1-1-61

For Christmas I got an accordian and ice creamer, china, a holster, a missal and this diary.

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1-6-63

Got up at 7:30 for 9:15 Mass. Went upstairs to start sewing, patterns were too big so I made a hat for my doll Candy. Discovered my friends were at Wilson skating. I jumped into my skates & headed for Wilson's. When we got home, played boys. About 7:15 Pat swallowed a penny.

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1-1-64

Today I had to get up and sing 10:30am Mass. I wore my red jumper I got for Christmas. Us kids went skating at Washington Park and tobagonning at Currie. I went to bed at about 11:30 or so. I wish I had a boy to take me skating and to talk to. But I'm too young. I wish I'd grow up. This year I'm counting on my period. Well good night. I hope we become good friends.

1-23-64

Michael [redacted] is passing dumb notes to me, and I'm to him. He's kooky.

1-24-64

I got a good luck charm saying "Sheila & Chris Roman," my dream boy. George [redacted] is "Chris Roman" and the one I marry is my Chris, too.

1-25-64

I'm starting the Roman family. Members: George [redacted], Yvette [redacted] and others--

1-26-64

I told Kathy about my family (Jan. 25) and she's gonna help me.

1-27-64

We got report cards today and I'm one of the smartest kids in the class. Average of 87%.

2-4-64

I feel that us kids in the 7th & 8th grade are getting bossed around too much at St. Judes'. Telling us what hairdo, clothes, how to sit. Oh well!

2-5-64

Got an A- on a composition. I think I'm gonna be a good writer and I'd like to.

2-9-64

Didn't do anything great except saw the "Beatles" on Ed Sullivan Show and Kathy practically had a bird. They are sorta cute but I think Ringo is swingin', George is cute, Paul is a good singer and John is icky.

2-12-64

The Beatles are going around school & in 8th grade if you mention them you write a 250-word composition on 'em.

2-23-64

Did my homework and could <u>not</u> wait for the Beatles at 7-8 on Ed Sullivan. Kathy & I & John went in the den and screamed! After their last song I started to cry, I guess because they wouldn't be on anymore. Mom got mad but Kathy joined me. I guess we feel about the same about <u>them</u>.

2-24-64

Went to school and thought about the Beatles. I honestly think them as idols. Real teen-age idols for me.

2-26-64

Dad is <u>still</u> trying to talk me out of liking the Beatles. He'll never win! The more I see and hear of 'em the more I admire them.

3-2-64

Today was Mamma's and Daddy's first fight over how bad I am. I'm a terrible daughter because I like the Beatles and wanted to hear their record on the radio in the car. Dad stormed around and yelled. Mom stuck up for me. I was very mad at Dad, the worst ever.

3-7-64

Today I got a Beatle mag. I like the guys in this order (for cuteness): 1. Paul McCartney, 2. George Harrison, 3. Ringo Starr, 4. John Lennon.

3-8-64

Today I bought a precious ticket to see the Beatles in a kinda movie. I think Paul McCartney is a perfect doll and I'd love to run my fingers through his hair, his lovely soft hair. Oh! how those boys make me feel, almost like in a daze. I love them! I adore them! If they <u>only</u> would come to Milwaukee - oh

3-11-64

I got a new purse. It's lightish blue and has a pull top. It's big enough for all my junk and it looks real nice. I'm growing up and I'm a real female. I love being a girl. It makes you tingle all over with joy.

3-15-64

The day I've waited for! I went to the Beatle Movie I've waited for seemingly so long. I waited in tenseness for 2 hours. Then they were on. I screamed like I never did before. I cried not a real sad but a joyous lovely cry. I shook my arms above my head. I watched the boys I LOVE. Never before have I felt this way. The love is so STRONG. Ringo shook his head, Paul smiled, John shook & George kicked and made the girls scream. Beatles, come to be, believe this very <u>strong</u> feeling towards you.

4-18-64

We have $5.50 tickets for the Beatles' appearance Sept. 4. How can I express myself on paper. Oh Paul darling oh dear I love you darling please love me, I love you, my lovely child, my wonderful love. Paul, Paul.

5-28-64

Mom said I could maybe have a Beatle haircut before June 12 (the last day of school). They're so perfect. Model yourself on them & you'll have no worries. Paul! Ringo! Know that I love you and I'm not crazy. This is a true love so strong and real. Oh, love me, too, anyone--

5-30-64

My second day of menstruation. I love it. Yesterday, after school, I notice in the bathroom and practically ran home. Mom & I fixed everything up, so now I'm a young lady. The pad sometimes gets in the way, but I manage. Now I'll have to take a shower every day and through the summer UGH!! I really feel like a different person. All grown-up. I should be growing, now, in the bust, too. I love being a girl. So delicate. Someday I'll get myself a boy like Paul and we'll get married and have some little kids.

5-31-64

Menstruation isn't such a big, hairy thrill to me anymore. At Mauthy Lake on June 2 I can't go swimming & everyone else is.

6-2-64

Fun! Fun! Fun! Fun!!!! At Mauthy Lake we went horseback riding and I got a horse who'd do just the opposite instructed. Once (no twice) he started to gallop into the fields on the side of the trail. So fun! My horse's name was Patches and I must admit I sorta wanted to be noticed and that field run did it. No one was swimming long; only about 15-20 min. and I didn't feel so left out.

6-8-64

As I arrived at school I discovered that Mr. [redacted], my teacher, was at the races Sunday and was hit in the head with part of the axle of a smashed racer. He's in the hospital with a fractured skull and in fair condition. I cried as Mr. [redacted], his fill-in, told

us that he might die. I prayed and prayed. I think about him and cry inside. I really do.

6-14-64

St. Anthony's Carnival! Today a man was flirting with me. I gave him my ticket for a ride and he wouldn't let go of my hand. I pulled and looked at him. He smiled and went on.

6-20-64

Went to the Chalet on the Lake for my birthday. It was so classy that they even had a garden for lovers to kiss in. It was so pretty. I feel like a teenager almost. Older. More sophisticated. Well, Paul is 22 now. Ringo and John are 23 and George is 21. Oh <u>boys</u>! I think they all love each other as brothers and wouldn't leave each other forever.

6-22-64

First day of summer school. Typing is fun. Most of the students are boys (as I was surprised). I have a spot for myself and you're the only one that knows. It's in the attic. A box for my table, a sleeping bag for my chair. It will be further furnished tomorrow. Probably with some crossword puzzle game books.

6-23-64

My hidey is almost finished. I have three do-it-in-this-book books, an eraser & pen. Must think further.

6-24-64

I want to take guitar lessons but can't. John's gonna teach me all he knows about it and, who knows, maybe I'll write a song about my feelings towards Paul. He's my dream - really. I don't remember when but I dreamed of a British boy before I even heard of the Beatles.

6-28-64

John & me are getting to be chummy and he's showing me things on the guitar.

7-13-64

Day of menstruation! I'm sick and didn't go to typing.

7-14-64

Still menstruating very hard and it has to be changed often. All gooshy. I'm gonna try to win a contest to meet the Beatles in person. Don't know what I'd say. HA!

7-15-64

Little menstruation, but still did. I feel so lonesome. Wish I had a friend near here. I'd like to start up a BEATLE PARTY and dress up like Beatles & dance, etc. And I'd like to write a book called "Go Beatle" or something. I'd like to try for fun.

7-16-64

I didn't menstruate today so I got rid of the pads. Otherwise a very dull day.

7-18-64

I was thinking. My ambition is to learn to play an electric guitar and join a group with some boys. Be hired and all that.

7-23-64

I wish I'd fill out. I'm such a bean-pole. Mom is getting awful nice and close to me. Always saying she's lucky she has me.

7-26-64

I directed the choir at 9:15 Mass and did the "Ave Maria" <u>The Hard One</u>. Sister Carola personally told me it was very well done.

7-27-64

I'm going on a "gaining weight" diet. I have to fill out. I must! I want my legs to shape out and some other places to shape <u>out</u>. I hope I succeed!

7-28-64

I like motorcycles. They're neat. Pat got a pretend motor on his bike. It makes a sound like a real motor. I rode it around and

decided a motorcycle'd be neat. I wish I had a leather coat, too. Like a car coat. I'd like to be English with an accent.

7-30-64

I've been painting statues with enamel. We have all colors and all sorts of statues. John and I might try to sell ours to the manager of the store that handles them for display. John and I have been together and we went to play tennis by ourselves.

7-31-64

Stayed with John all day. Played tennis, ping pong and painted more statues. How I wish I was very pretty and had all kinds of boyfriends and went out.

8-5-64

I'd like to be a famous writer of romance and love. I bet I could do it! All I need is the atmosphere and mood and I could write a heart-touching story. I love to think at night, with beautiful music playing, of young lovers and love. Of how they feel, 'cas I know, I felt that way about Paul and still do, a little I guess.

8-6-64

I wish my legs weren't so skinny. Such bony knees. Ish!

8-9-64

I just finished a story. About two boys whose parents never cared about them. The boys stole & one was shot. The other took revenge and fought with his brother's killer. The third fight ends when the killer shoots the boy & the boy stabs the killer. They both die. It's real heart-touching. I have to fix it up, though. I wish I could get my story published. That would be very good. No one has read it yet.

8/10-15-64

Camping at Silverbrook Girl Scout Camp. Our leader said I should get a medal for chopping wood 'cas I did the most beautiful job she ever saw. And it was my first time, too!

8-24-64

I just finished the rough copy of my story. I just got to copy it good. It's sooo good, I was crying. I haven't suggested a title yet. Only a few suggestions: The Charcoal of Love, Produced by the Roots of Hate, Death's Empty Brother, Tears of Dead Love. It's hard to find a real heart-touching end sentence, too.

8-25-64

I finished my story in good form. It's wonderful. John read part and said it was OK but he didn't like sad stories. Mom is reading is tonight. I'm so proud of it. I want to write another. By the way, the name is: Somewhere There is Comfort.

8-28-64

Today was my first guitar lesson. He said I'm doing good and should remember to practice. Next week! Next Friday, I will see my Beatles. I love to wear boy's clothes. To lessons I wore a white shirt, tie and black slacks. I love it!

8-30-64

John sure must trust me or something. He tells me all his secrets that he'd never tell anyone. Like he and some guys were shooting rabbits, etc., with BB guns and arrows. And he doesn't think an occasional cigarette will hurt anyone. I'm thinking about another story to write. I haven't come up with anything definite. I want to try to persuade John not to smoke or get in trouble in a way that he won't think I'm queer.

9/3-5/64

I had a very hard night. I went to bed about 10:15 pm. I tossed and turned thinking of my darlings, that they would be before me within the next 22 hours. Kathy had the radio on and they played 'And I Love Her'. I cried through it. Kathy & I started talking about how much we'd give to be at the airport waiting for them. We turned backwards in our beds to be by the window's breeze. I was in like a trance. We chatted a while and John entered the bedroom. He asked if we were awake and I invited him to stay for awhile. He sat on the rocker and we talked about them. John said he'd probably be the first one to faint, not that we were counting on it. Kathy said I got all juicy when I said Paul. After about a half hour John left and Kathy fell asleep but I still dreamed of seeing my darling Paul standing before me, his big dreamy eyes catching mine. The radio was still going. Kathy woke up and switched off the radio and I accused her of falling asleep. She said she couldn't help it and fell back asleep. I laid there

looking out at the next-door neighbor's roof from our window listening to the sounds of the night. I got up and put my Beatle ring on my finger and got into bed. Suddenly I heard a kind of zooming noise and I could just see their airplane flying above our house. I woke Kathy and told her to listen. I ran to the window, falling over some shoes or something. I didn't see anything but the black of night, a street light, clouds patching the sky, and a single automobile on the road, but I still heard the zooming. Kathy gave me a light tap and told me to go back to bed, but I still stood there. What was it?? Suddenly it came to me that teenagers drag-race at night here and went to bed, disappointed terribly. Kathy said something about if she didn't get some sleep, she'll be selling her freshmen school books to a senior, I didn't know what she was talking about, she's a junior! I said I wasn't in the least bit tired. I lay down and picked up the Beatle pillow from the floor and hugged it, squeezing it to me and thought of how much I loved them, still listening for a plane. I heard another noise roaring like. I went to the window, falling over those shoes again, but I discovered it was just a train from far off. I wished I would fall asleep but I was so jittery. I went into bed again and held the Beatle pillow in my arms and slowly fell asleep.

Kathy woke me the next morning, she had to turn up my hair before she went to school. I practically fell asleep sitting there while she pulled my hair. Today! Today! Kathy left and I went back to bed but no sleep! The curlers picked me, I was still holding the pillow in my arms. Oh, well, I couldn't fall asleep, so I started cleaning my room and the bathroom. My very best friend, Linda, was coming for the performance and sleep over and stay. I went downstairs, had breakfast with Mom, and returned to tidy up. The radio was on and I heard that 150 teenagers were at the airport, waiting for them. How I wish I was there!! My little sisters and brother were still sleeping, John went to football practice, half asleep. The radio is keeping me company. It was reported that some kids at the airport ran in front of a plane or something. Every noise I heard, I knew it was their plane. I got so tense, I threw on some clothes and went outside. I sat on the front porch. I couldn't eat a thing. I got the radio, guitar, Beatle magazines and some tea out there. I stayed there all morning, what for, I don't know. I just couldn't stay in the house when I knew they were near me. My mother started screaming at me to do my work, so I did, big choice! When I finished my girlfriend came. This was about 2:30. It was Friday! Friday! We sat around, both of us in curlers. We drank cokes and talked about how we didn't believe they were going to be here. We ate a half of tomato-lettuce sandwich, a buttered bun and milk. The paper came - splashed with Beatle pictures. My stomach was twisted and knotted and I felt awful. We started to dress at about 6:00. I knew I'd start crying so I stuffed a giant hankie in my pocket. My stomach, legs and chest were tight, knotted and weak. As we were driven down to the Arena, we waved to other cars of kids we knew were going, too. This one bunch look at us like we were real queer or something. My lip started to tremble and I felt real shaky. We went through

the doors and into the seats. I stared at Ringo's drums on the elevation on the stage. I've seen millions of pictures of them but now they were before me. They had a big mess of queer groups and junk on before them. Every time a side curtain moved, about 200 kids screamed. Finally, oh, finally they jumped on stage. Ringo jumped for his drums, George, John and Paul reached for their guitars. They sang. I stood on my chair, dancing to their sound, watching my most wonderful darlings. Oh, how many times had I wrote their names in my diary, how many hours had I spent thinking of them, filling my scrapbook with their images. Now they were real flesh in front of me. I screamed and screamed. After about six songs they started walking around the stage. Paul picked up something large and white, maybe a wad of paper or something. He strolled across the stage and, to everyone's surprise, he threw the object directly at John, startling and hitting him. Paul walked back to his side of the stage and did something. John, realizing what had happened, picked up the white thing, walked over and threw it at Paul. They both laughed ridiculously. Everyone screamed their loudest, oh. They sang a few more songs. My brother had brought along his little tape-recorder and he was trying to tape them. Kathy, who was so certain she was going to be such a perfect young lady, was standing on her seat and jumping around, too. It seemed so soon that they set their instruments down and hopped off the stage. The screaming was thunderous. I felt tears filling my eyes and as the lights went on and everyone was leaving I busted. I cried like heck. Kathy saw me and took me in her arms, comforting me. I said to her or to myself, "Oh, I love them so much." Some kids were staring at me and Linda, my brother, and Kathy's girlfriend Linda, patted me. The place was pretty well cleared out when Kathy held me up and took me out of the Arena. A few policemen smiled when they saw me, oh, I didn't care how I looked. Kathy leaned me against a wall and went into a booth to call Mom. I kept crying lightly, people looked at me like I was crazy. I didn't feel crazy, I felt terribly in love and I wanted one of them to hold. We left the Arena to get caught in a mess of kids. Kathy had my arm tight. We battled through a few kids and a mess of kids started screaming and running. Before I knew what was happening, I was running, too. I saw my goal, a black limousine. I fought viciously to touch it and finally I did. A policeman was pushing me but I struggled out and my hand swept the hood of the car. The policeman finally got me to get back. I looked around. I had lost Kathy, John and our friends. I thought I'd see John since he's tall. But I didn't know or see anyone. My eyes were blurred with tears. I started walking to our preplanned meeting place a few blocks away. I started crying again. Oh, I had seen my babies, my precious darlings. As I walked down the street a lot of people stared at me. I couldn't stop so I kept sobbing. I got to the place and looked to see if I saw the others. There was Linda, Kathy's friend. She smiled and put her arm around me. Soon Kathy, my friend, and John met us. John had a large drawing of Ringo, he said he found it. I felt sorry for whoever lost it but I loved it. He gave it to me and I wrapped my arms around it. My sweet Ringo. Our car came up and we jumped into it. Kathy's

Linda let me put my head on her shoulder. I stared at Ringo, I stroked the drawn hair, I was still crying. Mom and Dad asked questions but I didn't hear them. I heard Paul, and John, and Ringo, and George. We stopped at a drive-in and I ordered a hot fudge sundae. I was terribly hungry, but when I thought of the many times my darlings had been hungry, I felt better. We came home and Linda and I changed into pajamas. We had the radio on. John turned on the tape recording and all that could be heard was a kinda scraping noise. The volume of the screaming had busted the wretched thing. Linda and I finally fell asleep.

The next morning I woke up and Linda was already awake, quietly reading a Beatle book. We went downstairs for really no special reason. Mom had already bought two newspapers for us and she forced us to eat coffeecake and drink some tea. I thought of the day ahead of me. They were still here, at the Coach House Inn. Linda wanted to go to "A Hard Day's Night" but I wanted to wait for them at the Inn. It ended up that we'd go to the movie and then the Inn. Mom took us down, I felt sorry for Kathy, she had work today. I sat through the movie for my fifth time and we took a bus to the Inn. We got good places, right across the street from the driveway. A bunch of girls in front of us had a large sign over the rope and behind the sign, they were cutting the rope just enough so as soon as <u>they</u> came out we could push and bust it. We stood there for two hours, chanting and talking. Two hours doesn't seem long but it was tiresome. I admired the kids who stood around 24 hrs. <u>They</u> were near me. We were on the same block. Four limousines and some motorcycles went into the driveway. I felt more knotted. After about ten minutes they came out. I pushed, the rope didn't bust, Linda ducked under the rope. As I ducked my dress caught something. I turned to see what, I jerked it and got under. When I looked up no car was in sight but one with reporters or something in it. I stopped running, it was no use. They were probably blocks away. Linda came up to me. "I saw Paul," she panted. She said as I turned to get my dress unhooked he zoomed by. I could have killed myself. My Pauly. Oh, Pauly, Pauly, Pauly. We started walking and walking. We got a coke at a Walgreens drugstore and continued walking. We ended up back at the "Hard Day's Night" theatre. We went in and asked if we showed our stubs from earlier, would we have to pay again? We told the ticket boy where we were. Three girls came up and we told them we had been at the Arena and Linda said she had seen Paul. As we talked we slowly moved towards the door. Finally the boy said we should go in. Linda was impressed that we had been successful in entering free. I saw the movie for the sixth time and the rest of this day was the same as always. The knots left me, I felt glorious, new and sparkling inside. I had seen John, George, Paul, and Ringo and I will never forget those 48 hours of my life.

