daughter was waiting to see if I didn't come if her friend could stay. Time was of the essence.

Then I remembered. He'd said he would call at 5:45. Good! only a few minutes to wait. All I wanted to do was settle it, so I could nap, uninterrupted, even 'by L's call - I was that exhausted.

Hately L has made a fetish about calling exactly when he says he would. I waited + called, waited + called - all his usual haunts. It was 6:15 before I got him.

"I just walked in the door!" he said, gayly. I cared not for gay tones or 'blandishments. In the previous half hour I knew - from past experiences - I was being punished.

For this is always his way - to make me wait; to make me "suffer".

This, then, was his reaction -

the reaction I was waiting for:

I was being punished for being "wrong", for daring to ~~try to~~ criticize or "reject" "Our Boy"! All my prayers (God, put some heart in this boy!) were in vain! He not only had not "come through"; he had reacted with just the opposite of the love I prayed to God to instill into him; he had reacted with hate and revenge! He did not even have an inkling of understanding! God had "betrayed" me!

this had not occurred to me!

I had expected very little, at the worst no "good" reaction now, but I certainly had not expected cold hate!

(Yet I should have remembered, this was my prediction: he will have to hate me before he can learn. Another lesson I have learned all too well — that the do-gooder will be for feint!)

I also expected "reasons" why he "couldn't" call when he said — and I began to get them, many, many of them, after I explained my reason for calling and saying it was now too late in a voice

from which I could not keep the exhaustion and melancholia.

Neither my offer or my exhaustion seemed to affect him. His answer was hurriedly and mechanically polite only. His "excuses" were so lengthy and so familiar & expected that they bored me utterly — as well as firmly confirming my knowledge of "punishment".

When he at last finished, I let silence hang between, with some last hope of a "reaching out" to me from him.

When it did not come, I said, "So I'm being punished again —". This, of course, he denied vehemently. (I believe this was when he went into the long "excuses" — or perhaps he started his defense again —). Anyway, I said, "No matter what you say, I get the picture... I'll see you at 8:30 —" (he had picked the latest possible hour offered to appear — more "punishment".) and slammed up the phone.

I tried to sleep now, but found it impossible. Strangely, I had ^{had} no yen for my usual neurotic

tensional outlets — smoking, drinking, etc — I was ready to "turn over a new leaf — with a new L. —"

Now, I resorted to "tricks" of the past to unwind my terrific tension. I had to get out the hysterical weeping I felt choked with before I went to Lois'. I would have to "play-act" there. I had to weep.

I managed it, tho it was difficult. I cried my heart out after I threw myself on a mattress my moving-out daughter had left near the hi-fi which I turned on full blast. How good that music sounded!

Before I did this I pulled one more "heart-reaching" trick with L. I put on the piece he loved so in the beginning, turned it up loud and called him to ask a small favor — "please bring some aspirin" — (I kept forgetting to buy it). Yes, yes, he would, he would.

He did. But what he brought was so symbolic that I cannot look at that tiny, stingy little bottle now without thinking of how it signifies Leonard to me.

"Too little; too late." Of how I have sought & prayed to find some infinitesimal little crack in that frozen, shriveled, selfish heart these last days, weeks, months, years and of all my recent tricks — as just told — and found it only completely sealed, the "hands & body" going thru the motions that the mind observes bring him the greatest benefit.

How stupid I was to expect him to bring the very, biggest most generous bottle of aspirin he could buy — bring it with offering and love! How stupid I was!

And how non-loving he was when he arrived and found me (as I hoped) in my dramatic weeping scene. (And how little he could have comprehended what I really wept about — everything, life, people, history, art, the very soul of mankind!)

How cool and withholding, how impatient to get on to his flitting sermon with Lois.

True, he lay down with me when I gestured to him to. True, he noticed my hoarse voice,

"Have you a cold?" he asked. No more. True, he knew I was crying; he felt my smuggling, my appeal to him.

But he lay, tense and withholding, sufficient unto himself, his arms behind his head, warily fretting about our going, not hearing my initial explanation that we still had time. (I had set it up with Lois).

Only when I gave up & prepared to get up, only when he was "safe" did he placate me with a pat on the back.

Even when I came back & made a final, all-out appeal to him, quietly and gently, he did not respond one word. (God, what have you done to me? I believed in you!)

He completely misinterpreted the whole thing. He seized on my most insignificant remark and began a wild defense — not even of himself — but of his obligation to hysle, his hemting partner. He protested much too much! and much too long. I was disgusted!

And I was disgusted with
the ensuing attempts that
evening & today. All I got
was his fear that I meant to
deprive him of his hunting; and
was trying to make him marry
me or at the very least - to
say he loved me.

"None of which he'd do.
Never!"

(I have called him to
set up that other date.
there is no other way.)
Leonard needs a lesson!
(And I need more than he
has to give!)

Thursday yet

What is this psychological
of L's I spoke of?

I have chewed ~~the~~ ^{his} preliminary
techniques to a pulp. What I now
mean is, specifically, what causes
him to lose his women?

What causes him to end up with
exactly what he fears?

Because he wants it that
way! It is the old story — he, too,
jicks the "impossibles" — because he
doesn't want the responsibility of
loving intimately! Witness his
operation: what man — real man —
as I've said, would deliberately deny
his birthright to immortality?

Specifically, again, I find myself
forced to "betray" him — to date
another man! This surprises me!
Why! I'm doing the same thing all
his other women did! That I didn't
approve of! That I was convinced was
the wrong thing to do — with such as L!

I find that L. has been good
enough to make me want him; yet
bad enough to make me fear him.
I find his good is not good enough.

I feel forced to force more good out of him — just a little bit more would be "enough."

Yet I find him impossible to move in any way to make up this deficit. He is adamant.

So I resort, like all the others, to the most apparent means of forcing him, since the threat of simply breaking off ~~that~~ hasn't worked.

And, here too, he has whetted one's appetite so with part good that one cannot go back to complete deprivation. One wishes to maintain the one step up one has achieved with L. Better than the others, but not good enough.

I know perfectly well that "force" won't work. I know perfectly well that L will give up. There will be no "second chance" with him. He is adamant on this too.

★ Summary: L is impervious to threats. (He "ignores" them. Under an outward men of being "too good a guy", I believe he has been spoiled by too many, too eager, ~~too~~ easy women. Underneath all this he is "protected" by his own con-

viction that he is "too right to be wrong"; he admits no guilt.) He projects all blame onto the woman.

This forces women to "show him". (He needs a "lesson".) He needs to be "wakened up!" They threaten to date others. Again L is impervious.

Why? He doesn't hear them. He is too wrapped up in himself + his own troubles + pleasures. He "isn't listening". (Because he doesn't want to.) He's afraid! He closes himself up. He closes out the world, the environment, people. He "dreams". (He is Schizoid!)

He doesn't heed warnings. Why should he? He is always right. So, it must be that he is simply "unlucky" again — (This isn't the one, either!)

He begins to retreat, give up, prepare himself for another "disappointment". Oh well, back to the "Compensations". He with draws. He is a coward. (He is Schizoid!)

This ~~is~~ obvious with drawal from warning only further infuriates the woman who has hoped to goad him into fighting for her. (Why should he fight, he thinks, when it's obvious she "isn't the woman mean for him", since she can't see

that he is right and she is wrong. The right woman will appreciate him! The right woman will never fight him because she will give in to his so obvious "rightness". (He is arrogant.)

Now, the woman who is using another man to goad him with is afraid if she does it openly she will lose him so — she does it furtively. She is so mixed up and hurt by his "good-badness", and his remote self-righteousness that she needs comparison, reassurance, balm for her wounds; revenge on L.

L., of course, by ~~that~~ time he knows that she has "betrayed" him (foul, 'foul woman!') has already "given up". Now he is "justified". Now he can't go back to her and keep his pride, his "rightness". He ~~starts~~ plays a sort of "good sport" role which enables him to bask in the woman's favor without the slightest trouble or responsibility. ("You're not for me [thank God I got rid of you!] but I hold no grudge. I am a fine man!") Whew!

And away he goes again. While the woman is stuck with her substitute!

And this is the basis of my remark to L when he did not respond to my appeal to him —

"You are mean!" I said, (And he only grinned that silly little grin)

But, I meant it. He is essentially mean & cruel — just as my husband was, I found. The kind of man I seek and find — I with my great need of "punishment" to make me feel "worth while" (I have suffered; therefore I have "learned") Now I am "wiser"; now I am "all right" — for anyone who suffers that much must necessarily have learned, haven't they? To suffer = to learn. To learn = to get wiser. To get wiser = to get happier. Therefore — Seek "Suffering", Lorna! Little does it matter that it is useless stupid Suffering!

Well, any way, L's "meanness" is apparent in the foregoing analysis: he whips women with impossible demands of perfectionism in them. He does it in rigid "righteousness"; he

will not give an inck, for he is
doing them good; this is for their
own good. Whip! lash! cut!

Now you will be good!

(Just like his father - playing
a righteous, indomitable, "calm"
god - "righting" the world, whipping
the "evil" out of people!) - making
them perfect!)

When the woman suffers, when
she crawls, bleeding, away, hating
him, he only feels justified &
"noble", (How lonesome is "wisdom"
& "right" & being "smarter" than
other people!)

(Ye gods! Doesn't this apply
to me, too?)

Conclusion: Perfectionism is a
kind of whip, and he who
uses it, either on others or
himself is a sadist. He
has no love or ^{mercy} for either himself
or others. He has no wisdom,
no tolerance,

Now:

I said at the very first, I noted L's ambivalence. I said he doesn't know if he wants to be good or bad. I was puzzled at his complacency when I put this to him. (I had expected an effort to proclaim his desire for goodness. Instead he grinned like a Cheshire cat!??)

Now I say L likes it that way. He intends it that way. He uses it. "Good" to lure so he can grab; "bad" to fend off, and get rid of what displeases him. This is his method. His defense and lure. A little of each, not much — too much bother — just enough to get by.

For L hates the world. He hates people, especially women. He holds a Big Fat Grudge — and he aims to go through life picking out only what he wants — to hell with the rest!

And it is the smallness of this aim that has always bothered me about him. And no one can make L love life now. No woman can please him, hard as she tries, for he asks the

impossible — that he be allowed
to remain ALWAYS RIGHT.

This man needs a humbling
that only God can give him.

In the meantime he's left
alone — because he prefers it
that way. He will not make the
effort to wrest ~~from~~ ^{anything} ~~himself~~ from
a life he detests. Easier to
dream, easier to "coast", easier to
"give up".

There is no heart where
there is no "heart-for-life".

Poor L. — always playing
"cat-and-mouse" with people and
can't understand why they don't
stick with him.

I wonder how it will be
without him?

Sat

I awoke this morning thinking:

He is a parasite; he takes without giving anything. He lures women with "recidivism", takes what he wants — and doesn't give them a damn thing, meantime maintaining & holding his own status quo.

He has no heart: It isn't that his heart has been broken or is "locked", as I've thought, It is that it never developed. He has an unripe heart — at 50!

He gives a woman nothing — really: He gives me no money; he gives me no help; he gives me no time; he gives me no moral support. I want a man I can lean on; who steps in in time of trouble; who stands by in time of trouble; who can be counted on; who's always there; who sees need and offers, who's always available and willing; who is as much or more interested in other's pleasure and

welfare as his own; who is able and willing to sacrifice his own wants and desires when real need arises, and who is able to tell real need from mere petty wishes.

I want a man whose goals are so big and important and contributory that I am awed. I want a man who gives his all to these goals and then gives a little more — and doesn't begrudge it. I want a man who enjoys doing this because he feels really alive — worth while.

I want a man who knows that he has only one life to live and that one isn't long enough. Who knows that what he does goes down in history — never to be changed — and lives accordingly — at the very best level he is capable of.

I want a man who feels the heart of humanity beating in himself as well as in others — and who feels a sense of responsibility toward that humanity. That he must contribute his

Small part - (even if it's only children!)

I want a man who recognizes and appreciates love and sacrifice; who knows that when he gives it will be returned to him a thousandfold. I want a man to whom I can give all - and a little bit more - in complete faith and trust - knowing it will not be cheapened, exploited or distorted.

I want a man who walks humbly, knowing that he is less than God - able to admit his own errors - and try again; humble in his own ignorance.

It is none of these things. L does not even know what I mean. L is shallow, hollow, empty. I found myself telling Lois when I asked her to set up that date, "There's nothing there; there's nothing there!" (In L, I mean.)

What I meant is there's no heart, no love, no giving, no awareness of others and theirs

need, no humility. There is only 'L's own need, so great it fills all of him. L's own need reaching out with greedy, sensitive tentacles to find and clutch and devour (and discard.)

L's "giving" is only pretence; a loan. He loans himself. And he expects repayment. He is full of "IOU's"! He is waiting to collect. He is full of "bad debts". He keeps, always, a very "safe" reserve — just in case.

Until L can give all away (and "follow me", as Christ said) I cannot "stomach" the man. Until he learns the Secret of life — Love! Until he learns to turn the key that has been in his hand all the time instead of always searching for it — until that day — L is not for me.

That is what I meant when I called him yesterday at noon and said "This is God. I'm not very ~~pleased~~ pleased with you." "Why?" was his honestly bewildered answer! I hung up.

Sun. Aug 11

It seems, as I've said, almost miraculous sometimes the way things are timed. [Is this a more mature version of my "little M's" with Vick?]

Like yesterday. Yesterday was a master piece of timing — the kind of dove-tail timing beyond our control, I mean.

I made one of the fastest decisions of my life and bought a car within a few hours, marveling at the wealth of decision-making skill I'd acquired without knowing it.

What pertains to this story is that I tested L on helping me in this problem and, finding him grossly wanting, desired to eliminate him entirely, since his "help" amounted only to much Leonard-orientated advice and nothing more.

And I was able to do this in the "Vick" of time. I wanted to "deceive" him — post phone revealing my purchase to him until our "pleasant" day was over. For I intended to make

it nice and I wanted no
futile domineering to mar it.
I was lucky in being able to
do this.

And I made a sad commentary
during the evening; H. made
absolutely no reference to the
problem that he should have
known was uppermost in my
mind. Not until I mentioned it.

Then, when he began his advice-
without-help routine I cut him
short by declaring I would
under no circumstances borrow
money from him for the car, in
fact I was sorry I could not pay
him up for his long past help
with the other car.

Then, when he was "safe",
he began "offering" to make a
loan except that "he couldn't
afford it right now". I was
sickened with disgust.

We went to ~~see~~ the Outdoor
Art Show in which Hillean par-
ticipated, to dinner, and to
see "Mutiny on the Bounty"; then
we beered & deared in his
apartment, then a short Sat.

night Glee Club session and then to the Donut Shop to eat with a baseball player admirer of L's that I invited to go with us, and then home, where L. amicably handed over money I asked for to feed him dinner today.

The whole evening went very well, despite or maybe because of the fact, that I dominated L all evening. I went into it determined to make it nice, but found, to my alarm, that I felt completely detached, completely objective about L.

I didn't give one whit whether I lost him or not. And I found myself telling him the exact truth, even to the point of brutality, as incidents occurred. I said exactly what I wanted and what I thought.

Strangely, he didn't get mad or sulky. He stood up to me just as truth fully and laughingly and with good sportsmanship agreed to every suggestion I made. I was amazed! Neither of us held

the slightest grudge in spite of very revealing differences;

Yet, I, too, felt my self very tolerant of his grouches; the inability to help with the car; the endless fussing about getting settled in the theater; the glaring difference in our preferences at the art show — he to vulgar, second rate "corn" — I to sophisticated abstractions; he to inhibited "ne'er-do-wells" — I to "free souls"; his gravitation to and unawareness of a summy eating place and its associations; and most of all his interpretation of that very well-done "Social Significance" movie!

He was "disappointed"; he hadn't been "entertained"; it didn't have a "happy ending"; it didn't stick to "facts" — in short, he didn't "get" it. It was way beyond his comprehension, beyond his moral capabilities. His interpretation was utterly shallow and immature.

Wearily, I refused to discuss it. Yet, he pressed me

into "drawing him a picture" which, I realized, left him completely baffled. 'Poor Leonard!

How little you realize that you have become a more or less pleasant habit with me, but that inside I know that I am through. I cannot live with a bry-man, a paper-doll. (Or can I?)

How little anyone understands why I plead for less hunting this season! How little L realizes that his new offers to keep me with him - take me with him this fall - will fail to solve the fundamental problem - the immaturity of the man!

How little anyone else knows that this new date Lois & Bert will fix up for me interests me not at all; it is settled before it starts with me. For I cannot be interested in a non-creative type man. All I want is to be treated nicely for a change while I get over L.

I don't want to be bothered with suffering over a man who isn't worth it!

Now, I must get busy.
My problems are gradually
being settled. By Labor Day
all should be ironed out more
or less. (Ha!) But until Labor
Day, I have many a row to
hoe!

Be with me, God, be with me!

Note: I noted with "glee" that the
glee Club has evidently been
reprimanded by the police!
And I was "justified" in L's
unsolicited comments &
admissions of their guilt on
same. Also that there seems
to be not the slightest finger of
suspicion as to who did it!

Sunday report
Mon. morning

L. doesn't contribute.

I observed this today (Sunday)
Observing it, I began to
"release" him, without realizing
it.

He must have "sensed" it, for
he began to contribute; he
began to "come through".

Specifically:

- ① He offered to help me with the
dishes! (Unprecedented!)
- ② He proclaimed a ~~definite~~ definite
intention to go to at least
one football game with me.
He promised! (Unprecedented!)

And I? I "sent" him home.

I "begged out" of tomorrow. I
remarked that we had no dates
for next week.

He? He began to plan things!

It is contribution or loneliness, L!

Tuesday - Aug 20, 1963

Yesterday was a very nice day, but today I feel unhappy, for I told L off again last night - and I have not "made up" - nor will I have a chance to - for days and days, maybe. It depends on him - (and he isn't very dependable - especially when he's hurt and mad, as he must be now.)

For the next date depends on him. We have nothing lined up.

Too many beers, I could say. Too many beers (foisted on me without consulting us at the G.C. last night) made me more frank than wise. And I blasted L again.

BUT, I blasted him because he made me mad!

Everything was all right. Everything was fine. We had a chance at an unexpected date when my boss gave me 2 free tickets to the circus, good only last night. He pressured me into an immediate decision, so I called L and he wanted to go. Then there was a long hesitation, which I could not

quite interpret. I was afraid he didn't really want to. (Later he denied this, but I don't know.)

Anyway, I found it made me very happy and excited. I was thrilled to have such a fun, free date when I hadn't expected it. I anticipated an evening with L. I was happy!

Other things turned out nicely, too. I was called and asked to be art director on the Allied Arts Group. This pleased me, for it means association and business with the people I really like most in town; it will give me something to do in case L. "deserts" me or we break up (which I greatly fear); it will give me a "busy-time" carry-over the hard part if this happens.

It also (~~was~~^{is} ~~happy~~^{ordid} thought) puts me up the social ladder above L and his second-rate friends like Raymona, both of them ugly little social-climbers. This will either make L try harder ^{to fit in} or hang onto me for the associations he can get from me or, if we break, will "prove" our differences. It may also bring me association

with new romantic "possibilities".
(This I think I senses + fears.)

Other things, like my daughter
womies, were solved more or less, too.
I was in a fine mood when L
came early—(too early)—to pick me
up. We were in wonderful rapport.
He looked so good to me (he is
dressing ~~more~~ better) that I could
have eaten him! We were happy.

First annoyance was his too-earliness,
and his fussing about seats etc. Then, the
damned baseball game (on radio) necessity.

First big annoyance was when,
in going to our seats, a feminine voice
rang out "Daddy!" Expecting to see
R. I was relieved to see only her
fat theater friend. (Oh well, good! She
would tell R how well I looked (I did)
that we had box seats; that we were
very "chummy".)

I expected L to gravitate to her—
especially when I went to the toilet—
but evidently he didn't—(or he man-
aged it slyly.) Yet I noticed he
would not put on his glasses—and
his glance kept going that way—and
that he was "showing off" a bit.

Next annoyance, which went
on all evening was the binoculars

act - (instead of glances), the constant "voyeurism" of all those half naked, lush young exhibitionist women; all this "guised" by "binocularism" and now driven "underground" - repressed & masked - by all my cutting comments. He now pretends he isn't looking at them.

(Oh dear I thought, oh dear. He is going to be "titillated" to the hilt - wonder if I can manage to "drain it off" for him without his suspecting the "substitution" - since he would never admit his need - or dissipate it thru normal, realistic channels - like taking it out on his "girl friend". No - he'd "suffer", revert to old habits.)

Next "trouble" was not being able to get in the ladies' room because of the crowd. The result was that I had an involuntary ^{little} "accident" on the way to the car. He "went along", finding me a rest room as quickly as possible, but I could see he was disgusted - (unfairly, I thought. It wasn't my fault!) And it was certainly of a minor nature.)

Then the G.L. — without consulting me, of course. But that was all right.

Things were fine, but began to get out of hand, as usual. I had (carefully) whispered in L's ear, setting up his "relief" I was sure would do him good. He, of course, did not answer. (This causes so much trouble, if he'd only reading!)

The cronies gathered; they flitted outrageously with me — as usual; they bought too much beer for us; we were staying too late. Suddenly L spilled his full glass of beer. It shot in my direction as if he'd sent it that way, completely drenching me. This was only the second time I'd seen this happen. And remember what I said about the last time. This time it went all over me! Very significant! Very.

It didn't help when he then went into one of his "pout" acts. Suddenly he was "sleepy"; he slept sitting up; he withdrew from the conversation; he quit drinking — gave his beer away.

I knew. I knew. He was mad. Mad at me — for wetting

my pants ("No control!" he said); mad because I was enjoying myself, lingering, drinking more than he, drinking the expensive beer, flirting, being flirted with, "forgetting" our "date" he hadn't bothered to verify; "ignoring" him & his "wishes"; annoying him in general. So he "threw" his beer at me!

"Punishment" was not over. When we got out, sure enough, he tried twice to brush me off and get home.

It was then I blew up at him. I ordered him to go in the driveway when I saw he really was interested in spite of his words. I ordered him to make love to me, meantime castigating him with cruel "truths": "Grow up! Quit the teen-age act! All you want is sex! Well, get it over! Pretend I'm one of those cuties you lusted after but couldn't go after because I've got you "failed"! Pretend I'm the one you'd like to have because you can't have them! They don't want you! Grow up! Come on,

it'll do you good! You need it, whether you readmit it or not!"

I proceeded to draw a picture of the furtive sex releases of such as he. I was brutal. I hated myself, but I couldn't stop.

"You know what I'm going to do, don't you?" I queried, unable to check my self. "What?" he said. "I'm going to get you + Raymona back together — by next year."

His face set grimly, as it had been doing all through my tirade. No answers. No defense. No fight. Only grim silence.

Then, finally, "Why do you say that —?" (I had been telling him how I could, how he didn't know how, but I did. "It's what you want, isn't it? Silence. "Damn it, Leonard, tell the truth for once. Face it! Face facts!" etc.)

"Because —" I said, suddenly careful, suddenly realizing I shouldn't say what I was thinking — that they were two

I placated him, then, with a bear-hug
and am appealing "I think we understand
each other, don't we?" He nodded. And
agreed with me when I told him not
to worry - he'd feel good tomorrow.
of a kind - "Because -".

I left it at that. And so
did he. Now he laughed glee-
fully at my overdone act of
attacking him sexually and
with a groan of delight, which
told me more than any words
that what I'd just been saying
was all too true, took me - took
me so fast, so like a rutting
animal, that I was left just
beginning. Little he cared - he who
was always so careful to be the
perfect lover. All he wanted
was to get home. Me, too.

We parted quickly, afraid
of discovery, I making slaps at
some ~~some~~ future connection -
some "date". He silent, in a hurry.

Tight, and amused, ~~when~~^{at} some
incident that happened after I got
in that we'd been worrying about,
I called him. He was surprisingly
amiable, and surprised when
he didn't 'get' the "love words" the
"apology" he'd learned to expect
of me in these situations - only the
flip report. "That's all!" I said, laughing,
and hung up.

(The lunch) ^{congratulating}

And so — I found myself in a dilemma this morning: L "mad" at me, I sorry I'd given him the chance to be; annoyed at myself for having overplayed my hand, annoyed and surprised that it bothered me so, and with no chance to right things for quite some time — too long.

Again, fate played into my hand, as if taking care of us. The morning paper came with a huge front page spread on a plane accident that ~~involved~~ involved the very people that our next date depended on! The evening paper would minimize the story as is their wont. If I called them now, as if solicitous —!! It wouldn't work to post phone a show of concern and interest. Yet he wouldn't think of that. By the time he got around to it, the opportunity would be lost.

He needed to be alerted. Yet I had called him too much at work. I would antagonize him. Wait till noon & catch him napping — (literally!). No. Dammit.

That would antagonize him! For after last night, he'd "need" his sleep. It was too risky to wait for evening. Since we had no commitment, he'd very likely be most "unavailable" — and the call should be made this evening.

What to do? Time was of the essence. I had to set up another date — (it is my role to keep things going, I've learned) — before he with drew and adjusted to being apart.

What a difficult man! Why couldn't he ever think of the thing to do and do it? Why couldn't he ever make ~~the~~ fast, necessary, "make-up" move? Damn!

It was almost noon. I had to decide.

Noon! Of course! Another one of those "disciplinary", self-invitations to join him at lunch. I checked out the necessary elements. All checked. Good!

But I'd have to call him at the office. He'd be mad. Oh well, I'd smooth him over — I'd promise to keep it "light" — and

I would. What matter? Nothing to lose with a man who'd never call me, never ask me to lunch, never try to make-up, always put me in the wrong. anyway.

I called. He was mad. He was cold as ice. But he agreed.

Alerted, I maneuvered deviously to be sure I wasn't caught waiting for him. Sure enough! He had it planned that way! I was tickled to death when I arrived after him and just in time to see him going in - 15 minutes late! (If he'd already been in, I never would have known!)

I was also delighted when, altho he greeted me with sulky coldness, he questioned whether my half-hour parking arrangement was long enough?

Wed - August 21-1963

I found out last night that L is still seeing R. — on the nights when he isn't seeing me. Three instances, to be specific — including last night. (He hasn't had much chance to do more.)

I talked to him, and I talked to R. They both gave me the same line. I was totally unable to make ^{either of} them see my point, which is what I feared.

So I called L this morning and told him to decide, and then let me know if he wants to go to the "Lil Abner" Theater party Saturday night to which Joan issued us invitations.

I refused to discuss any more with him. Just told him to get in touch with me if he decided he wants to go with me — and cut all strings with R.

I predict that he will not call me. (At least R is going to be out of town till Friday.)

I gave him a "loophole" about the game Friday night. We shall see.

I forfeited the "date" to go to drunken Don Prior's, but I'm not too excited about that anyway. I seriously doubt that I will be able to pin Don down. Besides who wants to see pornographic movies alone with 2 men, one a "lush" and the other a schizoid?

R. & L. both maintained the same line with me, which amounted to, as I told each of them, their "right" to maintain their "friendship" at all costs — even me. Each defended arbitrarily their "right", their intention, (and their desire) to be "friends" — to see each other, to "do business" together, to call on each other for help, to use each other for confidences and wailing walls at any and all times, according to their desire and "need". Even if they had to be secretive about it — in the face of such "crazy" people as I am.

to go hunting together

For each told me bluntly that they considered me definitely WRONG; definitely obsessed and ~~is~~suffering from delusions; making a "mountain out of a mole-hill".

Each persisted in drawing a line between sex and "friendship". Each maintained that since they had ceased sleeping together [since last year] their relationship had automatically become "innocent".

Each defended the other. Neither considered me. Neither showed the slightest intention of forfeiting anything toward my peace of mind.

As I told them, They put their "friendship" paramount to my happiness. I am the outsider. I am the intruder. I am forfeit. Each maintains the right to confide in each other, even concerning me. While L goes on never confiding in me. He goes to R with his problems, his troubles, his worries and

doubts and pleasures about me. They are arranging L's and my affairs between them.

I appealed, (again) to R. to quit interfering in L's + my romance. She denied, stubbornly that she was guilty of any "interference". She accused me of insane ideas. So did L.

breed
Neither even glimpsed the
→ Code that I and everyone I know sees in this situation — that shocks my friends, that puts me in the light of being made a fool of, that makes them report to me, warn me, insist that I break with L.

So — I have. It is almost a relief. I shall survive. I have before.

juice "re-telling" up

Wed- cont.

Leonard is a cheat.

Leonard is a sneak.

This is what I shall tell intimates when they ask why I broke up with Leonard.

Isn't he?

For he sneaked behind my back and went to see his old girl friend while maintaining to me they were "through". He did this not once, but many times. (Didn't he?)

When he was accidentally discovered, I made a scene. Perfectly normal reaction, wasn't it? I had been deceived, hadn't I? They owed me an explanation, didn't they?

I appealed to them to cease and desist or change to overt behavior. I "promised", (when pressured.)

Neither did either. At every opportunity — when ever I thought I was "safely" out of the way, he went to R's — all the time maintaining ~~secrecy with me~~ to me that he was not. Isn't this deceit — twice over?

In other words, I was

unable to achieve the "nice relationship" we both professed to want when we first met.

He could not achieve a relationship that did not include deceit - of whatever kind, minor or major. ~~It~~

It is this tendency to deceive, to cheat, to ~~be~~ sneak; to be unopen, not frank; to dissemble and "fool"; to lie and withhold; to play false that he and R do that they don't understand.

How can anyone trust such people? Ever?

To deceive in any way is to deceive in all ways. It becomes a behavior pattern. It constitutes constant suspicion, constant checking, constant "policing", constant failing. It makes uncomfortable demands on whomever they associate with.

It eliminates faith, and trust and constancy. It implies false goals, false "promises", falsehood! It doesn't WORK!

"Your [♯]cheatin' heart... will tell on you!"
♯ ♯ ♯

Too -

I am beginning to cheat, to play at deceit! They are dragging me down to their level! They are corrupting me! It becomes a matter of self-protection!

Knowing that they deceive - (no matter what they claim) - puts me constantly on the alert to keep from being deceived. It "forces" me to keep vigil, to spy, to probe, to check - as I spent the evening doing last night - to forestall or prove something always. It creates a perpetual anxiety of suspicion, doubt and mistrust. It is uncomfortable. It is debilitating. It is destructive. In time, the two of them would destroy me with petty anxiety. It forces me into trickery, falseness, lies and "games", like it did last night.

No matter if I did "come through" about the party, never again would I completely trust him. His "promises" are more placating. It will not change one

whit his actions when the next opportunity, the next "necessity" arises for "fooling" me so he can avoid a "scene", an unpleasantness for himself.

Let him cheat! Let him sneak! Let them both play their "games"! Let them have each other! While I go my way, hurt, but secure in the knowledge that "their cheater" hearts will tell on them" — that any trial, any relationship they attempt is doomed — that revenge is God's!

There is much to remind me of Nick lately. There is much to remind me of a former, similar "mistake", There is much to fear in my self. But there is more to fear in ~~such~~ as they!

Go! Leonard, go! Sail those lovely white tail fins alone through the sleeping town — alone, always alone — Seeking, seeking for sex thrills and young bodies to enhance your self-picture!

Raymona accused me of "cutting my own throat" — (by not going along with her & L and "letting them have their "friendship".)

I saw what she meant. ~~After~~ all, I am quite aware of my ~~loss~~ loss. (It is what has kept me "going along" this long.)

Yet I could not sanction this. It implied a threat, an ultimatum: "Our way — or else — (out?) I proved that she and L are unrelenting. I can have L only on their terms; I must share L with her! (What do they think I am — a Mormon?)

True, maybe not sexually, but psychically, the way that counts — the easy "rapport" that she & L have — that L and I lack, One can't have one without the other! ^{Or} One can have sex with anyone, but one can't have the "rapport" that constitutes their "so deep" friendship with just anyone.

— This is lacking between L and me. He admits it — with his silences, his grudging answers, his non-communication, his admission

that we are "pretending", his
~~constant~~ accusations of my
"wrongness" (and R's
rightness: her "sweetness", her
"good heart", etc.)

I don't think there is ^{any} right + wrong; there's only LOVE! — like Christ said —
didn't get this said — conversation too trivial

Dial: long long answering. Hoarse suffering

How are you doing?

OK — How are you

OK pause — hard to get going

then →

Well, what ever you decide, I hope you'll be kind enough to let me know as soon as possible, either yes or no. For I have to let the hosts know, you know. They want to know who's coming + how many. Oyes! yes! yes I will. — Of course, etc. Silence — (tries to hang up)

Then →

this "got" him

And — even if we freak up, I think we should get together and discuss why — to be sure it's clear just what the trouble was. It will help us both next time. Don't you think? (Have to repeat. Isn't with me — then yes, yes, yes of course tries to set away —
"I'm not through" I say, laughing
Then this V
What happened to the 2 people who were going to try for just one really nice relationship? What happened? — over —

"What 2 people?" from him (sounds really upset now - holding in) much dwelling on ^{what} 2 people - then "doesn't remember" - doesn't understand -

then interrupts me to really get rid of me - "I'll call you - I'll call you -"

I begin enumerating days - trying to get a time deadline - "I'll call you tonight" "Yes", I say "when you make up your mind."

"Let me call you - let me call you tonight - I don't understand - I'm mixed up - I don't know what happened -" I laugh. "Yes, you are!"

I hang up. I feel better. (But I've gotten nowhere -!)

I called Lois and told her the mere facts, as objectively as I could, for I was anxious for other reactions. Besides Lois ~~in~~ knows L.

I asked her for her reaction, tho I didn't really need it, I already had it in her tone of disgust.

Without my even saying or asking she said (and she is more experienced with men than I). "It doesn't look worth the effort, does it?" And then, "I'll see what Bert can set up with this other man."

And I was glad! Please find me a man who will treat me decently! I don't care what he is! I will forfeit being seen in a white Cadillac — it isn't worth the price of subtle destruction!

Now — As I told Lois, I will have to "fight cobwebs" for another hour tonight with L. I will have to "draw pictures" — hard ones, ones he + R won't understand.

What can I say?

I'd like to say, "A sneak is always a sneak!" Sneaks can never be trusted. They don't change. This goes for you and R both! I wouldn't trust either one of you any farther than I can see you!

Gets R! She's your kind! Let me go my way and you two go yours. I'll stand on the record!

But, I can't say this. They would only waste precious time defending themselves from the label of "sneak". In their minds they are not. So be it.

Yet as I told Lois, we should not part without knowing why we failed.

Notes

All persons concerned should be considered in a love affair. (What is between you and I should be no concern of Raymond). There is no reason she should be told either good or bad or allowed to express any opinions or give any advice. She's out! She has no business interfering in any way. She had her chance, her choice. She is not being a good sport, a good loser. Neither are you! One loves and wins. Or one loves and renounces.

Why did we like each other in the first place? How come you are with me and R is with Jack? How come I am with you and not with N?

You and R insist on your "right" to be "good friends". What do you mean by good friends? What is to be "in bounds" and what is to be "out of bounds" according to your code?

How does this fit in with other's codes? With the codes we have been taught? With the codes we have to live with, whether we like it or not?

As you ^{John} tell it to me your code says good friends can do everything and anything but sex, even if they are a man and woman, even if it is common knowledge that they have slept together over a period of years, even tho they both boast "new" loves. Your code says that a woman with a child can call a man, who they claim is not the father of her child, "Daddy" openly and in public. How do strangers know? Can you blame them for jumping to conclusions? Your code ~~says~~ implies that you are both "above" the temptations that arise between two people who have been intimate for years. Your code says that anyone who disagrees is crazy. Your code says that anyone

beside YOU TWO are outsiders;
they "don't understand" they're
"crazy"; they "listen to gossipers";
they should be fought. they
should be taught; if worst
comes to worst — they should be
eliminated!

I choose to be eliminated.
I say it takes more than 2
people to make wisdom. I
have learned that the voice
of reality is worth listening
to — even when it sounds
like "gossip", for it is a
social world. We live in groups;
we have to get along in groups.
We may deviate — slightly —
but the test comes when the
group can eliminate us. Then
we have to choose between
playing God all by ourselves —
or living in love and
peace and tolerance with
our fellow man.

Is it worth while — really —
to lose one's reputation and
forfeit one's career and one's
work and one's friends and

family to hang on to an
unsatisfactory lover
just to keep tasting the
"cunt" of a worn out affair?

You and R haven't a
friendship! A friendship is good,
it brings good; it makes
you feel good. It helps and
improves and makes other
people happy. It doesn't
create friction and trouble
and selfishness and jealousy
and alienation of growing
affections. It is unselfish.

It wants to help the other
person — make them happy —
even at the cost of one's own
unhappiness.

You and R are sucking
at a prolonged "cunt" — an
aftermath of a cold love affair —
both afraid to let go and commit
yourselves to something new —
something maybe better.

I feel only disgust —
disgust with a couple of
cowards. I'll "take vanilla"! —
Count me out!

Thursday - Aug 22-1963

Well, according to my pattern I should have gone flying to my writing pad and record it in caps —

I DID IT! I BROKE WITH L!

Yet, somehow, I had no desire to. I was caught & held in time, as if being made to wait. Neither did I feel the least like crying. This surprised me — the sense of relief. What made me cry — and this surprised me, too — was the way Lois and Bert appeared and sat through my "wake" with me, bringing a bottle of wine, and staying with me — late, (past glee Club time), forfeiting their own plans.

I was deeply touched. Here was love — real love — such as I had not been able to elicit from L in that hour long nasty, vicious phone call that made me tell him "goodbye!" and mean it!

Today, my mind tells me that it wasn't so much love with Bert & Lois, as it was "policing" — managing my affair

for me — so that I should not
"make a mistake". ("They
don't trust my wisdom.")

Nor would they under-
stand why I called L at
6:30 this morning on some
deep, instinctive flash of
truth and asked him to
take me to the party after all.

They wouldn't understand
that it was "wisdom of the
heart" for me to hear L.
humble and contrite after
his insane flight from
emotion last night.

Who will understand
my attempts to make love
affairs end, not on hate,
but on love — as I learned
so agonizingly with Nick, that
it is worth all the humble
"Crawling" it takes — in the
long run?

Who will understand
that "Rome wasn't built in
a day" but neither was it utterly
demolished in a day. There
has to be a "cleaning up" or
there will be pestilence!?

Who will understand that I
still am thorough with L. even
if I see him more?

Thursday 22 Aug

(2)

My very soul is weary. Weary with tragedy of life. The tragedies that we can do so little about — that we have to live with —

I have new insight into the L/R combination. I was wrong, but not in the sense either L or R think.

I was wrong in my conclusion that L & R are alike — "two of a kind". No. For, with the "return" of my L on the phone this morning — the man with a "good heart" after all — I began to wonder which L was which; the Raymond^{like} sounding L of last night and of our recent battles about her — or the L I know and believe in.

Then it dawned on me: L has been "brain washed". Four or more years of association with R has made his meek character identify with hers. The nasty L I saw was a reflection of R. — In his "mirror", I saw her doubly clear.

Each of these associations with her has left him primed and influenced by her domination. I was not far wrong when I accused him and her of setting

up their stories to tell me. He tells me what he has been told to tell me!

He has adopted all her bitterness and hate and shady moral values over these years. And, with each of them seeing only an illusion of each other — their own need projected onto each other — never the reality of each other — they persist because of their need of the dream. Each is "safely" ~~in~~ toying and holding onto their "dream" as symbolized in each other while carrying on in "reality" with Jack and me, respectively. Which, as I have said, is unfair to all 4 of us. Who's trying to "have their cake and eat it, too"?!!

She is Cice, as she revealed to me in her conversation last night, holding onto all her converted "pig-men"; holding them all bewitched, at her service, while she collects more and more.

How I should like to show how she is corrupting him; how he is under her spell — acting like a pig — enchanted, bewitched! But I can't. I can't. All I

do is step aside - out of the picture
— (as I sensed all the time I would
have to do) until such time as
he can see it for himself and make
the break - if ever.

I cannot break her spell. I
cannot fight it. My "charm" seems
not big enough, strong enough to
combat her "witchcraft".

So that's really it.

When you are really free of R,
Leonard, then we'll see.

Thurs -

How sweetly it stays in my ears — that "No" of L's this morning, that humble "no", ringing in new real humility.

? "Are you still as proud and right and know-it-all as you were last night?" I asked, when he answered in a voice thick with sleep.

There was a pause in which I felt him fighting anger and rising nastiness and then — that humble "No" ~~in~~ low and meek ~~and~~. Here was love, here was humility, here was shame, here was patience and tolerance.

I was fairly cool all during our conversation — I gave him no hope — but I felt love. I'm sure it showed in my voice.

Before I hung up I found myself saying gently "I knew you weren't all mean....".

He told me to pick up my chair tomorrow instead of today, as I'd planned. I knew I hurt him when I said I was

going to get it, but we made it "gentle" between us. "Don't would be gone to tomorrow", he said.

This was a masked plea not to go off the payroll. Since this was also my intention, I had to fight myself for a minute. "All right", I said.

Which means that he wished not to see me today — tomorrow — tomorrow would be time enough. Not yet. He couldn't face me yet.

I was content. By tomorrow he will have done some thinking, some growing — I hope.

Thursday evening -

I'm hurtin'. I'm hurtin' bad today. I had to spend another precious dollar on beer to dull the pain. I thought yesterday's investment in wine and then Bert's generous contribution would be enough to see me over the crisis.

But I'm a hurtin' bad. I hurt doubly because I know I should not care for L. - he can only hurt all he associates with. ~~And~~ I hurt first because I miss him so; I want him so!

It has been a long, long time since I spent an evening alone. It is frightening! I'd do anything to avoid this loneliness without a man now!

And Bert didn't seem to come through last night, tho he was supposed to have been out setting up my new date.

And I hurt again because no one will allow me to make up with L. They all say to drop him; I can do better, they are all disgusted with him, with me.

And I hurt again because

Is he making absolutely no effort? Is he seeking me out? Is he calling me? Is he driving by? Is he making the slightest little attempt to make amends or smooth things over or show his love or make-up in spite of the fact that I have crawled back with 3 offers?

NO! He is not! He has been gone - disappeared from home all last evening and all this evening. (Yes, I checked - with fantastic ruses.) At least he has not been home since about ten. I was too busy and gone and on the phone before. He was not at the G.C. last night - at least not when I called about 12.

"Conspicuous by his absence" Joe said.

Yet I called him early this morning and set up the party date for Sat. night (It doesn't start till 12. What long, long hours to fill till then!) And I gave in to my hurting heart and called him this afternoon at work - about 3.

"I'm hurting", I said — expecting him to say "I'm hurting" too. He did not. He was silent. And then he said, "Why?" (Stupid fool!) "Because of you, you damned dope!" I said with emotion. Silence again. "I'm sorry," he said, sort of mixed up like, "I'm sorry. I didn't want to hurt you." Still he didn't offer anything. Still he didn't say "me, too, I'm hurting, too!" Oh! I could have killed him!

"Aren't you?" I asked. Instead of the fervent "yes!" I expected, he said hesitantly — "Ye-a-ah —". (Such passion!)

Hopeless. I decided. Hopeless. So I just told him I'd be up to get the chair tomorrow — would it be all right? "Yes," he said, "yes."

What puzzled me was the glad, happy, energetic sound to his voice when he talked. Why, the man's happy! I thought. He's happy and alert about something — without me!

And then he's gone and hidden from me again tonight. My mind is full of the vision

of his happy, talking voice
enjoying himself somewhere
(probably shoddy) unconcerned,
free, free at last!
I hate him!

I am hoping, I am day dreaming
about my chair deal tomorrow.
I dream about how we'll look
at each other & then fly into
an embrace. And how we'll
laugh and he'll ask me to
the ball game — and everything
will be all right.

I'm hoping he won't want
to talk — won't want to be con-
troversial — for I would blast
off about R. and scare him
off again.

I fear very much that he'll
just let me take the chair &
go — or maybe fight — like
he did before.

I fear he will not even
mention the ball game and I'll
have 22 hours of agony to
go through before I see him
again —

We shall see. Dare I
make a fool of myself?

Later: 1:30 a.m.

I dared.

I got so lonesome & blue the only thing I could think of to pull myself out of it was to do some "kind deed" for someone - it usually works.

But it was so late - too late for anyone but L. (which, of course, is what I had in mind!)

Testing, testing mentally I finally found that it made me feel real good to think of calling him and saying, "I was just thinking of how nice it would be if someone called up now and said 'I love you' I miss you' so I thought I'd do it to you."

It was a giant step I was taking - back to being nice to a lonely, shy man as I had in the beginning. It made me feel good, Good!

So, feeling detached and calm & kind, I called. Not there. (12 ~~am~~,) (Never there, dammit!) My mood was broken, but I was convinced now of its rightness. Should I do it at the G.C. - call him there - just for fun? He'd feel so good - no matter what he was doing!

I did, feeling fearful now -

aware that my 2 late L-seeking calls would ~~also~~ be reported to him. Good old Joe answered. And Good old Joe was kind. Calling me sweetie, he told me all he knew, voluntarily. The guys had gone to the stag show at the Legion. Jim had just been in & said so.

Of course! I'd forgotten! I had mentally bet I would go to that tonight. I was relieved & grateful to Joe! I was with Jim. All ok.

Then it struck me! But Jim had been alone! And I wasn't home! He was out by himself!

Knowing ^{all} their behavior, a great fear seized me. I was dating a strip-teaser as he'd done before, Revenge & sneak!

Lois' words came back to me from last night. I remembered how Lois checked on Dee and how it finally cured her. That's what I should do - instead of being the same gullible fool that Lois was - and I'm so prone to be.

Now frantic, I did a very daring thing and called Jim

at home, determined to cry on his shoulder & appeal for help & information if necessary. (How I hated myself now! How like all L's other women! What low acts he forces them into?)

It wasn't Jim that answered, but his brother. (Oh lordy me! this was a mess!) No, -Jim was downtown (???) I got out of that the best I could, knowing I'd cooked my goose. They would all tell L I'd been spying on him & things would be bad again instead of better as I intended.

Now I had a night mare vision of L taking the gal to his apt. How I'd like to catch him at it! That would cure me for good!

I became ~~obsessed~~ determined to find out. I felt calm & sure. This I had to do for my own good, and I must prepare myself for a bad shock. My son came home ~~Damn!~~ with the car,

Damn! he wouldn't go to bed, Oh well. make a clean breast of it. I dressed, and told him

Waldly that "I had to do a cruddy thing; I had to check something out — for my own protection."

He snorted derisively at this last. Oh well, he didn't understand that Knowledge is power — (and not knowing is anxiety & danger)

I went. My mind was cold & clear & clicking like a machine. I must be very careful — and I was. ~~Very~~

First check the GC. — by back routes. No, he wasn't there.

Then his apartment, for car and lights. Then I planned to check for his car at the Legion Club.

I would have liked to stay & watch if he came out with a woman, but I wasn't sure of that — it was too long to wait. If he hadn't found his car by then I toyed with the idea of parking in the spy place & fount & waiting to see if he took a woman in with him. I began to secretly gloat at the ruckus this would make.

So I went by his apartment.
A wave of relief — (and the
slightest disappointment?) — flooded
me when I saw the car & the
place dark. Dear Leonard! He
was "faithful" to me, after all. (Just
dashing off to gloat over naked
women all evening!)

I headed home. But misgivings
began to assail me. So it was
dark? So? that didn't mean
he was in bed alone —

Oh well — I had to quit some-
place. I went home,

And here I am — all my
"plans" for tomorrow as shattered
& doubtful as before, but for
different reasons.

How can one continue with
a man one feels compelled to
check on? Horna, horna, its
suffering either way, there's no
way out!

Friday

I awoke this morning not liking L. Seeing the whole thing again as impossible and trying. No. No. I thought.

But you are able to dislike him now because you are going to see him today, I realized. This made it different! You're "safe".

Then suddenly I saw the whole thing in a new different light.

Yes, I would tell all these "advisers". Yes! Of course I can "do better" — IF better were avail-
able! And it isn't!

They are not the ones that have to suffer — to have to be alone! Theory is fine, but fact is something else. I have been 12 years in this town & L is the "best" I have found yet — and he's no good. What is "better" about a man that has been unsuccessfully married 2 times and thinks "artists are temperamental"? And where is he — this new date

Louis & Bert are so anxious for me to try? I need him now! Yet he is "unavailable" —

he "finds it hard to meet people"
Lois said. So I should wait?
For another reluctant lover?

What difference? What
difference? There is suffering and
brutal reality and difficult
relationships whichever way I
turn.

Why not I, then? Why not
"finish up" till' something
better "happens"?

One evening alone was enough
to knock some sense into
my head!

Friday - later

(Music playing -) "The Boulevard of
Broken Dreams" —

That's what I'm doing today —
walking that Boulevard —
settling with reality —

Friday later.

"God in his Goodness"! as Don Prior is always exclaiming when he gets drunk.

I am awed. I have just been experiencing some things and feelings that used to make exclaim "Miracle! Pattern! Reward! Blessing!"

It is only now that I feel this way however, for something just happened that made me look back on the day and marvel.

This is going to take a lot of hardwork writing - something I hadn't counted on, nor am much in the mood for.

Well - First, witness my moods as recorded, there was a new (ever new) humility building in me - another pride-breaking lesson I was learning - not dreams, but reality - face it, Lorna, face it! Later I sat at my desk, the long lingering hardness in me melting ~~and softening~~ at last into softness and "receptivity" - humility, learning. I who preached Love! had not been practising it. I sat overcome

with humbleness and thought
"I can't have what I want.
I can't have what I want."

As I look back there was what I used to call a Pattern, but I was not conscious of it at the time. The day was full of strange, unexpected little changes that led me, willy nilly, into what I would have chosen if I'd had a choice. But all these occurrences, I must admit, struck me at the time as against my wishes.

I hoped I would ask me to the ball game tonight when I went up for the chair. (I hoped because it would be a symbol of wanting me.) It was raining - unexpected. It hasn't rained in a long time.

(It fitted my admonition to my children yesterday about a current tragedies among their acquaintances - "the quality of mercy is not strained - it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven -")

It fitted my prayers for mercy from my suffering yesterday.

It fitted the current sad crisis with L as the storms and rain

fitted my crisis with Nick.

Nick! Nick! Nick was the touchstone of today. Certain things cropping up in my life these last few weeks and days have brought Nick very much into my mind. I have thought much on him and the significance of that experience as compared with this one. (But somewhere I have lost the glow. I am immersed in "reality" nowadays. I have renounced dreams. [I have?])

What I "did" for Nick, that wracking experience of love and hate and faith and bitterness, led me into this Leonard episode. (And obligato underneath both these runs the immature attempt with my husband). Nick has become my "proof" — if I only knew how he'd turned out!

It rained. The store music played sad, nostalgic pieces today — pieces that meant much to me — significant pieces. By the time I was alone at noon (and L. was home "napping" (or thinking? or feeling?)) I was a pulp of

receptiveness. All the core, the hardness was gone, dissolved.

I felt a great Oneness, a sadness, a kind of tragic Peace. I was ready for Love. To give it.

I felt overwhelmed, as I used to during the Vick days, with some permeating need, some empathy pouring in from somewhere. I sat and prayed - hard - as I used to.

Something brought peace to me, a resigned peace. All would be well.

An incident occurred to delay me from rushing, too fast to see L as I craved. (He would only be hiding from me.) from emotion, from fear.) It took me to the third floor. The mood I was in -

I "felt" it was the time to approach Alberta and ask about Vick. Things had been building up to my getting information. This was "it", I felt.

Calmly, I went and asked her. (She was not calm.) She "didn't know" but "she'd find out".

Resignedly, I went on my way to my "thrust" with L., not caring now, for Lois had

called me and understood my "Rome wasn't demolished in a day" observation and we agreed on the new date set-up "in time".

I was completely frank with her, ~~with~~ exposing my new knowledge that I would offer L "another chance" and I loved her for understanding. I went to L not caring. I was prepared for him to fail me.

He did.

Still it was a shock. I offered myself, my ~~whole~~ "plan", love, forgiveness, trying, everything I had. I even withheld on my "escape routes". I waited, à la "therapy". I waited interminably! (It became embarrassing.) When those first significant words came, they were "You are ~~not~~ through for the day, aren't you?"

Expecting something else, it took me awhile to realize that he "meant" through with my work. [I was dismissed.]

It was hard for me to face my disillusion. For there was no love, no offering, no NOTHING.

There was not even the open hate I faced with Vick. Here was something worse. Here was a wall the like of which I'd never seen! Here was not only hate and revenge — openly — but here was hate and revenge disguised; disguised by layers and layers of insulation to a point beyond even tragedy.

All my "tricks" were of no avail. This was beyond my reach. I prayed. All I got was a throwing of the whole thing in my face — ~~as~~ complete and utter non escape from responsibility as I ever hope to see. Hopeless. Impossible.

I gathered up the pieces and put them together again as best I could — for the time being. I acquiesced to the "too little; too late" offer to go to the ball game tonight instead of tomorrow.

I was "dismissed". I left. Only then did the warm look I had expected to see at first come into the eyes and the "forgiving" pat on the

hand and — yes! — the hungry cheek turned just ever so slightly for my kiss.

I Kissed it — carefully. (We were on a public street.) I left — not with the happiness I expected, but with peace — of a sort.

"I'll see you at 7." (It is now bad weather. I must prepare myself to give my utmost and release him — to whatever sneaky pursuits he had originally in mind tonight.)

All the things I planned to say — I ~~didn't~~ wasn't given the opportunity. I was wrong. I figured this one wrong. He fooled me. Luckily I shoud wit enough to prepare myself to "play it by ear".

It had to use the "wrong" quotation "Life isn't all you want, but it's all you have, so — 'stick a geranium in your cap and be happy!"

He came back with — "If the apple has a bad spot, eat around it — don't throw away the apple."

Two Dreamers facing Reality — reluctantly!

So! —

Home. I stopped to try to find those art course books Nick used to have. No luck. (I had just phoned this "dream" of mine.)

I dithered about going to the store — gave up — went home — decided to go — went.

— to the store I have gone to hundreds of times, as to many others and never encountered what I now encountered —

Jamie Esqate and Lilly parked beside me, engrossed in the new high school annual! The decision was mine. They had an "excuse"! They were busy looking at a book — their heads down. I could either ignore them — or acknowledge them.

Pruned by today's events, I did the latter. I simply walked up and said "Jamie! I was just asking Alberta about Nick! What do you hear?"

Dear Jamie! Jamie, my friend! She "came through".

They both "came through", Lilly taking her cue from her mother. We had a nice long talk. It went on and on.

Nick is doing all right! Better than "all right" (Jamie's version, of course!) Victory! Victory! Va bene!

Va bene!

Saturday Aug 24

"Va bene."

Little did I know when I wrote that how time would come full circle for me last night.

It seemed indeed a significant moment in my history.

H. came for me to take me to the ball game. (I'd had my daughter check R's phone to see if she were back, which she did willingly. R. wasn't.) He kept me waiting 15 minutes !!!

Suppressing my rising annoyance I flew into his arms when he came and "all was well." Poor I! He was happy: He was even trying to suppress his chappiness!

We were very happy at the ball game, each careful to be very nice and it had its reward. We both enjoyed ourselves more than ever before.

There was something about the atmosphere that night that brought back that "last" evening with Nick — the night he brought all of his (foreign) family to the football game — in this same stadium. Perhaps it was the

touch of fall in the air. Perhaps the encounter with Jamie.

Anyway I found myself dwelling on memories of that evening and my eyes wandered to the great empty gap in the bleachers where a fire has since destroyed the seats we all sat in that night.

It seemed quite fitting when I turned to see what caused the commotion in the next box and saw Hans Skov arrive with two small dark, foreign men, one Japanese looking, the other black-bearded and white-turbaned, slight and intelligent looking and glowingly and exotically black as Nick.

Now Hans was the man who had newly returned from a "People-to-people" tour of the world that night of Nick and the football game. It was he who broke the ice of hate that hung between Nick & me that night by getting interested in N's description of Italian "football" and thereby bringing us "together" that night. It was he, who poked me

and made me turn to see that
it was trying to get my attention.

How very strange, I thought,
that history should repeat
itself "like this to night!" It
all made me dwell a great deal
on that other night. Memories
came back, but how dim and
distorted they were, altho it seemed
like only a few moments ago!

How sterile is memory ^{alone} ~~only~~; how
hopeless; how futile; how dead, how
irreversible and useless, I thought.

I found I could not recall
the whys and wherefores of that
evening; what had come before
and what came after. I found
that that image of N gesturing
to me "One! just one!" had lost
the vitality I thought it would
always have for me. I found
that time had shown me what
I tried to deny that night: N.
had not meant me! no, he'd
meant that I was his "dear
confidante" only; that he was
signaling me his dearest heart's
dream ~~because~~ because I understood.
He did not mean me. No.

And tears welled in my eyes in spite of myself. I remembered how agonizingly I had searched for a glimpse of his head in the car as we left and how now it seemed flat, silly. And I sensed Leonard looking at me out of the corner of his eye with alarm and wondering.

"This too," I thought, "this, too, - will pass." Life.

It was with peace and love and infinite tolerance and patience that I went along with L in his ensuing "needs" for the evening. It was with a feeling of "this too will pass" - make it wonderful - that created a new and lovely bond between ^{us} ~~and me that evening.~~

Why! I thought, why! This is my man; this is it; this is love!

jeanty L
Sat Brailles - Godfrey
clavier

Little did I know that God had
another little jolt in store for me!
A ~~so~~ little eye opener.

H. came through too little and
too late again. We went to the ball
game and when it turned out an
exciting victory he got the idea
(two weeks too late) to join the baseball
team at Shakey's Pizza Parlor for
the victory fun after wards. For he'd
found out there had been great fun
that other victory night when I had
wondered why he didn't participate
in ~~the~~ fun.

Poor H. We went, (I was re-
leased - at least it would be a change
in the routine.) But there was no
one there. And I suffered for L
at his ineptness when there was
not a party going to carry him
along.

However, I was kind and we
stayed & had a pizza and went
back to the G.P. - L meantime accepting
with alacrity my invitation to play
"Stag Party" later. (How easy it is
to handle him when I don't par-
ticularly care! And how it makes
me realize that he has treated me

with that same aloof indifference — that he really doesn't care!)

We had no sooner settled at the GC. when I looked up and saw my daughter standing in the doorway wanting me. Somehow it startled not at all. Sgt was almost as if I'd expected her to be there.

Not to digress into another story, suffice it to say that she had overstepped her new freedom and allowed my son & his friends to throw a beer party at her new home and they had been caught by the police.

I was wanted at the police station. (Round 46!) in raising teenagers!) Lois and Bert and Clarice & Hyde and former friends were already there.

Resigned, I went back and told L, asking if he wanted to come with me or wait — not sure if or when I'd get back. Typically, he chose to wait.

My eyes were opened! At the police station, L was, as Joe said in another situation, "conspicuous by his absence."

This, however, was good for me. It
braked the illusion I was beginning
to build again.

I went back to the Q.C. and
tended L kindly, my reward for
my attentiveness being a very
long and tender reconciliation at
his place in which he came out
the winner — in the sense that he
was comforted and content, whereas
I was withholding now.

Saturday, the next day was fraught
with fantastic trouble and woe for
me. I spent the whole day battling
and conferring and settling my
children's mess. It was a very
vital and fundamental trouble
time — while, again, L was con-
spicuous by his absence.

He was to call me about 5.
In the meantime I neither saw
nor heard from him. I carried
my burden alone. At one point,
in angry exasperation, I called
Lois and told her what I was
thinking: "Here we are battling
and fighting and suffering to
make a better, & deeper, nicer

world ~~for~~^{so} parasites like Leonard Karr can sit and drink beer and dream their lives away!"

She understood and laughed.

Amidst my troubles I kept a ~~ting~~ check on R's house - calling & driving by. Since I had no idea how I was spending his day I entertained a suspicion that he would be greeting her back from her trip somehow. I felt that I interfered in some such plan when he was so mysterious and reluctant about Friday night. I was curious to see when she got back - in case of future need to correlate.

Her car appeared late afternoon in front of her house. I yielded to an impulse to spy on a late, frantic trip to the store, leaving my son to catch L's call since (of course!) I couldn't get him before I left. Reluctant to leave her street, some 6th sense telling me that a white tail finned car might appear at any minute, I seized an opportunity related to my

day's trouble - shooting to stop and converse with one of her neighbors whose son is involved in this current mess. It is the "neighbor" that I have threatened L & R with.

Luck was with me. It was one of those psi impulses, I'm sure. For I found myself exploiting the bitter son's need for revenge out let and asked him point blank to spy on R's for me. This happened just in time, for his mother now came out and we began a hassle about the clay's troubles. (It turned out to be good that I had stopped.) as pertained to said trouble.)

But, what pertains to this story was amazing. As we talked, I reluctant, for I was late, a white-tail furred car with a dark haired woman and a man ~~to good looking young man~~ passed, paused, and drove into R's driveway! It could not be! It could not! Shock made me a little incoherent as I hastily summed up our already completed conversation

and frantically swung the car around to drive (unnecessarily) by R's house again.

I made it in time. A dark haired woman in shorts who could have been R got out and carried something into R's house closely followed by a very good looking young man. It was then I noted the car was a different make than L's tho generally very similar.

My first not-too-sure conclusion was that R and her boy friend, Jack, had just arrived from Seattle. How lucky I was to have "happened" to be there! Relief flooded me, especially at the handsomeness of "Jack". Here was no problem — no rivalry!

I hastened on my errand and home and spent a frantic hour trying to check out my son's message that he had called & I was to call him or he'd call later. Time was of the essence because it was now late and I wanted to tell him I wouldn't go to the

ball game — (my day had been too full and I had neither time nor mood.) I wanted to find out what I intended to do so I could make my plans. It exasperated me greatly for the phone to be tied up indefinitely on the residue of the day's problems.

~~Finally~~ When my son said that I had mentioned going out to eat, I called 3 of his most usual haunts. Nothing. Where could he be? I was most annoyed.

Finally he called, quite complacent about not going to the game — "he had decided not to anyway" — and most evasive and mysterious about where he had eaten. "He'd been invited out". He was not going to tell — that was obvious; all he'd say was "friends on Lincoln Ave."

I let it go. Cheating again! Who cared?

He was indefinite about the evening. Suspicious as I was I hoped for a late commitment — I needed time alone. Yet when it came — "10 o'clock"

I was hurt and annoyed.
He "tied me up" with vagueness—
"maybe he'd call sooner" etc.
Damn his guts!

I went about my own needs
thankful for the hours I wouldn't
have to bether with him. I fought
depression and sadness and
tried to get myself in the right
mood for the party chore. I
forgot about him.

To my surprise he called
again, claiming he was home,
attending to chores—"how was I?"
~~John~~ "He'd see me at 10". When
he found I was alone and
"kindly" he said "well maybe
I'll see you before 10:--".
(Maybe—always maybe!) That
maybe kept me in so much
anxiety that I was unable
to accomplish what I needed
and found myself not wanting
him. Every car that
approached stopped me from
what I was doing and I
mentally prayed "No. No. Not yet".
Ten came before he
appeared. I wasn't surprised.

And I hated L when, with pressing,
he disclosed that he had been to
another old girl friend's for dinner!
"no" sorry but I'm dating someone ^{else} with her!

Only annoyed. (Cheat!)

Here he was, dressed more hand-
somer than I had seen him since
he first dated me. (For R? - what
other reason?)

I hated myself for fawning
on his smug and self-righteous
good looks as we pursued too
careful, too early and too eager
preparations to go to the party,
which I, having many such
experiences behind me, knew
would not start till at least
1 a.m.

But no! I was over-ager
(he who "didn't want" to go!) Altho
he suggested the G.C. (He didn't
smell my wine-ripe breath?
tho he sniffed furtively at least
twice) and lingered when free
beers came our way, he sat
unparticipating and "posed"
in his smug beauty that I played
up to (damn me!) - waiting, waiting -
for what?

I dreaded this evening. I
dreaded the encounter with R.
I expected her to be as attentive
to him as she was the night

of the play. I had my nasty
remark ready about calling
him "Daddy".

I went with misgivings.

So, we got to the scene of the party much too early. I was embarrassed for L's naivete' and worried about his eagerness.

There was no one there yet, and L's unrelaxed, petty fussing and social ineptness began to get through to me. Also I was annoyed when he proceeded to lock up the beer in the car, assuring me that he would provide me as needed. (How petty and stingy!)

Suffice it to say the party was much as I expected. They were all strangers, but I felt much at ease and gravitated freely, introducing myself and striking up conversations and trying very hard to bring L graciously into every encounter and keep him attended. All the time I was keeping a wary eye on the door for R's arrival. I assumed that L was, too.

The evening wore on and R did not appear and I began to cease worrying about it. I was enjoying myself and making friends and finding out interesting things. And L was adequate enough. He was going along in

the role of "attractive escort", not putting himself out much, but creating no difficulties.

However, I noticed that he was beginning to stuff himself with food, and was to be found more (abadsign!)

and more in isolated corners or monopolizing some second-rate eccentric that he admired. And he was responding less to each introduction I attempted.

By the time I looked up and saw R. enter in a ~~group~~^{covey} of odd looking characters, I had become a social burden! He was standing beside me at the time. R's and my eyes slid off each others, and, tho I was suddenly alert, I felt no fear for, she and her company were a misfit looking bunch, as were the few people I had been gravitating to. I had the "picture"—and it didn't worry me. (I could handle it.)

What would R do? Surely not —! She did! She ran up to me, her arms full of food she'd brought, and leaning across me

toward L, her strangely melting-looking eyes all aglow and intent on L, with just enough quick shifting in my direction to include me, she cried in front of all those people, "I told you so! I told you so!"

(How different, how crude, compared to Jim and Joe's subtle winks the other night at ~~their~~ "reconciliation"!)

I had feared this. Naturally, L did not know ^{to what} she was referring, nor did I want him to know, since the reconciliation had been my doing, not his, as I had "predicted". She knew she was exposing us; it was her intention. It was also her intention to be "in the know" and keep her position as keystone in the triangle.

She must be silenced, but quickly. I turn cold eyes on her. Momentarily taken aback, she still persisted in her cries, playing the part of my female "confidante". It would take stronger measures; she was too obtuse. "I don't know what you're talking about" I said as coldly and nastily as I could.

(How long it has been since I've had to use this tone on anyone!)

Her eyes sought H's questioningly and wavered. (She must not have gotten any satisfaction there!) I sensed interest about us and she must have, too, for she suddenly went to pieces and in dazed confusion started toward the social room with her sandwiches.

I gently took her arm, pointing out to her that the sandwiches should remain right where we were. The moment was over. Everyone dispersed and there was no further incident for quite some time.

I went my way, slightly puzzled to see that she and L skirted each other all evening, instead of gravitating to each other as I'd expected. A little worried that they'd overdo it I was relieved later to see L conversing easily in her group.

In my flittings, I noticed only one man that interested me and he seemed to have a glint of interest toward me in his eye. Nothing came of it, however, and I forgot it.

Oh! Speaking of glances,

when they came in

I had been horrified when this
whoreish looking beauty who seemed
to be one of R's party made a
bee line for L and I was in
full view of her large dark
eyes as they fastened on L's
with the most intimate, most
prolonged lust-knowledge ^{look} I had
ever had the unhappiness to be
caught in. Oh no! I thought.

Then I had looked up just in
time to see L greet a dazzyling
blonde over people's heads with
almost the same look - and
she responded in kind. But she
was so aviving. Only those two,
there were no others, but they
were enough to last the evening
if I'd bothered to dwell on it.

Actually, all it did was goad
me to further "social success". (I
must keep my eye on that good
looking man that eyed me, I
thought -)

Things went along all
right for awhile, then suddenly
my ears heard the war cry they'd
been listening for, "Daddy!" a
woman's voice rang out.

I whipped around. The fat one, the fat friend of R's! My feet took me over there before I knew what was happening and my body carried out the little act I had mentally rehearsed many times.

(Damn, why wasn't it R? I wished as I approached that broad back.) Gently, but firmly, I took the fat limbs in my hands & turned her to face me. "The name is Leonard" I said evenly.

Shock registered on that slack face and the big mouth began protestations — "Why, it's just a nick name, a nick name we call him —" (Damn her! She'd spoiled my routine!) Thinking quickly, with a glance at L's foolishly pleasant face, I said distinctly, "Is there a reason?"

L let out guffaws of laughter at this. Fool! He was too remote to get the significance of what was going on. But Fat One got it. She was rattled. I turned and left her there.

Later, seeking L, I found her standing beside me. She coldly

ignored me, tho the situation called for conversation. (What bores these people were!)

Looking her up and down, L standing to my left, I said "the name is --- Mrs. ---" ('I knew it but I was "insulting" her) --- "Coflan - isn't it?" "Coflan". She joined, ^{her} voice and her head both snapping. I left.

One more incident and the evening was over. Escaping from L, who was now irritating me a little by acting the complaining wall flower, I found myself trapped face to face in a doorway with my good-looking man. Pulling my evening's trick to overcome loneliness among strangers, I said, "who are you?" He told me his name, his eyes ^{amused} urbanely ~~twinkling~~. "Who are you?" he rejoined. I told him my name. We looked at each other mutually amused. I shrugged and said, "I guess we aren't any further along than we were." and went my way, deciding to be careful.

Whether L saw or not I do not know. All I know is that he pointed this man out a little later to me

and said, "That's R's brother. And that dark girl — (the one who had given him the very glad eye) — is his wife." (Whew! Was I ever glad I'd been wary!)

Later, at a loss for a talking partner and a drink, I saw L. near R & her group — all of them withdrawn, non-participating. I joined them, hoping to wheedle L into one more of his locked up beers. I saw him wander off in the direction of the car, so decided to wait there for the beer. I was sure he'd gone to get.

Someone spoke at my elbow. I turned to see Good Looking. We were alone. "Where's your drink?" he asked.

I explained about L going after one, ~~but just~~ being sarcastic about the locked store. Just then L meandered back in, empty-handed, looked around like a lost soul and meandered over to a lone corner and ~~was~~^{paced about} there.

Exasperated, I turned to listen to G.L.'s urgent words. He ~~was~~

was urging me to find a glass and in tones of disgust directed at L and he'd pour me a drink from his bottle.

I demurred, a careful eye on the whereabouts of the rest of his party. He insisted, ~~that~~ So I went kitchenwards, sought & found a glass & came back & presented it to him, ~~for~~ facetiously avoiding L.

He left and almost immediately put a very strong whiskey drink in my hand (At last! - a real drink, I sighed inwardly.) Then he became very attentive. We were enjoying ourselves when I noted ~~out of~~ his wife & relatives had moved up near my side. Sensing danger I quickly changed the subject (he went along smoothly, with sophistication) and just as smoothly helped me make a break and slide away ^{to gather up} ~~toward~~ a suddenly exposed L sitting sulking toward my right.

I was in for it now. I couldn't hide the drink in my hand, which L now contemplated in horror, his nose wrinkling in undigested disgust. "What's that?" he cried.

Waving it brashly under

his recoiling nose I snapped, "It's whiskey! I thought you'd gone to get me a beer" — etc.

He ignored me. "You're not going to drink that on top of beer? --- You'll get sick!"

"Oh no I won't!" I said smartly (determined all of a sudden I wouldn't) and took an unnecessarily long drink. He froze up and turned from me.

(Oh well.) I softened and explained that I was trying to instigate & wait for the guitar playing — but I would give up & go. (He'd been heckling me for an hour — just as the party was getting interesting) So I had to. I gulped my drink, sorry to leave it — and we left — without goodbyes to anyone.

We parted amicably & quickly (it was 4 a.m.) after eating at the Do-nut Shop (at my suggestion).

I had planned not to ask L to dinner Sunday. Whether I even would see him Sunday depended on how our evening turned out - our week end. Perhaps this would be the end, I did not know.

Now I left it to him. He would have to make the next suggestion.

To my astonishment, he simply announced he'd be up tomorrow as usual, I really did not want him for dinner. I decided last week that to spend my precious "leisure" day cooking for him was too ridiculous.

"But I haven't asked you yet!" I said.

"No matter," he replied complacently. "I won't eat much."

I swallowed my wrath and went in wondering if there was any plot in his mind about my repaying him on Sunday for the money he spent on me on Saturdays?

Sunday.

A terrible day for me. I was still terribly involved & busy all day with remnants of yesterday's calamities and new shocks about my children's activities.

"By the way," my son said as I was relating the "Daddy" episode to mother (who wasn't listening)

"Some woman ~~got~~ called last night and asked 'if Daddy was there?' in the middle of the night" [between 12 and 4 a.m.]

I had just answered the phone and had someone hang up on me!

I was alternately amused & alarmed. What nasty mess was L in and dragging me into? What stunt was he pulling now? Yet something in the back of my mind told me who it was and why. Fat Girl - revenging herself (and R) on me!

Tho, of course, I checked it out, first with R - when I couldn't get L - and then with him, I still think that is the answer.

R played "innocent" with me and chatted sweetly at great length about the party — finally getting in her real concern [as I in my old talks to Jamie Esqate!] — about "L's 'coming back' to me." I coldly rebuffed & diverted her and then slammed ^{her} right where it hurt by "innocently" telling her of L's dinner with the "mental patient old love" of his.

"Oh — her!" She said. (She was hurt!)

L seemed genuinely alarmed & concerned when I told him. "It was Rainie!" he cried. But I straightened him out on that. He seemed a little shook that I had talked to R, but then relaxed. Then surprised me by saying in evident sincerity that he did not want those people bothering me and that it must be stopped.

Though I suspected more self-protection than solicitude in this reaction, there still was a element of genuineness that made me feel good.

He was very sweet to me the rest of the day and evening, coming so early that he got involved in some of my latest messes. I deflected his pretense of concern by assigning him to his place as "escape watch" and he willingly retreated to it.

Yet he showed much hidden emotion by dropping things consistently for awhile — literally dropping them, I mean. "What's the matter with me?" he said.

We got through the ball game and a very exciting "quicke" at my house afterwards with sweet accord, although we had a few bad moments.

One was when I began to tear into him when he started to preach at me. This led to my bringing out my psychology notes and reading off a great deal more than I intended to (noting, as I did, so the unexpected opportunity to test my own re-writing of them and finding them good and effective.)

It was after this that he became suddenly quiet and withdrawn. Then, feeling all was lost again anyway, I poured on a few more things I wanted to get said.

The result was catching that sudden cold calculating look in his eyes that I haven't seen for a long time. "Go ahead - hate me!" I laughed. And he merely laughed back.

His quietness lasted well through the ball game and it was only the help of a dramatic victory that made me able to placate him again.

Yet, in the car, he blew up - fantastically + unpredictably + explosively - "for no reason."

I merely "waited him out" without a word, - and our mutual sense of humor rescued us.

Later I apologized, my hand over his newly protesting mouth, for the trigger incident that touched him off - letting the rest go. And all was well.

Today - Monday - I phoned him at noon with 2 good news items - 1 - a free lance job for me (at long last!) and 2 - the successful attempt I made to ~~get~~ set up a particularly apt date for L's oil man here this Sat. night.

Actually, I am forcing his commitment on a date Sat. night - for I need something definite to avoid having to perhaps accept Bert & Lois's new date for me too soon.

I am not ready.

I almost made a bad mistake. Just before I called L I realized that this hard-boiled beauty I ~~app~~ made my deal with could very well be L's next affair. She's exactly the type he'd make his next mistake with.

So I played "cool", saying "I couldn't divulge her name now" - playing for time and luck. For I know that if L doesn't see her until Lou shows interest - (and he will!)

— that L. would not dare compete with his hero. In the meantime Clara will have shown herself for what she is and scorn L for what he is bound to reveal himself as to what he is.

I could be wrong. But let fate "rescue" me if it will — for I may not have courage enough to rescue myself!

*
x

*
x

*
x

One more thing. It keeps coming back to my mind what L said when I told him I was not "supposed" to be dating him again. "Your friends told you, you mean," he said — "the friends to whom you've told

What a rat I am!"

Perhaps it did get through, after all!

The case for L. -

benefits done or to do

good actions

good words,

good comment by others

personal observations

" comments

proved
improved
changes

The case against -

actions } his
words }

trouble area

others comments

personal observations

" comments

Proved out
Not proved out
Changes

Don't get mad - read it all thru
first.

Sept. 63 K6

Leonard -

I think it's only fair to tell you
that it wasn't R that broke us up
entirely - She is only a symptom.

It was that telephone conversation
when I heard you say what I'd
always suspected, I knew there could
be no love there. Who can love a
man who uses people for his own
shallow, selfish pleasures? Such a
philosophy doesn't work -

Only the golden rule - does -
(Here and exposition on the application
of it and as I've found it to
work for myself.)

Now - I'll know you'll be mad
(and at me) but I want to tell
you how ^{your} falseness shows more
than you think + creates trouble
for you - the falseness I always
sensed - People are afraid of you
etc. etc. - (Pointing out to him
the effect he creates + the results
it brings.)

BUT - I believe in you - I
know there is a good guy you
always pretended to be underneath -
(how I wish these last few weeks
you could have left all that

[craddy] shall behind & emerged
unafraid to take me in your
arms & say "I love you, Loma-
only you."

But you couldn't.

And I am too old to expect
such things.

(A ~~bit~~ bit about what I
attempted with him & why - & my
hope that a small bit of good
had been done to open a heart

I'm sure was there - even if not
for me -

I hope you find happiness
(to all that-jings.)

(P.S.) Real love would have
forced you to the phone - it didn't
- at least not my phone - so?

so - love - real love, the kind that
can wait -

[alw] Can you see that this is a kind
of love - sex is only the expression
of it; "the gift without the giver
is bare" -

etc. etc.

Monday - Sept 15, 1963

"Two-timing, scrounging son-of-a-bitch"!

("I could have told you", "I could have warned you"!)'

I'm getting it from all sides now — tho they ~~used~~ the term "spongers" —

"Stinginess", too, I thought of — stinginess — in everything — money, heart, time, attention — (all but sexual activity!)

Or "two-timing, scrounging alley-cat"

Don -

You were right.
I see now what
you mean.

I had myself
taken off the payroll,
you know.

Yes, it is better
for Leonard to
work alone - stay
away from people -

I had no idea
how far-reaching
his reputation as
a "two-timing,
sponging S.O.B."
could reach.

I see now
that it can hurt

your business — I
had no idea how
many friends I
had and how
many enemies he
had until I broke
up with him.

Sorry.

I can't help
how the world is.
You were right. I
was wrong.

Forgive me for
trying to force out
something that wasn't
there.

Lorna

So you don't like people
who don't have any emotional
control, huh? ^{Oh I wouldn't say that - (whee!}
^{he spoiled my "act"!)}

Artscope -
choice - Bud Williams or
Bob Viñall -
Chose Bob -

(was right) only he's leaving
— damn! [Almost "made" it].
Mad. Mad as hell.
Called L.

He surprised me!
(L) "Thought by being (nasty) I
could straighten you out —
IT DIDN'T WORK! (Joy! Joy! Joy!)
I'll be talking to you — "

What did you think
~~did you~~ ^{hunting} letter?
^{of my} — will miss — so will I.

nice — well written — But
"didn't apply to me
afraid of that" (me)

When you get things straightened
out — call me (me)

OK —
[All nice! for god's sake!]
["Obey that impulse"!!]
"

Monday night.

I don't know what's the matter with me! I'm doing the craziest things! And my old feeling of being nice to people is all gone — I don't why or where — the love of people is gone — the desire to help. I feel tired & disillusioned with life and people. They are just hopeless! One person can't do anything —

Any-way, I got thru the week-end without directly calling L. The 3 calls I made he didn't answer. I felt "saved" from myself! I was glad I couldn't get him.

All was well till I got to bed. Wanting to read, I thought I should read back over the L story — but just couldn't stomach it — sick of the whole thing. Well, better read the post-Nick time & see how it compares to now & what I can expect.

I had had a crying spell, a mad, spell, a sorry spell, a forgiving spell, a hate spell, and a wanting L back spell. I had a praying spell & a Bible opening spell — (nothing) — I prayed hard, hard tho I didn't

feel like it - then I did - I got a glimmer of faith + humility. So,

I got out the N book. Oh damn! It was the wrong one! I'd gotten the beginning one. I read the prayers of St. Francis etc - at the start. It didn't reach me at all - I flipped thru the pages - boring - ick! - I wasn't interested - after all -

The book fell open to an article I had visited: "Obeys that impulse". I read parts I'd underlined -

and got up and phoned R. (12pm.)

"L" I said when he answered, "This is Lorna." "Yes?" he said - unhappy, wary, afraid? (It was so good to hear his voice!) Mine was sad and low - on the verge of tears, which I hadn't planned. "People are talking me now how you've been seen out with other people lately. It makes me so unhappy - I did believe in you so -!"

I spoke in a rush to fend off his inevitable defensive anger -
He asked me to repeat & I did.

It came — anger instead of the love
& forgiveness & wanting me I'd hoped
for — "Lies!" he said, "Lies! Gossip!"
How could I when I was with
you all the time?"

(All the time, ha! It was the
times he wasn't — the few times —
that was just it — not to be
trusted out of sight!)

I cut him off wearily — "Oh,
don't start that again — I don't
want to listen to it — that's all —
Goodbye," I was almost crying.

I got up full of energy for "new
pages", a new life. I was surprised
& glad. I went on with my
"destroy L" campaign with everyone
I could find at the store. I told
Marvin — a Glac Club cronie — (L is
a 2-timing SOB) "oh?" he said — then
later he tried to "copy up" to me.
Moyelle & my boss were glad.
Another said, "I could have
warned you, I wanted to warn
you. He is a sponger, a
"terrible sponger" etc, Clara said,
I hated L. I hated him
all morning. I was glad. Free.
"With it" again. I "forgot" him.

mean "what you know"

Just before noon my boss called me & asked me which ^{not L's} company was which. ^{I chose the other} An influential man was in about other signs.

With horror, I realized the implications! From now on — all Sign business from anyone in the store would go to L's competitor from sheer prejudice toward me — in my favor — against L — who had "done me dirt". Such is the way of the world! I saw the far-reaching implications — I hadn't realized ^{how} influential contacts I had in town — or how many "loyal" friends — or how many enemies L had thru his women-hurting activities.

Now, I saw why Don was worried: L's hurtful private activities could eventually hurt Don's business & therefore L. It was a intuitive "flash"

I can't quite yet explain clearly.

Somehow I knew something — something that had to be fixed — averted — something done about it. I knew not

what or how or why. Time was too short to figure it out — ~~Obey that~~ ("Obey that impulse!" — damn that article!)

Terrribly afraid & upset & confused I let instinct lead me where it would — and found myself at L's door, rousing him from his nap — and desperately appealing to him to change his ways for Don's sake — for his own sake. — "a 'business' trip" I said — not about us — about you — (Afterwards I thought how good he looked to me in the one glimpse I comprehended. Mine! My man! [Ha! so was X once!])

He looked & acted as if he thought I was crazy — I couldn't find the words to explain this dire necessity sufficiently — I can't say I blamed him — my hands were shaking violently — he eyed them — I dropped the ash tray. Yet it wasn't he I feared or upset me — I hardly realized to whom I was talking. Something was urging me on ~~some~~ primitive "intelligence" from

way deep inside me.

He exploded. He blasted me with nastiness — terrible nastiness. I gave up. I just looked at him — sorrow in my heart, "I feel sorry for you" — I said —

"What did I ever see in you?"
"I don't know", he murmured.

Then he dismissed me peremptorily (always the scheduled) ^{by actions}

I felt his arm behind my back & looked back in alarm — was he ~~being~~ showing affection? — No! he was only pushing me out the door — his face cold, indifferent — his eye fastened on his mail box curiously.

Without a word, he reached in and pulled out — my letter! My God, I'd forgotten! (Get me out of here!) How come he hadn't gotten it on his way in? What a strange thing!

I do remember now wondering if he'd read the letter yet — if that were affecting his mood in any way. If so, my letter was "unsuccessful".

Anyway he pocketed the letter without a word or sign of knowing what it was. (Perhaps, he thought it was another personal missive & was hiding it from me!)

We parted without a word — by mutual unspoken consent — drove our cars off in opposite directions. (He would drive off the edge of a cliff without a word — that man!)

But I didn't go far. I stopped. Oh no you don't Boy! Oh no! You don't get away with this?

I gave you a chance! I appealed to you first — before Don. Now you'll suffer the effects of your refusal to "understand". and admit the harm you do. Now you'll have to see the harm!

This was somewhat what I felt tho I didn't realize it at the time. It was all sheer emotion.

I hastily scribbled the accompanying note to leave Don. if he weren't there — but he was.

He tried to fend me off — but was then nice. (Some people can be!) He was very nice.

Altho he didnt understand me either. Finally he did.

But the compassionate look and gentle, wryly humorous "Good luck" he gave me as I left made me realize that he looked at me as a woman in love only - upset by a lover's quarrel.

Oh well. Perhaps I was. I was following my heart. Somehow I "knew" it was "good". Let them laugh.

Then the call from the Art Group that led me (as in old little M days) to an encounter with the man whom I'd had in mind to take L's place perhaps - but he is leaving town for good in a few weeks. Well, that was that. (I liked him, we got along fine - I almost "did it". He's much like L - only more sophisticated, more socially oriented.)

And fear gripped me as I walked straight into R's lair and had to hear how good she was, (a single man's verdict) and (either ^{for} job) hear that ans Raimie praised to the skies again. / I can't stand him - yet everyone

①

thinks he's a "doel"! Time will tell!)

I left there mad, mad as hell at L. So mad that I wanted to throw caution to the winds + call him + tell him off. (this isn't the kinds of calls people forbid me to make. these aren't "make up" calls! Ha! to them!)

Tell him off for lecturing me so nastily about "people who can't control their emotions" (R's brainwashing!) and make themselves so much trouble."

I am emotional! While R can cry (& sleep?) in his arms at midnight on a "Big Emergency" act + cut off our phones + L can explode with fantastically nastiness at me for weeks! I am emotional!?!!

So I rushed home as fast as I could + called — and got the surprising reaction in these notes —

My letter? My letter had done some good? Or my actions had scared him. Anyway I found there was a glimmer of hope — and I felt good — good — good — "gill

he talking to you - " he said,
What did that mean?

12 hours later

Tues. morning Sept-17-1963

And I'm ready to admit what I would ~~not~~ admit yesterday —

That, in the middle of L's "capitulation" speech on the phone he ~~said~~ murmured something about — "You didn't have to know — (about Linn & R) — it's all your fault —"

Now, having slept on the whole thing I see what I didn't want to see —

"Your letter didn't apply to me —" (Hopeless — no self-insight — only forced him to be more careful, more secretive, offer more loves — like the "I'll be talking to you" — Sure! Sure only — Sure! after weeks & weeks of waiting, "suffering", "on ice" — hoping — wishing —

He thinks he has me because I called him, because I wrote that letter. He thinks I've capitulated — and now he can revert to the usual old habits — only more carefully.

What he doesn't know is that I have broken the habit

of him - of calling him - of
waiting and wanting him. I
have picked up the threads &
interest in life without him
already. I can see I'll be
too busy. (thank God!).

I can see all I miss -
all I want from him is the
lunatic outings.

Even the sexual relief (I
hate to give up) no longer
entices me. The thought of
~~sex with a~~ sharing him with
the pick-ups he makes so
heartlessly behind my back
nauseates me. I couldn't be
sincere!

And I still don't trust him!
He didn't show one sign of
being good - of doing what
I asked in my letter - only
of "fooling" me some more -
to "get me back".

He doesn't know I am
quite willing to wait out the
out come of the R. business.
Neither does she! He doesn't know
I still won't share him with her -
or anyone else. He doesn't know
HE WON'T CHANGE!

Tuesday - cont -

— "straightening out" —
Let me talk about this.

I said "I thought by being nasty I could straighten you out — but it didn't work —"

What did he mean? Let's start backward; what didn't work? He didn't solve the situation as he wanted it solved, obviously?

(What goal did he mean to accomplish?)
Well, what did he get?

- * He got ~~me~~ mad at him.
- * I broke off with him.

"It didn't work". This means it wasn't what he wanted, or intended.

But he wanted to go on, then.

He wanted to "straighten me out". In other words, ~~I was saying, mixed up~~. He wasn't going on as things were. (How were they?). I was making a fuss about R. I demanded they ~~leave each other alone~~, then he ~~wasn't~~ had to straighten me out on that. ~~going on on those terms~~

Then ~~But~~ he would not give up R to keep me. ~~(He didn't believe my "threats"!)~~

He has maintained that I should ignore the R liaison. Should have in the past; should in the future. "It makes no difference between us" he said. I maintained it did and had.

My friends + family maintained it
did. It was they + I against R + L.

I say, he has to give up R to keep
me. — (and ^{and all the others} ~~the~~ ^{that} year is
long enough to decide whom one
wants.)

(He wouldn't give in; I wouldn't give in.
I broke of with him.

So, by "straightening me out" he meant to
"bring me 'round" to have his own way,
to have me on his terms. Make me
accept R — (and secrecy and all others.)
"threaten" me! ~~by means~~

He thought he could do this by "being
nasty". What was I supposed to do?

How was I supposed to react? I'd
get scared; afraid of losing him; come
crying and begging and agreeing to what-
ever he said — his terms? All he had to
do was stamp his foot at me, throw R
and her virtues in my face, compare me
to R, make me see how lacking I was,
what he preferred in behavior, how I
was supposed to act. She accepted me,
didn't she? Etc. Etc. (She did? It
downed on me she acted like the
"jealous wife" — not me! She was the
one who'd been "married" to him —
not I! I was the new rival of not she!)
the Spoiled brat! He acted like a
Spoiled brat! Not once did he try to

or a clear, truth full
explanation + time limit.

be nice, or understand, or meet me
half-way, or offer a compromise.

No! just the self-righteous temper tantrum,
"I want my own way! I intend to get it!"

It "didn't work." I just saved him off.
I "wouldn't play". I showed him I meant
it. I "called his bluff". No one had
ever done this before to him?

I had "nothing to lose" anyway,
so I could do it. Not like the others,
R + all, who think he's such a fan-
tastic catch they'll do anything not
to lose him! I was different; I called
his bluff! I said "All or nothing" and
I meant it! I showed I meant it!
I expect as much as I give - and I
intend to prove it.

He wanted a good woman? A
good relationship? This is what it
costs! Does he want it that bad?
We shall see.

Now, this brings me to a new
realization of what ~~that~~ results
of that phone call meant yesterday!
we "agreed" we wanted to go hunting
together at least, still. Only hunting?
We each hinted that we'd be willing -

might get together on that.

Now. The more I think about that, the more I doubt. To go ^{only} hunting 4-5 times with Lk. (knowing what I know about him) and never see or hear of him in the weeks in between - (knowing R is still hunting him down, knowing he won't "go without", knowing he has no "principles", no compunctions about hurting people, deceiving them, using them.) I would only become a listing in the Black Book, wouldn't I? - "Lorna, - for hunting" ("Raymona - for intimacy" "So and so - for a quick lay" etc.)

The alter native is to use a hunting expedition as an excuse to start going together again. For what? For the same old routine? "Just a squabble" - we got thru that one - now let's just go on the same", he'd think. He would have won! I'd be brought back where I started from - Sharing him! R will be in the picture till + if she's married - ^{months yet} ~~even married~~ - even marriage won't break it up! Not those two!

I see no alter native but to wait it out - till Spring, if necessary. Other wise - nothing. Nothing anyway.

I'd never trust the guy — not for long!
All I wanted was a personable,
agreeable escort till next summer
I decided. But I can only have
him if I share him.

I won't! I won't! It's too
humiliating! It's too much emotional
bother — too many endless scenes. Too
much giving in to both of them and
their sordid moral concepts. It
wouldn't be nice; it wouldn't be fun;
I couldn't make love to him any more —
~~not~~ knowing he wasn't all mine; he
won't change — not that fast;
circumstances won't change — not
that fast; he isn't worth it, anyway.
I couldn't live with a man who
thinks & feels as he does — who acts
as he does.

Goodbye — Leonard!
"Vaya con Dios!" as the music
is playing — just another "attempt!"
Tuesday night,

Oh, it was hard tonight. Our
date night I fought so hard for,
Sexual need nearly killed me.
I called him twice — secretly;
Of course, & ("luckily" (all my
friends & family would say)
couldn't get him, I made

myself stay busy, go out on dull,
half-hearted duty errands. I
checked R's house twice. I
ran into the G.C. & whispered to
old gossip Jim W. - "Why didn't
you tell me LK was a two-timing
s.o.b.?" "Why he didn't 2-time
you, honey!" he said to my surprise.
I just left - knowing Jim would
make something of it to L.

Finally, a call to Lillian
"Saved" me. She gave me all
the right, the best encouragement -
even new male prospects -
Whew!

Wed - Sept 18 - 1963

This I must record before I start self-justification.

Why I called L this morning at 7 a.m.
Last night, as I said, was miserable.
In the night, I realized again that I was tense - and beginning to produce tension "ailments", as of old, before LK. Then I realized - again - the future picture: all work - no play syndrome - "made" "relaxation" is not the same as the real fun + escape I found with L - in rare moments - but necessary, productive ones! - escape moments - at great cost, of course. But - which is worse?!

Grim, prideful tension that ends in emotional conflict + illness; or lax, neglectful drifting that ends in emotional conflict and tension + ^{disruptive} ~~science~~.

Neither is good. Both result in tension.

Then I dreamed of an atomic explosion that woke me with the feeling, "that was TERRIBLE! That cannot ^{must not} happen!"

I can't explain the feeling - all I know is there was something I had to do: it was terribly important.

Half awake I looked at the clock & found it early. You must call L - now, something told me - but

why? why? That didn't seem right!

Then I realized what a terribly tense state I was in, what an incapacitating anxiety. Another day of wondering, worrying, feeling too upset to accomplish anything. Days, weeks, of this ahead of me?

"How utterly ridiculous!" I suddenly thought! To sit & wait & wonder if, when, ~~where~~, whether that revengeful, sulking man was ever going to call me or what he felt or intended!

It simply wasn't worth the emotional and environmental cost!

Who did he think he was, anyway? that he could ~~dictate~~ impose his own negativism on people who had fought & won more battles, more successfully than he ever had!

I simply couldn't be bothered being "imprisoned" by his foolish code! It would cost me too much.

I went to the phone and called him, evidently arousing him from sleep. I felt very calm, very kind or tolerant or something. Silly man! I thought. He answered with gladness!!

"Well, L," I said, "it doesn't look as if you're crazy to make up

with me — How are you doing, what's on your mind? What are your intentions?" — words to that effect.

He began now a long discourse on those "intentions". His voice was very sad, but it was very sincere, very true, very male. None of that infuriating generalousness and defensiveness; no fight, but no hope. Here was a man really up against the truth.

Time out. Time out. It might be a long time, he said, days, weeks, months, maybe years. That was his "intention". He simply figured to quit for awhile. We didn't get along, things were unhappy and difficult — he considered this the "best way". In time — in time — ~~he had~~ how did he know what would happen? He was busy, he had things to do. Like now, — he had to go to work; would I please hang up?

I pointed out these things to him; (I felt gentle. I hope I was.) (1) How was I to know these intentions? That's why I'd called — to find out. If he felt so, why didn't he let me know?

(2) months — years might be "too late".

- ③ If such were his intention, then, obviously, he didn't care; There was nothing there.
- ④ He was "quitting"? Was this his way of solving problems? How was I to know? It amounted to "sticking his head in the sand", I said. Had this worked? — before? Was this usual? What was wrong with doing as I — we — often, — usually did — talking it over — finding out why — negotiating? — deciding?
- ⑤ — So things were ^{too} hard, "difficult"? Then it wasn't worth an effort to him? The good relationship we'd vowed to have in the beginning was not to be sustained by any effort? Did he think this solved it? Was this the way?
- ⑥ — My heart ~~so~~ sank a little as he revealed his "compensatory" plans. (There was nothing here ^{for me}) I tried him so. (There was no "hot news" to our conversation. I knew what he meant; I felt the same way myself.)
- ⑦ "So I'm getting the 'brush-off' again?" I said. — and —
- ⑧ "That's all I wanted to know. That's why I called you — to see what was in your mind — (your heart) —

[and your "way of solving"]. Now I knew. It was what I expected. I had no axe to grind, to goal to win — only verification for my own peace of mind.

BUT —

At each "play-back" I gave him, he gave very surprising indications of doing really what I figured he was doing all the time — forcing me; hurting me; revengeing himself on me; "showing" me; worrying me — playing the lazy man's way of getting what he hoped for, really! Such as:

Time out? Well — (when I agreed) — a day or so — ' (!!)

A long time? "Yes, yes it might be "too late".

The end? Well — ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~was~~ ^{are} telling everyone we were "broken up" —

He didn't care? — Well — he needed time to figure things out — (I'd rather go hunting with you, ! but) — maybe later —

Quitting? Well — he never believed one should say definitely — Things change — our feelings change —

Sticking his head in the sand? — No! he wasn't doing that! Well — no —

I'll - I'll call you - next week -

things hadn't worked out too well for him - well -

Not willing to make an effort?

Well - it wasn't that - he just needed time to think -

No intention of getting back together? Well - he'd made this plans for the week-end with Mag - I tell you what - I'll call you next week - the first of the week - ~~we'll talk~~

So the "bush-off" again? - (Not now!) See! there you go! I have to go to work - It isn't that - (then, tho I was ready to let him go, he, himself, went on for a good ten minutes - as if he had all the time in the world - his voice sad, calm; his words true and revealing.)

[That's all I wanted to know] It isn't over - we'll get together - I will talk to you again -

Who's to make the first call? - I like you to call me - only not in the middle of the night - or - or -

"Like now?" I said, laughing.

We hung up. And I felt good. I felt at peace. I was glad I'd called, the dope! How little he knew himself!

Well, when hunting season starts - I said - Call me & tell me what you'll do - But that'll be weeks he said

Later:

I found my energy released — the goal of my effort in calling — It was well worth it! It didn't matter what happened — as long as I broke this silly "slugging at each other", as I told him; this "evil" revenge act on me! on each other.

All was well. I worked with a will. things got accomplished, I was "free".

*

*

*

Then — damn! — I walked thru the men's department. Here they had a big, new shipment of those damn "dickies" ~~collars~~ he'd said he wanted & I'd "promised" to get — & couldn't, because they were out.

An overwhelming "Nick-like" urge to do something "kind & generous" "without reward" assailed me. But I couldn't afford it! Yet impulse took over. To free myself of it, I went to great, embarrassing lengths — charging one to him — hoping it could be delivered. (Leave me out of this!)

It couldn't. I "had" to deliver it. Time went by as I tried to

plan the most impersonal way
of doing so.

In the interim I found
myself cogitating the long term
effects of the morning's conversation.

It ended in my ~~writing~~
inserting an unplanned note,
to the effect that I'd go hunting
(or outings) — (only) — the "in-town"
messes I'd like to "let ride",
too, at this left me free — free
of "environmental conflicts" —
like R — & family & friend
battles — during the week &
yet something to look for-
ward to — some "happiness"
on week ends —

A compromise ? !!! (I
couldn't decide.) Finally — I
let it go — needing "freedom"
as much as he —

"I too, would like to be left
alone awhile," I said — and it
was true.

I took the thing by & stuck
it in his doorway, feeling quite
~~free and~~ released from tension &
free and energetic for once. (It
had been a long time!)

I didn't even want a drink, but finally got a little beer - just in case (of upset later).

I had forgotten mother was out of town & was sorry I was so late - It was such an excellent opportunity for privacy. A bit reluctantly - for I had many projects planned - I decided to ~~flaring~~ ^{flaring} this up to date.

Then my plans went all awry. My daughter asked me to baby sit & came up for dinner - (as usual) 45 to 5 o'clock (L's old phoning time). Came round I "needed" the beer. ^{+ drunk it.} Damn!

But then I got engrossed in family problems (how much they've needed their always-absent mother!) A few days have been enough for me to ignore phone rings - not for me anymore.

I didn't give it a thought when I was called to the phone. It was L! Habit took over and I cried, "Well, hi!" warmly as I used to do.

He wanted to thank me for my "thoughtfulness". He was most sincere and ~~effusive~~ ^{effusive} seemingly delighted. Then he referred to my note calmly and frankly and announced that he'd

call me the first of the week and explain all he'd been doing and make our plans — or some such! (Leave them alone, and they'll come home!)

I found myself quite unemotional about the whole thing — except for surprise + relief. It had been the right thing!

It also flashed thru my mind how much this R. thing had spoiled our relationship lately — how bad things had been for so long.

For now I felt very content. Good old L! He cared more than he dared admit. And I have reached a lovely feeling middle way. Just glean a few good things and let him go his way — and I mine in between.

(Probably the very attitude L has always wished I'd had! Freedom, with a few scattered nice dates without obligation or worry to look forward to.

Who gave in? Who influenced whom? Right back to the beginning — L's a good date — no more!)

2
I spent the evening listening to Louis
Love woe as Kilham had listened
to mine last night.

Comments:

Reading L's horoscope - something
about restraining compulsive ness -
made me realize that he has a
kind of impulsiveness - only it
is a temptation to indulge himself,
not others - No - that's not it - quite.
He is impulsive, he obeys the impulse
to do as he pleases - to reject others.
He

Also some thoughts on shyness. Long
ago the insight that shyness is
self-centeredness "cured" me of it. Now
I see that "shyness" is sitting on
the side-lines doing nothing, expecting
the world to hand one something on
a silver platter without any effort
on one's own part. It is a kind
of "spoiledness". One has never
learned to work for what one wants.
One just sits & waits - excusing oneself
as "afraid".

Thursday - Sept 19, 1963

Am at work. All of a sudden I feel real lonesome for L.

I look at the clock. It is his noon "nap" time. (?!!!) Is he "thought-waving" me? for I feel over-whelmed with a yearning between us all of a sudden.

It began just a little while ago with a sad thought creeping in — I won't get to see him till next week — if then? I wish I were going "hunting" this week — and instead of Mag.

I 'll bet L wishes it, too. I'll bet he's sorry he went ahead and made this commitment. — Oh well — I need "time out" anyway — to catch up — to get things in order — to face up to the knowing, sly looks I'm getting when I admit I "heard" from L again.

For, I found his calling last night spoiled all my new freedom feeling — all my happy acceptance of living our own lives between "mints". For, he became "mine" again — and I find the old, sore, rivalry and jealousy & worrying and wondering about R and the little Black Book still creeping in again.

Damn! We never know.

Thoughts:

I wonder in those former "he'll call you in 2 weeks" periods of L's R & the other women refer to if they called him? Did they first leave him alone — and "when time came around he came"? Were they as unconcerned and unavailable as R implies? Then where did he get this Spoiled attitude — the women will call me "unconcern"? This "punishing" act ^{withdrawing} of his? I wonder.

Also, what people don't understand; that with lonesome people, like L, (and N.), one has to call them; one can't wait (they only take it as rejection & withdraw more firmly); one has to give, to offer, to gently lure and reassure — consistently. They only learn to love by receiving it — not being forced or coerced or threatened into it!

To tune of song
Parody ("White Sails in the Sunset")

~~Chorus~~ White tail-fins at midnight -
All day I've been blue -
White tail-fins at midnight -
I'm trusting in you.

Swift wings you would borrow -
Make straight for the whore -
If we married to-morrow -
You'd go whoring no more -!

(Chorus)

Later - Thursday.

Something new has come up in people's most recent reactions to my break-up and possible re-dating with L which surprises and hurts me.

So what? Some of them say, So what if he does have other girl friends, you didn't have any strings on him, did you?

Exactly L's unspoken implication! What do you expect of me, woman? (Was I getting possessive - desperately possessive?)

And R did have strings on him! That's exactly what L & R were trying to tell me! What was I doing, I, the interloper? What did I expect, for heaven's sakes?

"Everyone" says well, of course, go ahead & have some dates with him - some! So - what if he does have other dates? What if you do? What's wrong with that? It isn't as if you were going to marry the guy -!

True. How true. Exactly. L certainly didn't promise me.

He didn't intend to! He just plain didn't.

It was "all in my mind" — I the dreamer, the imaginer, I thought I could go a year with a man and have him for my very own — automatically. (Ha!)

What's wrong with this? ("What people don't know".) A man may date several women — Sure — but a man doesn't sleep with several women, does he? A man doesn't "sleep" with one gal for a year and then tell her she has to "share" him with other dates and former commitments, does he?

I assumed I was the one and only. He ~~skept~~ insisting I was.

Well — ?

Saturday morning Sept 21 - 1963

Well, at least I'm getting a more realistic perspective!

Yesterday I got moony & sentimental about L. (Now, there's a new one already!) I went to great lengths to draw him insinuating pictures & type out my parody on ~~White~~ ^{Red} "Sales in the Sunset" & sneak them into his mail box. For I got completely upset when ^{during} my work with newspapers I came across an ad for a Crab Feed at the Vets Club Friday night (last night). I knew immediately & of a certainty what "our boy" would be doing last night!

I did make a mistake in assuming that ~~any~~ Crab Feed was a Stag Show. In this I was wrong - and I made a mistake in basing my innuendoes on an assumption that L would date a strip-teaser & take her home with him - ~~as he told me he'd done~~ ^{bragged} as he'd bragged about doing before. I tried to appeal to his "better nature" (the Good Guy that really isn't there!) saying "white tail fins at midnight - I'm trusting in you!" What a silly Goose I am!

As things worked out, I wish I had let it alone! I wonder what would have happened?

the same - as what happened? I don't know.

Anyway I was so convinced that he'd "revenge" me, or two - timed me - or whatever you'd call it that I had a great desire to do the same to him - or at least appear to.

It was very odd the way things turned out: I was supposed to do something with Lilli Matthews. And I was sorry I was committed to her, for I would rather have done something L-wise - if only lonely spying on him.

I called her. She couldn't go! My son was out of town for the first "away" foot ball game. I was faced with a lonely evening - of self-pity + "suffering" Ugh!

I "made" myself ^{plan to} be gone during the time when L used to phone. (I have been doing that lately - pretending "unavailable" just in case he does call. I'm sure he doesn't, but then -)

I took a risk. For I'd phoned Lois + said "I'd sure like a date for tonight!" I was very surprised to hear myself say that, for I didn't want to have to want

a date. Strangely, our connection was broken just then and I never did find out her reaction.

So I went ahead and was "gone" — only to my daughter's (but that had its benefits, too.)

I came home, by now tired & doxy from frenetic afternoon wine-nipping. All I wanted to do was sleep the evening away.

But no! Lois called & claimed she & Bert wanted ~~the~~ take me out for a beer. When I demurred she hinted that I should dress up — "who knows whom I might meet?"

So I suspected what they were up to — and (reluctantly) agreed. I found I didn't want to step out on L. I don't like these competitive love games!

Sure enough. Their ruse was quite transparent. Wouldn't it be fun, I thought, if I could show up at the Crab Feed with a date? This was a much earlier thought when I had my daughter "care" the Vet's Club. But L's car wasn't there — nor was it at R's. I checked twice. Where was

he? Maybe he was being a Good Guy after all! (I hope.) There seemed to be something very significant about that Crab Feed all day. I couldn't figure out why I felt so upset about it. Why did it bother me so?

Anyway, I nearly fell thru the floor when "the Gosses" date for me showed up (all dressed up — "just happened to drop in" Lois said.

Ha!) — and ~~some~~ ~~asked~~ suggested we all go to the Crab Feed. (My God! I thought. My God! How strange!)

I didn't say anything. I was so afraid now that I'd run into he there. Would he have a date? What would I do? I'd never played these games before! I was terribly afraid. Suddenly I knew that if we confronted each other tonight, each with dates, it would be all over. There wouldn't be another chance.

I wouldn't play that game with me. He'd be "through" — no matter what it cost him.

And I found I didn't quite want it that way. I found,

to my surprise, that I didn't want L — not all L, not "in toto", not like before — but that I preferred him to this "all-right", but very crude character I was with. The art work, the art work rapport was what I wanted! If L was the only one in town with that — then it would have to be L — for ~~asable~~ the time being, any way —

It was set. We were going. Then I whispered my fears to Lois. "Good! Good!" she cried. "I just hope he is!"

And he was.

I was the only one that saw his car parked in front. No Veteran in that Club ~~face~~ ^{and} fought more "battle fear" than I did as we went in and stood so conspicuously, for such a long time, before all those people while seeking a table.

Stage fright! Stage fright I had! It was the only time all evening when I was glad I'd drunk too much wine. Was L in that blur of faces I dared not peruse too closely, I

"tied" + dyed "women
(takes "tied" - hair dyed!)

thought, trying desperately to look beautiful, poised, desirable, happy! Was L looking at me? Did he see me? In a very quick glance I didn't see him. I was both disappointed & relieved.

Then, as we wended our way, thru the crowd to a far table - I saw him - we went right by 'him' and ~~the~~ table at which ^{they} were seated - how many? how many? how many men? - how many women - 2 or 3 men - 2 women! I saw that! Good looking (but cheap) women - one of whom I was in deep and intimate absorbed conversation with Damn him! Damn his guts! The two-timing, cheating, undependable Son-of-a-bitch! My note didn't even reach ^{to} him! (Yet here I was - "cheating" on him! - All was lost!)

Oh!

I forgot to say that another strange thing happened just before Bert & Lois came to pick me up. (If they don't come soon, I thought, I'm going to call L -

I'm going to call him - no matter what
anyone "advises" + assure him
Somehow that, no matter what
happens to night, - I am interested
in his call "the first of the week" -
"I want to make-ups - (partly) L.")

I'll just do one more thing - just
one - and then I'll call him, I
thought. I went to the bath-room. As
if by curtain cue the phone
rang - and B+L came to the
door!

It was Agnes Madge! - the
"stranger" ^(to me) who sits in "our" baseball
box, L's years-long acquaintance,
the owner of the dog we were to
hunt with. This was most fan-
tastic! My lunch had proved
out!

She was "busy-bodying" a
"reconciliation" between L + me! How
I wanted to talk to her - but
I couldn't - I had to go ~~at this~~

All I managed to glean
from her was her apparent
shift to my side & her "con-
viction" that we two would
be back together" and her "old
maid" intention to play "match-
maker". Then she began or

R! this I wanted to hear! (Damn!)

"Don't let her worry you," she said. I honestly didn't know whom she meant. Then - ~~We~~ kicked it around a little. (B & L were clamoring at the door - ~~let them!~~) "At least," said Agnes, "She didn't keep hounding you both at the box all summer as she used to do to L - !" (Joy! Joy! this really made me feel good! That little bitch! That liar! I thought)

I had to go.

So - back to my story:

Of course, this encounter with L was all I needed to make me feel so very gay, put on a Big Act.

I was dying to sneak another look at L's table. Surely I was right - an uneven number - 3 men, only 2 women; he had no date, after all? I "misjudged" him? (He often goes "extra" to those things.)

But they sat me with my back to ~~them~~^{him}. (Damn!) Suddenly Lois wanted to go to the ladies' Room - clear across the hall - past L's table. (She had

just been! ^{at the other place}) I thought she "knew" —
was giving me a chance to show
L for sure I was there. Well-
good! — I was game.

We paraded past — making
a Big Scene by honestly getting
lost. (L could not have helped
but see us!)

"Did you see who's out there?" I
whispered to her in that Confessional
of Women, the "Ladies' Room", "Who?"
She said, (She hadn't seen!)

"Leonard." I said.

"Good! Good! Good! Good!" she
cried. "That's just fine! I'm
real glad!" Etc. I was shocked.
She meant it! And she proceeded
to make very much of it: she
even, later, got right up and
went over to L and spoke
to him! "Ugh-urh", she said
he said. His back was now
turned to us — (he had changed
his seat) — his neck was very
stiff.

It looked very stiff when
we got up to dance (I was
so hoping we would before he
left!) and he was sitting alone
at the table. He never

looked our way once that I could see — only that "indignant" back. (He was hurting. I could "tell")

By now I was playing it for all I was worth. I "didn't care", the dice was cast; the deed done, for better or worse. I was enjoying myself. I was glad L's party stayed as long as they did & regretted that they were gone by the time we danced again — this time dancing well, — gayly — check to check! — as I never could get L to do — enjoying it. I wanted him to see this!

"Well, Leonard certainly left suddenly!" Lois gloated to Bert. It didn't impress me. I had been watching the clock. I suspected they'd leave at 11 — to go to the G.C. — they always did — L always did. He did. That's the way I figured it.

Now the evening became a chore. It went on till 4 in the morning. I couldn't get rid of my guy. He clung.

He plied me for dates — he was "hooked" — I had another boy friend! Now what did I do?

I was forced to "play the game" — and I surprised myself at how easily & adeptly I did it. "No. I "had" to go in. No. I "couldn't" go bear-hunting (!!) this week-end. Yes, he could call me. Yes — maybe next week-end we could go deer-hunting (!!) Yes. I enjoyed myself. Yes, he could kiss me goodnight — no more. He tried no more — I didn't "let" him. (Why this was easy!)

All I was thinking was how much all this was like L and L dating procedure and like being with L — I could hardly tell the difference — the "hunting" & proffers, the late snack ^(usually) there are other places beside the Donut Shop — each man has his own haunts, I saw.) — even the very definite announcement that he could not, would not date during the work week — "did I mind?" — it was just too hard; his job took

all during the week. Yes. Yes.
I "understood" — (only too well now!)

They're all alike, I thought
sadly, bitterly — disillusioned; bored.
— and I went into the house
"safe and sound". They're all
alike — and not so very
much fun or important, after
all!

What was I getting so
shook up about? — all this
time — all these years —
all these writings — ?

I just haven't "been
around" enough. And I saw
Clara, too. Clara, the glamor
girl I hated with great envy the
night of the oil party. Clara was
at that corny Eagle's Hall —
doing polkas & schottisches with
a very miserable little date
half her size. It's all so
very ordinary — so crummy —
so second-rate —

Why have I gotten myself
into this?

I am worn out, I can't write much more.

But I have to say that I came in ~~the~~ last night planning, wishing, needing to call L — before he got away to go "hunting" tomorrow. (When would he leave — early?)

I would play it my way — for better or for worse. To hell with all these stupid people & their silly advice! I knew L. this would break his faith in me. I had to tell him I was "forced" into it. I had to make one last gamble. He'd never call me — not now.

Besides I was forced into having to force him. What was he going to do — he with his "sometimes" his "maybe's" — his toying with me? What did he want? Now? He would be "through" — he'd "punish" me. He did.

I waited till morning — calling him too early — afraid I'd miss him, & risking his

lie. I got it.

I got the "punishment".
He tried to "cut me off" — "end"
it. (He was "through") His voice
was low, even, bitter, "mean".
It didn't change.

I appealed to him. "Leonard!"
I said, "I'm trying to tell you; I
prefer you! This is your "last
chance"! What do you want?"
etc.

After great pounding at
him & even to the point of
impatient anger — I got only
a grudging, very unenthusiastic,
vague acquiescence. (Damn him!
I'd forgotten how impossible he
was! I 'didn't care' now. So
be it! Let him go!)

I used my last ace. I
had to admit my commitments
with this other man — my time
squeeze. I had to tell him
about Agnes & what she
said about R.

I got a very grudging
"agreement" to "save" next
Saturday & a "promise" of
a phone call to settle "details",
"next week" — (not "first of week" am I wrong!)

(Oh I really have to play the Game now, I realized. Which one would call first? Which one shall I choose? Do I have to "work" them both? Oh well - I'll imitate others - week-end "date" - first come, first served. All the better for my family - I'll have to be "good" now!)

"You woke me up." (You're mean)
He scolded at me.

"Damn it, Leonard!" I cried.
"I was trying to be nice! I don't know what your plans are - when you'll be available - I only meant to do you a favor - to give you a chance - to save you from "suffering" over the week-end. I was trying to be nice! - I'm trying to tell you I like you!"

"I like you." he said, without heart, without feeling.

I hung up on him, finally, in disgust - tho he was beginning to be "nice".

then I began to wonder

if he and Mag are taking
women to the Ranch? He
implies he'll be gone overnight
— Mag wouldn't forego his
Sat. night "pleasures" to "hunt"
with L, whom he despises —
literally!

Oh well —

Strange — all very strange.
Just ugly, unpleasant
REALITY that makes all
the foregoing seem like
a silly day dream.

Sic!

Saturday night.

My plans to spread the word around about my adventure last night were frustrated by finding out that my son had been hurt in the football game last night.

By the time I got through with him, all my intentions had dissipated.

I did manage one thing. I got Agnes again, pretending that she might have had more to say when I cut her off.

She had "company" — (not L) — but disclosed (inadvertently?) that L had called her — "oh, some 3 hours ago" (about mid morning — he'd said he was going to spend some time at the "shop" — [ostrich!]) — and said he'd be out to pick up the dog tomorrow — maybe take her to the "lower valley". This hurt. She pretended (?) she'd made a "faux pas". 12

I couldn't figure it. I had hoped the next dog trial would be with me — next Saturday. What was this, then? I didn't know. I could only guess — and imagine the worst.

But — it told me that maybe

he and Mag (and who else?)
would probably not be staying
the night at the Ranch.

This helped. Tho my imagin-
ation toys with other dire possibilities.
(Leonard, are you "true" to me —
or not?)

As the day wore on I yearned
unutterably for him. I missed him
terribly. I realized that this new
man was No and I was Yes.

I talked to Lois + Helen.
Helen saw thru me, "you like
L more than you admit". She
said. I agreed — not ashamed,
— only thankful Someone saw the
truth.

Lois wants me to "play
games". She is promoting the
new impossibility — as she once
promoted L — and admitted
last night how "wrong" she
was —.

Dilemma. Dilemma'.

Sunday Sept 22, 1963

I am working hard. I am tending "my own business". I am trying to get my house & my life in order — what a mess both are!

The more I thought of going deer hunting next week and with that strange man, the less I relished it. And the more I thought of "forfeiting" L, the less I liked it.

Then a bright idea came to me — as I knew it would. Why not ask him to the football game — (or to take me to the Fair this week) — both "safe" — "sure". OK for that.

Primed with wine nips — to settle my nervous, once-again "perfectionist" stomachs — (it only dulls my brain — one or the other ~~day~~ is always bothering — anxiety!) — I flew about my chores — vaguely postphoning thoughts of L & such.

Suddenly I realized I was alone and like a bolt from the blue came an impulse to call L. I hadn't the

Eligiblest idea what I was going to say. The last nip of wine was a little too and something burst inside me + I found myself with the phone in my hand and L's familiar voice saying "Hello?" I gulped, floundered and finally managed a "Hi — this is — this is — a lady named Chambeau —"

"Hi!" his voice was a peal of joy! (What was this? He didn't even know what I was going to say — (not more did I?) He was simply glad I called? !!)

I heard myself saying "I just wanted to tell you I think I owe you some apologies — — if and when I see you again —" (What brought this on? Why had I said that?) — then I rushed on, "And I have a suggestion — just a suggestion — when you see Agnes to day — (here I cleared my throat in exaggerated allusion to the mystery of how I knew) — tell her we'll

take the dog out next Saturday"

He, ignoring everything, said, "Maybe Sunday would be better —" ~~I~~ and began to tell me all his plans & activities & intentions — hunting preparations with Mag. He was quite frank and easy and blithe. It all sounded like so much fun I couldn't help but exclaim with delight — (a river trip in a boat) —

"Maybe you'd like to go — ?" he said.

I demurred — afraid of Mag. "It's all right with him," he said, "I've already asked him!"

(Why the stinker! He'd made plans including me before even consulting me! This was an all too apparent disclosure that he'd planned to make up! I was overjoyed. To hell with deer hunting! A week-end with L! I'd just tell the other guy I was "busy".)

I couldn't hear what he was saying — something about having to go — he was late — (did he say he'd call? I assume it) I didn't care much be —

cause mother had just washed
in — and I didn't want to
be caught. "Yes — yes" I said
quickly & we both hump up —

What's the matter with
me, I thought a few minutes
later — I'm joking, laughing,
happy! Everything seemed
wonderful all of a sudden!
What a wonderful "secret" to
look forward to —! (Hmnn!)

Suddenly the world was
all right again. I reassumed
my chores with eagerness &
alacrity!

Guess this proves what Helen
noticed last night — I do like
L a lot — in lots of ways —
at least better than others —

Once again it proved
to be me & my troubles and
my trouble in adjusting —
a lot of it.

What was I going to apologize
for? Little things — date-type
procedures I'd "misunderstood" —
— being an amateur.

Poor L — he thinks he
is "forgiven" — innocent!

Mon - Sept 23, 1963

I am learning "tricks"! Here I find myself lying (a little bit?) this morning.

I'm telling everyone that L called me and "sewed me up" for the week end. It makes such a good ending for my other Story!

Actually, of course, it almost amounts to this. Mr. Too-little-and Too-late intended to call me "this week" and make his offer — an "offer" that he'd already set up without telling me. Knowing him, I only pressured him a little — "for his own good". Being pressured myself I had to avert another mess he would have made — left alone. (He should "have called me.")

+ + +

I am beginning to wonder, too, if Lois isn't a little wiser than I give her credit for — if she isn't "managing" my interests with L — feeling I'm too inept.

We'll see. If so, men have no value — no feelings — for her. They are only pawns — to be used.

It hurts me to hurt this
other man — to use him —

Monday - later

No. Lois was only "playing games."
(I talked to her.) these competitive
people! who are even competitive
in love - What's wrong in loving -
instead of competing? What if
one is "humble", "foolish", "Crawling"?
What if one feels something good
— in spite of all the bad — and
creates thereon?

I called me tonight — as
"soon as possible".⁽⁶⁾ He chattered
endlessly — frantically avoiding
any controversial subjects.
He was gay, and excited — anxious
to relate all he had done — and
meant to do — in the minutest
detail. I was almost bored.

The Sunday "dog-run" is off.
(It made me sad.) Agnes is taking
a trip — (is she playing games?)
I related in great detail all
the "exciting" things he'd done
with Mag — their tentative plans
for Sat. "Wo I was beginning
to wonder. Was I being
eliminated? then —

"Would you like to go?"
"Yes", I said, in effect.
then he began "retreating" —

" Well - maybe - he wasn't sure -
the weather - Sat or Sun - ~~it~~
he'd check - call me tomorrow"
etc etc. After we hung up, I
got mad!

The old story: imprisonment
by evasion. I called him back
- pummed him down - "Do
you mean something Sat -
nothing Sun - or what?" I
asked - in a way. (I was
thinking of my other friend -
my other commitments. I
didn't blatantly use them
(as Lois later advocated. How
little they know neurotics -
my L!))

He almost decided. He
"came through" - almost. Both
days - both days. (Save them for
me!) He sounded disappointed
about something.

I called him later - when
I was alone (our secret!) - and
felt him out a little - yet didn't
"give in".

L and I have a secret pact
against the world.

(I don't feel like writing),

Tues. - Sept 24 -

All was well. I've been busy, happy - looking forward to Sat. & L's call tonight.

No call. 8:15. Nothing. I assumed that, after his "eagerness", he would be real interested, real careful to call exactly 'at the time I hinted at' — as he was wont to do once.

Since he did not, I assumed that he was taking things for granted again. As far as he was concerned, I had capitulated — (they all do, for him!) — No sweat. He could take his time — go about his business. He had me "served up" again.

I got furiously mad — uncontrollable. So that I dropped everything & called him. He had overslept (no inner alarm there!) and he was terribly, terribly busy — No, he couldn't possibly run up for half an hour to see (and share) some things I'd saved up to show him.

I assumed his "promise" to call "first of the week" — "next

week" implied a reserve of time for me — just in case — One would, wouldn't one?

It was sort of a "reconciliation" — this call — one would want to see the loved one, wouldn't one? — after 12 days?

I offered him a chance. "Why don't you come up for half an hour?" I said. "I have some things I want to show you."

He couldn't possibly. He simply couldn't. First he had things to do at home — scheduled things, very important things — then he was going out — he was "already late" — Nothing would move him! He was a dam ant.

— And mysterious. No slightest offer of telling me what it was,

I slammed up the phone on him — after waiting intimately (therapy!) and getting NO answer at all. I had to say the first word!

Suspicious at his evasive mysteriousness I called both his + R's numbers. Both busy! — Then, not.

I called him again. I paced the floor, fighting for control - solution. I called L & asked her bluntly about her marriage date - (indefinite) - and her plans with L. - Same. I slammed up the phone.

I called Jim - trying to get Mag - having decided - very reluctantly - that I shouldn't "give him the satisfaction" of going Saturday. (Besides, it occurred to me, what fun with a third party? How Careful can he get?) No luck - only meek, scared Jim.

Compromise! Compromise? Give him a taste of his own medicine! Play the Game! Play evasive, unsure, "busy". First come, first served. 1)

But how? how to contact him? - I hate these frustrating telephone calls. the humiliation of putting notes in his mail box!

And I am not sure of my "other" man. He, too, is a "shy violet". He may not call. Need L know this?

What was I mad about?

It was the same thing with mother — (who is so like L —) this afternoon — She had NO CONCEPTION of the trouble, the difficulty she had put me to by not sharing, not consulting with me about a mutual problem. She thought I was "Crazy". And I was mad, mad, mad.

She had put me to a great deal of unnecessary, unexpected inconvenience.

So it is with L. "Freedom!" he says, "I have to have freedom!" (So says mother!) — to do the things I have to do [I want to do] says mother. "Freedom from what?" I challenged. — some obscure former reading in my mind.

Freedom from "trouble"; freedom from "involvement"; freedom from responsibility, "brother", "work". — sacrifices

Freedom? Me, too! But 12 days — and I'm ready for a half hour — an hour's "vacation". I can schedule just so much. Then I need

to relax.

But I can't. Life goes on —
problem after problem — so many of
them "unnecessary" — like these —

I don't know —

I don't know —

I called L again — after
much debate — oh — about 11
— surprised to find him in —
When I told him so he whined
at me "Why don't you
believe me? — Have I ever lied
to you?"

"Yes!" I said emphatically.
(thinking of the years' deceit with
R. — but not wanting to go into
that!) etc etc.

Anyway I told him — &
this is what I want to
remember —

I have had other offers
and if you don't show
more interest I can't waste
much more time with you!

I prefer the "artist-dreamer"
like you. They are rare — hard to
find. But, if I have to "play
games" — I will. I have before.

"I like that in you, too", he said.
"I tried to make you" one and
only", I said — "and that was
a mistake. You didn't want
to be anyone's "one + only" — "

He went on about "mistakes",
putting the blame on me; he bleated
for "freedom" — (and "one + only", too!) he
offered very easily, very quickly to
let me go my way — (heavens!
he didn't want to deprive me
of the right to do as I pleased!)

I offered to hang up, let him go.
Now, he had "time" for me — no
rush — (not now!) I warned
him I was hanging up — he
seemed reluctant —

"I'll call you at 7 Thursday",
he said. "7-thurs" I repeated,
thinking. (We shall see.)

Wed. - Sept 25 - 1963

— And so. I destroyed the rebirth of that beautiful "you + I" feeling that was burgeoning again between us, (I thought)

I pictured how, if I expressed what I felt, I would greet him with open arms + love in my eyes. ("All is forgiven; it's more wonderful than ever") (And he would enfold me in his arms, both of us almost weeping in need and relief and happiness.)

No. It was as if he looked at my outstretched arms, frowned, took a meat cleaver and chopped them off at the wrists, screaming, "Leave me alone! Quit grasping at me! Go away!"

All my feeling for him is gone — all the fun gone from the Sat. expedition.

In fact, I began to realize that he has brought a crone to "protect" him; he has returned to the "protection" of "the gang". From now on we will be "chaperoned"?

What fun in this? What fun in long, lonesome, separate weeks from each other and sudden

brief, week-end — ~~stay~~ long only
(for I refuse to return to that
Sunday scrounging pattern!) —
little "happy" moments — the rest
of our weeks all "mystery" — all
"suspicion and "doubt."

What fun in this? What sharing,
what mutuality in this? What
need or joy in each other?

It can only be the beginning
of the end; for gradually what we
built up during the weeks apart
will supplant the thin thread
holding us between week-ends.

(Like N's "I'll see you in January"!)

It will become harder & harder
to get together on one plan a week.
We will lose touch, interest in each
other. We will become involved
with others. We will drift apart.

As I told him last night,
he simply doesn't have enough
interest to make the effort.

* * *

And witness what my ^L-ego-
destroying, L-instigated blast
at him did: He sought out,
immediately, all his "ego-bolstering"
patterns: the self-imposed ^{long} home
project dismissed as a work

to be a "success"
to prove his
promises
his desirability

"need" at the office; the (probable) immediate on-the-town dates; the immediate, complex involvement with his bachelor cronies; the elaborate, months-long hunting "schedule"; the (probable) flight back to the easy comfort of R's false words; the rigid ritualistic, "absolutely unbreakable" scheduling of all his time; his ridiculous plea, "Think how much more anxious I'll be to see you the longer I put it off!" (And my obvious rejoinder "then why not make it always?" ~~if~~ think of the infinite excitement in that!")

And, too, once again his pattern: Pull in a crone for "protection" against this (unreasonable) woman. Crone L "withdraws" - crone takes over - Same old story - R, his marriage. ["You boys do it - I can't!" See what a failure I am?]

* * *

What was the answer I couldn't think of when he started that old song: "What's wrong with your calling me? I'd do the same - etc. etc."

This is the answer. We "agreed" that he'd call me "between 7:30 + 8:00". He proffered no excuses, no "reasons" why that wouldn't be satisfactory. I assumed he'd call no matter what — even to tell me he didn't know anything yet.

He did not call.

Now: What was I to think — except that he might not have intended to call? Perhaps he'd planned not to call. Perhaps he had some motive in mind. He had said he'd call. He did not. Whether it was intentional or not does not matter (this I could not make him understand.) — the fact was — he did not. Yet he manages "important" calls all the time — on the dot.

This one he "couldn't"; he didn't. [He "wanted" to see if I would call him — for whatever motive he had in mind.] Will she call? What will she do if I just "forget"? Will she care enough? Is she waiting? I hope so! Let me "prove" it!] I did.

And I was mad. Mad, because
I sensed the "testing" in this
"innocent" [but I overslept!] more.

Now! Mr. Karr.

You have played your game.
You have put all your cards
on the table! I don't like
them.

You cheat. Not only this, but
you don't admit you cheat. ('little
white lies', you said, — to save people's
feelings — to make matters worse —
as it always turns out!]) Just like
mother! Just like mother!

And what do we do with
her — leave her alone! — to sit
out her life amusing herself —
avoiding "involvement", "trouble".
— to dream away her life —!!

So with you, too.

You are impossible, Mr. Karr.
You don't care enough! You, long,
long, ago rejected life.

So be it!

I concede.

I says, in effect,

" I haven't time — or inclination, — to call you, except rarely (once every week or so). It's all right for you to call me, but I don't intend to be home much, nor would I stay just to hear from you. If you can catch me — ok. If not, it doesn't matter.

And it doesn't matter if you don't hear from me. Just wait until I ~~etc.~~ ^{contact you}. And please don't bother me in the meantime; I have so many important things to do and people to see.

And, if you do call me, don't disturb me late, or early, or at noon, or at work.

And please don't get mad — I don't like it."

It amounts to a Great Indifference. A Very Busy Person with little time for frivolity — (you!)

I tried turning this around — as if I were saying it to L — and found it "felt" exactly like that week when I decided to live my own life and consider L only an occasional opportunity for some fun — along with many others. He'd be on my "fun list" if and when I got bored & tired with what I was doing.

He'd be a necessary "escape" if I needed one — maybe I wouldn't. In the meantime I didn't give a hoot what he did or about letting him in on what I did, or even dis'cussing same when we met. Our meetings would be "entertainment" only.

That's it — I'd keep him for entertainment!

(I actually felt this way for one week! It was when I decided L was nothing special in my life —)
Indifference!

~~I didn't drink tonight.~~ I decided to ~~work~~ & "~~forget~~" L. And it was a good thing, for my kids were with me all evening.

REP is thoughts from now on —
Black is what happend —

Sydney Mudge called — seeking
L. She'd changed her plans —
the plans that "ruined" my
reconciliation with L. — Call
him & tell him, she said, (Why
didn't she call him?)

I did. Only that — nothing more —
my voice was resigned, hopeless.
L. said, "Yes. OK. I'll call her" —
without any attempt at chat,

This made me so mad
thinking about it that I called
him back about 10:30 (I
hadn't expected to find him
home either time, but he was!)
and — still so resigned that
anger was not even in me
I said, "Did you have time to
talk to A?"

"Ye-es". He was wary —
suspicious.

"Perhaps I did the wrong
thing — should have told her
how busy you were — no
time for social chats —"
(sarcasm kept in here.)

"Oh no. She didn't talk long,"
"Then I mustn't! —"

"She just wanted to tell me —"

etc. "about being able to take the dog out)

"That should make you glad—"
(He didn't sound it at all.)

"Well — yes — maybe we
can take her (the dog) out —"

"You mean you + Mag —"

"Well — yes — I haven't
thought about it —" (That damned
line again! That silly untruth!)

"Thanks for the invitation!"
I cried.

He didn't get mad. "I was
thinking about asking you —"

"Well, when you get thru
thinking about it — let me know."

I made my second point
now. "You are going to call me
tomorrow? That was the under-
standing?" (Pin him down.)

"yes" etc — letting me know
that he wasn't going out any more
etc.

That was all. I cut him
off.

We'll see.

Will my other friend call
tomorrow night? Or will
he call too late to go to a
ball game? (Damn!)

Thursday - Sept - 26

All's "well." L & I are quite natural & casual again - phoning back & forth about this Sat. trip.

He called me at 6! (Supposed to be 7, remember?) "Is it all right?" he asked. It wasn't, because he caught me with a very interested teen-age audience and he was all aglow with a Mag-investigated plan to stay all night & sleep "on the beach" - other people joining in ~~not what~~ "Could I stay all night?"

I put him off - said to call later, partly because of the kids and partly for time to think. He seemed a trifle deflated, but said he'd talk to Mag & tell me.

So I thought. I found myself chagrined, partly because it would be fun, but not now - not with the kids to set an example for & care for, ~~and partly~~ and not with L - somehow he wasn't the type for that kind of fun. And I found that it sounded a bit rough-neck & I suddenly wasn't in the mood - not after my nice,

deep felt "return" to former ideals to day & the Good talk on idealism with my kids tonight.

But I was on the spot. If I refused to stay all night would I have to forfeit the whole trip? To seriously considered it, and, to my surprise, found I almost could. For it wasn't what I'd had in mind as a "reconciliation" with L — not a third party to his "crimes" — (I wanted just us two) — and not a re-entry into rough-neck parties — ugh!

Then I felt out mother, who was only exasperatingly indifferent & preoccupied with her own problems. Oh well, I decided — might as well,

the evening wore on. I wanted to get to bed. Was L going to call again tonight or not? he hadn't said when. I didn't want to be caught in the bathtub.

For the first time in ages I picked up the phone & called him as I do others — casually, without emotion —

not much caring or expecting to
get him; it was 11:15 & he
would be gone a-beer-ing.

(Maybe to the Glee Club where
I'd made a very successful
stop "to see Ray Brown" about some
local affairs I am concerned
about. I was well greeted & beered
by him & Duke & Joe — and
there was much reference to L
— "L hasn't been in" ^{gladly} Joe said —
"Where's L?" "When are you two
marrying?" etc. etc. I was very
gay & casual & "popular" & I
enjoyed it.)

But ~~he~~ he did answer! (How
come he's been home all evening
there last few evenings as he
said he would be?)