9-6-64

It's quite late, that's because I thought of a new story and it's pretty good. The boy's name is Kerry Squire in this one, not permanently, it might be changed. I'd like to be a person who guides boys whose parents mistreated them, drunks like. It would be neat. And I could write stories about my experiences. Real neat, huh?

9-10-64

Tonight I told mom I wanted to be a social worker. She didn't think it was dumb or anything. I'm gonna get books from the library about it! I just discovered by Sept. period. I saw a darling ad in the paper for ankle-high boots. Mom said absolutely not. HECK! HECK! Mr. [redacted] is our Civics teach and is going to take us to see some real trials in court someday. FUN! Maybe I'll see my dream darling there!

9-11-64

When Mom said I couldn't continue guitar and I couldn't wear boots, I went to my room and cried and repeated this to myself many times: "I'll never be happy until I find him and he will touch me and look into my eyes and kiss me." "He" is my love. He will have long, jet-black hair, twinkling blue eyes. He will be very thin and irresponsible, but he will love me deeply, and I him. We will look into each other's eyes and never leave each other. Our hands will meet and we will cling to each other and forever be protected.

9-16-64

John and I took a walk from about 9-9:30 pm. It was dark and he told me his very secret things. Like Aug. 30 but this time about dances and how he slugged a guy, butted in for a dance. He told me what he looks for in a girl. Friendliness. He said I should dye my hair blonde and not wear my glasses, only when I have to. I told him he could tell me anything and I wouldn't tell anyone. We have fun together, I'm glad he's like that. We can talk openly and easily.

9-17-64

Last night Mom caught me reading and gave me a spanking! I felt like I couldn't live with her anymore and I wanted to run away. This morning too. But tonight I feel normal. I cannot wait for my love, my dear. I don't have any friends at school. I hang around with Kerry and those kids in that clique. I need to find my one and only. We will find love and never hate. We will kiss

softly and expressively. I want to walk around sometimes where I've never been. All by myself. Just around. I might find him.

9-24-64

Tonight I saw a real darling boy. Mom sold our old car to his family. They're very poor and needed a car and the dad's a mechanic so he could fix it. Dad was talking to his dad and he was leaning against the wall. He had brown, long hair, a green jacket. Very sad eyes. I sat in the other room watching him. He glanced at me a few times and when I was watching him, he looked up and our eyes met. I was going to turn away, but I couldn't. We looked into each other's eyes for a while and then parted. He looked so wonderful. I could have really fell for him. He was so sad and sweet.

9-25-64

Another guitar lesson. I'm doing well I think. One of my baby teeth came out. John and I were play-fighting. I bit his arm and he jerked. It was half out already and the new one's coming in. John and I are very close, the little things. Last night I massaged his back and he told me it was great. Today I was talking to mom and he came up behind me and hugged me. He said he never felt that we would not like me like he feels with Bridget and Mary Ellen.

9-26-64

I sure want to be a social worker among poor young boys. I wonder what a boy thinks when he looks at a girl. Like that boy who stared at me and I at him on Sept. 24. What was he thinking when he gazed into my eyes? If I only knew. I wish I could see him again. Every boy in the world isn't like him. They are my type, too. You know, I believe a girl should be seen and not heard.

9-27-64

Mom's starting to be real nice to me. Don't know why. I got a great idea for a story. This little boy (a real doll) is abandoned by his parents and is put in a home for neglected children. While he's outside, this girl stops and gives him a medal on a chain. He's 9 years old at the time. The home is condemned and this boy is given to these people. They more, leaving him behind. He goes around stealing and gets his picture in the paper. This girl sees it, recognizes the medal he's still wearing and her family adopts him!

9-28-64

I feel sometimes I'm not wanted around here. No one understands me really. That's why I must find a boy, one who will give me tons of love and understanding. One that I can go to with all my troubles and I know he will not draw me away. There must be someone like that for me. I guess that is what a mother is for, but mine isn't like that. Please someone, take me in your arms and hold me close and love me strongly. Let me cry on your shoulder, hold me, hold me. Please. Please--

9-29-64

St. Judes, that concentration military camp of a grade school, is splitting boys and girls into different classrooms. Don't care. Those boys are just freckled-faced crew-cutted creeps and big loud show-offs.

9-30-64

My first day of cheerleading for a game. Rather a bore. I flubbed a few places. I got another idea for a story and I like it. This 17 year old boy breaks out of this home for neglected or misused children. He steals cars, etc., and a juvenile delinquent worker, an old man (about 36) takes him to straighten him. The boy won't tell him anything but he cries and occasionally screams in his sleep. The man finds out about the home and has it bettered because the food was unclean, the house had rats, the kids wore charitable rags, and the owner whipped the children.

10-1-64

Today Mark, Peggy, another boy & I were fighting in the lunchroom. The boys dumped my purse on the table and Mark shot a milk carton at Peggy that busted open and milk was all over her uniform. We finally broke up so not to get in trouble.

10-4-64

Went to the downtown library and got some <u>great</u> books. "Youth on the Street," "No Two Alike" and some small booklets "Facts About Juvenile Delinquency" and "Why Children Misbehave." A mess of real good stuff. Well I'm able to use a little rouge and a little lipstick. The rouge looks real good on me. My period started Saturday. Irregular! Shoot!

10-5-64

I have reasons to believe that Mom or Kathy have been reading you. I want a choice of high schools - I want Pius. Mom wants Holy Angels - ISH! I cried she hurt me so. Oh, I hate it here. Mom said she knows I just can't wait to get my arms around a boy. How does she know? You're the only one that I ever told. I have no free will anywhere - school, home. If I had a cigarette and could get alone, I'd smoke it, just for kicks. I have to. I'm going to go to every CYO dance so I can get boys. I'm not aiming to be an old maid like Kathy. HUH! I don't trust anyone but John - NO ONE

10-6-64

Oh, I love "The Fugitive." It's a TV show about this man accused of killing his wife but really didn't. He's been running from police for 26 months. It's real good. He's cute. I hate people who think boys with long hair are hoods. John F. Kennedy had long hair and he was no hood, hardly! I think about juvenile delinquency a lot and try to find the reason. The kids are out for a kick. Something daring. So they get in trouble, hock a car, etc. Someday I want to be known as "the delinquent authority."

10-8-64

Some of the girls at school are telling me about their dates and boys and stuff and I don't have anything like that. I feel so left out. On the other hand, I think a girl should be at least 15 before she starts dating. I stuck up for long hair for boys at school. I said that you can't judge a person by the way they look and it wasn't fair to. I think boys with boots and long hair are cute!

10-9-64

Well it's near 2am. John and I took a nice long walk tonight from 9-9:45 at least. He told me about Sally, a girl he likes and about some of the gang he's in. About CYO dances, etc. I can't wait to get into high school. What a blast.

10-10-64

I gotta write a new story. I just read my first one, it even puts me in a trance. I wish I could get it in a magazine or something. I wish I could get the guts to try. I will someday. The last paragraph goes: "But somewhere in this world there is comfort. And if one searches for it with perpetuation, he will find one soul who would unselfishly bend their knee and bow their head to

pray to the dear Lord to encourage his soul and to bless him with the strength to continue with this world and its crosses." I made that all up.

10-12-64

I've made my theory on Dad. He likes to think of ways to get into fights. Like, Kathy was in the livingroom watching TV and mom was in the den watching the same thing. Dad snapped Kathy's off and told her to go in the den. I say he's looking for authority. He wants to be a parent, but mom does all the parent deciding.

I'm cooking up going "Trick or Treating" with two friends, Peggy and Mary Lynn. We're gonna dress up as hoods and after we're done we're coming over here and dance a while. Great spot, heh?

10-15-64

I'm typing my story out. I'm gonna write somewhere and ask where I send it to get professional advice. I'm really proud of it. I've got to send it somewhere and share it with the world. I'll write more and have them published maybe. I'd love that so. I wish mom'd let me shave my legs. They look like gorilla's. It want 'em to be smooth and silky, not hairy and horrid.

10-17-64

Today I got the compliment of my life. I signed up for a charm class and the lady said I was "as cute as a button." Not to me, to grandmother about me. She said I was just the type they're looking for for their Teen Board Modeling Group, but I got to get older. John said when I get my CYO card he'll fix me up with some boys and that I wouldn't have any trouble. I'm glad I'm cute. I like myself!! (HA-HA)

10-19-64

I don't feel love from anyone. Not mom. No one. They're destroying me. All they do is fight, yell, scream, swear, holler. I hate it. Sometimes I hate them. I can't help it. I do. All I want is my love, my Pauly, my love. Someone to hold and kiss and love. One I can really love. Never hate. Where is he? Where is he? I need him. My life is nothing without his love. I need love. I hate it here. I need love and him. Help me get him. I hate this world, I hate it. I hate it. I love him.

10-20-64

Today Mom told me John was bad. She said he's self-centered and that he's a real hood. I want to help him. How though? How can I help without him knowing it.

10-23-64

Kathy and I saw Marquette's Senior Follies tonight, a play put on by seniors. Well, my guitar teach (he's 18) asked me if I'm going out with someone or going steady. I said I was only 13. He said so what? I said my mother'd kill me. He said well tell her "now listen here..." He shook his finger. I want to do that.

10-25-64

I'm thinking of new stories: (1) This 4-year-old boy is seen tied to a cemetery tree. His clothes are torn and he's sweet and frightened terribly, etc. (2) This social worker man carries this dying boy to a hospital. The boy tried to kill himself drinking a lot. Both are good and I think I'll work on both.

10-26-64

I'm thinking that juvenile delinquency is a stage where teenagers are treated like children but want to be adults. They want to show they are grown-up but they're pushed around so they keep demonstrating that they're old now by drinking, stealing, etc. I truly believe this!!

10-27-64

"The Fugitive" was on again today. Gee, I love that show! I think Mark likes me. When I came into the classroom I saw him. He raised his hand, smiled and waved. He's one guy I don't mind at St. Judes' (military school).

10-29-64

On Oct. 8 I was 5'4" and weighed 97 pounds. Not too bad. I remember before I even knew the Beatles I dreamed of a British boy. I don't know when but it seems so weird. I wish I'd had written when I did.

10-30-64

Tonight I had a guitar lesson. Phil is our teacher. He's 18 years old, long blonde hair, thin, tall, dark-rimmed thick

glasses, blue sparkling laughing friendly eyes. He's a lot of fun. I play chords in songs and he plays the melody. He started to speed up, so I did. We ended up laughing. He's cute, a lot of fun. I like him, a lot. I wonder what he thinks of me. He asked if I were going steady. I said I was only 13. He said, So what? I like him.

10-31-64

I had a charm school class today. I'm thinking of another story. This man social worker is put in charge of this boy. He's taking individual care and living with him. He's given one month to make improvements on this boy who is afraid of human life. It might be successful. I hope so. Well, I find myself thinking of Phil a lot. He's so sweet. Real nice. We have so much fun together. I like him.

11-1-64

I went to Marquette homecoming today with Kathy, and the boy from the Senior Follies (Oct. 23) was a cheerleader. I watched him. He had dark brown hair and <u>blue</u> eyes. He walked next to me and I looked <u>right</u> into his eyes and he looked into mine. I turned my head and so did he. He was the most wonderful smile I've ever seen in my life. How I wish I was his girl. I want to have a boy. I love boys. I do. I do.

11-2-64

I'm thinking of Phil pretty much. He's so cute I can't help it. I can see his sparking blue eyes looking at me over the rim of his glasses. I wish Mom wasn't so stupid when it comes to dating. I have to be <u>15</u> before I can date. That's stupidly crazy. The sun faded and the moon shines down upon two figures as they are drawn together and embrace in a love that ends only in a bitter death--

11-4-64

I know someday I will be a great writer. I can write beauty. I want to fill hearts with love, sorrow and happiness. I can write beauty. Example: "...Their eyes met and her heart was filled with fruitful love, undying, boundless. His arms cried out to have her. And they ran. Oh, the love, the pain. The deep yearning, the pain. She needed him as the world needed color. Without him, she could never be. And she caught him in her arms and held him and pulled him down to kiss her and it had to be this way. As beautiful tears fell, she now lived. She now lived."

11-5-64

Oh the love in this world - how it could bloom! How many arms could be secure, loved, happy. Why are people unloving? I don't understand. Without love a life is empty, nothing, alone. With love it is ripe, bursting, secure. Why are some parents unloving to children? Why are some people unwilling to help those in need? Why? Why? Why? This world needs more love and to know love, you must love. I have loved. Truly loved.

11-6-64

Oh, Phil. You're a doll. I think of you so much. So, so much. I gave him the words to "You Make Me Feel So Good" by The Zombies and he asked if he could keep them. I said sure. He put the paper in his shirt pocket. And sometimes he looks right into my eyes and I in his. It's really wonderful to like a boy. Even more wonderful to <u>love</u> one, as I love Paul. As I cried to have him, but never, never could. That is painful.

11-7-64

I'm at Grandmother's and I've been writing a little something about a boy. A boy. A boy is a wonderful thing. Shining, crying, laughing, dying. A boy is a wonderful thing. But still I have not found my boy, the one I need so much, the one I would cry for. This boy is somewhere, and if I do not find him - shadows. Haunting, painful. I have already seen these shadows and I need him. I need him. I NEED HIM. I need him now and forever, 'til forever.

11-8-64

I was walking to Grandmother's wearing my English cap and I passed the school steps with about 5 boys on them. They said "look at the hat...the circus is not in town." I turned around and said, "Oh, get knotted!" in English accent. It was excellent. Phil's boyfriend said, "Hey! There's England" to Phil when he saw me.

11-12-64

John is 15 and received $10 for a gift from the family. Sr. Vergiline, principal of St. Judes', finally made it. She separated the 8th grade girls from the 8th grade boys. One classroom is boys with Mr. [redacted] as homeroom teacher and the other, girls with Vergiline. Is she the mentally retarded idiot!

11-14-64

I think of Paul and the world bursts outside me. I realize I will never have him and will have to forget him. The tears fill my eyes. I think that because he is an atheist, he will go to hell and burn and suffer. I can't bear that. It kills me.

11-17-64

I'm not shy anymore! I don't care if people think I'm crazy, I'm gonna be myself. And guess who helped me to this. The Beatles.

11-18-64

Well Vergiline put me in a row where all the kids are considered, to her, stupid. It was funny I thought. She was yelling at me to move here, no there, over here, there, not there, here. I was tugging that wretched desk around and ended up where I started. Is she queer! She said she wanted Kerry at the head of the row so she's President of the row. She & I claimed it. I'm Vice-Pres. 'cas she hates me next and I hate her most. John said he hates her so that if he had a gun he'd shoot her, honestly, no exaggeration, he said. All during class I sat and stared at her coldly, drumming my fingers on the desk during her speech. That school is a camp--

11-20-64

During 'Current Events' today I said Ringo was having his tonsils out and Vergiline started yelling at me. Some kids dared and bet me I wouldn't say it. It was really very funny. I was kinda scared though. John said he wished he could take me to a CYO dance and at least sneak me in, but Mom'd never let me out of the house. DARN IT.

11-22-64

Today is one year since Pres. Kennedy was shot. There were memorials on TV. It's very sad - it shouldn't have happened. I'll always remember how I heard it first. I was at choir practice and came into the classroom and everyone was <u>real</u> sad. Over the speaker the radio was on. I sat down and the kid in front of me turned around and said "The president's been shot." I said, "Oh, sure." He said, "He has!" I listened to the radio and when it said it, I felt tears in my eyes. It was a real gloomy, rainy day. I felt real queer all the day and about 5 days after or so.

11-23-64

Vergiline and I had a staring match. I bet we stared right at each other for a solid minute. Right into each other's eyes. I hate her! She said I was immature. Well, I think she's mentally off! Think?, I know!! I got 5 demerits so far: 3 from her, 2 from Hansen. 4 for talking, 1 for passing a note. Think I got a new story that's gonna follow. Got idea from West Side Story.

11-28-64

I just saw a movie with David Janssen in it (the guy who plays "The Fugitive") called "King of the Roaring 20's." It was real sad & I cried.

11-29-64

I wish Mom was understanding. She hates me. Oh, why? I need somebody - don't I? I need someone to love, to hold; Paul. Oh sweet Paul. I cry now. I will cry tonight because I need you. Someone who is not here. Someone I don't know, I need so bad.

12-1-64

Mom and Dad are on John and me. I want to stop swearing! I say "Hell" so much I don't realize it til after.

12-3-64

All the kids at school say I'm the most Beatled kid. Everyday they say, "Hey, Sheila, what's new with the Beatles?" I love it. And nearly 98% of the time I have something new! I feel more better now that the boys are separated from us girls. I feel more relaxed and I got a chance of becoming the class clown. I'd like that a lot.

12-4-64

Phil asked me to go out with him tonight. He said would my mother let me go out 'cas he stopped at this 14-year-old's but her mother wouldn't let her go out and was my mother like that? I said, "Oh, I guess my mother's like that, too." I wanted to say, "See you around 7:30" or something like that. I had to turn him down. I cried after we got home. Dear Phil! I found out he's 16 not 18. He's a dear. Look at the chance I had to go out and have fun, live. No, 'cas of mom. Sweet Phil. His big blue eyes twinkle so and he likes me. I can't wait til next year. I could say "Yes" to Phil then--

12-5-64

All I thought of today was Phil. Phil. Dear Phil. I looked for him today at Greenfield Ave. but he was not there. Oh, Phil, do you realize what you have done to me. I am just starting to. Phil, darling. Don't do this. I want to see you more at lessons, I want to go out with you. I really want to. I wouldn't let you do anything wrong - if I could only go with you. You must now haunt my memories, you, John, Phil and I know of this. Only. No one else. Sweet Phil will someday be proud of me, and I of him--

12-6-64

Linda and I are making plans to go "Christmas shopping" either at Greenfield Ave. or downtown this Saturday. I'm going to ask Phil if he'll meet us there. I told Linda that he asked me to go out. John said that Friday night he got "stewed" meaning drunk by some brandy his friend got. He says it's a "lot of fun." How can I stop him? There must be a way! There must be. He does it for kicks - smokes (he showed me a pack of cigarettes he bought from a gas station) and drinks (usually his friend, Ralph, gets it).

12-7-64

I still think of Phil. Will he meet us? How will I ask him? What'll he say? Does he really like me? Did he really ask me to go out or did it just sound that way?

12-8-64

Linda said we should not meet Phil downtown. Boy! that's a load off my shoulders! I didn't know what to say. I had a long talk with John since he and I walked to Mass. I tried to work on him but he's as hard as stone. He says getting drunk and smoking was a lot of fun. He near got me to smoke a cigarette. He put it down in front of me but I wouldn't touch it. I cried 'cas I'm in such a mess, but now I feel better. I'm gonna enter a story contest in a magazine. It's another one of those "poor boy" stories.

12-10-64

Tomorrow I see Phil. What'll happen? Will we still joke around? I hope so. He's so cute. You know, when I was around 7 - 11 years old, my favorite play would be "boys." One of us, Bridget, Mary Ellen or I, would say, "Let's play boys." We all had boy names, set up the pretend surroundings, and act like boys. I remember a few names I had: Bobby Cordail and Chris Roman. Others were Joseph, Dave. It was real fun. Ya! that was the fun

days. Dad always called me "the ringleader." Whatever I wanted to do, B. and M.E. and Patrick would do. I could even get them to clean their rooms without fuss, we'd make fun of it. I also remembered when John and I and Mark and Karen would play in the dark 'til around 8:30. The boys would chase us around the yard and catch us and lock us in their terrace. We'd make escapes and it'd be real fun. I loved those days. Childhood. It's a beautiful time and should be spent in play and enjoyment. Then to remember when you get to be too old to do it. But when I'm 19 or so, I'll think of the Beatles and how wonderful it was to love them.

12-11-64

John learned his lesson today. He got drunk and I mean <u>drunk</u>. I was on the phone, it was about 11:00 and he came falling through the back hall door and stumbled into the bathroom. I knew then, "Oh, lord, is he drunk." Dad started asking him what he'd been drinking, he said "nothing." Mom came home, I went upstairs and Kathy & I listened on the bannister. Mom asked him what he drank, he said he didn't know. He started crying, saying he was sorry. Mom layed him down and me & Kathy came down with his pajamas. I sat by him and put a hot washcloth on his face, neck and hands. He was stone-cold. He mumbled a bit, he was really drunk. He said he felt like "an ass" and had learned his lesson. He's out now, sleeping. I love him - I tried to tell him. That's all for him though, he said himself. I'm glad it came out like this--

12-12-64

Linda and I went downtown shopping. I was so curious, I heard if you put an aspirin in a Coke, you'll get drunk. I put one in and it didn't affect me.

12-13-64

Boy, poor John! He can't take Mom and Dad fighting. Mom & Dad were yelling around and Kathy said he was practically "having a heart attack." Poor thing. And there's so much of it around here, too.

12-14-64

Every day I think of where & how I can send my story to be published and read over the world. I want people to think of me as wonderful. I want to share my feelings and words with all. Music, boys, my stories, the radio, and my looks are important to me now, and I'm glad because I love them all. I love boys and want to know them. I love to hit the beat and dance. I love being a teen-ager.

12-15-64

"The Fugitive" is still my favorite TV program.

12-18-64

Well today was bad for school. I started combing my hair and Hansen told me to add a detention to the 4 I already had. I was terribly mad, slammed my comb down & started walking to the list in back of him. I stared <u>right</u> into his eyes and gave him a <u>real</u> dirty look. When I walk, my shoes kind of click. When I put the "5" down, he said, "Do you have cleats on your shoes?" I said real cocky, "No, I don't!" He said, "What do you have?" I said, "Nothin.'" He said, "Let me see." I showed him the bottom of my shoe and walked real wisely back to my desk. He said, "Bring up your [demerit] card." I got it, walked up staring straight in his eye and threw it on his desk. After a while, he said, "OK, Sullivan, come up and get your card like a lady." I walked up and jerked it off the desk. I shouldn't have done it.

12-19-64

I love quiet, quiet hide-away, afraid, sweet boys so I can mold them into something wonderful. I want to marry the quiet, hide-away type--

12-21-64

Dear Diary: I love you. I love you. You are a wonderful thing. When I'm 20 years old I'll read you with great fondness and you won't cheat me out of my memories. I want to keep a diary as long as I live.

12-22-64

I'd like to take one of the hurt, frightened, lonely or neglected into my arms and tenderly love them and help them. I'm glad I'm this way and hope I'll always stay this way. I'd like to be like the Mrs. Simms in my story. She loved Paul, one hurt & neglected, and held him as he died in lost love of his dead brother. It has a great meaning, my story. Not that I'm big-headed. But it is a very wonderful story.

12-25-64

We were invited to a Sullivan family gathering. Dad insisted John wear a suit but John wanted the jacket he bought, pants, tie,

white shirt. The rest of our family said John looked OK in what he wanted but Dad rioted. He called & told the others we weren't coming. He said to John he was through with him, he could leave home. Finally ended we went, John wearing what he wanted.

12-28-64

Went with mom to buy a dress with my Christmas money. I saw a darling black dress and a black blouse. I would have bought both. Mom got real mad and said all I like is black. She wants me to get a red thing with gold buttons! I can't help it, you know. I like to wear black and I don't like to wear red, blue, green, etc. They're so gory. I like black, brown, gray and cinnamon. I can't help it. I <u>won't</u> wear flashy clothes. <u>NO</u>! I don't care if I never get a new thing. If it has to be flashy.

12-30-64

I told Mom that this has been the best year of my life. Why? Some points. This year I have (1) Found the Beatles, (2) Felt a deep feeling of love for Paul, (3) Reached maturity through my period, (4) Noticed boys, (5) Realized boys notice me, (6) Took an interest in teenage things, that is, music, dancing, fun, (7) Kept a close friend--you, diary

12-31-64

Diary, you've been so good to me. I could tell you everything. Things I couldn't even tell mom. You are wonderful. Tomorrow night I start a new diary for 1965. You know everything and when I'm 21 I'll read you with love. I'll think of how I wrote in you every night. Thank you for living these feelings with me, for listening without yelling and for lovingly helping me shed my worries into your lap without objecting or getting mad. Thank you, also, diary, for saving my thoughts and actions within your pages. For helping me cry out love. I'll save you forever, diary, and I'll read you.

1-1-65
Hello! Well, you are a bit fancier than my '64 diary, but. Here goes - I am determined to help English delinquents and to go to England and fall in love. This year I start boys. Can't wait. Goodnight, diary, my new friend.

1-2-65
I'm writing another story. About a boy that gets drunk & is picked up by a social worker man. He (the boy) was beaten by his dad and turns out to have come from a home that beat him constantly. The home's in England. His parents live in the U.S. Pretty good. The boy's name is Keith Julian.

1-3-65
About 1:30 p.m. Bridget and I found a radio station broadcasting a Swedish or German program. Played yokel songs and all. I put on shorts, made a hat and feather, and got beer mugs. Bridget put a long skirt on and a scarf and we squaredanced and pretended singing in German. Great fun! You can see the bones in my hands if I move 'em right. Grandpa bought an RCA Color TV. Mmmm. See my Beatles in color. YUM. Also I worked on my new story. GOOD SO FAR.

1-4-65
Graduated from charm school. That lady said I should keep track of the teen board for Boston Store and if I got a B+ average and was a junior at Holy Angels, I could get on TV and in magazines and fashion shows. Last night Kathy and I had a teenage girl-to-girl talk. About boys, John, and understanding Mom. I was gonna tell her about Phil but I held my mouth till tears came.

1-5-65
"The Fugitive" was excellent tonight. I wrote some little paragraphs I had in my head: "The room buzzed with reporters, photographers and policemen, but Jim Farly and the crying Keith Julian seemed to be surrounded in nothing but their own world. Standing near a wall, the social worker carefully held young Keith. He gently petted him and spoke soft, kind words to the boy. Tears filled Jim's eyes, but in any moment, they would run down his cheeks. They must have been the most beautiful words, for after near fifteen minutes, young Keith, with trembling hesitation and sweet shyness, slipped his thin arms around the kind man. Touched pitifully, the tears descended from the eyes of Jim Farly. A reporter who had just spoke to Mr. Julian about his son's beatings looked at them, the two who understood and needed, and tears occupied his eyes. A photographer with him jumped to flash them, but the reporter stopped him and mumbled, "No, let them. Get something else. Just let them together." I will here try to explain the wonderful beauty of these actions. Young Keith Julian had all his life been severely unloved and pitifully

unwanted. No one cared or showed any gentle gesture. He knew hunger, coldness, and neglect all his life. Discipline was a leather whip and he felt it too often. He knew what it was to receive a sharp slap instead of guiding advice. And now just by being given love, comfort, and sweet kindness, he returned it, even though he had never known or felt to have and return love. Jim Farly had needed and merited this reaction and he was deeply moved, the young boy who had proved truly a child in need of loving tenderness and sweet comfort was in his arms."

1-8-65
I'm working on my 2nd real story. It's not like the Jan. 5 paragraph. I'll write when I'm positive.

1-9-65
Had a dream that mom and dad separated last night. I feel so sorry for boys who are in taverns at night, billiards, or just walking around. I wish Mom'd let me do that for one week and I would know how it is and try to help those that have to take it all the time. Worked on my story all day today. If I saw a drunk boy at a dance, I'd have to help him. I couldn't let him. I feel I have to. The parents who don't care and let the poor darlings get drunk - then they don't give a <u>hell</u>!

1-10-65
Diary, I just want to let it be known to you that whatever I write in any of my diaries is the honest truth and my real feelings, okay? And I believe I'm truly in love with Paul. I don't believe one would cry over no one or think of him as I do of Paul if not in love. But I hope one day to have a "material" love. And I will. I will.

1-11-65
Many times I think I'm losing my religious beliefs. I go to school and Mass and feel I have to pray but I just don't <u>feel</u> anything. I don't believe there's a God what I can't see. Everything's invisible, I want to <u>see</u> something. Grace, soul, angels, God, the whole deal's invisible and the Bible could've been made up. Who knows?

1-12-65
Grandmother made me a white flannel shirt at my request. I like the feel of flannel next to my skin. YUMMY!

1-13-65
I talked Mom into letting me drop out of Girl Scouts and the Marian Award. Let's just put that under "Unsuccessful Challenge." I hate challenges. They tire me. I'm gonna try to get thin,

thin, thin! I want long, tiny fingers, thin face and slim figure. Johnny has a "hiding place" downstairs in the rec room. Mine's in my bedroom. I love it there with Paul.

1-17-65
Before I turned off the light, before I went to bed, I cried over Paul as never before. The picture above my bed was him. I stroked his shoulders and sweet young face and I cried. Soon I doubled up and, Paul, the tears dropped on you, I could feel your love all about me and I kissed you.

1-18-65
I'm pretty happy with the way I am. Looks and all. Yesterday, Kathy and I had a heart-to-heart talk on my future. Being a social worker would take up so much time, college and all. I think I'll look up on being a probation officer. Then I could work individually like I want. I wish I could get a boy to look after, not a girl.

1-20-65
You know that story I started. I don't know how to finish it! Can't think of a tough ending. It started good, I can say.

1-22-65
I was supposed to stay after school a few hours but I didn't, I wanted to see Phil. I didn't. Mom didn't want to drive in this bad weather. I started to cry. Phil probably thinks I'm ditching him. I want to see him sooo bad. I'm a real nut around our class and I have a real lark (British for blast). Goofing off is a lot of fun but Vergiline really knows her demerits.

1-25-65
Mr. [redacted] said the only reason for not handing in our projects is that we're in the hospital. Two kids were in the hospital. Did we laugh! I started clapping (I usually do and everyone joins in). FUNNY. I feel so sorry for hoody teens. Two "young hoodlums" attacked his man. Heard on the radio. Dressed like normal hoods. Heel boots, 3/4 length coats, long black hair, black pants. I want to help them so, so much. I will. You were once a hood, Paul. I love you.

1-27-65
Vergiline asked us to write what we think the school should do to better and why we misbehave. I put I acted the way I do because I act the way I feel and refuse to change. And <u>certain people</u> could do better. Some kids said they like some teachers, naming all but her.

1-28-65
My test marks weren't too bad. Math-88, Religion-93, History-73, Reading-70, Lang.-93, Geography-72, Spelling-95. Not bad.

1-29-65
My third story's real cool. This cop is beating up this kid named Laurie-Paul Squire, to tell him where he hid these stolen things. It'll end that he kills this kid then finds out the kid couldn't talk. Real great, huh? Dad's running about yelling "Get to sleep."

1-31-65
Finished an absolutely fabulous story. I got so worked up writing it that I had to take an aspirin and stop trembling after I finished. It would make a perfect movie. I might call it "Not Only Mortally" or "Warped." I think it'll be the first. To Mass I wore boots, leather coat, black skirt and turtle-neck and a white boy's shirt. My John hat, shoulder bag and sun glasses. Really great.

2-2-65
I'm considered non-cooperative, lazy, etc., in school. I couldn't care less, just so I get out of that hole. I hate it. I wonder what'll become of me. I'm so interested in helping hurt youth that I don't know what. I love to write. I got to send that 2nd story to a magazine. See what happens. So I'm discovered, I get famous, rich, everyone is thrilled with my stories. I'd send money to juvenile courts, homes, etc.

2-4-65
I'm getting pretty for Phil tomorrow. Also I have to carry the cruets to the altar at Mass at 8:00. I'm in the two "uncooperative" rows of girls in school but [redacted] moves my place into the good kids' in his class. That queer Vergiline. She gives me a pain.

2-5-65
Saw Phil! He was balling me out for not practicing and he was so cute. I sat and smiled while he yelled. Then he stopped, got a huge smile, and said "Stop smiling." He's so cute. I got 7 demerits in 4 days. Mom says I can work it out by myself, she's not going to get in it.

2-6-65
Yesterday I took my first puff of a cigarette. It was John's cigarette. We were waiting for a bus to take us to guitar. He lit it and smoked it. I asked for a puff. It was fun. I'd like

to smoke a whole one but I'm afraid, I guess. John says he keeps a pack on him always. He buys them at gas stations. Cigarettes. Should I smoke one when I want. Oh, what! What should I do--

2-10-65
Kathy and I discovered that you can iron your hair straight. We did but it was kinky (our hair). We're using curlers tonight and iron the curl out and have no kinks.

2-13-65
Saw a movie. After we went to Ace Foods where a table full of boys were. They all looked at me, I had the whole leather bit on. I must admit I tried to lure them upstairs, but I didn't. Starting a new story. I hope it turns out.

2-14-65
Ah! Valentines Day! Guess who I thought of all day. None other than my valentine, Pauly. John and I walked home from Mass. We shared a cigarette. I liked it. I like the feel of the smoke in my mouth and it's fun to blow out. It makes you feel big to carry it walking along. I'm bad, I guess. I can't help it. I want to and don't want to.

2-16-65
I still like "The Fugitive" and watch it every Tues. I don't think I'll show much more of my writing to Mom. She's not the type who appreciates it. I don't think she has the feelings you have to have to love my stories. Someday everyone will remember me for writing stories that make you stop and think after you read it. One that helps you get emotions.

2-17-65
Trying to think up a secret way to carry cigarettes in my purse. Just one maybe. I don't think I should but tough.

2-19-65
Lousy, lousy day. Took high school entrance exam at Holy Angels, and went to guitar. Phil was depressed because a teacher took his switchblade. He was kinda crabby and sorta chewed me out. I felt bad & cried when I got home. Took a walk with John during which I had 2 grits (cigarettes). Felt crappy. John told me he wanted to go to a party and get "a little lovin' in." Then he said something about how necking wasn't bad. That helped my condition like rot. I'm carrying his as well as my problems and everyone else's I know. I worry for everyone. There's even one of John's friends I saw for the first time today who got picked up by cops for working in a tavern. He has to see the cops tomorrow. Poor kid!

2-20-65
About 9 p.m. two boys called Kathy. It seems they found a Holy Angels Buzz Book and just called Kathy. I answered, that's how I got in on it. The boys were Chris and Les. Anyhow when Les got on he wanted to talk to Kathy, not me. From then on I didn't like him but I talked to Chris. I liked him. Anyway, Dad came home and made us hang up at 11:15 p.m.

2-23-65
I feel like jumping up and down and having a convulsion. Chris called 3 times! But I wasn't home!!! He called asking for me, not Kathy! I was at detention. Oh, I hope he doesn't think I told everyone to say I wasn't home just to ditch him.

2-24-65
Boys, boys. That's all that's on my mind! And how I look, dance, talk, laugh, act, that's important, too. All have to be great! I want boys at dances to drool over me and I want to dance all night.

2-26-65
Nothing from Chris and didn't go to guitar. You know, when John sits and plunks the guitar, and I'm just hanging around, he'll look at me kinda sad and thoughtful. Says nothing. Just gazes. I'm at Grandmother's now, it's midnight. Everything's quiet and, as I look out the window, all is dark and lonely. Now I wonder, where are all the cute, sweet boys? Where? Alone? But where? I need and yearn to know so.

3-3-65
I put those cigarettes I had in my purse back in Johnny's pockets. I felt guilty. They'll probably be right back. 'Spose I'm weak.

3-5-65
My measurements are 29-1/2, 26, 32. Oh well. Better luck next time.

3-10-65
I was just wondering if teens can be put in solitary confinement. I have a booklet that said one in France was. I think it's horrible and awful. Rotten! Last night I went down to Mom crying. I said everyone was trying to discourage me from being what I wanted. She said she'd get me through college and whatever if it's what I wanted and if I'd work hard. How I want to give them, the misguided, a new chance. Yes, that's what I truly want. To sell some of my books and help others.

3-11-65
Starting a story of a boy in solitary confinement. Name is Elliot. I still wonder if it could be.

3-13-65
CAN TEENS BE SENTENCED TO SOLITARY? Chris called and talked to me alone. He said teenagers could be sent to solitary. I asked him. I still am not sure.

3-14-65
Didn't do anything but work on my newest story of a teenage boy who shoots this man who was beating him and is put in one year solitary confinement and this man social worker who becomes so wrapped up in the boy, he cries when they locked him up. When they locked the boy up, the boy kept screaming, "Come and get me!" I like to listen to Chris' voice, to hear what he says. I feel free to tell him most anything. That's why I love to talk to him.