He sounded so strange that
I finally asked him if he had
company? which, of course, he
denied. His whole manner
& sequence of tone etc. conjured
up a sudden picture of his
being "caught" unpleasantly in
something — R there? — another
woman? I could also see him
wave someone out of earshot

while he kept the conversation innocuous — "I'm just leaving," he said, and then, suddenly, he began to speak ^{so} frankly & openly that I forgot my suspicions — until later. We settled our business amicably. He began to ~~say~~ renege on the staying all night. (I wonder why? I wonder why? I wish I knew!) I was rather relieved, but it isn't all settled yet —

I noticed he is quite "considerate" about my foot ball game "date" to tomorrow night — That seems to stick in his usually so "forgetful" memory! Nor has he hinted to go. (Incidentally, my man didn't call. Damn it! I had conjured up fantastic dreams of two men vying for me this week-end!)

So — L & I are getting along fine — just as we did once before when I felt safe & trusting not knowing what he was doing — and ~~there~~ found out later he was doing it — I don't trust him now, either.

Friday - Sept 27

Today

I have the strangest dispassionate feeling about Ho. Of course, I realize I feel "safe" now - he's "back" - and it would be different if I lost him again.

The way I feel I sincerely doubt if I could make Sincere love to him again. I feel right now that I could go with him - for amusement, for entertainment - maybe even without sex - but something very vital is lost somewhere.

All I can think of is that this man wants to share his life with no one; he doesn't want the responsibility of intimate sharing; he wants to be "free" - free of bother + responsibility, free to amuse himself. He'll never change. I "look" at him today with cold, calculating eyes.

I do not know how I will look at him when I see him.

I could not throw my arms about him as I could before Tuesday. There would be a barrier of "unknown arms" that

may have been there in these last two weeks. I would feel I was embracing a very USED man!

Is this the way the other women get to feeling about him? The inside story of that outside pattern: big "rush"; a big "affaire"; big break-up; L "hide"; woman takes up with another; L & woman remain "buddy". Is this the story behind his "Can't we be friends?"

Am I going to end up being one of his women "friends"? To see, to date, - but no longer to make love with? Is this the real story - all these women I worried about - these really isn't any love-making? They, too, now view him with a "cold eye". Even R?

What does it mean? Is love over? Does L, too, feel this way? Is it the summation of my personality pattern? Or his? Is it merely circumstances? Is it merely the normal run of a love?

Or is it merely reality? Have I at last faced love realistically? Has L been more realistic than I all this time? Or does it mean

he never really loved me?

This I know: I can see now that my whole life, my whole being revolved around L and a "dream of love" with him, Whereas his attitude has been as mine is now; life, friends, work, duties, myriad romantic interests and possibilities, and — home.

Is it only that I have gained reassurance, knowing now (as I did not last year) — that I can attract and "hold" a man — quite a few men — that there are others besides L "possible", "available"?

I know that I am not nearly so desperate to go to the Ranch with L — to forfeit all to stay all night with him there. Suddenly, it seems too risky. (Is that because of the loss of my daughters' services that left me free — too free?) Or have I really lost interest?

What is this rebirth of the old aims, the old goals, the resignation to renunciation; this new total disinterest in L; not because he is shallow, or a "play-boy" — or other "little" reasons —

not because he is "impossible" —
but something more drastically
fundamental. What is it?

It isn't that he "bores" me, or that
he isn't "my kind".

It is simply that you don't
have what I want, Leonard; it
simply isn't there.

I can't wait. I can't wait
for you
to GROW UP!

Sad, I could say too: Well, you
got it your way, again! — Leonard.
Another nicely calculated "woman-
availability" for yourself.

Leonard Karr is a cold
and calculating boy!

Thursday

Getting ready to call L again,
instead of waiting for him to call
me, I realized why,
and why I should not
make an issue of it.

It is because he has no
pressures on him! It doesn't
make any difference when he
makes up his mind,

Whereas I am always
beneighted with pressures for
decisions. I have much to do,
much to plan, much more
than I whatever he thinks!

So - I have to know. I
can't wait indefinitely on him
sometimes. If he can't under-
stand that - too bad. It
just has to be worked out
that way.

No reason to get upset
about it.

Sunday - Sept 29, 1963

I am in no mood to write, but I guess, perhaps, that is my "destiny" — to interpret; to see what others cannot see and try to interpret — somehow; in writing, in art, in human relationships, to try to ~~make~~ get something across to people — a little "feather from the bird of truth"?

Or perhaps I am the deluded, the "impossible" one.

Anyway, this is the end of the story — the Leonard story. It is ending with September. It is my "September Song" as Nick was "Valare" (to fly). I helped Nick "to fly" — up, I hope.

This is my "September Song". I have a feeling it is my last experience with love — with a real, live, human man. It is my last "opportunity" — and it was not a very good one — just as all the "opportunities" in my life were not "quite good enough". Life didn't offer me the right opportunity to fulfill myself. I say this in all sincerity. I do not intend it as a lament. It happens to

most of us. I was unable to make the most of the opportunities I had. I am maladjusted. This is the story, the fact. I am resigned.

It is L's "September Song", too. But he doesn't know it. This is the last - and the best - opportunity he'll ever have. He, too, has lost it because of his own maladjustment.

We both need help, - very great help, but neither of us will ever get it. It is not in our "opportunities". We will both die - unloved, unloving - at least in a "normal" heterosexual relationship.

L. does not know what I mean when I told him I felt sorry for him - He does not know how sorry I feel: Another wasted life - one that could have been valuable.

But I digress. I digress into sadness, which fills me to overflowing this morning. For I see what I do not want to see, what I cannot do anything about, what I cannot face: the end of what I thought

was an opportunity for happiness — at least contentment and fulfillment for I + me.

Just as he an Man shot needlessly — (and illegally) at birds — at "life", at the life force in all its beauty — yesterday — like "little boys", knowing not what they did — so does I "shoot down" the very thing he wants the most. Shoots it with immaturity and "foolishness".

For this is what I saw and heard yesterday — little boys — still "playing" at life — playing, as little boys play — only encased in fat, ~~old~~ gray old men's bodies. I did not want to see this. I ~~did not~~ But I could not help it.

The truth was there. I saw it — in all its tragedy. The reason these men are bachelors at 50 — they never grew up, they never matured — except in body — they are still "little boys" inside — excited, greedy for the "fun" they can glean from this Big Wonderful World — without a thought or care for anyone or anything — bitter and petulant that the

"fun" does not satisfy them.

For it didn't work. The "Day of Reconciliation" did not work. He did it all "wrong". He used old methods, old unhelpful, ineffective habit-patterns on a new and promising situation. He did not have the depth, the insight, the trust, the "guts" to try something new — to use his heart, listen to his heart — for once, instead of his "safe" calculating, clever, little brain.

Despite the feeling of "rightness", of comfortable, familiar "this-is-my-man" glow I felt for him yesterday, I ended up seeing him as the "fop" he has become — because he has been too "good-looking", too "desirable" — physically — for women. It all came too easy for him. A good man was "spoiled" by sheer "prettiness".

I spent weary hours, after we left Mag last night, trying to reach to him, trying to reach the man I knew was there behind that rococo, plaster façade that disguises a wall

a "fortification" that no human being can penetrate — ever.

As I told him, I have never in my life been confronted with a person I could not reach somehow, as I cannot with him. His fearful, imprisoned eyes looked tragically back at me from behind his wall — hopeless, the "life sentence" in them — "powerless". He knew. He suffered — needlessly — only an "inch above solid ground". — only an inch away from freedom — choosing to suffer out his "flight from freedom" — needlessly.

Even Nick — (whose face was in the back of my mind at this moment) — even Nick had a crack in his armor; Even my husband had; even my daughter — all these imprisoned souls had a little gesture of reaching, of appeal for help. Not L.

He wrapped himself in a ^{covert} of silence I could not penetrate — not with all my torrent of words — of waiting, of silent prayer. What words he did bring out were weapons, thrusts and "blames" to fend me off — "accusations"

only — proofs of his "innocence" —
"proofs" of my choice to do battle —
on an "innocent" victim.

It was his show. I had
bought the ticket. I waited and
listened for the words, the projection
of his message across the foot-
lights to me, to the world, to us,
humanity. There were no words —
only those written by the script
of his life. It was a pantomime.
"My actions speak for me — for
my intentions —" he plead again.

Yes. Your actions speak
for you, Leonard, I said. Your
actions speak a different story
than the one you think you are
playing — a pantomime, without
words — ~~of~~ a shallow, deceitful,
frothy, worthless, little attention-
getting attempt at drama — played
by a good-looking, shallow,
attention-hungry "male" lead —
who has been — (ineptly) —
directed in the part he tries to
play.

No message came across.
No communication. The words
were false, poorly written,

inexpertly expressed — not expressed. This man is nothing — not even an actor; an actor knows he's playing a part! He knows that each play demands a different role; he assumes the role needed. Not L! He played his puppet part: his head and heart wooden, 'feeling less.

He did not know, he had not the slightest conception of why I said this was the ~~end~~ — that his actions did speak for him — spoke an intention he does not know he has — of deceit, of opportunism, of the "main chance", of gleaming from the rich ness of life only the cheap baubles that will require no investment from him.

Specifically: it was a good day — a glorious day — "everything was 'all right'" as he said. We had a wonderful time — it was fun! But all 3 of us were gleaming — gleaming our own private, personal satisfactions from an environmental "opportunity".

We each "went our way" — the bond between the 3 of us was simply mutual appreciation of a good "opportunity". When the opportunity ended — so did the bond.

There was no intimacy, there was no common goal — no desire to share or make an effort to share such an experience again — together. What joy we got from it we would get again — in similar opportunities — with other people. The companions made no difference; It was the experience we were enjoying.

This was h's first "mistake".
"It was an opportunity to go out in a boat" he plead. [^{Emotional, mental} Opportunity # 468 that hadn't happened before?] Yes. I agreed. Yes. I know that. That was "why" I went. It meant that to me, too. I enjoyed that part. [I "jokingly" "admitted" to such during the day.]

But I tried to point out to him that this was not the most important opportunity of

the day - the significant opportunity.
The Significcant opportunity was
to establish a sure and faithful
bond with one person who'd always
enjoy these environmental opportunities
one that one could count on - always.

So that one wouldn't waste time
+ energy + risk disappointment in
? $\rightarrow$ seeking just the right companion
for future chances to enjoy these
particular experiences.

This is the one. This is the one
person whom I enjoy the most
things with. I do not have to
seek further - waste time. This
person I am content with. Settled.

Now to use all my energies on
creating new, future experiences
that we can share so enjoyably.

This was my intention -
my expectation. I expected L
to somehow, some way establish
this pact with me. Who knew
how long it would last? If it
would "work"? No one. We "do
not know". But there was no
reason not to have an "agreement
pro temp.

He would not agree. He

Note: I assumed that because I was there with him this one day that I would know that he had "chosen" me; that I was the companion for these experiences. He need not say anything -> would not "promise". He would not try. He admitted he would not "promise". He wants to be "free", free to "glean". (This was our "last word" - when I phoned him back at 2 in the morning - after he'd left me - again - upset, reluctant, im- patient at my "chomding" him ~~with~~ to face the truth of this (day.)

(Two-thing!) "I don't promise you don't 2-time!" he said, (day.) Bitter, bitter, were the words - the little meager, grudging truths he flung at me. No. No. I do not want you. No. I want to "play the field" - "glean". No. At all costs - whatever you threaten me with - No. I don't want you - not that bad! Not now.

"I hope you will not be sorry" I said - knowing he will be - knowing he is throwing away "the opportunity of a life-time" for a "mess of pottage" - as I am throwing it away for an "ideal".

I do not know now whether he will "call me Tuesday"

I assumed that, since this was only a "trial flight" after a major break, there would be some discussion of the matter and discussion of "what next?" Some settling. I expected him to talk ^{about it} →

The most I could elicit from him in lieu of love. For I implied in my "having slept on it" — forget to tell you something — business-wise "call this morning that I had decided. I had decided No.

I have no choice.

~~He~~ For he did not try to see me, be alone with just me, talk to me, feel things out, settle things — in all this time — this preliminary to this "test flight" of yesterday. He even fended me off. He even rejected my little offers — my "openings".

He was indifferent to me all day — He treated me — as I told him — like a "nice dog" he & Mag had brought along. He said nothing, he did nothing but pat me & smile at me.

He went right ahead making his plans to "get rid" of me & go to a "party" after we got home with Mag. — (Something no one had told me was planned, something no one ~~had~~ bothered to explain to me.)

I also ~~did~~ not know but what he might have changed his mind - made other plans (in anger) for these future dates. I expected him to volunteer new information about same. He did not.

"You don't mind?" he said. And when he saw I did - tho he didn't understand why - he hurriedly whisked me to his apartment + "raped" me and went to sleep - amidst all the new clothes he'd bought to enhance himself for new exploits now that he'd "gotten rid" of me?

All week our fantastically unusual, late, gorgeous weather held - "for this expedition" of ours. The weather could not have been more perfect. What a day! (I wasted \$7 on clothes I didn't use!) I knew I risked it!')

~~Lightning~~ The long, long procrastinating wait ^(3 mins) while two "nothing-better-to-do" bachelors bumbled around preparing (ineffectively) for opportunities that never arose threatened to end in failure after all as the boat - at long last! - in the water would not start. I prayed. (God! start this boat!) It started.

When pressured, he revealed that he had. He had not included me and he "did not know" if he would. Yet he expected me to assume that he would - later. But I was "not to know" →

Only as we reached the outskirts of town on the way home did the lightning we'd been "promised" all week begin to flash.

As I lay in L's arms - half asleep - after our unruptured "rape" (I had no feeling for him - "the gift without the giver is bare" I kept thinking as he "worked" on me with hoasty, ^{self-centered} experienced skill - not reaching me at all) -

Sudden rain drops crashed down like bullet shots - startling me with more than physical shock.

Then a crash and a crack as lightning struck somewhere very close. I whimpered and threw myself into L's arms - afraid - terribly afraid - not of physical hurt - but of the "knowledge" of what I "knew" was to be as surely as I "knew" L's heart. I "knew" this was going to happen - God's "way with me" [ideas of reference] - the melo dramatic - over-dramatic ending to another love affair for me - like the storm it

I was to "sweat awhile"? Same old story!
I was being "punished"? I could go
"on condition!" (more of this later)

Nick's departure —

the beautiful day, the
miraculously beautiful day —
held off all week — and then
the crash & the crack and the
"Sundering", and "tears" as large
and "hurtful" as dollars pelting
around ~~me~~^{us} — as I made
love for the last time with
the man my heart could not
reach to —

the crashing bolt that
sundered two hearts —

"Your fear scared me more
than the lightning!" ~~Leonard~~
remarked — laughing easily —
no gesture toward comfort-
ing — lying inert and "receptive"
— "gleaming"

So be it, God. So be it.
"Thy will be done". I do not
understand. I get "the
message", but its import eludes
me now.

So be it. Thy wisdom
is greater than mine. Have
mercy on me —
on Leonard —

As I told L - as I summed
it up - all the nights talk

I have a "gold star" -
after my name in "the little
black book" - this is all
I've accomplished.

He didn't understand.

Later - Sunday

I spent the day talking, talking, talking,
besieged by domestic demands I
had no heart for. I talked at
great length to Helen, giving her
the vicarious thrill she gets from my
love life (since she has none of her
own.) I talked to my "ears-and-heart"
aunt who was visiting. I talked to
Juni + Maz Romney, calling them on
a little "lucky" excuse that came
up, not realizing until too late
that I had ruined the "I'm busy"
pretense I'd so laboriously built up
for L.

For all the time I was trying
to decide what to do about
Gerald's ("new" man) call expected
about 1:30. I did not want

to see him — never again! after the other night — but I felt I "should" to revenge L.

Without realizing it I irritated L and simply "wasn't there" at that time. (making me wonder for the first time if L might "be gone" so much to avoid others — like R — instead of me!)

I felt relief. I was glad it was "solved." (L! you are corrupting me!) So relieved that when he called later — sad & "resigned" — tho he claimed he hadn't called before — I used all the tricks I have been advised to use on L (and can't) and fended him off. "I'll call you next week," he said — (as vaguely as L!) — and I accepted it — for I "didn't care"!

I hurt, hurt, hurt. I wanted some drinks so desperately to ease the hurt that I blatantly scrounged them — having none of my own (L again!) — then found that crying had the same effect — and that it was pride that keeps me from crying.

Then I began to soften. Gone was the "last" mood of last night. Little thoughts crept in to remind me that what I said & did was not all bad - not really intentionally hurtful. Yet my heart cried for the man who could not give love. This was what I felt I cried about.

When Mag & then Jim both unexpectedly began to defend d's good intentions toward me and reassured me ("You guys will work it out" Jim said) and otherwise promoted our relationship, I realized I had "outside help" and began to cheer up a little - hope a little.

For suddenly I realized I was very special to me. (Dammit!)

* * *

Now, the conditional "love" he offers me. For that's what it is, I realized, - conditional love! "I can care for you if —

- 1- If you keep it nice, happy - (no matter what I do.)
- 2- If you leave me alone when I say so - and don't "pry"!
- 3- If you never say or do anything unpleasant or con-

troverstial,

4- If you "forget" about R.

5- If you don't demand decisions

6- If ^{me} you exclusion me -

conditional love!

If you don't, I doubt that
I can like you — and you'll have
to take the consequences —

Monday - Sept 30

Mood: Better. Hopeful. Relaxed.

Attitude: Feel "right" - Justified. Awoke partly from sleep with sub-conscious thought "You are right to hold out - to value yourself. - "

Communications: Joan asked about boat trip. Necessary to summarize shortly. Said, "Wonderful day, but not evening."

"Why?"

"Had fight."

She probed.

Told briefly that day all "set" was nice - so, assumed, since back early, would spend rest of evening with "late of day". No. Boys had to set to a "party" - ~~was~~ no explanation at all - to me - I asked L. "Do you mind?" ^{he said} So - I kept him from going to party. ~~I said~~.

This is what I told Joan. I waited for her reaction.

She seemed privately amused - which irritated me - somehow it made me appear a fool and I wasn't sure why.

"You meanie," she said, without looking at me. Then, after a pause,

or some prod from me, I guess
it was, she said, indifferently,
"Well that wasn't very nice of
them; they should have told you."
— and got out of the car.
It wasn't the reaction I wanted.

x x x

Ran into Clara this morning at work
— usually don't. Decided to tell her
about almost calling her ~~to go with~~ ^{to go with} ~~feel~~
to go with us Sat. as date for
Mag, whom, it sees, had already
double-dated with her — knew her.

To my surprise — She wished
she had — she would have been
delighted! She likes Mag. She
was bored all week-end, etc.!!
Well!!

Now I was really angry at
L. that stupid fear of his —
fending me off so I was afraid
to call him about it — My
stupid fear of him!

Thinking of this free &
easy communication with Clara
& with Mag & Jim yesterday, and
all others, I saw a picture of L.

as he was all day Sat. - stiff, polite, formal, with drawn, fearful, silent, afraid. The timid little faltering gestures - the Gorn! - the sweet, silly, scared little Soon!

Suddenly, I wasn't afraid of him any more. Why, for heavens' sakes, he's just a silly little timid Mr. Milquetwast. He needs help!

I wanted very badly to tell him immediately about ~~this~~^{Clara} as "proof" of my argument for freer, easier communication on his part with people.

But offices have changed. I can no longer call privately from the office. It seemed so ridiculous to wait till tomorrow evening - to wait & wonder & suffer about whether he'd call, since he thought I was mad at him, to communicate such a casual little bit of interesting development.

Besides, by tomorrow night, he might have, in anger, set up week-end plans with Mag that eliminated me. Besides here was a chance for a good' foursome. (Clara is Mag's type - & vice versa)
Clara is not L's type - no

matter what he thinks! (L & I are more the same type.) Why not just drop by his office & tell him. Why make a Big thing of our silly, prideful fight? Who's scared of him, the Sissy!

It was very clear in my mind what I wanted to say ^{show} & I was just in the mood to do it. But as time wore on, I realized why these things must be done on the spur of the moment. I got tired. Its importance faded. Doubt crept in. Fear — as I imagined the consequences. Damn! I could hardly get my work done with the impatience I felt.

By the time I could go I was completely confused, and all in the "wrong" mood.

I nearly wrecked the car trying to recapture that first mood. Act! I kept telling myself. If you "can't" do it now — imitate the mood you had. Pretend it! Act it! Everything depends on this!

So -

I entered the office downstairs, feigning casualness. I was chagrined to find the stair door ajar. I must have heard my voice talking to the office girls.

No one would ever have known! He was as "engrossed" ~~over~~ work as if he were the only man in the world. He didn't even turn ^{in natural curiosity} at my footsteps.

I had to speak before he turned, and I knew by the vacancy on his face that he'd heard me + was shook up.

"Free and easy communication!" I cried, waving my hand as if with a banner. "If you've got something to say or tell, just drop by or pick up the phone! Free and easy! That's my motto -!"

He responded not. He eyed me with repressed suspicion.

I attempted to sit casually against a table, found it too high, was embarrassed, flustered.

"Sit down! Sit down!" he said, fussing around to procure a chair. (An invitation, at least!)

I sat. I told him about Clara. He responded not. Not a

thing. Then "Why didn't you ~~ask~~ ask her?" he said, turning toward his work. I tried to explain. Somehow it wasn't a bit clear now.

"He was being difficult." "Why didn't you just bring her?" he said suddenly, grimly.

Was the man crazy? I explained that I couldn't leave without consulting anyone. He "wasn't interested." Damn him!

Suddenly I found myself blasting at him, imitating, exaggerating his 'Tuesday' brush-off to me so ridiculously that I made him laugh.

"So?" he implied. I began my "Communication" plea, finding myself now doing exactly what I had intended not to do — picking on him. Why? Because he was being defensive. "I have to work," he said, turning his back on me. Communication — hell! this was exactly the sort of thing I meant to warn him about! He was afraid of me — fighting me!

"What are you afraid of?" I said, putting my face deliberately close to his.

His with drew. "I'm not," he said, touchily.

I began an impassioned argument with him, exploding all his silly "reasons" for pretending he didn't have "time" to talk to me. "You're afraid of me!" I said. "You think I came here to fight. You want to get rid of me! Well, I wouldn't come here if there was any other way to communicate easily with you — I came because I wasn't sure you'd call me tomorrow — and I wanted to tell you about this —"

"I said I'd call!" he said testily.

"Yes, but you thought I was mad —" I floundered — trying to express the unspoken friction between us —

He deflated with a sigh — and, at last, turned to face me.

"Yes," he said, "you came here to fight with me." Here he tried to prove my belligerency by the words his defensiveness had evoked in me.

repeating the

I too deflated. "Leonard," I said, "you make me defensive when you get defensive —"

"Well — perhaps that's true —" he said.

"How do you know I came here to fight? --- I didn't. I came here to tell you about Clara —"

"Well, you did," he said.

"But you didn't react like I thought you would," I said. "I expected you to be interested — maybe we could make a four-some sometime —" etc. Again

I tried to show how the difficulty of ~~some~~^{any} communication had "spoiled" things — "It would have been fun."

Now, again, he faced me. "I didn't want a 4th party," he said. "You got mad at me & accused me of flirting with Clara before. I didn't want that again."

"The answer to that —" I rejoined, "is to not plan to flirt! ~~I~~ why didn't you tell me — communication again — I intend to flirt if you ask a gal."

"Perhaps I should leave," he ^{said} ~~said~~ ~~settled~~, turning from me again.

He now tried to dismiss me again. "I'm afraid I won't get my work done if I talk any more. I'm sorry."

I grinned at him. "Now, that's communication," I said. "You told me why. You didn't just turn your back as you did before & start silently to work, which is what I call a cold brush-off!"

He grinned, pleased to have done something "right".

Taking advantage of the first warmth I approached him and my hand on his shoulder (how Nick used to duck out from under that gesture! I didn't.) I said as warmly as I could, "I didn't come to fight. I came to tell you about Clara. I thought Mag would like to know that she likes him."

"I think he would," he said, not "mad" any more.

"And I came to tell you — I couldn't get it out. He knew, tho, and he got up & roamed & buried himself, trying to get away from the embarrassment

"Freedom? — Freedom for what? To do what? For prudish loneliness? For chances that haven't happened yet?"
(I got there in ^{he conceded.})
he knew was coming —

"I followed him — wouldn't let him evade me — After much trying I finally got it out —

"I came to tell you — I like you best — now. I don't know either what will happen —"

Noticing his softening I lunged ahead and painted a picture of the free and easy, trusting, content relationship I should like with a person I wasn't afraid to tell was the one I liked best — now.

* Sadly, ~~now~~ wistfully, now physically limp, he said, "That's what I was hoping for too —

But it isn't —" and away he went on my perpetual dissatisfaction with him — what was the use?

I loved him now. I reached to him. With all the love and femininity in me I said softly, "But, Leonard, if it were like that — if it were trusting, open, agreed, settled — then there wouldn't be all the anger and friction —"

(Or something — I don't remember)

All I know is that he looked at me with his face aglow and said, "I'll call you Tuesday. I'll call you, for sure. I can't tonight — I have THINGS TO DO."

(Oh Leonard! Why did you spoil it? Why did you do it again — "mystery act"? "things to do"!),

I just looked at him, hoping against hope he'd understand what he'd done. He didn't, of course, "You can do better than that," I prodded. Only puzzlement. I had to explain — "draw a picture" again.

"Things to do? Things you can't tell me?"

He looked hurriedly at the clock, then said testily, "I haven't time now —".

He had been sweet. After that last attempt to make me go — he had given up and turned to me relaxed and willing to give me all the time I wanted. (And, of course, I didn't require it then — only the knowledge that I could have it if needed —) I "let him go" — "things

that it wouldn't matter if they were interrupted by a dire Emergency - things that could be interfered with - without causing trouble - ?" I said suggestively.

He nodded, smiling sheepishly. ~~He was~~ "Call me, then" I said, leaning to kiss a face that was now sweet and warm and pleased, - a face that all the iron and gruminess had fled from - an emotional face.

He withdrew a little - then leaned to meet my kiss with lips that tried to show desperately a great deal of love - as did the face, now reddened ~~and~~ ^{with} eyes so full of emotion they seemed to be full of tears - a happy face - a face that reflected a heart bursting with ^{a moment of} the greatest emotion a human can know - the happiness of love. He felt it! He felt it! I had made him happy. And I was, too!

We smiled in happiness at each other and I left in a glow of happiness

that lingered long after I left —
toying ~~with~~ with the beautiful moments
of ~~happiness~~ and fine autumn
weather that had not seemed so
preciously lovely in a long, long
time.

— "Say wonderful words to
me —" I sang, remembering the
moment of change between us
when, my face near his, I
sought to ~~say~~ the words to tell
him what I'd really come to tell
him — My lips parted, the words
yet ~~not out~~ ^{not out}, his glowing expect-
ant face waiting near mine,
the radio behind me ^{suddenly} swelled
out in song — "Say ^{to} wonderful
words to me —" in ~~such~~

as if the words were coming
out of my ~~own~~ mouth. Such
perfect timing! Our eyes
caught, our laughter joined,
our voices joined embarrassedly
in the following lines — "I
think you're wonderful, too!"

Communication — "par excellence!"
(Thank you, God!)

September Song. September
Song. September 30th — the last
day! (Thank you, God!)

Later:

Oh Leonard! if you only knew the peace and energy release & contentment of knowing, of being sure! I find myself quite content - even glad - to be home alone catching up on chores.

Even if it wasn't what it seemed at the time - a wise, good, generous gesture toward a lonely, scared, unhappy man.

For, I fear, on re-reading it just now that it was more a weak, over-eager smitten woman's capitulation to a vain man's temper tantrum.

The shocking new insight that my recording this incident brought out was that he was not afraid of me; he was mad at me! He was "showing" me all day Saturday that he does nothing to provoke fights; he "behaved" himself - he even did not bring a gal he could flirt with, since I am such a vixen; stirtness: it was I who flirted with Mag! Ha! I was no better than he! Guess he

showed me! And I begin to wonder if Joan's enigmatic smile was cynicism at my naive capitulation to Mag's + L's "plan" to "show" me that L didn't need me; he had "other people", too. Perhaps this was ~~there's~~ crude reply to seeing me with that other man a week ago Friday night. We'll show her, they "planned" — like little boys!

It all becomes ^{just} a "lovers' quarrel" in this light.

It also smacks of shades of R Raymona. How often have I noticed that L anticipates reactions on my part that surprise and puzzle me. And later I realize that what he expected, ~~show~~ he interpreted my moods and reactions form a picture of a very different kind of woman than I am — a woman very much like I'm finding out R is!

All this has spoiled the "happiness" I've been blissfully enjoying in retrospect all afternoon. The hidden, not so lovely motives, after all — the all too humanness of both of us.

Yet — still — it is love.

It was utterly delightful to feel love for each other again — even if I realized that there was rightness, future danger, truth in what he claims — what he fears in me — my continual dissatisfaction with him.

I wonder what would happen if I tried to remember to view his mads at me as misinterpretations on his part; as hangovers from his long R experience. He thinks I'm R — he projects R onto me. I must try to prove that I am myself.



This is what I drew
without knowing it while
I was giving h his
ultimatum on the phone —
a "flowering"?

Tuesday - ~~Sept~~ ^{Oct} 1 - 1963

What were the differences I noticed between L & this other run-of-the-mill man that made me decide on L again?

- 1- Artwork
- 2- L's quick, sophisticated humor
- 3- L's Sophistication
- 4- L's better social level - good car,
Good job
- 5- L's sobriety
- 6- L's better looks
- 7- His cerebrotonic looks
- 8- His sharp brain
- 9- His better love-making (about perfect)
- 10- Habit, ease, familiarity
- 11- His real love & joy in outdoors
- 12- His dating pattern more usual than
I thought
- 13- His self assurance in handling me (!!)
- 14- His ability to "Keep up with me".
- 15- His smile

I got this far and had to go.
Waiting while shopping I heard
music —

" I love you for a hundred
thousand reasons —

But most of all I love you
'cause you're you! " ♪ (The song

I brought to play to him that
somehow hasn't been "fitting"
any more !)

Now -

Where do I stand with L now?
(Now that things have calmed down.)
And what happened?

Raymona - hunting season -
more of that later - (threats they
were to me!)

If we begin again? There are those
changes:

No more Glee Club. No more
work-week beer-ing. No more R.
furniss. No more baseball. No
foot ball? No more L on Sundays
at my house for dinner & long,
boring evenings. No more Dwinells.

These things are gone. I don't
know why. The habits are broken.
Things have changed.

What's new? The dating by me,
mainly. Question is - is L dating?
He is "partying" with Mag & going
to the Vets' - "new" things for him.
Is this for pick-ups?

I intend to be open for
new dates (I hope Lillian's 2
professors - no others) but what
will I do about L then? Must

I allow him to make (secret) dates if I do? It is only fair, Am I going to deceive him, now?

Is he still seeing R.? He must be, but I have a sure feeling it is not the same, conceived from her new nastiness to me & his new sweetness to me — and several checks on her house. (Also he drove by there — blatantly purposely — the day we went to the river — with me in the car? We joked about it. Did he want R. to see him with me?)

(By the way, the lightning did strike near L's the other night — only 5 blocks away!)

"Experiments" + study

Conditions: L phoning me on Tues. eve.

Known:

- 1- He didn't used to.
- 2- I "conditioned" him with "reward"
- 3- He assumed "habit"
- 4- He tends to keep habit.
- 5- Will be about 6
- 6- Didn't used to.
- 7- Used to vary.
- 8- I conditioned by "anger"
- 9- Will be vague
- 10- Will not necessarily offer anything
- 11- Sometimes accepts suggestions
- 12- lately apt to reject.
- 13- Can vary privacy by ^{1- switching phones} 2- calling later ^{after}

I "arranged" for him to call me tonight.

He will call in certain known manner as above. I can control these things.

I wish to vary the recent pattern tonight. ~~I wish to~~ The recent pattern has been rejection and omission of these ^{TRIP} "late" calls. I wish to reestablish the pattern. But the variation is for one night only.

I wish to observe the effects on him.

The variable is the Tues night date. The dependent variables (?) are the phone call, L's attitude, my influence

The influences & conditions are
external interferences, people and
other "commitments". (i.e. my family,
R - Gerald - emergencies.)

What will I do? We shall see.

Motivation

L has motivation + ability = achievement in

- 1- his work
- 2- his hunting
- 3- ~~women~~ Sexual exploits
- 4- social gravitation
- 5- money collection

In these he has much motivation; the will to succeed, to excel; ambition.

L has motivation + conflict = poor achievement in

- 1- ~~Intimate contacts~~ friendships
- 2- ~~its~~ marriage
- 3- social betterment
- 4- human relationships
- 5- education
- 6- social adjustment

L has incentive = motivation from outside in

- 1- his promises
- 2- his mother
- 3- women
- 4- his boss

L has stimuli = motivation for moment.

He has many of these! This is his peak - He is easily, facilely stimulated.

All these are his needs for energy. These things release his energy + direct it into certain channels.

over-

His motivation + incentive + goal + stimuli = ^{his} behavior

(Outline for tel talk Tues night)

- 1- Establish privacy - either Ribeth's phone
or later call
- 2- See what he has in mind.
- 3- Pin him down.
- 4- Hold him (nicely) for "Free & easy
request" - Will you receive in
free & easy manner for spirit in
which is meant?

5- ~~Suggest I would like~~

Are you going a-beering?

I'd like to join you - just tonight -
not late:

I don't want to start that routine
again - have too much to do now
(I gone & all)

Will be my last chance for
week-day beer for long time
Have evenings sewed up -

~~Baby's all next~~ thru Fri -

Baby Shower - Allied Arts
Meeting - listen to Fort Ball Game -
Then I baby sit for T to go to class
& honeymoon baby sit for Luis

So -

would like to "celebrate".

May we?

If he says he's busy - can't -

"Something that keeps you from being free + easy? -"

If he still pulls - usual stunt -

"Well, I'm real sorry - I was in a nice mood - I wanted to share it with you - See you?"

If he offers nothing

"How about Sun with dog? -"

finished

"Experiment"

Let's say I set up an experiment tonight. I am the independent variable (X) which I change to see what effect it produces on the dependent variable (Y) or Leonard, who remains "constant". The ^{situation} environment is "controlled".

i.e. the phone call was "controlled". I had "promised" to call me "tonight". There were known facts: I knew he would call. I knew he would tell me about ~~the~~ next weekend. I knew I would talk to him.

It was necessary to further control the situation. The call must be private so that variable X (me) could change to fit my experiment. It didn't look like it was going to be. I did not know when (Y) would call. I had to "control" it. I called him to set up a privacy call.

[This was no change: X was using the same old procedure. Experiment ruined! for (Y) took control!]

So - it didn't work. (Y) was in control of the situation — by being vague, as usual. Since I let him be vague I lost control. (Y) seeks to control (X). I resist this control. (Y) "goes wild", "Sees an enemy", retreats, ~~in~~ fighting and evading wildly, in desperate

evasive tactics, defending and compensating for humiliation with bleating + whining + pretense, blindly fighting his way back to a hiding place ~~where~~ ^{from which} he doesn't plan to emerge until he has worked out a "new" plan for control.

In other words, I called L. - to be sure that he'd call me when I would be free to use the tactics I wanted to try.

He took it as a reprimand - "I was going to call you sooner - but I'm waiting for a call from Hyde - he's going to call any minute!"

He was very cross, very impatient, very mad at me for "pressuring" him before his plans (for control) were laid. (I "interfered".)

Whereas my intention was to show easy rapport - "free + easy communication" test. I meant to be loving + agreeable. He didn't give me a chance!

Hyde came first. Hyde's wishes, plans were paramount. He'd wait for Hyde's convenience to call - let

me sweat. I got the brush off!

"Why don't you call Lyle, you damned dope!" I thought, as I hung up — now angry + emotional, spoiling what little chance I had to be "therapeutic" — for all my study + preparation.

(It doesn't work. It doesn't work! You can't be objective when you care!)

Ho's came in — damn her! (She hates L now.) It made me nervous knowing he was going to call back.

She sensed it. When the phone rang, she "left," but I had to tell L to wait.

I explained why I'd called — I might as well have saved my breath. He didn't understand, he didn't care, he wasn't listening. All he wanted to do was state his business + get rid of me.

Whereas I was bent on setting up a "Flowers' evening".

We wasted precious time talking about Lyle + his trip. (Who cared — Dennis was coming any minute!) I was too nervous to handle my experiment. I'd lost control!

L began by announcing that (sure enough) he & Lyle were going to the ranch Sat. I knew he expected me to blast off. It was hard — for I was waiting to be invited too. It didn't come, so I held in. "Yes?" I said.

"So we'd take the dog out Sunday", he said. Then he tried to make up for his failure to please that he sensed — "a picnic" all day — etc. etc —

I tried to be nice, play my act. "Goody! Goody!" I said, "I've been waiting a long time for that! That's nice!" "That'll be good."

Now he tried to get rid of me.

I "grasped" at him — not ready with my act — "Maybe would you like to make me happy?"

(Whoops! Damn! wrong line! — but too late.)

"Ye-e-s" he said, suspiciously. "Free and easy — you'll be free & easy, too —?"

Now he was more suspicious.

I got out my request — very badly. A pause. Then here it came — SLAP!

"I can't tonight - no," he said, "I have THINGS TO DO."

God damn his guts! There isn't a breath of humanity in him! I began to plead, to lure, to explain, to "work" on him - (Once I was able to make him "have fun"!)

I explained how this was the only night - why I would be very busy in the next few weeks - my last chance -

He countered, now whining & petulant, that it was his last chance to "get things done." (How ridicululoudly transparent!)

He now became disgustingly, petulant, whining, querulous and just plain nasty.

"May I ask you one thing?" I said. "Why do you set up a time to call me & then deliberately plan to be busy? Why don't you "save me a space" just in case?" I tried to put it nicely. It didn't work.

Now he was really mad! He almost screamed at me "Let's not quarrel about it - leave it alone" - or words to that effect.

I had said when I tried to ask him, & found I couldn't,

"You scare me!" "You scare me, too," he said, but there was no humor to his remark as there was in mine. In fact he had not one whit of humor or warmth in his whole conversation — only frantic defensiveness.

I gave up. I spent the rest of the time placating him, soothing him, smoothing his ruffled feathers. I even risked a great deal by playing the truth against his evasions. I told him exactly what I would be doing. I tried to make a crack in his generalities. It didn't work. He stuck to his "mysteries".

Finally he began to offer a little — to make up — "I'll call you Sat about 5:30" — then "I'll call you Sat — maybe we can 'hoist a few' (beers) Sat night — oh! you said you'd be "bun" — "

"I did?" I said, using truth.
"Well — maybe Friday (pause) — (!!) — ugh — Saturday — "

We left it at that.

Get lost! Woman! Get lost!
Until I am ready for you!
There will be no communication

between us until the time I designate — 4 days hence. Leave me alone. What I do is my own business!

And so it is, Sir! So it is! And you challenge me to cheat on you! — when I didn't even intend to!

You can't hold a woman that way, Leonard. And you won't. You never have — and you never will! Not even I — the Gullible!

How sorely I'm tempted to play your lowly games! To cheat & lie & deceive! To become a gutter-snipe, an alley-cat, too! To use evasive generalities instead of the truth.

Here I am — all nerved up again — ~~was~~ ^{am} ~~drinking~~ ^{drinking} & over-smoking — and, when you smiled at me yesterday in happiness — I no longer wanted to smoke or drink. You made me productive, better. Now you drag me down to your level.

Where is the moral choice? Am I big enough to even combat

your evil influence — much
less do you any good —?

a few hours and many wine
sign & moral battles with myself
later, I tried to think of all the
better moments of my life — the times
when I took a long chance and,
with fear & trembling did something
I hoped would make someone feel
good — even tho they acted with hate
toward me.

Oh — just call L & tell him
you love him — everybody likes to
hear that — (and, incidentally check
on him to see if he's home — as he said
he would be! If he is, he gets his
"reward"; if not he suffers my
anger — his punishment for deceit.)

I approached the phone, hesitated.
Time! Time! My son would drive up
any minute! I dialed 2 digits —
the car drove up in front.

Well — I guess I shouldn't.
I put down the receiver —
pretended "innocence".

But the idea was implanted.
I couldn't shake it. Risking all —

everyones ire & disgust — masking my call transparently with another — I called him.

He answered. (Bless his heart!) "Can't I even call you to say I love you — ?" (this was hard; I hadn't capitulated this far yet since our Big Fight.) He interrupted my planned, light little "joke".

"Of course you can!" he said warmly, lovingly. (Bless his little old nervous heart — at 10 p.m. he is relaxed!)

"— you ornery old bastard!" I continued, able to be light & gay, (the wine), "Well, I did. -- That's all —"

"O.K." he said, laughing — not keeping me with "wonderful things to say to me" as I hoped — so I added —

"Don't be so ornery!"

He laughed again — and we hung up. And everything was all right. I was glad I'd done it.

Va bene!

Now. Even before this I was tempted to write again, but too tired, (as I am now) to note the good developments - whether they have to do with me or not:

- ① The sudden release of miserly purse strings & new interest in his appearance: the purchase of many new clothes.
- ② The blast-off about "wasting time staying up till 2 a.m. every night drinking beer - no more of that!" I got tonight. ("Good! Good!" I said - having Jim Rooney's verifying remark to "prove" it.)
- ③ The evidence that he really is staying home evenings & working (on something!) - My "check" calls; my check on R's house; his remark, "I like to have you call me" - (at certain hours); his warmth when I have gotten him lately this time of evening.

All to the good - no?

Non è vero?

Wednesday Oct 2 -

Everything OK. today. I am "resigned" to life "without" L.

(I felt fine this morning - no effects from the wine at all - in fact - just the opposite!)

~~He~~
Was wondering tonight why I haven't the slightest desire to ever have L for dinner again. And decided it was because he doesn't participate - he doesn't join in.

He comes late, at the last minute, empty-handed, unless prodded, refuses to have a drink, is not interested or helpful or sociable about the preparations in the Kitchen, demands special dishes, embarrasses everyone & kills the conversation at the table with his "shyness", wolfes his food - concentrates on it, refuses dessert, then reaches for part of mine; goes to living room & reads & ignores everyone - usually naps. Never offers to help with dishes. Never offers to buy food or flowers about being asked - never hints even that he is a lot of trouble - or.
(interruption)

Leonard is a "loner".
Leonard excludes one. L. "com-
partmentalizing" - time for this; and
time for that.

He has no "togetherness". He
not only doesn't share, he doesn't
participate. What he has to do
he has to do it alone. He wants
no interference, no distractors.

He has to master every
situation, every challenge. He
has to control. He insists on
being "boss". He will have it
no other way. His way. Any
other way is "wrong".

People are for his use.
Otherwise they are a nuisance.

Thurs - Oct 3 -

I am very unhappy — very discouraged — about everything.

It didn't help to notice there is a Stag Show at the Vets' tonight. I will go. He'll enjoy it. He'll enjoy himself.

He'll "twang that same old nerve"; enjoy its being titillated by any female today — and heavens knows what he will do about it. He is not one to deny himself — or make any sacrifice — Very depressing thought.

I feel grim. Life presents a grim picture of frustration and unrewarding duties for a long time to come. L's stingy week-end offers do little to lighten things — tho, I suppose, they are better than nothing. Who wants a lovely moment once a week when all the rest of the week is mystery and "my own business"? This can lead to nothing but drifting apart.

L & I have had the best. I realize nothing can

reestablish that time of "you,
you, you!" all the time. We
saw each almost every
day — and enjoyed it —
wanted to.

That is all gone. Once a
week now — then — ?

It cannot be re-established. Even
I do not have the feeling for it.
It is too grim; too fun-less. If
he can't do it with enjoyment —
I don't want it.

When I think of the struggle
I have ~~to~~ now and have to face
— and how little help I is —
how indifferent he is to it all how
little he offers to make me happy —
in fact, he thinks only of his little
happiness — my happiness, my
need never even occurs to him.
I realize how useless he is to
me.

And yet he bothers me enough
to keep me from my compensations.
(My "work room"; my "studio"
gathers dust.)

Oh — time — pass!

Later:

This is very interesting!

I have been searching, searching, searching for the "answer" to L's + my recent difficulties in getting along.

Nothing satisfies — none of my myriads of notes + data that usually produce something. I am in the mood just described — against a blank wall.

My son has been toying with the book "the Status Seekers". I have avoided it — sometime — later I want to read it.

Throwing down all my old notes in disgust this afternoon, I picked the book up — well — maybe this — might as well skin through it —

The answer! The answer I sought! (As always — what I saw very clearly in the beginning + what everyone keeps trying to tell me —).

L's + my difficulties are based on trying to cross our class barriers! ("You

Can do better" [others]) "He isn't
my type. — he's corny — he's
vulgar — etc. [me]

There it all was — The
beer drinking [exactly!] — the
Social "preferences" — even the
types of partying — and even an
exact description of L's
difficult personality — the
Straines, the Walter Mitty —
that is trying to fit in a
higher social bracket and
can't. The "upward striving" —
all the personality quirks —
exactly!

All the "inconsistencies" I
note in him — the always
up cropping vulgarities I deplore.
Even the "one-man lay" ^{Even the} ~~room~~ ^{slimmer}
roomer I am becoming! ^{action!}

We're just not in the
same social strata — and
our chances are very slim —
for I, the woman, am
above him —
not good!

Whew!

This accounts, too, for my inexplicable desire to avoid "in-town" dates with L & stick to outdoors dates, lately. All I have thought so far is that "we get along outdoors together; we don't on these other things. Why?

Now I know. He's ill-at-ease in my house - he's out of class; or at "nice" places - or among my friends; or drinking hard liquor etc - all the things I like - "good" shows etc.

This accounts for that puzzling lack of "spark" in him just when I want him to spark most.

And I'm ill at ease at the GL - with his corny friends - in his "Grade B" apartment - with his "hid-~~it~~ ^{his} class mother - with his greasy-spoon restaurants etc.

Now I'm not "afraid" of him! Now I can "handle" him - with ease - as I did at first.

On this new release I got a "bright idea" to combat that damned Stag Show. I made a big nude drawing (the photo I sought was too expensive) and wrote vulgar messages on it

↳ dashed down + left it at his apartment.

— And I won't be home tonight — a legitimate meeting — an art meeting!

A taste of his own vulgar medicine!

I was trying to foist my Social class standards on him. He didn't understand. Neither did I! I thought they were my own standards!

↳ ↳ ↳
I went to the meeting and around by R's on the way home. (Please — no! no! I prayed.) But yes, the Cadillac in front — L's face sitting conspicuously in the front window. A face white and baggy and full of querulous wrinkles that turned & watched as I drove by.

Damn. Damn! Damn! Damn!

Yet I was full of a new self-assurance. I had been "unavailable" for once. I had been "busy" — out evenings. (He didn't know but what?

had lied!) I was full of the social ease of having been with people, instead of the self-pity of loneliness. I felt "free and easy."

It was in this mood that I went to the phone and called R's; expecting her to answer. I meant to tell her, easily, lightly, "possessively" — "Tell Leonard that if he'll drop by on his way home I have that cartoon I did of him in Artscope to give him (or show him)" If all went well, I'd even offer him a beer.

I really meant it that way. It seemed a very simple, very normal, casual thing for me to ask and him to do, since all were "agreed" that I was #4-1 girl friend (right now, anyway.)

The people I know would have conceded my right to do this and L's desire to do it. After all, I was the girl friend, wasn't I? He'd naturally rather be with me — but I'd been "busy". Here was a nice, warm little offer — a "snake-eyes" for not being "available". R, of course,

^{would}
should concede.

To my surprise I answered,
I kept it light, friendly, & gay.
"How come?" He was baby-sitting!
(Taking care of Rainie - who
usually was left alone? -) What
a humiliating occupation for
a real "he-man"! ignoring his
"best" girl friend to baby sit for
a past girl friend who was en-
gaged to be married to his best
friend! this was pride? this
was "proof" of his love for me,
his "indifference" to R?)

I felt the first pang. Disgust.
Yet I managed to make my offer
lightly.

No. No. He 'couldn't possibly'.
No "reason". He just "couldn't". No
mention of wanting to, of liking to.
Now the querulousness, "I tried
you I'd call you Sat. night"
(even this was a concession. He'd
planned on not seeing me
till Sunday!)

I managed to finish the
conversation without getting too
reasty. I'd tried. I lost.

Hanging up, I found my mood shattered. The tiny little thread of "rapport" I'd hoped to latch on to was denied.

My goodly ~~plan~~ intentions of simply going to bed became a frantic gurgling of the beer I'd gotten to get me thru my lonely game listening to morrow night. (Damn! Here we go again!)

Anger swelled & grew in me! All joy in seeing him Sat & Sun ~~had been~~ ^{was} dispelled. I fought an overwhelming temptation to "play games" to the hilt — but where was Gerald? I "needed" him! How could I exploit this week-end? I needed more information.

Aggry and a little tight now, I called him back. What a wonderful opportunity for us to discuss things right now! He — alone there — bored, "imprisoned". I alone, not far away.

The line was busy! Who would he call at this time of night?).

It waited a little, this time he answered — not a bit happy with me.

"Leonard," I said, as nicely as I could muster, "I don't understand — what is it you expect of me? where do I stand? (do you want me to two-time you or would you rather I wouldn't?) —" I wanted him to give me some little clue to the tight-locked mystery of his Friday night plans. Here was his chance — to rescue us from disaster.

No. No. He was furiously angry. First he tried to get rid of me. I fought him back, clawed at him. "Now!," I said. "Talk to me now!"

"No!" he said, "later!"

Knowing he never would, I persisted. He got nastier and nastier. He said things that were fantastic in their cruelty: "Leave me alone! I simply have to cut you off. I have things to do — things that are much more important! I can't get them done with you calling me and bothering me all the time. Quit it!"

All this against that warm, sweet
"Of course you can call me to tell
me 'you love me' if last week

"I have decided that we simply
shouldn't see each other any
more. I offered you (a few
little 'tidbits' - what do you
expect?)"

"You decided without consulting
me!" I retorted. "You know
what will happen, don't you?
(we'll drift apart)" It may
be too late (by the time your
'decision' runs out.)"

"If it's too late it's too late!"
he said angrily. (What difference
to me? was the implication. A
good way to 'get rid' of you;
"Settle" my dilemma; my usual
way!)

"So!" I cried "That's it! You
go your way; I go mine - between
dates. We can each do anything
we damn please! Right?"

"Well - no-o-o - No-o-o -
I don't mean that -" (He knew
what I meant.) (This was the
first and only concession.)

I tried some more. Tried
hard to elicit some shred of
warmth, of interest, of desire, of
"possessiveness" toward me in
him. [Save me! Save me! Save

us, Leonard!)

No use. He was absolutely ob-durate. (R. was his first obligation R his first feeling; his first & only in his heart! I was a mere — maybe — second. I was not to be seen as long as I acted so nastily. He demanded some prevailing mood that I never gave any more — that R did! & evidently. I knew not what it was.

Finally, I gave up — "Good night, Strange One," I said, "Good night", and hung up reluctantly — unsatisfied.

I fought a great Temptation to call him back. I fought very hard. And, finally, hours & hour later, found "decision" & "peace" in deciding to let him hang himself in his own noose. Leave him alone — it was the only way to gain him!

Acting "mighty suspicious"

not free & easy

Not even communication

no ^{communication} comm; no nothing
I say,

these notes represent my "decisions"
of that night. My whole
argument with him, I decided,
was simply the problem of comm-
unication. He mis understood.
Everyone did. This was Change
#? needed. This and this only.

I would stick to this —
No communication: no home,
as simple as that.

Friday - Oct 4, 1963

Some hidden motivation gave me an impulse to call R this morning. Something told me it was time to check the other side of the story, since I wouldn't talk.

The thought hit me that it is still possible that she & I might marry or ^{set up} ^{together} I'd better protect myself! It seemed to still be going on - that "rapport".

It was 8 a.m. Surely she'd be gone to work! Damn, she wasn't. Raine answered. Disguising my voice the best I could - I asked for "Mrs. Beaudoin" and prepared myself to say my little speech before she got wise and hung up on me. I made a point of not mentioning any names - I hoped. I wasn't too calm.

"Honey, is that boy friend of mine bothering you again? - - (no answer, so I went on) - He's just so crazy about you he can't seem to leave you alone -!"

"Yes, he is," she cried, angrily.
~~"But if you want to do~~
"Well," I said, "We'll have to do something about that -"

"Yes!" She was very angry now,
talking in a great emotional rush.
— "And if you do, you can
talk to my lawyer — the
same one you talked to before!"

!!!

I did?? What was she talking
about? Who did she think I was?
Suddenly I was full of sleep. Ramona!
I thought, you gave yourself away
that time! What was she involved
in?

A lawyer? I wracked my
brain. I knew no lawyer connected
with her! I didn't even know she
had one! Someone I'd talked to?
I have talked to no lawyer knowingly
about R! Someone I talked to
about her was a lawyer without
my knowing it? L? Jack? No. Her
brother? — perhaps. But I'd said
nothing to him that wouldn't bear the
light of day.

Was she bluffing? Did
she know who I was? I had
no claim I could take to a
lawyer! "Breach of promise" suit?
Ha! Jack did break off the
wedding?

Where does L come into this?
His bleating plea, "It'll all be
over soon - I'm busy - "busy" -
(I can't tell!)"

Sure! Even if it's all "over" -
who's left? R and L! ("You
will be back together again by
next spring," I predicted.)

They will. I know they will.
She is your kind, Leonard - not I,
I've said over & over. It is the
truth. In his heart he knows it.

Strange - very strange.

Another strangeness: Yesterday,
paying the Telephone bill, curiosity
made me look up Nick's number
in the LA directories.

The only listing was
" Lillian Sosa Chianello "

Unusual - to say the least!

My two rivals - Raymona &
Lillian - both affected spellings
of common names!

Friday eve.

Well! one does have to change one's opinion, I guess.

I was mighty, mighty blue all afternoon about L — not knowing what he was doing tonight — about his not enlightening me in the slightest — not even excuses.

Oh how I hurt! And oh how I dreaded the long evening alone having to listen to the football game. Oh

I hadn't heard from Gerald — and didn't want to. I'd decided I didn't like him. What would I do if he called? He would try to lure me out to his house — and then would I betray L — after my one-man offer of yesterday? What to do? What to do?

He called & asked if I'd like to go to the football game (in a nearby town) — or whatever I'd like to do? (How different from L's stipulations and/or vaguenesses!) Here was an honest offer — take it or leave it — or make suggestions — & no hard feelings. (L used to be like that!)

I didn't want to go. I didn't want to. But I found myself unable to be rude and accepting. Damn! I didn't want to! I didn't want to be put to the temptation of "betraying" L and my own principles. And I wasn't ready to risk the loss of G — as a foil to L.

I had a bad few minutes of conflict. Should I — in the very short time I had — risk another approach to L? Another chance to come thru with "free & easy communication", with declarations of some kind? Should I offer — and then, if he was nasty, be "safe" in having offered?

It was a hard fight. No. I decided. No. He "had his chance"; he muffed it. Let him suffer the consequences. I called anyway. He wasn't home.

I was rather relieved. At least I'd tried. And — I had my "reward." G. was sweet & accommodating. I was dull, & frantically looking for white Cadillacs — my mind busy with poignant

reminders + possible future dilemmas + significant comparisons.

As we came up First Ave. I thought I saw the white Cadillac headed south - on its way to the ranch tonight?? How I regretted not having time to see if there were two heads. (Lyle wouldn't go tonight - or in L's car.) Had he taken R to the ranch tonight - or some other woman? I hadn't thought of that before! Had he deceived me again? (He'd never tell me; never explain.) Or was it his car?

I saw it no place else + just barely kept G from going to the Vets'. No! No! I didn't want to run into L there tonight!

I found myself easily + successfully "playing games" + got away with it. L took me home; didn't press me at all. I was "safe"! He did not even offer another week-end date. He even begged out of next week-end - maybe he'd go

hunting. (I felt no mad jealousy & suspicion as I do with L. Somehow I know he was going with men!) He even offered ~~excuses~~ ^{reasons} if he didn't get around to calling next week — emergencies come up, he said — like (and he explained). He'd tried to call me last night — he didn't think it "fair" to offer a trip to the game on such short notice.

(thoughtfulness! — freely expressed; freely explained! How comfortable it was!) And how it took the sting out of his days long delay. So did his other explanations & counter-offers. It was all done in an easy, warm, I-hope-I-please way.

How different from L's suspicion arousing nastiness and evasions!

I was "content." This man demanded nothing. It was comfortable.

Yet I missed L's fun & humor & stimulated aware-

ness. I yearned for him as we passed Sign after neon Sign - so cleverly designed by those skillful hands & brain.

Too, I realized, sitting "indifferently" beside this "date of the evening" sticking to pleasantries only, what it was I demands of me: the comfortable, casual, light-hearted "date" - no more.

But after a year! What would this other man be like with me - after a year?

He wants me. He has already - without prodding - changed his habits to fit my "personality".

How different from I - who takes women so for granted - any woman - any time. He is he. Let them accommodate to him. There are so many - so willing -

"Of," he told me, cuttingly, last night, "it's too late - it's too late - that's all!"

He isn't going to fight for a woman! A mere woman! He has "more important things"!

Sat. morning - The "Battle" continues.

(check on R)

I can check to see if L is gone last night - spent the night at the ranch! I thought as I awoke. Call his number + see if he answers - early in the morning - then hang up. Risky - but - then so is NOT KNOWING.

I looked at the clock. Damn. 10:30! I had overslept! Now what? Did R go? Check her number. I did, but hung up too soon. Someone answered.

Oh well - I'll never know.

Now - (I must hurry) No time for living - only chores, duties. This realization:

L + R will be together by Spring! Not for the reasons I said - not love, not class level - but

because neither has anyone else!

I can "forfeit" L - in time. It is "written".

6-Oct 4-63

Just talked to Lois - who is "managing" my "affairs" for me - as I thought. She even listed my "lame ducks" - Edward, Nick, Leonard. I kidded her - "Cut that out!" I said.

No one understands. No one realizes why - as I told her, - I find "lame ducks" much more fascinating, more brain-challenging than the boring "Geralds" of the world. No one understands I'm not looking for a "meal-ticket" husband. I'm looking for the secrets of life! (I think!)

Why does a person deny life? reject it? fear it? destroy themselves - as I do?

Why? why? why? What can be done about it?

that is what I want to know!

Even if I have to acquire the new "tool", the new "skill" of "playing games".

7- Oct-63

~~left~~

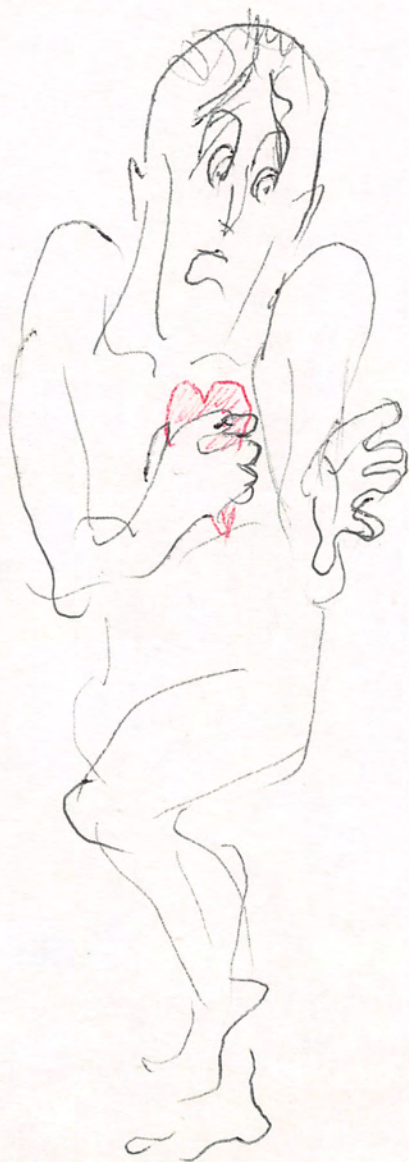
LEAVE ME ALONE!

LEAVE ME ALONE





No! No! No!



Sat. - Oct 5, 1963

"Plan":

"Offers" - LK: Call you "when I get back from hunting" - 5:30 - ? tonight.

- ① Maybe we can go out and "hoist a few" (ugh!) - ~~"Take Agnes' dog"~~
- ② Take Agnes' dog out Sun - a "picnic" - "fun" -
- ③ - Go "hunting" with me a few times this fall.
- ④ Maybe (in few months) return to week-day hearing sessions.
Nothing else.

GH (Gerald; "Jerry" Holmes)

- ① - Call you (middle of week) not Fri - a few beers
- ② Football games - Fri 18-25-1-8^{try}
- ③ All right to call you?

Analysis

- ① LK - Did he go "hunting"? Will he call? 5:30? I doubt it. Lytle "has" to be back at 6 "for dinner". But, it rained. But, I thought I saw his car headed ranchward last night. Will he offer a "hoist a few" date tonight? I doubt it. "Tried", "busy", "see you tomorrow". ("Scared". "With drawing". "Revenge". "Discipline". Test.)
Maybe not call at all. Fappid.

(b) - Dog tomorrow? I doubt it.
Rain. - (excuse). Some other (?) time.
"Busy". Nothing else.

If does - will be late 3 p.m. at least
Will "order" me to fix food. Won't
"help". Will be "tired", "busy" to-
morrow night - dull, "stuffy".
We'll "fight".

② GH. - Will call - Sometime. Will try
again, if trouble. Will take to
games. Will offer - in time -
considerately.

Psychological

①LK - Will I? Won't I? Worry her!
Keep her "on ice", on tenter hooks.
Tease her! Reject her, but "live"
her!

If she get nasty or "pulls something"
on me give her the old
"deprivation" routine. ("You
can't have me! Reg! - Then,
when she does slap her down.
Get her!") If she "comes thru"
("is nice" - "sweet" - I've got it
made. I don't have to worry
about her. I can leave her alone.
Shall be there!) If she isn't -

what matter? She will — in time,
they all do. Meantime, there are
others if I need them. It's
flattering to have her pull her
little "revenge acts". She "bugs" me
anyway. It's getting too "deep", too
"difficult". I can't be bothered. Same
old story. Time to find a new,
easy one — one I can handle —
— for awhile —

② (GH) She doesn't like me — really.
She's up to something. Ain't "my
kind". Better keep a wary eye
out. Oh well — will try awhile —
see what happens —

"Decisions":

I doesn't call: I will be "busy" — if I
have to walk the streets, "Unavoid-
able". Give him till 7:30. Then
set up a "busy" deceit. May
have to forfeit outing tomorrow.
Up to him. If "fails" — that's that.
If I call & "rejects": "Oh — fine," I
have to go to "party" (!!) anyway —
just waiting to hear from you.
(Lies!) Check on tomorrow.

~~If I call & "whines"~~

If willing to go - agree. go.

If evasive - End it - postpone "indefinitely". Point out both our obligations, committments. Get in crack about "getting him & R together".

If calls & "whines" - Same. Be wary to "beat him to it".

If gay & "willing" - Go. Carefully. Detached. "Fun". "Patient". His show.

If doesn't call, but calls tomorrow:
Depends on when & how.

Prepare to be "ready to go". One last 'try'.

Try to remember he's a fun date - only a date - not to be counted on - or trusted. Play up the art angle - the difference - the "understanding" in work -

Sun. morning Oct 6 -

He did call.

I won't have much time to write.
I don't feel like writing!

My obsession to write has dissipated
with happiness as did my "need" to
smoke suddenly disappear when
I called.

Just let me say that perhaps
"Games" work. Perhaps they are
only the realistic approach!

L was absolutely "perfect". Our
evening was "perfect". It was
a reunion with stars!

We both played "first date".
We both bathed, dressed up care-
fully, went to a "nice" place,
conceded to each other's wishes.
and enjoyed it.

But there was a difference.
We were happy! We were sure!
There was a new depth, a
new deep and sincere
thoughtfulness in L. He was
attentive and thoughtful!
He was thinking of me!
He even made big (for
him) "sacrifices" and chose
me! (Mag tried to get

him to go fishing today.)

I reached to L. and he reached to me! We were very happy, with a happiness outside ourselves — not just a determined mood. A happiness that told us — tho we said no words — I love you and you love me — whatever happens,

Let me remember this, for I am afraid to toy with this "butterfly of happiness".

It has "landed on my shoulder," I am afraid of scaring it off by examining it too closely.

Just let me enjoy it.

The world is lovely today —

the sun shines —

after our days of gloomy weather!

Thank God!

Sunday night - Oct 6, 1963

It has been a glorious week-end! Bliss! There's no other word.

This would not be a true record if I did not record the good with the bad, so I risk tiredness to-morrow to do so.

There were three bad moments: one - when I announced that Agnes' dog was very sick; two, when May asked I to go fishing Sunday; and three, when I let some stored up nastiness out as we parted tonight.

BUT - new developments appeared. On one, I made a counter-offer - admitting sheepishly when asked that he'd known the dog was sick for days + hadn't let me know, in hopes she would recover in time. This was new - and good. Before, he would have simply said that he preferred to work - or would have reluctantly + grudgingly spent the day with me anyway.

This time he gladly said he'd promised me the day and intended to give it to me. He wanted to!

And on two - tho he gave me a few bad moments and I had to intervene, losing Mag's friendship thereby, to clarify the problem - he gave Mag a very definite No. He had promised me. He forfeited the other enticing offer. I could have kissed him then & there. I did tell him I appreciated it.

Three, I'm sorry for. But he failed me there. Altho he was only teasing when he said he'd see me in 3 weeks, he really made no offer and I began to panic. The ensuing poem expresses my problem. Tho it spoiled our parting, I still feel it was a necessary stand.

We both admitted to day that we ^{each} felt the other wiser than ourselves - in certain things. He has proved his points (things change; our moods change; it is sometimes better to separate awhile when angry) and I feel I have proved some of mine (love needs giving & sacrifice & humiliating attempts to make-up) and I feel this is one of them: love needs steady, open communication.

My real answer was his sudden, inexplicable "bitching" about the dinner & the new restaurant we tried (at my suggestion) whereas he had glowed about it until then. I interpreted it as a Leonard version of my own mounting regret at the close of another glorious experience together & the facing of a grim, dull week ahead.

Perhaps I am wrong. This is what he has "taught" me these last few weeks: I am often wrong! I jump to conclusions — always bad ones!

Those were the bad moments. Now for the good ones:

When he called me Sat evening the timing was "magical". I had given him till 7:30. I had just told my daughter this & explained my dilemma. He had said 5:30. It was then 6:30. He was an hour late. Doubt wracked me.

My kids departed on an errand. "Please, Leonard, please call now — while I am alone," I prayed & "thought-waved" him.

As if in answer, the phone rang. I answered in trembling wonderment. The voice that came through rang, too - in joy, in gladness, in excitement. (He, too, was trying hard to "make it nice" as I had determined to do!) It was his voice. How dear it sounded to me! Just like old times!

We talked in glowing excitement, eagerly sharing mutual things we'd saved to tell each other. We could hardly get ~~en~~ enough of each other. It was joy. He explained he'd just gotten back; he told me all about his day (it was "innocent"); he said he'd be by at 9 - and explained why: "Let's have fun!" I said, "I feel like having fun!" "So do I!" he cried.

We did. He bathed. I bathed. He dressed up. I dressed up (then "down" a little - so he wouldn't feel he "had" to take me to a place above his social capabilities)

He came a little before 9.

How happy I was to hear the purr of that Cadillac out in front again - his tired knock on the door again!

I went to the door, delighted to see he, too, had groomed and dressed carefully. How handsome he looked! Just like in the beginning! (Later, he even told me - "I am out of 'Old Spice'". I'm sorry." - He'd even remembered my special shaving lotion I liked!)

I looked at him, then put out my arms. (How lucky I happened to be all alone!) He grinned & enfolded me and we hugged & hugged, seeking each other. A moment I've always dreamed of! All absolutely wonderful! I was ready to go - to drink beer - anywhere - and be gay.

No. He spotted the paper & the pile of magazines. He settled himself and began to read with little crows of delight. Yet he shared them with me - as of old.

Amused, not mad - as recently, I secretly sighed

and was patient. This, after all, was what I liked about him — the Big Difference that my recent experiences had pointed out to me — this mental interest & curiosity; this mental enthusiasm; ~~and~~ ^{my} source of attraction to him and my source of irritation with him — that cold, mental objectivity & curiosity — the thing I liked about him — yet the thing that makes him "indifferent" to me — the thing I "understand" about him.

So I let him read with amused tolerance — until he began to complain of the discomfort of the cold house. Then I remembered that he had promised to take me someplace warm. I took over. And he went along amiably.

We left. He offered me anyplace. I offered as much in return. He suggested the Legion Club. Fine! Fine! (I had seen an ad & it looked promising. ^{deceptive} I could avoid Gerald — maybe — at the Vets'.)

I was glad later to hear him say the Glee Club was "no more" - no one goes there. I was glad to see the Legion crowded, remodeled, much more "upper crust". I was glad to hear him search out Mag - (he wanted Mag to see us re-united?) - I was glad to have Mag join us.

All this time I was attentive, solicitous, tender, fond, happy! Oh, he was happy! I have never seen him so attentive to me!

We had much fun. He suggested dancing twice (I could see he'd had some practice in the interim!) for he danced delightedly - as the first time I danced with him. We had fun - We relaxed, we enjoyed, we flirted & rubbed cheeks. He looked terrifically handsome. I was proud to be with him. And he seemed proud of me.

We stayed till closing time - just the two of us - Mag gravitating elsewhere after the fishing show-down - and I seemed quite content with just me.

By silent, mutual consent we went to 'his place' afterwards and it was good - good - good. Here was a man in love! We slept the sleep of angels & then he took me home.

And we settled the next day - amicably - humorously - each giving a little.

I knew, I was sure when he'd come tomorrow and why.

He did. He simply appeared at the door - at the earliest possible time - whistling his little announcing whistle - that I'd never expected to hear again! Ready to go - as I was.

The gloomy, cold rain had broken overnight and it was a fantastically glorious fall day - probably one of our last.

We drove & "hunted" pheasants - seeing many - in mutual excitement. We drank a little beer and

felt great love for each other and were happy. "Can you think of anything wrong with this moment?" I asked him at one point — the golden fall scenery sliding by — our hands locked intimately. He grinned at me — as he does when he's happy — and made a loving gesture.

We ate. It was good I thought. Even tho he fussed as he always does about his food, I noticed a new surety, a new complacency about him.

We went — again by mutual agreement to his place. I napped, he read — and then he stealthily joined me and we ended up doing what I love him for — that frank approach. I find so rare.

All week-end he showed a solicitude, a new ~~genuine~~ ^{unmasked} for giving to me that made my heart glow. (Thank You, God, Thank You! My faith is renewed!)

- That fond, "I'm-so-glad-you're
here" pat he gave me Sat. night
as I lay half-asleep; the
gentle, fussing covering of me
with blankets; the "are-you-
asleep?" sharing of his reading;
the worrying over my being
warm enough in our house and
the offer to pay the ~~light~~^{electricity} bill if
I used the heater; the offer of
the game he gets (poor to you! R?)
the warm attentiveness all of
these two days - "the Hunter
home from the hill!"

He was happy! He was
glad! He made me happy!

It is worth waiting for!

He revealed, too, in unexpected
ways - his "innocent" loyalty
to me all this break-up period.
He has behaved himself! He
even suffered, I noted, reading
between the lines. While I was
out with Gerald Friday night
he was at the Legion with
the "boys" - (true! probably flirting
& dancing) - but he fell asleep -
all dressed - in his chair at
home afterwards - and slept

till daylight — (while I thought he was at the ranch with a woman!)

He hadn't been to the G.C.; he hadn't even drunk beer at home; he "felt awful" for days; he has lost weight, I noted; he couldn't remember where the paper towels were ("How about that?" he said, trying to prove his "celibacy"); he hadn't seen R "but that once when you called" he claimed; he "played" with Lisle — he had worked hard at the job, I guess, for he'd captured a big job from hard competition —

I am tired. It is 2 a.m.
I must quit.

(And I must quit Gerald, I suppose, before it becomes a "thing" between us. I must trust L. In his own funny way, he loves me, I think. In my own ~~double~~ funny way I love him, I think. (I did not even once think of that "Social difference". Somehow he proved he has "made the grade".)

As I told him today ^(in effect)
"people don't understand [what I see in you] — yet
I know now!"

I don't want a "meal ticket"
man; I want someone to
share meaningful experiences
with — and you & I have
had some lovely ones!

I picked you "cold-bloodedly"
(intellectually) — from the
dregs of 12 years of "opportunities"
— because you looked to
me like something I could "go for"!!

So —

I do.

To L.K.: On the Usual Sunday Night
Parting

You think it makes my life
To be your "week-end wife".
You think that you can be
Throughout the week days free
And come back to my arms
Ignoring all alarms
That creep into the days
We go "our separate ways".

You want me to ignore
The things you've done before.
I see you on a Sunday—
~~We~~ separate on Monday.

Oh, things can intervene
And build up to a scene
You do not want to face
Destroying every trace
Of lovely days behind—
Of bliss of a rare kind.

~~But~~ ^{For} life is never so.

Love does not come and go
By tickings of a clock
Or live unlocked, then locked.
For love we must sustain
On sunshine and in rain.

Love cannot ^{be} regain
What is lost in pain
Of needless partings—
Endless startings.

"My dear, I come and go—
It simply must be so.
Meantime, just love me truly,
While I am living fully
A life devoid of you.
Please do not misconstrue!"

Well, this I say to you—
"Of course I will be true!
Never, never fear—
True—
when you are near!"

You say I ask too much—
That you should keep in touch—
The question is—as such:
Which of us asks too much?

Mon. morning

I must remember that the overall picture is good. There have been significant changes.

L was "true" to me, I think; I think he has "given up" R - at least no man can act as he did with me this week-end and have his heart elsewhere - one knows; He has "given up" the GC; late bearing during the week; (?) he does work at home; he is more "giving"; more "wanting". He is less fussy - more "sure". He is more appreciative & proud of me.

I am aware, however, that he is quite capable of taking R & Raine duck hunting with him next week-end. After all he "feels sorry" for her; she may order him to "revenge" Jack. In spite of his insistence of "no women" - he goes alone in his kayak - he has moments of R & R duck hunting in the kayak with him! He would consider it a "kind" act - one I should appreciate.

Mon - Oct 6 - 1963 cont.

(airbrush
3 calls to his office)

And, too, I must remember:
① He has his work. He loves his work. He works hard - he's tired at night. He doesn't feel like "playing" during the week. Especially now - he seems to have made a try for a "better" way.

Whereas I am still not busy enough - still on half days - still not pressured enough - tired enough - to "wait" for week ends - Time hangs on my hands. Besides I hate my work. This difference I have learned.

② He is an excited victim of momentary stimuli. ~~Response is not in him~~ He likes it here. He likes his environment. He gets terribly excited at every little opportunity, every offer, every little challenge. He doesn't want to miss a one.

I must remember that this is what I've learned I like about him - this curiosity response.

I'm wondering, too, if it doesn't account for his evasions more than I realized. He is not evading me; he is evading commitments that may keep him from some new, terribly exciting (to him) little

stimulus of the moment: a hunt thrill - (either bird or woman!) - a "do-gooder" thrill ~~for~~ R's affected over-fawning, etc. Me - he can always "get".

Whereas I am bored here. I dislike this environment. I am unsatisfied, dissatisfied. L has become my thrill. Times between my times with him hang heavy on my hands.

③ - the third thing I've learned is (that I misinterpret sometimes) - I really do. I see only my own side just like everyone else! What was how he pointed out to me my errors in interpreting Mag's fishing offer. (I was crediting Mag with more insight, more charity, more kindness than he ~~meant~~ - more interest in my interests) - I was crediting L with more frankness + friendliness + interest in my interests. I projected my own responses onto them. ?)

Whereas, as L said, Mag did not know he, L, had a date with me - he only offered. True, True, I said, to placate him, still thinking how Mag should have gazed and how astounded I was when L stood by our date!

which brings up a 4th reminder.

④ Things change; people change. — This L has tried to tell me. So they do! So they do! I must — as he says — have more faith.

So — there we are. I am not as smart or well-meaning as I thought. My attitude is negative. I was right — (clamen him!)
* * *

Now I must plan. (For I've found out, too, that I am as "cold-blooded" as L!)
* * *

I must decide about Gerald. The main thing being that he will not be interested unless —. And I can't do that. I have "committed" myself to L. ~~For~~ for "better or for worse" — even if he cheats. I do not know that yet + I would lose all if I cheated + he didn't. Besides, I'd hate myself.

So — I shall accept G's offer to "drink beer" next week if it comes — so I can talk to him. Then I will tell him he has a rival etc + see how he reacts.

I'll probably "lose" him. It would

be better so.

Then I must plan myself
busy & interested, so that I
can "forget" about L. I must
change my attitude about him —
trust him — until proven otherwise;
wait for him — ~~let~~ is "worth" it —
I have proved this — and simply
not worry — just enjoy what
little there is — the moments only.

* * *

Incidentally, I "seized an
opportunity" this morning — and
made something out of nothing —
an "excuse" to see L — as I
used to do. Airbrush "need" —
good old airbrush!

He "came through". He was
"delighted". (It was a successful
maneuver, by the way) business-wise.)
My deceit was hidden by not feeling
well — which I "used" as rush, pressure,
hurry. While L worked — Nick-like
on my photos — with airbrush — the
radio sang in Italian.

("Oh — got lost!" I thought)
So — I repeat myself?

Monday

Talk about playing games!
I didn't know it could be so
much fun!

I came home and struggled
desperately with a suspicion &
conviction that L is taking R+
Raine duck hunting Saturday.
(He's just too nice & And other
things fit in!)

I struggled & struggled for
some solution to relieve myself
of anxiety all week; to keep my-
self from being made a fool
of.

I tried a couple other "tricks":
they didn't work. I drank a
beer & release your "creativity",
I thought. I did. I got this
fantastic idea —

I called L — (3rd time today
he was mad!) Meantime I'd
convinced myself the lie I
had trumped up was true.

"Sorry to bother you again,"
I said, "I promise I won't the
rest of the week — (And I
won't — now! I've got him
"over a barrel"!)" but

Something fabulous has
just happened — I get to
go duck hunting Sat-
right next to where ~~you~~
plan to go — people at the
Bon — They asked me — I can
Sketch! — No. I didn't tell
them you were going or anything.
Maybe I'll see you — Don't
shoot at us!" I managed to
sound very excited. (It was
a good act.)

His "mad" at me dissipated.
He began to pry. (I got scared.)
He was interested. "A Duck Club?"
he said. "Oh no!" I said — "nothing
like that!"

"How do you know it was
there? Did they describe it?" (I
was getting more scared.) "Oh yes!"
Sure!" I said, and cut him off —
pretending he didn't want to
talk to me.

Anyway, he didn't sound
as if he was guilty (of taking
R & R.) — his main interest was
whether it'd interfere in his
hunting. (He'll probably go
somewhere else. — Ok. I don't

care.) I plan to say — Oh noth I didn't go — it didn't work out. (And I'll bet he'll say "I didn't go, either.")

Anyway, I feel good, good, good! I can leave him alone this week. Let him worry, now! That for him — and his brush-offs!

"Playing games"? Then, how come I feel so good? This is deceit? This is mastering of a situation! (I hope.)

(Nothing to lose anyway.) Who wants ducks — really?

How come I feel this great release of energy? ("If your morals make you dreary — depend upon it, they are wrong," R.L. Stevenson)

Giving in to L has made me dreary. Giving in to his has made me dreary. Giving in to everyone has!

I know what I want! I know now — definitely. I don't want L the way he acts. If he can change — as he has changed — fine. Otherwise, I'm "playing games", too! Get that man —

if not for "your own" — just plain
"Get him!"

Lets' see if you can outwit
me, Mr. Kan!

You like to hunt — "Cherchez
la femme!"

Later - Monday night.

My victory mood didn't last - only as long as the beer. I slept away the afternoon & evening (I don't feel good - we are getting colds.) Each time I awoke in horror - oh me! not this horrible life to face again! (It isn't really horrible at all. I don't know what the matter with me; I can't seem to find any interest in any thing!)

All I can think about is the long, enforced, unnecessary loneliness without L., and the unnecessary cruelty of him in inflicting it on me. I go with a man intimately for a year and I still have nothing but rare dates amidst long spells of utter loneliness!

Sure! maybe I picked the "wrong man" - as everybody tells me - but I can't help it if I require certain qualifications before I can love!

Anyway, the mood changed. Now I feel ashamed - as well as somewhat doubtful that I really fooled L. I feel disillusioned that I was forced into having to do such a thing.

And, I got to thinking of the passionate way he said "I Duck Club?" and a new version occurred to me. His deceit is not in the romance area - it is in his male rivalry

area? Here is my Strainer, my Outsider, the Unwanted - terribly jealous of not being asked to join a Duck Club. Why the duck hunting and the Kayak (the lone, quiet hunting) - after so many years of not doing it? What brought this on? How come he isn't going with "the boys"? He can.

He's up to something. I sense it. He's obsessed about something! He's very secretive and evasive and terribly wracked up about something he doesn't want me to know about. (I've seen him this way before!) What?

Is he, perhaps, going to spy on some Duck Clubs? Is he going to sneak in on one & get ~~his~~ limit illegally? I've noted that he & his buddies think naught of breaking the laws. How come he doesn't want a witness, admiring eyes to watch his prowess? this is out of character. this is a significant difference. He has to excel - even if he cheats?

Hummm!

Also, I suddenly thought - "Why am I giving him credit for being "right"? Right about what? What did he do? I found I was giving

him the credit for our "vacation" from each other — our "test" that brought us this last bliss. It was not he but I that broke it off! It was I that made it up!

What did he do? He cheated, and he refused to change. I refused to accept it & broke off with him. He then refused to make up. He insisted that a long separation would do us good. This is what I was giving him credit for — "it did do us good." Yet, it was not a long separation — only 2-3 weeks. I insisted on making up — and then it was good. We were both chastened, surer — Without a long break-up.

Yet the break up was my idea, & the make-up? We did not carry out his convictions: to go on with his cheating; then, after the break up — to stay broken up — indefinitely and let it "cure of itself". His ideas: I can cheat; it's all right. You break up with me; we stay broken up. Time will decide, not us.

My ideas: You cheat; I break with you. I find you don't cheat; we make up. As soon as possible. Time will separate us. We decide. So how come I give him the

Credit.

He brought happiness to me?

In a way - yes - for he did ^{modify} ~~change~~ his behavior when "disciplined". He got the cheating aspect.

He missed me. I know now from little things he let slip. He wasn't happy, either - He slept a lot, and worked a lot - and stayed by his phone a lot - come to think of it!

He fell asleep ^{alone} in his clothes, by his chair by the telephone - (not on the couch) Friday night - after beer(s) (too much?) and as late as possible ~~at~~ a Club where where he had his cronies & ~~the~~ available loose women - if he wanted them - on a night when he'd usually be ritualistic about getting to bed early so he could "hunt" next day. And he made a point of telling me about this!

He couldn't figure out what made him do such a thing. I can!

I had threatened him I'd do "anything I pleased" on Friday - so could he.

He couldn't, tho he tried; and neither could I. Now I wonder if he wanted me to tell him what I did? If he hoped I'd make one of those late, "checking" calls?

Games!

Tues - Oct 8, 1963

(borrowed)
\$10
talked on phone
11:30 p.m.)

Developments today:

I was sick, the current cold or "flu" about & my over-smoking seemed to get into my lungs so that I was alarmed. If I hadn't been desperately sick before so I had a comparison I would have suspected I was malingering or something.

Now there was medicine to him. Anyway, I felt awful. My son was home sick. I was very broke (I'd spent too much on "mood-changers"! No place to borrow. A blank wall.

So I was feeling & thinking at noon. Sh! Dare I call L & borrow \$10 against Sat. as I have done? I looked at the clock. Just time to catch him at home. I daren't call his office again; I'd called 3 times yesterday after I'd vowed to him & myself that I'd leave him alone.

Besides I was chagrined. All this attention & solicitude over IC. He knew I had troubles! Does he ever call me to see if I'm ok? No!
(Does he ever call R? I thought)

Probably not! She calls him
& laments. Then he runs
to her — "needed"!

So?

Why not try it? Test it?

Would he do the same for me?

I felt particularly awful at
this point battling out a very
hard drawing while physically
unable to cope with it.

I called & asked if I
could borrow \$10. Yes. I expected
him to make some arrangement
to get it to me — I'd told him
I was sick — careless. He did not.
I was to go to him. "I can't!" I
said. (How much would he do?)
Evidently nothing.

In anger I said "Mail it to
me if you don't want to see me!"

"OK," he said weakly — "yes —
OK."

"Whatever that means!"
I cried & slammed down the
phone.

Surely — anyone with any
heart would call back &
see what the trouble was — if
they could help. I really

needed help. It was one of those times in life when one can't cope - one has to crawl, to beg. That was part of my anger - pride.

I waited, He did not call back. OK, OK. I thought, I tested him & found him wanting. R - yes. Me - no. If he was so cold - blooded as to mail me that money, I'd mail it back with a note - "the gift without the giver is bare". ~~Then I thought~~ The more I dwelt on the picture of him complacently writing a check & putting it in the mail, the angrier I got.

Might as well call him & head it off - much as I hated to call the office again. I did. (Searching desperately for a private phone)

"I thought you'd call back" - I began - all ready to blast him. "I did" he said, "you weren't home yet."

(Oh! the sweet! I hadn't told him I was at the office. He had called back! This made all the difference!)

I apologized & explained. He apologized & explained. We settled it.

So - I had my daughter stop & I picked up the money from him. He was caught in an emergency - so I didn't linger. He was nice, tho, & apologized & explaining.

Later I had two things rather new & exciting to tell him: his ~~wedding~~ marriage license in the paper & this exciting gal who sought me out because of my art work - I felt he might know her - for certain reasons.

I called him twice - amid my read other calls ^{to other people} scolding his "rules" as ridiculous. (Not home.)

I checked R^g on my way to my daughter's. No.

I resisted the temptation to check on the way home.

I came straight home.

My "reward" was to have Dennis tell me the phone had been ringing madly - he hadn't caught it.

(this late?) Who could it be?
Only I stays up this late?
Surely not? Surely not —?
He isn't that solicitous a
person.

Making a few "masking" calls,
I called him, too.

"Did you call?"

"No."

(I knew it! Why couldn't he
have? Didn't he care if we
were sick?)

Any way, he was home —
amenable. I made my con-
versation — casually. (I was weary
of everything). Then he asked
"interested" questions in his high,
tight, "stirred" (?) voice (maybe he'd
been to Lyle's working on those
deorgs. Of course he didn't say —
tho I (unnecessarily) made a
point of telling where I'd been)

I answered his questions
able to "justify" my "emergency"
call to day by leaving certain
things unsaid (I'm learning!)

And we ended amicably.

No offers — no committments,
of course — from him.

"I'll see you - or something"
I said, too weary of him to
"fight" - "Thank you again"
and "brushed him off".

Wed - Oct 9 -

Have decided to "play games" to the hilt. My daughter was "betrayed" to day - her trust in people boomeranged. I am in armor! To hell with everybody!

3 things to day.

①

I mailed L ~~some~~ ^{a couple} things I "stole" from the office - "Week ends are different" - & a sketch with my own version: "Week days are different - ~~One~~ One-way communication #3, 5-4-8? etc". Also a water color article as pertaining to industry.

② - Finally got Agnes Madge.

Only thing she said of significance: "We were betting in the (baseball) box that the "sleeping fish" (Leonard) is finally hooked - you don't sound too sure - ??" (She "brushed me off".)

③ - Decided to "bug" R. (Why pick on L - only ?) Called her house - a girl answered - (Lola's daughter?) - said - "Muhgh - (damn! messed it up there) This is Long Distance. I have a person-to-person call for Mrs. Raymona Beaudoin, is she there?"

"No, she isn't" — said the girl
in doubt & wondering.

(I think I'm safe, I don't
know what's happening. I'm
playing hunches.)

All I want to do now
is protect myself — "get them"
— one way or another —

My vits against theirs!
I can "get" LK — and
I intend to — and teach
him a lesson such as he has
never had!

Unless he "comes through",
I am trying to give him the
"benefit of the doubt" — but
my heart is not in it —

Too much evidence
against me —

✱ → → →

Lesson for today: You can't
trust anyone, or count on
anyone — unless there's some
self-enhancement involved!

Thurs -

I must put this down. I was working about 11:45 and suddenly felt the strongest compulsion to go out of the store & down the street. Why? Why? What's the matter with me? What brought this on? I tried to quell it, but couldn't. Go. Go. Something said.

Well, all right I will! I decided - & then remembered I had an errand down the street anyway. Oh well.

The first thing I saw when I reached the corner was something very familiar. I couldn't recall what it was - then -

it was Leonard's sign - his design - "The Jewel Box" - going up. How exciting! I must remember to tell him -

But, what was this? It was the rival company's truck. How come? Did they steal his design? This I must find out about - in spite of my new morning's vow to renounce L. utterly - (for at least 2-3 weeks). This I had to know about!

What a coincidence! Is this what I was supposed to come out for? Hmm.

I spent the next half hour
(his ritualistic nap time) trying
to get him with no success,
finally phoning the office &
checking. Yes, he was out. (He
has to have that nap - ha!)

I hate him with a terrible
hate to day. I am sick to death
of being neglected with so little
reason - so little explanation.
How lonesome I was for him last
night! How ridiculous this mysterious
restriction on me! How adolescent!
How sick I am of all his
warmth & interest & help being
gladly directed toward R. - while
I am having such a terrible time -
and he knows it!

I ~~was~~ "can't" see him for 2-3
weeks anyway. I think I'll give
up men. Surely I only contribute
to my unhappiness - not my
happiness.

Why bother?

2:30 p.m.

I suffered - not being able to get L at noon. Damn him + his "unsharing". I could hardly work. But there was nothing to do but post phone it: I tried his office again + he was not in! This was most unusual!

Well, I'd finish my work - drive by to see if his car was there + phone him when I got home. (My imagination conjured up fantastic possibilities: maybe he took the day - the week-end off! Fantastic!)

I was in a hell of a mood. "Get thee to a nunnery" I was thinking - after my meritor-wine "talk" with myself last night. Give it all up. What's the use? Be an old lady? All I want (what do I want? I asked myself last night) is some man (damn their "necessariness") - that will join with me to help people - some desperate, dangerous, last pitched battle - some ultimate sacrifice worth life itself! I am contemplating suicide - (some

"innocent" form) very seriously lately. What a useless, bitter waste I am!

Such was my mood. I admitted I knew not what was the matter with me. Old age? Loss of children — and "purpose", Oh hell! I thought, I know all the answers. All I know is that I am ineffective, unproductive, frustrated to the very eye-balls; unable to grasp at any previous straw.

So —

I checked L's car — there. I rushed home, impatient at even stop light, gulped a couple sips of wine & phoned.

I was "prepared": (Push him off! Tell him Agnes says they call him the "Slippery fish"; "challenge" him that he isn't concerned with me this week-end. Get him! Give it to him!)

Saw him off! Renounce him — and all men, if need be.

I called.

"Hi!" he said, warmly, gladly. (???)

He took "great time" to check out my question — about the sign. (I withheld my nastinesses)

then — "I ~~tried to~~ was going to call you this evening (???) — I tried to call you before you left for work —"

(He tried to call me! HE TRIED TO CALL ME — at a most unprecedented time!) I have some fish for your dinner — etc. etc. "I can't stay —" (I made offers) — "No" (here he laughed "wise" to himself) — I have to "get ready for 'hunting'" — I'll contact you Sat. when I get back — bring you some game —

(He'd been "somewhere" — "friends of Mag's" — last night eating this fish Mag had caught. — Oh well — he was thinking of me — of giving me some —)

All my ~~nastinesses~~ went into (Packet #6 — Future). Damn him.

He was warm, relaxed,

excited. He made absolutely
no mention of my trumped-up
"hunting trip". He made no
mention of my "mailings" of yesterday
to him. He made no mention —
no offers of his week-end plans —
BUT — he "~~slipped~~ me up"; he
was "thinking of me" — "checking"
on me!

"Don't interfere in other's
business" my horoscope
for tomorrow read —
giving me doubt about my
"plans" to "bug" R. (Damn
horoscopes! Why do they
have to be so apt? When
all my psychology tells me
to ignore them!)

So —

People are horrible — was
my mood for the day. "I have
faith" my searchings for omens
said.

???

What a thin thread!
What a thin thread of trust
runs between us - To be so
HURT, so exploited, in one's
life - that the thread of trust,
of hope - runs thin to the
"always-breaking" point!
Tragedy.
Life.

* * *

9 hours later.

He came & brought the fish,
whistling gaily as he used to to
announce his coming. It was like
old times - all of us here - diners
about ready.

I think perhaps it got "to him".
I got that impression. Suddenly
he seemed in no hurry - despite
his claim. He looked around,
his face pleased & happy. He
loitered. In fact, he waited till
the fish was cooked to taste
some.

We both went to the kitchen.
I was suddenly in such a
good mood that on an im-
pulse I hugged him to accent
my appreciation of the gift -
(and the thought). I got a

Startle reaction, and then he enfolded me warmly & we rocked back & forth a minute or so. It was so comfortable—like being "home".

The reaction I interpreted—as usual—as not liking me, not wanting to hug me. But, after he got with it, I decided perhaps it was embarrassment—fear of the kids. Much later I realized that I've had too many of these moments not to realize that it is a typically male reaction—I mean it has a physical reason!

Anyway, we chatted quite a bit—easy & warm. He began to chide me about my call—but he was doing it so tactfully (for once!) that it took me a moment to realize he was leading up to another "order" not to call him at work.

(Forlissness! I thought. Oh no you don't!) and I proceeded to parry his ~~own~~ attitude with common sense & humor. He gave in easily—at least temporarily.

He made very definite statements again about

contacting me when he got back Saturday & bringing me some game. Altho it smacked a bit of "buying" his way back into free dinners, it was a pathetic attempt at "giving" & I took it in that light.

The mood was so good between us and I was so newly self-assured, knowing my week-end promised more than sitting home ~~down~~ in self-pity (new developments - my ex-husband coming over - & I thought Gerald would call in the evening) that I found myself joshing him about hunting "alone", giving fish to "everyone", eating "nearby" & wagging an admonishing finger at him as he drove off in the direction of R's house. I even pretended that I might follow him.

He only laughed at me challengingly, admitting nothing, revealing nothing. I let it go at that. Something in his manner reassured me. It was too nice to be happy again to spoil it.

I waited a little, then dashed out & drove by R's. He wasn't there! (At least his car wasn't!) Which, of course, proves little, but somehow I feel all right about it.

Gerald did not call me this evening. I was sure he would! I felt a little peeved, but more relief. It didn't really bother me. Oh well, it let me out of a difficult situation anyway. Perhaps he's discouraged. Perhaps someone told him. Perhaps he gave up. I don't know. I don't care. He served his purpose.

From now on, as I openly told my daughter, I will go along with L, but I intend to check out everything. I don't want to be made a fool of again!

She agreed heartily & agreed to help where she could.

In 12 hours I went from the bottom to the top in mood! He called me, he came by, he made a "date" for Sat. night — and I expected nothing! Not a thing.

Friday

^{slippery} I forgot to say I told R what Agnes said they called him in the box: "slippery fish". I would say he didn't like it for he re-acted with a sort of stunned "freeze" - then "laughed it off".

I had my reasons. I wanted him to know that other - apart from me - judge him evasive, too. I risk destroying his "friendship" with Agnes, but it is nothing very important anyway. He is only "using" her; the dog is too sick to hunt this season anyway; I have her friendship now - which is what counts - for we was talk - L doesn't; and his relationship with her could stand a little disillusion. He is being too "gullible" again.

The other thing I wanted to note I can't remember now. But I have a new problem to chew on:

I still don't trust L! The nicer he is to me - coupled with the mysterious absences - the more suspicious I am. I am sure ~~upon~~ the fact that he prepares me with extra "niceness" when he intends some deceit with R. He overdoes it!

Now, I've tried to work on him to destroy their relationship. I feel now that I have to work on her. She is interfering in my love affair. She intends to, she persists in it.

How can I "destroy" her? This is my problem. - specifically - how to find out for sure - safely - if she goes with him to tomorrow? My "hunches" have been correct before. I have a very strong feeling that I'm right.

It is not that I worry about them romantically - I wish to destroy her bold on him. How?

I know no one she knows. Our paths never cross, etc. They are both extremely cunning about keeping Secrecy. They have a bond of Secrecy. This is what annoys me. - that bond - that should be between L & his new love!

Cunning, cunning little
cheats!

Sat. morning

Well, here I am again - behind the old pen, (withdrawn in self-abuse!)

My hunch was right. I was right all the way down the line!

Last night was a very interesting evening! All by myself!

Yesterday was a very hard day, a very bad day. Everything turned out unhappily. I got stuck with the baby all afternoon - and my unhappy, hurt daughter. It spoiled all my fun plans for the day & evening. It was very trying.

My son's ~~last~~ team got badly beaten in their biggest game of the year - that we have struggled against illness all week to get through. I was even frustrated in my plans to listen to it.

Gerald never called. I didn't hear from him all week - tho I was available. This (and the foot ball game) were two "hunches" of mine that came true. I suspected that G. "got the message" & I wouldn't be hearing from him again.

Nevertheless, I was badly pegged. Tho I mitigated this reaction, still my pride was

hurt and I deplored the loss of a "Leonard good" — even tho its use was limited in time.

Put in the same position as L puts me in — waiting on his (G's) vague statement of last week that he'd "call me this week" to make my evenings' plans, I found myself reacting in the same way.

I was suddenly angry. What the hell? Was he going to call me — or not? Was he "through" — or not? Why sit here & suffer needlessly? Find out!

So — I called the Tavern where he hangs out at 7:30 (He gets off work about 5.) He would have called in that interim if he'd really wanted a date. "Yes, he was there — oh no, he just left!" they told me. I just missed him! (This is the "fated" way this relationship has gone — as if it were meant "not to be".)

I wanted to get ahead of him & lay my cards on the table — settle it once & for all.

Well, if he wanted a date, he'd call within the next 15 minutes. I was sure he would.

He didn't. Nor had he called by 9 o'clock. Well, that was that.

Fini. The man was smarter than I gave him credit for!

I forgot about him and settled down to my secondary plan for the evening, jugged, but consoled by remembering that I couldn't figure out what to do with him — how he'd fit in my plans — anyway for the evening.

Plan #2 was to ~~work~~^{sort} on my new Coat & listen to the game — maybe check on L later — I'd see.

The game was lost in the first few minutes of play. I listened thru the half, sickened at the whole day's turn of events.

During the half time delay like a bolt of lightning came a nudge from somewhere. "Run down & check R's house! Right now! Hurry!"

It was very strange! For I'd definitely given up the idea, deciding on a later, more "profitable" check. It was as definite a prod as the "sign" ~~was~~ stimulus the other day!

I can't explain it! It was as

if Somebody was giving me orders!

Heaving the radio blaring, lights on, my beer half drunk, for I intended to be back immediately, I raced around the block, glad to see no Cadillac in front of R's - just a couple of "innocent" cars parked in the dark in front.

Intent on getting back to the game as fast as I could I gunned the car, anxious to get out of this sordid act - and nearly wrecked it as I came abreast of the Cadillac, "hidden" in front of the other two cars!

Whipping my head around for a verifying look, I faced - to my horror! - two figures silhouetted on the lawn in the dark beside the car - a tall, man's figure with round, close-cropped head and a short, feminine one - Leonard & Raymond! They were chatting on the lawn preparing for his leave-taking!

There they were - looking right at me! The next few seconds were like the "years long" flash of deep shock.

All I know is that they both
waved gaily — (friendly as hell!)
their opposite arms upraised
in "no-mistaking, -we-see-you!"
over-act~~ive~~ movement.

And I remember thinking "I must
verify this 'you-see-me; I-see-you'
war-cry." There wasn't time.

I tooted the horn — then laid
on it — blaring a trumpet call
off of hurt anguish and alarm
into the quiet night neighborhood.

My body took over & I
found myself — unwillingly —
racing the car like a mad
woman — Showing, unwillingly,
my hurt — up the hill, barely
escaping crashing into a down-
ward coming car.

Instinct also made me
turn left at the stop sign instead
of straight ahead home — where
they could see me & know it
was only a scouting sortie.

Wait! Hide! Watch to see
him go! Which way he goes! His
car is headed uphill, toward
my house & me! When he goes!
Where he goes!

But, altho I maneuvered

frantically, he out maneuvered me. I don't remember how I checked again, but he was gone — gone the other way, evidently. Turned ~~his~~ car around — at great unnecessary difficulty — and fled — quilly, scared.

This was the significant thing! This negated that "open," "friendly" wave. He sneaked off!

I went "a-hunting" — leaving the blaring radio & the half-finished beer. There was too much strange significance to my sudden yank away to find them at just that instant. Another moment ~~or~~ so and I would have "never known" he would have been gone! Yet I just missed Gerald! This was something I was "supposed" to do?

And I felt more so as I, ending my search with a drive past his apartment to look for his car, saw it not, but passed the driveway at the instant he was just ~~entering~~ about to enter his

door — and disappear. Another moment and I would "never have known"!

For he had parked his car in back — out of sight — in the dark. He had sneaked back, "hid" his car & was just about to "disappear", ~~into~~ his "hiding hole", but he was "loitering" — strangely at the door. Was he avoiding the phone he was afraid was going to ring, too?

He saw me. There was no getting out of it now. I backed & drove toward him, not knowing what I was going to do. — not mad — just damn curious.

He waved me nonchalantly and dictatorially to a specific parking spot in spite of the fact that I headed the car straight for him with murder in my heart. (He ^{subtly} made a "target" of himself — "challenging" me to hit him.)

As usual, he was as smooth & oily as a hotel doorman. Park! Shut off your motor! Come in! Have a beer! Help me load the boat on the car! "I was just

going to." he said, "explaining",
hoping to get rid of me, "yawning",
"rushed", "tried" — "just about to
go to bed" etc.

"Since you have so much
time to chase around I thought
you'd buy me a beer," I said. (A
beer was about the last thing I
needed!)

"Of course! Of course!" He "offered"
me one there; then "we'd go have
one at the nearby tavern"; then
"I could go buy him a half-
case & bring it back" (heavy
as they are!)

This was after I refused
to help him load the boat, suddenly
angry at being asked to help
on an expedition that I was
not invited to.

For that's what happened.
I let him talk — "reveal" himself.
He wasn't angry. I wasn't angry.
He was, in fact, very sweet —
very "loving" — trying real
hard to break me down
with "sweetness" and "you-and-
I-know" time-borrowing.

Yes. He was going with R & K — and Jack. No, Jack hadn't arrived yet. Yes, he knew I knew. Yes, they'd planned it long ago. Yes, his sweet news last Sunday had been a "guilt compensation". Yes, he expected me to "go along with it" — wait for him to come back, Etc. Etc.

He sickened me as he went on, revealing such a sordid set of values and interpretations and fantastic expectations that I simply sat and marveled.

Then I went & got the beer, "knowing" I'd meet someone there, "knowing" that he "knew" I "knew" I would.

Yet, when I went in, there was no one there I knew. I turned to go & faced Alan Rutherford (my daughter's former probation officer) & his wife coming in. Just the person I wanted to see! (For other reasons!) There wasn't anyone I'd rather have seen under the circumstances!

It worked out like a charm. I bought them a beer — with L's money — "Where's Leonard?"

he said - (remembering!)
I told him the facts - (just
the facts, Mr. Kutter, facts)

"Well, poor Jim Jones!" he
said in his picturesque way -
"According to a little hunt I
brought up to a dog one!"

"Fudge! Exactly! (Who
was 'hounding' this evening?)
It started significantly a little
more - on major minor not for -
turning to F.

I went back - carrying
the heavy beer pot & it's rim -
helping from the boat was

loaded the gun cleaned. "Let's
go back over & have a beer" he
said - now "arrived", "No!" I

said. Etc. Etc.
I stayed & stayed, "hugging"
his yowling, humping form.

Then suddenly "drilled him
off" without having capitulated
once & his thro' at "accept"

(not sex - just "over-looking")
"Left, singing!" Say wonderful
things to me - Yes, I have

a 170 wet battery in the
car - (in answer to his

coarse chit chat of "Happy
hunting - I hope you all
Choke -"

[On your own vomit!]
and drove off.

— by R's, where I stopped,
went to the door reconsidered,
went home phoned, found
the line busy, found L's line
busy —

Called. Got Jack - tried to
be coy with him - tried "friendliness"
— [he'd been talking to L just now!
L reporting on my actions!]

— Got blasted with a shock
so rending I called h back
& blasted him with it!

"Leave R alone!" Jack
threatened me nastily. "Talk
to Jim McCabe - her lawyer -
as you've talked to him before -
all those things you've been
doing -" Here fantastic accusations
that didn't pertain to me at all!

Some other woman is
bothering R!

It was all so utterly apart
from me that all I could
do was plead with them in

utter bewilderment. I had
put my foot in some nasty,
vile mess that had nothing
to do with me at all!

The Missing Link - Jim McCabe!
Now it all fell in place!

And some other woman - Some
local woman besides me -
bothering R about one of her
men! Which one?

It's evasion when I
talked to him made me suddenly
realize that I could very well
have another "rival" besides R!
What a stinking mess!

And how neatly the opportunity
to plant a vicious suspicion in
Jack's ear presented itself!
Just what I'd hoped for -
and it worked! He was mighty
angry! And R refused to
talk to me! (One doesn't
if one is right!) They all
threatened me; they threatened
me with foolishness - hollow,
silly foolishness!

I spent a bad night.
And I have a bad day ahead.
- with my ex-husband!

Monday - Oct 14, 1963

I'm dying to write up ~~yesterday~~ - if I only had time! What a fantastic week-end it was!

The ^{Big} Fight Friday night. A night of hell & soul searching, till I made myself literally sick. Decisions & determinations finally; then a short, short busy time of frantic, ~~secretive~~ "action".

Saturday: Specifically a frantic 2 hours of chores, getting ready for my ex-husband's mysterious visit at noon. It's tentative "date" for the evening imminent and somehow, somehow a hope for an attempt to talk privately to Jim McCabe - R's "lawyer" (a drunken old, girl-charming bum.)

It all worked out like a charm - tho I drank beer without eating from noon to midnight. (I had a real hangover, too)

I seized a risky moment between social crises & fled to Jim's house, going to the wrong one in my rushed anxiety. Most miraculously I found him home alone, sober, very interested in talking & armed with one ~~heavy~~ welcome beer for my skaking nerves.

He seemed to know why I came and what about. It was as if he'd been ex-
pecting me. This alarmed me. (What
had happened? Did they have something
on me, after all?)

"Now. This business that you came
about —", he said, before I had a chance
to utter a word — and after we'd settled
ourselves with the beer.

"What business?" I challenged
him, jokingly — secretly very alarmed.

"The big guy — the tall guy —
I can't remember his name — isn't
that what you came about?"

Relieved he hadn't said Raymond
first, I fed him the name, and then
sat back to watch & listen with all
I had, waiting for him to reveal
himself, for I did not really know
the man. I expected the mercenary
chicory of a desperado, ruined
old drunk.

Not so. He surprised me. He
was honest. He was frank. He was
brutally so. He was vulgar — Terribly
vulgar. He minced no words — pulled
no punches — and he warned me he
wouldn't. I was terribly afraid, but
here was a man I could deal with.
I would meet his honesty with honesty.

come what may. (I had suffered the very worst; I could survive this. My mind was almost made up anyway.)

He began by putting himself at my disposal, frankly declaring that I "seemed to need someone to talk to." (I did! I did!)

He told me immediately that he was shocked when my name was mentioned in connection with these people. He declared that I was "way out of their class", etc., etc. He painted a version of me as a "goodly woman" who had tended her business, raised her children and done a "good job" — no foolishness. "Frankly," he said, "I was shocked when R. called me and about 6^(?) months ~~to~~ ago and said that 'I was shacking up (!!!) with Leonard Karr, and giving her a real bad time — and she wanted something done about it!'"

"I first knew R —" he said, — oh — about ~~2~~³ years ago — when she came to me — and L., too — and said —"

He now told me the story: The story I'd been wanting to know.

It was as depicted to me with these differences: She had been

after child support — and less visitation privileges from her ex-husband, bringing L — (reluctant & evasive when pinned down, [here he painted a very true picture of the L & Know]) — as "testifying witness"; the man she was "engaged" to, etc. This difference: her husband was really a "psycho" (his exact words.)

Well. Then she came to him again a few months ago about adaption proceedings: She was now engaged to someone else — etc.

This was all very well. He hadn't told me anything I didn't already "know." What I wanted to find out — what brought me here — was the "missing link" — the woman I was evidently mistaken for — the one whom common sense told me must be connected with Leonard, not Jack! — the other woman who was Jealous of R.'

He revealed this in a casual side remark in explaining his past associations with L & R. "This woman who called at me about 6 months (!) ago — this tart ("even I didn't think Leonard Karr would stoop that low," he said) — and plead with me to do something — that

LK has promised to marry her — and he wouldn't!"

This was the rocker! this was the shocker! Six months ago! About the time I thought L was going to marry me; when I "loved him the most" — when I was most "sure" of him — when I didn't suspect anyone but R as a rival!

I could hardly listen to his other talk, which only verified everything I have written so far — (except that "rumor hath it that R. slipped down + slept with her boarder when she was supposed to be "going with" L!)

I brought up, then, and tried to solve, the mystery of his call to me — as recorded here before. We never did solve it!

He insisted he'd talked to me — that day — even twice. He told me what "I'd" said — and "my" reaction ("I" was "shook"; "I" was "upset"; "I" was crying!)

We didn't solve it. He insisted on his version; I haven't the slightest recollection of talking to the man — or anyone — "outside our circle" about L's + my relationship. (Perhaps these records will stand me in good

stead, after all!') All I can figure is that the man must have been drunk or gotten his name's mixed.

It is still a mystery. (And I haven't time now to look it up.) All I know now is that I am convinced that I was mistaken for someone else and that I not only two-timed me, but triple-timed me — as I was warned!

I was so shocked and disgusted; so ashamed of myself for having dabbled so foolishly in the "snake-pit" that I listened and agreed whole-heartedly with his long, persistent, dictatorial, vulgar orders for me "to get out! Get out right now! The man is no good! These people are no good!" His explanation of my dilemma (elements of truth.) His character analysis of I and his suspicions of worse (only too true — only too true!) His "plan" for my future (misinterpretation, and unfitting); his "admiration" of me; his own "broken-heart" story, etc.

All was well. He was con-
vincing me. He was reflecting back to me in almost exact image my own conclusions, my own decisions.

Until —

Until I told my version; my story. This seemed to throw him off a little. Now — we began to be "worlds apart". "What's the matter with you? Why do you do these things," he began (the old cry.)

I glanced up in a moment of desperate searching for arguments and saw a tiny picture, a good picture of Christ on the wall — his hands gently extended. Back came all my secret, "inexplicable" prayers over the years, (they do not understand! they do not understand! I went through it! You can!)!

Then, I began to try to break away, then, our "rapport" began to break down. He wouldn't let me go. He ordered me to stay. He dictated to me. (I was late — so late — and so fearful of my other waiting crises!) He had been worrying me by stopping me & making "mental notes" on every name I mentioned. Now he began to act the "old goat". He gave me "vulgar" advice; he pledged me to "secrecy" —

and then — he grabbed me and Kissed me insistently on

the month — altho his son was
in the next room — and his
neighbor (who'd asked me to
move my car) was already sar-
castically suspicious.

This finished me. This was the
basis for my burgeoning doubts the
next morning. (He was jealous of L-^{& his} "success"
with women!)

I fed home — forfeiting my "errand".
I "got away with it". I spent an
afternoon of nostalgic — "once-
there-was-this-man" family
"necessities".

My "nerves" caught up with
me — and I "broke" — unexpectedly.
I wept. I put my arms around
my ex-husband. I made "offers" to
him — (all momentary, all in full
view of our children & my grandchild.)
He loved it! — (in his own — "worse
than Lt" way) He made "promises".
[I was delighted! I hadn't thought of
this angle! this solution of my di-
lemma! I, too, can use people!)

I saw him off — with our children
I barely had time to reconnoiter —
now alone — when L called —

catching me in an ^{lowe} emotional
let-down — my voice "teary", broken —

I had to put him off. I "knew"
he was "suspicious". (God! who
cared?) I had told him "No, I
wasn't going hunting; I had an
"out-of-town guest" coming — unex-
pectedly, I had played it for all
it was worth, working every little
angle to make it look like it
might be my "old love" — Nick.
(I suffer to day afraid of revelment
tonight when L comes to join me
& all of my kids & his' in a
"foolish" attempt at "return to
domesticity" via the pleasant dinner!)
So —

L appeared bloody, tired, ridiculous in
his eccentric hunting clothes. I was
dressed up — "to go to the Legion Club"
— I thought he had said. (But I
had upset his plans? He had to
call Jack (and R) and tell them
he "had" to take me with him to
"get the game cleaned"; he "couldn't
stay for dinner" etc. etc. [this is
my guess].

And it "proved out". He was
nervous, irritable, impatient, rude.

He "insulted" + "made a fool of himself" in the emergency situation we got caught in when we had to go to friends of mine + phone — having gotten lost — (because L was so incompetent in his preparations for the week-end!)

BUT — we got thru the evening. I "conceded" to his "queerness" in weary, disillusioned resignation. We "beered" + napped + sexed at his apartment. I fled home in desperate pretense of "weariness" (I was I was!) He made the promises, the arrangements for tomorrow. I "went along." I was weary; I was "through". We'll see. We'll see, I thought.

I planned to saw him off. I planned to say — only this — as I left him Sun. night —

"Please — will you do me a favor? — GET LOST!"

And I meant it!. I'd had it!

Sun. morning

With more experiences to compare with and Knowledge I was able to come to decisions yesterday.

Jim McCabe reflected back the truth to me. He gave me Knowledge that relieved the crippling anxiety. He also told me straight down the line exactly what I have put in all these pages. He verified my conclusions. He told me exactly what I should do — for my own protection. He was honest. It was the biggest help I've had in this whole year. It verified my premise that one has to talk — to many people.

It all made me right; Leonard & Jack & R wrong.

"Get your pretty little ass out — right now!" he said.

I promised. I agreed. He was right — I already knew all this and knew that I am and shall do just this —

BUT —

"You are a sucker, a fool. What is the matter with you? Why do you do this — those things?" he said.

Why?

Why does no one understand
any more than the superficial
acts they see?

What he — a failure in life —
did not even approach — while
admitting that I had done "a
good job" — was the significant
difference — why do I do these
things?

What he did not even consider
was "what should I do for my
own good? What should I do
for his own good?"

Decided as I was — (Yes,
I shall get rid of h) — I began
to see that there was no good in
~~this~~ an immediate break to "save my face".

If I do this, I have only re-
peated the vicious circle. I have
only been another of h's mistakes.
He has only been another of
mine!

Where is the good in this?
Does it not mean it was
simply another experience —
nothing learned, nothing
gained, no happiness, no
good brought to anyone?
A foolish mistake.

There must be some significance to this experience - some better thing accomplished; something besides "dates", a "good time", a "roll in the hay"; a sap to our pride and egos.

I intended to bring some happiness to L; to do him some good; - if only to make him learn & change a little - a little for the better, - without hurting others too much. Without hurting him to the point where the whole experience would be detrimental rather than helping.

This no one understands!

I will be hurt, they all say. Yes. This is true if I don't know what I'm doing! If I have "Great Expectations"!

But, as long as I do I cannot be hurt - (any more than Christ was hurt!) It is up to me to know what I'm doing - to keep control. This is my job - what I'm working on.

What good would it do to build this far - and then

give up on the whole thing?
What good to hurt L in the
same old wound again —
just when it was beginning to
heal a tiny bit?

Sure, the medicine hurts
him! It is up to me, the "doctor",
to know which medicine to
apply when. As usual, I
must ignore "laymen's" advice.
Go my way, knowing what
I know, believing what I
believe, sure of my self, my
tools, my goal.

This Gin gave me — the
surety — the diagnostic veri-
fication.

My "husbands" "offer" of
yesterday assured me — as
I have not been assured before
that I can & must leave this
town next year. I can go.

This makes a difference.
This puts a definite time
limit on L anyway. I
cannot stay here. I do not
want L — or any man in
Njakima. I do not want
this way of life.

But I do want to finish what I've started. The fruit will fall when it is ripe. It is not yet ripe. It is not for me to say when that time will be.

I lead you in a path you do not know you are walking on, Leonard. If you do not see the light ahead - the way out of the darkness - then I shall leave to st nothing in stopping awhile to "help" a "fellow traveler".

I could not live with myself if I turned my back on you now. There is good in this. Jim - others - do not see that good.

I must have faith and patience - as I have done before. The "reward" is obscure - post phoned.

It took 30 years to reach my husband's heart - as I did yesterday!

Sunday.

~~Then~~ I wrote the ^{preceding} ~~following~~.
I "fought my battle". I realized
the out come of the hunting ex-
pedition "made all the difference".
If we got birds — if I pulled
them the day — it was all
"out of my hands".

I "found" myself again. Out
of necessity — of external pressures
& new developments — I found
the old "Prayer of St. Francis
feeling". I prayed. I prayed hard.

I "got fooled".

Reneged, "renounced", "gone to
a nunnery" I suffered L's
psychotic mood shifts — ~~from~~ of the
day — the "Leonard-I-love" to the
"Leonard-I-destest" shifts. Wearily,
patiently — unpruned by drinks I
"needed" for my "act" and he had
"forgotten" to bring enough of — I
went thru a day with him that
almost brought disaster — and
then, by some "Unseen Hand" —
and "miraculous" turns of events
became a "bitter-than-ever" return
to our "domesticity" of days gone
by. this time he did the

"giving"; I "received".

He made "The Supreme Sacrifice" when I — to my horror and astonishment, ("railing at God";) found myself in tears — blasting away at Raymona — fighting — against my "better judgment" for myself — my "right" to be treated "humanely".

"Forgive them — for they know not what they do!" I cried when he "re-nigged" on his offer of the 6 ducks gleaned from his day with R and "asked" me if he could take some to R. I cried (~~and~~ hated myself.)

"You said it!" he retorted in anger (whatever that meant!) And then he was strangely silent & pre-occupied, while I, in utter resignation, revealed more than I meant to reveal of my talk with Jim McCabe, prodded by a chance "revenge" remark of his.

To my utter surprise, when I, in "St. Francis" mood, gave all and offered R the ducks — (and R) — he "came through",
(~~offered her R, too!~~)

(I now drive to ducks and 2
pheasants ^{in my representation} and Lt coming
(unpresented!) for dinner
on ~~Monday night~~ and Lt "eating out
of my hand" and R - "mad",
"suffering".)

the ways of life!

Just when I had decided
I wanted nothing - nothing!
So it goes.

Now - I have spent too much
time - obsessed in secrecy & a
"need" to write this down. The
day presses in on me.

"En avant!" on to
new "sufferings" - new
'trials' -
new learnings!

Tues - Oct 15 - 1963 (Pheasant dinner)

At work:

All was well last ^{night} (perhaps more of that later if I have time). L. "returned" (via his game birds) and "nestled in" to "domesticity" again — all very "sweet" —

until —

it came time for him to think of going. then, I noticed a change; some conflict.

suffice it say my impression was that he ^{made} offered me a mild little offer to go drink beer "and find Mag to talk about hunting" at the Legion Club, ~~agroing~~ ^{agroing} my hint to ~~stop~~ ^{go} to the G.C. ^(closer) + hear about their ^{recent} robbery. (He's avoiding the G.C. lately — something "wrong" there — other than a "betterment".)

I definitely got the feeling he expected — and hoped — I'd refuse. Yet somehow I felt I "should" go. So I did, not very delightedly. He was putting some "clamps" on it, somehow. "Up to" something? (I had a feeling.)

We stopped for gas where he has bought for 13 years. I found the manager an old, old neighbor & couldn't understand

L's cold, annoyed impatience.
Until now!

Now, I have a thought!
(Bernard was cool to L, too — no
liking lay there between them!)

I was worried! I could check
on the women in his car! !! ???

He acted very strangely from
the time he began to make motions
of leaving my house for the rest
of the evening, whereas he had
been delightful up till then; very
warm, very patient, very relaxed
and accomodating. In fact I
was very surprised he stayed after
dinner — (~~the phrasants~~).

I bet my daughter he'd "eat &
run" — to R's. He didn't.

I had asked him — offered, (as I'd
planned) to give him another chance
to go to this foot ball game (since I
hadn't heard from Gerald). I said
"take it or leave it!" He said,
"I'll take it!" (I nearly fell thru
the floor!)

Yet the change in him came
later. It wasn't that remark.

I might have been the "brush-off"
I gave him (before he gave me one this
time!) When the lame little invitation
to beer came, I was hesitant (for once),
not eagerly agreeing as usual.

"We-e-ll", I said, vaguely conscious
of some reason I "shouldn't" (my obligation
to tend Lois's boys, I realized later) —
"this time", but then we'll have
to "get busy" the rest of the week — and
I'll see you Friday night — " I
was definite; I was sure; I was
certain; I was indifferent.

For the first time! I had never
treated him ~~quite~~ like this before — a
"taste of his own medicine": there was
the suspicion of "other men" in the
background; the "mystery" of how
much I knew ~~now~~; a new goal &
~~and~~ work to do that didn't concern
him — just the way he's treated me.

~~The brush-off~~ It might have been this blow
to him that made him act as he
began to do. I don't know. It didn't
occur to me at the time. I know only
that I felt an "indifference" an
"impatience" with him, a 'concentration'
on my own needs.

He might just have been
tired, ~~that~~ he slanted at so

dot

petulantly. Just as he might have been ^{just} tired Sun. night — crabby, nervous, irritable, — rude.

Yet I was tired, too, — and had as much reason as he — and much less chance of repairing it! Too, he would have had a gay old time with Mag until 1 or 2 a.m. without me!

He just acted bored, withholding, turned in on himself. There seemed to be something bothering him — something not pertaining to me.

What started me on the "mean-ness" I displayed ~~that~~ from then on and that brought us to my door & parting without warmth or response or kiss from him was a strange feeling that he was "caught" in something & "sticking it out".

I think he had a "date" with Mag — to "Legion Club" — that is go "a-hunting" for the myriad cute little divorcées & play-girls that the place abounds in. It was all too evident from the moment we entered the place that I was.

guided with the role of "wife" & escort to a suddenly deprived wolf.

I caught too many of the old soulful-flirty, very familiar, very queering looks passing between him & the few cute young women hanging about — One, particularly, seemed to be waiting for L, seemed too interested in me. I caught them eyeing each other across the room — at a time when L was in a particularly puzzling quietness. She waited quite awhile, alone, at the end of the bar & then slipped out — after L had made a long trip past her to the toilet & a couple little disappearing side-trips that he denied "for no reason". She caught my eye as I phoned ^{Mag} with a much-to-intimate look.

And L's talk to Mag was too long and not gay or chatty as it would be if he were talking hunting as he claimed. And the position of his body was that of a man resigned, "in trouble", discussing a serious "problem". All in all I am sure that I interrupted something.

L's weak denials of my

limits on same only convinced me.

"Oh well!" I told him — "You have the rest of the week to do all the flirting you want!"

One thing I said in my short fleppancy act was, "I thought I got rid of you? How come you're back?"

This morning, realizing I'd gone too far on that one I mailed him a placating cartoon — to keep him from revenge acts —

Agnes called to tell me her dog had died. I was here at the time. In fact he'd already told me. Guess that bit of joy was fated not to be!

Wed. - Oct. 16 - 1963

New developments? None, really.

I left L, R - everyone entirely alone last night. I pondered on it all, but was "happy" mending my own business, and catching up.

I had an opportunity to spy on R's house, but I rejected it - in disgust. I felt disgust for both of them.

I did do only one thing. Debating, I decided to confide in my daughter about the McCabe story.

Reasons?

- ① - I felt a need to talk to someone about it.
- ② - I wanted to check her part, if any, in that mystery call.
- ③ - I betrayed Jim's confidence? I decided his advances to was the basis of his need for "secrecy". I am sure he won't keep my visit a secret! He lost my loyalty when he kissed me!

Result?

Julie had not talked to him. She made no comment on my story; only showed silent disapproval. This shook me a bit - I lost some of my surety. I found my self

seeking justification - both silently and verbally.

My verbal defense to Julie: the "I'm" bred - I must have a Lame Duck to amuse myself with - Odd people fascinate me - (my downfall) - I like to see what 'makes them tick' - defense.

My silent, inner one: ("No one knows how I plan to revenge myself on these two!")

This one was hard to admit even to myself! It certainly negates my "soody-goody" excuse - so blithely recorded!

* * *

So. I felt relief, being cut off definitely until a certain date (Fri) with L. It was like before when we broke off "completely". I felt free; energy released into things that needed doing.

It was this feeling that made me give credit to L for being "wiser"; for thinking perhaps he was "right" in his "compartmentalizing" - week/ work; dates/ week-ends only.

Yet, in my heart, I knew it was the beginning of separation; the end of an abortive attempt at intimate sharing, which I found L could

not do. L and I had the best. It is all over. I got as close to him as any woman ever gets.

(And what happened? I found that not only was R ^{much more} firmly established already in this "closeness", but that he, at the same time, had even another woman believing that she was enjoying ultimate closeness with Leonard Karr! The man is not only a philanderer; he is a "common-law polygamist"!

"How are the other common-law wives doing?" I shall ask L some day!)

It is this that no one understands when they worry about my involvement with L. I know it is on the wane. ~~diminishing~~. Much as I hate to admit it, I know it is almost over. L knows it — in his heart. This is all he wants, all he intends; all he'll ever have.

No one knows that L and I are "free-lancers" in Love. "A wonderful experience" we "agreed," "is better than a bad marriage!" And so — that's what we'll get! What we have. For we both realize by now that ours would be a

"bad" marriage (Any marriage with
L would be bad! He is caught in
his own web, for he expects the
impossible!)

And so, anyway, to be back to
this "free" feeling. McCabe painted a
very true picture of my "sufferings",
making me see that I am not
having a unique experience: It
is only very usual, under the cir-
cumstances. It is the picture I
saw when I withheld from par-
ticipating in it — and then de-
liberately went into it.

"What have you got?" he said.
"Week-end dates and fun — and
a whole week of suffering, wondering
if he's 2-timing you —" (I was
amazed! so true! so true!)

The difference comes when you
know: either that you're not being
two- (or triple-) -timed — or that
you are — and don't care!

This is the way I feel
now. I know L is consorting
with other women, let him! They
have no more than I? In this
there is peace — just as I found
peace in this realization about

Nick — and my husband. When the time comes when I know these men thoroughly; when I have solved and proved their "impossibility", then I can release them — having had my fun, my experience, my learning, my growth; having contributed something to theirs, perhaps.

It all sums up to this:
You can't USE people — and
get away with it!

L. was describing how he "scrounged" food out of the fields when he ~~was~~ hunting. With manic delight he told how he "kicks a water melon around — and then eats the heart out of it!" He smacked his lips ~~and~~ in avid enjoyment at the mere recollection.

"Leonard!" I cried, in mock horror, "That's exactly the way you treat women!" Kick them around — and then eat the heart out of them —"

— (and ~~let~~ abandon the rest to the vultures, ^{+ not} I added mentally.)

Also, I noted, with horror, his hunting "achievement" procedure Sunday. He doesn't hunt, he poaches! (And so with women!)

He cunningly moves in on an area where other men are hunting with better equipment and more common sense than he ~~has~~. Then he prowls the fringe areas, very "busy" - very "perfectionist" - wasting time, actually, until the others flush the bird or birds - and then he pounces, takes what he wants, leaves - alone, secretive - to meet these same men or others later - and brag and gloat of his prowess. He takes credit - and they give him credit - (and jealousy); but they do not give him liking, nor ask him to join up with them, or imitate his ways to "success". He remains alone, unliked, an unpopular "poacher" of the fringe areas! (And so he is with women! I have noted, by now, that he shares women with other men! He has not had one woman he could call his very own! Always he "needs" the other man - to "flush" & "point" the bird for him, the Poacher!

He even forces the women to supplement with another man — (to carry the part of the burden he will not) — as he almost did with me!

This reminds me of another thing Jim said. "Leonard is a very lonesome man —".

Yes. And destined to be always so. It is the pathos in this that appeals to me; (give the poor guy a crumb — at least!)

Destined to be always so — for he does not know the ways not to be.

He is all wrong — through no fault of his own!

Tragedy.

If I "threw pearls before swine" I now wish to draw them, seeing that they are swine, and offer crumbs instead —

crumbs —

for the hungry.

Definition: Yes, L is a "preacher".
In this sense — "to trespass;"
"to take an unfair advantage"

He "trespasses" on other men's
women; on their game rights. He
"takes unfair advantage of"
women & hunters.

He "trespasses" where he is not
wanted, has no ^{moral} right to go. He
intrudes, he encroaches.

So is Jack. So is R. This is where
they're all alike. Future intruders,
trespassers, poachers on others' rights
& privacies!

Thursday - Oct 17, 1963

Life certainly is strange!

New possible development "out of the blue".

My "drinkin'" cousin + family arrived last night to interview for a job — where R works! (I think she does!)

I had to "warn" him. He is a vicious-minded character and could complicate things instead of helping. Damn! now, just when I don't need a spy on her!

→

→

→

My mood today is bad. It is low. My life, at this moment, is full of trials, little tragedies & disillusionments among friends and family other than L.

And I've heard or seen absolutely nothing from him — (or Gerald, either!) I got up this morning thinking, "this is ridiculous! This most certainly, most obviously, is not love! Why do I kid myself? Why do I bother? ~~He~~ Most assuredly L is not courting me any more. He used to call; he used to hover; he used to try! He must

have decided "No", too; must have given up. He seems quite content, quite happy without any communication, wrapt in his mysterious pursuits.

My disgust, my anger, my decisions about these people is beginning to fade already. I can no longer summon the feeling my talk with Jim McCabe gave me.

I can no longer, either, summon any excitement, any pose, any happiness, even, about seeing h again. For what? To be grinned at, escorted, used for a few hours and then brushed off — indefinitely — again. While in the back of my mind hovers a picture of him blithely flirting, promising, escorting, visiting, luring, dancing with, cuddling in his Cadillac with, venting his sexual skill on young, hard, blasé, greedy, pretty little sex-pots, whom he will "promise" to marry and then enjoy indefinitely their frantic, pleading phone calls to him — while I imagine he's waiting for my calls! — How much of a fool can I be?

My interest in returning to the old ways: (drudgery, "perfectionism", loneliness, "good deeds", no men; no dates, no hopes.) is returning.

My hopes of nice outings throughout the fall faded - with the death of Agnes' dog - with L's strange new lack of obsession about goose-hunting and the ranch; with his new fondness for the Legion Club - where I am bored and out of place; with the onset of winter and its domestic problems - in which I does not fit.

There are only ^{about} 11 week-ends until the end of goose hunting season. I don't see much prospect of my enjoying any of them!

Visions of going to the ranch with L no longer thrill me. Per-vading every prospect with him is a new aura of disapproval, of disgust by everyone I know in my associating with him; The "other women" haunt me. I feel "used", dirty, deceived. L's constant shifts into bad moods and contro versial, annoying little ~~too~~ affective attitudes that negate the joys of a day

with him begin to leave me cold.

His fake, eccentric, in-different way of dressing annoys me more all the time.

The utter hopelessness of his ever helping me or marrying me in any way makes me begin to consider other goals.

Etc. Etc.

I ache. I ache with
bitterness and loneliness.

✱ ✱ ✱

I forgot to write what
I set out to:

Tomorrow night (I guess)
I will have L as an escort
to a foot ball game. I have
waited a year for this.

Now — I don't care!

In fact, it humiliates me
a little. I don't want to be
seen with him! I am ashamed!
The whole purpose — the year's
trial & waiting — was to "bug"
Jamie Es gate — to "show" her
I had a (handsome) (desirable)
man with a Cadillac. (Push!
to Nick!)

Now it "doesn't matter."
Such is life.

Insert-

I am getting alcoholic.

I have all the symptoms. All.

I am spending sorely needed money on myself to ease the hurt of utter fright, utter loneliness, utter desparation.

It is not only L. It is everything: my work; finances; my kids; my hopeless future. My lack of goal + interest in same. The loss of my goal.

My disgust at my self to giving into Lois + foolish pressure — to "go out"; to have "dates"; to lure a man!

Why did I?

Now, I've lost everything! And I haven't the guts, the courage to regain it! To suffer! To negate myself. To resign myself to total self-sacrifice.

I was weak — as all my life. I gave in to pressure. Now — as once before —

I have "lost my star".

I have made some drunken notes on drinking. Here with.

Drunkenness is a form of HOMEOSTASIS. (This is my own "hypothesis".)

Drinking is the "equalizer" between ~~the the~~ ~~denrealistic~~ delusions or Great Expectations foisted on one by "well-meaning" parent or parents and cold, unrelenting reality.

It is the "mind-changer"; the "mood-changer" of Aldous Huxley. It lessens the hurt of the Great Difference between what some ~~influencing~~ person in your life led you to expect (the "world on a silver platter!") and what you really must face.

Homeostasis is ^{not} the organism's "thrust toward reality". Nothing can prevent that thrust. It is as if the organism says "I must see for myself!" It is the equalizing force - the Balance Wheel. If there is imbalance, the organism seeks an "equalizer". (a spear, a "weapon", a "rationalization", a "comfort", a way to "go on")

and/or avoid destroying hurt.
Some go "crazy"; some drink;
some "fight" etc etc.

Whatever the "solution" it
amounts to a balance between
survival and/or destruction.
We seek what we need.

We compensate.

If we are conditioned to
face reality unrealistically —
something has to intervene;
something has to be sought —
or provided — to equalize.

I have a list of such
people in my life:

My husband. My daughter.
My cousins. Me. Leonard.
Great Expectations!

Little "armor".

Result: "disillusion".
The old, old story.

Mine.

I know now what I want. If it can be a man it must be

- 1- Someone my own age - who has learned ~~the~~ the humility taught by the tragic lessons of life. ^{Admits them}
- 2- Who recognizes them ~~Admits them~~
- 3- Who wants to do something about them to change them, to better them.
- 4 - Who is willing, able, & content to sacrifice his own insignificant life to better society as a whole. Who, in short, has a Social Conscience!

Not the Leonards.

Not the Boises.

Not the merchants, the seekers of material "comforts" of "gains", of "pleasures"

Yes - I'm an "idealist".
A "fool".

I can't help it.

Let me be.

I am determined to get out of this town.

For the second time in my life I CAN'T STAND IT.

I may be wrong. I may be very, very wrong. But I would like to try. It didn't fit once before — this environment. I came back for a reason (my kids). That reason is about over.

I must seek a more fitting environment — as I did once before — and failed. Failed, because I did not know — me, or the world, or the people thereof.

I am determined to "give up men". Once again. "Love" is not for me. "Security" is not for me. I am a dreamer, a "wisher", a "fool". I go "against the grain". I don't "conform".

I may die destitute, derided; unsung, unwanted. But

God damn it! I intend to try!

Try to bat my foolish
head against the "foolishness"
I see around me —

the Leonard Karss,
the Raymonas; my ^{my} family
(how I hate them!) the
merchants —

all the petty little
"Self-Seekers!"

It is one world. It
has a long way to go!

We do not KNOW! We
do not know! All we can
do is FEEL!

And I FEEL with
a Great Urgency.

Something is WRONG!

Something has to GIVE.

I await developments.

Thurs. night

Two new developments in this day.