3-15-65
Got a new pair of school shoes. They have a boy's shoe effect to them. A rumor is in the 8th grade girls as far as I know that Phil and I were out necking this weekend. I never said anything to let them even think much less say. Anyhow, Mom told Sister Mary Elise (my English teach) and Sister said I should ignore it and it might just not be around. I think I'll give my "Not Only Mortally" for Mr. [redacted] to read. I think he's cute. Really! A teacher!

3-16-65
Gave my "Not Only Mortally" to Mr. [redacted] to read today. He looked at me sorta after reading the title. Oh, well.

3-19-65
Mom said she's quitting my guitar lessons. Phil. I'm sort of mad. But he's not the only boy on earth. Mr. [redacted] came up to me during Reading and dropped my story on my desk. Not one word! No advise, no nothing! Am I mad! Boy, he's looking for an enemy.

3-21-65
I wonder what Vergiline means when she says, "Don't let a boy 'touch' you." Like his arm around you, or holding hands? Darn! Wish they'd get to the point.

3-22-65
Got some library books. "The San Quentin Story," "Stone Walls," "Crime of Punishment." I especially wanted the San Quentin one. I love that kind of stuff.

3-23-65
San Quentin is a fabulous story. It was written by a warden there telling of how they got rid of whipping posts and brought in movies. Well, not exactly in that manner, but they did. Real excellent! Still watch "The Fugitive" when I can. I'd like to work in a place like San Quentin but I spoze girls can't go there. I don't want to work with girls. Rather not. Probably I won't get away with it.

3-24-65
Finished the San Quentin Story. It ended "...but I'd rather break a rule than break a heart." Oh. Now I'm starting the Stone Walls one. The other one is bad for me to read. Read part of it about whipping. It arises something I feel is bad in me. Sounds dumb, but when I read about severe whippings and have it thoroughly described to me, I get a sensation of tingling. Bad.

3-25-65
I gotta ask Mom if I know about "the birds and the bees." I should.

3-26-65
Kathy said to Mom she doesn't like Holy Angels 'cas boys aren't around. She wants Mom to transfer us to Pius. Kath says her social life was ruined 'cas she doesn't know guys and I'll be an old maid. Wow! CYO dance monthly. Big deal! I want so badly to go to Pius.

3-27-65
I'm now concentrating on writing poems rather than finishing that solitary story. Poems about love, the death of a loved one, things like that. They're very good. I love to write! Specially for Paul. I say to myself, "What would I think or feel if I just heard Paul died?" Then I write it!

3-28-65
I found out that sleeping nude feels real good. Think I'll try to as days (nights?) go by.

3-29-65
Graduation pictures are to be taken Apr. 12. Asked Verg if we could wear anything we wanted. She said to me, "Yes, but don't

wear that motorcycle jacket! That looks like the jacket girls on motorcycles wear!" I answered, "What do you think I bought it for?" Ha!

3-30-65
"The Fugitive" was good again. Going to sleep nude tonight. I think it feels so excellent.

4-2-65
Boy's names are so bad sounding. I got a list of ones I use for stories: Laurie-Paul, Blaine, Kimball, Winston, Kerr, Shane. Shane is my latest. Laurie-Paul is my favorite. John got a note from Pius' principal that he has to get a butch or Princeton haircut. John said he went around knocking dumb guys around, he was so mad. He's not going to get one, though. I think it's stupid! Who cares how long his hair is?!

4-3-65
Finished my 3rd pretty good story today. About the man and his experience delivering an ex-taken-in boy to a Home. It is real deep thinking and warming.

4-6-65
Had a History quiz and one girl in our group got 100%. The class started clapping and I whistled. Verg gave me a demerit and said I was the first to get one this quarter. I started clapping and she gave me another. HA! Slightly changed my 3rd story. A man delivers this boy from a lady who took him in to a Home and this boy is this man's son. Very, very, very good. You get a feeling of such sadness and tearfulness by this man's feeling as he takes this young, disturbed warped boy, knowing that claiming him will not help him. Named it "The Cruel Ordeal."

4-7-65
Verg has a new deal. Whoever gets 5 demerits in the next 9 weeks doesn't go on the class trip. 9 weeks! I get 5 demerits in one day! She's absolutely crazy!

4-8-65
Got the first of my 5 demerits!

4-9-65
Two down and three to go! Got another demerit of my 5 today.

4-11-65
Can't wait to get out of Judes and in Holy Angels. Mom said she did try to get me in Pius but it was filled. She's going to get me on a "waiting list" for sophomore year.

4-12-65
Mom called Pius High and I might be able to get in there for freshmen year yet. She said she regrets registering me in Holy Angels 'cas Kathy always has to sell Christmas cards, cookies, tickets, get bottle caps, trading stamps, etc. The girls in Judes Grade 8 are getting their hair cut. 98% did. Another girl and I are the only two with long hair. In class Verg said to me, "Are you going to get your hair cut?" I said, "Who me?" She said, "Yes." I said, "I'm not getting my hair cut." She started on how that other girl and I are going to ruin class pictures. Like long hair is a big sin! What an idiot. Kathy and I had another girl-to-girl talk on boys. Passions they have, what we should not do. I asked what she and others meant by "relations" with boys, etc. Very educational.

4-14-65
Mom got me into Pius. She sent the application and I'm accepted. I'm so happy.

4-18-65
I look in the mirror and say to myself, "That's you, Sheila. That girl over there is you." It seems to funny. I think this'll be the most wonderful summer in my life. Boys will look at me and I at them. They will dance with me and smile. I will wear pretty clothes and look beautiful. The sun will shine on me. I can't wait. Oh! A motorcycle went by me on my way to lunch and I waved. He waved back. Oh!

4-19-65
Mom said to me that it's "improper" to wave at motorcycles. I'm sure I care!!

4-20-65
Boys have more freedom than girls, why? John can do what he wants.

4-21-65
Chris gave me a telephone number and said a guy named Gary lived there and he was in trouble with the cops for stealing a machine

gun from this man's garage, robbing $2 from a gas station, stealing some wine from a church, things that lead around that. I called him and was acting pretty dumb now that I look back. Finally I got serious. He sounded so depressed and down, I felt so sorry for him. Said that one kid that was with them is getting 5 yrs. in prison, other guy gets reform school, and he don't know what's gonna happen to him. He's 17. He sounded like he wanted to cry. Said houses of correction are pretty bad. 4 or 5 kids sleeping in one bed. I like him so very much. I feel <u>so</u> sorry for him. Oh. I want to cry.

4-25-65
No Gary called. Crush! Don't know why, but I don't think I'd hate being in the House of Correction or a reform school. Think I'd <u>like</u> it! Really! Maybe someday I'll be there. Maybe I <u>want</u> to be.

4-26-65
Oh, my graduation dress is sooo gorgeous. (SMACK)!! It's true I wouldn't mind being in a detention home. Maybe I'd get some attention. This isn't a sob story, but I'm just not noticed or appreciated or <u>known</u> around here. I really, honestly, no-lie would <u>like</u> to be in one. I've read how "they're no picnic" but who wants a picnic?

4-27-65
Reading "My Shadow Ran Fast" by Bill Sands. Written by an ex-convict from San Quentin. Good. (I 'spoze) Not what I hoped it to be, though. It's OK.

4-28-65
I hate this place! I just hate it! Big baby Kathy goes crying to Mom that I'm on the phone too much. I wish I never lived. This house is just too damn much. I want to swear so I'm gonna. Damn. Hell to this place.

4-29-65
A couple girls and I were going downtown Saturday equipped with a few fags (cigarettes). They backed out when they learned I meant to walk down the open street with one. I'm sorta glad. (1) They were gonna dress collegiate. (2) I might have gotten caught. Oh, well. I was studying Geography in English class. Sr. Elise slammed my book, hit me with it and gave me a demerit. When I walked to my desk she said, "You just think you're so beautiful. Well, the exterior does not always count." I think it as a compliment. She said I was cute! (Agreed!)

4-30-65
Gary called and said it would be nice if I could come over there, to a movie, or something. He's gonna call tomorrow. He asked me how old I had to be to date. Fifteen. He thought I was kidding and said, "You lose a lot of friends that way." I can't bear it. I have one demerit to go during May to get kicked from the class trip. I'm sorta afraid Gary's gonna ask me out, or take me somewhere or ask me tomorrow. I wonder if I'd tell Mom I was going with Kerry & sneak out. Yeah. Good! Wish Mom would see my point on my going on dates.

5-1-65
I sent Gary a regular snapshot of me. He said, "It's so big." I said, "Well, is that bad?" He said, "No, but how will I fit in in my wallet?" Oh, die. To think he wants my picture in his wallet. I'm so very happy. So glad. I could die.

5-2-65
Tonight's the first night for summer pajamas. Oh, I feel so cute and sweet. Know why I like boys so much? I think it's because they show they like me. They tell me I'm cute, in not so many words, but, like Gary yesterday. You know the type of girl I am? We were waiting for dad to pick us up from the movie. An old man got change from the ticket lady, passed us and said, "Now I can gamble it." Kathy said "Ick" in a low, disgusted voice. I called after him, "Put a few out on us!" I can't help it. It just comes out. I guess I just wanted to be friendly, but Kathy nudged me and said "Sheila!" like it was a big sin. I can't help it. I'm that way. Is that bad? I just want to be nice to everyone. There's no sin in that. One thing I could never do is hit or strike a boy. If he got out of limits, I probably would grab his hand in mine and keep it there! But I could never ever slap him. I don't care who he is. With every boy I'd go with, I'd see Paul in him and could you just see me slap Paul? Oh, I'd rather slap myself a million times than Paul once.

5-3-65
Know why I hate Judes? Vergiline once told us in these exact words, "Don't bring us [the priests/nuns] down to your equal!" Oh, they're such supreme high mighties. They don't even act like human beings.

5-4-65
Got a book called "My Unwelcome Guests" by Frederick Baldi. Another prison story. 'Spoze I'm weird, but I don't like love stories and all that. ICK!

5-5-65
I've aged 4 yrs. tonight. Mom somehow found me out. First, Kathy [redacted] and I planned to go to a CYO dance. She has her card and was gonna try to get me one. Everything was set. I was gonna sneak into the dance. Mom found out by someone at a store. She won't say who. She threatened and I let go. I said, keep on swearing. We were pretty excited. Finally she put her arm around me and it all came out. She found out I planned the CYO, I smoked. I told her Phil asked me out, I didn't believe in God, and then I said she might laugh but I loved Paul so much. I told her how I pictured him by the brook. Then I really was crying so and trembling. I asked her if she wanted to see my writings. I brought then and she said I was just bubbling with love. She understood me! She did! She did! I was then crying in happiness. Kathy was there all the time and she read my things. Mom said all the threats of taking my CYO card 'til I'm a sophomore and all would probably be forgotten and when she saw my love for Paul on the paper, she said maybe my mind was mature after all. She said I had something very special and my love was sooo very true. That I had such a deep feeling so beautiful. I'm so glad all this happened, we are so much closer than before. I now realize all I thought was wrong. She said, "You can keep right on loving your Paul."

5-6-65
Mom and I are close now since all of yesterday. She called Pius and asked if they had a summer school course on writing. They said only for 10, 11 and 12 grades. Mom said I was exceptionally good so they're gonna read some of my stuff and maybe take me anyhow into the sophomore class. Excellent! Yesterday Mom threatened to send me to a convent school in Fond du Lac. Boy, what a mess! Mom witnessed me in a terribly loving manner when we talked of Paul.

5-7-65
We got a pool table about a week ago. Beat dad 10-3 and mom in 4 games. A <u>lot</u> of fun. Waited for Gary, wished he'd call so much.

5-8-65
Prayed Gary would call. But no. I want to tell him he was right about being caught sometime. I did. Since then Mom's been paying attention to me. I'm glad. Mom said my legs were shaping out. Wish she'd let me shave them.

5-9-65
I need a <u>lot</u> of new clothes. <u>All</u> my things are too tight around the bust. (I'm glad!) That includes my swimming suit.

5-10-65
Boy, is John (our John) excellent! He looks so good! Sitting there, his hair all over, his eyes so steady, playing his guitar, legs crossed, boots, oh. I'm glad I got him! I've got a book on growing up, it says "It's almost impossible for a young girl to feel mature love." I think I'll write her a letter to let her know of an exception - me! There stands Paul.

5-11-65
Took our tape recorder to school and got Verg's speech on how we're not having a graduation. Funny! Verg wouldn't let me out of school at 2:30 to be measured at Pius. At that time we had a study period anyhow. I just went home at lunch hour. Mom called Verg and Verg sure was mad, oh! Nun at Pius said I sure had writing talent, but my 8th grade marks hold her back. Man said I got a 95 average on the test and have an 82 average in marks.

5-13-65
Long brown fluffy hair, slightly curled on the ends, black coat, gold buttons, belt around the middle, bar legs, no socks, granny heels, also black, shoulder bag, black, transistor radio. That's me walking to Herbst Drug Store. Pretty great, heh? Wow!

5-14-65
Found I'm very anemic. Gave Sr. Contardo, nun at Pius, my "The Ordeal" and some poems and things. Sr. Elise still has "Not Only Mortally."

5-17-65
Was really going to phone Gary but Kath was in the bedroom all night and she thinks it's awful if a girl calls a boy, and she'd make a big noise about it. When I'm in public, I like old people to look at me and think "Crummy teenagers." I don't know why.

5-18-65
Mom signed me up for dancing lessons. I made a big fit 'cas I didn't want to take "foxtrot lessons." When I got home, I cried in my bed, wanting someone to comfort me. Do you think anyone came? I cried. Mom asked if I wanted to go around the block with her and our dog, I was glad. Of course, she told me they would not be so bad. I really don't think I'd mind the lessons as bad as I put on, think I just wanted to see what would happen. So here I am.

5-19-65
Gary and I talked 7:30-9pm. He gave me a number of a friend and told me to talk to him a while, not that he was trying to get rid of me. He gave me some facts about Mac [redacted]. Called him and

asked for help in a math problem. Started reading off a big long problem. 'Course he tried to pry out of me where I got his number. Mac wants me to call Friday. He said why won't you tell me who gave you my number? I said I just don't want to. He said I won't be mad at him, I'd probably thank him!

5-21-65
All was well until I called Mac. He started talking about sex, using pretty crummy language. I said he did just about everything to try to get rid of me. He started apologizing. I can't take it when a boy seriously as he apologizes.

5-23-65
Went to a CYO meeting, breakfast, mass and a stupid film. Fr. Holleran said all were dressed, not like "hoods." The kids said, "Yeah, Sullivan." Meaning John. He came for the first time in 5 months. He's never going back.

5-25-65
Got my 6th demerit. Verg didn't yell that I'm kicked out, but if she does, I'll tell her I just don't care! I wasn't going anyhow!

5-26-65
Verg slapped my friend Kerry 4-5 times. CYO dance tomorrow! Looked at my card. I <u>don't</u> have 6 demerits, only 5. Sure is funny. Kath gave me a little booklet called "Modern Youth and Chastity." It tells about a boy having his father-cells activating almost like menstruation. Didn't know that! Also told the process of childbirth. Excellent! That's just got to be too much!

5-27-65
Kath & I went to a St. Anthony CYO dance at Pius gym. We checked our coats in. The lights were very dim. It was almost dark! The Del-Fys were on stage. We stood on the outside and danced. The second song, a <u>real</u> cute guy tapped my shoulder. We danced. When it ended, we looked at each other & smiled. The rest of the songs I danced with Kath. I like to really work it out. Definitely. About the third last dance, another guy tapped my shoulder. Not very cute, but okay. Didn't dance any slow ones as it would look quite bad doing it with another girl. We danced from 8:30 to 11, sitting about 3 of them out, not counting the slow ones during which we stood and looked pretty. Well, two boys asked in one night. Okay!

6-1-65
Didn't go to the class trip. Nya! Went to the library and got 6 books on psychology, mental health and that.

6-2-65
Mac called & started talking dirty and wanted me to sneak off to the library or something to meet him. I got scared and hesitantly told mom. Then I called Mac, told him not to call anymore and why. He was so sincere, he said he was just talking, "Listen, kid, I'd never touch you." That killed me and I started crying. He said he was sorry he hurt me. Hung up and cried on Mom's shoulder. She said she still trusted and loved me.

6-7-65
I saw <u>the</u> most excellent dress. But $23. I could die!

6-9-65
8th grade graduation dinner, Mass, and dance. At the dance thing I really showed those twits I knew what was coming off. Jeff and I danced with each other, winning a dumb record. We danced twice. Also danced with Howie and Steve. All the kids were saying how good I could dance.

6-10-65
Graduation night. I felt all pretty during it. I'm going to a CYO dance at St. Rita's. It's in West Allis and supposed to be real hoody. (I <u>wanna</u> go to a dance with hoody guys!) I'm just beginning to get real cute clothes. It's funny but everyone tells me I'm cute and I <u>know</u> it (I like to look in the mirror) but I can't believe <u>that</u> girl is me!

6-11-65
We went to Holy Assumption for the dance. Drag. <u>No</u> boys asked Kathy or I <u>once</u>! The thing is, the other girls there stand still, turn about 1/8 inch and twitch their elbows, and we like to really <u>dance</u>!! I just adore whopping a real dance up. Yeah! All the boys stand in a corner & watch us but that's it! Guys weren't even cute there!

6-13-65
Wish there was some cool place to go to all day. Packed with cute boys!

6-14-65
I like black leather and big black motorcycles.

6-15-65
First dance lesson. Fox trot and cha-cha. I sat around and danced with the teacher mostly. Bob Drow, a very popular boy, asked me to dance. I said, "Oh, you don't want to dance with me. I'm so ugly and queer." He said, "No, you're not. You're just a little different." I said, "Oh, yeah. I got a complex bigger than this!" He ruffled my hair and said, "Oh, come on!" Made me feel good.

6-20-65
Bought a paperback, "Careful, He Might Hear You." Okay so far. I wanted to get "Young Dillenger," but mom sheltered me. Big sin!

6-23-65
I hate being a girl, really! I have to be sheltered, I can't walk in the dark, I have to be meek and humble, I have to make a full report on what I did when gone, I have to be 'proper'. I hate that. I wish I were a boy. They have a real feeling of being someone. They can walk down a dark street like they were its king. They don't have to report or be sheltered. They have freedom and know what life really is. I want to, too. I don't want to be a girl. I hate it. I don't want it.