One, Lillian Matthews called me! (I needed her, but didn't dare bother her.) We planned a real fun Halloween party — without L — with possibly a new man — one of her professors.

My talk with her made me feel much better — as usual. She influences me, too, but in a direction I like!

Two, L's drawing was in the paper tonight. I made an impulse call in front of everyone. I was light, kind, cool and spoke only of the picture. I had no desire or intention of bringing up anything else. It is my first & only call to him this whole week!

He seemed delighted. He was warm and terribly grateful. He fawned. It was he who said, a bit questioningly, a bit 'fearfully (if you please!') holding me when I started to hang up, "We're going to the game, aren't we? I'll

See you about seven?"

"Oh - well - yes!" I said.
And then, "I don't think
it will be very cold, do you?"
And hung up after his
mumbled answer. It was
almost a brush-off. It was
certainly no encouragement to
Chat - or any show of curiosity.

I felt good afterwards,
proud of myself. Gone is all
the old desire to phone him. I haven't
even given much thought to
what he is doing. Perhaps
I felt good, too, because I'm
going to see him tomorrow.
(It has been a long wait.)

But I expect nothing. I
expect him to tell me he's going
hunting (whether he is or not).
I intend to say, "OK. It's your
life." Perhaps I'll add, "you've
certainly shown me it's no
concern of mine!" Let him go.

Also. Gerald did not call.
Guess that's over. Wonder if it
was he that looked at me so
oddly at the Legion Club that night?
I wouldn't know him if I saw him!

Friday - Oct 18, 1963

Comments:

It occurred to me that, as I said, my pride in being seen with L has turned to shame, now that I know his universal reputation. I suspected that my association with him was detrimental to my reputation, but I didn't realize how much.

Then I got to thinking of McCabe's negative reaction to my remark that Lillian's college professors would be "more my Speed". He didn't seem to agree, tho he said nothing. At the time it puzzled me.

Now I got to weighing L's advantages again. Much as I demur at recording it so baldly, his second main attraction to me (first is art; third is wit & intelligence) is his sexual prowess & attitude. He satisfies - even tho I join too many other women in ~~some~~ ^{this} tribute that makes him so smug in this respect. (But, as I told him, "love-making is an acquired skill; why quibble?" He agreed heartily, of course.)

Suddenly, I saw those old, middle-aged, single college professors. I tried to imagine them

doing the things that L & I do.
No! I realized, with shock. No!
I'd trade one benefit for a loss
in another area. They, the professors,
wouldn't dare! Couldn't.

And I realized that I am a bit
of a roughneck, too!

Or I wouldn't like L at all!

Saturday night.

So much to write. Surely truth is stranger than fiction!

I was in a fairly good mood Friday. I looked forward to my "victory" in having K as an escort at the football game.

About the time I was ready to go home from work financial desperation beset me in new unexpected emergencies. I was unable to meet - Suffice it to say I was nearly crazy with financial and work frustrations & anxieties.

The ~~weighting~~ burden of my responsibility for Lois' boys' care was beginning to weigh on me, too. The restrictions it placed on my week end began to ~~weigh~~ ^{annoy} on me.

I began to brood on K's blithe plans to hunt all week end and ignore me.

It all ended in my sneaky purchase & later consumption of more wine - too much, as usual, (How I hated my self!)

Then the mood swung up again as my son had one of those fantastic, rare clams when all the 'rewards of years

A ^{effort} culminated in one day of glory
for him. Everything was lovely,
who cared about mere money
when I had kids like these?

I got ready for the evening
in a state of euphoria. How I
would enjoy my evening with L—
even tho it had to be limited to
a one a.m. deadline! How I
looked forward to sharing my
joys with him! It was all good!
Good!

(Beware! Beware! a little voice
whispered. These things don't last—
these precious, rare moments!
Come down from your cloud! Get
with a little common sense —
a little reality.)

As if I'd produced it, disaster
began. Ten minutes before I was
due to arrive I dropped my
false tooth down the basin
drain stabbing my finger
viciously in a futile effort
to rescue it. (Something I'd
dreaded for 15 years!) All in
a moment of glory — when I was
laughing privately & proudly
at some repartee of the kids

while I brushed my teeth.

Nothing to do but block off the basin & get on with the evening, post phoning that new financial dilemma until tomorrow. I went gap-toothed to greet L & at the door all a glow at seeing him after so many days of "deprivation" and full of my new joys.

I threw my arms about him. He received me coolly, carefully, his attention elsewhere. Rebuffed, ~~amazed~~, I tried to "understand" when he peered around, "Are you alone?" he asked.

Yet even when I reassured him, he made no ^{further} glad advances. (He misied me? I thought. (Ha!))

"I have on my long under-
wear!" he declared, delighted as a child at his "goodness", his "wisdom", his forethought.

My skin crawled with disgust. Premonitions of what the evening would be like assailed me.

Since I was alone and it was much too early to go to the game, I tried to settle him down for a relaxed, enjoyable "reunion".

He fussed. He fretted. He paced nervously. There was nothing to do but go; "he was afraid he wouldn't get a parking place, etc." "We could sit in the car awhile," he said.

We did not. The grounds were clank, empty - as was the stadium. There was not a soul around. I was embarrassed. I fussed about parking (he had the whole area!); he fussed about whether I was warm enough; fussed about himself being warm enough.

Finally I agreed to humiliate myself by going in so ridiculously early. We got the "best" seats, altho they were, I noted with alarm, too exclusive - too isolated. There would be no nice, warm, social bodies to flank us!

Then, I announced that he never been to one single foot ball game in his whole life! "Would I tell him about the game?" (Oh dear! I thought - oh dear!)

However, he was a good companion. He caught on fast. He was very interested, very eager, very curious, very excited. He was much more fun than

Gerald - as I knew he would be. He was carried away by the fact (now proved to him) that all the business men in town were here (whereas they are not at the baseball games!) He was being seen? He was "part of them". It tickled me to see how he now became "expert" in the game; how hard he tried to enhance himself; how he "prepared" his stories for future bragging.

Yet one thing bothered me terribly. I sensed that he was not here because of me, but for private, self-enhancement reasons of his own - male ones. He was not the handsome, desirable escort he would have been if I'd been able to make him go a year ago.

He was "one of the boys". First, he insisted on wearing his baseball cap. (I was terribly embarrassed.)

Then he put on his glasses. Then his wool dickie I'd bought him. Then he brought out his binoculars.

The result was that he looked like an eccentric little old fuddy duddy - all wrapped up to keep warm, etc.

And here we were, most

conspicuously in the front row where everyone passed right by us. I suffered, knowing the ridicule that would be floating around about ~~about~~ us.

This was not what I'd pictured; what I had in mind; what I'd waited a year for! I had envisioned yesterday what I would have liked to have happen! Most of all I hoped Jamie & Harry Esqate would be there. And Jamie would see me with this tall, handsome, distinguished "date" - of my own age. And that somehow she'd see me get into that white Cadillac with him. And she'd wonder - and marvel - and tell Nick!

This is what really happened! I did not see the Esqates as people poured in. I gave up. Then I looked up to see Harry walk right in front of me - late. No Jamie. (Damn!) Oh yes - there she was (her hair was drab, streaked. This was not my glamor girl! This was a matron. Oh well.) At first they seemed to be going to sit right behind us. I

rather hoped they would. (this would be interesting!) I pretended not to notice, but saw them reject the seats & move on high up to the back. Oh well, at least I knew I ~~would~~^{could} be watched. (I would put on a good act!) I do not know if they saw me and decided no, or not. I suspect so.

But, as I say, I did not play up to my "act". I felt, instead of wanting to be noticed with him, a feeling ~~that I~~ of regret that we two were so obviously to-
gether! I found myself tending to pull away from him — separate myself.

So. I forgot about the Esqates. Then suddenly, near the end of the game, here was Jamie standing right in front of me, in the aisle before me, her ~~head~~^{head} level with my knees. She didn't go on. She loitered. She stood. She leaned against the rail & stayed!

I sensed so definitely that she did it on purpose that I had a bad few minutes wondering whether to greet

her — to pull the guy, "Hello,
Grainna — Come sta?" that I'd
"planned" — (for L's benefit +
bewilderment + jealousy [I
know Raymond knows about Vick!])

But I refrained. It wasn't
"right". I'd have to introduce
her to L. (and this was not the
L I wanted her to meet!)

Then — horrors! — here came
the woman to join Jamie — in
happy apparent intimacy — who
is a friend of my sister's — who
had sat behind Gerald + me at
the last game and who ^{had} looked
from Gerald to me + back with
narrowed, puzzled, interested, ^{gossiping} ^{gathering}
eyes!

I was shocked! I had no
idea she & Jamie were intimates!
The jig was up! Jamie would
hear only cruel, denigrating gossip
about me and L! My little
bubble burst.

All I could do now was
make sure that L noticed that
I noticed this woman + that
there was something between
us. My little act must
have been a success, for

I saw L looked from Jamie to me ^{with} a look of puzzlement on his face. Then he "ignored" it. But I felt he was aware as I leaned around him to keep Jamie in sight as she moved to the other side of him and lingered — purposely(?) — there.

(Stay there! Stay there, Jamie! I "thought-waved" her. Stay till I see if I can get L going — that cap & spectacles off of him — so we can "happen" to go out to our cars in the same group — and you can see him "handsome" — the white Cadillac! — me getting in it!)

Obsession now seized me. I tried too hard, too obviously too hurry L along (the game was over). I got him to take off the glasses, but the fool cap remained. I didn't dare try for that one!

I pulled at him too obviously as he lingered, self-enhancement-wise, social-climbing-wise to chat with my brother-in-law & my sister & mother. No use.

The Esqater had disappeared, all I could hope for was that somewhere in that crowd they saw me as we went to L's conspicuously parked car, my attention just barely on L's excited chatter.

I did not see them again. And "my moment of glory" ended in a farce. I might as well have been a piece of wood beside me for all I cared!

And it was true that people were laughing about us. I gleaned enough after-comments to know. I heard ~~the~~ ^{his} "friend" L. greeted so "naively" gladly say to his wife as the cute girl drill team came out "Leonard should like that!" (I saw L's head whip around at the mention of his name + the grim, lonely look that flashed across his face - and, for a moment, my heart bled for him.)

#

The rest of the evening was a disillusioning "cold war" between L and me.

My "dream" was over. My bubble had burst. My whole intention (I only now realized it) in "acquiring" L had been to "revenge" Nick and Jamie. (?) It hadn't "worked". It was all sordid, silly, detrimental more than any thing else to me.

In the back of my mind dwelt a recent realization: I let L "ruin" my life. For the sake of a petty revenge I allowed myself to be lured from my "good" major goals. I lost out. It is now "too late".

I succumbed, "knowingly", to his false lure of "marriage" and forfeited all I'd gained these long, hard 12 years, only to be slapped in the face brutally - as he has slapped so many women before me. ("You thought I'd marry you? You? You? That you were "Special"? Ha! Ha! Ha! So did all the others! I'm not going

to marry anyone - EVER! You
knew that - yet you fell into
my trap anyway. You, too!
You, who thought you were
smarter "wiser" than the others!
(Ha! Ha! Ha! (Gloat. Gloat.)")

"Leonard" failed me. Leonard
failed me, "has been ringing in the
back of my mind these last few
days."

It made me treat him this
night - what was left of it -
like an "unwanted" date -
like I treated Gerald - like I
treat men whom I intend to
lose - and do.

I "cracked the whip" over him.
I showed little interest in whether
he took me out or took me home.

When he began to quibble
and stall & waver, when he
began to show more interest
in finding May than pleasing
me, I laid it on the line.

I took over.

I was cold & short with
him when he threatened to
nap after making us detours

by
to his apartment "to change
his underwear", (Really he
hoped for a sexual "nap" with
me, but was "afraid".)

I wasn't interested. I showed
it - offering to "go home". I was
cruelly uninterested in his stalling
chatter about oil wells. (This hurt
him deeply.)

I told him exactly what I
wanted of the evening. (It was
what he wanted, too, but was
afraid to say.) I said I had to,
intended to be home by 1 a.m. -
(To keep my pact with the kids.)

I ^{planned} did not make it. In fact
I was ^{planned} the latest I'd ever been.

But it really was not of
our doing. Circumstances took
over. There were unexpected
complications & delays beyond
our control.

Surprisingly, I seemed to
love my "iron hand". We did
as I said - tho he "fought" lamely.

We stopped at the G.C. - his
suggestion. It was the first time
- since. (Perhaps I was right
in my guess he wouldn't go

there without me!)

Then, things got "all right" as we joined Mag & his party at the Legion. At first I was shook, for there were 2 "play girls" (I thought) in the party. But I decided to "be a good sport", to "charm" any way & was "rewarded" by finding out they were mere wives only. And my three "wolf" bachelors were only pathetic hangers-on.

We had fun, there - and, when I phoned & found all the kids home I relaxed and went with the evening.

L & I escaped to his place by mutual agreement and had a long, joyous, hungry intimate reunion. His "hunger" for me proved more than any words of his that he had been "waiting" for me all week.

Things got ^{rather} bad again when I made the mistake of asking to eat. It made a denouement that rather spoiled things.

Yet late as it was, it was L. who turned off the ignition & settled down, chatting like a magpie about hunting or something. By this time my conscience and

and my injured finger were hurting me so that I had to interrupt him and beg to go in. (Unprecedented!)

I did not have to jury at him for a future commitment this time. In fact, I had resigned myself to a week-end sans L. — just work & kids — but he fooled me. He implied all evening that I would be worked into his week-end some-how — second place, of course, after his ~~first~~ ^{primary} interests were satisfied.

This annoyed me and spoiled what little glow I got from his "offer". What he said, in essence, was — "Wait by the phone all week end. Maybe I'll call you. Don't do anything else; just wait for me. Maybe I will & maybe I won't. If I don't, you can be assured that I found something more interesting to do, (and you should then be glad that I'm happy!)"

Specifically, he claimed that he & Maq were going to the Ranch at noon to hunt geese. If they saw geese, they might stay over the next day. If not, they might come back that night — (no definite time).

If they did, he'd call me - (why he didn't say, he would have been angry if I'd asked.) He mentioned vaguely something about a hunting date for Sunday - perhaps I might go along. He also mentioned, just as vaguely, something about using the radio phone at the ranch to let me know, Sat. night.

I wasn't particularly listening. It all sounded like he was involved all week-end and there was little room or desire to change anything to accommodate me. I had my own problems.

I was full to overflowing with them. I excused myself + fell into bed, badly alarmed about my throbbing finger.

I awoke about 9 a.m. with the very clear thought that I had no definite idea what I was supposed to do over the week-end. The kids would all be gone to a dance in the evening. I would be alone. A good time to work or fight with my soul. Or "escape" somehow.

Yet I had me "tied up". I

was "supposed" to wait all evening on a phone call or visit that might not materialize. Remembering his mention of the radio phone, I thought "how simple! Why not? Why couldn't he just let me know?"

Checking the clock I thought "I can catch him before he leaves + suggest it. It is ridiculous + unfair ~~for~~ him to be so vague."

I called. He answered. When I broached my suggestion, he flew into such a fantastic rage and into such long, wild, mixed up mish-mash of "reasons" &

accusations that we ended up challenging each other to break it all off. It was a real fight. I finally hung up the phone on his voice raving on. What was the use?

His totally unexpected and fantastically unreasonable reaction only aroused huge suspicions and doubts that had not even occurred to me before. He was too defensive!

'Ye Gods!' I thought. Is this all another build-up to cover

his taking R again — to the Ranch —
for overnight?

That would be the utter end!

Now I was furious. So furious I
called Mag + "checked" blatantly with
him. "Women or no? Luis or no?"
He was afraid, "tipped off" "loyal" to
L. Yst something reassured me.

I called to get L. A very sad
voice answered. I barked ^(stutteringly) — twice.
"Who is this?" he quivered, fearfully,
hopefully (?). I laughed, kidded
him out of it — and told him
to call if he got in. He agreed, happily.

Then I, at great social risk to
myself, investigated + got "permission"
for L to use the radio-phone at
the ranch anytime.

I called Mag again then,
gave him this information and
laughingly swore him to "secrecy".
He sounded relieved.

I don't know if I would
have done this if I hadn't
stumbled on "The Prayer Telephone"
listing while looking for Prior's
number. Curious, I called and

the recorded "Prayer Message for the Day" decided "me. ("Remember Love")

So — all was "well". I went about my chores. Until — I had to go to my daughters. Temptation was too great to detour by R's house. Damn! I hadn't thought of that! Now I was all upset again.

Hating myself — cold fear in the pit of my stomach — I went by. No sign of life. My day was ruined. Had she gone with him? Surely not! Surely not!

Yet Jack's car wasn't there. (It should be on week ends.) Etc Etc. Agony gripped me.

To alleviate it and release my energies for the days' demands (and to shorten this story) I blatantly begged my daughter to make a fake call to R & check.

This she was "glad" to do, tho she "forgot" until much later. How relieved ~~she~~ ^I was when she reported the affected, "Good evening — ?" answer she got.

And how relieved I was when the phone woke me out of a sound sleep about 8:45

and it was L. calling from
Prosser - (I heard him put in
the 55¢ for the call!) - to tell
me they" were going to stay over;
he had two Chuckars; he'd call
me about 8 or 9 Sunday night."

Disappointed as I was (and
I fear I sounded it) I was re-
lieved & reassured knowing that
R was not with him (whatever
else they did - in Prosser?!!?) -
that he sounded excited; that
he had called; and —
most of all —

that I was dutifully on
the job when Lou & Bert
arrived earlier than expected.
and I had a social, wine-
drinking evening after all!

Whew!

Sunday night.

So I was able to work, content and "unmolested" to day. (I got a lot done.) It was not easy, though. I suffered a bad, bad mood alone in the afternoon. Not about L — just everything.

A little before 8 p.m. my son got on the phone & stayed there. I begged him to get off — explaining that I expected a call and why. He deliberately stayed on; I almost felt that he was teasing me.

However, I ran to mother's & called, since she was out. L's line was busy. (He was home.) I checked R's — not busy. I kept calling L until about 8:30 before I got him.

Yes, he'd tried to call twice. (OK — that's all I wanted to know.) He gave me a play-by-play account of his day (??) and then — to my relief — asked me if I'd like to go with him to have the birds cleaned. He'd be up.

He came immediately and, albeit he was very un-amused,

he was in a good mood.

We were both quiet very careful, all evening. I didn't probe about who got which birds. He didn't say until after we took them out.

Then, tho he "offered", he began to re-nig - "I could have some later" etc. At first I was suspicious and then - as I saw how easily he went along with me, I suspected he was holding off as a lure, a tie with me.

He was tired, sleepy, dull. I carefully walked a tight rope and succeeded in making him do what I wanted + delivery of the chuckars to tomorrow night (a risk of R gets a goose + a dinner guest tomorrow night, but I tried not to care). (I have to baby sit anyway.); R. for dinner Tuesday night - and a future "lay" before he went home. (I worked all evening on the premise that he wanted but didn't quite dare these different things - so

I played his hints - and found him "most agreeable.")

While he napped during our stop at his apartment, I surreptitiously made notes from his phone list book. To my surprise I found only about 3 "girls" numbers! (the "little black book" must be elsewhere or possibly - a new thought! - a big bluff!)

Anyway I am prepared Tuesday night to announce to him "Call me by 7 p.m. Thursday (I'm going to a school function) or I'll assume that I am not included in your week-end plans." (And see how he reacts to that!)

For I have re-discovered an interest in other things - "duties + chores" - a long absent return to lonely "perfectionism". For L. is "lost" to me.

How little he offers! I note it more + more!

Monday - Oct 21, 1963

Interesting new developments today. One: first thing in the morning at work (after a phone call that really shook me it sounded so much like a fake one from R!) walked by the book sale table. Right beneath my eye was a "humor" book "How to Avoid Matrimony".

Thumbing thru it I became obsessed to get it! It was well done; the cartoons excellent. It was Leonard Karr to a "T"! Unable to resist, I spent 90¢ to get it — tho I am on a ^{very} necessary ~~star~~ starvation budget. (Oh, now it riled me to spend money on that miserly Karr person!)

Then I could hardly wait to get at it. Hurrying home I red-penciled it + wrote in the name I had collected from L's phone book + signed it "To L-K- from the unattached women of Yakima - 1940-?" (Vicious! as my daughter commented.)

I carefully considered whether when + if to give it to him, finally deciding to let the moment tell me, since I had mentally weighed various consequences.

Two— as I left the store I was brought up short by what looked like Janie Esgate's familiar blonde head in her old station behind the counter of our stocking department. I could have sworn —!

I was so sure I detoured — and sought this girl out. It was Janie! — smiling & nodding as of old — as I beat my brow and said to her, "Am I crazy?"

She was busy — so I left — not knowing what to say any-way.

(Ye gods! I thought, all those many, many Italian-Esgate "signs" I've tried so hard to ignore lately [not even writing them down, you note!] perhaps did have some significance. In fact, now that I think of it there have been "pri" evidences in abundance lately! Oh well — I am too old and weary —)

So. I found myself hating L today. The book really hurt me. It was all too true. I was in it ~~the~~ R was in it, all the

very words & acts & habits
patterns of L. were in it. (Hopeless.
Hopeless.) I made great sarcastic
fun of him to my daughter. I
requested her to check R's house
on her way to or from school while
I baby sat. We both "knew" he'd
be taking a goose or two to R. after
hurriedly and "over-sweetly" bringing
me the two tiny, tiny chuckars
he intended to help us eat tomorrow.

Yet I found myself waiting,
waiting for him — my evening
built around what I knew
would be a "brush-off" visit — not
knowing when — refraining care-
fully from the temptation to
call him & ask. (My new vow:
no more calls to him! let him call
me! [It has worked, too!])

Bury & "content" at last, I
~~thought~~ was "all right". About
8-ish the phone rang. It was L!

He was gay & sweet & blithe,
"called to tell me he'd be 'late'
(?? he hadn't said when!!) — the
woman wouldn't have the milk
ready —" etc.

At once, I "forgave" him.
How sweet of him to call! I

I'll bet & got us mixed — as he always did.

He'd told R when,

decided as I went on working,
(now suddenly "happy") that I
wouldn't give him the book, I'd
keep it for some "fight" time. I'd
just play along - and be "sweet".

It works better - the positive approach.

Then I thought "You fool! how
do you know he didn't lie, wasn't
'setting up something'?" Well. Now
I decided that if he wanted those
seese for R; if he was on his way
there - he'd get the book!

Wait & see. I hoped my
daughter would come first, so
I could check on her check for
me. She didn't. He preceded her.

He was all dressed up - and
he had the 3 seese with him!
(this bothered me - tho I didn't know
why until later.) How tiny the
clackars were! How lengthy
a mish-mash he began about
how there was only enough for 3.
(He was trying to get out of
coming for dinner!)

My daughter came in, sized
up the situation at a glance
with her sharp little brain. I
now glowed - whereas he'd been
shutted & wary with me. (Here

was Youth + Beauty - tutelage, Kam!)
He did.

Then my daughter admired the
Seese, thinking they were ours —
"You're on your way to deliver
them aren't you?" I flung at L.
"Yes," he said looking at me, scared.
My daughter made some remarks
perhaps about them spoiling.

"Oh, he just has to take them
down the Street!" I said, nastily.
"— and stay for dinner!"

L looked like he'd been shot.
Meekly, hesitantly he acquiesced,
while my daughter swung into
the breach with a very clever blow,
"It looks like they're having a
party at R's," she said, "There
are cars all over —"

"That's why he's all dressed up!"
I retorted, scornfully surveying
a shaking L from head to toe. "He's
going to a party —" He weakly
demurred, while my daughter
tried to extricate herself from
being an appointed spy by lamely
saying, "Of course, I don't know
which is R's house —".

I now realized that he was cornered by two formidable adversaries. He began (careful because of the audience of my kids) a polite imitation of his "rages" — over-offering me the geese, then re-ne-ging, then offering again — (Challenging me.)

He goaded me into what he wanted (an escape back to the childish comfort of R. — a "reason" to escape) when he flung her "right" to the geese in my face — "She had helped him hunt!" (??!!) Not the way I heard it!)

I flung back, "You can't help if you're not invited!" and he nodded imperceptibly. (He wanted "out"?) Well, I'd let him out.)

I intimated that I wanted these geese because we "might be separated —". To my horror, he agreed!

"Well it might be now — if this keeps up!" I joked, pulling myself together & conceded the geese. (To hell with it!)

I now changed the subject, relating our funny encounter with Clara that morning I'd planned to tell him. When I noticed he was not listening, but deaf & blind in emotional & mental turmoil, his mind clicking away imagining the fearful "revenge" I must be working up to, his body cringing abjectly as if from blows, I subtly changed my story to shock him to attention.

It worked - my intimation that Clara & I had "been out together on perhaps a double-date. -"

Suddenly he was all attention. "Please repeat" he said - sheepishly. I did. He still wasn't listening - not to what he was supposed to be listening to. He didn't laugh.

Fiercely, I knew he'd "have" to have the book. R had moved into his heart again - R, the com-
forting one - the shield against such as me!

"Oh, I have a present for you!" I cried. And fetched the book.

He was not with me. To my surprise he said, let's

go in & sit down" (and look at it.) My son had now gone to bed & I had left at the first "sparks" (clever girl!). [Was this his reason for "stalling" as I'd suspected earlier?] after the kids were out of the way?]

Anyway, we did. I began to "share" the high lights of the book, ostensibly "forgetting" R & the scene. I flipped pages frantically trying to hide the nasty notes I made about him & R, hoping he'd show the book to her & she'd find them. If he spotted them now, he wouldn't take it.

But he did. He saw enough, recognized my "pattern" enough to "get the message." He was scared, mad. He simply sat in blatant irritation, thinking & suffering inside himself, not laughing, not listening mad.

After a while he dared to excuse himself, doubtless expecting a "scene" from me either now or later. He "rejected" the book, as I knew he would - just letting it lie.

I forced the book on him, forced him to say "Yes, he was coming to dinner", forced him out the door so fast that he turned in bewilderment, realizing something was missing — our usual farewell embrace —

He took one step back toward the door, his face a pathetic childish appeal ("What's happening?").

I shut the door in his face & turned out the porch light. His missed.

It was a hard fight, but I didn't phone, I didn't "check", I didn't go after the drink I now wanted ever so badly. I left them alone. Let them seal their own fate!

(He wouldn't show the book to R — or the "party" — as I'd hoped. He'd toss it in the back seat where it would lay for days — weeks — as he'd done with so many other "important" readings I'd given him. [He doesn't want to learn!]) All I can hope for is that he would be slightly upset — (underneath) all evening —

my ^{last} words ringing in his ears,
"Don't stay all night" as I
hit him on the buttocks with
something in my hand "playfully"
["Mama" scolding] ("I won't", he
bleated.) Julius + my spying
on them bothering him, my
usual check/nasty phone call
awaiting him when he got home
(he thought), his unhappy commit-
ment for tomorrow.

("I'll be punished this
week-end!")

Well, I'm ready for that!
I am fighting every bead to
keep one step ahead of Luni + R.
My wits against theirs. My
experience against theirs. (I bet that
I have them beat.)

I am fighting to prolong
this thing until the fantastic
web unravels of its self.

My cousin's job ~~at~~ working where
R does? Jamie back in the
picture + I need some boy
friend hanging around for
awhile). R's marriage?
Football-hunting over? Christ was
business eminent for me - (and
"independence"! etc. We shall see.

The "plot thickens". Will LK marry?
Will he marry L—or R? Or
will he "solve" it by finding
another woman—as usual? Will
Lorona "sacrifice" herself—as usual?
Will R. marry? Will Jamie & Vick "come back"?
I can hardly wait to find out!

Tuesday - Oct. 22, 1963

Trying to pinpoint why I didn't make a scene last night, I realized that, if I should ask me why (he wouldn't, of course) I would say, "I don't have to 'bug' R. I have the 'goods' on her. I can slam her with destroying accusations at any time with the information that McCabe gave me. Also, the same with L. Now I know. I am 'in power'. It accounts for my new ability to act 'indifferent'.

Wondering, then, if the time ever came when I ~~had~~ ^{would have} to say it, I wondered how I would. What was the basis of the assurance I felt?

If it all came to a showdown (it's bound to!) I realized I would be "forced" to say I'd talked to Jim. They'd be satisfied with nothing less; nothing less would carry weight with them. I imagined it this way:

"I know all about you & R. Do you know this? Do you know that? How do I know? Because I talked 'to R's lawyer' - as I was told to do.

Why did R want me to talk to him? What was he supposed to do? He was supposed to "protect his client". Against what? Against "interference".

by me! Interference in what? In
R's pursuit & hold on L! actually.
"Legally" I was supposed to be
"bothering" her, "disturbing the peace",
"molesting" her "in her own home." Etc.

Jim did not make an issue of
it, of course, because she had no
legal stand. It was only a private
"love triangle" quarrel — nothing at
all to go to a lawyer about. (Unless
sprung that kind of person!)

L and R do have "business"
together. They have a lot of
"dirty linen" to wash ~~together~~ ^{out}. If
I want to help her wash it —
in "court", in public, as she prefers
to do — (having no real friends, no
real backing) — then, as Jim warned
me I should "get out" — be the lady
I am — not get my feet muddied
in their mess. Not let my "good
name" be sullied.

This is my new "indifference",
actually. I stepped out of R's attempt
to drag me in on it — to "ruin" me.
Now I have to face L's involvement.
Since he cannot extricate himself —
being too deeply involved — I shall
have to extricate me! — or "go
down"!!

Jim McCabe betrayed his client! I thought this morning. He was supposed to eliminate me - yes. That he attempted to do, but by betraying R (and L)! He did not protect her; he "protected" me! By slandering R & L! He should have put his client in the "right" - me in the wrong. He did not. He did the opposite! No wonder he swore me to Secrecy!

Also, I feel that he "betrayed" me. After all his "good advice" he made advances to me - he, a married man! Also he claimed that R is not paying him anything. Then he intimated that she is "odd", and that she "sleeps around" - specifically, was rumored to have slept with her boarder when she was supposed to be going with L!

I wonder if L knows this?

"L is hooked" - as Jim said. He is hooked as badly as he was with his wife. Gullible, lonesome, affection-hungry fool! Only a very bitter lesson will show him that R is no better than any other divorced woman, left with a child to raise. We all ~~succumb~~ ^{have} to the temptation to hook an agreeable, foolish older man with money, whom we can

outline - who will (unwittingly)
"provide" for our child! Such is
the tigers force of mother-love.
I know. I've been there it!

In the meantime L is "hiding
behind my skirts". He wants to be
"saved" from this dilemma; I am very
"useful"!

I noted, in perusing that book,
the bachelor's women types that L has:
① R - the "child" (the easily dominated)
and ② me - the "psychologist" - the "nurse",
the "mother". Only these two "matter".

Only these 2 attract him. The
very immature - the "playmate", the "child",
the "helpless" - and the mother, the one
independent enough, "wise" enough to
"satisfy" the ungrown child in him - to
lead him.

All others are fill-ins - waitresses
and/or beer parlor "tarts" - bar hangers-
on. Note the sophisticate, the glamor
girl, the outdoor girl, the business
girl, the domestic are not on
his list. They scorn him! He's too
"fuddy-duddy"! They want men!

I dread tonight. I feel a
"showdown" brewing. I see a lonely
week-end ahead of me. For, L

will "side" with R — not being able to extricate himself — not having the wisdom, the "guts" to pull himself out now & cleave to me — his only chance.

I shall have to step out — I pray it may be graciously.

I do not know whether to liquor or stay sober. Either way, what has to be done must be done.

I cannot help L. till he sees for himself. Only time will do that — and the bitter experience I predicted for him.

En avant!
Avanti!

Tues. night.

Ugh! Another writing session — and I'm so tired. It took all I had tonight.

~~I came~~ Why did I drink too much this afternoon? Because I was scared, scared about to-night, scared & resentful about getting that big dinner (It took 3 hours!), and lonely — and scared about the future. I spent a long session mentally pre-viewing each possible mood I might present, the reason therefore, and my best reaction.

He could be either bad, evasive, or "good." I bet on the second, the hardest. If ~~one~~ ^{one}, I'd slam him with Jim McCabe, if two I wasn't sure — I'd have to pin him down; if three (not so probable) I'd have to play along — reassure, be a friend. It was a long, hard session and I realized that it might turn out very different.

I knew the symptoms of each mood. I would watch for them & depend on my sub-conscious to take over.

He came. Symptoms? Good! At first. I expected "punishment"

i.e. "brush-off" or apparent brush-off, for I knew he was "mad" about last night. The trouble was he didn't know it!

But here he came - early, with two ^{the} geese! The people he'd expected to give them to "werent home", he claimed. (He probably stayed at R's too long to deliver them.)

Anyway, those two things were good. Then came the bad symptoms. He hadn't brought beer - deliberately. He "refused" to go and get some. (F l e e d m e, woman!)

I didn't much care - I was t i g h t e r than I cared to be anyway - & dinner was really, cooling.

We ate. We enjoyed some nature pamphlets I'd forgotten we had together. The kids left.

Then it came. What I expected. He "had to go" - had "things to do". (Eat and run boy - impolite - thoughtless.) All this - yes. But what really bothered me was the knowledge that it was my "punishment". When he then announced that he was leaving Friday to hunt &

would be "busy" in the interim I was so damn mad I could hardly contain myself. Punishing me? For what?

Besides he beat me to the draw. I was going to be "busy" first!

I sensed it was "evasion" - as I'd expected - (he was playing for time) I "pinned him down."

It was gruesome. I came so very near dismissing him for good that it alarmed me. Yet somehow I couldn't cross that line. There was something grim & challenging in his manner that gave me hope.

I gave him every chance to call it all off. But he didn't. We were caught in a cold war.

I kept explaining & explaining, first his version, then mine.

Finally I broke the icy barrier, after kicking him (literally)

back into place when he tried to leave once.

He began to fight when he found he couldn't evade. I kept calling his bluffs - explaining "painting a picture" to him of what he was saying & implying.

I challenged him to act upon his bluffs.

Then gradually he began to renege. "He didn't mean that", "I had misconstued", ~~He~~ meant to make a date with me, I had just "beat him to it" etc, etc.

(Beat him to it is right! I was exhausted!)

It all ended in a "rapport" that, though there was no physical touching except a very warm goodbye embrace & our hands fondling each others as we "made up", was even closer & better than physical.

"I like you ~~very~~ a lot" he conceded. "I'm just 'Goose Crazy' right now" — and other things he ~~should~~ have said in the beginning!

He claimed he hadn't intended a "brush-off". (No — not that — only a "punishment") — but I didn't allow it. I talked him out of it. Not "therapeutically" — (alas!) but at least I was myself. —

and it worked!

I let him leave then.

L. volunteered that he quit
going to the GC. because of
the cries of "where's Lorna? where's
Lorna?"

Wed. Oct 23, 1963

I think that I should make an unprecedented note that I feel good today! I feel secure and sure and warm about h. His voluntary "I like you a lot" and his reiteration, "you don't give yourself enough credit in your relationships (a "new" word he's picked up from me) with people". (One has to remember he is an niggardly in compliments as in all other things!)

In spite of knowledge that he might have felt very smug about putting "one over on me" and getting his own way and his freedom and will doubtless date and have fun quite blithely without me now; I can't help but feel there is truth to his reason of "goose fever". He is that eccentric!

I have many stories of his past to prove that he does eliminate women from his life for days & weeks ^{at a time} to merely play with "the boys". In fact, this is how he's lost most of them. Whether I can stick it out remains to be seen.

"Perhaps you expect too

much from me —", he challenged me (nicely) last night.

I countered with the same remark, "Perhaps you expect too much!"

A light dawned between us, it seemed. It was too true of both of us — perhaps the reason for both our failures in love.

Anyway, I feel sure of him today — in the sense that he does not want to give me up — not now, anyway. He wants me — his way, of course.

I was even able to talk about R dispassionately. A strange silent phone call about 5 yesterday made me think that she is more upset about the duck/goose victory than L claims. Anyway, she doesn't worry me now. L spends his best times with me!

So — though I realized in that long, grim moment of decision-facing last night — that I do not have a love, I have settled for a regular date possibility. At least I am not totally without. (For Joanna's benefit!)

I can go to the games and ^{next 2} functions now alone, or with

family, knowing that I shall
appear at the Davis game escorted.
And I can always laugh and
say my man has "goose-fever";
he's gone "a-hunting" — (haven't they
all?)

Friday Oct 25, 1963

New developments:

I put a sweet "Thank you" note in L's mailbox to encourage him in the kind of call he made while Lilli was at my house. I explained that I didn't call him at noon because of the changes in our office arrangement which has deprived me of my noon privacy.

Last night was one of the legitimately "busy" nights I'd flung at him, hoping to beat him to the "busy" brush-off and failing. I didn't intend for him to know it was only a school function — and I might even be going alone. I meant to give him "a taste of his own medicine".

Luckily, Lois + Bert "allowed" me to go with them, taking the sting out a little. At least I wasn't alone.

I enjoyed it. It was refreshing: youth + ideals + family and mother pride. I needed that — to combat my recent overwhelming cynicism. I was glad I had not asked L, as I had considered. (It was not a "play-boy" affair.)

I was glad, too, that Lois + Bert suggested a beer afterwards. I was

glad we were all dressed up. I think I was glad we ended up at the G.C. I don't know. Under different circumstances maybe.

I know I was pretty sure I wouldn't be going in there any more, so it could be seen out - it all depended on who told the story how. L & B are not gay enough company to use for jealousy purposes.

So - I wasn't too happy when I saw Lois nod + point significantly and looked up to see L approaching. - He didn't look very happy, either. He looked scared, hesitant, shy, unsure, anxiety-ridden. (He looked very much like my father, suffering in social ineptitude.) In fact, he looked so worried that he didn't even look handsome, just old and a little queer, a Mr. Milquetoast.

The feeling that shot between him & me was guilt, "caught". (Oh-oh!) Neither of us was supposed to be there!) My feeling was the same as during our "fight" when I walked into the Vets' with Gerald: we were at loggerheads; it seemed.

I forgot that "everything was lovely" between us. I forgot my "nice note" to him he should have gotten by now.

I had "played games"; now I was going to be exposed. I had "cheated"; I was very uncomfortable.

I was uncomfortable, too, being with B+L. I was not "supposed" to be seeing L; I was not "supposed" to like him; I was being played for a "sucker". I shouldn't, therefore, act glad to see him. (Nor he, me.)

I think this is more what was bothering both of us. L knows he's in dis-favor with B+L. He knows Lois is ~~the~~ power that is promoting other dates for me. How did he know but what he'd interrupted just some such? Here we were, dressed up, it was early, B+L don't usually like the G.C. We were on our way someplace, to meet a date for me, perhaps? I had been "mysterious", L-like, uncommu-
nitive.

All this I didn't realize at the time. I only sensed it. All I know is that L didn't act glad to see me (nor I him). He was diffident, hesitant, about joining us. He was very bad company, nervous,

ill-at-ease, ordering only one short beer, claiming he was on his "way home" (at 10:30?) - to "rest up for hunting" - had been to drugstore - talking to Pat Kellett (an old "try") - this annoyed me, along with his obvious, furtive interest in everyone that came in. I felt we had interrupted something he was up to.

Lois was enjoying it - she who "plays games". How would she act now she was married? Surely she would play up the "we're out on a date" implication.

No. She surprised me. She announced to L that we had been at school! (Traitor! Why did she do that?) Now I had nothing to fight L's mysterious actions with! She unarmed me; Why?

Anyway, L pulled out as fast as he could, tho I played a delaying action (hoping he might annex me for the evening - ha!) by giving everyone to have another short beer. And I needled L, who had on his new jacket, by exposing & teasing him about the filthy green sweater beneath it.

He offered it to me to wash -

Heard
jacket?
sweater
sweater

saying he'd pick it up Sunday - which rather surprised me. He didn't take it off till we got outside, tho.

Then he left - abruptly. I was hurt. I was hurt, too, because, on our way out, Pat Kellett waylaid L and asked when she was going to get the duck L had promised her? (Hann this duck intrigue!) He said, "Ask Lorna for one. She has plenty." I could have killed him!

Then rather odd things happened. Our street home was blocked off, we had to turn and so L's way before we turned off. L followed us - I thought.

At home, I was still annoyed about the duck. Was I really supposed to pay off L's old debts? I pay for his past? I worked awhile & then decided I'd call him and ask him about it.

No answer. No answer, No answer, no answer tho I called & called. Odd. Or was it? He had lied, of course. He'd had no intention of going home! Where would he be?

Now, the picture changed. The duck became a minor annoyance.

Why had he lied? That became the new necessity. If he were cheating on me again — !! This I determined to check out, trying to get in the right mood to give him up entirely, but not succeeding.

I called the Legion, the Vet's, the Donut Shop and his apartment intermittently. Nothing. ??? Not R's! Oh no! But I'd started checking. I couldn't stop now. I didn't want to rile up that bitch again!

I'd drive by. (Damn it. I was all undressed.) I sneaked out — elaborately — Dennis was in bed — mother had guests. The car wouldn't start! It simply would not (First time!) Realizing my emotional confusion, I carefully checked + tried. No use.

(God! what are you doing to me? What is this a sign of? I don't want to call R! Yet I cannot stand the emotional upheaval of not finishing checking this out!)

Reluctantly, I called. It took a long time, then a sleepy voice answered. R I asked, was told no — nicely (??) — and hung up. She sounded puzzled. I don't think she realized it was I. Perhaps

she figures I'd rather drive by.
Continuing my checking - anxious
to get to bed - and not having any
success I decided to try the car
again. Success! (How strange!) I made
my tour. Silence. Darkness. No Cadillac.
Hmmm. The phone had begun to act
up, too. It all gave me a very eerie
feeling.

I tried the Legion - once more -
desperate when I still didn't answer
after midnite ("home early" for him!)
What in the world? Had he a date?

"Mr. Karr just went home," was
the cooperative report "he was only
here for a short time" - (Good girl!)
But the hell he had. I'd just called.

One more try & then nothing to
do but "make a Scene" - call after
2 a.m. when all bars closed. Damn!

He answered! "Where in hell
have you been?" I cried - not
caring one whit about saving
anything at this point.

"Did you call a few minutes
ago?" he asked. "Yes" I said.

"I was in the bath!" (He
had run naked & dripping to
answer the phone now - why?)

I explained then. He explained.
It was all "innocent", after all.

What was revealed now, which
had never occurred to me was:
he saw up & go downtown (he thought)
he was surprised I was home - thought
we'd "gone out". He'd gone home, then
decided "he wanted another beer" -
"needed" to see Mag - had changed
his mind & gone downtown. (??!!)

Now he was home - "early" -
"early for him" as he said. True.
True.

Though I now needed him
about Pat & the duck, I "forgave"
& "forgot". The Pat reaction left a
bit of a sour note between us.
First I was to give her a duck -
even a goose (if you please!) - then
no. "He'd do it himself - later."
(Afraid she'd talk too much?) or -
what?)

Damn him!

Anyway, it struck me funny -
while I was being jealous & worried
he had been the same! It gave me
joy to tell him I would have asked him to
the school function if he had it been
so "busy". So - all was well -
almost -

Nothing to do now but "wait" till Sunday night — wait and wonder if he'd lose some of the joy in hunting — worrying + wondering a little about me — wondering why he bought a new jacket when the old was good enough last year, ^{with me,} when he he doesn't intend to see me except at "old clothes" times for a good long while — wondering why he expects to neglect women so long and still keep them —

Later — Friday

The "miracle" has happened again! Once again I have reached the end of my financial rope and something has "broken" for me.

This time a raise. True, a meagerly one. True, I'll work for it and true, it won't be art work — but — nonetheless a temporary way out of my dilemma.

An excuse to call L.
An unexpected excuse for
"communication" (and check).

I called him at noon. Out.
(Damn his guts!) no ritual, any
more?)

I didn't catch him till almost
12:30. He sounded exasperated,
weary (of me?) But when I told
him why I'd called - to share
the joy of my raise with him,
he was delighted. (Naturally, he
was delighted. As I told him -
now I wouldn't bother him so
much (maybe full time work), now
he could be free, independent.
He laughed - lamely.

"Well - see you or something,"
I said, "Better take your 'snooze'!"
(He'd claimed Don had kept
him at the office. Perhaps. I'm
beginning to believe him more
the more I check.)

He hung up without a fight
to linger. Now things were really
'ok' between us. Now he would
enjoy his hunting,
(Damn.)

Sat. Oct 26, 1963 LK7

I began to write "Just think!
a Sat. morning — and no emo-
tional crisis to write out!" All is
well. I know where L is. I'm
sure he's "alone". I know he'll be
back Sunday night & we have a
date — 'or maybe Saturday' he said —

And when I hit that one —
back came the doubts! "Maybe
Saturday —" I won't know! He
didn't say he'd let me know if not
Sat.! — leaving a 'loop-hole', a
good old "Leonard-loop-hole" so that
he and Mag could "sneak" back
Saturday and he could have a
fine date "I'd never know about"!
He could!

And I have no date to tantalize
him with! And I don't like to lie.
I want it sure, and nice, and sweet
— and he doesn't know how!

So — I thought of a "parable" this
morning: There were two men —
and they had two women (wives
or not) whom they liked to consider
faithful to them. They each had
to be gone 2 nights over the week-
end, expecting to be back Sun.
night.

One man took his woman to bed before he left and completely & satiated her. The other was "too busy". He figured "once a week" was enough; his woman would wait.

While they were gone each woman was approached by a persistent "wolf." Each desired to remain "faithful". Which one did?

Which all proves that a man should "take care" of his woman before he goes on a trip. A "neglected" woman is ripe for mischief.

For she has to fight nature's force that "the race must go on". "Nature" cannot tell one man from another. She provides the need; circumstance provides the means!

Yet every man expects a woman to be more "noble" than he is! The "foolish" man will blame his woman, not himself, or his own neglect. He will have "Great troubles".

The "wise" man provided for his woman, recognizing her human needs. He provided — in more ways than one!

Sic!

Now -

There is one other tid-bit.

Went to the game with mother last night. It was a fabulous victory. ^{game was} We enjoyed ourselves. I was glad I was with family. It was a family experience. An "outsider" would have spoiled the warm glow. So.

But mother related a session of gossiping with Pat Kellett - (1) which she has too many.)

Let us introduce Pat, a new character in this "story". Pat worked where I did - once. She divorced her husband while there (they both "played around".) She was fired for stealing - pretty thievish (and dating salaried men.)

She now works where mother (and Leonard) do all their "drug store" shopping. She "hangs out" at the G.I.

When I first started going with L I found that Pat was one of his past women. Tho he denied that there was anything more than "back-yard bears" between them, Pat's ensuing jealous viciousness assured me that there was more to it than that. Besides - I know L!

He doesn't continue to call on a woman who "won't".

Now - in spite of all - L still does his shopping where Pat is - even tho it is ridiculously inconvenient for him. He "chats" with her - he has reported same. This is the basis for my alarm about the ducks. L "never lets one go"; he keeps them "on ice".

Now, Pat is no longer a "rival". She has "conceded"; she now considers that I am L's "girl". But she pries and kids unmercifully about it - to L, to mother, to me. She keeps close check on the progress of this affair.

So - I was alarmed when mother (who relates a twisted, self-protective version of conversations) said that Pat said, "Well, Lorna may marry when Dennis leaves -" (Who told her this? Who told her that I "desire" to wait till D. goes? Mother - or Leonard?)

"Oh, no!" said mother (her version) "Nothing like that -!"

"Oh?" said Pat.

It was the inflection on the "oh?" that got me. As mother

repeated it, it implied doubt (and hope?) — and interest?

Now, granted that mother obviously left out great chunks of her own meddling, Pat's reticence implied knowledge of something that mother "didn't know", of some unbelief in mother's interpretation, of conflict of "stories"?

It made me wonder if, knowing Pat as I do, she hadn't elicited replies from L about our relationship, hadn't prised answers out of him that he, knowing him as I do, would not otherwise have given. And if she prised, she showed an interest beyond the casual. (What?)

She is very interested in if I marry L.K. Of this I have no doubt. For she had hopes herself, this I know. I've "heard";

Had L ~~tell~~ imply to her that there might be marriage — in time? (Out of character!) — Or — more likely — did mother once imply this — and has now "changed her story"?

Anyway — there's too much "talk" — too much "meddling" —

too many "interferences" in that drug store - Glee Club; mother - Leonard - Pat - G.C. & drugstore employees - gossip circle.

I don't like it!

Another bit of mother-meddling. I didn't fool her when I detoured by R's on our way home last night. "Oh," she said "L's car was there one night recently when I took Rose home. He always puts it way back in the driveway, where it can't be seen."

"He does not!" I said hotly.

She was smug, silent. I could not pin her down any more than that. Aware that her observations are faulty and self-oriented, I let it go.

Damn her!

Anyway, the house was adlight. R couldn't be at the Ranch — ???

My cousin did not get his job "where R works" — damn!

Notes from a Study on Lonely Wives.
Might be applied equally well to
lonely mistresses. or "week-end wives"
or neglected mistresses?

"Abnormal stress" says a doctor.
Must expect emotions of anger, resentment, and jealousy, as well as sadness.

Leads to destructive activities — self-neglect;
misplaced emotions; overdrinking, over-
eating (& smoking?), getting involved
with another man.

Freshly painful each time it happens.
Cuts & chips away at rapport between us;
haven't experienced to gether; lose week
by living for week ends; no continuity.

One of true joys is talking to someone who
cares. Meaningful talks left out.

Can't count on support except for emer-
gencies — delicious female luxury of
leaning on a man doesn't exist —

Woman grows more independent —
Man becomes merely welcome guest —
no real function —

Each has been own boss all week —
Bound to be clashes when meet.
Hidden accumulation of wrongs at
having been left alone.

Constant see saw of adjustment

- Suffers the pain of being ~~alone~~ ^{lonely} rather than the pleasure of being alone.
- Loss of identity, drop in self-esteem ("Where's your man?")
- "Mourning reactions": mild depressive symptoms, loss of interest in life, apathy, sadness, loss of vitality, indifference; sudden surges of anger + resentment.
- Antagonism + jealously.
- Suspicions of infidelity.
- Vulnerable to ^{other} men's advances.
- Disintegration of social life: Friday nights tired, Sunday - not going-out night, Saturdays precious.
- "Lone woman" social misfit.
- Becomes emotionally over-dependent

Benefits on children

- Has to develop something for herself.
- Don't take ^{wife} for granted. Cherish moments, appreciation renewed ^{each time}.
- Unusual, better insight in absences.
- Emotional maturity heightened by unusual demands upon.

Sat. night -

All alone - completely deprived of associates. Yet happy - "the pleasures of being alone" this time - because of imminent hard, depressing ~~full~~ time work ahead - (no time to " goof off" like this ahead of me)

"The 'neglected' wife" will feel resentment, suspicion." Indeed, yes! Sewing tonight, my thoughts direct on the queerness of -

- ① - L's new "chumminess" with Mag.
- ② - The strangeness of these 2 night stays at the ranch. ^{writing Mag. ~~of~~ of all people!} ~~just for~~
- ③ - The oddness of the report in the paper tonight that the Ranch had been robbed - twice - recently, correlated with the recent robbery of the Glee Club.
- ④ Joe's the bartender's remark that ^(G.C.) "they think they know who it was."
- ⑤ Joe's "joking" accusation of L.
- ⑥ L's uncalled for "over-reaction" to this remark.
- ⑦ My observations of Mag's defiant attitude toward the law - his childish ~~habit~~ pattern of ~~grabbing~~ "delinquency" pattern.
- ⑧ - L's poorly disguised report of Mag's "denial" to illegally stock up geese in a freezer in

Prosser.

- ⑨ My conviction that they did just that.
- ⑩ The mysteriousness of just exactly why Mag was fired from Safeway management.
- ⑪ Mag's continued irresponsible spending of money, alto he isn't working.
- ⑫ Mag's need of money to finance his "play-boy-ism".
- ⑬ Mag's blithe attitude toward money.
- ⑭ Mag's "connections" with Safeway, his & L's persistent chummy-isms with Art Hall - a divorced, "cheap" type Safeway manager.
- ⑮ L's report on Mag's "affability" as a "hunting" partner.
- ⑯ Mag's former scorn of L - versus his new chummy-isms with him.
- ⑰ L's "gullibility" - his reputation as the perfect "patsey".
- ⑱ - L's greed for money.
- ⑲ - L's petty cheating pattern.
- ⑳ - L's "need" for companionship & self-enhancement.
- ㉑ - The oddness of the report of the ranch robbery - truck parts and gas.

- (22) Both L's & Mag's "loneliness" and lack of success in finding & keeping real friends.
 - (23) The mysteriousness of it all.
 - (24) L's obsession & odd defenses of "business" "success" & business "practices".
 - (25) His tendency to invest money in his cronies' schemes.
- Etc. Etc.

Anyway, putting it all together I say — "What are those boys up to?" They have a perfect set-up for the illegal "marketing" of wild geese. The remoteness of the ranch, L's hunting prowess — the Safeway connections — and all the above observations!

Leonard, are you being taken again? Are you an "unsuspecting" partner in petty crime?

It all helped — fantastic as the imagery is. It helped me to "be alone" tonight. It helped to know that I may be mixed up with more of a cheat than I know!

Besides, what benefit? He'll come in tomorrow night — late, tired, ("Sunday is not a going-out night",) He'll

have 3 legitimate geese. He'll have to have them dressed. Another Sootie to Terrace Heights. Another quick, hurried "lay". Another "brush-off" for another week which he needs must spend concentrating on trading his 3 geese for "bed and board" — where I won't know; with whom I won't know. Ever.

What benefit? To me? To him?

A long talk with Lois ~~tonight~~;
"— now that you're more objective about L —" she says.
And a report on Gerald. He "figured" I had "someone else" — since I "wouldn't" date Saturday nights — (??? I wouldn't?) — and just "dropped out". Etc, Etc, who cares?

I was pleased to hear her say that Bert noted L's indifference to my new coat, ^{I made} and his dwelling only on his new jacket — and detested him for it.

I called to check with her why she "dis-armed" me. She was "unaware". She had L's discomfiture figured the same,

way as I had - we had interrupted him in something. Perhaps I was wrong in my later interpretation. I figured it on my later checks + conversation with him. I have a feeling I'm right. (He might have liked to have done something else - but found no opportunity!)

Note: I forgot to mention that my surmise on Bernard - (L's avoidance of him because I had known him - the service station attendant) proved "wrong". On the contrary - L sought him out + gave him some business because I knew him. Hmmm.

Also: Lois had an odd-ball diagnosis of L's personality today. She was almost right; she misinterpreted her quote, I think. "A congenital inability to feel", she said - (something she'd read.) An inherited thing. A lack.

No. I disagree. It is conditioning. Same result

but different cause.

A misinterpretation of the
Cerebronic personality by a
pure ectomorph endomorph?! A
lack of understanding of the
subtle (and disastrous) effects
of poor conditioning?

* * *

Tomorrow lies ahead of me.
Gradually, I am feeling
more free of L. — and his
"imprisonment" of me.

Gradually, I find my
own self again.

Winkery

Sun morning - Oct 27

(cont from Sat night)

For each little goodbye, each little brush-off is practice for a big one!

Is this what L intends? Subconsciously. Whatever, it is the effect he gets.

L, I thought, is testing me. Just as my daughter used to test me, (as ^{my} ~~that~~ counselor pointed out.) "How much do you love me? How much will you do for me? How much can I count on you?" Test. Test. Test. Impossible demands. Impossible proofs for a personality that hates itself!

Hates itself because it doesn't like what it's doing - and can't stop. Also the plea, as with Julie, "Stop me! Stop me! Make me quit!" [L's fervent query, "Don't you want me to go hunting?" [Test. Test. Show some love! Show some anger! Show some jealousy! Prove your "love"!]

Each time L "brushes me off," each time he withdraws, every day that goes by that he shows cold disinterest & indifference in me he kills something - makes it easier for me to withdraw.

I just plain get used to being

I leave
a "trail"
Frustrated
Stop me!
[Love me!]

without him. Gradually, as he
withdraws his interest and
attention, I find mine dissipating.

These "hunting" expeditions
~~are tests~~, are "punishments", are "disciplines",
or tests! Not only for me, for all
his women, [I "withdraw". Now let's
see what you're going to do! Chase me!
Love me! Enhance my self-esteem!
Show everyone how loved, how desirable
I am! (And then I can doubly "prove"
how "desirable" I am by scorning your
pleas! I am so desired I don't even
need you!) Guess that proves it!"]
A man shows his "lovability" by
the number of women crawling after
him — and his indifference to them,
(says Leonard Karr!)

The hunting expeditions, the
"brush-offs", the "indifference" are
are a test, a plea for UNCONDITIONAL
LOVE — the kind no one but a
child or a psycho under treatment
gets!

I am supposed to react by
unfolding — whatever you do, LK, I
love you. Always, I love you.
You can do anything; I love you.
It is known in the vernacular

as "spoiling". It is the way R treats him - that he craves so much.

It takes a saint, or a mother, or a psychiatrist, — or a deluded fool, and It doesn't "work"!

What is needed is firmness and kindness — (loving-kindness), infinite patience and wisdom — and subtle, very clever discipline.

"Not what you do, Leonard, but how you do it" — as I keep telling him.

And the result? As with my daughter — in time, with maturity, with heart-breaking experiences of trial-and-error, cause and effect, patient abstinence from protection against the consequences of their actions, plain "guts" ^{on my part} they, themselves will "come around". Needed, too, is an opportunity, a chance at a better way — a careful trial-and-error; "reward & punishment" pattern in a new way of acting.

Where will L's pattern lead him? Not to what he "desires" and needs: love. But to loneliness — another loss. Another proof of his undesirability. Another "reason" for withdrawal! Just the opposite of what he

"intends" — for his way is wrong.
He must give in order to get!
Full circle. Back where we started!

How I should like to say tonight
when I get the usual week-long
brush-off, "Goodbye again, Leonard,
I'm learning to get along without
you!"

And unless you show me more
attention, you have lost me, too.

How to hold him? I don't want
to hold him. He isn't worth it. He
has nothing to offer — nothing but
heartbreak. All I want is for
it not to hurt. I want to dislike
him thoroughly enough to want to
do without him. And each "punish-
ment" makes me dislike him a
little more.

By Christmas, when the
final blow comes — no present for
me — I shall be through, I think.
I shall be able to see that white
cadillac cruising the streets
knowing that it contains only
a lonely, doomed, impossible,
unhappy woman-chaser, woman-
hunter, woman hater; woman
hunter! That it will cruise its
weary way — always the same

route, the "handsome" man behind the wheel gradually growing older, uglier, less "desirable", more bitter and neurotic — until — there are no women left for him —

→ → →
The word Lois couldn't think of that Bert applied to L's goose-distributing was doubtless "BRIBERY". L bribes with his geese. A goose for a "goose" (with women); or a goose for a dinner; or a goose for an entrance into your home, your life; or a goose for a ^{little} self-enhancing, titillating ^{ex-}perience. ("A goose is my "ticket" into Social circles I cannot otherwise penetrate.") I have a stock, a back-log of geese which I must keep replenished, for it is my "security" thru a lonely week. I can always run around offering geese to people (and thereby avoid loneliness).

This is my reason for "hunting"; hunting those geese I don't even like! This is the reason I enjoy fall and the hunting

Season so much — why I am happy in the fall. I have "social security" in my goose-hunting prowess. I am "wanted"; I am "sought"!)

Personally, the sight of another goose will make me sick! Gone is the glory, the wonder, the admiration, the natural beauty in L's pursuit of geese. What was once a laudable try for "perfectionism" ~~has become a~~ a real joy in nature, has become a sordid act of opportunism, of brbery, of prostitution of a good thing.

Leonard, you stink! How little I look forward to my ruggardly hour or two with you tonight!

Absence brings insight, perspective, objectivity. It does not "make the heart grow fonder." It is cold & calculating — as used by LK. It "serves his purpose."

Sun. night - Oct 27, 1963

All's well that ends well, I suppose. I am too deliciously relaxed & weary to write much. And it is late.

I "prepared" myself for L's return. I steeled myself to another long brush-off. I decided to refuse any grace at whatever cost. I decided to be firm about no more foolish slack of communication. I prepared for a naggingly - hour or two - out of the whole week.

Circumstances presented a dilemma today that could best be solved by the use of L's car if he showed up in time. It seemed only common sense to phone around & try to find out when he'd be back since people were waiting for a decision.

I phoned Mag. "L went with Lyle!" he said, "not me." (Damn him! Damn his lying, uncommunicative self!)

I phoned Lyle's wife. She "didn't know" tho it was important to her that he got back early. "One just has to wait," she said, "till they show up."

"How ridiculous!" I said,

"when there's that mobile phone unit that can be used at the ranch" etc. No, she wouldn't consider that - one just had to wait. (The spoiled brats! I thought)

None of that for me! I could learn to be normally thoughtful or get lost!

I called Smitha Prior. She was ~~very~~ cool, but gave me the ranch phone number. (Now I have it! - no domineering or "escapes" for you henceforth, Mr. Karr!)

I phoned. No answer.

We gave up on our dilemma.

I resigned myself to a late, tired, grudgingly call from L.

He called at 2! hintingly anxious to get together right away. (This meant I'd have to feed him. The scrounge! He also wanted to drink my beer - he'd "forgotten".) I was annoyed. And therefore so cool that he delayed his coming till 5 tho he eagerly accepted my grudging invitation to dinner. He came - empty-handed,

but all dressed up & perfumed
right on the dot. He was very
amiable, tho uncommunicative
about mutual recent incidents,
I'd decided to play "nice".

All was well. Then he got a
phone call at my house. ??!! Sure
it was R "paying me back" for my
call of the other night I was very
annoyed at his long, jolly con-
versation.

When it turned out to be
Mag reminding & inviting him
to a pre-arranged dinner that
L had "forgotten" I wasn't much
less annoyed. L's mish-mash
of "excuses" & "explanations" &
insistence that I was invited
too (now I was—after he'd eaten
my dinner!) left me doubtful
& suspicious.

He was anxious to take
the 6 geese out to be cleaned
so we left, I dressing up, be-
cause I'd decided it might
be fun to drop in on the party
— later — as L more or less
suggested.

We became very amorous
in the car. We yearned

and well aware that I had "bedded & boarded" a spoiled
brat - for nothing - not even a goose!

desperately for each other. (I was surprised at the violence of our need!)

We delivered the geese & hurried to his apartment where we had a passionate reunion.

He offered me geese on the way out & seemed hurt that I refused. He even pressed me; he even suggested trading ~~some~~ for steaks for me! I stood firm, even tho I risked not having his "excuse" to see me next week. (Enough of that goose bribery!).

To my surprise, he invited me to a show - about Wed & agreed - tho coyly - to go to the last foot ball game.

Allen slept most of the evening away deliciously content in each other's arms. Then he got dozey & refused to go to the "party" which disappointed & piqued me.

But we parted in sweetness. He even told me his plans for the next few days without my prying.

I came home early - wondering what this sweet content is with each other when I thought I hated him!

Monday - Oct 28, 1963

An amusing development today. It seems that ~~call~~ my sterious call when no one was on the line that I thought must be R. was Gerald — on a bad connection.

I knew I was taking a chance when I said smug-like into the silent phone, "Bully for you!"

It seems the other side of the conversation (which I didn't hear) was "Lona?" (no answer) "This is Jerry! — this is Jerry." (Silence) Then the Sarcastic, "Well, Bully for you!" and the phone slammed down.

Lois called to check out the discrepancies in Gerald + my reports ~~that~~ as to whether he'd called. She went on at great length, trying to foster Gerald + destroy L. Manmher! I wish she'd mind her own business! No one understands that L + I are enjoying (too late) the irresponsible teenage romance neither of us ever had!

I enjoyed it today. I felt good, good, good. L + I have hit a pace that satisfies us!

Now comes a grim 2 months
of nose to grindstone on my
very distasteful new job - In
job to try to get me out of the
financial hole that L
offers not one iota of help
or hope of helping in.

No one seems to understand
my goals & aims in life, I
feel terribly out of place!

COMPARISON

Until he loves,
No man is ever lonely,
However much alone;
For solitude
Is merely kin to loneliness,
Is only
A weather walked in,
A delayed caress.
An empty sea
Tugs only at the eye:
It is the single
Riding ship that draws
And drains away the heart;
It is the bird
Crossing the lift of sky
That makes us lonely,
And not the wingless heaven,
Big with cloud.

—JAMES WALKER

Nov 1 - 1963

Observations on "Giving"

- ① ~~"I gave"~~ My mother: "I put \$1,000 in the bank for you —"
"Why did you do that? —"
"I thought you needed it —"
10 years later: ~~"If you"~~ "I could get by — if you'd just pay me the money you owe me —"
- ② Lois: "I have an extra boy-friend I think you'd like —"
A year later: "Give up L; I've decided I don't like him —".
- ③ Bon Marche: "We are giving you a 15¢ an hour raise. Also a chance to fill out with full time work —"
Next day: "Go home. We can't use you but half time. You are too expensive."
- ④ Leonard Karr: "Leonard, I am \$400 in debt and a month behind in my bills and no work —".
"That's too bad. Here's a quarter (25¢). Everything will be all right."

7- Nov-63

Lt's dating motto:

"Out of sight; out of mind."

Friday - Nov. 1, 1963

UK-8

Later:

Well, back to the drinking + smoking + writing! It was a nice little interlude, full of hope and hard work and better habits; etc.

Back to bitterness and loneliness and the "endless desert".

(^{hurting} week ends for LK.)
L's wanting to go to the show midweek + the "promise" of the next football game; and the hope + satisfaction, however grim the means, of getting financially on my feet again; the necessity to get caught up on neglected chores so I could work full time; the opportunity to do so; the "settling down" to L. only - (no R "worries" - no Gerald) - the new independence of my daughter; my son's ^{late} "successes" - all added up to relieve my major anxieties and release my energies. I had hope again!

I went without drinking; I began to go without cigarettes; I exercised + groomed myself. I got to bed early + up early. I worked diligently on household chores. I enjoyed it all! I faced my financial dilemma squarely + began to do something about it. I

"handled" L "skillfully" - with good results. All things that I have not been "able" to do for a long time.

It all made me realize that my "troubles" were not Leonard, they were essentially money + job worries. All the other neuroticism stemmed primarily from that - including my friction with L!

Then the blow fell. 24 hours after I was informed of my "good luck" - (the raise + new ~~job~~ fill-in job -) I was deprived of the new job on the basis that I was now "too expensive"; I must hold down to only 4 hours a day. It was a dramatic + unusual episode that doesn't particularly pertain here. The same night my daughter "blew-up" ^{because} ~~under~~ her new stresses.

That was the night I looked forward so to going to the show with L - It was all spoiled. Terribly upset, I drank. I "picked on" L - especially after he coolly informed me (in the same old pattern) of his week-end hunting intentions.

I tried to refrain from "crying on his shoulder". I knew it was no use. Yet I was unable to repress my need.

Surprisingly, he silently acquiesced in my bitter, vindictive "orders". He "stayed with me"; he suggested drinking and a sojourn at his place; he was amorous; he was patient. He was very nice. "I feel as if you're my man -" I said. "I feel the same about you" he agreed, parroting me, as always, not realizing the difference in gender.

I needled him unmercifully. He reacted with infinite sticism. He offered nothing — "here's 25¢", he said, (as above). Then he brushed me off until Sunday night — "maybe" Sooner — the usual.

I threw threats at him; false hopes I had: (Gerald? my new "playmate" (?) Joyce Bak etc etc.) He "startled" once at one particularly vulgar one, but said nothing. Away he went into his void.

Out of sight; out of mind — until Sunday night — when he will move in on me, eating my food, taking what

he wants, offering nothing; a parasite! Making allusions to dates "next summer"; taking me "for granted".

This new work blow was so bitter, so crude, so ~~poorly~~ handled that it shocked me into analysing my situation.