Oh, sure. It makes me feel good when a boy looks at me and smiles. Or whistles. Sure. But that's just because they like the way I look, not because they like me. I want that. I'm unhappy without it. I've shed a lot of tears today. Oh, a lot. I am now. There's no action. I just read, write or iron. My life. All of it. I want to move! Mom won't let me to go the CYO. She claims she never said I could go. Liar!

6-24-65
That mom makes me so sick! I went to dance class, got out at 8:40. Steve danced all but one with me and stayed til 9:00 talking. Went to the ice cream shop and had to wait pretty long (she said I should go). On the way home, I met Kath and went with her to buy a magazine. My big sin! Mom and dad drive up and I get a big lecture about "gallivanting the streets." They can just see me lying in some bushes, raped! Sure! I'm not home when the street lights go on and I'm somewhere dead. I brought it up that John can go any and everywhere and not get a lecture. But that's different! John's older and a boy! You know that no one ever kills boys, robs them, no! Only girls! Then I get lectured all the way about mom having to miss her TV programs! If she's having that attitude I'll never get anywhere to do anything! She makes me so damn sick! Steve is so neat! I asked if he were going to the ice cream shop. He said no, he had to leave but he'd take me

Monday after lessons. Oh, excellent. All the kids from Judes saw us. When a boy asked if we were having fun talking after lessons, he said yeah. He isn't cute, he's real nice and fun! Nooo, mom's not trying to ruin my social life. Noooooo! She wants to ruin me, period!

6-25-65
Went to a CYO dance at Judes. Steve and I danced from 8:30-10. He followed me around everywhere and gave me candy. Oh, well. I guess I should be glad. I don't know. None of the cute guys dance with me, for that matter, the ugly ones, either.

6-28-65
Gosh, I wish I could shave my legs. Oh. They look all dirty.

6-29-65
I met Steve at the library. He asked what mom would do if she knew I was holding hands (we weren't). I said nothing, which is true. He's trying to impress me with his muscles (I had to feel them and everything).

6-30-65
Steve came over. Went downstairs, us two. He had the guitar and was sitting near me. Occasionally he put his arm (just one) around my shoulders. He asked what I'd do if he kissed me. I said hit him! Ha! Asked why, I asked because I don't think we're that serious. He acts like I'm his girl! I'm sure. Glad he didn't kiss me.

7-1-65
Steve came over and he seemed to be trying to kiss me. He left, called, and asked why I was acting mad. I said it was gonna sound creepy, but don't kiss me. He said he was trying to but promised he wouldn't. Last dancing lesson. After it we ran ahead of the kids to be alone. Walked to get ice cream, holding hands. He was walking me home, holding hands. We walked around a few blocks, his arm around me, mine around him. He was arguing why he should kiss me. I told him he was too eager, we weren't that serious, that I just wanted to save it! He kept saying, "Boy, if I hadn't made that promise, I would have kissed you a long time ago." It was so neat walking down the street with your arm around a boy. I always wished to. Finally we stopped in front of the house on the city sidewalk and hugged each other good-night. I felt so excellent! I told him I was sorta in a daze, he said he was, too. I don't know if I like him, but glad I have him. How I wished it were Paul.

7-2-65
Yesterday I was wearing perfume. Steve said, "Boy you smell nice tonight." I don't like him. I guess I sorta do because he likes me and he's someone to be with.

7-5-65
Mom's gonna let me cream the hair off me legs.

7-6-65
We have private interviews with school teacher. He said I have a creative mind and he wants to read my story.

7-7-65
Steve and I went to a CYO Dance. Scrubby and acky. Gave teacher me "Not Only Mortally."

7-8-65
Mr. [redacted], school teacher, said in front of class my story was magnificent. Wants me to read it in class tomorrow.

7-9-65
Read my story to the class. They all seemed real quiet when I finished. Mr. [redacted] read it to the first and third period classes. Said the first really loved it. He's the first one who read it that understood the ending. Even Sr. Elise had to have it explained.

7-12-65
Mr. [redacted] said everyone who heard my story thought it was marvelous and he's gonna try to get it published in a teenage magazine. Steve came over. He said do me a favor and let me give you a little kiss on the cheek. He did. When he left I got a horrible sick stomach ache. Doctor said I was nervous again and have to get rid of Steve. Glad! I want a boy but not a little old frosh. Someone about sixteen. Phil would do fine, thank you.

7-13-65
Mom said I should write this: She said by Christmas I'll have a few boyfriends, <u>good</u> ones. Not like Steve. Feeling down all day. John had some boyfriends in the pool, all his friends did was flip Bridget around and one guy told me to go away. I want to model myself on Jane, Paul's girl. I want to be just like her.

7-17-65
Walked to confession with Bridget. A car of guys asked us how old I was. I said, "You'll never know. Seventeen, do you believe it?" I got so flattered. I love it. I think I'll always wish I were a boy. They are so casual, easy-going. I want to be a boy so terribly. Oh, I guess I'm real emotional. The littlest thing can bring tears. A sad face. The sky. Paul. But he's not a little thing. He's the most important person in my life and I love him so much, you wouldn't believe it.

7-18-65
Wrote a lot on my story. Hope it turns out. Think it will. John's friend Ralph makes me sick. He's real cool and cute but all he does is talk and goof around with Bridget. And just because of her crappy hair. It really gets me down.

7-19-65
Mr. [redacted] said if I continue to write, in 2 yrs. I should be excellent with the pen. I had to write 750 words on "Happiness" and he told me it was very well-written, with some deep thoughts that were well-expressed.

7-26-65
Steve came over. Got rid of him in 5 mins. that I had to wash my hair. Mom keeps saying how much she loves me and all, but it just doesn't seem true.

7-28-65
I had a butt tonight. From Kath. Went to Lake Mills today, all except John. Mom was yelling before we left and quiet and pouty all day. She is just crazy! I brought the Beatle pillow and held

it all day, falling into dreams of Paul when she yelled. So Kath took her cigarettes out, started one and I took it from her. I inhaled it, too.

7-29-65
Mom's sorta calmed down, but now she and dad are on John and his hair again.

7-30-65
I almost started a rumble. I wore my funny fabric nylons and two boys came up. We talked to one and about 1/2 hr. later a girl came up and told us to "lay off" and she thought she was tough. We told her to get lost and a little later she brought about 10 girls. They danced and hit me with their rears, Kath pulled me away but they followed and continued. I swung around & said to one, "Get outa here, ya filth!" Then I hit toughy with my elbow. They left. Two came back and copied all the dances we did. A chaperone came and grabbed the two out. I got a lot of remarks, like "Did you tattoo them?" "Were you in a fire?" A few whistles, and a group of boys stood behind me and looked for a while. This was at a CYO dance. I felt real cool and excellent. I think those witches were pure jealous 'cas they were <u>dippy</u>!

7-31-65
Looking on yesterday I feel sorry for toughy. I was getting the attention she was used to getting and she was jealous. I got material for more funny nylons and for some skirts. Also blouse to match nylons. Wish Grandmother and Mom'd stop saying how "beautiful" I am. It gets to my head.

8-1-65
Watched a movie, "The Young Savages." About 3 juvenile delinquents who murdered another. I guess a juvenile can be put in the electric chair. That is horrible! That makes it nice and easy. Why not show a little humanity and try helping them! I don't know how but there must be <u>some</u> way! I'm staying at Grandmother's tonight again.

8-2-65
Kath & I walked about tonight and got asked if we wanted a ride at least a dozen times. It makes you feel cool. Both Kath & I wish we could get in just once to see what would happen.

8-3-65
The new attraction (to me, at least) is Bob Dylan. He's supposed to be a folk singer, but I sure don't think so. He writes songs and sells or sings them. He's sharp.

8-4-65
Read Catcher in the Rye by J. D. Salinger. It was really very, very good. Waited all day (I'm not kidding, all day I listened to the radio) for Bob Dylan's "Rolling Stone" and Sonny Bono's "Laugh at Me." Over at Grandmother's for the night. My life is such a terrible bore! All I do is sit! Kath sorta sits with me but at least she has a date or something to look forward to. That book was really good. I should go somewhere. I feel so mixed up or something. I wonder what Paul'd do.

8-6-65
Got rid of Steve over the phone in sorta a mean way. I tried to call back & say sorry for being mean or something, but his mom claimed he wasn't home (after he told her to say it).

8-7-65
I'm very highstrung and I wish danged people wouldn't bring up that filthy stinkin' junky lousy Steve. I keep thinking how bad he must feel. I shouldn't have been so mean. Crappy jerk. I can't bear him. Yak! Walking about downtown, I got a beep and a wave from 2 guys. I felt great, picked out from all those girls. I always think of how Phil asked me to go out with him.

8-9-65
Bought "Like a Rolling Stone" by Bob Dylan. I got a surprise. Grandmother snubbed John off, saying she won't go anywhere with him because of his hair. It hurt me and I cried. Took a few puffs of Kath's cig.

8-10-65
Well, I had meself a real cry-out, I just got so disgusted with the world and everything. I was gonna go to the ice cream stand with Kath. Mom made a big deal that I can't be running around. Everything is so boring and sad. There is really just nothing to do. I listen to records, write and read. That's it. If there was somewhere to go or someone to go with. I got no friend, except Linda in Brookfield!

8-11-65
I met one of John's friends, Micky. Golly, what a doll! We looked in each others eyes about a full minute. He was kidding me about my nylons. Boy, John and his hair. They won't let him in dances, some stores, he can't get a job. Poor, poor kid.

8-13-65
I'm sorta worried about Pius High School. The girls'll think I'm snooty and I won't have friends. I like a boy that looks hoody and everyone'll think he is, including mom!!

8-14-65
Family went to Rockford for a 50th Anniversary of one of grandpa's relatives. John, Kath & I drove around with our two 18-yr-old cousins and talked seriously about life, death, war, sex, etc. One cousin, J.C. was really excellent, not cute, but cool. I said some great philosophy and he asked how old I was & how what I said was so great for someone so young.

8-20-65
At the CYO dance, Fr. [redacted] brought me to the side and said there wasn't much skirt on my dress and he didn't like to see that. I replied, "Oh, sorry about that." I'm glad I have a sexy immoral dress.

8-21-65
Went to State Fair. Walked by one working guy there. He was young and sorta cute. Went past him and he went "pssst." I wasn't sure it was him so I went on. "Pssst." I looked back at him and he at me. I was mystified. I still am.

8-22-65
Kath, Bridget & I saw the Beatles' movie Help 3 times today. I have seen it 4 times so far. Kath's friend Linda told me how a woman gets pregnant. I'm glad, I'm sure, because I had much worse more horrible ideas of how a guys and girl's cells (or whatever) get together.

8-24-65
Catch this: Last Sunday Fr. [redacted] wouldn't let John in for the CYO breakfast. He said John's haircut was unchristian! I suppose it was christian to kick him out like that. No wonder John hates religion.

8-27-65
Boy, I think I truly hate mom. John & her made an agreement early summer he'd get his hair cut Aug. 28. But today she was screaming to cut it now. John got mad and said no. Mom took a belt and hit him across the face with it, then his back, four or five times. Some of his pimples began bleeding. I hated her so much. Kath told me it took her time to realize she hated Dad all her life. Pretty horrible to hate, actually hate your parents.

8-28-65
Dad keeps harping that John is gonna end up in a reformatory because of his haircut. The sides and back are sorta buzzed, but the top bangs are long to his eyebrows. Wish they'd leave him alone.

8-31-65
Well, John was told at Pius if he didn't cut his hair, he'd have to find another school. He's all for going to Tosa East. Mom and Dad have given up, the decision is his. First day at Pius tomorrow. Boy, am I nervous. I 'spoze there won't be any cute guys if they all gotta get their hair buzzed.

9-1-65
Had to go to Pius. Got in, got kicked out for wearing funny nylons. Went back. I didn't see any cute guys and everything's just horrible. I'm just so terrified. There's so many people to please. I like guys that look cool - but they're all guys that smoke and that. I don't want to get to be a bad person. I'm so scared. No one is like me and I don't know what I'm gonna do. I wish I never had to be a teenager. Boys were calling me skinny and that. They weren't any heroes, but just the same, I feel pretty bad. Oh, I got into that writing class. Isn't that wonderful. I might meet a cool guy there.

9-4-65
First Anniversary of Beatles Concert. It rained all day - the tears. I still cannot believe it's been so long, a year.

9-5-65
Boy, am I scared I'm gonna take the wrong path. I just want to smash windows, run down the middle of a deserted street and get hauled to a police station. I really want to. I'm crying now 'cas I'm afraid. I wish school would start. Maybe I'll feel more human. Please help me. I want to neck with a boy. I really do. Mom always says, "Oh, I know you won't do anything - you're my best girl." But I would! I wish someone could help me.

9-6-65
Dumb day, sat around at Grandmother's. I cried last night and Grandmother hugged me and everything. We got up for a snack and I felt all better. Wow, I can't wait for school, the 8th. I'll be going to Betty's. It's a coffee shop across the street from Pius. "Hood" hang-out.

9-7-65
Ready for tomorrow (I hope!). I'm scared!!! John says it's all right if I go to Betty's tomorrow. Gotta look cool. Really nice.

Reason I put " " about hood in yesterday's is 'cas I don't think it's the word. Hood means hoodlum. But "hoods" around here are just guys that wear black and got long hair. Collegiates are the others: they wear shorts, tennis shoes and madras. I consider myself a Mod, but others'd say I'm a hood. I don't got me uniform so I have to wear my Judes' skirt. I'm so sick! Nothing like advertising.

9-8-65
John walked me to Pius. I had a bit of a time up & down stairs but it fit in with the complete hallway confusion. In English this guy sat next to me, across the aisle. I looked at him, he at me. Before we left, we looked at each other at the same time. The same thing during science 'cept he ws staring at me a while. He's soo cute, Dave Werner. Didn't go to Betty's 'cas it was a big confusion.

9-9-65
Things okay, but went a little faster. Dave W. didn't look at me first class, but second: We were leaving, I looked at him, he turned and saw me, I turned away, he kept looking and I looked back. We looked at each other for a pretty long while. Wonder what he's thinking. Didn't go to Betty's again. No one'll go with me. John says, "Just find a cool kid." Oh, sure. Find cool kid. "Hi, wanna go to Betty's." Oh, I'm sure. Sure wonder what Dave thinks when he looks at me. Boy, there's some real dolls going there, but all in the upper grades.

9-10-65
Dave, in 1st class, looked at me & his books slid out of his hands. I felt so cool. I wish that someday, sometime, someone will be my friend. I want one so. No one seems to care or like me. Kerry's mom wouldn't let her go to the dance <u>with me</u>. Am I so bad? Why? Sometimes I want to be so bad & wish I had a boy to kiss real hard. But no. No one. I feel so sad. I want to be cool. And have friends. Where am I going? Where will I end up? Sometimes I want to be in an institution so there'll be someone to talk to and help me.

9-11-65
I just finished watching "Rebel Without a Cause." God, was that great. Story of a juvenile delinquent. I just <u>cried</u> after it. It was sooo good. Went downtown with Grandmother. On the bus coming home, these 3 guys were there. One whispered something to another and got up & sat behind way in the back of the bus. He kept watching me. The other 2 looked at him & smiled & looked at me. When we got off the bus, the one slid over the seat and watched me, real sad, as the bus left. I felt so great!

9-13-65
Well my school class schedule was changed. I'm not in those 2 classes with Dave. Oh, well. I guess it's not the end of the world. Dad's still harping on, "Why do you like the Beatles? What <u>are</u> they? They're not gods." All that crud. Boy, is he lame!!! Oh, Paul. I thought of you after dad screamed and I cried.

9-14-65
Felt so <u>down</u> tonight I cried and cried. I just felt so down because I feel no one likes me at all. I seem to be someone people have to bear or something. Why don't boys look at me? Dave isn't in any of my classes. I was so happy with the first schedule. John's so cool. He'll <u>ask</u> to walk me to school. I would think he wouldn't be caught dead with me. He <u>waits</u> for me!

9-15-65
Cried again tonight. I feel so alone and far away from the whole world. I feel like the furthest thing in people's minds. It looks like the summer is over. A few leaves are falling here and there. Wanted to take a walk so bad tonight. Mom yelled I couldn't.

9-16-65
Sent a letter to J.C. in Rockford. There's a guy in me science class that looks like Jeremy (from group Chad & Jeremy). Real cute. And a hall guard coming from lunch. <u>HUNK</u>! What a doll. I die every time I pass him. He's a senior, I'm pretty sure. What a hunk!

9-17-65
We had to stand up at school, say hobbies, interests and plans for the future. I said, "I don't have any real hobbies, except for maybe a Beatle scrapbook. My interests are anything English. My plans for the future... Well, I'd like to have a writing career if I can. If I can't, I'd like to go into something like psychiatry."

9-18-65
Went downtown with Bridget, mom & Grandmother. Saw a guy with <u>long</u> long hair. It made me feel good to know there's someone in this dippy town that'll look the way he likes to and not care what others say.

9-19-65
I feel terrible for <u>some</u> reason. I don't know. I get so involved in other's problems. I have such a crappy view of sex.

Everywhere you read, it says sex's terrible, awful, terrible. I'll probably feel self-conscious even when I'm married.

9-20-65
Dad bought a gallon of wine saying I should drink a glass every night before I go to bed. Mom's gonna investigate and see if it's okay.

9-21-65
This girl with polio in me class is calling me every night and that. Feel so down wishing I had a boyfriend. That means so much to me. I want someone to think about and want to see and hug. And I want someone to like me - a boy. The girls I talk to all have boys to think about, but I know if I said how I loved Paul, they'd think I was crazy.

9-22-65
Guess who's a little drunk. Ha! Me. Started to cry during "My Coloring Book" on the record player. "This is the man..." he is a man. Paul. Is a man. Dreamt I walked up to a guy at a bus stop and hit him on the rear when he stooped. He had real long blond hair. We kissed each other. He backed against a tree and we kissed hard.

9-23-65
About January 1964 I had a dream that an English boy came to Judes'. He had an armful of money and everyone was laughing at him. He walked away real meek and he dropped the money. Everyone was laughing as he picked it up and I felt sorry for him and helped him. The Beatles came to me the following February.

9-24-65
Saw <u>Help</u>, nine times now. Saw it with that Patty, girl at school with polio. She gets on my nerves.

9-27-65
The doctor gave me some nerve pills to take 3x's a day. I'm also taking liver & iron tablets. I'm gonna try to shake that girl with polio down a bit. I really don't want to be torking around with her. Boy, am I dumb! I complain I don't have friends and shake all the ones I get. What's wrong with me. I feel free to forgive other's faults...what's wrong?! I should see a psychiatrist. Boy. John gave me a cigarette. It's in me purse. Also--I resent girls that get into like sex things, but I think I could, I see how they can...yet I resent them but forgive the boys. Oh, I'm crazy. If it weren't for Paul, I'd be crazy in this mixed-up world.

9-28-65
Well today I got in a car, or got picked up by 2 boys. Right after school. They stopped, one said, "Are you a freshman?" I said, "That will be something I'll never tell." "Want a ride? We go to the same school and everything." "I wouldn't bet my last dollar on that." He got out, the other drove off. He came up to me and said, "Don't you want a ride?" "Well, you're going that way, I'm going this way." "We'll go that way." Some of my hair was sticking on my lipstick. He drew it away and said, "Do you like to suck on your hair?" "No, it just stuck there." "Well, I'm a senior. Are you gonna come?" "Well, I 'spoze." Just then the car drove up and we got in. I said, "This won't be much of a ride. I just live a few blocks down the way." They drove to the ice cream stop. I said, "Oh, you're not gonna take me in here. Crummy collegiate." The other said, "Don't you like collegiates." "Not really." They drove to my house, I turned to get out and the other had his foot in my way. I took my heel and bashed it on his toe. He said, "What did you do that for?" "Well, it looked so fun." He got out and I did. He took my hand and said, "See ya tomorrow." I twisted his hand and said, "Well, I guess so." That wasn't bad, was it? We didn't <u>do</u> anything. I told John. I guess just the idea of getting into a car with strange boys is the bad part. I didn't hurt anyone so I guess it's OK.

10-3-65
Freshmen Meetball Social today. Went and the first half was pretty boring. Some guys were making fun of my boots - so I went up to them and told them to leave me alone, I didn't do anything to them, and quit making spots of theirselves. One of them whispered to me so the others couldn't hear, "I'm sorry." I left them and a girl comes up, starts talking to me and says she wants me to meet someone. It turned out to be the same guy that said he was sorry. We danced a few, then he left. Later he came back. We danced and I was hoping like heck he'd ask to walk me home. He did! Found out he has 10 brothers, 2 sisters & his mother is dead. He was real cool. He had boots and suspenders and he isn't <u>really</u> cute but there's something about him that attracts. I like him. His name's Tim. Brown hair & eyes, lean, slim, 5'9". He's cool. He walked me home, practically on the other side of the sidewalk but he's real cool. He said he'll see me in school tomorrow. Excellent. He saved me from the one other guy. He danced with me and was hanging around. He acted exactly like Steve. I got on the floor while dancing and a chaperone made me get up. I expected that! Oh, well. Sooo glad. I feel all cool.

10-4-65
Saw Tim in the corridors and we talked awhile. He waited for me to walk me home. Is that cool? I'm not energetic about it yet because I simply <u>don't</u> believe it! A lot of girls asked me

questions about how I met him and that. I guess he's really popular. I'm soo happy. Mom said she didn't approve of me wearing boots everywhere because I might be attracted to the 'wrong crowd.' I shouted at her and slammed my door. I cried real much. We talked though and got straightened out. She said she was sorry!

10-5-65
Tim walked me home from school. Later I went to the drugstore. He called on the phone, mom told him I was there. He came. Bridget was with me. He brought a friend who happened to swear real much and was a real hood. I showed Tim I didn't like him and he said he would not bring him anymore if it made me happy. We walked down to the river and back. He gave me his picture and wants mine. Then he called, we talked from 8:10 to 9:30. He said I was beautiful, I said he was cool. I was sick 'cas of that 'friend' and B. was along yet. UGH. I felt sorry for him. Tim says he doesn't have any friends.

10-7-65
I don't know. It seems that I'm real friends with Janet, the girl who introduced me to Tim. She's real nice and everything but she smokes. I don't know why I'm worrying about that. It just doesn't seem right. Why do I worry so much? I'm crazy. Absolutely crazy. I hate myself. Here I get picked up and everything and I feel guilty going with a girl that smokes once in a while. Oh, Sullivan, you beat the cake. Tim called for a few minutes tonight. I got a pair of round-framed glasses. They're black. Wish I was a boy. I hate being a crappy girl. Girls just seem to be a big symbol of sex. I hate it.

10-8-65
Tim didn't like my glasses and he didn't wait to walk me home. I'm mad at him now. He's so queer or something. Janet came over a while, we talked and that. She's real nice. Kids at school just gaped at my glasses like they didn't believe it.

10-9-65
Downtown with Bridget all day. Mom started yelling that I had eyeliner on and made me take it off. I told her she ought to join the Golden Age Club. Kath wore it when she was a freshman and it was OK because it was just a 'passing phase.' John has his hair for a 'phase'! Why can't I have a 'phase'!

10-11-65
Tim wasn't waiting for me again. Janet came over after school and we made pompoms for the homecoming floats. This one baby frosh boy was standing in the lunchroom calling me "beanpole." I went up to him and said, "Listen, do you think you're some kind of a

hunk with a big build or something?" He said, "Yeah," like a baby. So I said, "Yeah, well, your mother must have told you that!" He really shut up!

10-12-65
Janet saw Tim walking and laughing with another girl today, so that's why. No great loss. He wasn't worth fighting over anywho! I think half the fun of school is looking at the hunky boys. Wow are there some HUNKS! Just gorgeous. I can't stand those immature freshmen boys. They're so bigmouthed and horrible. That one guy didn't say anything to me today about "beanpole." I am not!

10-13-65
Saw those guys that picked me up. The driver one put his arm around my waist and it made me feel good. I know he just did it for kicks. I think every normal girl gets picked up once in her life.

10-15-65
Went shopping with Janet. We went to Johnny Walkers' [the cool men's clothing store] and struck up a conversation with two hunky clerks. It was really excellent. Boy, is Janet sheltered! She can't go to CYO dances or anything! During homeroom period today a bunch of kids were standing around me asking questions about my being so English and weird. It was really cool. Made me feel sharp. They seemed to admire me.

10-18-65
Talked to that Patty on the phone. She gets me so mad. She's horribly ugly and keeps saying she thinks she looks a little like one of the Beatles' girlfriends or something.

10-20-65
I wish I could really look at myself and see what I need, how I am, what I do. I want to please someone, someone to please me, one who will adore me and be very kind and gentle with me.

10-22-65
Out-of-uniform day at school. Mr. [redacted] sent me to Sr. Alphonso. She yelled at me about my hair & skirt & glasses. She said she was gonna call Mom and if Mom wasn't cooperative I should find another school. Is she a bitty! Tonight Dad & Mom were yelling. My mind flew and I was out the front door. Headlights were coming at me & I felt the world too big for me. I went to an old tree, leaned against it and cried. I had no coat & was cold. I thought of trying to find John, of calling my Religion teacher who said she'd always help us with problems, I thought of going to

Grandmothers'. It was so dark, I was so cold, lights flew and flew past me. The world was just too big. I talked like in a daze toward the house. Kath called me. I went up to her and we put our arms around each other and cried. Finally Mom drove up, she'd been out looking for me. She put her arms around me, gave me her coat, told me I was emotionally upset and never do that again. I just wanted to run far far away from everything - and start over.

10-26-65
I've been forgetting to write this for a long time: I still suck my thumb at night. Sometimes so hard I have a sore where my thumb bends. I have ever since I can remember. I can't sleep if I don't!

10-27-65
Showed John a picture of the most famous model in the world and he said, "That's what you should do... be a model." That was pretty excellent. The Granny look is the newest - empire dresses to the ankles. No one around here'd have the guts to wear them. I would. I really would. Out in the streets. Sure. Wish I'd be either a successful writer, model, or folk-rock singer. In that order. Mostly I want a real excellent guy that loves me.

10-31-65
When I was small (before I can even remember) I always had a kick for hats - sun bonnets, cowboy hats, and even raccoon Davy Crockett hats. Now I still have a kick for crazy hats. I remember for my 4th birthday, it was a Davy Crockett party. I remember in Daddy's den when Mom was helping me into my Crockett suit. I remember being all excited. I also remember getting up early, swinging in the back yard, singing 'Davy Crockett' at the top of me voice.

11-1-65
I sure hope that dressing like I do doesn't scare the boys away. I'm so flashy all around. My dancing, my goofing around, dressing, everything. It'll be too horrid 'cas I sure am not gonna change into a blender with the pattern of 'people' just to get some dumb boy who won't accept an individual. Some night I'm gonna dress like a boy and walk down some cool streets - being thought of as a boy.

11-2-65
Oh. Oh! Oh. Walking home from school. "Kin I talk to you?" A guy. "Yeah, what about?" I asked. He gave me a note: In short it said he's been watching me since walking from school to Grandmother's on Sept. 26 and he thinks it's about time we meet. He thinks we could have fun together. Blind date tonight. I

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wrote on it my phone no. and "I can't go with you like this." I gave it back to the guy, who said he was his friend. The guy who wrote the note, Larrie [redacted] called. We agreed to meet at the drugstore. Mom wouldn't let me out of the house. I cried, we had a horrible fight, but I went to her and we made up. He phoned and asked if he could come over to the house. OK. We went to the basement with Kath and her boyfriend. We sat, talking, goofing around. He smoked. He asked if our piano worked. Yes. He played real great - songs he made up. Real, real good. John nodded, mom nodded. We went outside, stood outside the kitchen window talking about cars, dreams, our childhood, his looking for me at the drugstore and watching me for so long. At 9:45 he had to leave, so we walked to the back door. He put his hand on my hair and pulled me over. I kissed him, he kissed me. Real soft and gentle. Bye. See you tomorrow after school.

Me. Weird me. He was the same guy that gave me the note. Said he didn't know any other way to meet me. Weird me. He's a junior, 17 yrs old. Mom doesn't like that too well. About 5'6", light brown hair, slightly blond. Blue eyes. Cute. Sweet. I'm so so happy. To <u>hell</u> with Tim and Steve. Play babies! Phooey! Ugh! I'd laugh in their faces! Oh.

Paul. You see, Paul. It's happening. He really likes me. He really does. And I like him, Paul. Oh, Paul. See.

11-3-65
Thought of Larrie all day. Then after school, waited for him. A guy buzzed by on a motorcycle. He came back & stopped by me, looked at me. I said, "Are you having problems?" "No, everything's fine." He left. Phil! It came to me. Oh, he looked exactly. John says it can't be, he's in the army. No. It was him. Went home, Larrie was at the piano. We went to his house and when he drove me home we kissed, put our arms around each other & hugged & kissed real hard. When we were talking he handed me a note saying he was sorry he kissed me the night before. I said he should never regret anything because at the time he <u>wanted</u> to do it. He looked at me sort of admiringly and said, "You're cute." Felt so cool! Mom keeps saying I should ask if he's Catholic. I'm sure it matters! We're not getting <u>married</u> or anything. If he's nice, <u>so what</u>! I really like him. Not just because he likes me. Because he's excellent & can be serious and cool. Tough.

11-4-65
Thought all day of Larrie again. Went to his house. He looked <u>so</u> tough. His hair was falling on his face and he looked so good. We kissed, hugged and kissed hard. He came over after supper. We were gonna leave but Mom said no. We went in the basement, played records. We just sat on the couch next to each other. Finally, he put his head on my shoulder, but took it off. I put mine on

his, took it off. He put his back on mine, I put mine on top of his head.

Before when he had kissed me he said he loved me.

Then I danced for him on the floor and we danced the Jerk together. Dad came home and made a silent hemorrhage upstairs. Mom said he'd have to leave. He did, we went to the car but Dad came out. We both wanted to kiss, but Dad stood there so we looked at each other sort of longingly.

11-7-65
We went to the lakeshore. We went holding hands. Arms around each other we strolled on the shore. We were so happy. So happy. We kissed 4 times. The cold winds blew our hair and we sat embracing. It was beautiful. Love. Love. I kept saying inside me: Larrie, Larrie. On the beach I told him I loved him. We are happy. We love each other. We can tell it in each other's eyes.

Paul, I think I have found you. I think I have really found you. In Larrie. We are happy. We love.

11-9-65
THIRTY DAYS, by Sheila Sullivan

They're gonna try and work real hard
They're gonna try make our life barred
Like hell or jail or where they guard
Those they think their minds are marred
And they don't take time to read the card
Telling how life is only a Prison Yard
That one must have to live in.

They tell you what to do and say
How to die and how to pray
Punishing those who break away
Forever for their "sin" they pay
For the torture is hurled night and day
Tearing their strength and left to fray
Until their minds and hearts are shattered

Oh, how long will it take
For this inhumanity to break
But I'm not gonna wait
Time is much too precious

Existing only in shouts and fears
Like animals that can't see nor hear
They wander in an echo of jeer
The only ones to help and steer
Are those who stand and swear and leer
And take delight to see them peer
Out like they're gonna have to stay there

The earth's a mass of locks and bolts
The key is made of solid gold
But it's too far to catch and hold
We're all bound to be a mold
Of everyone else that are not sold
To the truths that no one has been told
And they're gonna sit and not seek them

It's too bad it's this way
And none of us will live to see the day
When life will be life
And not some sad dungeon

11-10-65
Larrie and I walked to the drugstore. We put our arms around each other's waists and joked and laughed and were terribly happy. As we walked home, mom drove up along the road. We were so happy walking along. He left and Mom started saying how what we did (walking with arms about waists) was vulgar and bad to do. My depression fell deeper. Went to the basement, turned out all the lights and played Bob Dylan. I cried and understood his songs. Beautiful. I want so to be happy and show the world I'm happy, but now they tell me it's wrong.

11-11-65
Such a bad depressed mood again that I made an appointment with my Religion nun. What gets me down is I'm wasting time in school. I could be out mingling with <u>life</u> and that's why I'm here. To find God in people but I'm in a rut.

Lar's got tickets to Milwaukee Symphony but mom says I can't go because of immature judgment. She figures because Lar and I had our arms around waists, I'm immature.

11-12-65
Mom said it's OK to go to the Symphony.

11-14-65
Bought Bob Dylan's album "The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan." It's <u>real</u> good.

11-15-65
Talked to Lar on the phone. We talked about doing things that could lead up to getting a girl pregnant. He told me it was for kicks. I sort of lectured. I talked, then everything was quiet for a long time, and I'd talk again. I said it was stupid if you did it without meaning and feeling. I said if you're gonna go through life saying "I don't care" to everything, you're gonna end up in jail. And if you don't leave something for being sacred, your life will be with no deep feeling. I guess he felt guilty then. He was sad.

11-16-65
Larrie is gone. He has left me. By phone he told me he was no good and it would be best if I promised to forget him. I will not forget you, Larrie. I will never forget you. I love you. I cried all night and my heart broke. I slept with Mom. I didn't sleep. Down by the lake and the wind rushed and the waters splashed on the rocks. And we sat together and I loved him. His songs and smiles. I'll never forget you, Larrie. You were my Paul. And you have left me. You never meant it when you said you loved me. I meant it, Larrie.

11-17-65
Woke and cried. Didn't go to school. Mom kept me home because of the state I was in. But. He called. Yes. We were silent, then began gradually conversing. He said he didn't know why he did it and he was crazy and stupid and awkward. I feel sorry for him. He is so mixed up. He told me before that he had attempted suicide and his mom had taken him to a psychiatrist.

11-18-65
Lar's dad said to me, "Sheila, you're a nice girl and I like you, but don't take life so serious." That's probably true.

11-19-65
Didn't see Lar but we talked on phone. Horrible. You know - he said something. He said... I'm not going to say it. He just thinks it's okay to get all worked up just so there's no intercourse. John had gotten a harmonica for this birthday. I've been stealing it and playing it to Bob Dylan. John says I'm one up on him on the harmonica. I'd like to be a folk-rock singer. Like "message songs."

11-22-65
Something tingled inside me when I kissed Lar tonight. Something really went voom when I kissed him. One thing about him though is he wants to be the show-off. No one else. I can't even show-off to him. He wants to to me. One thing I can't bring myself to chucking is my dolls, Cindy & Candy. I had so much fun with those

dumb things. Oh, Larrie. I love him and I think he has a small love for me.

11-23-65
Lar came and we went in the basement. Mom left and Dad started yelling we should come upstairs or Lar goes home. I got mad. Lar got real quiet. He left, both of us in a deep mood. We didn't kiss or hug once!

11-24-65
I want to know life. Doesn't that sound queer. I want to know life. I want to see what it really is, backstage. I want to know how it is directed and played. I read books, but most of it is already known or is worthless. Why does Larrie like to keep himself a mystery? Why does he keep me guessing all the time? I bet if I really knew him he'd be afraid of me. I'd know his secret. What is it?

11-25-65
Oh. Kath, me and Patty saw the Rolling Stones tonight. They are so excellent. We were about 15 ft. away from Keith & we could see him so good, as well as the others. Mick danced around so & was so cool. He took off his jacket while singing and pretended he was going to throw it into the audience. Everyone was hysterical. He didn't. Keith was looking our way a lot and he must have smiled at <u>us</u> a few times. He looked like he was smiling at us a lot. Patty and I kept shouting "Keith!" He is so cute. Patty had brought along a bag of jelly beans and I threw about 5-6 of them. Then an usher came up to me and said if I threw any more he was gonna throw me out. Was I mad! (I hit Keith in the shoulder with one.) Bill was so solemn and expressionless he drove me crazy. He stood like a stone and played his guitar. Mick kept dodging the newspaperman's camera on purpose. Once he sat over the side of the stage and as the cameraman was about to snap, he jumped up real quick. Keith was smiling so much and bouncing and turning around towards the drummer. We were so close to them, we could see so very plainly. I was really bouncing on my seat, stomping and my throat is still raw from screaming to Keith. I was wearing me round glasses. I hope he noticed them. I hope he liked them. He has such a sweet smile. Why are English boys so individual? Some are so ugly, they're cute!

11-26-65
Lar said, "Do you like me enough to tie yourself down?" "Uh-huh." He then asked me to go steady with him. I said I'd tell him tomorrow. Mom says no, she doesn't want me tying myself down to one boy. I called Grandmother and she said if mom says no, I should just go with him behind her back. I intend to. I will. It isn't mom's decision. It's my life. Yes, I will go with you.

I want to be his girl. I want to wear his ring. I am wearing earrings. Long dangly ones. They're very pretty.

11-27-65
Larrie and I are going steady. I told him yes and now I have his ring on. He came to Grandmother's, we played records, danced a bit, talked, goofed around, and hugged and kissed. Now I'm his girl. Mom doesn't know it and would be very mad if she found out. Don't know how to prevent her from seeing the ring. She took me earrings and hid them. I got some other ones and I'm only gonna wear 'm away from her.