I ended up with the decision that has been brewing for years:

I must give up the art work (only 8 hours a week now!) and find a ~~job~~ — an ordinary, money making "bread & butter" job to carry me thru to my "goal time" next year.

Once the decision was made I acted on it. It felt good! It was right! Bitterness left me. I girded my loins & set out.

Only to be met with infinite frustrations. "You do have a problem," the employment agency told me, as she, too, began to dandle at the facts, the mere facts, of my past accomplishments, which she pried from me against my better judgment.

How many times have I found that to ~~revel~~^{admit} one's accomplishments is only to face envy and resentment — and fear, and competition — destructive, jealous "will to win"! "Why do you hide your light under a bushel?" I have been asked time after time through the years.

Because I have found that, not only with me, but with my children — with Edward, with Dick, with L., etc. etc — to reveal natural endowments, "giftedness", ability to excel is to meet opposition. It is to meet, face on, the envious one's ~~deceit~~ unrecognized determination to destroy you — to trample on you — to "win" over you.

Even my dearest friends — (Lilli, even) — not help, not real help or encouragement + generosity, but competition! This I faced yesterday — every way I turned.

Aware that I might be merely dependent — "Great Expectations" etc — conditioned into me — yet here I was humbly offering my services, such as they might be — willing to sacrifice those Great Expectations and conform.

counsel

Too late.

It was all a bitter, grim lesson. I was grateful for the (uninvolved) friends who stood by me. But today I faced - with bitter, bitter "humor", a world that denies me my "chance to contribute".

There is nothing to do but endure; suffer "humiliation"; stifle enjoy of them; try to stick to my goals of love and forgiveness and the essentials of life in the face of infinite greed and foolishness.

I even called Lilli & asked her to ask Cal where I could find counseling service - free. I needed help.

No. There is none, she reported.

Nothing left but drink?
Or fight & hurt?

Later:

Crazy deal! Brooding a bit on L's uncommunicative ness. Phone rings.

Solitation for bowling customers.

Feeling gay + fended off super-salesman-ship by sicking him onto L. ("at work !??!) "I'll call you back + tell tell you what he says," says our Super-salesman. I demurred, then agreed - curious.

He did. L & "was very nice", he said - "after hunting, first of year" etc. Curious, + feeling devilish + a bit revengeful I called L - at work!

"Blast off at me!" I said. He was "innocent". Then came the brush-off. He started to say something, then - "can't now - not enough time - call you Sunday".

I made noises of dis gust. Then he asked, "How's your job try?" (Well, good for him!)

So I could brush him off - now. I did. Then - relenting - said - "Happy hunting!"

(I hope he cookes!)

Saturday - Nov 2 - 1967

My record now degenerates from a mere record of my relationship with L - or a report on my "love life".

I am faced with the necessity of making a living. I am broke, I am in debt. I have a child left to support for another year.

I am not earning enough to meet ~~my~~ our needs. I am unable to find enough work in my line to meet these needs. There is no market in this town for my "fabulous talents".

I have covered the field. I am known in all the possible businesses that could use me. My work is known. My situation is known. I am not wanted. I am not "needed". What ever I have or don't have is not marketable.

What they do want or need they feel that I cannot supply.

I glean just enough to barely get by ^{just enough} - to prevent me from giving up entirely or beginning a new approach.

I am slipping, I am failing.

My personal relationships (in business) have reached an impasse.

~~Before~~ Before I was a "noble little mother" trying "valiantly" to support 3 children on the proceeds of a remarkable talent in the face of great odds; I ~~am now~~ I elicited sympathy and thereby support & work.

Now I was a good-looking, "good", clever, "available" middle-aged woman; a "good sport" and willing to give good work fast for a low price without "strings" — useful for emergencies & spot work.

The picture has changed: I am now an aging, desperate, bitter, complaining, ~~miscreant~~ in arbitrary pest. I want a good price; I insist on my own standards; I scoff at and scorn what I used to accept with humor & patience & humility.

My children are "independent" — in ways that irk this town — My talent is "unusable" — too "arty" — I am now seeking security & "impractical"

"benefits" that employers are reluctant to provide to one so old, so much a "misfit", so much a "rebel", so anxious to leave this town, so non-conformist!

I am no longer the "safe flirt" for business men. I am too "available" now — too old, too alone, too desperate, too "eager".

I have aroused the suspicions of their wives. I am no longer the "good gal" — safe, reliable. I have "had an operation"; I have been seen & consorted with the "play boys" of town. I drink. I "carouse". I go "off on week-ends". I have "neglected" my children. I have "fought" the established institutions of town. I am a woman to "beware" of! I am an aging Career Gal! — Divorced, "alone", "looking for a man"; "talented", "clever", — desperate! Also I have been "going with" as "very available" "bachelor" for over a year. I will doubtless get married. I "don't need" work & support as I did. This man works in "my field". He

can help me! So they think -
My kids are grown, "gone",
"self sufficient".

I can leave town, I'm
"free", I have "talent", I
"don't like it here".

In short - I am no
longer Yukima pet "charity case".
She doesn't need us; we don't
need her!

The novelty has worn off.
We have "other fish to fry".
So - 7

I still have a year to go.
I still have debts, needs, I
still have no prospects of
support or marriage (no
matter what they think!) I
still have my dreams, goals, ideals,
wishes, wants - no matter what
they think! I still have needs -
and no way of providing
for them!

In short - I face old
age, and loneliness, and
poverty, and failure.

In short - "the tomorrow
I worried about yesterday" is
here - the Real tomorrow
that they gave me when

they repaired my failing body
and turned me loose for
another 20 years or so —

What to do?

Was it a mistake to step aside
from my "goal" — as I feared —
and "play the game" — the man game?
Toy with the prospects of "winning
a man" — as Lois urged me — as
they all urged me — only to
find that, too, a dead end — a
destructive, non-profitable diversion
— that lead nowhere — except
away from where I was headed —
that lured me into "greener
pastures" that were not, after
all?

For, specifically, what have
I got in it — Supposing I did
"win" him? What would I have
I do not have already? "Imprison-
ment" in Yakima — among people,
furnishings & philosophies I cannot
believe in. No money — I will
not share. Loneliness — I will
"go his way" — even more so.
Sex? — no more than now.
Companionship? — no more than
now.

Where am I going?

(" I don't quite know —
Down by the river where the
King-cups grow —
Any where — any where
I don't know: ")

It is Sat. night and I am alone.
~~Not please I can do~~ Even tho I
have a "gentle man friend" I am
alone on Sat. night!

I find myself discussing & evaluating
my future today - and evaluating L's
place in it. I could address L thus
tonight - or this week end - if it were
not that I desire an escort to
the ^{last} game next Friday; that I like
the self-enhancement of having
a man in atten dance; that I
feel a certain satisfaction in
having ~~exclusive~~ ^{priv.} (?) rights on a
man considered handsome, "rich",
and "eligible"; that many women
(of a certain type) vie for; that I enjoy
the association with that white Cad-
illac (I should live to see the day.)
that I like the sexual outlet; that
I enjoy his company; that it provides
a fascinating diversion & escape;
that it keeps my mind busy de-
vising new relationships solutions.
All trivial reasons. For, as I
say, I could address him thus:

Dear Leonard,

You are a very clever man. This
ridiculous (and sterile) hunting

mania of yours serves more than one purpose. It conveniently conditions these women you don't really want to learning to getting along without you. By the time 3 months of hunting season are over, during which time you ignore, neglect and desert them, they have adjusted to ① getting along without you ② Resuming & making their own lives & amusements ③ Coming to depend on more interested & reliable people for companionship ④ Evaluating your real contributions to their lives and ⑤ deciding a bird in the hand is worth ^{two} ~~you~~ in the wheat fields!

And so, come January, after they have had to spend weeks, weekends & holidays alone for 3 months you find them quite cool and remote — and therefore very easy to get rid of.

They "didn't understand"; they weren't "faithful". They weren't "interested in what you like". They weren't "your kind", after all. Fine.

More personally, what do you offer me — now? What do I get?

You offer me nothing — absolutely nothing that I don't have to investigate first. A week-end at the ranch? Or two? Did you offer or merely imply — suggest? Have you promised? Is it assured? Is the date set? No. It is tentative — maybe — depends —

Dates? None. None whatsoever. You assume I am ready should you so desire.

Game? The products of your hunting? Again assumed. Yet, I've had to fight for them. You "gave" them & then took them back — to give to R — to other women in your past — to mysterious people on a mysterious "list". They aren't worth it. They have no value.

Beer? — as you used to? No. You "forget". You come empty-handed or with one or two apiece. No more are there any to-be-looked-forward-to relaxing beer drinking sessions. You drink "alone". I am not asked. I am not invited. No more do you bring a 6-pack & "generously" leave me the rest.

In fact, you have been drinking my beer. Even tho you know that I am broke & without work & "need" it myself. You even ask to drink my beer!

Dinners? You used to take me out to dinner. I used to be able to ask - to suggest. No more. The last time you feed me left-overs from the left overs your mother gave you from the dinner she bought & ~~cooked~~ & fed you! In fact, you invite yourself to dinners at my house - and you come empty-handed!

Money? Never. Not one cent since you fixed my car a year ago. Not even any offers. Not one word—even when I hint strongly. Loans—yes. Paid back. On credit. ^{asked for} ~~asked for~~ ^{only \$10} ~~only \$10~~ ^{once} ~~once~~. Gifts? Never. Not one. Not a single solitary one! You even sold the ladies' watch you found on the street! What you have given—a box of candy at Xmas; an ivy plant to Julie on the birth of her baby—I told you to! You made me pick them out!

Help? In work? Not since
last spring when you failed

in sustaining my working with you.
When you grabbed all the big free
lance for yourself tho you know
I was desperate. You even en-
courage my finding work for myself!

Help at home? Only once. The
screen door. How you resented it!
You never ~~finished~~^{promised} it, either. You
never pruned the trees, ^{as you "promised"} you've never
mentioned either again. Wishes? No
You offered once - but didn't.

Marriage? No. Not one word.

Promises? Not one.

Encouragement? Hope? Reassurance?
A rare, last minute remark or two.
"You'll make it!" "It'll be all right!"

* Sex? Yes. If you're in the mood -
have the time. I have to "beg" for it now!

Social activities? No more. ~~the~~
What you do - and you do quite a
bit - you do alone. I'm not
asked, not invited. You have
even by-passed offers lately -
made crude, rude, unnecessary
rejections.

* Outings? Yes. Your kind. Some.
But you go on many that I am
not included in - never asked -
in fact - rejected.

Fidelity? I don't know. I'm never sure. Secrecy & evasion,

Sympathy? A pose that looks like listening but isn't. You neither see, hear, absorb, respond or remember.

What then? The semblance of a "boy-friend"; a visitor; an outing or two a week; sexual relief; an escort of passable appearance; an ear pointed ~~at me~~ in my direction sometimes; a parrotting & lazy reflection of my offers to him!

Loneliness, neglect, poverty, hurt, humiliation, rejection, embarrassment; etc.

yet withal a physical & psychic attraction!

And I really would not be fair if I admitted that these last few week-ends alone "waiting" for you to come back from hunting have a certain pleasurableness.

I have gotten a lot done. I am really content & peaceful, knowing (now) that ~~exactly~~ what you are doing - that you're enjoying yourself, with men; that you'll come back to me - eager, proud. Knowing - now! - that I can reach you if I need. It is sort of like

being married. And I am not the only "hunting widow" in town!)

Yet I dread the all-too-short, too dull, too tired Sunday evenings, knowing I will be rejected, neglected brushed-off utterly until the next week-end.

I miss the mid-week dates, the going out, the conviviality of those long past beer drinking evening — the attention you gave me for awhile. I miss the unexpected plates we had for awhile.

I have traded doubt & suspicion & jealousy for surety (I guess) but, with it I have loneliness and waiting, waiting, waiting — and being taken very much for granted.

It isn't enough. It is a kind of independent truce between two ^{very} separate entities.

Sun. morning.

It is a beautiful sunshiny full day - probably one of our last. It doesn't help the resentment feeling I build up against L ~~each~~ by Sunday to know he is out there enjoying it all while I am supposed to sit cooped up cooking a free dinner for him when he gets back - tired, dull, uncommunicative - parasitical - not invited to share his pleasures.

Right now I feel like replying to him if he asks about my job developments (as he did on the phone Friday) —

"I have to figure out my future. You're no help. No help at all. I'll manage."

Monday - Nov 4, 1963

Oh! did we have a fight last night! It was terrible! We broke up. We definitely broke up. We hated each other!

I started the day with too big a Schedule for the time I had. To dull the boredom of drudge chores and fatigue, to dull the pain of my impossible financial dilemma and the pain of ~~my~~ ^{the} culmination of too much neglect by I recently; and the envy of him out on this gorgeous day while I sat home imprisoned & drudged & waited, not knowing when (or if) he'd come - I nipped on mine. Too much. I got quite tight - unable to stop. I felt hounded by things I could not solve.

Last week he'd called at 2 p.m. Today 2 o'clock passed. Piqued, I called. ^{him} No answer. I immediately got very upset and began planning revenges - like not having him to dinner. I didn't want him! I couldn't afford an empty-handed guest.

About 2:15 I called and got him. "He was just going to call me - had been in awhile -" (the usual line. I wonder how long it would have been? Somehow I expected "punishment", revenge - I've forgotten

now why. He ~~had~~ ^{had} reason to be mad ^{about something}

Yet I was nice to him — he sounded so happy. Reluctantly I invited him to dinner (I'd be nice one more Sunday — get us at least thru this last long-awaited foot ball game date.) He accepted eagerly. He was amenable to our taking the geese out before dinner (6 more damned geese! I am beginning to hate them!) since I was nearly crazy from being cooped up all week end.

He came on the dot — all dressed up and perfumed. But I was looking for a beer offering — (hoping to have one to mask my breath.) He was empty-handed.

"Not empty-handed again?" I cried. — "God forgive you!" It hurt. It hurt terribly. All my offerings & little gifts & free dinners & beer to him — and he brings me nothing — ever!

Smoothly, quickly he claimed he'd planned to pick it up on the way out. "We'd drink one going out — and one back!" All very gay. All very unusual!

For some reason I didn't want to see him today. There was none of the impatient delight ^{the last week} I was

Sick of him, had made up my mind it was practically over. It had to be! It was too one-sided - no future no hope - no help. I felt mean, grim, bored. I viewed the usual paratitcal short evening without any anticipation. (Let's get it over with, I thought.)

I had decided not to mention my work troubles & worries & developments - what use? But he asked me on the way out. A little too tight (with the added beer) for control I heard myself viciously blasting off. Sure, he was "interested", but what earthly help?

Things were a little difficult. He barely offered me a goose & then "with drew" it. Starting back he said, "How about asking Mag to the foot,ball game?"

I don't know why I said yes. Somehow it seemed like a fun idea. It didn't dawn on me what it meant ~~at the time~~ yet.

Then he asked me to go to the ranch Friday night - right after the game? Would I like to? Two nights? I would have loved to, but he surprised me. I thought it was understood between us

that we'd wait till after the football games were over — why, I don't quite know. It just seemed easier — more time to prepare etc. I expected to be asked next week-end. I was prepared for that, looking forward to it. By that time I could figure out and ease him into the necessity of my not being gone for two nights. After all, we went on one night stands last year. What was this two night business this year?

I expected him to understand and agree that it wouldn't be wise to leave Dennis this year.

Last year Julie was there. This year he drinks beer, drives the car, has girls. But I hadn't ~~had~~ faced this yet.

He caught me off guard. Unprepared I began to hint that I couldn't leave Dennis — suggesting I stay Friday night & wed leave early Sat. morning — as we had last year.

He didn't seem to like this. He didn't understand this year's difference — as I naively thought he would. No. He had to leave Friday night — right after the game —

(When would I get ready? ^{wouldn't} do all my week end chores ahead?)

"Why!" He crowed, "We could take Mag to the game and all leave right after!"

An explosion occurred in me. Mag! Mag! always Mag this year! He couldn't do anything without Mag! Here I thought he was anxiously, impatiently waiting for the time I would be free to go with him — just us two — like last year. I thought he'd just been felling in, marking time with Mag.

Now, here he was asking an intruder, a buffer, a protection — a pal. What did he intend to do with me? I felt unwanted, scorned, a fifth wheel — grudgingly included.

"—— or maybe we better put it off a week", I murmured almost inaudibly, my heart heavy & expecting some offer of compromise.

"Yes!" he latched on eagerly. "Yes! that would be better! Mag and I will go! — after the game —" He was delighted, as he had not been at all when asking me!

It was finished. It was over. This was the final blow, The

* I had only 2 sure future dates with L, the first ball game & a trip to the ranch. Now Mag had to be included on both!

Last straw — all I needed.
That's all I realized at the time. There was something about this Mag business that made me very mad.

L seemed anxious to please, but a little irritable, tho he didn't act tried. On the way back he mentioned that Mag had said there was a party at the Vets' — a drinking party — on Sunday! What fun! I thought. A diversion from the usual routine. And I was very anxious to keep my "glow" on. I thought it would help me be detached and kind to L. (Ha!)

We stopped and, not finishing Mag went to his house (my idea which L gave in to, tho he didn't particularly want to.) Mag came out & had a beer with us in the car (while Jim remained in the house. No one asked him! How odd? I thought. It used to be Jim who was L's pal! Now it's Mag, who used to be the avoided one. Hmm. Odd.)

It was fun. Mag is a "goer", a party boy. He said, with gusto, for us to meet him at the Vets at seven.

L. now began being dictatorial about eating. The Master had to be fed. By the time I got dinner & did the dishes I was overcome with post-drinking lassitude, while L had fallen into a deep sleep that I had much difficulty rousing him from.

But he did. He was amenable, tho not fun, at all. I was disappointed at the appearance of the party. It looked meager, corny - unpromising. L & Mag sat like two bored sticks while I felt irrefragable with a desire to play. I got each of them to dance with me - & it was fun - for me, any way.

We were just getting tight & things were jerking up when L went into his "wooden Indian" act. He just sat, horribly repressed looking. I could have killed him.

Finally I said, "Let's go". We did. In the car I said "First 205 (his place) then 204 (mine)." He acquiesced without a murmur.

We were no sooner in the apt. than he began to strip & prepare. It was all so cold-blooded and calculated that my blood ran cold. He wants to get it out of his system & sleep, I

Decided. Just a matter of hygiene.
I loitered. I lingered. I felt like
a bride whore. I didn't want to!
He came at me like a stallion, even
whinnying in "humor" as he does. He
literally attacked me, devouring me
in hurried, calculated passion.

Nothing responded in me — for
the first time. I felt like wood. When
he pulled me on top of him (he was
tired; I had to work!) disgust assailed
me. The lazy, good-for-nothing taker!
I thought.

Something snapped in me. I
am only a female body to him. I
felt. It was sheer lust. It didn't
make any difference what woman
I was — any woman would do for
him to night. Disgustedly I thought
of all my predecessors in that bed.

("Act the whore!" something said
in me. "Act the whore!") I suffered
his lust. (Get it over with! Get it over
with! was all I could think of. I
had never felt this way before
with him. Frightened, when he
pulled back and looked at me,
puzzled, I tried. I couldn't.
There simply wasn't anything there.

He finished. To my horror and surprise I waited a minute, then pushed him in the face - off of me, leaped to my feet and started to dress. I just wanted to go home! I wanted out of there! What was the matter with me? Something was making me act this way. It wasn't I!

After a minute, he, too, got up and dressed. Silently. I was alarmed. We needed to talk, to figure this out. He wasn't going to. He was just going to take me home. He was mad! And that would be that. But what could I do? It was my fault, I knew. I felt awful - like the edge of an abyss.

Then he approached me, staring me steadily in the eye. To my surprise he said, "We need to talk this out. There's no sense in hurrying off. We should ^{sit down +} ~~just~~ settle this."

I'd thought he was in a hurry. With a sigh of relief, I settled back.

I don't remember what we said - he said something about "something's bugging you, I don't know what it is -".

I tried to explain. We seem to have misunderstood each other about Mag & the ranch. He

maintained I should tell him what I want — and he'd "be glad" to do it. I maintained I "couldn't" give him orders, etc., etc. We were at an impasse. Between us lay the silent indictment of that never-happened-that-way-before bed session.

Suddenly, he flew into a rage. "You know what I mean! You know!" he shouted. And I knew. (His male pride has been horribly wounded.) I sensed ~~with~~ some sure instinct that I had reached him in his ^{very} most vulnerable spot; no woman could resist his love-making!

Some little devil of glee arose in me, glorying in my feminine victory. It saw me through the manhandling he now began to bestow on me. My mild, terribly inhibited, repressed, little Mr. Milque-toast now suddenly became a raging lion in full heat. He grabbed me, he pushed me, he pulled me by the hair, he twisted my arm, ~~almost~~. He took me by the scruff of the neck — anything — there was no gentleness, no carefulness in his holds —

and tried to thrust me out the door and into the car. "Get out of here! Get out of here!" he screamed at me (he who had shushed me so fearfully a few minutes ago!) "I want to sleep! Go home!" Etc. Etc.

When I realized what he was trying to do — throw me bodily out — I began to fight him. I would not be thrown out! Not before this was settled. He only intensified his blows. He meant business!

I became momentarily alarmed. He was strong! I was in real danger! Then, ~~then~~ suddenly, I enjoyed it! Let him kill me! Let him kill me! I didn't care! I didn't want to live anyway! Here was passion! This man was suffering real, blind, raging passion! I had hurt him most grievously! He cared! He cared like hell! He really did!

And then I wasn't afraid. He loves me — more than I ever thought. He won't kill me. Because he loves me!

I began, then, to reach for his face and kiss him passionately on the mouth every time I could, while the blows rained

upon me. I felt myself showing
maniacal enjoyment. When he
noticed this, he only became the
more infuriated. With a snort
of disgust, he really took hold
of me & put me out the door,
following in such a way that I
knew he intended to drive me home.
"We'll talk ~~about this~~ in the car
— on the way", he kept saying.
"Get!"

I got. Realizing defeat, I
got. Without even knowing what
I was doing I rounded the
car and kept going into the
dark, my softly soled shoes
noiselessly soaking up the rain
that had suddenly begun to
fall just before we got there.
(I knew I couldn't get far — my
feet were already soaked — and
it was a good 2 or 3 miles home!)

But I went till I was breath-
less and my ^{emotion} ~~excitement~~ sub-
sided. I fled, instinctively
seeking dark by-ways where he
couldn't find me in the car
I was so sure was following —
seeking me and my ears were

continued to listen for.

(I intended to start walking home. I was so sure he'd be following me & insist on my getting in, for this I had done once before in my youth & it had happened thus.)

But this was not my youth! After a few blocks, I realized I could not make it home this night afoot — determined as I might be. This was "old" age: one capitulated, with a curse and a sigh. I turned and retraced my steps back to L's apartment, sure that each car that passed would be his, and afraid I wouldn't find him there. He was probably still looking for me!

It was with mixed emotions that I saw the car parked in front. (Ha!, the dear, he knows I'm coming back! He waits for me.) It was with alarm that I waited longer than I expected to, after ringing the door bell.

And it was pure shock that gripped me when a calm and coldly collected "stranger" opened the door, nude from

waist down, shirted on top — his night attire. He'd gone to bed!

To BED! to let me walk home 3 miles in the pouring rain at midnight alone!

Only a heart of pure stone could have done this thing! I was so stunned I did not hear what he said to me, ~~thru~~ the unopened screen door.

He now opened it and stepping out as if he were completely clothed turned to me and pointed up the street saying in indifferent even tones as if giving directions to a stranger, "There is a phone over there, you can call a cab." I glanced for the proffer of money.

His hands were empty.

"Oh, no you don't!" I cried collecting myself. "You get in there and put some clothes on and take me home!" I turned my back and stood waiting. He got — gesturing curiously for me to come inside, where he began to dress like a "good child" and then, his face grim, gestured me to the car. "We'll

talk on the way home," he said again.

I got in, put my purse between us & stayed far over on my side. As if nothing had passed between us, he reached my purse to me, indicating I was to put it on the floor, "Sit over here," he said, putting my usual place beside him.

I didn't want to. (I wasn't "giving in"). I don't remember what I did. I think I inched over — compromising.

I don't remember our ride home. I think it was in grim silence. He tried to make me get out when we got to my house, "I have to get some sleep," he said in those cranky tones of a school teacher. And he kept it up.

I flew into a fury. "You'll stay here till we talk this out!" I cried, and, altho he was nasty & argumentative & now rife with self-centered, ridiculous, "reasons", he stayed.

We fought. I appealed — verbally & silently. I spent long, intense minutes staring at him, waiting for him to break. Useless. The face in the dim light was

cold and hard and mean and determined as granite. I hated him! The words he flung at me were the fantastically selfish ones he uses in his infrequent rages.

"I gave you six hours tonight!" he cried, "I tried! I was tired — and you — you didn't even care!" — and on and on.

Knowing now that only love would break the spell I forced myself to lean over and kiss him gently and gratefully on the hand. It worked. He broke into smiles & softness.

But, when he still ordered me in — ordered me out of his life "for awhile" — ordered this & ordered that we were off again!

Now he was breaking up with me. The old story, but this time was for real. I flung the same back at him — my heart aching — trying to stall for time — a miracle.

Then hell broke loose ~~then all it had~~ ^{all it had}. All was lost.

It was now time for Jim McCabe. I let him have it. I was terrible. I didn't stop there. He refused & rejected the gossip about R's sleeping with her ~~roommate~~ roomer while "going with" him (L) — but

I saw him start + his eyes narrow
in remembrance + ^{questioning} in the dim light.

He now broke the date for the
football game. This really alarmed me.
I used the light, the love touch again
— desperately. It worked. Then some-
thing he said or did set me off again.
It had to be. It had to be. It was
now. Face it, Lorna. this was it!

Not ready, my heart a bog, I
slithered out ^{of the car}, escaping his pleading,
grasping hand stretched out to
hold me, keep me, embrace me,
"forgive" — pathetically and, leaving
the ticket money lying there I
fled into the house — thinking, "You
fool! you silly proud fool, Lorna!"

I ran to the phone, dialed his
number + in infantile glee pre-
pared to pull the R. phone trick
on him — let it ring all night —
I'd keep him from his "rest"!

Yet I couldn't resist answering
& talking to him when I heard
his voice as I checked later,
I screamed foolishness at
him to which he replied, "You're
just being childish, Lorna, just

childish!" I knew he was right. And I felt a helpless fool when he simply took ~~the~~ ^{his} phone off the hook & left it that way until he left for work the next morning. (What R should have done! Sharp one, my boy!))

For he got his sleep. While I raged & fumed & dialed & smoked & stayed awake all night railing at him and the phone inwardly, lying in a tight, hard ball of sheer, unadulterated hurt that was well nigh insufferable & ~~that~~ ^{nothing} alleviated — none of the mental trials & errors I made. Alarmed, I feared I shouldn't be able to work tomorrow. No matter, I didn't care. (Did I care this much for him?))

Only at last, when all other thoughts were spent did I find myself able to doze by "capitulating" "I'll call him tomorrow & appear to capitulate & insist he go to that game. He has to. I can't let him get away with this!" Then we'll break up!

Yet, when morning finally came —
Oh that clock! — I knew I would
really capitulate. There is no
other way. Love and forgiveness
are all. I would ask for his for-
giveness. I would beg him to go to
the game — whatever he did to me.

For by morning there was
nothing left of me. I was a
teary fluidity scarcely encased
in a covering more fragile &
shatterable than an egg shell.
And there was nothing but great
waves of awesome new humility,
of horror at the passions I had
let loose the night before.

I crawled thru the most
minimum of duties and left overtly
too early not even bothered by
the wise little sneer on my
son's face who had, of course,
heard me phoning all night &
morning.

I couldn't wait even one
minute. I had to get to L
as soon as possible — at his
office — the only place I'd be
able to reach him now — for
he was lost to me — in

grim, determined "punishment"
hiding — "forever."

There was an intense fog
outside. How fitting! For my
"secret approach!"

I whimpered in sheer nervous
exhaustion as I drove blindly
thru the fog to his office. My
insides were sheer water as I
neared to park. What would he
do to me? Ripples of fear crossed
the surface of the most awesome
humility I have ever felt.

He ignored me utterly as
I climbed the stairs, crossed
the room and stood behind his
back bent over his drawing board.
"There is no one in this room," his
back said to me as I approached.
[Not that! I thought. Not that! This
is going to be worse than I feared!]

I simply stood there.

Then he turned and looked
at me. "Dear God!" I had prayed
out in the street, "give L. a
heart!"

The look was devoid of
all the nastiness of last night.
It was deep, full, true. It was
quiet. It was straight. It

did not smile, nor did it frown. It did not judge. It did not challenge or inquire. If any word applied to it, there was a flit of compassion across it. I never had a man look at me like that before.

It made me able to say to ^{what} ~~which~~ I didn't know ~~what~~ I was going to say. It brought me peace and tears welling to the brim.

"Leonard," I said, ~~+~~ looking at him quietly — very still — "I didn't mean to do anything to you."

The eyes locked with mine, assenting. "Forgive me — if you can."

He nodded and a Christ-like look came into this now-mellow and peaceful face — a face old, very old; not the stony, handsome one of last night. He got up and ~~unfolded~~ an aura of infinite gentleness and compassion came from him to me. ^{a little} helplessly

I was weeping — the egg shell crust breaking gently —

I told him why I'd come. Would he please go to the game? Yes. Of course. He felt better today. He'd been tired — we ~~at~~

I told him that I 'd have to leave next year - it was part of "the trouble" - I cried as I said it.

both been tried. I could not hold back the tears now - they kept burning in my eyes - I had no control. I felt thin, thin, thin, delicate - like air - wet shaky air. I was crying. I was making "a scene". I couldn't help it.

But L was gentle as Jesus. "Do you need money?" he said - and ended by pressing \$10 on me to buy the tickets. "Keep the change" - he said. "Buy yourself something." If you need any more - any time - "Here was the heart! The heart of this man had opened at last! Just as Nicki's had. My prayers were answered! It wasn't just the money - it was his whole attitude - my words had pierced and reached home, after all! No man had ever done this for me before - in this manner - !

I broke. My head went to his shoulder swiftly. Uncontrollable tears gushed out. I couldn't pull myself together the whole time I was there.

I said, 'I've been ~~terribly~~ upset lately—
"I know you have," he said + there
was true compassion in his voice

But L. was not bothered. He was infinitely patient, loving, explaining, offering. I had never seen this L before! Signs of it — yes — but not the whole L — the real L — the L I knew was there somewhere.

It was a moment I can't explain. I sensed that he, too, felt the same awed humility about himself — we had shocked ourselves at the passion we had displayed last night! We had reason to feel humble.

The hurt of the night, the fear of the Approach, the dread of tomorrow literally melted away in that room.

I left, feeling that I ^{had} stepped off a cloud in heaven down to earth, carrying some of its peace and beatitude with me.

I went to work. — I stumbled utterly, emotionally exhausted — and terribly surprised that I didn't feel worse after that agonizing night of pure pain!

Thank You, God! whatever else comes — for that moment!

may pattern
his - fear of me
"silver platter"
avoidance

Thoughts.

As I wrote all this, it all sounded vaguely familiar. Why, this has the same pattern as our other fights, I thought. What happens?

First, I get ^{reset with trouble} dissatisfied with L. or life then I needle him, ~~this builds up~~ ~~him~~ unable to keep up the detached, uninvolved "kindness" that he responds to.

He reacts by the beginning of withdrawal symptoms. First vagueness, then evasiveness, then "busyness", then "brush-off".

When it gets to this point, I am more than ever dissatisfied. ~~I am~~ ~~now not getting what I needed &~~ ~~sooner~~ I get nastier & nastier.

He begins to gull in a "protector" on our dates. First thing I know the dates are farther and farther apart; more & more indefinite. There is less & less communicativeness about his pursuits ~~meanwhile~~. He begins to "clam up". ~~He gets busy~~. He begins to seek out other pursuits, other companions. I am left out, without quite realizing what happened.

I begin to get suspicious, hurt, demanding. I start to check on

him. This only increases our friction. He resents it. I find it all too true.

I suffer. I hurt. I write. I drink. I smoke.

Then I blow up. I tell him off. I say terrible "truths" to him. ~~We fight.~~ He fights back. He resists. He pulls out all the stops of his selfishness & thoughtlessness. My anger is augmented. We fight. We "break up."

It hurts. It hurts like hell. I miss him. (I have nothing else.) I begin to appreciate him. I begin to note that I myself am upset, and not entirely by him. I need someone.

~~I crawl back.~~ He I wonder if I've used him for a scapegoat. I begin to be sorry.

Meantime, he has "disappeared." He has "with drawn." He prefers to suffer in silence—alone. ~~He will keep it up indefinitely.~~ He will "punish" me, "discipline" me by withdrawing his "favors." He will keep this up indefinitely. He has enough prospects, enough past experience of getting away with this to stick it out. It may be weeks, months before he'll try again. Meantime, he has no

compunctions about amusing himself elsewhere. In fact, he seeks to. He indulges his whims. Maybe, maybe, after long weeks of "punishment" he will try again. But if he does, it is a "new beginning". All past must be ~~too~~^{erased}, "forgotten". These are his terms. Meet them, — or else. (He goes.)

I begin to realize this. I realize that any "make-up" gesture must be made by the woman. He would rather suffer ^{real} loss than loss of his male "dominance". He has been "spoiled" in this.

I do not have the interminable opportunities he has. I am not in a position — as the male is — to "wolf" it. My time is short. I believe and know that time will kill, not cure. He believes it will "cure", (in other words, "bring her around". It always has..)

I have learned to win by "Crawling". I crawl back.

He is delighted. He can afford to make some concessions. He does.

I am delighted. I think I have "won" — that he has "changed."

There is a truce for awhile. All "is well". He "comes back". He begins his parasitical feasting off of "good treatment" again. He has a "good thing" going again. He is again "in control". Since he has no demands or obligations on him, life rolls smoothly for him.

Then — because life doesn't roll smoothly for me; because I do have demands & obligations, they begin to pressure me. I get upset. I seek him to share my burden, needing someone close; needing reassurance, bolstering.

He does not want to be burdened. He evades. I "needle".

It all starts over, each time a little worse.

It all goes back to the original premise. "Woman, GIVE; I TAKE."

I say "Man, GIVE; I NEED!" He says, "Woman, GIVE!" I say, "Man, GIVE!" He says "Woman, get lost!". He gets "lost". ("Woman will "come around"; they always have!") Woman does. She GIVES. He TAKES. Woman NEEDS.

Circle,

Eventually — woman stays "lost". He seeks another. Circle.

Tues - Nov 5, 1963

There are still some bitter thoughts left in spite of L's "sweetness" yesterday.

Like - "I have to see my mother tonight - I won't be able to call you for a day or two - (I hadn't asked him to) - and then - - - and then - I - uh - " (Silence.)

In other words Tuesday night is R. night. (He did go there to dinner after delivering the goose ^{to R. Mag} ^{and he would} Mag asked him point-blank, in his usual upset-horna procedure the other night "Have you had any goose this year, Leonard?" L's discomfort was a blatant admission. It is this strange, persistence in destructive-exposure remarks to L in my presence that worries me about Mag. He is deliberately trying to destroy something. I don't know whether it is L - or me - or my relationship with L. And for what motive?)

Anyway, I digress.

I noted, after the other night that L & I each have a persistent pattern. He, when doubt begins

to wrack him about our relationship begins to withdraw & barricades himself with cronies - people he feels "sure" of.

I, when doubt creeps in, brood & dwell on the bad (like these writings) until I explode in mistrust.

The result is what L lashed out at me about again the other night. "You just imagine the most fantastic things! Things that aren't even true! It's your [dorm].!" etc [He was referring to my accusation that any woman would have done him that night.] (or lack of act)

What I had wanted to reply at the time was that some act of his elicited these reactions of mine, but I was too emotionally involved already - too tired to start a new argument.

So - this I say now: These reactions, conclusions of mine are not unprovoked! Something instigated them. Something stimulated these responses in the first place!

I do not always - as L claims - simply "dream them up". (Sometimes I do - true - like my goose-marketing surmise, which, of course, proved

"You think I'm mad, L - crazy?"
"Yes," he says + cuts me off.

ridiculous.) But - that way lies
madness - which is almost what
L accuses me of - sheer madness! He
insults me. He insults himself - that
he could even like a person that is
capable of what he claims I am capable of.

So? Reversed, what does this make
me? How can I like anyone that does the
things I accuse him of? The answer is -
I don't! When these things prove out
that is exactly the conclusion I come to:
I don't like him! And we fight.

It is the proving that is important.
When L evades my attempts to prove a
sarcasm one way or the other, he comp-
licates the dilemma - worsens it. He
maintains there is no need of proof. He
denies that he is capable of wrong. He
is "Self-righteous", then. Herein lies the
trouble - especially when he goes ahead -
like all of us - and makes mistakes.
It was the proof that we were both
wrong that humbled us yesterday -
and elicited the good.

He does have a point - and this
I am beginning to see - to admit - to
beware of - that I dwell too much
on the bad. Yet this is exactly why
I have to needle him; he omits
balancing with good, with reassurances.

(because he feels no guilt; no need to reassure. He is right: self-righteous!)

So back to what I started to say: Here I am "dreaming up" another fight potential — just when everything was "lovely" yesterday. Why?

Because this is Tuesday. Because my observations have led me to suspect that he makes a ritual call on R every Tues. or at least once a week. Because he evades admitting it, which implies guilt; or at least a knowledge of a provocative act.

Why provocative? Why, indeed! Because it makes me mad! Why should I be mad? Because — this!

Supposing I said to L: "[Nick has come back to town.] He was my lover before I knew you. True, he has "another love" now, but N. and I are still good friends. I swear there is no sex between us now. But, after all, I loved him before I loved you and ~~we~~ still have a great deal in common. In fact, I find it pleasanter with him than I do with you, as a whole. He is nice to me! Always!

Therefore, I intend and I insist on seeing him one night

a week, which night I don't always know. It depends on circumstances. Or any other time I care to. In fact, I intend and do share new experiences with him, ~~mutual~~ activities. I have him to dinner - alone. He is free to stay as late or come as often as he wishes. He may phone me or appeal to me at any time - and vice versa.

Now. This is none of your business! It has nothing to do with my relationship with you. I want no interference, no "scenes", no "ridiculous" accusations. I do not want to be asked or have to account to you for these visits. Leave us alone.

If you should happen to chance upon our "rendezvous", I expect you to bow out gracefully, keep silent and believe in me. You will await your turn.

Meanwhile, Nick's wife is quite aware of these visits and sanctions them, even tho she is often not able to be there or often doesn't even know we are together. She feels no envy, no distrust that we were once lovers for years. She makes no "scenes". All is well.

If you should see Nick's car in front of my house - perhaps for hours, perhaps late into the night, it doesn't concern you. I expect you to ignore it."

If you make a fuss, it is simply because you are crazy - you imagine things! You have no reason to upset me by creating scenes about it. If you do, you are deliberately trying to injure me, and I have reason to ~~be~~ "discipline" and "punish" you. Who could like someone that would be so thoughtless?"

This, in effect, is exactly what L tells me & does about R.

I am "imagining" things?
I have no case?

What would happen if I did this to L? If I carried on separately with Nick, for instance? With, of course, the "full sanction" of N's "betrothed".

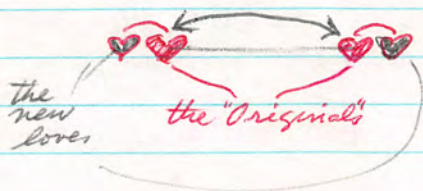
In the first place, it wouldn't work. It is unrealistic. (N's betrothed "would not allow it". There would be jealousy, "claims". Also on L's part. There would bound to be scenes - eventually. No one but very odd people would sanction such a triangle.

I would simply "withdraw", either utterly, or partially; holding a dangerous, suppressed grudge. ~~His betwixt would make sense.~~ If "N's betwixth" sanctioned it - it would be a very queer thing. Either reaction would be queer and unusual. And unrealistic. For me to persist in such an activity would be dangerously foolish.

I would expect a major upheaval; a big break of some kind - in time. It would all depend, of course, on which claims was the most legitimate - or strongest!

It would all only be a temporary situation! - headed for real trouble, - big trouble.

Something, someone would have to drop out. Which?



I am not being mistreated?
(L says)

Then why do people say these things to me.

Irene today: "How come L can't go to the foot ball games when you went to all the baseball games this summer?"

"Because he goes hunting."

"On Friday?"

"Because he doesn't like football."

"But you don't like baseball, do you? - - - Maybe I'd better keep my big mouth shut -", (with an expression of ~~disgust~~ ^{this may})

Ran into Mag on the street:

(How gay & easy he is to talk to, I thought. Not at all like L - who always gives you the impression of having had conversation dragged out of him.)

"Did L talk to you?" I asked, feeling him out about my "order" to L to eliminate Mag from the foot ball game.

Mag seemed, not sure, I suppose, of what I meant - "A-ah - - I saw him last night -"

"About the foot ball game -" I said.

"No. No."

So I told him - blantly. (Things were like that between us.) He was a good sport

Not
shortly
same
day

as always. He laughed, when I said "you get him all week-end! let me have him for ^{the} evening - half an evening." "Share him!" he said ~~he~~ ^{and} laughed. (Yes, I thought - yes - that's the way it is!)

Then I got in a bid for next week-end. "I'd like to go", I said. ^(to the ranch) Immediately he began enthusiastic plans now the 3 of us could go on expeditions. (How different from L! I thought) "How come you don't shoot?" he asked. "Not allowed to, I guess," I said, beginning to wonder myself. He seemed incredulous, also at the fact that L had never gotten me a license to shoot.

Then - "Well, see you once of these evenings," he said. I was incredulous. "When?" "Why - spouse you'll be with L" he said. (I will?) Again he couldn't understand - nor could I - how come I've been barred off from the mid-week beer drinking. I was getting a little annoyed at all these shrew objective insights I was being forced into. A devil took me. "Tonight's Raymona night!" I said cynically. Mag laughed, "Oh - so?" "Yeah - Share the boy, you know," I "laughed" and we parted.

Damn! Suddenly I saw what a fool I've been. Why do I stick with L? The artwork, the artwork (plus all the psychosis?) Yes. I'm afraid so.

Wed - Nov. 6, 1963

"Asking for trouble" - that's what L is doing in this R mess - and in other things.

Like last night and this Mag thing. I left Mag thinking, "gee, I think I'll change L for Mag! He's nice! He's open & considerate." etc.

I got a gruesome picture of L to compare it with: He had not approached Mag about not going to the game - altho he "promised" me. He, according to Mag, had had no definite hunting arrangements for the week-end, after all. He put Mag off till Thursday. What was he trying to pull? He put me off "indefinitely" - "I'll call you -" When? Why? He was vague & secretive about his "busy" plans, alerting me to suspicions.

~~Then~~. I saw L "in toto" suddenly: a wound-up tight, pale, neurotic expending all his energies on trying to keep his secrets till things worked out to suit him. How different from expansive, easy-going Mag!

Then it dawned on me: Mag had said, "If you had a hunting license & shot & went with us, we could get more geese!" And my bubble exploded. Mag wasn't thinking of me;

June

He was only intending to use me for another one of his nasty, cheating schemes! I sickened. What terrible people these were — all of them? What must I be to associate with them?

Then I got home - to a new dilemma. Mother reported 2 things that were bad news to me:

- ① - My cousin got his job here. (We don't want him, especially now - when I found out R doesn't work there. it blow to me.)
- ② - My aunt wasn't coming for the game. (For the "game", literally, I planned to ^{I hate it now!} get rid of those damned wild fowl. Also it freed mother - no ^{companion} ~~escort~~ for the game. Also it freed a ticket ^{us} I had bought.)

Now, I was feeling sorry about Mag, and I was now mad at L. - he hadn't called me to night - when I needed him. He wasn't home when I called. He wasn't at R's early when I went to the store. If not at R's - why couldn't he have told me his plans? Mysteries! My daughter refused to check on R - it wasn't convenient tonight. I was convinced he goes there on Tuesday, now.

I wanted to check all this out tonight. Yet I was imprisoned - baby sitting. I planned to check when the baby was gone. Dilemma. Lois came down & then Bert - with wine.

It was 11 p.m. and I was tight ~~by the 6~~ and my son was home by the time I was "free". Damn!

This needed settling now. If L had gone to R's ^{"lied" again -} would he expose Jim McCabe? too? - if he had "fooled" Mag + me both - if he didn't call me all week - if he really preferred to have Mag's "protection" at the game & if he left for hunting right after the game - All this added up to a great big slap in the face to me and a fantastic mess of deceit.

I only sensed this last night. I was too rushed & pressured. All I knew was that something was wrong.

I got on the phone - cursing its proximity to my sleeping (?) son's - I called L's. Not home. I called R's. line busy !??? Checked back on L's. No answer(??) He wasn't talking to R.

BOT - was he at R's? Yet, as I kept checking her number + found it busy for almost an hour, I decided she wouldn't talk that long while he was

there? But she had need to talk to
someone a very long time? Why?
Had he been there & told her about
McCabe & she was irate a him?

Yet these calls were later. I tried to
get Mag after I found L "unavailable"
at 6-8- and 10:30. For I was angry,
Suspicious. I decided he was more
interested in something else than in me;
he wouldn't be any fun at the game
anyway - why not ask Mag? I felt bad
about Mag anyway. I'd chance it.
Surely Mag would beg out anyway, now.

I called Rorner - talked to
Jim - left my message - "Did Mag
want the ticket - for others were
pressing me for it -" "Try the Vets - The
Legion - he's not here." Jim said, "Oh-
well," I said - deciding to let it go.

But no. It was now 11. L.
would join Mag by this time. Check
it - ~~get L first get L first & feel
him out.~~ I tried - got Mag. Damn!
he wanted to go. "Tell L - is L there?"
I asked. "No." (Damn! where was he?)
I tried the G.C. No. (Where was he?)

R's line still busy (!!!) Where was he?
Why the deceit? Why couldn't I have
been told if he weren't at R's?

Oh well. Mag would tell him. He'd be puzzled, maybe mad at my "change of heart", but it wasn't worth bothering any more about. I was sure he'd been at R's. This was my revenge. I was sick of his treatment of me. Last date - go to the game - get it over with. Nothing more. Nothing to lose anyway. Who wants to go to the ranch with Mag?

I went to bed. And awoke too early. At 7 I started to get up. I had a feeling of unfinished business. I wanted to let L know - discuss it with him - before Friday - and had no idea if & when I'd be able to talk to him before that.

Why I can call him right now - much as I hate to - and get the whole thing over with.

I did. A very sleepy voice answered. I intended just to tell him Mag was going to the game - in case he hadn't seen Mag.

"Where were you last night?" I said, as a mere preliminary and then started to explain. He interrupted me - "I came in (to the Legion) just after you

called — I thought we had it settled — ~~I did~~ "

"Mag said you hadn't mentioned it."

He denied this & then told me a story of the elaborate evasion he pulled on Mag "to protect ^{Mag's} feelings".

"Mag's feelings!" I cried, "Kee's more important than me, of course!" (My feelings had been hurt at his ^{wasting} inviting him in the first place!) — our only, our so-hard won ^{big} plate left!)

He claimed his way was better than mine & now I'd spoiled it he would have preferred to have left it as of our last talking. "So would I!" I said, "But I tried to get abold of you to discuss & explain. Where were you?"

Instead of giving me a straight answer, he evaded like crazy. I pressed him. "Ok — I was delivering gear —" he said vaguely. Why couldn't he say where ^{if} innocent? I was mad now. I hadn't intended to be at all.

"Where you at R's?" I asked. "No — no — well — well — yes I was for a short while —"

This only after I let him know I'd called there.

Then I talked too much. I revealed that I'd found her line busy a long time & blasted off with my suspicions. "Did you mention Jim McCabe?" He reluctantly & evasively admitted he had. I was furious. I don't remember what else we talked about, but it was bad. ~~That~~, He sounded very upset. I feared another break-off. "Well Mag has to go, now," I said, ~~she~~ agreed. I hung up.

Then I was so upset that I'd gotten mad again at him that I called him back & sort of apologized and explained. He sounded a little better. I hung up again, but something was still bothering me a great deal.

Something about R. Something bad. I called again and demanded why he'd gone there, why he'd told her. I was very nasty. Now he absolutely denied that he had told her anything. (What a liar!) "I guess I'll scare up an old love and see him once a week," I said.

"It's not like that! It's not like that!" he said. This was after I'd demanded why he kept going down there. "We had to talk about something —" "Me!" I cried, "I'll fight my own battle!" — "No-no". (He couldn't tell me.) "Secrets!" I cried "You two have secrets —!" Then I said the above & he replied as he did.

"Just see how you'd like it!" I said — and hung up.

Strangely, I felt better. I felt so utterly through with him.

He weaves such a tangled web of deceit, I thought, that he literally drives a woman crazy. It isn't worth it. One is as upset with him as without him! What am I getting from him now — Sex. That's all.

I'm fed up. I fed up with being mistreated and with advice to quit him! Why don't I? I can't fight this & thing any longer.

I tried to call him this noon, angry that he makes no effort — ever — to reach me and settle these things — ("I'll call you —")

he said. "When?" I cried. "Well—
thurs night — to settle details—"
"Because you have to!" I said.
"Not because you want to!"

He didn't answer. I have
an hour to kill to wait for flu
shots at work. I am going over
to his office. I dread what will
happen.

Later:

Well, here we go again — writing, I
mean.

I went to L's office, figuring to catch
him more or less relaxed in that first
half hour back from lunch.

His car wasn't there! He is so
scheduled that this really threw me.
But, remembering once before, that he'd
left it to be worked on (he plans a
trip this week-end?) I ventured into the
office & asked the girls.

"No. L said he'd be late today,"
they said. (!! What in the world?) I
sought him out. I couldn't find him.
Now, really upset, — too upset to eat
& pressed for time (I had to be back
for my flu shot at 2.) I killed time,
figuring that he'd be back at 1:30 —
~~was~~ the dot — he's so ritualistic!")

So - I planned to park & spy & wait. But his car was back.

Braving the office girls again I climbed the stairs, unconsciously praying hard. He "ignored" me. Determined to be pleasant, I played along with his "happy-to-see-you-nothing-wrong" approach when he finally turned.

Then, trying to "Keep it light" & "drawing pictures" for him I began my pitch.

"It's all right. It's all right!" he insisted finally, starting to work. I made him hear me out. I went way back to last Sunday night & "painted a picture" - my picture.

He tried to digress. We were interrupted. He ended by "dismissing" me and telling me nothing but that he & Mag & I would go to the game - hinting only that he might see me Sunday - maybe "late".

He also inadvertently revealed that he'd come back at 12:30 last Sunday. (I didn't call him till after two and he'd "just gotten back!") Oh, the lies, the inconsistencies he fed me in all that conversation.

Well, where had he been last night?
Selah. He would not tell who.
Etc. Etc. He "couldn't remember".

"R's," I said. "Oh - y-e-e-s"
Silence. ("Dismissed".)

Unsatisfied, unfinished, I stood
& sought mentally why.

"How come you can't share with
me" - etc. I began.

He "broke". (It wasn't what I
meant, but I realized it was "love"
"of a kind".) Sincering me - overcarefully-
to secrecy, he now told me: R's
going to be married this week-end.
(~~He~~ ~~been~~ to dinner there). He claimed
he wasn't going with them - to
Idaho - etc. etc.

I wasn't a bit excited or
relieved as he seemed to think
I'd be. (It won't change the picture
a bit, I thought, hopelessly. It
won't change him.) Later, I
thought "what a difference from
the great rapture Nick & I felt
that day we knew Norma was
going to be married!")

L. looked at me, pleased. I
was so busy thinking about his
"break" into confiding in me (at
the 11th hour!) that I did not res-

pond. I questioned him with "in-
nocuous" related questions, trying to
trip him ~~out~~ up. Somehow, some-
where it didn't quite ring true -
I don't know what it was -

I played "good soul" - "I'm glad,"
I said, "I was beginning to feel
sorry for her" - (Ha!)

H. turned to his drawing. There
was a moment of silence, while I
thought. "Every body's getting married!"
I said, deciding to chance it.

L turned to me, mischievous
in his eye, and said something
about "That's the very last thing
anyone should do, isn't it?" He
was challenging me, in a way -
"Kidding" me. Yet I felt that he
was waiting to see what I'd say.

It was almost a "proposal"? Something
hung in the air between us. My
mind leaped ahead - next year! -
What will I have to do next year?
No - I can't say now - not you
Leonard! (except to tell him my encounter
with Beidell yesterday)

I let it pass. Actually, I
didn't really hear what he said.

He wanted me to go. "It's
all settled, then", he said. He wouldn't
even need to call me again!

"My mom wants all his money for himself" - He laughed!

"Mag and I will be at your house at 7 Friday night — and we'll leave for hunting right after." (Hunting? — or Idaho?)

I burned with brush-off! I stood. I thought. I began to pin him down: "So that's all, the game with Mag, You can't share what you're doing all these "busy" nights with me —? — No more beer-drinking," etc. etc.

He managed to elude me. Thurs night he "accounted" for — no more — not tonight (when I'd be free) — excuses, evasions, "promises".

It was time for me to go. I advanced toward him — suggestive of a final "touch" before I left. He fended me off — placed me between his knees — keeping me at a "distance" (they were working on the sign outside his window). With head bent, not looking me in the eye, he began "Sweet talk", "I miss you; I think of you — even tho I don't see you" etc-etc. He actually said nothing — he was placating me (memories of all the women who thought he'd said he'd marry them flitted thru

my mind.) He talked "Sweet" — but it was to "Keep me going" while he went his own way — indefinitely. Physical attraction leaped between us, but he pushed me unobtrusively away — ("not now" his gesture said.)

I left — pretending all was well; pretending a meek patience and acquiescence I did not really feel at all.

Especially when I got outside. "You old fake!" I thought. I felt a little better. It wasn't bad, as I'd expected, but a weary resignation enveloped me — until next time — until next time —

He certainly didn't convince me — why I don't know.

I feel now a fantastic need to check all his activities the whole week-end. What a chore begging married to him, I thought ~~to~~ with distaste.

He never explained — or offered to — the mysterious & very unusual change in his lunch hour & lack of nap.

He did say — to my surprise — "I was slippery last night". (He'd intended to be, then!)

I want to say this for the record:
I know L is going with Jack &
R. It would be fantastic for
~~them~~ him not to — not to be
best man.

The hunting with Mag is all
a pretense. Let's see. He told Mag
that he'd let him know Thursday
night — that it wouldn't be "set up"
till then — if they were going. Yet
he told me today that they were.
But this is only Wed. He saw Mag
last night, tho. What did he
say to him then? Does Mag know
today that he's going "hunting"?

L "got out" of calling me Thurs.
night. He claims they'll set "food
for trip". Yet he & Mag always shop
Safeway on their way. Yet they
can't Fri night, true.

I can call the ranch & see if
L there this week-end — true. But
I'd like to know before Sunday!

Idea!

I act on it.

"Leonard," I said, calling him
at the office, "What are you
giving them for a wedding
present?"

"He professed great shock, "Why I hadn't even thought of it!" I began to offer to "help" him (Sweet me!) but the devil crept in.

"If I can help you shop — you'll want to take it to them — or send it before they leave or take it with you to Idaho! (Damn my tongue! I'd alerted him — too soon!) I made my offer — a very sensible suggestion considering the shortness of time etc.

not "He tried to get out of it — it was necessary" in a run-a-way marriage etc. etc. I told him it was — under the (very intimate) circumstances.

Now he was alerted — very upset. He refused me utterly. (He'd manage. (He can't!) Then I said, "I'll bet you're going." He over-denied. "You are obligated," I said, "after all you gave him your girl friend!"

Now he was upset. His voice cracked, got gruff. Damn me! I mismanaged that! Now I don't know if he was upset at my accusations or upset thinking of his loss of R.

Like Nick. Which? Norma or me? Raymona or me? (I found out later it was Norma!)

He got ~~red of me~~ ^{my} off the phone very abruptly. Damn!

Later:

Going by my code not to let myself suffer in silence in this affair but to act, — not to let things bother me too long — it isn't worth it, I decided to call L & just say, "I love you" if only to alleviate the unpleasant feelings now between us for 2 ^{more} days. Why suffer?

It wasn't that I felt I loved him. I didn't feel convinced of that at all. It ~~was~~ that having things bad between us ~~for~~ make me feel unpleasantness & uncomfortableness. Maybe that's love. I don't know. But I knew telling him I loved him anyway would make him feel good — (also keep him from revenge-type acts a little.) I would ~~not~~ tell him if I could catch him. I couldn't tell when.

I just decided the best time & last opportunity I'd have for the evening was right that moment. I started to the phone just as my daughter walked in with the baby. Damn!

Failed. Two days of suffering.

Oh well. Maybe it was "destino".

Later I heard her dash over to mother's. Impulsively I dashed just as quickly to the phone + dialed L's number.

(Hurry! Hurry! Be there! I prayed.) Two rings. (Oh, hurry!) then his voice - glad, expectant (for me, or someone else?)

"I love you!" I said, "Goodbye!"

"What? What did you say?"

I repeated, adding, "I have to hurry!" and hung up - just in time. Whew!

But it was worth it. I began to note that I was joking, laughing, feeling easy - happy - even if it was a lie!

I know now what I said this afternoon. I'm afraid it wasn't a "proposal." I had just told him how Mr. Bussell had needled me about marrying to solve my situation.

"And that's the last thing to do!" I had said, with a merry twinkle in his eye. He was needling me, calling me a "man-hater", a "marriage-hater". There might have been some challenge, but I think it more apt to have been mere male pique or ~~at~~ merely a ~~character~~ slightly daring character observation.

Whatever, I'm glad I didn't "get with it". He has had too many women wanting to marry him. One that's "not interested" will do him good!

x x x

I'm wondering. I told him about McCabe & all Sunday night. He was very mad at me. He was "through".

I assumed, when I ~~was~~ ^{saw} his phone always busy that he had taken it off the hook

to get some sleep.

It occurs to me now - with this new development of R's sudden(?) marriage decision that he might very well have called her & told her that night. He might have challenged her on that sleeping-with-the-boarder bit. Perhaps that glint in his eye meant he suddenly knew an answer to something he'd long wondered about.

Perhaps it "finished" them - made R decide. Perhaps his gratefulness at my coming in the next day helped ^{him} decide! Then he went there for dinner last night - invited, of course - for a reason? - to hear of the marriage decision?

Could be. Could be. Maybe I'm just imagining - but also maybe I'm just putting 2 and 2 to gether!

I do know that some "instinct", some spark starts off these "imaginings".

There is an implication that R "gave up" ^{on} h - conceded to me? That thought makes me feel good!

Thurs - Nov - 7, 1963

Thoughts:

I got to pondering L's remark.
Supposing it was a challenge.
Supposing he was saying, in effect:
"I would marry you, but obviously
you consider marriage a LAST RESORT."
Supposing he asked me to marry him.
What would I say?

I could very well say: You are the
right man in the wrong town.

Let's kick that around a little:

How can the right man be in the
wrong town? If the man is right —
and the town produced Mr. Right — how
can the town be wrong?

Because: Mr. Right ^{for me} would know the
town is wrong. He would be right
partly because he knew the town was
wrong. It would be wrong for him, too.

Now. If Mr. Right considers the
town right and I consider it wrong;
then he is not Mr. Right for me, is he?
I am looking for Mr. Right in the
right town!

Or for Mr. Right who knows
he's in the wrong town — and is
there only temporarily. (long enough to meet
me!)
The dilemma can only be me!

Solved by proving something:

- ① Is he Mr. Right?
- ② Is the town really wrong for me?
- ③ Is there a right town?
- ④ Is he willing to change? Why?
- ⑤ Am I willing to change? Why?
- ⑥ Is there a Mr. ~~Wright~~ in a right town for me?
- ⑦ Can any of it be proved? How?
- ⑧ Can any thing be forfeited without destroying something important?

Friday - Nov. 8, 1963

I hate LK with everything in me today!

And - trying to think of the worst way I could hurt him if I wanted to, I came up with an amazing realization.

There isn't any revenge that a woman could do to a man that LK hasn't already suffered! Why, he's even had one of his girl friends die! What's the worst? I thought; the very worst? Death? He's had it. Gilding? He's had it. Marry someone else suddenly? He's had it? Break off with him "for no reason"? That, too. Marry his "best friend"? R's doing just that. Leave town? One of them did that. Try to get him for "breach of promise"? They've tried that. Get another boy friend? He's had a lot of that. Two-time him? That too.

Marry him! I thought. That's the only "revenge" left. Then I remembered. He's even had ~~a~~ ^{been forced to marry} forced marriage. Even ^{been} divorced!

What's left that's never been done to Leonard Karr by a woman? Nothing. There isn't a single thing he hasn't suffered - except sticking with him! - "nicely".

~~Yet all avenges~~

Except making him a father!

He's evaded that one — and the only way anyone can now is either stepfather or adoption.

Yet, he's even been a stepfather, come to think of it! O gods!

All these, I realized, are psychological hurts — in the romance area. I realized this when I digressed to pick up the morning paper which was covered with stories of shootings — (one woman walked up & shot her husband dead. I don't blame her!)

He hasn't been hurt this way — not physically. (Yet it may lead to that! — the way I feel this morning!) Not wounded, not killed. Not yet.

And how about other psychological wounds? His job, his career, his money, his social life, his family, his reputation, his ego?

He has been hurt by women in his money, in his reputation — a little in his social life. (certain people will have none of him.)

But his job? No. No one's gotten through that barrier. He sees to that. THAT he keeps SEPARATE. Witness what he did to me! I got closer

than anyone — and I was, and am friled.

Career? He has none, really. Just a job. (This pertains to my Mr. "Right" expounding. My Mr. Right would have a career. I, only holds grimly onto his job. Because it is this "in" to the petty pleasures he wants.)

Family? Who cares? He keeps that separate, too — by keeping himself separate from them.

His ego. All these things hurt his ego. In fact, I repressed a wave of pity when I glimpsed that the man is as he is because of all these wounds. He "has reason" to evade as he does!

Yet I repressed this thought, for I thought why has he suffered so many love wounds? Why has he run the gamut — when others don't?

The death & perhaps the leaving town are the only 2 things that perhaps he could not be "blamed" for. The rest are of his doing — intentional or not. He doesn't deserve pity!

Yet, of course, neither does he deserve revenge. Revenge is no answer. For any form of revenge I can think of hurts the doer as

much if not more than him.
Even pity will not help him. Pity
is sterile.

Only "sticking with him nicely"
can produce results. Only that con-
tains both "help" and revenge and
safety for the door. Help — by breaking
the vicious circle; ~~sever~~ safety for the
door by steering clear of "evil";
revenge in the sense that — whatever
happens — for the first time in his
life the responsibility for his treat-
ment of another person is shifted
onto him!

Not death, not circumstances, not
revenge, not "viciousness", not "the
other person" will be at fault if he
hurts or mistreats, but only he
himself. He will have it on his
conscience that someone treated
him nicely — and what did he do?

One can get nowhere ~~fighting~~^{returning}
evil with evil, or good with good,
or good with evil. There is only
left to return evil with good.

Chinese proverb.

Very hard to understand!
How hard to do — without getting hurt!

Now:

Before I record last night's astoundingly "lucky" coincidences (I may not get to) let me say first that this last, last, last football game has assumed the proportions of a major crisis in my life.

I have already related my original intention: make Nick ^("revenge") unhappy thru Jamie who would report that I was seen at the game with a tall, handsome, intimate-acting escort of my own age who drives a white Cadillac (this would impress them!) Torche to you, Mr. Chanell! Revenge!

Am I being shown that revenge does not work? For I am being utterly frustrated in this ~~other~~ set-up. First, the preceding recorded changes as they happened. Jamie already knows that I do not have desirable, dependable "man of my own." I have been seen with him only once, with another man twice, with friends once, & with family twice. This spoils the one-man, the dependable man. (Where was he the other times, huh?)

He did not look handsome! - that once.
Her chumminess with the Cornie-gossip-
circle spoils the intimacy. It will be
reported what kind of intimacy.
They ~~did~~ not see the Cadillac.

Tonight - I shall be with 3 (?) men
not one. (She's playing the field, poor thing!)
They are all "rough-necks" (She's really
deperate!) It rains hard (He will
look terrible!) (She likes that character?)
~~In fact~~ We park the Cadillac but
Préoi's (Humm. She has to walk. He
probably drives a model-T.)

The guys are ditching me right after.
They'll probably suggest I go home
with my family (Gee! Did you see
that? Guess they got rid of her.)

In fact, weather as it is - they probably
won't go! (Cornie's with family - for
this game! Thought she had a boy friend!)

So - end of both revenge act
and whatever self-enhancement
might ^{have} accrued to me if L had
escorted me alone tonight.

So -

I am forced into what should
have been all the time: a family
celebration! God grant me the grace
to be a good sport if I lose, if we lose!

Now.

Third phase. What happened last night?

My dilemma was this. Suffer out L's abominable neglect and cruelty lately to just get us through this same appearance for reasons just related. The end of an episode. - a time of life. Then - we'll see. Maybe I'll be able to finally break with him. For my own "good" as so persistently advised.

Find some way to endure this new week-long, week-end brush-off - besides being cooped up home with duties. * Check out L's whereabouts.

Then came the R. marriage news. The picture changed. A new dilemma. The hunting "lie" now became a R lie, perhaps. Plans to check.

Then the "insult" about Magi's infection into the picture.

Then, that game + week-end + R-Jimmy disappointments.

Then, a change. The "too-late" call to an Allied Art's meeting. A chance! A chance to "be out"; to be "free" to spy - to check; a chance for "revenge" - not sit home + baby sit + worry + suffer.

Then a blow. A Stag Show at Vets'. Tonight! Another blow - very bad weather!

All worked out fine. ^{At first.} Got the baby taken care of; got the car; got rid of Joan — had to go the "right" vicinity — had to see people connected with R. — might be out late.

My plan: Contact Mag & set up Secret (from L) drinks for game; get Jim to beer me after game when deserted; get people at meeting to talk about R; stay out late enough to check R's house on way down and way back; check L's apartment & Vets. — and any other things I could work. Some "jealousy" aspects — may! Check L and/or Mag on possibility of "chickening out" on me. All the time be wary for slips that would tell me if L was going to ranch or Idaho. Later (Sunday) phone ranch.

Then — if he lied this much, this time — finish. — even if R is getting married. Is she? Check that, too!

How I needed to talk to L! How I needed proof, reassurances! Damn his sneaky, lying, disappearing self!

what could I do? What could I do?

I was committed. The plans we made.

I now let loose with all my suspicions & accusations. Talking solved some of them. He really was making an effort to pretend, anyway — to "please" me — in a way.

Some where along the way, my mind's eye saw him deflate & relax. The clock watching stopped. What ever appointment he had he had mentally solved or deferred, deciding, I suppose, to get rid of me first.

It was then he offered me another beer. I bit like a fish. I began to feel warm, act nice. Things were almost all right between us. Then —

"I really am going home and go to bed," he said, managing a yawn. Please don't call me at midnight."

I saw red! Don't call me at midnight indeed! I never called him at midnight unless I had a reason — something he had done that started a fight! Didn't he realize that? Didn't he realize he gave away his guilty conscience? The fool!

"Because you won't be there!" I retorted, angrily. Now I knew he had a "date", an appointment.

~~Away we~~ We were off again. This time there was no me. We both got up to go. Outside he professed not to know where my car was so elaborately that it damned on me that he knew my door very well & looked for it as much as I looked for his; that he'd seen it before he came in; that perhaps he'd seen Berts that night - that perhaps that was his reasons for dropping in both times???

Anyway, I gave him a bad time, pretending & then acting upon a doubt that I was alone or not on my way some place.

He reluctantly & hurriedly saw me to my car, chattering trivia with fantastic indifference. I was waiting for the parting kiss - my foot outside the door.