11-28-65
Getting pretty scared about the ring. I'm gonna let everyone on how I'm gonna give it back for safety sake, but keep it and let no one see it or know. I have to. Went to his house. We tried to shoot rubber bands into a hole in the ceiling and played by putting fuzz in his hair from the rug. We wrestled for fun and I held the door shut when he tried to get out of the bathroom. Like yesterday, I massaged his shoulders - he likes that. People say that's bad, but it doesn't hurt anyone in our case.

11-29-65
Kath said she had a talk with Mom and if she finds that ring, she's going to have a fit. Told Lar I have to give it back, his only reaction was "Darn it, why can't we go steady?" I wish... I wonder if we can go steady without a ring? Hmmm. I think I'll ask Lar. Gee. Parents. I'm sure. Ugh. Please, God, someday let us be free to love and be accepted. We need it.

11-30-65
Gave Lar the ring back. At the time he laughed. We went to the store with his parents and torked about on our own. We talked in English accents and held hands and joked and laughed and showed each other off and were happy. He said, "Couldn't you just take the ring and tell yer mom it's just to make the kids think we're going steady?" Darn! I want that ring.

12-1-65
In Bridget's class, Sr. Vergiline started speeching and said, "Last year we had a row of all inconsiderate, rude girls and the sister of the leader of them is in this class!" Me! What a real honor. I never considered myself the leader. How neat! Ha! - Tomorrow is Lar's and my first monthiversary.

12-5-65
One line that makes me think men are cute is, "The only way to get through to a man is through his stomach." Darling. I really like boys. Especially Lar.

12-6-65
That Patty, the little cripple in me class, really likes me. In fact, I think I'm practically her idol. No lie. She has a friend who's actually dying to meet me and Pat calls every day or follows me at school. I really don't favor her, but I'll live.

12-7-65
My problem is that I can't accept life for what it is... like it is presented to me. I feel there is something deep and wonderful underneath it that no one has found. Life is too meaningless as it is now. Just an everyday failure.

12-8-65
J.C. wrote he'd like to come over. Mom says no place for him to sleep. I'm sure. Wish he could come. That Patty really likes me too much.

12-10-65
Lar called, asking if I could come over. Mom said no. It seems once I said, "I'd do just about anything to keep a sweet boyfriend." Mom took it in a dirty way so it bothered her. So she thinks I'm doing all kinds of bad things. Then she was mad 'cas Lar doesn't have a job and money to take me out. I was hurt at Mom's thinking I'd do bad things.

12-11-65
Went to Lar's. We talked. He doesn't see what's wrong with putting his hand on my chest. Says he doesn't want it for sex, because he loves me and it makes him feel wanted. He was convincing, I believe he has good intentions. Said it'd be the same thing as touching my back, mean the same. I want to let him but I know if I do I'll feel bothered about it. Before we sat & talked he tole me to pull my hair off my neck. Then he took a red chiffon scarf and tied it around my neck. "It's yours, keep it." He gave it to me. He wants me to decide if he can or can't touch me by tomorrow. I just don't know. Are we too involved? Will it lead to something? Can he control himself? Is he telling me the truth about loving me? These are the questions that I have to answer to decide and it's hard to answer them. Later we went to the movies, then drove to 74th Street and stopped the car. I took off my coat 'cas it was in my way. He pulled my sweater out of my pants and rubbed my back. He held me tight and whispered in my ear, "I have to be loved." He was panting and I got a weird feeling. I started crying and held on to him still. He started

the car after I moved away to dry my eyes. He asked what the matter was, I wouldn't tell him. When we got home he got out and asked what the matter was. I said, "Do you think we're too involved?" "No." He said a few minutes of silence later, "I've got to be loved." "You are! I just don't know what to do!" We kissed goodnight and he left. Oh, I just don't know. After I'm done writing in you, I'm going to write myself a letter concerning those 4 questions. Then maybe I can decide. My question: If it's the same as touching my back, then why can't he do that instead? Oh, help me decide the right thing. God. Help me.

12-12-65
At church I prayed God would help me make the right decision. I got it and I was so happy. Tears came down right in church. Everyone there looked beautiful and after Mass I told Bridget I loved her. Went to his house. We sat on his couch and hugged and were happy together. Then I had to come home. I told him my decision: I would have to trust him and we wouldn't do it for sex's sake, so it's all right. He was glad. I felt so wonderful all of a sudden I sat at the piano and began playing. Mom walked in from the kitchen and said that was beautiful. We put our arms around each other and she started crying. She said she was so happy, she thought I'd never play the piano again. She said it was a long time since she's cried tears of joy. I went up to her and whispered, "I think I'm in love." She said, "I think you are, too, dear." While on the phone with Lar, I said, "I wish we were going steady." He said, "We are." He said, instead of the ring, let's consider the scarf as the token of going steady. Yes, yes!

12-13-65
Kept the red scarf in my blazer pocket in school today. He was here when I got home from school. He asked me to scratch his back. I did. His back was soft. Not smooth though. I liked it. I love him. I hoped that he really loves me. I hope we can last forever. I wish we were married. I'd like to snuggle up to him in bed. Pure heaven. Happiness. I love him. Make him love me. I'm loving God more, too. Maybe because of him.

12-14-65
Mom says it's worrying her 'cas Lar's Protestant and it just might happen we get married. Kathy's being real mean to me. She said, "I hope you're writing all these stupid things in yer diary so you can read back and laugh when you're 17." Mom says she's jealous and doesn't want me to get ahead of her. Gave Lar all my poems to read at his request. Hope he understands me and Paul.

12-18-65
Larrie & I agreed to forget this afternoon. We were in his basement and he got a bit worked up. I said no. He thought after I said, "Let's forget it" that I was brushing him off. We got it

straightened out. Had a big family fight this afternoon. I just stayed up in my room away from it all. I didn't want to leave Lar. I want to just go away with him and get married.

12-19-65
Listening to the radio hoping to hear the Beatles' Christmas Greeting record. They've made me who I are. I've grown up thru them. If it weren't fer them, I'd probably still be playing house. I still am playing - thru my stories. They come from my fantasy world - my other half.

12-20-65
Wish I could do what I please. Wish I could wear bell-bottom pants to Christmas Mass. Don't know what to wear and can't find a dress to buy. Getting to hate Pius. Guess I'm just a rebellious teenager. Wish there weren't uniforms. Gak. There isn't any cute guys, they're all huge ugly football players or sumthing. The teachers are so spazzy. Bob Dylan. I really like him a lot. He's got it. He's got the neatest horrible voice that can't carry a tune.

12-22-65
Lar asked me if I could French kiss. I don't like it so well but I guess it's okay. It sorta starts me up though.

12-23-65
Went to Lar's basement to play records. His dad called him and told him no mushy stuff. Lar came back down very mad. He said all on account of his brother. I guess his brother got a girl pregnant so his parents are overprotecting Lar. He got <u>so</u> mad! I love him so much. I'm now seeing (in a normal way) what sex attraction is. I love to scratch his back for him. He's so gentle and good to me. I wish we were married so we could <u>really</u> be happy. No one could tell us what to do.

12-24-65
I am glad I write in you. It helps to remember what drifts from me. I hope day by day I have come more closer to truths in life.

12-26-65
Last night I guess I was squirming on Lar. He said he liked it... I did, too!

12-27-65
Went to Lar's. We drove out, way out, and sat with our arms around each other for a bit. I put my arms around his neck, his around my waist. He didn't kiss me but just sat, not even hugging

me, real limp. I asked why. He said "Nothing." He drove me home. I kissed him goodnight but he moved back. What is the matter with him? Oh, I wish I knew what to do! This can't go on. Oh. Do I really love Larrie? I wish I knew. I don't.

12-28-65
Lar called. He told me he wanted more. He said as far as we can but not getting me pregnant. I said no. He said choice of that or us breaking up. We hung up. I cried, called him and asked what he thought love really was. Before he'd told me he wasn't ever happy with me, he was just pretending. It was so so hard but I choked out, "I guess we've got to forget each other." We hung up. Went to mom and told her. She said he'd call back, that all boys try that just to test you. Fifteen minutes later, he called. "Just once?" He kept begging me, I said no. He just pleaded. I felt so sorry for him. He was so driven by sex appetite. I kept saying no and he asked if I'd meet him under 76th Street bridge. I hesitated, afraid what he might try 'cas he didn't know what he was doing he was so filled with passion. But I agreed. Then he kept saying now I hated him, but I said no, it just proves he's human. That poor, sweet dear. I feel so so sorry for boys with such a strong passion in them. He tried to convince me but I felt there's no good in it for either of us, so why do it. Mom was so proud of me, she said I'm more grown-up than she thought I was.

12-29-65
Met Lar and he gave me a note: "My name's Jessie James," phone no. & his address, and "I think we could have alot of fun together." On the other side he put, "I surrender. Let's start a new. OK?" - He couldn't look me in the eye and he looked pale and tired. We hugged. Oh, I was so touched. He's so so sweet. We went to his house, an air of uneasiness. But it broke when we played pool - though he'd look at me sorta ashamed. Later we drove way out and stopped. We hugged and kissed and both were relieved it was forgotten. My blouse kept opening in the back because the buttonholes are too big. He was buttoning them when a truck drove past. As the man saw what Lar was doing, he got the wrong idea and blew his horn and gave us a real dirty look. We laughed. We goofed & joked real much. He's just so sweet. He couldn't help it.

12-31-65
The end of another fine year. Lar came over early & sat about when dad started yelling I was getting too near him and hanging on him too much. After a bit of a fight, Lar left. Later he came over for New Year's Eve. Mostly he played piano. I was pretty miserable all night 'cas everyone'd hemmorhage when I'd get near Lar, so I couldn't hug him or anything. But when we danced I could hold him and I felt so good. At midnight, Lar & I kissed and drank pink champagne "to us." This year I'd like to get to fully understand Bob Dylan, 'cas I think he's got an excellent

mind. Very complicated. And I'd like to see my writing flourish out so that the people can read it and I can see if what moves me moves others. I guess the real outstanding points of his year is that I have discovered life exists. Lives besides my own and I'm gonna have to make a set of rules before I can go out and choose right from wrong. And once more, diary, I've filled you with all the honest-to-God truths. This is me. This is my mind and my life in my own words. This is me becoming a human being.

1-1-66
I continue my life. Today I'm in a horrid depressed mood and I've felt very sexually stimulated.

1-2
Today's our second monthiversary!! Anyhow we sat on the couch. I leaned back on the pillows and he sorta laid on top of me. We just laid there. We kissed about 3x's but hugged. It was so neeeet.

1-6
I'm on a health kick 'cas I'm ugly. Want my hair to look prettier and get a better figure. It's established all around that Thursday is fairy day. The boys hold the boys' hands, girls send each other love letters, etc. It's really funny and Patty & I like to overdo it. It's really pretty funny.

1-10
Big fight. I'm wearing too much make-up and "a big black line" under my eyes. Well, Mom wants no nothing on my eyes except a millionth of a speck of mascara on my eyelashes. She said 'cas I wore it I couldn't see Lar for 2 wks. After school he came over but hd to leave - mom said he had to go. He looked so so sad and said to me I wasn't the only one she was punishing. I took off all bottom eyelines and Mom said she <u>still</u> saw a "big black line." Dad said he couldn't see anything and they started about how they're not backing each other up. Went downstairs and told mom I'd do what she said - BIG CHOICE. I don't wear any make-up now. Mascara, 3 layers, with no eyeliner. I feel naked, absolutely childish and babyish. No grown-up feel. Plain old cleanly scrubbed SKIN! Mom said now I could see Lar Saturday.

1-12
I have a horrible temptation for sex acts. I'd never do them with anyone, though I do play with myself, which is supposed to be wrong. But I can't see it's wrong. I don't want it to be wrong, 'cas I can't help it. I'm afraid what could become of me, the way I'm going.

1-13
Patty and I were talking on the phone (remember--today's Thursday) and she accepted my asking her to go "steady" with me on Thursdays. It's really a bit of a larf.

1-14
I guess J.C. can come over the 30th for the day. I hope so. I forgot what he looks like and it's a fine thing not to even have any idea what a guy you write to all the time even looks like.

Specially when you've seen him before. He's a great Bob Dylan fan and plays a folk guitar in a group, I guess. I'm getting sick of no ideas for stories. I have an idea but it's sorta a dirty story and I don't think anyone'd appreciate it but me.

1-15
That Lar would love me in the same way I love him. Never hurt him, be near him always, maybe to marry. I want love. I need it. Please give it to me, Lar. I want it from you. I wished it was all right for us to undress and embrace. Maybe that's a horrible thing to say. But I want it. And I'm glad I can be strong and not do it. I want to run my hand over his back. I hope saying and wanting this is not wrong. Why should it be? Well, diary, now you know what I wished I could do concerning him.

1-17
Had to go to Sr. Alphonsa 'cas I was out of uniform and she said I had to cut my bangs. What an old bag!

1-18
Went to Alphonsa and she said they were <u>still</u> too long (my bangs). She said come back tomorrow. I'm not cutting them again. I'll just rat them up.

1-19
Went to Alphonsa. Didn't cut my bangs but ratted them up so they looked shorter and she said "Satisfactory" and as I left her office I raked 'em back down with my finger. When I got out I started laughing.

1-22
I don't wanna write this in you 'cas I'm afraid someone'll read it, but here goes. I play with myself. At night in bed before I go to sleep. Sometimes in the day I'll be reading or sumthin' & get worked up and play just for the feel it gives me. A good feeling. Guess I'm bad--

1-24
My goal: To save money from my job and get enough to spend about a month in a slum of Chicago or someplace. To go to a Cafe Espresso (beatnik hang-out). To write. These are my destinies.

1-26
Patty is getting new leg braces. She had polio when she was real real young. I think our friendship'll be very lasting. I hope it is 'cas I like her an awful lot. And she makes the idea friend. I sorta told her indirectly in a note that I play with myself. I

can tell her things like that she's so good. And she tells me things she's never told anyone.

1-28
Well, Lar wants me to just touch him. He won't touch me, I should just to him. We talked about it for about 2 hrs. on the phone. I said I knew I shouldn't do it. He asked me if I ever got the urge to have intercourse. I said "a lot." He asked what do I do when I have the urge. Then I said to him, "I play with myself." It was so silent. And he said, "Show me one person that doesn't." I was so relieved. I was waiting for him to think horribly of me. He said he played with himself and told his father. I said I'd tell him tomorrow if I would or not. I shouldn't, I just know it. But I want it. And I want something new - I'm uneasy and unsatisfied with what I already have experienced. But if I do, I'll turn into something I hate. A girl who does bad and knows it's wrong. And even more, she leads the boy to losing control of himself. Oh, Larrie.

1-29
Went to Lar's house and played a little pool. We sat on the couch. I sensed it right away. He was giving me the opportunity to touch him (he said last night instead of telling him I should just do or don't). I didn't. He looked very sulky and I knew then he was gonna say, "I guess your answer is 'no.'" He did say it. I kept saying I just don't know. He looked all sad. He kept saying why, just try it, come on. Later I called Patty and asked what I should do. She said absolutely I shouldn't 'cas she knows you lost self-respect that way. And I know I get completely worked up even <u>THINKING</u> about doing it.

1-30
We said good-bye. Mom said what was troubling me & I told her about Lar. She said we must break up 'cas she doesn't like her daughter being exposed to sex. I cried & said I try to be good, get good marks, don't hang about with bad kids, believe in God, I don't know what else to do to convince her I'm good. She said OK, one more chance. Went to Lar's for supper & told him what Mom told me to: If he ever brings up us doing anything, we're through. He acted funny all night. When he brought me home he said we'd better break up 'cas of Mom. I said she's not making us break up, is it 'cas you want to? He said yes, and that he would come later to get his necklace. Good-bye.

1-31
In first period Gym class, the teacher made me write a 250-word theme 'cas I wasn't participating in class. Lar was getting me so down I just didn't feel like it. I began crying, leaning in a corner, 'cas Lar made me so sad. Everyone stood around. I'm sure. That was the only breakdown I had today.

2-2
Had a detention after school so didn't get home til 4:30. John said Lar had been there but left after waitin a bit. I don't know if I was glad or not for not bein there. Stayin over night at Grandmother's. I wish I could go away from here so bad. I want to roam off on my own just me and I'll have a love or two. But I'll move on... move on. And my mind dwells on sex and I am stimulated by its words and I crave for the actions I cannot perform or have performed. I want to write and I want to be known over and understood. I wonder if he wanted to come back to me or merely came to take his necklace from me. If he wants to return, I will have to tell him he cannot. Either way I will say I wished you hadn't tossed me around like you did.

2-3
He called tonight. Didn't try to come back. I was so sad. Grandmother told me about boys, masturbation and about their sex organ. I'm sure I even KNEW any of that stuff. Gods! Boys do got it pretty rough with that. Decided after listenin to Bobby Dylan to walk. I felt so free. Wore my fur vest and bell-bottom pants and as I walked among the factories, etc., I felt and pretended I was a roamer and just came from Chicago. It was neat pretending to myself. I guess tomorrow I'm gonna take Lar's records & necklace to his house when he's at school so I don't have to see him and break down again. Mom insists he's using me for sex pleasure just by talkin about it. I don't wanna think that.

2-4
I did what I can't be able to do again. Following under mom's directions, I took his records & necklace and put them in a box, plus this letter:

I ain't tellin ya what ya did was wrong
I'm just tellin ya I hope ya don't do it again
To whoever ya meet on the roads
Cuz it ain't the thing to do
To someone who don't know ya steal
Like I didn't each time ya smile
Blinded by love while ya toyed
And then I felt the last
It's goin ta hold on ta me hard
Til I find a way ta shake it off
So I can keep on with the life I was given
You contributed to it I thank you
You showed the hurt of the world ta me
And you showed me how I'll die a little
Althrough my life as I walk it
And ya showed me I have ta look out
For robbers of hearts, chippers of minds

Yes, you contributed this all ta me
I thank you for it all... everythin
Maybe I won't be so happy to accept
Everybody that says he'll stay forever
Like you said ya would
I hope your road ain't hard ta walk
Enough people have hard roads ahead 'm

I put it all in a box, taped it shut, and as mom drove me to his house, I cried and practically died a million and four deaths. I rang his doorbell, no answer, so I put the box between his 2 doors and cried so hard as I walked back to the car. And as mom drove me right to Patty's, I saw him walking up the street. I don't think he saw us, but I whispered, "Oh, God," and clenched my fists and began crying all over. It was so hard. When I saw him I remembered everything we've ever done.