"Come on! Come on!" he exclaimed angrily. "Get in! Let's get this over with!" and he pushed me roughly into the car. I resisted - and waited - I don't know why.

if we'd planned to meet! I was exceedingly grateful for this act, whether it was intentional or not. (How can he always do this? He has done it so many times! This smooth, cool, unruffled reaction to a shocking expose event. How very experienced he is to shockers with women - in spite of his claims of bland peace!)

He went to the bar, ~~going in~~ (I think) ~~for~~ acting as if I were "with" him, ordered himself a short beer and a "half-case to go", all the time looking at his watch & then at the clock, as if he were late for an appointment - like the White Rabbit. (10:30 at night? He never even starts till 11! I was mighty suspicious. Besides he was all dressed up - yet he hadn't been at F's at 8!)

"You'll make it," I said.

"What?"

"The Stag Show."

"Oh no. No. No. Oh no, no, no!" He was going home, going to bed - just finishing getting the supplies for tomorrow - had the beer now. (Why the Glee Club? Stores have beer! There are many stores between Thurs & the Ranch!) Besides he'd pulled that same stunt

that night with Lois & Bert.

We now began to spar. "You want a beer?" he said — "Anything, any kind — whatever I wanted — the expensive one?"

I took a short one, knowing I was defeated before I started. The watch watching act went on.

"Explanations", excuses, lies, allusions, poured out of both of us. Then, noting he wasn't going to rush right off — I settled down to real blows, for he'd just told me that he'd run into Don Prior & he wanted to go to the game with us — & they'd made arrangements to park L's car in Don's driveway, etc.

By God, I was mad! — not realizing why until later. (It was my son — playing, my interest. I'd asked L to go in the first place. None of them liked football. They'd never gone to a game. They "weren't interested". Now — since they'd found out it was "the thing to do" — what real Boys did — L had taken over my precious date of the year completely and made it a thing of his own — using me — using me cruelly — even to deserting me immediately after wards!) Yet

First disappointment: The meeting would be too short.

2nd: No one to "play with" after to kill time

3rd: No allusions to R.

4th: No money to entertain myself awhile.

I left after the meeting, terribly chagrined. Too early to check on R. I hadn't been able to get Mag. Jim had turned me down - cruelly. L, ~~wasn't~~ wasn't at R's - I'd have to check later. I couldn't go home & leave again. I had no money. Frustration!

BUT - I had engineered myself a job to do - that meant seeking out the town's artists. One of them I might catch at the Glee Club. I might catch Mag there - or Jim. I "needed" a drink. I needed to kill time for a while.

I parked by the Glee Club & watched & thought furiously. Was that Jim in the window? Anyone in there I could get to buy me a beer? I had to drive by to see properly.

Joe was there! at the bar - not behind it. My friend; Joe! He'd buy me a drink! If nothing else I could purchase a quart of beer with my last 50¢ (an excuse to have come in) & go home & drink it - & give up.

I went in, feeling like a perfect fool. It wasn't Jim. No one else was there I knew. Pat's cromy (a "spy!") was there. Joe "ignored" me. I realized they'd tell I I'd been in to buy some beer; I couldn't get it there. What to do? Too, I realized they didn't believe my looking for "some one else," or Mag. I was looking for I, they thought. (Poor girl! It's come to this! they all do!) Everyone ignored me.

Then, all of a sudden everything happened right. Joe offered to buy me a drink, a gal from last Sunday's party at the Vets' came in, I drank & felt better. We were joking reproachfully about the Stag show, delaying my departure I was making.

Laughing & joking all in' an intimate little group by the door I saw I's head appear behind the gal I was talking to! A miracle! I'd caught him! Caught him cold at 10:30 going to the Glee Club ("I'm very busy," he'd said!)

He looked at me, smiled, said "hello," glanced off down the bar as if looking over the situation for his own purposes, rounded the group and joined me as casually as

Suddenly, he laughed & leaned in and gave me a mouthy kiss on the lips, but the unwitting placating "that's a good dog" pat he gave me on the thigh at the same time took all the meaningfulness from the caress. ("Be a good girl & get going" - the pat said - "I'm in a hurry - you're keeping me!")

It made me call after his rapidly retreating form, "Have a good time!"

And it made me wait, post phone my plan to buy a quart of beer at the market nearby & go home. I gave him time to "head home" & then I set chase, carefully plotting time & sequence & secrecy as I went. (Thank God for that tank full of gas "you" bought me, Sir! I thought - to use to spy on you!)

He foiled me. I felt like two machines trying to out do each other as I drove. Despite my cunning he outwitted me - "appearing" to be home & lights on - at my last check.

"He'll be off to the Stag Show as soon as his "safe", I thought. It

wasn't until this morning that I realized he'd had to call R — and I'd delayed him. Of course, the last check-up before the wedding trip!

I didn't think to check her phone. I was too busy drinking my beer + thinking + soul-searching and then crying when I realized the reason I didn't even have any desire to phone him ^{as he feared} was because this was a family affair — a thing of my heart from way back — way back before I ever knew him — and that he — he and his tragic/comic buddies — were outsiders, interlopers, amusements, compensations in what was my real life — my heart's real concern from way back in the beginning — just as I am that to him.

And I got up + phoned my ex-husband's in Seattle + lived my real life and found what was really in my heart —

our last child's step into the world.

To hell with Leonard!

(This morning I felt fine — tho I was drunk when I went to sleep!)

Sat. Nov - 9

So what happened yesterday?
And what was my mood?

My mood was ~~terrible~~^{bad} all day. The glorious day that was to be the end of my last child's glorious football career as I've known it, the great day I looked forward to — for his sake, I hoped — was a flop.

I had no heart for it. I was unable to summon any heart to put in him. I was unable to elicit heart in others. I felt a not-to-be-denied conviction that they would lose the game and the Championship and it would be a bad day all around. I felt that it was to be a time of trial.
And it was.

My call of appeal to his father on the phone failed. Not only did it fail but it showed up exactly what I was trying to cover up — his father's pathological "indifference" to ~~people~~^{him} — so akin to his treatment of me and others.

Specifically, I waited all day for that telegram I told him to send his son on his big day,

(It was so badly needed.) Only to have my daughter tell ~~me~~ at the most crucial moment — just before the game — that Edward had called ~~her~~ — what did I want? (The cruelty of people! the abominable cruelty of people! God, how can you forgive them?)

The weather remained maddeningly threatening & gloomy, keeping me on tenterhooks as to whether L. and Mag would call ~~it~~ off going at the last minute, leaving me stranded.

I did not hear from L. No check, no reassurances. Utter indifference.

Was I to be stood up or not? I did not know. It was bad enough knowing that I was to be deserted immediately after the game — win or lose — with no companions, no money, ~~alone~~ to be left alone — to celebrate or despair — alone. While L. blithely & unconcernedly set off absently to amuse himself for the week-end — unconcerned, uncaring, unsympathetic,

unfeeling, dictatorial & resentful of my "claim" on him. — all his interest, concern, help & sympathy directed toward others from whom I was walled off by him.

It was depressing & agonizing, to say the least, to suspect with growing conviction that he was setting up an elaborate deceit on me — to "help out" a woman who was lost to him any way — whose "orders" he was carrying out.

Such was the mood in which I got ready to go to the game, not knowing if I was going, knowing that I went under very humiliating circumstances, unable to change the plans now, suffering the noisy, irritating last minute descent of celebrating family — my heart screaming in emotional tension.

"Quarter to seven," I said.
"Mag & I will be there ^{thru} at your house." (No tender, caring offer to come to me first, to "set together" on preliminaries. No.
[Be ready to go. Ready, set set, go —
I'm in a hurry! I can't really afford to give you this time.
(How kind I am!)]

I waited. They were late. Then footsteps, an impatient knocking on the door, the door opened & L's impatient, franted, figure pushing me, rushing me, bullying me into hurrying. (He never comes thru the door uninvited!) My "dream" of having Mag^{tin}, ~~playing~~ to give him a needed sight of a warm & loving home, to play hostess ^{with} a few gay, quick rips out of a bottle. Moke was sure to bring (and I couldn't afford) — to go to the game in cheer & camaraderie & excitement as was the wont among people I know — this "dream" disappeared. I had assumed they'd know the pattern!

He treated me like a suit case he'd forgotten to pick up at the last minute. I noted, with shock that he was dressed up! Why? He'd threatened to wear his hunting clothes!

At first, my heart melted. How sweet of him to be so considerate! He wanted to look nice for me — not embarrass me! Also it implied that he'd

have to change. Perhaps he planned on an after-session after all. He wasn't to be in such a hurry as I thought! How sweet of him! I had misjudged him!

My hopes were dashed a bit when I saw Mag in hunting clothes & decoys & hunting gear stashed in the car. (They were going, they were going. Not much hope.) Yet there was something odd about that back seat. I didn't have time — in L's rush — to really decide what it was. Something empty, some thing different from the usual hunting cram-fullness. True, the special decoy sat there, its' goose's head taunting me, but it was empty, bare underneath where there should have been guns, coats, ice chest etc. Oh well, perhaps I was wrong.

We roared into Prior's driveway. L skidding recklessly on 2 wheels. (He really was in a state!)

He leaped out & into the house, leaving us sitting there, (Again, no socializing, no gay rip for fun.)

We sat + waited + waited for the man who had rushed me so unceremoniously out of the house. Then he appeared with Don - ~~drunk~~, as I feared.

Did he give him the "rush-off; brush off" — no! He loitered, with him, patient, kind, considering the Don was too drunk to ever bother with.

Don wasn't going (thank God!). We set off on foot, & ~~so~~ literally out-of-his-mind with hurry. L. sprinted obsessively toward the stadium as if he were utterly alone — leaving me 10 paces behind, burdened with heavy thermos etc — Mag a fat, puffing, silent 10 paces behind me.

L. was impervious to my pleas + cries to slow down, to wait; to my appeals that my legs were cramping — that there wasn't that much hurry. As we neared the stadium & ploughed thru the thickening crowd, I almost screamed at him in desperation — how utterly humiliating for my

friends to see me in their position! "Leonard!" I cried, "Stop! You're embarrassing me!" I no longer cared what Mag thought. I slowed a little, then gathered up Mag & showed as much if not more concern, for him than me. Mag was acting the star.

In the stadium he sought & chose a seat accessible only by a difficult climb over bars & bulwarks. He leaped over & settled him self. Then turned to me, victorious, & ordered me to join him — conceding, finally — a helping hand as Mag and others began to try to help me.

Seated, he now showed "Generosity" & self-sacrifice in sharing & bestowing cushions & blankets — to Mag! There was no sign of the selfish, complaining, "suffering" he ~~always~~ shows me at these times. Nor did he show any all thru the game. He was a "good sport"!

Nor did he foul up in queer dress. He remained "handsome"! I was proud of him as

I caught his gleaming eye. He looked real handsome towering above me!

And he was elated, excited! His head whipped around, ~~guarding~~ greeting, gloating. He was an "old pro" football fan — explaining, bragging, showing off to Mag, the amateur. I marvelled!

But he was restless. He paid no attention to me, seated smugly against him. Suddenly, he was off — up & over the rail — lost in the crowd. "I have to have a drink of water!" he cried, as he disappeared. (Whom has he seen? Whom does he want to be seen by? Who appeared that he might have preferred not to be seen with me dry?).

He was gone a long time. Mag was snuff company. "I indined".

Until after the half — things were almost "fun", as I had said they'd be ("We'll have fun!" he'd said to me, eyes aglow, hands tender — "offering"). Yeah, fun for one hour out of a week end, I thought bitterly.

Enough of his time for me!) I missed the "stick" of liquor in the coffee I'd tried so elaborately to set up all week (knowing we'd need some false gaiety.) I had foiled that one, too, as I knew he would.

About half-time, L, who had been cheerful & elated & "sharing," tho he gave me one long, challenging searching look (which I "erased" by an answering smile) suddenly leaned across to Mag and said, "You can shoot geese on Monday. They changed the rules — & now you can." (I was baffled — I didn't understand, thinking one could shoot geese any day.) — "You and Hyle could stay down." [There was something wrong in this remark. I sensed something] and evidently so did he, for he added, hurriedly, "I have to be back." Mag only nodded.

But there was a sudden grim silence. My instinctive little intuition that he'd made a "boo-boo" was only intensified when the silence persisted well into the end of the game.

For I sensed ^{noted} a change in L. The chit-chat, the feeling disappeared. He retreated into such a long, protracted, "think" that ^{glent} a wracked my brain for some remark that would unlock the mystery.

I could not. The longer it went on, the worse it became. I was now convinced that he knew he had made blunder, and that he knew I knew, this I couldn't figure it out + couldn't concentrate on that and the game both.

There was something detached about the way he said that to May — something "non-participating" — something wrong in Mag's not discussing it further.
"You guys could do such + such" — he seemed to say, "— it, of course, won't concern me —".

Anyway, all I could come up with in the way of a veiled hint was to turn to him, trying to keep it light and casual and say, with fake interest, "Are you guys

going to take pictures tomorrow?"
(This was based on a quick
think — he gave R his camera,
loaded? How could 2 people
take pictures of themselves? Ha!)
It all depended on his answer —

He didn't answer me right
away. (Oh, Oh!) After a long think,
he said evenly, "Lyle is going to
take telephoto pictures of Mag and
me shooting —" some murmurings
about a "borrowed camera." Anyway,
he admitted somehow that he
didn't have his camera.

I gave up. Just let me get
them this evening! Just help me
to stick to my after noon's decision
an vow — to somehow make L.
responsible for his treatment of
me this week — end — whatever
that meant! Let me not "blow up",
God! Please! Help me!

Yet, if we lost the game — and
all that went with it — I feared. I
feared for my emotional balance.
One tiny blow could set me
off. It would be unrealistic to
think otherwise.

It came. It came in L's answer to my timid plea, "Surely you guys will have time for just one little drink before you leave —?"

For we had lost the game. I had to change his clothes anyway. I was more unhappy than I thought I'd be. And the prospect of a long evening home alone without money, without a drink, without anyone to talk to appalled me.

"No! No! Absolutely No!" he cried, as he sprinted off in obsessive hurry to get his car and be gone.

I cracked. Silently I asked for the blanket he was carrying, putting it over my arm and preparing to keep on going home when they crossed thru the pouring traffic to Lois' house.

He sensed my decision. After a minute, he asked for the blanket back. I brushed off his demand, then turned and looked into his eye with

sheer venom.

He broke and ran, grabbing Mag and risking their lives in the stream of traffic. I let them & any chance to cross over go by, with all the cars.

I plodded on. I joined Mag on the other side, chatting gaily. And I saw them turn into Prior's driveway, after they yelled a couple times at me & I ignored them.

There was no hesitation, no further attempt to settle with me or do anything for me. I was on his way, relieved, unburdened of me.

Somehow, I knew he was glad. (He could get away from Don's & that promised after game drink better without me.) Somehow I knew he wouldn't even try to pick me up in that stream of traffic. I was on my own.

It felt good, now. My boots were comfortable for walking.

It felt good to exercise after that long day of evening of repression. It wasn't far home — just enough.

Then I was horrified. I saw myself as all my friends & relatives ~~saw me~~ who must be in those cars streaming by must see me. Not only had L ~~humiliated~~ spoiled all my self-enhancement try for the evening, he had humiliated me beyond my wildest dreams! ("there she is — walking home — alone — carrying heavy burdens!")

Panicky, I sought a dark side street — or a way to cross over to the store on the other side and get me a drink — Damn! I had no money! I was hemmed in — no way out.

Kill me! Kill me! I prayed dashing out into the traffic — but compassion assailed me as an approaching car honked, & swerved & people yelled at me. I can't involve them, I realized.

Yet neither can I walk that walk "to Calgary" (I had envisioned my self having to do just this that afternoon &

wondering if I'd have guts to do it.

I forgot one thing: When I set off so unconcernedly up Prior's driveway rage gripped me & I flew dangerously across thru the traffic & joining their complacent company I snarled at L, "You couldn't even buy me one god-damned lousy beer, could you? You are the most selfish, self-centered, impossible person I have ever known! ^{I hope you fall on your gun!} Laughing They were behind me, Damon and Pythias. I could almost hear L implying to Mag by a look "You see? you see - what I have to put up with?" and Mag's brotherly look back "Women! Aren't they awful?"

I left them.

Now I could not face the humiliation of being seen walking home. (Being seen in a Cadillac? Hell! I had worse problems!)

L owed it to me to take me home! He had to! Also he owed me a drink! Damn him!

He'd pay for this! I must catch them quick before they leave.
How? I was hemmed in.

There was nothing to do but turn and run back. If I ran fast enough I might just make it. If they got out into that traffic I was lost. They'd never even look for me!

I ran — only to see L's headlights 2 feet from the curb and I 20 feet away. With one last spurt marveling at God's turning all through this L. affair I flung myself into his headlights, (let him hit me!)

He stopped. (Oh, how it must have annoyed him to see me back!) Going to the window on his side I said "you can at least give me money to buy myself a drink!"

Without a word, he began to fumble for his bill-fold. Mag was calmly ordering me to get into the car — "they'd take me home!"

Big Deal! Generous people!
Getting in that car was
one of the hardest thing I
ever did in my life. I was
handing me a banknote,
carefully folded to conceal its
denomination. "It's a five!"
^{my heart said} ~~I thought~~, ~~reluctantly~~, and ~~keeping~~ ^{I kept}
it folded as he wished me to
so Mag couldn't see.

"It's a one!" my brain
answered. You know it's a one!"
("Oh shut up!" ~~I said to my~~ ^{my heart said to my brain}.)

Silence reigned in the
car. Why, damn them! They
weren't even going to discuss it.
Wishing Mag were at the bottom
of the sea! I broke the ice
and began to "draw a picture".
"What's a half hour?" I said.
"You have to change your clothes
any way IF you're going to
the ranch. You guys will
horse around another hour
any way. What's the big rush!"

In petulant indignation
I said, "We have to get up
at three! We've got to go!"

I was so shocked I could not answer. Mag was silent. I felt a wave of judgment against L pass thru him. After all, the guy didn't have to be that brutal! Mag is never in a hurry.

We rode the rest of the way in silence, I noting that Bert's + Lois' car was home — ours gone.

Sanctuary! — of a kind. I'd "warned" Lois.

L stopped. No one moved. "What will you do for wheels?" he said, noting the vacancy before our house. Then reluctantly, "Can we take you some where — ?"

"I'll manage," I said. "I can't get out —" I added, turning to Mag, who now scrambled out of the car.

Yet I couldn't go. I turned back to L, trying hard. "When will you be back — ?"

"Uh — um — uh —" away he went — the usual. He was upset, scared, worried. (I'd said "if I break with you this week end" once to him lately.)

"It sounds vague", I said.

"We-ell —".

"If I don't hear from you by 4:30 — I'll know you're not coming? (He looked alarmed.)

— for dinner — as usual?

(This for Mag's benefit — "Charity" to L.)

L only looked at me, his face agonized.

"Don't forget," I said now, "to remember to bring back — let's see — $3 \times 3 = 9$ — nine Secse — and don't forget to set yourself into the pictures!"

I turned, ignoring Mag's "We'll see you — goodnight" and walked into the house without looking back — tho they lingered, unnecessarily.

And I made Lois + Bert wine me + "baby-sit" me. — for it was only a dollar. I threw it across the room when I saw what it was.

I sat + listened to their promotion of Gerald — again and

yet! — and their silent con-
demnation of L when I
betrayed his confidence +
told "all" — all about R and
my suspicions. I gave them
no encouragement.

I fell in bed. And awoke
surprised at how little upset
I felt — like I am simply
disciplining L — there is no
feeling, no emotion.

Perhaps I feel sure
Somehow. About Raymond.

Today is a bad day — for
us all. I go to my problems.

Sun - Nov. 10, 1963

Problems which were gradually
solved — in strange ways —

I forgot to mention that the
final blow in this unlucky
week-end was for L to say
"Oh the Sun will be out Sunday!"
(for his hunting! He couldn't risk
trying an outing of mine because
of the weather, but he would for
hunting! of course)

Anyway, damned if the
Sun didn't come out Saturday
about hunting time — and it is
shining gloriously today on
that selfish L out in the
country, while I sit here im-
prisoned in trials & problems!
Self pity — yes!

I don't feel like writing —
& I haven't time. I just want
to say that while I was pre-
paring with great self-sacrifice
(~~when~~ I almost had a breakdown
yesterday) to baby sit last
night — Joyce Rak called &
wanted to "do the town".

We did. It was "fun" —

very "successful" — I have
prospects of 2 beer bum dates! —
It was the kind of fun that
leaves a very bad taste in
my mouth this morning.

So I have come to this!
"Forced" into the gutter —
just like that tragic Alan
Ratherford last night (my
daughter's probation officer).

"Forced" I say by no
appreciation or help in
what we have to offer.

Mon morning Nov 11

I am convinced that L
deceived me to go with Jack &
R this week end.

New reasons:

He was late getting back.

He was not with Hylse,

He arrived later than Hylse.

I don't know where he called ^{from}
I have no proof he came back
with Mag.

He "forgot" his clothes at Maj's.
Mag called him late to pick
them up.

Mag called late.

L didn't ask me in when he
picked them up.

L tried to get rid of me before
he picked them up.

He offered me a date for Wed.

He evaded his activities
Mon-Tues.

He confessed he was going to R's.

He got mad when I began
to talk about my ^{wedding trip} suspicions.

He tried to go home.

He didn't get mad at anything
else.

"they" didn't get geese,
they didn't get pictures
They didn't see the TV show,
The ranch never answered.
He acted oddly to my report
on Rainie.

There were 2 decoys in the
car last night — whereas there
was only one Fri. night.

He "asked" me to the ranch when he "knew" I couldn't go + grasped all too quickly at my refusal. He was vague with Mag about the week-end.

By what ruse,

~~How~~ do I figure I went with R+T?
(Surmise:)

He "set it up" to deceive - to make it "look like" he went hunting to the ranch. He spent Thurs. noon getting the cameras loaded.

He "had" to go to the football game with me. He "needed" Mag's help - so he suggested Mag going.

He told R he "had" to go the game. He said he'd meet them somewhere Friday night as soon as possible after the game. (therefore the fantastic rush?)

Then he'd set it up with the boys to look like he went with them.

1- He'd need his car.

2- He'd have to be dressed up.

3- He had to take some hunting gear in his car to fool me.

4- He'd get in touch with Don Prior +

"warn" him about the ranch - so I wouldn't get a deport. Arrange to "part" far there as "ex case".

He'd leave the game, get rid of me, transfer Mag to some other ride, unload the hunting stuff to some other car, change his clothes some where - + be off - to meet R+T.

He'd come back to town Sunday - or maybe Sat. night; maybe via the ranch; call me, put on his hunting clothes, check with Mag

~~He was~~
gave himself away

or Kyle so he could fill in his story to me, see me and tell me enough to put me off the scent (no geese, no pictures, no TV + "why") - Spend a short evening with me - offer me a Wed. date to placate me + "make-up" for his "Secret" date with R + J - Mon or Tues. All would "be well."

Now:

- I "frustrated" him. He ~~was~~ ^{was} frustrated by changes
- ① - I suspected. I "didn't believe" him.
 - ② - I suggested the "wedding present."
 - ③ - I ~~happened to~~ ^{approached} ~~go~~ into Mag + eliminated him for the game.
 - ④ - I ~~happened to~~ ^{happened to} ~~speak~~ ^{speak} him out there + found him on "secret" business.
 - ⑤ - I presented the Friday night "hurry." I "threatened" him about the week-end.
 - ⑥ - I had the ranch phone number.
 - ⑦ - I was suspicious about his "running into" Don Prior.
 - ⑧ - ~~He went on~~ I "interfered" ^{via} ~~with~~ Mag and Jim. + changed plans without consulting him.
 - ⑨ - I made hinting, "revealing" remarks.
 - ⑩ - Don "messed up his car" by giving him the wheat stalks.
 - ⑪ - I delayed him with my "scene" Fri. night. etc. etc.

This all makes it very possible that he went to the wedding. It checks out completely.

The mysteries that remain are these: Would he betray R's "secret" to Mag, Jim, Prior? Yes - perhaps. They all know & like R. They were all in on the past. They are all "crazy" enough to join in L's delusion that he was "protecting" me by this ruse - that they could get away with it & save me for L, whereas if I knew - I might break up with him - "too soon".

Where did he change his clothes? Did Jim lie for him about this? Possible. I alerted him with my ^{fake} calls. He could have sent Mag to R's to get his clothes - which accounts for the lateness of his reminder; which accounts for his attempt to get rid of me first despite the yanking me up & out "because Mag had to go to bed", right away - "we had to hurry"!)

Where & when did he find out about the TV show? Easy. A phone call to Mag or Jim or Lyle - before he called me.

What were the things that alerted me?
In what ways did he give himself away?

- ① By his mysteriousness lately.
 - ② By his utter exclusion of me from his pursuits.
- (Late this thing are OK.)

- ③ By his so frequent visits to L's.
- ④ By his nervousness about them.
- ⑤ By his sudden "withdrawal" from the wedding plans.
- ⑥ By his asking me to the ranch when he knew I "couldn't" go & by his ^{too} quick uptake on my refusal. (He had me "set" for the week-end.)
- ⑦ By his "conditioning" me for weeks to his being gone on week-ends - not to bother ^{him} ^{problem} first
- ⑧ By his leap to the R-marriage when I asked for his "confidence".
- ⑨ By inserting Mag, then Prior into the picture.
- ⑩ By combining Mag & Kyle for the first time.
- ⑪ By making the hunting party a 3-some instead of a twosome.
- ⑫ By telling Mag & me different stories of his hunting "plans".
- ⑬ By setting up the unimmediately after the game departure.
- ⑭ By swearing me to secrecy.
- ⑮ By his strange gone-ness at noon Thursday.
- ⑯ By his "preparatory" story of loading the cameras for J & R.
- ⑰ By his alarm at my wedding present suggestion & his ^{unasked for} unreasonable refusal & then the "explanation" about the loaded cameras.
- ⑱ By revealing the smallness of the party & lack of "photographers".
- ⑲ By my previous knowledge that his camera

is "tricky"; only he can run it & ^{only he} will.

- (20) By his long established promise to R to take pictures + forfeit hunting for a week-end.
- (21) Versus his insistence to me he "can't" this year.

Called L at work and told him about Goose film change on TV. Then added— as "planned"— ~~at great mental~~ ~~and~~— "_____ and the gals at the newspaper called me and wanted to know how to spell your name as a member of the wedding party—"

"Wedding party?!!!" he exclaimed in great sincere ^{Amusement} ~~Surprise~~, "~~What~~ Then "Oh," a deflated little voice.

"I don't know!" I said. "Maybe they've got it all fouled-up— It's none of my business!" as he seemed silent, at least not saying anything coherent or making any protest or denial.

"Well, that's all," I said, my voice staying sad and hopeless (an effect that helped, but really came from my cold and feeling terrible.)

"That for you, Boy!" I thought, as I went grimly back to work.

Somehow or other I had to think of some "safe" way to let him know that he hadn't fooled me— without getting involved with R or Jeetragal of the Great Secret.

I hope it works!

If he calls me on it; if he asks

me who called me, I'll say" I don't know — just the Society desk. (No one would dare call them & ask.)

If she asks me why they called me and not him, I'll say, "I don't know — they know I go with you — ~~Some~~ of the girls know me — One of them is connected with Allied Arts — little theater — maybe she heard a rumor & was feeling me out — I told them I didn't know anything — that there was to be a wedding — I didn't know when — She doesn't like me — maybe she was teasing, giving me a bad time — Everyone 'does about him —

If "R hadn't handed in the story?" "I don't know anything about that — maybe they have access to marriage license records (Julia's dilemma on hers)" "The story wasn't in the paper?" I don't know — can't help it — maybe not room — maybe not important — maybe against policy — etc.

If he really gives me a bad time — I'll say it is all as mysterious as McCabe's professed call to me —

I'll wash my hands of the whole deal — even him, if necessary —

I'm tired of deceit and excluding.
I'm tired of turning into the
deceitful, lying, cheating kind
of persons they are — just to
keep up with them.

I will never change anyway.
Last night was proof that there
is no heart, no kindness, no
intimacy, no sharing ever —
with him.

As Joyce said, "~~It won't~~ ^{a year?}
I don't give you much hope. They
last about 2 years, I've found."

Later-evening!

Oe Gods! Re-reading, I see what I
feared. It sounds like I deliberately
called the paper & gave them the
story & put L's name in! No wonder
he was silent!

remarks about R

"I am not courting Raymona." I said in quick & decisive and unexpected direct answer to my accusation of further visits. He accented the names^{part} just enough to subtly change the meaning from what my first impression was. I was thinking he said "I am not COURTING Raymona" which would be the logical answer. But later I realized he'd said "I am not courting RAYMONA".

"She doesn't seem to know what 'business' she has with you," I challenged.

"She knows", he said, in such a way that I noted for the first time that these two remarks contained a hard, mean, ^{hating} ~~hating~~ intonation that I had never heard him use in his references to her before. (What has happened? - Something new has been added!) He sounded almost revengeful. It would scare me if he used that tone about me!

It was strange for him to use the word "courting", too. He never has gone so far as to admit to "Courting" anyone!

Sun night:

I made fantastic efforts to assure myself of knowing when and if L got back and under what circumstances, because I wished to check out his real whereabouts - to see if tried deliberately to deceive.

I called the ranch - twice. Just before noon & about 2 - times when I figured he would have left to go see TV show at neighbors & not apt to have him hear the call or answer it. Operator was cross. "I haven't been able to get that number all morning," she said. "They must not have turned it on." No luck next time, either.

So - that check failed: Either I missed them - or it ~~didn't~~ happen to be turned on - (or L had told Don not to turn it on?) ^{L said they left about 11 a.m. approx. 90 mi.}

I called Jim Rooney 3 times. The first was a fake call, pretending to have lost my bill fold. "Did L take his car or leave it there unlocked as before so I could look in it." Jim said they - he & Mag - took L's car - left Mag's.

Next call was at 4:35. ~~I'd told~~ L had said they'd be back 2-3-4 he "didn't know" (later than heretofore, I noted). I said "if you don't call by 4:30, I'll know you're not coming." This implied a "break" with me.

an end to the Sun dinner, Sun night after hunting dates, which would constitute a TOTAL break - in this case. It implied the choice was up to him. All he had to do was call me - from anywhere - by 4:30.

Since he hadn't, I was worried - for I had decided to "play along" until I checked this out.

So I called Jim - who said No - didn't expect them til late - "as usual" - Then, when I told about phone call he ^{agreed} ~~said~~ he'd tell L to call me.

One more check call - to hyla.
He was back! He claimed the guys had left when he did - about 2 - (3 hours, it only takes 2!) Then he was very nasty to me.

Well, unless L took 3 guys into his confidence, L must have been at ranch with Lyle!

At 5 - (the time I'd told L dinner was "ready" in the note I'd left at his apt.) I called Jim again - about ready to give up.

"No, not yet." (L didn't try to call me by 4:30 - all was lost!) "But L had left his clothes there - "etc. Hmn. Surely not another lie?"

The reason I write this out is a form of check. It begins to show that — despite the looks of things — I must have been at the ranch — or done an uncharacteristically fantastically complicated job of intrigue.

Anyway, I gave up. And immediately I called — happy as a clam. Sure, he'd come up — oh yes! — he was very accommodating. So bit sorry it looked as if I'd been "disciplined" & crawled back, but too tired from my trying, crazy week-end & day to care. I just was "nice" — too weary & ill to start the campaign I'd planned.

All went well — We went thru our usual routine (without geese this week) He even went very amiably to my sisters' for awhile.

I remembered to snatch my note & "pictures drawn" away from his door, but re-nigged, for, of course he saw me. I withheld part & put it off until after our "nap" which was a ^{hungry} reunion that surprised me — and him!

Signes called & was insinuating when I naïvely put me on. Then, when Mag called I was too tired & sleep-ridden & ill with my

cold to get with the ultimatum
& settlement of issues I had
planned & he was so easily
trying to evade.

I "won" on the Mag deal. He
went there first - tho he left me
in the car - from which I tossed
the vulgar artificial flowers I
had snatched from the irritating
moments - of - R. bouquet he keeps
in his apartment. (I plan to get
rid of it gradually.)

On the way home - now awake -
I very, very carefully asked if
he'd "take five" and settle a few
things with me. He agreed & very,
very carefully answered my very,
very careful question about
"What next?" He very, very care-
fully offered me a date Wed.
night, which turn me off be-
cause it was exactly what I
was going to suggest.

Then I got launched on
the 3-4 issues & ultimatums
I needed to air. Things got
hotter & hotter until I came to
the settlement of this week-end

"deceit" business. And, at this, he flew into one of his rages — ordering me out & in and away.

Actually, he "explained" a lot, offered more than I'd expected, but still with held enough to make our parting a difficult thing.

"You just give me enough to keep me trailing along, but not really enough —" I said, wearily as I wearily got out & went in, hardly looking back.

Then came the developments of today — as recorded more or less mixed up. In the afternoon I came home, sick with my cold (which, I noticed miraculously disappeared when I was with L!) I "worked on" my trumped up Allied Arts chores intent on devising ways & means to spy on R thru them.

It worked out better than I could have hoped! My most important contact turned out to live next door to L — and evening found my car parked conspicuously & long in front of the house next door to her!

8 Nov-63

That should make 'em wonder! —
If anyone saw it — which I
doubt.

"I hear your neighbor got
married," I said to Phil's wife.
She shrugged & looked so in-
simicatingly at me that my heart
was glad. "Who cares?" the gesture
said. "Her?"

That's all for today. I got a
little bonus by a slight interest
in a work possibility with Phil.
Anyway, it all worked out fine.
I'm either clever — or lucky.

How do I feel about it all?
Dreary. A dreary thing. There
is no happiness with L now.
I know him too well. The
illusion is gone.

It's a bargain; a
dreary, compromising — time-
killing bargain.

Yet, I'm amazed. L showed
no signs of jumping at a chance
to give me up that my words
& his recent actions have
implied.

Nov-12-1963 - Tuesday.

9

(Felt terrible to day. It alarmed me—after my pneumonia bout a few years ago. It could just ~~have~~^{as} soon have ~~kept~~ me down and died, but forced myself to "play the game.")

I found nothing in this morning's paper, either, on R's wedding. I am beginning to doubt that I will ever see any real proof. And, since L has no intention of "giving her up" (that mysterious "business" connection!) I found myself ~~unable~~^{unwilling} to live with this ~~unfair dilemma~~^{problem} much longer.

I found myself, too, without any feelings of trust, loyalty or intimacy toward L. There was no "true, staunch friend" feeling, ~~I found~~. He ~~isn't~~ the kind of friend you'd run to and call upon in trouble, as ~~one~~^{one} does to so many people, whom one knows, ~~one~~^{one} can trust and count on. Whom I know, for sure, are on my side.

The feeling was there—to seek him out—this morning. I was sick and troubled and full of doubt. He could easily have dispelled

my doubts and worries about R.

In fact, ~~under~~ⁱⁿ normal relationship ~~where~~ I should be the first one he'd tell; he'd be anxious to tell me and dispell ~~our~~ ^{my} friction, for he would be on my side. Besides, if he really loved, he would be calling me almost daily to check on my happiness and health and share experiences with me — He wouldn't be able to help himself. He would be full of thoughts and concern about me — especially in times of trouble or friction. Especially when he had been the instigator of the friction element.

But no. As I thought of "running to him" I envisioned past times when I'd done so — the frustrating utter unavailability of him; the ~~frustrating~~ pained displeasure at "being bothered"; the petulant complaints at my impatience and "unreasonableness"; the dictatorial insistence on living his own private life. I was brought up against his ~~own~~ two-day brush-off of me; his secret rendezvous with R Tuesday night; while I must suffer sick, alone, uncalled, untended, "put aside" until

the designated time he designed to assign some time to me, while in the meantime he flew ~~to~~ eagerly to R's to discuss that which concerned me so much and they mutually excluded me from.

Brooding on the unfairness, the oddness, the loneliness of this I began to see that I owed neither of them anything, especially R. Why should I keep her secret? Why should I do as she asked?

And what did I owe to L who asked me to keep her secret? who, once again, appealed to me to help R — the person least likely in the world to want to do so — when it should have been the other way around? (When I should have ^{asked} ~~targeted~~ R to help me — if he loved me!) They should both have wanted me to know as soon as possible — to prove their good faith!

So — I thought of the Idaho papers — I could check the marriage licenses! I began to track some down — without success. Anyway, the fact is past. There is no longer any reason to keep the secret if they married, is there?

I stayed with my original idea of calling my past friend & new associate on Artscope, Velma Baylor, who is Society Editor for the local paper. But I hesitated. I am not sure if she is now friend or enemy.

But common sense gripped me. I was making a mountain out of a mole-hill — even as L is making a mole-hill of a mountain. I called her, ^{asking about the Adams paper. Why? she said} She needed me for something & was wise & sophisticated enough to play right into my hand. Result: "I will call R; not mention you — and find out if L was with them. After all," she said, laughing, "I have a long memory — (And a long association with the Theater Group!!)" "Thanks for the tip!" she said.

My deed is done. My "revenge" is accomplished. If either R or L had shown any ^{inclination} ~~effort~~ to put my welfare ahead of R's, this would not have happened. If they had tried to be friends, work this out together as I recommended, we would not now be separated into enemy camps — with L encamped on her doorstep as much, if not more, than mine!

When I think of seeing L. to-morrow (if I do now!) I can't imagine what we would share together — how we could pass the evening amicably. For, as I told him, he had been excluding me from at least $\frac{7}{8}$ of his life lately — and not filling me in when he sees me. We meet almost as 2 strangers. He has no interest or investment in my pursuits any more; I know nothing of his.

"You do not give me anything I can't pick up in a bar — 'Mr Karr'!"

Later:

New developments. Never a dull moment!

Mother in to report that Pat Kellett that L + R were seen together taking Raimie to a Cub Scout meeting last week. Goddam!

Just when I was getting settled down!

I got so mad I called Pat who gave me the usual "hate Lk" pitch.

Then I called L. who gave me the usual "it's all right —

it'll soon be over - No I can't
tell you" - pitch.

I appealed to him to quit
making a fool of me - and got
nowhere.

Damn everyone!

So you don't want my love bad enough to quit TOADYING to R?

Well, I've discovered something: I can't love a toady.

Neither can I love a man who could put any person in the humiliating position you have put me in.

It proves there is no love there for me.

It proves you are despicable - unworthy of love or effort or suffering.

You say you take no sides. You are wrong. You have already taken sides - consistently with R against me. You have made your choice already, and with it you have lost my love and my respect.

I find I do not care enough to even cut you off - for that would cause me the inconvenience of missing you awhile. I don't care enough to force you to give up R & ^{to} win you. If I cared, I would make you

be the man I could love.
I would try to win you
against R.

But I don't want you
on those terms.

Rather can I "go along"
— not caring enough — taking
what I can get — making
fools of you and R —
eventually.

Thursday - Nov. 14 - 1963

where did I leave off? I had my friend at the paper checking out the wedding verification. To my surprise, she reported that they weren't back yet - would be last night - Wednesday.

This threw a different light on L's Wed. night date with me. So he set up a date on the night they'd be back? Odd. Then he'd undoubtedly "pick up his camera" on Thurs. night. This took away the effect of placating me. It looked more like someone hurt, who wished to avoid seeing the newlyweds; who wished to "show her"; be "busy"; have dates; "I don't care!" effect. He was hurting?

A lot depended on whether when he called he postponed our date till late, - say eleven. That could mean he meant to rush to R's + might before he came to get me.

It never occurred to me that he wouldn't rush there, which, to me meant that they were still a close, happy, group - me an outsider, a second choice. This left me lonely and jealous, but assured that the feeling was nothing more than that - and therefore no threat to me.

Now I realized that it was possible that L carried more of a torch than he dared admit. I awaited his call with interest.

Meantime, I forfeited a whole afternoon laboriously cartooning the whole story from the beginning to try to analyze each of our roles in this strange situation. I intended to give it to L to show my side; to point out R's real nature to him; and, perhaps, to elicit corrections or fill-ins from him.

It alarmed me when I did so that R's whip lash over all of us was apparent (~~this~~^{as} I expected) and my role was so outside the circle and so insignificant. I was no more than any of L's other passing dates! And L's duplicity ~~and~~ weakness was so very apparent. I set out to discover who was making a fool of whom and I discovered, as I feared, that they ~~were~~ both have been using me and making me a fool - L "unwittingly" - R intentionally - as she has made a fool of L and Jack, too. Also, it was sadly clear that there was something besides money holding L enthralled. I hoped

that he would perhaps reveal what. Another insight was that L. might be using me (as any other woman) to keep R from "getting" him & R to keep me from getting him. He keeps two women going always because he's afraid of marriage! It's as simple as that!

It accounted for his closing remark " ~~I'm not on an~~ I don't choose sides " which I used as my closing page.

So —

Things changed drastically in my mind when he called as early as possible — 5:30! and made an "early" date (9:00 early for him!) even offering to make it earlier "to please me". He was most accomodating — newly so. Yet he was not glad, happy, eager or cheerful. Granted it was his tired hour, still his voice carried the weariness of resignation, of hopelessness. He had complaints of not feeling well Monday etc.

Now, my mind had dwelt all day on the happiness Nick & I felt the day we knew Norma was to marry. It's not like this with L and me, I noticed. Not at all.

I don't feel that way — only a vague relief from the slight simplification it brings. Yet I was alerted to hear happiness, eagerness, gladness in L's voice + manner to me now.

Not so. Even when he came — nor during the evening did I note or feel it. In fact, so surprised was I at the general tone of his manner and the mood between us during the evening, and the motherly reaction that was elicited from me, that I went to bed with the sad conviction that, like it or not, I have a man on the rebound! He is hurt. He cares. More than he ever will let on.

It was his fit of hysteria at the Glee Club, I thought, that convinced me, specifically. It was the "tears" of a man who will not give his emotion expression. For the cartoon + joke that sent him into paroxysms of "tears" was not that funny. In fact, he'd seen it before — and it lasted too long — and it came right after he had carefully read my cartoon story of our triangle. Right after he had suddenly sobered & quietened as he neared the end, replacing the easy laughter ^{with} he read the first part ~~with~~.

Too, I realized - why, L. uses jokes as an excuse for emotional release!

His tense, tight, careful, careful, gingerly handling of me all evening; the very carefully thought out in advance offers to do everything my way; the sudden quantity of offerings - that would make him busy with me all week-end - made me suspect that here was a broken heart - determined - coldly - calculatingly, characteristically - to put R aside, to show her, to "make a new life for herself", to heal the hurt from one woman with the immediate courting of another.

For there was no warmth, no joy, no intimacy, no rapport in the level-eyed looks he gave me through the evening - nor any eager, spontaneous gestures toward me. They were all weary, resigned, friendly and very "thought-full".

They made me treat him with a motherly "I know it hurts, Son," tenderness & compassion.

They made me abstain from passing judgment on the crashing disillusion of remarks of his that

revealed a total irresponsibility toward the human race, a man totally anti-social.

Yet — he did not "run & hide" as I felt he would have liked to do! Simply "disappear" from both R + me & all women — in "work", in long week ends at the Ranch "hunting". No. "I must have a woman — some woman. I must replace R." was the impression he gave. "Lorna will do for now." "I cannot let R. think I'm hurt."

Nor can I forget his irresponsible silence to my reason I gave for not giving up smoking — the persistent anxiety of insecurity. He did not offer me any! Oh no! that isn't why he "courts" me!

I know! I know!

I am not a new love. I am a replacement — for the ~~sub~~ joys of the nubile young wife he is never to know.

Perhaps, tho, now he will "grow up". He is suffering. And that way lies wisdom.

Mon - Nov, 18, 1963

I'm not going to have time to write the detail I would like. I'll have to summarize.

Land and I went to the ranch Fri. night & came back Sunday. Just we two. He tried to insert someone else, but agreed nicely to my wishes. (And then professed they were his own! Sometimes I feel I feed words and thoughts into him!)

^{last minute} I was caught in a very difficult dilemma Friday. My son got terribly sick and did not get better as usual. I, too, was on the verge of pneumonia. I had no one responsible to take over while I was gone. There was little food and no money to leave. My daughter had troubles of her own. Lois would not "approve" of my going. ^(to help) The weather was threatening. A guest came at the ^{last minute}.

Yet I desperately needed a change of scene and an escape.

I was on the verge of break down.

Land had told me this was my "only chance" to go. He insisted on 2 nights. He had everything packed & bought. There was no time to get someone else. Besides, he would have rejected me

instantly - without a qualm - or another offer. There was no way to get in touch with him for any needed explanation.

In short, it was the hard wall of necessity on one hand and L's stubborn self-centredness on the other, with me caught in ~~homostatic~~ need & desire to go in the middle. Duty or "pleasure"; the needs of others or my need? L, too, "needed" me. If I did not go - I risked losing him. And I need him.

I risked it. I went.

It was a week-end of clear cut scenes of beauty & happiness ~~interspersed with~~ ^{various} ugliness and angry hatred; of bliss and ~~agon~~ agony.

It ended in bliss, thank Goodness.

We had two terrible fights: one in the cabin, in which he shouted at me to get my stuff & he'd take me home right then - he was through! The other in the Gorse pit when I seriously contemplated & threatened to use his gun on him.

He would be quick to say that I instigated them both, and I would be quick to admit it. For, each time I had reached the limit of my endurance of his selfishness, indifference and neglect and his preoccupation in his own pursuits.

Yet we had two wonderful scenes, too, in which I came to me of his own free will when I withdrew from him and won me back with great love and tenderness. I did not know he had such qualities of offering and giving in him!

We had two glorious sexual episodes; the first wanton lust such as neither of us had ever indulged in, I'm sure; the second a sweet, deep mating.

We shared great outdoor beauties together; and exciting thrills ^{in hunting}. We shared domestic, conjugal experiences. We shared boredom and frustration. We shared fun + frolic. We shared anger + passion + hate. We endured hardships together, etc. etc.

Let me go back to the beginning so I'll have this to remember:

Friday was, as I say, an exceedingly frustrating + trying day. Once again this year I was faced with a tantalizing chance for ^{a rare} great enjoyment and ^{apparently} forced to drudge instead. I felt very sorry for myself. It seemed unfair.

Yet, this time I fought for what I wanted. I cut the clinging ties rather brutally and went.

It was about 20 minutes before I was to come for me. I was all ready, but desperately hungry and tired + sick. I very much wanted a drink but knew there was little chance for hours — and then only one or two of his grudging, locked-up beers.

A knock on the door. My drinkin' cousin Jimmy come to call with a full half-pint of whiskey + looking for a drinkin' partner. I accommodated him with alacrity, swilling down two strong drinks in a great hurry — before I and his disapproving eye got here to stop me.

He came right on the dot —

even a bit early — and seemed a little shook to find me drinking with a good looking man. (He queried me persistently later as to "just who was this man?")

He rushed us off and contemplated me with a dubious eye as we drove out of town — not stopping as I'd understood him to say — to eat. I was quite tight — and glad of it!

Very sweetly he offered + gave me one of his precious Turkey Sandwiches + even ~~also~~ offered me a beer with it.

The mood of our ride was good enough, except that I noticed he "had the bit in his teeth" — he was off to hunt, impatient, hurried, increasingly exacting. I watched + feared for the Jekyll-Hyde change in character I'd noted before on these trips.

Yet it did not come. He seemed surprisingly calm + relaxed + happy. As we streamed through the dark waste land all alone + snug in that purring car we began to

build up a sexual stimulation that almost brought us to a climax just as we reached the ranch.

We pulled ourselves together to face the usual bright lights + social ~~rapport~~ session at the "Cook house". All was dark + silent. It was odd, strange, spooky — out there in the silent nowhere — just us two. I rather regretted it. (I enjoyed my little sessions alone with 3rd men!)

Anyway, we opened the cabin + "settled in". It was almost like honeymooning. For as soon as "decent" we sat down with a beer.

Now the little difficulties with L began to crop up. Instead of eagerly placing himself by my side after our torrid drive, he sat across the room from me!

When I twitted him, he moved over gladly, but one "bambillero" has stung me.

Now our post-phoned longing for each other took over in a short wave of lust. "Do a strip-

tease for me!" he cried, his face like a satyr's. ^{out there on the rug!}

(How I would have liked to! I've always wanted to do that for a man! Why did it have to happen after I was old & ugly?) I demurred, saying I wasn't beautiful enough or I would.

Without hesitation - he began to turn off bright lights & produce a dim glow. This is one of the things I love in him - this sexual honesty!

I no sooner began to undress than he was on me - from behind - (a favorite attack of his & very pleasing to me) - helping me to strip, partially, and then with joyful vulgarity crying "Let's play dogs! Here on the rug!" "I've always wanted to do that!" I have too! I was more than agreeable tho' somewhat nonplused at his seeming familiarity with a procedure that somewhat puzzled me. "Not like that!" he said, "Do this" - etc.

I obeyed. I enjoyed. He was in a frenzy. Two or three minutes and he "barked" out another order - (another favorite of his.) A few minutes of that and something else I had to do. He was possessed! He was throwing me

around and using me as if determined to get a lifetime's lustful desires out of his system in a few minutes. I enjoyed it immensely. I, too, was feeling the first satisfactions of ~~rather about~~ sheer lust.

Yet, I was beginning to get alarmed. It was only lust. He acted like a drill sergeant. He acted terribly familiar with the necessities of these procedures — especially in this particular setting.

Once again, ~~most~~ memories of the cook house crews' innuendoes came to my mind & visions of past pleasures of his in this place formed in my mind. Raymona! He'd had R. here! Doing this? Was this the usual procedure?

I felt myself withdrawing.

~~When~~ Later — he began to scrub old-maidishly & frenziedly at evidence on his sleeping bag. ~~I saw~~ "I'm afraid I didn't satisfy you," he said.

It was the scrubbing that got me (preparation for future changes of partner?) I said

Something cutting & nasty. Things cooled off a bit between us.

~~Robert~~ L's past had come between us. He had taken too many women too openly to the same setting.

Now, he tried to slip out to the cook-house without me, fending me off, trying to make me stay. "I have to talk to the boys about something," he said. He was so obviously in a hurry, so obvious about not wanting me with him that I got suspicious. (What?) Oh. Last week-end - the mysterious R-marriage / no geese / no pictures involved, unproved mysterious week-end!

"You don't want to get to them before I do, do you?" I snapped "sweetly".

"Oh no! No! no! no!" he said, looking fearful & slipping out & away. Now, really alerted, I spied a little.

When I saw him peering suspiciously & fearfully back from the cook-house window to see if I'd followed, I just plain did!

He "passed it off", "forgot" about it. But things weren't like usual. Ben & always so open & friendly & so taken with

me - greeted me not at all. With a fearful little look at me, he scurried out & I didn't see him but once again when his white un-Mexican mistress followed him in once. Yet this did not entirely account for his uneasiness. He'd often told me about the women he'd had there!

And Payne was not in evidence. Usually they gathered around, hungry for company, thirsty for a free drink. It was odd - coupled with my suspicions about last week-end.

Anyway, we went back to bed - now domestically peaceful & sleepy & anxious only to get some sleep before an early rising. It was good sleeping together. L is a warm & affectionate bed-partner.

Next morning: I was determined to "play the game" this time - now that I knew what it was. (L cranky, fussy, dictatorial, impatient, thoughtless & domineering & cruel. I would get no breakfast, be forced to work & carry heavy things - trudge Squaw-like behind him across dark, unfamiliar terrain.

I was "prepared." I'd do it - knowing he'd be his old, warm self after the hunting was over. I'd been thru this before!)

Surprisingly, he was not at all! He was ~~borderline~~ calm, friendly, solicitous - congenial. He fixed an elaborate breakfast + packed our lunches with ~~out~~ no sign of his former fuss + hurry + nervousness. We ambled gayly across the dark, pre-dawn plain in the comfort of the warm Cadillac, its luxurious springs making a smooth, lulling rocking of that primitive, rough road. I was a calm, friendly, warm companion, chatting + joking - letting me drive his precious car thru the tricky gateways without a murmur or comment. None of the nasty, critical scoldings at every little thing as of last time! I marveled!

I marveled when we drove right to the edge of the pit + he calmly told me what to do + left to hide the car. I wasn't to be scolded at, at all?

He did show former signs when we set out the decoys +

Showed impatience + critical Great Expectations of me when the crucial hunting times approached. Yet each time, he tempered his impatience + mollified soon after. All I had to do was give him a mocking little look this time. (Before I ~~flared~~^{had to fly} into a rage.)

So all went well. I was trying hard + so was he. The Situation was trying, tho: the weather bad, the geese scarce & late, the pit cold + I not feeling a bit well. I only got one goose + that not a good one. This was hard on him - humiliating to the Great Hunter. Also the necessity to leave before the geese came back to accomodate me in my miseries. Which he did! This is significant in itself!

And how regretful he was when the damned geese began to appear on our way back! We had to stop + watch them - interminably it seemed to me, who did not share his ~~obs~~ fanatical obsession and who had just about reached the

end of her endurance. I was looking forward to the "usual" afternoon love-nap and the steak dinner he always brought — and warmth. I was chilled to the bone. My cold symptoms were beginning to alarm me. I wanted a beer to unwind the tension of those cramped, tense 8 hours in that damp, cramped hole in the ground. I wanted L's warmth & attention. He had sat ~~alone~~ aloof at his end of the pit, absorbed only in Geese. I wanted good, hot food. The lunch he'd packed was unappetizing old leftovers he'd kept.

I wasn't exactly conscious of all this at the time. It just seemed that I'd had enough geese for the day. My interest was luke-warm to say the least by now. Besides, we faced another long session tomorrow.

Finally L tore himself away — with many a lingering look & regretful ^{verbalizing} ~~building~~ of what-might-have-been.

"Ah for a nap," he said, "and beer & food" — and he grinned at me.

We went to the cabin. I wasn't very sleepy—since we'd ~~sleep~~^{closed} so much in the pit—but I'd "accommodate".

~~I got ready.~~ "I think I'll prune the tree first"—I said. Well—good. I could "refresh" myself. I did. I went out again in the cold & watched him fuss interminably over the tree. I helped some & started back for the cabin. Now.—comfort.

"I was sitting in the cold wet grass, binoculars to his eyes." "Come here," he said excitedly, "Watch the Geese with me." Grumbling a little I joined him. He was in no hurry.

Finally we went in. "I have to take a leak," he said & disappeared out of the door. I waited—and waited.—and waited.

Now—thoroughly chilled & ill and at the end of my patience I went out to seek him. He was perched happily on a roof—binoculars glued to his face again—goose watching still tho night was falling.

Disgusted, I turned & went back in. Then something exploded in me. I was ill. I'd left a sick son. I was very worried about him. I was L's guest. I'd made great sacrifices to come. This was my only week-end with him all fall.

Surely he could forfeit serious hunting just this once. Surely the damned geese weren't that important, that wonderful — more wonderful than people! How I hated geese at that point! How I hated L.K. for his preference of geese to people!

"Come in here this minute!" I yelled at him, opening to the door & quickly surveying the scene to be sure there were no listeners. "I've had enough of this!" and I slammed the door behind, cringing as I realized it had glass in it.

He came immediately. "I started blasting off at him — all the foregoing. A very angry man answered me, a completely self-righteous, self-centered, spoiled, "embarrassed", "humiliated" man,

It was then he told me to "get ready, he'd take me home - that he was through, this was the end of all of it - embarrassing him in front of his friends -" etc. He meant it. I was scared when I saw he really meant it!

We eyed each other - silent - both realizing we didn't want to go home at all. Then we began to break down. Suddenly I heard him say "You can't go home in the middle of the week-end - and spoil it all -". I couldn't believe my ears. Why, he'd given in - first! It was all I needed.

Somehow, we settled it. We lay down. The loving I expected was not forthcoming however. ^{I heard snores.} Chagrined and having to go to the bathroom I got up.

Then I realized I was very sick. I could hardly breathe, my chest rattled and chills raced over me from head to foot. I simply couldn't get warm. Alarmed & very miserable I just wanted to be alone where I could suffer - in tears - if necessary.

I seemed to be asleep. With some vague decision not to disturb him with my troubles - to let him sleep & hoping I could snap out of it, I lay down in the other room.

But it only got worse. I was beginning to feel a bit delirious. I felt as if I were suddenly going to start screaming or make some outlandish noise. Reality was fading, I couldn't think.

Remembering my alarming & sudden collapse a few years ago with pneumonia with just such symptoms & the long weeks of agony afterwards I got frantic. I must call home, I decided.

I must find out what's going on there in case I collapse!

As quietly as I could I sneaked out to see if the ^{coo}khouse ~~cabin~~ where the ^{mobile} phone unit was was clear. I guessed I could manage it. It seemed to be. I returned & quietly put on my boots.

Some stir in the bedroom made me sense that I was not asleep, after all. But I went out - I really didn't want him

to think I was going to "disappear" as I had once before. I just wanted to get that phone call done while I still could.

Staggering & only vaguely conscious I entered the cook house. I nearly leaped out of my skin when I found Payne quietly sitting in a corner. He seemed quite apathetic to my appearance tho it was the first time I'd seen him.

I explained what I wanted & he started clumsily to help me. We were both floundering — I in an incoherent haze by now — I simply couldn't think — (What's the matter with me? I kept wondering. Am I having an hysterical fit — or something?) — when L came in.

I was so glad to see him. (He'd sought me out.) And he looked so big & strong & capable! He began to help me, — but wouldn't do the call himself. Payne got the call thru, explaining to me what I had to do. I was trying with everything in me to grasp reality — it was all a dreamlike

man to me. Desperately I tried to work the 2-way phone when I heard my son's voice. I couldn't, I simply couldn't coordinate. Everything was confusion — big faces looming around me — bodies — clothes — voices — a terrible nightmare mess. I felt faint. I heard L take over speaking clearly & firmly to Dennis — telling him we'd be back tomorrow. (It was settled then?) How I loved him then! He sounded so firm & manly!

Gratefully, I sank into a chair by the fire Payne had started when I complained of my uncontrollable chills. I closed my eyes & let the warmth seep in. My feet were like ice.

"Let's go back to the cabin for awhile. Then we'll come back & get dinner," L was saying, gently, kindly, persistently. He was so insistent that I knew what he wanted; he wanted to "make-up", to "apologize"; to settle things.

"Wait, let me get warm," I begged. I couldn't move from that fire. L was persistent. I got up & tried. Chills raced all over

me. My bones were cold. "I want some tea!" I said, "I want some hot tea!" — anything to warm my insides.

As in a dream I heard them scurry & fret. It seemed there was no tea. Soon some one put a cup of hot tea in my hand. How good it was! I gulped it. How it helped!

I was now seated facing me, his face worried, concerned. Vaguely I noted this & that he proffered me an opened beer — his precious beer — (he was worried!) I didn't want it. Cold beer & hot tea? I only wanted the tea. To please him I sipped at them both.

Things were very dim, very far away. I was in a sort of coma or something. Yet I was beginning to feel better. If I sat with my eyes closed awhile & let the warmth seep in I'd feel all right I thought.

I reached for the beer bottle. Suddenly I felt terrible. "I'm going to faint!" I thought desperately — I've got to lie down — the nearest bed

was in the cabin - there was no place to lie here - I put down the beer bottle with a whimper & a moan I couldn't control and tried to race to the door farthest from L & Payne.

"Just let me get to the cabin - to that bed - alone - leave me alone a little -" I thought - "and I'll be all right -"

I got as far as the door when a nauseating weakness overcame me. My legs wouldn't work! I grabbed for the door jamb and, then, hating myself, a part of my brain saying "You're just making a scene; you're just pretending; you're just being melo dramatic"

I slid to the floor in the corner in a heap. I remember looking at my black clad legs & hating them.

I remember L's strong arms behind me lifting me up; his voice firm & gentle telling me to lie on the bench, his warm arms around me, feeling so good, so good & so strong. I remember crying & protesting & begging to go to the cabin.

I could hear their voices. I felt them put me on the bench — fix a pillow of some kind — I could feel L holding me, hugging me, caressing me, rocking me, enfolding me, kissing me, murmuring to me — never leaving me.

I tried to pull myself together — to fight my way back — then I felt the bench under me — L's tender love enfolding me — openly — in front of Payne! — and I let go. I couldn't do any more.

I collapsed. I felt my limp hand fall to the floor. ("What a ridiculous scene you're making!" I thought.) But I didn't care. I closed my eyes & let go — my head in L's lap — or something.

Vaguely I felt him keep kissing me & hugging me. How good to be loved like this! It has been a long time — an eon!

Gradually, I began to feel better. I could now hear & make sense of what they were saying. Things became real again. I tried an answer or two. They laughed & answered. I sat up — I was "all right" — sort of.

Gingerly I let L lead me off to bed — discovering I didn't feel quite as well as I thought I did — but I wasn't going to tell them. Tomorrow. Tomorrow would tell.

I sank with relief into bed. — L beside me. It seemed natural & right — and wonderful. We cuddled & fell into a deep sleep — only arousing now & then to caress each other & reassure ourselves of each other's nearness.

L had "offered" not to go out in the morning, but when I saw how disappointed he was I assured him I could go. (Might as well die in a ready-made grave! At this point I didn't much care.)

So 4 a.m. found me struggling into my 5 pairs of pants, seriously alarmed at how weak & ill I felt. But, having "girded my loins" so well, I knew that I could do it — somehow or other. Everyone has to walk "the last mile" someday — maybe my time was now.

It was a struggle. I was hardly able to maintain an semblance of normalcy. L was strangely quiet, strangely patient.

It wasn't until all things were done & I could lean my head against that dank ^{pet} timber & sleep awhile that I began to feel better. Relieved, I tried to "Get with" the day.

But it, too, was an unlucky one. Hunting was not good — tho the fantastic exodus of a million Geese from the river was a sight to remember. But they stayed high & long. L allowed no entertainment, he would not even talk to me — not real talk as I'd expected under such long, intimate circumstances. He stayed apart on his end, each of us silently freezing while I kept thinking of the joys of warmth our bodies could produce together.

It was a grueling 8 hours. The food was bad. We'd drunk all the beer. L was withdrawn, holding in, disappointed, secretly weary of the burden of me. — "I was worried about you" he

claimed later. (Not worried enough to do anything about it, I noted!)

I finally blew up. (There was no reason I could see that we couldn't have left & come back.) But no - L's eyes plead with me - just one more goose, the so-important to him "limit". I tried, but my body blew up in protest. We fought.

I retreated into my corner & another trial at sleep - with drawing unto myself - Knowing in my heart I was hopeless. Any man with so little regard for humanity was hopeless. Well, it was a long, hard, lonesome road ahead of me.

I sat with my eyes closed, thinking - waiting for one more clammed goose. L was with drawn, "sleeping".

I heard a rustling in L's corner, a stirring - much activity. What was he doing? My heart told me what was happening.

Yet I kept my eyes closed; I didn't want to be disappointed.

All my body sensed a stealthy approach - through all that paraphernalia - (it would

be a difficult crawl for a big man!)

Sure enough! Suddenly I felt a cold, whiskery face kissing the side of mine very tenderly — and big arms enfolded me silently. My heart spilled over and I clasped that bristly face in the curve of my hand and as tenderly kissed it back — without opening my eyes — neither of us said a word. (Leonard! Leonard! To my dying day I never would have believed you capable of it! You loved me! You gave me love! You approached me with love when I was "mad" at you! Good boy!)

We embraced + embraced. Now came a torrent from him — abject, sorry, tender — full of apologies, entreaties + promises + explanations of a good evening ahead. It was all I needed.

Everything was all right then. We got another goose. We had fun. We

returned home in a glorious
lingering sunset so full of
love for each other that I even
broke down & told him I loved
him again — (It's been a long
time!) — and we settled all
our "differences" amicably &
with fun as we carried out the
promises he'd made to me &
had a lovely evening — albeit
without any more love-making
(to my chagrin) — or any real, long-
range commitments by him
even yet —

We parted in great love —
and it lingers yet —

He'll "call me" Wed. he said.

We settled a lot of things &
we learned a lot of new tech —
requires in getting along with
each other.

X

A

X

"I don't want my life on
your hands," I said to L
after he had ordered me to
carry heavy loads even sick
as I was and I was lowering
myself into the pit the 2nd day.
"What did you say?" he cried.

Tuesday - Nov 19, 1963

After thoughts left from Ranch trip:
Bits of conversation that stand out
in my memory:

① "I don't want my life on your hands,"
I said, lowering myself into the pit
that second morning.

"What did you say?" I demanded.

I murmured it again - inaudibly. What
was the use?

I was so sick I felt I might die, and
I rather hoped I would. L's calloused
indifference to the needs of others, as
~~so~~ cinched ^{now} in his thoughtless directives
to me to move all his heavy equipment
for him, sick as I was, made my insecure
future look even bleaker. There was no
hope of help from a man like him!

I said it mildly, for I was too discouraged
to fight. This man needed a vital lesson.

If my death were to be the means of
saving his soul - so be it. This is
what prompted my remark. I felt it
only fair to warn him.

He said nothing more. Later, I
attributed his tenderness to my scolding
of him. Now, perhaps, I wonder if
I hadn't scared him. "I was worried
about you," he said.

② "Someone should sneak your gun away from you and chase you all over that plain and knock some sense into you!" I had cried, coming up out of the pit in sheer physical desperation after 7 hours. Again the usual silence and a quick cursory glance at me. This, too, sticks in my memory. Since I felt better and was not to die, fight returned to me. This man needed some kind of lesson to get it through to him that humans were more important than geese! How I longed to put him in a goose's place - in front of that gun! I looked from his gun to his broad back turned to me. There was a tiny spot of ^{new} blood in the middle of the back of his jacket; it wouldn't show much more than that if I shot him. Then I put the thought aside in horror.

③ I was shocked, too, observing him intimately in action while hunting to note his blithe cheating. Why, the man would do anything to procure and maintain that long record of always getting his "linnet"! No wonder he liked to hunt alone! No wonder he frets about taking

others with him! No wonder I felt a conviction that I'd never be asked again — that I was a burden, "in the way". I knew too much — after these two days!

Later, my heart curdled to hear him calmly maintain that he was "just too honest" about hunting to his friends we visited — and to see them swallow the lie and believe it as I have done all this time! Why, with L, "the end justifies the means" — always — even in love — as —

④ Certain remarks that also remain with me:

Payne's, "You're a bookkeeper, aren't you?" and his muddled, senile disbelief at my denial. Payne associates L with a bookkeeper, I realized. R is a bookkeeper! All my visits meant nothing to this man: R was there so much that that is all he remembers — L & R!

Then when I repeated this to L. his fantastically bland denial: "R and I never came down here to make love. We came to talk to Ben + Payne!" He wasn't kidding. He expected me to believe it. No one

could be that good an actor! "Oh come off it, Leonard!" I said in great disgust — and dropped the subject. Now I remember that he delights in fooling me like that. I realize that he was joshing me. He was admitting quite coldly & brutally that they did come to make love. That hurts. His cold admission or his cold ~~denial~~ lie.

It hurt, too, when we got to Prosser and he, in manic elation, began to point out places he'd stayed, places that brought back delightful memories to him, "Oh — this town is full of wonderful memories connected with hunting for me!" he said, his eyes & face alight with memory. "I stayed in that hotel room — right there —" pointing in excitement, — then, noting my frozen reaction — "well, — uh — maybe that one — oh — I can't remember —" and suddenly he stopped and said no more. A terrible long silence gripped us both as we drove on. He'd said too much — too much.

I think, too, of his remark when I snapped at him because he got in bed the second night, the last night & lay without attempting to touch me. "Well, I didn't know if you wanted me to," he said. "Some women don't want you to touch them sometimes." (This situation was identified with him with another similar one? R in this bed? R not wanting to be touched? I remembered all his many, many queries "Am I hurting you?" altho I have assured him time & time again he never does.

Things clicked together: R was the kind of woman who "punished", who "disciplined" a man by refusing sex; who made them crawl; who keeps them eating out of her hand by lusting for what she may or may not give (because she doesn't need it! She is assured of getting it someplace — anyplace. She is sure of her prowess. There are such women! I "got the picture". It accounts for McClake's remark about "She's got him 'hooked'!" — for my puzzlement at his abject slavery to her. Sex means more to L than anything

else in the world!

(His answer to 'I love you'.)

For instance; In the car coming back, driving thru the sunset beauty, I wished to make the day memorable, so I told L I loved him. I said it carefully - with strings on. (No more wild giving - not to him!) He didn't even parrot me back this time, but he was pleased.

Somehow we got to talking about that "not touching" business again, "That's ^{what} one of the things I like about you," he said, "You're always ready for it." Again he repeated that some women won't let you touch them sometimes. Thinking of the difference my hysterectomy had made in my love-life I felt like defending my sex. So I explained a little why women have to say no sometimes - then added - to please him - that I was always willing with him because he satisfied so - not like some men, etc.

Later in the evening when he was just plain silly-happy

I tried to account for it and attributed it to my love remark. But when he inadvertently revealed a lesser interest in going to R's now because she was married, I realized that he was happy because I ~~at~~ ^{had} 'proved' his sexual prowess; not because I loved him.

For not once all week end—never—does he take advantage of any opportunity to speak of our future or offer me the slightest indication of serious intentions.—not even when I hint. Always just silence.

If he only realized that he could cure all my troubles & the things he complains about in me by offering me a chance at security—whether we went thru with it—or no.

Tues
~~Friday~~ aft. + night

I played "intrigue" today.

R's wedding picture was not in the paper again today. Doubts began to assail me again. I wondered if L would go there tonight - if she were really married - if this thing was to continue.

I got to thinking of my week's brush offs - & ~~how~~ his steady loyalty to her - I became more angry. No time for me! I'm not on the schedule during the week - can't be bothered etc.

I wished to spoil his evening with R. I wanted to "bug" her! I wanted to subtly destroy that relationship.

By a ruse I found out from Velma that R hadn't produced the needed pictures yet. By tricky wording I ~~called~~ ^{got} L to admit that he had the movies of the wedding etc etc - & that he was going there tonight when I called him on a ruse.

When he began to build up to a brush off of our Wed. night date I really decided to spoil his evening & set R.

Q I thought + thought + then called R's house pretending to be the paper calling for either Mr. or Mrs. Jack Balko. I didn't expect any answer and it really shook me when R herself answered + talked to me + got suspicious + tried to trip me up. She would not admit to being Mrs. Balko - "This is Jack Balko's residence" she said, giving herself away in her pretense of being a neighbor by ~~her~~ affectations. I called her bluff about checking with the newspapers + hung up + let her brew her mess. She was shook, anyhow.

Now I was really mad. I called L back, after bracing myself to give him up entirely if need be, and suggested, since he was so "busy" all week that we could change it to tonight - "he wouldn't be at R's long, of course" - ~~or~~ or just skip everything perhaps.

Now he was shook. He finally agreed to call me at 9 when he got his "shores" done. (He didn't want not to see me all week including Sun)

He did not call. I gave him till 9:30 - then checked his apartment (no answer) - Trumped up an errand & drove by R's. Someone just let her out in front of her house - not L.

I figured they'd ^{all} viewed the movies at Lola's house perhaps. So now L would be home. I dashed back & phoned. No answer.

Actually, I preferred a Wed date - breaking the long dry spell better. Tues^{was} too close to having just seen him - too close to R & hating her all day. I couldn't be nice, couldn't enjoy it. Damn those two! They'd ruined my day - & the lovely mood of the week-end!

I just wanted to spoil R's evening - shorten it - and I had. L said he'd call me at 9. When he didn't - & showed no hurry (only called back because he'd heard the phone ring) R won - by delaying him & masking my anger at him.

Etc. Etc. Anyway - he didn't want to go out tonight (as I knew) - & I let him go when I checked & knew he'd already seen R -

Wed- Nov 20, 1963

Yesterday was "get" ^{Raymond} day.

The cold war between us still goes on.
for ~~the~~ ^{pro} L still is "sucking around" her.
He still goes to elaborate precautions
to keep his attendance on her
secret from me.

This, in itself, is what annoys
me. It shows that he fears the
consequences, that he feels guilty,
that he knows it is "wrong",
that he knows I will "get mad".

It shows that R still has him
in her power.

It is these two things that
annoy me more than any contact
he has with her: the secrecy, and
the evidence of her power over him.

The more I have to do with
R the more I see cheating, lying
and deceit in her. It makes me
wonder if she is not responsible
somewhat for L's cheating, lying
and deceit.

It makes me want to break
her influence just to see — for L's
own good — if so.

There has been some progress.
As I told L — if someone would

"pull the thorns" from this situation it would dissipate of itself.

The thorns are the secrecy, the deceit and her hold on him. I am gradually trying to destroy these. By foresight and "too much imagination"; by being alert to symptoms; by as much checking out as possible I am gradually exposing them.

I find out when he sees her. I let him know that I know. This dissipates some of the secrecy. It mitigates a little of the deceit. I have accomplished a little in this.

The hardest is to break her hold. So far I've only worked on this by exposing her as much as I can to him via gossip & what little observation I can grasp. But she is a tricky one! She's hard to observe. The marriage, yet to be proved, will help.

I need desperately to know this secret "business" that holds him there.

Only time will solve some of these. Meantime, I must work at getting as much knowledge as possible.

Another thought to ponder:

He remarked the other night that he's spent more time hunting this year than any other year. (He seemed surprised.)

Now this verified my suspicions. I have been making just that accusation - and he has been putting up a fanatical denial.

Why?

This was the fall when I begged him especially to let it go a little. Any other year but this one. This was the year he stood his greatest (and perhaps last?) chance for happiness, for love, for a woman of his own. It was worth a forfeit.

And what did he do? How did he reply to this entreaty? By doing as very much the opposite as he could! He set out and maintained a hunting schedule that deliberately took up all his time, instead of the reverse!

Could any woman have had a bigger slap in the face?

Why?

What is he trying to prove?

He deliberately set himself against me. He deliberately rejected the chance.

This is opposition; negativism; perverseness; self-destruction in the extreme. This is challenge 'par excellence'!

Why?

Did he intend to oppose me?

Did he intend to reject "happiness"? ^{wherever happiness?}

* Did he perhaps figure this was his "last chance" at "freedom"?

Did he intend to test me?

discipline me?

Was he sub-consciously trying to get rid of me? Of the marriage threat?

Was it childish insistence on his own way?
What?

* A new thought! !

Thurs. Nov. 21 - 1963

No problems.

Except I'll miss L till I see him again!

Sunday night, I guess.

Last night's date was lovely!

We seem to have hit some deep rapport, some assured base.

I ~~wasn't~~ much in the mood to start with - hurried, tired, busy - a little ill; worried that L had been forced into it - would be resistant; afraid of a couple controversial things I meant to bring up - like R's pictures & why so much hunting this season.

But - found myself eagerly anticipating - happy - as the time got closer. To know I'd see L in the evening makes a happy day! (Now.)

I felt lazy and not too playful, so determined to make it a short, cozy, quiet evening - would suggest a "quicker" and a couple beers & home early - and see what he said -
+ He must have been eager, too, for he called me early - before his meeting was over & before I was ready and told me when he'd come. He sounded glad & eager & anxious.

And he came. He was all dressed up & very handsome looking — (made my heart beat fast!) He seemed glad & pleased & eager to go. He accepted my suggestion with warmth. "That sounds real good!" he said.

He took me to the Legion (thank goodness! I was afraid of the Glee Club.) We did exactly what I felt like doing — sat quietly in the lounge ~~alone~~ all by ourselves and talked & beered up before going to his place.

What surprised me was that he bought more beer, took more time, and prepared for a long session rather than a "quickie" as if it were his pleasure, his wish to prolong the evening. It was a pleasant surprise! I had expected a hurried, harrassed, reluctant date.

Our talk was good. Our hands met & clasped often. We were quiet and easy and happy with each other.

"Isn't it nice to have an 'old shoe' like me, who knows you're just tired?" I asked, as he went

into one of his public "naps" that used to irritate me so. He grinned happily & warmly at me and nodded his head.

Also he was a bit possessive, a bit jealous at certain sorters of mine. There was no sign or mention of impatience to meet or join others. He seemed quite content with me. In fact he made a phone call and settled his week end plans openly in front of me - as if anxious to know & make other arrangements if they didn't work out.

I kept the R-allusion short & quick & dropped it without pressing it. I didn't need to mention the others, for he, himself, volunteered the information that "hunting would soon be over" as if to please me.

We had one difficult time that almost spoiled my aims not to get controversial before we went to his place. It took all my psychology & therapy rules and about an hour to mollify and mellow him back into the mood that made our later love-making one of the loveliest

sessions we've ever had. Oh, it was more wonderful than I'd ever thought possible!

He brought up the controversial subject. It seems that all that time in the pit - while I was attributing other dissatisfactions to him - he was hating me because I "wasn't interested in taking movies"! I considered it "of no value!" "It was no use; no one was interested in what he is interested in!" Etc. Etc.

I was amazed! As he talked, petulant, cross and whiny and vindictive, I got a picture of a man who has a preconceived idea that no one likes him, no one is interested in him and by God! he's looking for signs of just that!

Aloo, he was showing surprising indications that he'd decided he preferred me as a hunting partner. He had decided (like me) - that that day was very special, after all!

I played him skillfully - surprised that I still had my "psychology" at my finger-tips - and it worked like a charm!

I ended up having a man who was so hurt at my bitter attempt to brush him off till next week that he "got even" by saying - as we parted, "Well - I'll see you next week +".

"Next week!?!!" I cried, having forgotten my challenge.

He was pleased. He smiled. "Do you want me to call you when I get back from hunting?" he asked, evenly.

"Of course!" I said.

That was all he wanted. Happy now, he left - sleepy, relaxed, sure of me - and our love.

And so was I. ^{And} there was just enough glimpse of the taunt, exacting, unpopular, super-finicky, aging old bachelor during the evening to keep me from going overboard with dreams and illusions of happiness that could never be with such as he. To keep a little grain of common sense in my euphoria.

Sun night - Football dinner
Tues night - & Thanks giving to look forward to. All is well.
I need "time out", anyway.

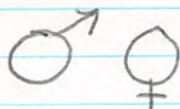
Quotes from N.Y. Times

— "the tiresome Playboy pose of Super-virility."

— "indignation against censorship & Mother —"

*! — "ideal is not normal sex, but auto-erotic fantasies about the nymphomaniac Playmate of the Month —"

"Without a fair degree of intelligence & emotional stability, all the knowledge in the world will not appreciably help you to understand & deal adequately with females. . . . Without some genuine sympathy for and ^(genuine) interest in women, you will ~~cost~~ most certainly soon antagonize them & defeat your own best ends."



Friday Nov. 22, 1963

Nothing to report. Just thoughts.

So Dorothy Thompson had misgivings when she married Sinclair Lewis!

That's precisely how I feel about L-
misgivings.

"Mis-giving": (not-giving!)

I thought last night, if I assume that he can ask me next year to marry him - that he can post-
pone a decision until, perhaps, I start to leave town - & then decide he needs me - I thought I should like to say:

No. No! For what have you offered me this past year or so in my times of great trouble and need? What have you offered me?
Nothing!

You have "sucked" off me for almost two years and thrown me aside when the mood suited you. If you could not contribute to my happiness enough in two years, what more could I expect in marriage?

THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN SHOT +
KILLED!

One calls one's closest at times
like this. I called mother first (??)
Didn't even think of L.

Then called him. He had heard +
was "upset." He is going hunting - (claims
it's warm; it isn't!) Offered very definitely
to buy the turkey - niece of him - (or is
he assuring himself of an invitation?)

Wouldn't linger to discuss anything
else. I had to ask if he back
Sun. "Yes," he said - no more.

~~Later.~~

Sat, Nov. 23, 1963

Nothing to report of actual L activities except that I hated him to the point of day dreaming revenges last night after his brutal refusal of my dinner invitation yesterday afternoon.

It was a strange day. The assassination of the President threw everything into chaos. Everyone I know seemed to be going to Seattle to the big football game and L off hunting.

I had asked my cousin Jimmy to dinner to eat that damned goose of L's. I spent all afternoon elaborately fixing it. I looked forward to the evening. Jimmy would bring whiskey + drink a lot. He is witty. It would be a relaxing social eve. for me, instead of a lonely one from L's "neglect".

The goose was in the oven when Jimmy called + said he, too, had to go to the coast. He couldn't come.

I was heart broken. It was a mass exodus - even mother

went. I had nothing to drink — not much to buy ~~one~~ with. to "con-
sole" my self with. I had planned
so long to make an occasion
of this hard-won goose. I would
be all alone all evening. I was
anxious to use this rare opportunity
to "goof off" & cure my cold. I didn't
feel like the usual social contacts.

I wracked my brain trying
to think of some substitute guest
or guests. No one. No one that
would eat goose (what a waste
they are! really!)

then I wondered if L, who
would have to eat any way,
wouldn't like to dash out &
eat (I had some stew meat cooked,
too, for goose-haters) and leave
immediately for his big hunting
trek. It was a gay, mad, jolly
little opportunity for two who'd
like to be "together" — even for
an hour.

So I called him and
asked him.

"Do you know anyone who'd
like a goose dinner?" I said
gayly.

"No," he said, as brutal, and rude and cold as you please. A definite, final no; no consideration of the idea at all.

Badly rebuffed, I explained, "You can find someone," he said (How I wished I knew another man to ask!) No. Absolutely. He couldn't possibly dash out. Not even in-terested. (This is what hurt.) He was brusque. "Thank you, anyway." That was that.

So we nibbled at the goose and I put it back in the freezer. I am learning to hate the very word "goose"! It signifies only "trouble" to me!

I spent the evening, first lonely, and then enjoyably alone, going thru my private, burgeoning collection of papers; being me; "finding myself" among my "treasures". I was alarmed & shocked at the quantity of L writings I have poured out in this year and the wealth of L mementos I have!

How I would love to get

an electric typewriter and go into hiding for a month or so and analyze & sort it all out! Impossible, of course. Not possible until, perhaps, "too late".

For I got a perspective mulling thru those papers. Why, I realized, I have had four loves in my life! Actually, that is quite a record for a gal who considers herself "manless".

There was ^①Edward, and ^②Bill; and then ^③Wick and now ^④Leonard.

All of them "Big Loves".

① was an illusion of "artistic collaboration" ② was an illusion of "normalcy" ③ was an illusion of "romance"—and then I found I couldn't evaluate no. ④—Leonard. It is too soon.

They were all "attempts". None of them was quite right or real, somehow. In each there was something in me unsatisfied, something in the situation unsatisfactory.

Yet they were loves.—to me deeply significant, learning experiences. I find I am not sorry. In fact, I feel lucky!

Sun. morning

"Mourning" I should say. We have been told to be in mourning for our President! No school Monday. No work Monday morning!

And Edward sent \$10 extra "for thanksgiving" & L is going to buy the turkey! And I worked hard & happily all day yesterday and got "caught up". And I have 3 definite dates ahead with L! A reprieve! I feel as if I'd had a reprieve! Also a week end alone - without mother &

Lois & Bert stopped by yesterday. I guess they aren't mad at me - (for leaving a sick son; for "week-ending" with my "armour") I don't quite trust Lois, but, at least, there's no open "war".

And Joyce called again last night - wanting to go to a show (I'd seen) and "play" afterwards. I thought I wasn't in the mood, but found I would & could. Things worked out very "miraculously" & we went.

I found myself not enjoying her as much as before. I did not relish or enjoy another

Sofonis with that roughneck crowd at "the Town Pump", where she likes to go. I begged out & had her bring me home immediately after. There is something cold & tough & slightly amoral about her, (If I'm going to "go out on the town" I prefer something a little better class')

Also I found myself missing L. Everywhere we went were reminders of things & places associated with him. I hadn't realized how much we'd gotten around, or how much we've done together; We have "blanketed" the town!

I found I had no desire to "step out on him". I wished I hadn't. For once, I would have been happier to be home - "waiting" - tending to the chores I'd find new interest in.

I missed his warmth & presence beside me; his big, warm hand reaching for mine; that quick, understanding intimate smile, the easy "rapport" between us.

I wondered if he was missing me — repeating the routine we went through last week — without me. It seems as if last week end brought us together in new warmth & depth of feeling. I want him beside me, sleeping beside me again. He is suddenly dear.

For he did take those guys to the ranch, I guess. I had a moment of suspicion & doubt when I succumbed to a miserable temptation to call R & be nasty about her supposed "marriage". Thank goodness, no one answered.

But it alarmed me! Had they lied again? Had he taken R & Jack hunting? I tried to think of a way to check & decided to call Don Prior's, pretending to offer them some money for those ranch calls.

I was lucky. Don was there — alone & drunk. He knew me this time — & in his drunken stupor volunteered just what I wanted to know: L had asked Joe Burks for a third "pit-cover"; "L damn well had

better take those 2 guys" - etc.

I was relieved. He must have gone as he claimed.

Now I await his call today, hoping he has not learned of the work-less tomorrow & decided to stay over.

Joyce's sordid love affair which she is too frank about, makes my situation with L seem much more valuable. That's all for now.

Notes:

I have some notes Be found
I made a while ago - ~~some~~
I don't know if I recorded
them. Here with:

"L. is very happy with me; It
isn't that we love each other;
it's that we both love him!

How lucky can you get?"

(I told this to Lois & she was
very tickled. About 2 months
ago, I think it was.)

Quotes: (from summer)

"— a Cautious Cusanova — plays
with love" & "idle hedonism".

"— intellectually, he grasps a
great deal about the significance
of his jejune relationships —
but he lacks the emotional
capacity to make his insights
useful. "

"The Intellectual"

Was -

- 1 - Disinterested intelligence
(L. - yes.)
- 2 - Generalizing power, (again yes for L.)
- 3 - Free speculation,
- 4 - Fresh observation
- 5 - Creative novelty
- 6 - Radical criticism "

These are qualities I find in
L that I find lacking in other
men I've known.

I don't like about L:

- 1 - ~~The nap situation~~
- ① - The stay-up-till 3 a.m. / nap next day habit fixation
- ② - The "beer ~~for~~ no other liquor" fixation
- ③ - The food fixations
- ④ - The dirty-joke obsession
- ⑤ - The goose-hunting obsession
- ⑥ - The rituals pertaining to same
- ⑦ - The health phobias
- ⑧ - The ritualistic approach to minor problems
- ⑨ - The obsessional petty prejudices
- ⑩ - The self-deception about same
- ⑪ - The reformer approach about same
- ⑫ - The masking of same
- 13 - The public masturbation.

I compare these old notes I made on L with today.

Things I don't like about L:

- ① - the 3 a.m. habit,
(He's changed! Now it's 1 a.m., ^{limit} as far as I can observe. No more Slee Club; the Legion with Mag - a "living-room", before-bed re-
laxation period. No more seeking of excitement; women, pals, "excuses" to stay up late. Hum.
- ② no other liquor: (Changed, too. Will take a drink now. Tastes other drinks. I have learned to prefer beer!)
- ③ food fixations. (Less fuss about. Stays quiet. Accepts more what I put before him. Eating things claimed "couldn't" before.)
- ④ - party jokes. (None! No more! Repeats old - or "can't remember". I had forgotten he even meets!)
- ⑤ gorse hunting obsession.
(Yes. Still. Even more so. But new insight into. New objectivity about. Sort of a disparatiori about. Claims

more interest in "photography -
getting away" angle.

⑥ Goose hunting rituals.

(Idea. but calmer, quieter; less
neurotic + cranky.)

⑦ - Health phobias. (Better. Less
obsession with.)

⑧ Ritualism. (Less)

⑨ Petty prejudices. (Somewhat
Less.)

⑩ Self delusion - (Better)

⑪ Reformer (quieter. more of
an insistence on own "rightness")

12 - Reformer - masking -
(a doubt about beginning)

13 - Masturbation - (Less. or I've
ceased to notice.)

Sunday night

What a strange week end!

Today was a day of waiting, waiting, waiting. Waiting to check to see if I had to work tomorrow (national mourning); waiting for mother et al to come back; and waiting for h's call.

~~After~~ During the afternoon I said to myself "I have a feeling I'm going to be stood up today" (by L); then I wondered why I thought that. I suppose, I thought, because maybe the guys would hear they didn't have to work.

I called a couple of times to check to see if L was coming for dinner. When I got no answer, I resigned myself + fed my family. They had decided to hunt some more, I figured.

But I was so upset I got very tight on wine, to my disgust. It wasn't only L - it was every thing.

It wasn't until ^{long} after dinner when the calls came in, ~~while the 3 of~~ Mother had broken her ankle and was staying in the hospital in

Seattle!

And a woman called with a message that Leonard Karr was in Prosser & said to tell me he'd be at my house in an hour & a half.

I thanked him silently for that much. He didn't come ^{tho} he called. By that time I was deflated & occupied with other troubles, so was patient & nice to him.

He came dirty & smelly & tired. I fed him & allowed him to sleep. Then we went amiably to his place for privacy — (and it was good.)

I felt a strange detachment from him & it rather bothered him, but bigger affairs had made me kind & patient.

He told me a story of his week end that alarmed me, for I remembered cursing him & wishing him ill on my way home from work Friday — and it made me feel like a witch.

There's trips was very unsuccessful — but fun! he said.

This hunt, as well as his repeated allusions to how good sports they were + how they minded him without rancor, I let it go - but I swore secretly to never hunt with him again!

~~They~~^{He} had car trouble which caused them to come back + spend Friday night here in town. When I realized that he'd been here Friday night + Sat + had left again without letting me know - or alerted me to the possibility of their being late to day, I hated him with a cold loathing. He "didn't want to worry me" he said, Bah!

Anyway, they only had one hunt + got only one goose - and that after hours, he claimed, ~~the~~ trip cost him \$30 - and I was glad, glad, glad. Maybe he wouldn't go next week end he said. Ha! Fate has helped me fight this goose obsession! When he said that the car trouble proved to be only

a false alarm I did feel
like a witch! That oil light
came on about the time I
was cursing him, it seems. (!!!)

However, I must say he
was sweet. He came laden
with left over food for me,
seemed grateful & pleased at
my saving & fixing dinner for
him; seemed to want his lovin';
and gave me money for the
thanksgiving turkey - too I
had to remind him.

Things are quite "settled"
between us; I feel almost
married. Yet it hurt a
little when he left saying
blithely, "I'll see you Tuesday
night." (The foot ball dinner.)
Not a word about calling
tomorrow & checking meantime.
Always the "dating" formality -
never the free & easy
"moving in" as a member
of the family.

Strange man.

Also, "that was damn good
(markmanship)" he said of the
assassination - a remark most of
us would have refrained from.

Couple Feted At Reception

Pair Wed
In Idaho

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jack Balko Jr. were honored at a reception Sunday at the Kent home of her mother, Mrs. Scott Maker.

The Balkos were married Nov. 16 at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Rev. Orland A. Scott officiating.

The bride is the former Raymona Beaudoin. Her brother, Dr. Raymond Ellis of Oak Harbor, gave her in marriage.

Balko is the son of C. J. Balko of Union Gap and the late Mrs. Zelda Balko.

The bride wore ivory silk brocade and carried pink and ivory rosebuds on a white prayer book.

Her sister, Mrs. C. Wayne Parks of Union Gap, was matron of honor. Robert Harkema was best man.

The couple will live at 723 S. 31st Ave.



—Photo by Forest and Whitmire

CLARENCE J. BALKOS JR.
... honored at Kent reception

Monday night.

At last - when I'd given up - the picture - herewith - the proof. It was a relief.

Tired tonight - sleepy. But if I wait what I have to say will change.

It seems like a new era is beginning. This great, dramatic week end. And it seems like a better one - in a way - in the long run. All that bothered me seems to have changed: R's wedding, mother absent - (poor soul); a little more money; art work to do; more help from L - etc.

All this week end I seem to have miraculous timing in things. Turned on the radio in mother's car on my way to work (at noon!) & just caught the President's funeral. I sat in the parking lot & listened - & wept - all alone.

Came by L's office - all dark - also on my way home. The dope! A day off - and he didn't even try for or appreciate it. Stopped on my way home & honked

for him to come out a minute.
He acted strangely. Asked
me in, but said I couldn't
had to hurry, (true)

He seemed a little
"caught out" somehow, ~~seemed~~
a little self-contained, a little
apologetic. I got the impression
when I told him about R's
picture that he didn't want
to talk about it. — That he
was hurting ~~may~~ I had to ask
him to kiss me, which he did.
No offers, no explanations —
no sharing of any kind.

I went on. His actions
made me check out R's
house twice. Not there, But
I felt he was "up to something".
Of course it was really too
early.

Anyway, he wasn't happy
to see me, it seemed,
Strange man.

Tuesday -

— Or L could have been simply annoyed because I horked + "em-barrassed" him, Typical. Or annoyed because I sought him out. Also typical. I sometimes forget how stuffy he really is.

Anyway -

This week end proves how one never knows what is going to happen. It has seemed to me lately that I have been in an impossible rut. I secretly prayed for a change of some kind.

How many there have been! All so sudden, so unexpected. I wish to ponder on how it changes the picture - my picture.

Let's see:

I was faced with the long haul till next summer; no money, no work, no financial help, no resources, no prospects of any. Yet the burden of raising one more child till then; the burden of helping my daughters till then; the burden of mother going on indefinitely; the "impossibility" of L + his torch-bearing for R; the horror of my own future. People-wise, I had the burden of my rebellious son; my unhappy daughter; the partial care of my granddaughter;

the "nuisance" of mother; in the background the uncomfortableness of my ex-husband & his association with the kids; and then the long-drawn out neither this-nor-that association with L; the "worry" of Raymona.

Time-wise, I was chained to a partial job; football duties for my son; dinners for my daughter & son; baby-sitting 2 nights a week; endless grind of work without let-up; week-ends & weeks "waiting" for L because of hunting; and all free time spoiled by the pestering of mother.

Then came the seize of flu & sickness.

It wasn't all as bad as I make it sound, of course, but still it seemed I was caught in a dreary hopelessness that made me drink & smoke too much & incapacitated my will.

Look what has changed!

Football is over. No more of that.
My daughter "had" to quit her night-classes - no more baby sitting. Xmas work begins. Our sickness is over. Hunting is almost over.

Then the national calamity

which brought us all unexpected "time-off"; the increasing unsuccessfulness of L's hunting trips which mitigates his obsession somewhat; the proof of R's marriage + L's subsequent "reliance" on me; my son's hopes of Scholarships; my daughter's increasing independence; then the slight raise at work + more work; the little financial helps from Ed, Leonard + my daughter's "independence". Etc. Etc.

Now - the respite from mother for a week, at least - and the knowledge, however selfish, that she cannot move about to "drop in on me" for two months! Also, the prospect that her useless life may not extend forever!

True, I may be faced with more of a burden - an invalid mother who may chain me indefinitely - even to the point where I may not be able to leave town or marry if I had a chance - or even "go out".

Yet, right now is a respite. The future can wait. It may take "impossible" decisions out of my hands - a "help" in itself. I can face it. It doesn't really matter

much. I dread the responsibility of the decisions to leave town or to stay; to marry L or "go on" with him or give him up; to have a ^{late} "career" or dedicate myself to others — anyway.

Meantime, I feel free! My energies are released. I am getting things done!

What difference will mother's invalidism make with L? ^{at me} I lot, I imagine. It will destroy it — give him an "out". The short invalidism will be trying to the utmost. I doubt we can weather it. So be it.

A long one? It depends on what kind. If I have to care for her — it will be the end. He won't sustain it — won't "wait"; If ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~sit~~ ^{is} ~~of her~~ ^{gone} ~~fine~~.

~~A "disaster" with Mother's death?~~
~~done not hope!~~

He will "bow out", thankful for an "escape". And I will re-adjust.

If she goes into a "nursing home" type of thing, I will have "reason" to stay in Yakima; "reason" to marry L — "forfeit" my "dreams" + "adjust" to "boredom" — and L, perhaps.

If she should die soon — (I dare not think of it!) perhaps I shall be "free" at last! I'm time to do a few of the things I want to do.

Perhaps.

Oh, sa?

Poor Raymona! The unsolicited comments of my friends were not flattering. "How in appropriate!" they all said — "a strapless gown." (And for a second wedding, too!) What they all meant was "how cheap! How vulgar!"

How second-rate! How much a social level below mine, "snobby" as it sounds! L, too. She is his kind, his social level. He misses her, I know. He is not comfortable with me or mine. He doesn't "enter in"; he is not at ease. Poor L!

How strange it is that when we begin to get what we "want" it begins to pall. So I feel about L to day. More "assured" of him than ever before, I begin to find fault again. When I

toy with the idea of marrying
him (should he ever ask "Je
le doute!") I wonder if that
much more assurance won't
elicit that much more fault-
finding!

Surely we would only grow
apart as our bond became
stronger!

Picture a life of a man
off to baseball, work, men's beer
clubs, & hunting; a wife ab-
sorbed in a past family, artistic
activities; reading, writing,
studying, theater, "causes".

Picture each trying to get
more "privacy", more of their
opposite kinds of "fun" — the wife
seeking "bohemianism"; "intellectualism";
the husband seeking men &
flirtations & flattery!
Ugh!

Wednesday - Nov 27, 1963

I left off yesterday feeling good and hopeful. So hopeful that I dozed & daydreamed. What would it really be like if I married L?

Let me imagine it I thought. So I did, play by play. (It kept my mind so alert that I was unable to take the nap I needed. I say this because of later developments.)

Imagining it, I was surprised to find that it seemed very natural, very normal to marry L. I could visualize just what he'd say and how he'd look & ~~act~~ in each probable situation. I could "feel" him easily as my husband.

It all became so real that I caught myself. This way lies madness, disaster! I thought. Stop it! I realized that I was apt to mention or act on purely imagined things when I saw L. later.

Now, correct this! I admonished myself. Imagine the opposite — giving up L!

It was hard. It was "unnatural." It was gruesome and unhappy. I found I could not imagine going on through life without L.

around. I could not imagine relinquishing him to another, or to ^{his} loneliness. Nor never seeing or hearing of him again. Nor could I imagine talking to him again without love and emotion & "belongingness" between us.

~~Interrupted, I gave up, tried~~
to I dozed unhappily. Then rallied a little with a half-formed idea. I seemed so reluctant to go, so bored at these things. People had taken pictures before — he had mentioned something about wanting to empty his camera — perhaps he'd be happy & "self-enhanced" to take pictures.

Only half awake I phoned him at the office. He was on the phone! (Unprecedented!) I was too sleepy to wonder what & why — to worry. I told the girl to have him call me back and awoke fully at her strange omission of asking for my name — only my number! What "diplomacy", what other calls prompted that?

I called back immediately. "Would you like to take pictures tonight?" I asked, not really caring.

"No," he said. A flat, plain, rude no. He did laugh a 'little', but tempered it out at all other wise.

Then he only asked me "what time?" I had told him repeatedly. I told him now again. ^{How} little ^{concern}

It, too, hurt. How little normal curiosity, how little interest I takes in me or my doings I'd thought on the way home that afternoon.

Not at all like his preoccupation & attendance on R!—as comparison.

Then it hit me.

That rude "No". Why, he thinks he can treat me as he likes and get away with it, I thought. He is very sure of me! He doesn't have to "toady" or be sweet and offering as he is with R—(for comparison!)

I got madder & madder! I got furious! I raged. All I had planned to do, my disinclination to drink all dissipated. I gulped what wine I had left to "calm" myself—to dull myself—to "not care". I fought a demon of a desire to call him

back and say "Would you rather not go?" or even worse, just tell him I didn't want him to. The "no" & his nasty reference to "a football dinner", I spat with scorn last week rankled in my mind.

He didn't belong here. This was a family thing; a thing of love for Dennis. Better to go alone. I no longer could face going with him. There was not one whit of love in him. Why ever did he want to go? Why did he agree?

I fought & fought myself— knowing I would be sorry— that I could not go through another fight with him— that it would be too, too ^{melo-}^{dramatic} to call it off. With the joggling ^{help} of the wine I managed.

My son was cross & bellegient, too. It was all bad, bad. I prayed hard. He needed love & attention in this, his Big Moment— and I had none to give him— nowhere to get any.

I dressed elaborately, knowing I looked well. I was "prepared" when L came.

He immediately tried to take over— as if it were his party. He

did mollify his picture-taking refusal somewhat, but it was too late.

My son resisted him with obvious hate. Poor lost soul! I had no idea he'd want us & to be with us that evening so I ignored him as he'd wanted last year, concentrating on L. and my heart bled for ~~Openni's~~ ^{Openni's} alone, "unwanted", untended.

It was a charming escort - playing his role to the hilt, but antagonizing me with his all too obvious disinterest & scorn of the young foot ball heroes, and his ~~seeking~~ bald self-seeking fawning for flattery & notice. [Jealousy?]

It was all bad for what it was supposed to be, but I was encouraged - he was in a "good mood". The evening promised well. Surely he'd be anxious to show us both off in ^{"all our finery"} some "better" spot later - make an evening of it!

Yet I could barely withhold my hate of him for what he was doing to my son. ("Patience." "Patience!")

We drove up in front ^{of my home}. My son escaped, sick of us. I stopped the car. I turned to him &

A cold, ugly face of stone and

steely blue eyes glared at me.
"Well," they seemed to say, "are you
going to get out of the car — or
not?"

Where was the charmer of a
minute ago? — of this evening? Here
was only a shell, the man I have
hated with cold loathing several
times.

I was horrified.

I sat, questioning. Such a
strong feeling of dismissal emanated
from him that I finally asked
"Do you want me to go in? Do
you want to go on? Are you busy?"
[This was R. night! He was anxious
to be off to her!???)

He didn't dare say that he wished
to rid himself of me. Angry now with
cold loathing I sat him out, &
his slow, reluctant conceding was
almost visible.

It went on ^{forwards} in the house.
"Well — he had planned to make
a couple phone calls —" he said.

I offered him our phone.
He delayed, furtively consulting
his watch at intervals. Then he
refused to call.

I made brutal suggestions, even in front of Dennis: He wanted a private phone? Try mother's. He was due at Balko's, perhaps? No, he claimed.

I treated him like a prisoner to whom I must be nice. He acted like one. He was now ~~pretending~~ ^{professing} that he had intended to do what I was showing him he should have done. A "truce" was called until his beer time - eleven.

("How foolish!" I thought, as I killed time, carefully apart from his "sleeping" form, - to wait till eleven!)

He did not help matters by making no conversation. The only "mystery" he offered a clue to was his phone call that afternoon. (His precious oil men!) What he did Monday night, what he intended to do to night, what he was so "busy" about to-morrow night was utterly & completely walled off from my knowledge. His plans for the week-end did not openly include me.

The football dinner (for his enhancement) and Thanksgiving dinner (why not?) were my sole allotments

for the week. From all else I was excluded—utterly.

At eleven I prodded him with barely concealed malice. He was not fooled and resisted me with an ^{un}precedented ^{15 minute} delay. Then came the "revenge".

"Do you want to go to the Glee Club for a couple & back?" he said.

I did not. He knew I did not. He knew I didn't want to settle for the G.C. when we were both so splendidly dressed. But I was ahead of him on the "—and back" thrust.

I had already vowed, cursing him, that after noon that I'd get him where it hurt him the most — in his sex! That was it! I'd "refuse" him sex to night! (Not that I cared much. I was satiated from last week — end anyway!) So I was able to agree calmly and quietly, having already prepared myself to be "hurt".

x

x

x

So we went to the G.C. — conversation + mood a little difficult between us.

"What to our wondering eyes did appear" — (and our relief!) — but Jim Rooney's broad back at the bar. I looked around. All the old gang. (Thank goodness! I didn't want a session alone in that grim place with L to night! He'd have me where he wanted me — not entertained, ~~this~~ "victim".)

My earlier prayers were answered.

For, once again, I was the "belle of the 'Rebels Club'". It was like old times. First L & I sat alone, but all the old drunks paid court to me, and then excused themselves embarrassedly, afraid of interfering in L's romance.

Like before, this was not what L & I wanted — we'd come to socialize. Our private affairs were taken care of elsewhere; the conversations we worked so hard at pleased neither of us.

For L was "explaining" his ranch-hunting "obligations" to me at great elaborate length. What he believed he was saying was

that he was so popular, so needed, so sought for hunting parties that, "regret" it as he did, he simply could not work me into the schedule. It was just "the way things were;" and he trusted I understood "what it meant to consort with so great a personage."

But his "reasons" were feeble and unrealistic; his manner timid and worried; (he wasn't too sure he was convincing me.)

He wasn't. He gave me only a picture of a weak, fawning "toady" — a sucker — so anxious to be "one of the boys" that he would allow himself to be used and exploited unmercifully. (This last week-end had cost him \$40 and me!)

Instead of admiring him as he hoped I'd do, I only needled him by painting a picture of what the future had in store for him if he followed this road — a picture in which I subtly eliminated the Priors and myself and ~~depicted~~ ^{alluded to} a lonely, pitiable little old hunting "character".

He was shook. So shook I ended the foolishness by saying curtly, "I understand, Leonard. You don't have to knock yourself out!"

I understood. I understood much more than he intended I should. I understood that what he was really saying was that hunting meant more to him than me; that I "interfered" with hunting; that I was neither welcome or wanted at the ranch any more; that I had "proved" my inability to be a "good sport" - to be a man - on that last trip; that henceforth I should not expect to be asked again - for certain "inescapable" "reasons", which he listed.

What he didn't know was that I was through with the ranch anyway. I, too, was "cured" by that trip. The difference between the way he treated his male companions and the way he treated me; the difference between the way he sought to please me before and the way he sought to test me - to elimination this last time had finished me. No longer was the

ranch an "escape", an experience of beauty and sharing. It was now an ugly testing ground to prove that women do not belong in a man's world. No more ranch. It has served its purpose. I do not regret. It no longer offers me anything. What was once beautiful has become ugly.

Now I was eyeing the boys. He wanted badly to join them - to "escape" from me and ~~take~~ uncomfortableness of my too-sharp understanding. But he was diffident, hesitant, so afraid of rebuff that he was making a tremendous thing out of nothing. I took over, and he let me - gladly.

I organized the "Round Table" & then, when Duke came in, the passionate discussion of current issues began as ~~off~~ old that kept everyone buying more & more beer, that kept Duke in domineering control that would not let us go till closing time.

As of old, I was quite content - willing to "pay" for it to morrow. For I was the "audience"; I was

"Woman-kind-to-impress"; I added to the oratory by being "decorative", etc.

As of old, I withdrew, "sulked", pouted, made attempts to leave & take me with him time after time; Then, finding me "willing", capitulated and stayed — having "tested" my "loyalty" to him.

He annoyed me terribly — as did Duke's & Jim's passionate predjudices. Tho the talk was absorbing and provocative I did not find it so admirable as formerly. It was only passion, needing outlets.

L's preoccupied with drawal into his private sulk at being forced against his will, his blind adulation of Duke's ridiculous display of male "virility"; his cruel rejection of Jim, his former "cronie"; ~~and~~ his rude impatience with me; and his self-centered non-participation and weak-refusal to expound any cause filled me with loathing and disgust. What a FOP he is!

When he took me home, probably surprised at my amiable

"going-along-with-ness" (for he turned off the ignition, ~~when~~ late as it was, when he saw he was "safe") he shocked me as if with a blow of a knife that cleaved us apart when he began glowing adulation of Duke and scornful critique of Jim.

"I do not agree," I said, having, in that one moment, accepted the wall he just erected between us forever. How very weak, how very easily influenced this despicable "man" is! I thought, and began to exploit his weakness ~~a little~~ by exerting a little of my influence.

Sure enough! he swung easily over to my side — for the moment.

I left him without regret, after having to force a kiss with some warmth in it out of him to replace the cold, thin-lipped ~~imprint~~ "token-kiss" that was all he offered me, — or seemed to have to offer.

* *

I had a scant 3 hours of sleep that night & went to work ungroomed & anxious to escape. I had smoked to day - and I lost.

I had excessive, unusual work demands; and excessive, unusual social contacts the very day I looked my worst. Ah well.

Worst of all, I found myself in depressive gloom about L. I hated him. I wanted "none" of him. It was all sordid, hopeless, completely discouraging and futile. My mind dwelt on the growing exclusion of me from his private life. Now it was the ranch. I had been excluded from even that very major part of his life.

Heavily, I toyed with a vision of L stopping by my house without any warning - simply on impulse, on want. It would never be! Amazing! Never. I simply could not conceive of it. Even if one were married to him, I'll bet he'd call & "set it up" before coming home!

With each exclusion, things became more impossible, more hopeless than ever. Where were we heading? Surely, not to better intimacy!

Let's see. I have been excluded from the R. situation; from his work; from hunting; from the ranch; from his mother; from the oil cronies; from his "friends"; from his social "goose-delivery" etc. activities; from sharing duties & chores & errands with him; from nightly beer-drinking sessions — from anything & every thing casual or "private".

There is not much left. On my side he has been excluded. ① From my friends. They no longer accept him because of "how he's treated me". My family is "agin'" him. I have ceased my "therapeutic" little phone attendance on him at home. It no longer occurs or entices me. (strange!) I have "excluded" him from dinner invitations; since he contributes so little, I exclude him from my personal problems;

he has proved no help.

The "trips", the outings have disappeared into the void - I know not why.

There is little left. It bothers me less all the time. He is too hard to "move", to incite, to "inspire".

Now it occurs to me that he has returned to unaccounted - for "disappearances". What did he do Monday night, Wed. night? What is he doing this afternoon?

Our unexpected "holidays" have given him time enough to do his chores. He does not seem to be attending R. He has "clammed up". He acts uneasy, "mysterious". He tells me nothing - gives me no hints.

Warily, I realized that he could very well be lining up a "replacement" for R - a "safety escape" for my threatening defection. It has to have two women - at least. This has been "proved". He "needs" to play one against the other to avoid marriage. He fears me. Who is the new "replacement"?

I find I don't much care. I am weary of the whole

procedure. In fact, I have
a replacement for my self
lined up — "in case". — Joyce.

Any replacement he can
line up needs to be only a
bed-partner, a "sometimes" playmate.
He cannot, will not sustain any
more significant association with
a woman, I weary.

Let him seal his own
fate.

Later: Thoughts

I awoke from a long, deep sleep this evening and set about my chores.

Suddenly I saw with stark clarity what the "boys" meant about Leonard; all those insinuations, innuendoes, allusions, and furtive queries — like Jim McCabe's — ("Tell me, just how much of one is L?")

Why, L is a homo sexual! They are right! — the woman "hating"; the strange incapacity to reach a conclusion in his relationships with women; the persistent, elaborate, obsessive fawning on men; the elusive withdrawal from women; the perpetual self-eroticism (the overt masturbation); the puzzling delight he gets from ^{I hate so} strictly male company; the slavish attendance on men that ~~brooks no interference~~ despite their open mockery; the fussy, feminine, "old-womanish" ways about him; the pitiable loneliness of the man; it all added up with dreadful clarity!

A crawling disgust filled me; a desire to have no more to

do with him;— a loathing, a
with drawal as from some
noxious creature.

It was no different from
the feeling I'd had all day
about him, but for a different
reason — a true reason. It was
instinct!

Then I began to feel pity — and
gradually compassion — a hopeless
compassion. Poor Leonard!

From that ^{revelation} came a perusal
of my role in this: a quick
review of ~~what~~ how others must
see my role. Uppermost among
all the female warnings I'd
had was Pat Kellett's somber
sentence, "L is not a marrying
man, you know, Lorna." And my
weary reply, "I know. I know. I
know that."

I wondered at the time
at the note of doom in my
voice despite my still remaining
faith in him. Now I know. It
was not weariness of warnings; it
was innate, instinctive knowledge
of something irrevocable — something
that required infinite kindness —

— a heart break to live with —
forever.

Then came doubts of myself. Why am I always attracted to homo sexual borderline cases? My mind with drew from the glimpses I got of the truth. Cal Mathews (my psychology teacher's) strange, unsolicited recommendation of a new little book I might be interested in clung in my mind. (What was the name of it? What was the name? I wrote it down; I thought I had it, I can't find it. I "can't" remember" like I — my mind rejected the criticism implied in the title — something about "dreamers" — fanatical dreamers — "religious" misfits —. We had been talking about fanatics — assassins — people who hurt others — and why. All I could remember was Cal's unnecessarily somber-toned comment: "It is about people who believe so strongly in things that they drag others along with them — even to the point of death —"

"What's wrong with that?" I had thought. "What's' wrong with that?" I think that's rather admirable — dedicated — "I "You might be interested in reading it," he had continued, and told me how to procure it, in spite of my deprecatory remarks.

Something bothered me at the time, I knew not what. I value Cal's opinions; I respect them.

Now, this all came back. What had he meant — ?? — Me ??

My insides are full of tendrils curling over-sensitively back and away from something that I know will hurt, as I write this.

Have I the courage to seek and read that book?

I must have!

I will "revenge" himself on me tomorrow. He will "get even" for that phone call this evening when I simply ~~latched~~ the receiver to a recording of "Blowin' in the Wind" & hung up. [How many years can a man turn his head, and pretend that he just doesn't see - etc].

He will get even for my "rejection" of him last night & today; for my "disciplining" by phoning him at the office & "verifying" his intent to spend the evening tomorrow night & then slamming up the phone.

It is only natural. It is to be expected. Everyone reacts to "rejection" & "discipline" with resentment. I risk that.

But then, so does everyone react to neglect & indifference with anger and resentment and "revenge"! "As we sow - so shall we reap".

I am ready for tomorrow. I shall treat him with "patience" and "kindness" that I know will not mask my real intent or expectations. I shall fool neither him nor me. I shall undoubtedly

make some bitter remark to negate any superficial "good" I may pretend. So be it. Truth is truth. Truth will out. Amenities are amenities.

What will he do?

- 1- He'll be late.
- 2- He'll bring very little beer.
- 3- He'll nap after dinner.
- 4- He'll read all evening
- 5- He'll leave early.
- 6- He'll not ask me out.
- 7- There'll be no sex. (!Ha!)
- 8- He'll be uncommunicative.
- 9- He'll be "provocative" -

And - most of all - he'll offer me nothing for the week-end.

He'll be "mysterious", withholding, "busy". There'll be no future commitment.

In short, I shall have a burdensome guest, who will come "empty-handed", a few hours hungry only (from having "scrounged" one Thanksgiving dinner already from his mother); who will wolf my food, take all I have to offer, offer nothing - and go his way - alone, silent, unoffering.

Strangely, I do not "care".

I didn't expect anything this week-end. (I had forgotten it was an unusual one - a holiday one) I assumed he'd go hunting again. I am "conditioned". I have found other pursuits, other interests, other chores. I am used to being left on week-ends.

I have "things to do", big problems to face that will deprive me of him, anyway. (Mother, etc.)

What he did to my son last night rankles. (Even if it was jealousy). What he did not do at the Glee Club last night ~~doesn't~~ ^{rankles} me. What future he isn't offering looks bleak, anyway. What have I to lose?

I can do him no good. He intends me no good, whatever he professes or deludes himself with, ^{thinking}

He is the one who will suffer! If he deprives himself of me this week-end, he has nothing but "loneliness" & trumped-up "busy-ness" to face. I wish him "well"! He will hurt only himself.

Now:

What I call revenge in L, I call "discipline" when I do it! ("Revenge is ~~is~~ sweet" — but it accomplishes nothing.)

Yet "revenge" + "punishment" (or "discipline") seem intertwined. What elicits revenge? What evokes "punishment"?

Rather, perhaps, we should say they are both our names, our symbols for reactions to overstress provoked by either/and circumstances or acts. "You have gone too far. I can't stand it." We say, in effect. "Watch it! Beware!"

One can judge — either watch or beware — or take the consequences!

The consequences, in this case, being "Go without me!"; the warning — "Do it my way — or else"; the judgment "Is it worth it? — to me? says L. To me? says Lorna. Then "to what I believe? To what I must do? To those in my care? For the best good for the most in the long run? Therein lies the difference.

Random thoughts.

"I am an outdoor lover," said I last night, looking smugly at me.

Odd that he should mention that just when I'd decided he wasn't! For this observation is why I can forfeit trips to the ranch as I then did in the ensuing conversation.

For I realized that, whereas I thought he was, too — in the beginning. That one of my primary reasons for going to the ranch was enjoying the outdoors and sharing that enjoyment with him, I began to note and see that the outdoors is not what lures him — (for, otherwise, any outdoors would lure him, wouldn't it? Our back yard, the woods, the sea, the mountains.) And they do not!)

"Outdoors" means nothing to him, per se. "Outdoors" is the Ranch — or any setting where he feels self-enhancement. Witness his ensuing remark: "I like the city, too." He likes "outdoors" with a girl by his side, or with a congenial cromie, or near his dear siere — (from a goose-pit!) (only.)

or any such setting where he feels pleasure. Even a beer parlor - "in the city" - which he cannot very well call "out doors".

Our hunting trip proved this to me. For he was not able to forfeit the self-enhancing, escape pursuits that brought him to this "out doors". He was not able to let the other things lie a week or so and simply enjoy the "outdoors" with me - or "per se". No.

Therefore, my reasons for going to the ranch were forfeit. "Going to the ranch" means goose-hunting and/or getting out of town where no one "wants" him anyway or a "hideaway" for illicit, improper sex activities to him. That's all.

Witness his fight against the phone & communication; his transparent ^{"excuse"} insistence that the "lesser cabin" is not adequate; (I'd sleep under the stars!) his repeated 'lauding' of the comforts available there; his lack of interest in just "driving around."

Phooey! Phooey on the ranch! It has lost its charm; its purpose, for me.

Thanksgiving Day.

I have escaped for a brief respite from preparing a "simple" dinner to my favorite sanctuary my "crying place" — only to find everyone else has discovered it, too!

I look out on this cold, bare, sunlit scene, ~~and~~ giving thanks for what I have —

Cold comfort —

"Cold comfort", Leonard. That's what you give me!

(He called just before I left. He had had one dinner at his mother's. Now he was taking her "for a ride". He was not at R's as I passed near there. Hmm.)

First retraction on my predictions.

We'll see now. I must rest, recover, before I can be "kind".

Friday - Nov 29, 1963

What a day! Trying, to say the least!

I got to bed at 4 a.m. very tight on beer. I got up & went to work, having to go out of my way to pick up Joan & get gas. There was a lot of difficult work - book-keeping to do. Several hundred dollars worth of mistakes I had made in one of my emotional tizzies in Sept. came through at the worst possible time.

I was dreadfully upset about my relationship with L. I tried to sneak time to write it all out of my system in a letter to him in time to drop it in his mailbox before he left for hunting tonight.

I felt terrible - sleepy, my mind befuddled; my cold lingering on. I had promised Joyce to lunch with her and I was broke & harassed & hurried.

I had to get to the bank for a last minute desperate forfeiting of all my available money to pay a due bill. It was cold, the town was milling with holiday shoppers.

I wanted to get away &

home & settle with my ^{family} ~~sister~~ if I could get away to go to Seattle to pick up our invalided mother & bring her home.

I felt I should go, should enter into this family conclave. I wanted to get rid of some of those ducks - to try the Peelle-grinis with them & reestablish a ^{now} needed contact ~~as~~ I needed to get away, get perspective. I wanted to "revenge" L. by going & give him a bit of his own medicine by being "unavoidably detained" & just not being in town when he called Sunday night - so complacent so sure I'd be waiting that he didn't even ask.

I wanted to sleep and get things done & settled & organized so I could get away without being overwhelmed next week by postponed chores.

What happened?

I called Joyce. She was sick & unhappy, but would go. I spent too much for lunch. We went to our fanciest restaurant, I utterly ungroomed (I had even slept

in my clothes! - something I never do!) ~~I met~~ We encountered people I should have impressed, etc.

My work hit snarls & snags. I was much later than I figured. Julie called & asked me to babysit as her friend Sharon had finally gone to the hospital to have her baby. I had promised Sharon I'd be her "mother" & re-pay her for all the help she was to me & Julie when Julie had her emergency.

Traffic was terrific when I tried to get to the bank. I did not have time or opportunity to weigh the effects of my letter to L, but I managed to finish it and put it in his box.

I got home, desperate for sleep, only to have my cousin Jimmy appear with many problems & need of help.

Julie called & told me to locate the baby & feed & care for her. That took me a couple hours.

By the time all was done & calmed down I called my sister in exhaustion & said I

would not be able to make it by 8 in the morning or risk the very possibly late return Sunday night without being better organized for what promised to be a heavy, exacting schedule next week. Besides it sounded like a trying trip.

I worried for fear the family would ostracize me for not "helping" when I took such risks to go hunting with L.

Then I curled up & slept for 3 hours.

I have just finished my most necessary chores and it is 1 a.m.

My ~~evening~~^{report} of my terrible evening and dilemma with L last night will have to wait.

sleep. Wed.
3 pits
- morning
alone

Saturday - Nov 30, 1963

So what happened Thanksgiving evening after I came back from my little rest trip?

The mood between us this week was controversial. Underlying everything between us, it seems to me, is the unspoken adjustment clash: "Are we going to do it your way or my way?" We each think we're "right"; we each feel "justified" in our stands. We try to concede to each other in order to keep things smooth — up to a point.

That point with L is when he feels he can't do what he wants; what he has always done. He believes that if I loved him, I would want him to do as he pleased; that his pleasure would be mine. He brooks no other attitude from a woman.

That point with me is when what we do hurts someone else. I feel that nothing is worth hurting a human being if it can be helped. Hurting them in a bigger sense, a long-range view. I brook no unnecessary hurting from anyone.

Now, he is currently holding

out for his hunting pleasure, ^{and} the continuance of his former way of life. He concedes only enough to placate me. He feels that my pleasure lies in his and therefore I should have no quarrel with any of his plans.

I am holding out for a more humane view point in him; for more insight and effort into the needs and rights of others. My pleasure does not lie in his. It lies in his ability to bestow pleasure on others, (not necessarily me.) His pleasure is the least of my concerns. I want to see how much he can CARE for someone beside himself. Otherwise I cannot CARE for him. Whether he enjoys himself or not is not the point.

So -

His hunting selfishness has reached the breaking point with me. His "offer" to go to the football dinner turned out to be only a concession. I was angry to find there was no heart behind it - only "self-advancement."

Now I was interested in seeing ~~if his~~ what his motive was in coming to Thanksgiving dinner with us. Was it to give us pleasure, give me pleasure — or to gain ends of his own?

How much time he spent with us and how he spent it would be revealing.

Also his plans and offers for the week end would be significant. He had mentioned more than once his doubts that he would go hunting. Did this mean a blossoming awareness of others and their feelings ~~wants?~~ or simply a temporary frustration of his wants? I was curious to see.

I knew he was irritated with me — since Tuesday night. I had not been conceding to his wishes, to his way of doing things. I had not "trusted" him and "gone along" — negating my own wishes in blind faith that he was essentially taking care of ~~them~~ ^{mine} ~~no matter what he did.~~ when he took care of his.

[I must hurry! I knew I shouldn't have digressed. My day is moving in on me!]

I had "set myself against him" - "clodding" him, coercing him. I would have 'to be brought to heel, "straightened" out.

So I was curious to see what would happen.

I returned, expecting to find him already there. ("I'll come early enough to have a couple beers," he'd said on the phone.) He was not. He appeared "early" but it was over two hours at least. (He was in no hurry, then - not intending to give me much time I saw.)

Everything was "all right" - tho I accidentally (and strangely) spilled a glass of water all over his new suit. His fantastic (and angrily repressed) concern with his new clothes & utter lack of concern over my feelings about the matter amused me.

As various plans began to form for the evening, I said to him, "And what are we going to do?" planning to suggest we visit someone, hoping we'd get out for a beer, wanting to get out somewhere. An

evening of watching him sleep
& leaving me early was not to
my taste on this, a holiday!)

He looked gleefully smug, "I
have plans for us," he said.
Delighted, I waited.

Then, later, he revealed them.
"We'll go to my place & pack
for my hunting tomorrow &
then meet Mag at the Legion
so I can talk hunting to him,"
he said.

Angry flames roared up in
my insides. So! He did it!
Not only was he deliberately
"deserting" me for the week-end, but
he had "walked out" on me for
this evening despite his assurance
that the evening was "mine"!

He had chosen. He had
chosen his playmate - for the -
week-end - Mag. Mag, the
irresponsible, the "always-available",
Mag, the good Sport, Good old
Mag, Fun! Enjoyment! No
troublesome demands & annoyances
as he'd have with me. None of
me and my controversies, a
good week-end - that's what

he'd planned for himself! And tonight: He'd deliberately set it up to "get rid" of me - without consulting me, without informing me, without the slightest inquiring into my wishes or plans. (Nor did he ever ask!) He would eat my dinner - yes - ^{his} second for the day. He'd "concede" to me; I could "go along" if I wished - "pick up the crumbs" of his time or attention that evening - but as a Playmate - no. Mag was the one. Mag was more fun! He'd enjoy himself with Mag! And that was the main thing - to enjoy himself!

I carefully waited until the kids had dispersed. I did not want to fight in front of them. My mind was made up. We had no future dates. Something had to bring about an end to this.

Even if it were I.

For awhile all was "all right". My avoidance of him was masked by usual routines; he "slept", I worked. All the time I was trying to quell the riot and fear in my insides, so that I could think clearly. It was no use. It came time to face him and I was still in angry ~~humor~~ repressed turmoil.

My body took over actions my heart could not follow. The evening promised nothing for me: I could not "go along" in the mood I was in. To face hunting all at evening - to play hand-maiden ~~in~~ ~~the ritual of my own~~ my own sacrificial rites simply did not appeal to me. Better to sleep - to "with draw".

My hands packed a few "goodies" that could be used on the hunting trip. Silently I approached the stretched out form of my "lover" and handed them to him, unable to talk. Carefully, I with drew to a position behind a low chair & stood fighting for some uncontroversial explanation to offer, and the ability to say it.

What I wanted to say was,
"Take this—and go. Go home.
Go away. Don't come back."
I couldn't say it.

Yet he knew. I didn't have
to ^{say} it. His eyes—that had not slept—
searched mine. He, too, was wise.
His eyes questioned me—Those
wise eyes. Damn their "wisdom"!

Finally, I said something—I
know not what—only that it
was not right. All I know is
that he exploded in a fury.
The first thing I knew his face
was somehow only a foot from
mine shouting the usual fan-
tastic recriminations at me—
that face, contorted with rage—
that prided itself on its "control"—
that lectured me interminably
on "loss of control"!

Fear slithered through my
heart ~~at~~ as I heard the usual
words "through! all over!"
then the very familiarity of the
whole attack reassured me. We
have done this many, many times
now—and it always turns out
all right. By now I know

that my "even-tempered" braggart is capable of more ~~demoniacal~~ ^{insane} emotional displays than most of us "uncontrolled" people!

I caught myself and met his eye squarely, silently, patiently. I saw it flicker and fail. Then the shouting mouth screamed, "Don't tell me what I'm thinking!" and he was off again — the same old ridiculous accusation that pertained to nothing I'd actually said — only his own agony at being "caught out!"

I could not control a glimmer of amusement that seeped through me. "I am not afraid of you," I thought. "I am no longer afraid of anything. I have been faced and lived through worse threats than you give me now." I waited, watching his eyes.

But he had caught my amusement. An answering flicker passed through his eyes, a flash of shame as if a glimpse into a mirror. His eyes dropped. His mouth shut. He was quieted.

But still forced to "save face".

Now he arose "decisively" and took the packet I'd given him and made as if for the door. "Well, if that's the way it is, I might as well go — go on by myself —" he said.

Alarm tugged at me in spite of myself. He really meant it! He was really going! But I held my ground. It was what I'd planned — decided — wasn't it? Suffer it out.

But he went on past the door — toward the kitchen. What was he doing?

Then joyful amusement flooded me as I heard him open the refrigerator and put the packet in — to keep cool — until he went!

He said nothing as he came back and settled himself as if to read the paper. I silently picked up a magazine and began to read.

Seeing that he was being ignored he pretended to stretch out and sleep again, but I "felt" his eyes watching me, —

felt him thinking, thinking.

Strangely, it did not bother me. I felt no embarrassment at all under that prolonged, furtive scrutiny from beneath half-closed lids, pretending "sleep". I knew I'd be able to tell by his breathing when he fell asleep. And I knew from past experience that it would only be a matter of a minute or two.

How many times I'd flattered myself that he was contemplating me thus — only to be greeted by deep snores! I did not flatter myself. He'd soon be fast asleep and I'd be free — free to calm myself in my own way.

He fooled me. He did not sleep. I kept catching glints under those eyelids. He was watching me, watching me. He was alert. Yet my ~~calm~~ uncharacteristic calmness under this scrutiny assured me that hate was not behind that surveillance. I felt loved, cared, enfolded.

Let him think. Let him ponder. It would do him good. I meant what I felt! If this was IT — so be it!

I resisted the temptation to lie

Beside him. I felt he was waiting for me to do so. (The "forgiveness".)

I only felt coldly calm and detached. "I wasn't interested". Time to forego these pleasures, anyway.

I finished my magazine. To my surprise, he jumped up - wide awake. I hadn't counted on this.

Now, what should I do?

I "busied" myself. He did, too - "reading".

Finally, I "crossed the line." Oh well. No use. He didn't comprehend. Later, some other time.

I crept up behind him and proffered a kiss. He "accepted" it. I stayed standing behind him - not quite ready yet.

He began to dissemble. "Well - let's get with it," I said. "Let's do it your way - once more."

"What do you mean?" he asked ~~defensive~~ on the defensive.

I "let it go". Now he tried for casualness - "forgetting". But his voice was tight, stunted. He didn't "fool" me.

We tarried awhile on this plane - and then - both of us

sack of the whole thing — got our coats and went.

— to his place — to pack, I assumed. "You don't expect me to help you pack?" I asked. "No. No." he said.

But we went on — past his turn off. Now I was angry again. Damn him! He was going to be "difficult!" I had "conceded" — why did he make further issue?

I challenged him. Now he professed a "needlessness" to pack, to see Mag. It was "my evening" — of course — he'd meant that all the time — etc, etc. Now — as usual — he saw what he should have done — where his mistake lay.

But I wanted no grudging "offerings". At the risk of yet spoiling the evening and starting another prolonged fight I began to set things straight — to point out his inconsistencies.

He did not fight back very hard. He was almost "safe" — almost to the "protection" of Mag. And there he stayed all evening!

I found myself - once again -
in the bosom of a little clique
that "played" without me the nights
I do not see him - subtly excluded
from their conversation and their
whispered conferences and allusions
and references to recent pleasures
I had not participated in. I
caught winks between Mag & L
as I sat mute, miserable and
loored, suffering an exclusion I
could not understand - that no
one made any effort to draw
me out of - that L. suffered
with ill-concealed repression -
that I endured with wondering,
new and unfamiliar attempt
at the kind of withdrawal that
L "approved" of.

This is not right! I kept
thinking. This is unnatural,
inhuman! Better to get mad and
walk out! I don't know this
game! It isn't me - or my way!

I tempered this thought
until it lost its fire and then,
imitating their whispered confidences,
turned to L and suggested that
he take me home & come back - I
felt "in the way".

No. No. he "couldn't" do that — (not for my sake, of course — but because it put him in a bad light!)

I endured.

/Horror of horrors! As I returned from a suffering escape excuse to the ladies' room, here they were gathered about the TV watching — what? A goose-hunting film!

L's? I wondered, catching his delighted glance at me. Good! a break in this cold war!

No. A ritual film. I looked, and saw geese — and barren wheat fields — and my stomach turned over in nausea and rejection. Tonight — of all nights!

I watched a film of a kind of relaxed pleasant-type hunting that I didn't know was possible.

The difference between what I now saw and L's exacting, ritualistic, domineering "forced-marches" made me stay withdrawn from the chappily-intimate little group of males I was surrounded with — tho I braved the too-interested observations of the all-too-chummy "waiters", who seemed so familiar with L and "the boys".

It made me make nasty, nasty little cracks about hunting in the later conversations. It made me ignore & avoid L's pleading, seeking little looks at me. It made me feel cold and hateful and act accordingly.

Until the too-generous amounts of beer and the too-long sitting session, and the nerve-wracking endurance of the too-loud music make my nerves and muscles twitter with need for use.

It was with relief that I met the challenge of a new couple that joined us. A woman - at last! I flung myself at her with the thrust of a dying man. It was then I noted that not one of those three men had made any attempt to put me at ease or "include-me-in." It was then I began to see that I alone wasn't entirely at fault.

I relaxed - and so did everyone else. So it surprised me, ^{when} hearing the poignant familiar strains of "September Song" - ("Our Song!" - at least I'd made it

"Our Song"—) I found L. alerted to the secret mutual sentimentalism of it and heard him, with tender meaningfulness, ask me to dance this one.

It surprised me when I heard myself say "No." and shake my head with definite ness. I had thought my hurt was over. It was not like me to make L squirm like that — he who was so very lax in these shows of sentiment.

Wondering at myself, I heard me say, "~~September~~ following the singing of the band-leader, "September — November — December — No one told me these were the hunting months!" Then, cruelly, gently, "Before I begin, let me view the end — and maybe I'd do without —".

I said nothing. I sat wondering at myself. What had gotten into me? Where did that come from?

But that was the last bad moment. The temporary party mood that had saved us now

began to founder. Ugly personal problems began to appear in our party of six. Full of pity now, I relaxed my vigil of my own pride and sought to "save" the evening.

I asked L to dance — and he did. Not only that, but the moment he took me in his arms I found him looking down on me with such handsomeness such love shining out of his eyes ^{at me} and dancing so smoothly and expertly that all my ugly mood faded away and I began to flirt and woo him.

It was all good then. Mag exchanged dances with us and I found L's eyes following me, "keeping" me "with" him as I flirted with Mag and tried to make up for my former nastiness to him during the evening.

Not sure, then — wondering how come L seemed to be "going along" with this terrible evening even tho we both had hard work ahead tomorrow and it was becoming a late, late,

drunken brawl I "tested" him,
"Are we going to have 'one for
the road' to night?" I asked
with "forgiving" "double-entendre".

I couldn't understand his
reaction. Then we got it
straightened out. He had taken
me literally — a drink. (Ugh!)

To my most great surprise,
he was completely agreeable —
late as the hour was! In fact,
I, for once, was the one that
was alarmed. I couldn't!

Yet — we did.

It was quarter-to-three by
the time I awoke in his arms
after a session that brought
even more new experiences
into what I thought was a
"we've done - everything" relationship!

This time I found a man
making love to me with all
the soul. ^{His} mouth could not
express expressed with his
body! He "worked over" me like
I was a sacred vessel into which
he was pouring his whole being.
His entire thought seemed to
be to please me. So much so

that I got alarmed. "Leonard!" I cried. "What?" he said.

"What about you?" I was just about to tend to his needs. Somehow when he "let go" in a sigh of passion.

"I must go! I must go!" I remember thinking — and the next thing I knew it was quarter-to-3 and I was letting the bed down — "for a nap" he said. !!! What had gotten into the man?

Why he had hunting and packing and work to face the next day! He had never, never been so "irresponsible" in all my days of knowing him.

It was I who played the "tyrant" now. After a moment of alarm when I thought I'd have to call a taxi — a very dozey, sleepy man dressed and took me home in ~~sem~~mutual sluggish silence.

My mind was working fast. How to "sew up" this evening? Give it the "label"

it needed? I was "non compos".
How to "get through" to him?

What came out was an
insufficient remark —

"Well," I said, "when other
people think Leonard Kerr is
being rude, he thinks he is
making great concessions!"

My remark fell on
apparently deaf ears.

I fell into bed — in most
of my clothes. Tomorrow —
my God!

(If I had I but known!)

It wasn't until mid-morning
that I realized this situation "needed"
one of my "letters".

That was what happened
thanks giving night!

9-

Dec-63