2-6
Sat about feeling kinda bored. Bought a new Bobby Dylan album and played it. I'm always afraid to answer the phone. Everyone says he'll call. But he's gonna have to see this is the last. And when I think of how we started this year with a kiss and only a month later say good-bye. I wish I was a boy! God, do I! I want so bad to roam. To go somewhere by meself and get an apartment, go to coffeehouses, write and meet people, then move on to other places, etc. But a girl probably wouldn't get away with that. Then I look to modelling. Why should I look at the future so?! My job now is to live for life and to learn as much as possible. I'd better do that. I'm gonna keep myself a mystery more than I have. I might find that best.

2-7
One thing Patty said to me hit, "Before you used to care about people and now all of a sudden you don't give a hell anymore." That jolted me. It was true. I gotta get back to my senses and I gotta be myself and stop trying to get away. All the stuff we did now comes into a reality and I realize it all really happened to the little me way up on a cloud. She's in the thunderstorm now. But when it's done rainin, the sun has ta come out sooner 'r later. This last weeks been pure treachery an' I really made meself & everyone miserable. I wanna go back into life again. That cloud was an artificial one made to teach me a lesson: DON'T BE SO FREE TO EXPOSE YERSELF--

2-8
Patty says I'm back to normal. I think one of the reasons I was actin so funny before was I decided to be a Bobby Dylan 'n I was going a little too far 'n actin like sumthin he's not even. I acted like the world was after me 'n I was daring it ta catch me. Patty suggested ta me that if I wanted a bigger top I should drink

lots and lots of milk. So before bed I drink some and I drink it now instead of tea.

2-9
I'm going crazy. I'm swearing a lot. Shit, damn, hell. That's about it. I know more, that's fer sure, but those 'r the only common everyday ones. I don't like ta swear cas it sounds horrible but it makes me feel big and masculine and tough. Why should I wanna feel masculine? Pretty dumb, hey?

2-10
Didn't tell you bout Davie? He's a junior I see in the halls at school. He's got black Beatle hair 'n thick black-rimmed glasses. He's thin 'n tall. I think he's sooo neat. He's never said nuthin ta me 'r I ta him but I think he realizes by NOW that I follow him and think he's cute.

2-11
Well I knew it'd happen. Walkin home from school 'n Lar walkin west 'n me walkin east on the same sidewalk. He stopped with a big smile. He said bout school 'n his dad. I didn't look at him 'cept about 4 x's. He said he was singing fer the draft this Wednesday. He sorta acted like nothing really happened. I hardly said anything. Mom drove up 'n called me so I had to leave. Why did he act so happy? I felt weird.

2-12
Friday after following Davie to his classroom, he turned around and looked right at me and I was looking at him. Now I'm SURE he knows I follow him. I know it's all a hopeless case. But he's cute anyhow.

2-13
One thing I <u>have</u> ta do is get to confession. I don't know the last time I went but I think it was sometime in <u>July</u>! I haven't any mortal sins. That I know of. They're pretty hard to commit. I guess playin with myself is mortal sin. I don't know.

2-14
Bob Dylan. Oh, I praise him. I really idolize him. He is so excellent. I wish so bad I could do the things in my life he's done in his. But this is impossible since I'm a girl. I can't roam around and mingle with anybody, good and bad. But Bob Dylan. He's developed himself. He's worked hard and I praise and envy him. Maybe someday I will be able to roam and meet as many people as possible. And find God and everything he means and is. I really want to do that. I have to get goin on me writin. It's most of what I'm livin for. Wish I had a boy--

2-16
I got two books on Kant's philosophy. Bobby Dylan read him, so I wanna see how he is. I really like that Davie. If only he'd do sumthin. He looks like the type that'd go to Avant Garde Cafe Espresso. Sorta the Bobby Dylan kinda type. Mmmm. Hunk. I think if I could talk Kath inta goin to Avant Garde Cafe Espresso with me, mom'd let me. Cuz in the Pius paper there's a suggested list of places ta go and the Cafe was among them. Ya know - so it's not like a strip joint 'r anything. Oh would that be excellent if I could go there.

2-17
I've sorta changed my views on boys as the time torks on. I'm feeling indifferent toward hood guys (I <u>don't</u> wanna get involved with them) 'n I'm leanin more to beatniks. Well, if that's what ya wanna call 'em. Guys that think deep, I don't care how ugly they are. I kin even excuse J.C. cuz he's got a neat mind. I tried to say hi to Davie by the way but my plan didn't work out. That Kant book is excellent. Metaphysics, that's what he goes into and explains.

2-18
I don't really know what the matter was with me. I was in dad's room reading the paper and I get this big sexual arousal. I began writin pretty dirty things and I got so that I got real tired. I laid down on the couch and the sounds seemed miles away. I think I blacked out 'r sumthin for a few seconds. I've felt all like that the rest of the night. I hate that. I wish it would never happen. Talk about boys havin trouble controllin themselves, how bout me. God, how about <u>me</u>! I'm givin up on that Kant book. It's very good but it takes you about a year to understand one line and I'm gettin frustrated with it.

2-19
Finally went to confession and asked the priest if masturbation was a sin and he said "a very grave sin." I can't get any fun outa life. I don't know. Once I get the urge I just CAN'T help it. <u>Why</u> do I ever had ta get it? I just hate it so much. Bad. Wrong. It's drivin me crazy.

2-20
I asked Mom bout Avant Garde yesterday & Kath said it was supposed to be an OK place. But Mom doesn't know so she's thinkin bout it. Kath said she'd go with me if Mom gave the OK. Would that be excellent! I'd wear me furry pants 'n vest. Oh, excellent! Just like where Bobby Dylan goes. A cafe espresso. The next aim in clothes fer me I think is a pair of blue jeans (preferably second-hand) and a blue jean jacket. I probably wouldn't be able ta get

the jacket second-hand. If I got all set up with those 'n a black poor-boy sweater 'n small heels - I think that'll be tough. That's the latest rage in Paris now. No lie.

2-21
I've talked Kathy into goin ta Avant Garde all right - with Linda! She's decided I was too young. I told mom and she said I'd go if she (mom) had to go with me. But I kin only stay bout an hour. I guess it's terrible cuz college kids go there. Big sin.

2-22
Walkin home from school, a guy said ta me, "Hey, did a steamroller run over you 'r sumthin?" I said, "Why?" He said, "Well, ya look like it." Why is it so conspicuous that everyone notices I'm skinny? I just answered dumbly, "Well, some people don't think so." I felt very bad 'n I still do. That never used ta bother me very much. With my padded bra on, I'm 32". Padded bra. I'm cryin now. Maybe it's about time I had a cry-out. I wish I was all right 'n boys didn't mind if I was "flat" 'r not. I want to be liked. But I don't seem to be worthy. No one looks deeper than the flesh.

2-24
Wore my furry bell-bottoms and boy did I get the cuts. But those don't bother me at all. I don't mind gettin cut for what I do on purpose but when I get cut for somethin I cant help like my bust size, well, it hurts to say the least. I found out Davie likes Bobby Dylan. He was walkin in the hall with his Highway 61 Revisited album. Oh, he's just so neat. I'm dying all over. He's so homely and thin and hunky.

2-25
Well, between 6-7 period when I usually follow Davie, I left my room before he did. That wasn't horrid cuz I usually walk REAL slow then he passes me up & I follow him. But today, tho I walked real slow, he just walked slow too and followed ME. I looked back to see if he was LOST 'r sumthin but he was one person behind me and lookin at me. I don't know what anymore really. I guess I should forget the whole thing cuz a million to one he'll like me so I don't really got a chance, me bein a freshman and all. Well, the Avant Garde thin fell thru. No one said anythin or talked about it so I guess it was all forgotten...

2-27
I tried not to so hard. I masturbated again today. I try so hard.

3-2
I'm gettin new shoes. Big black grandma shoes. They're sold for old ladies but they come in my size & I think they'll look sooo neat with a grannie dress. And other things too.

3-3
Out of uniform day at school. Got a buncha remarks on what I wore. DIDN'T get sent to Alphonsa. My oh my! But John got sent home to change what he was wearin. It seemed Davie was ditchin me so much today. No lie. It truly felt that way. I guess I better just high-ho forget that one too.

3-4
Kath & Linda went to Avant Garde tonite. Kath said, "It's about as big as our livingroom and you can't see a thing. They're these guys with real long hair and a negro with no teeth singing on stage." Everyone was just lookin at everyone else. It was sooo neat. I can't wait to go there. Mmmm. What a neat atmosphere. What a way to get problems off yer mind. I weigh 110, measure 31-25-31 today. Those measurements may be off. God, I hope they are. UGH

3-5
I tried hard not to and I just don't want to. But I can't find any reason not to when I have to. Yeah. I masturbated again today. It's just so strong, such a strong feeling. I see now it happens when I have nuthin ta do. Mostly on weekends. So I've GOTTA keep busy. It's a mortal sin I think. But I just can't see any reason why it's bad. I must be very bad 'r sumthin. I mean. Oh. It's too hard. It's not so easy to stop. I've been doin it ever since about 4th grade 'r so. 'N all of a sudden I find it's a known bad thing. 'N I should stop within a week? No. I have to get somepleace 'r sumthin ta do. Avant Garde. I hope I'm able to go there durin the summer. I hope mom lets me. I don't do "it" anymore when I'm in bed at night tryin ta fall asleep. I always used ta do it then. I guess those measurements yesterday are pretty well accurate, tho I hate to admit it. UGH Those 'r when I'm bared with no padded bra.

3-6
Kath told more bout Avant Garde. She said there's real weird paintings on the walls (old men in swim suits, OLD suits). She said it's real dark, only one bulb in the middle of the room with yellow glass fixtures with cast iron rods on it. Old lamps around with ball fringe on the shade. She said it's just an upper room of a house. Stained glass windows. Weird drinks (just soda!) named like 'La Pone' which Linda says tastes like watered down iced tea with too much sugar in it. She says no one clears the tables of dishes until they're so cluttered they can't fit no

more. Oh, it sounds so excellent. I can't wait til I get there!!

3-10
Still get a special thrill outa following Davie. I know it's a hopeless case but when I'm by him I feel very relaxed and "secure" for some reason. A girl at school said to me, "You know why I like you, Sheila? You're always so energetic and happy." She said that today. Despite what I've been doing these last days. I hide it good don't I? No one knows I'm always crying.

3-12
Avant Garde. John, Kath & I went about 8:30. It was upstairs, a real dirty hole. NEAT. It was so crowded. We had to stand. We stood on the ledge over the stairway. Bob Dylan records played. It was very dark. John gave me a cigarette. There was an assortment of people, very college, very beatnik. Finally the band came on. They played Very Loud, you could hear it a block from the place. A lot of Dylan, Rhythm & Blues, folkmusic. Many guys had real long hair. Girls, too. Some guys had beards and wore real weird things. A folksinger came on, sounded much like Dylan. Somehow you felt you knew everyone cuz you'd just talk to anyone. Had about 4 cigarettes all nite. There was signs on the wall "Big Joe Williams" & other singers. There was no dancing. Everyone just stood or sat & some clapped after the songs. One guy there looked like how you'd expect Jesus Christ to've look but bigger and he wore a big blue shawl. The guys in band goofed about, one got on top of the other's shoulders. They were really shakin it up. Finally the crowd died down and I got a chair. Stood on it, leaning against the back wall. I was so happy. I felt I fitted in and I was happy. I didn't smile or anythin but I was inside. I had a rather serious look 'cept when I joked with someone. Bout 1/2 hr. before we left we got menues. Iced Coffee? Well. It was exactly what I expected it to be so I was not surprised. I'd dreamt of goin there so much it seemed I already had been there. I want to go there as much as I can. I hope mom lets me.

3-14
There goes a beautiful friendship. Mom's & mine. Boom. I ask if I can go to Avant Garde this Saturday. No. She doesn't want me in any "dirty beatnik hole" and hanging around in any "unlit, poorly ventilated room." Oh, God. So of course dad has to shoot his 2 cents worth of shit in how it's probably a place full of homosexuals! Oh, forget it. Yup. There it goes. I can be her best girl and work my fool head off for her and be palsy-walsy with her and everythin's fine. I can run about understandin her and hear about how I'm so "adult-minded." But when I want something--GO AWAY KID. She can tell me how she should have spoiled me more but when it's time for a favor--FERGET IT KID. So I've decided she's got to face the facts: her daughter is a beatnik & there's no gettin from it! I think I'll take drastic

measures. Rake up 75 cents a month & buy a folk song magazine. Tomorrow I'm wearin my hair in girl beatnik style. These orange jail cell bedroom walls are poundin on my brain. I'm locked in it and my eyes are a-goin crazy and my head's spinnin. Where's an out??

3-15
Kath is quittin her job after school's out, so I'll be gettin it. It's sorta scary, gettin a job. I mean, it's so adult-like. I'm already out in the world and workin to live and all that. Ya know, they say every kid talks of gettin their own apartment at 18 yrs old but I really aim to. I'll save my money from my job and who needs a big fancy expensive one. A beat-up one's fine with me. Just so I can write all I want. I really want this. I'm not afraid of life. I'm very ready for it and I am waitin for it and livin it. I care, bout others and myself, so I don't think I'll trip too hard. I'm tryin ta get a book of poems by e.e. cummings. Beatnik poems. I've been tryin for months but I can't find ONE tho there's plenty of call cards in the library.

3-16
I was feelin all shot cuz of Lar. I went to mom & she just said if I'm gonna start actin that way I can just go away. So she starts screamin that I have to go to bed early or take a Midol pill (which is for menstrual aches). I talked to her about Avant Garde. She gives me this big bull on how "unsavory characters" are lurking around and she wants to protect me from them. She points out sumthin I <u>never</u> knew before: unsavory characters are lurking around and if you talk to them you give them the wrong impression. NO KIDDING. Lissen, babe, I've already had experience with "unsavory characters" gettin friendly. But when they do they'll find out what they get from me: a good kick in the leg! There's "unsavory characters" downtown! Why kin I go there? She's full of bull. Damn, what do <u>I</u> get in life <u>now</u>!?

3-18
Well, Dad got demoted at work. He's all depressed and mom and dad even put their arms around each other when they thought no one was watchin.

3-19
Layin in bed this mornin and shot old me masturbated again. I just don't see anything wrong with it since it don't hurt nobody. I don't think it's hurtin me.

3-21
I guess everyone is very serious about havin the Beatles come to Milwaukee again. Of <u>course</u> we'll go see 'em if they do. I guess they want $75,000 to perform here. Mom bought me a paperback book

of e.e. cummings beatnik poems. They're really crazy. Hard to understand.

3-26
On the phone with Patty and we got pretty deep. She's felt that there's sumthin bout me she don't know bout. She ain't kiddin. Yeah, it's my "Bob Dylan side." It's the side that give me a thrill when I see a mother tyrin ta control 5 little kids walkin down the street & some are pullin toys. It's the side that makes me pour out my "Bob Dylan" style writins. It's the side in Avant Garde and it's the me lookin for a look from anyone. I relly can't tell her bout this part of me cuz I don't know bout it yet. All I know is that it's what I want, what I feel is important. I don't know some facets of it but I know a few. Some are my wondrin why the streetlights shine on the dark dry cement, and no one is there. I've found sumthin bout me. I've found that I am willin ta be ANYONE's friend, but as soon as I feel they aren't willin ta be mine, I ferget it. I won't force myself onto them. I did, in 4-5 grade, with the "in" crowd at Jude's. I forced myself on them and they told me there, I wasn't for them, I shouldn't try to be like them cuz I just DON'T FIT. That's stuck with me, I know. My mind's pretty muddled rite now. I've gotta find the rest of that "Bob Dylan side." But where? I think at A. Garde.

3-27
Well, the whole thing started when Grandmother 'n I got ta talkin bout Avant Garde n what I want outa this "Bob Dylan" feelin what I got. I could tell she didn't like the feelin one bit. My mind keeps askin "Hey, what'd'ya want outa this feelin?" I don't know. All I know is that I got this feelin, see, n I gotta follow it cuz it's leadin me sumwhere. N I feel it's a drive God's givin me. It's His Plan fer my life. N K know that whoever tries to stop me from followin this drive is interferin with God's plan. I don't wanna hurt mom or anyone, but I have ta move on as soon as I'm on my own. I just wanna go on & I wanna go to New York, Greenwich Village & I wanna write til my hand cripples away. I wanna be aware of others & know them & have my friends that understand what I'm here for. Bob Dylan has a brief life story portrait in the newspaper magazine today. He's one hell of an excellent person. I envy him. I wish I can do the things he has.

3-28
I've come to the root of my problem: The book I got on Bob Dylan's life story was tryin ta tell me sumthin. But I couldn't see what. Now I realize it's tellin me not to take life so serious that you think you have to know ALL about it. 'N that's just what I was doin. I was about ta fall in this hole at the same time B.D. was tellin me ta look out for it. It's a very complicated story... but thank you Bob for tellin me this. Your messave is very valuable to me cuz it applies so strongly to me.

Tomorrow I will open my eyes and look at the trees - thank you, Bob Dylan.

3-29
Mack called! He was all down and he said he was lonely and could I cheer him up. I said well it all depends on the way. He started tellin me bout this dirty book his friend gave him ta read. He said it was the first dirty book he's read since June 2, 1965 when he scared me by talkin bout it. Well, when I told him why Lar & I broke up he said "Boy, you must be pretty good lookin." I don't see why he draws that conclusion. If a guy thinks he kin get sumthin off a girl, I doubt if she's gotta necessarily be good-lookin.

3-30
In English class we had a big talk on the housing projects in the slums and there were about 5 kids really going at it (me, of course, among them). Anyway, after class this Negro girl who was in the discussion came up to me and gave me a questionnaire on the civil rights movement. She needs it for a Religion talk she has to give & she said she'd like <u>me</u> to fill it out. I was all honored and I felt recognized or sumthin. I wrote a 2-page thing for her, sayin I felt a lot of the problem is comin from the old prejudices set in the elders of this generation and us kids will have to not let any prejudice grow in us, cuz when <u>we</u> take over the problem, we should be open-minded enough to work it out intelligently.

3-31
Told ya bout those seniors in the lunchroom that always tease me. Well, today one said I had good legs. I'm all happy. Prob'ly just teasin but sumthin had ta give him the idea.

4-3
I took a step today, one I knew sooner or later I'd have ta. For over 2 yrs. now Kath or I have never had anyone else's pictures but the Beatles' on our bedroom bulletin boards. Took the pictures off one of the 2 and put all B. Dylan on. It's sorta sad. I still love them, all that they've done for me. Paul. Paul. Ya know all he's given me. More'n I can tell. But life moves on... and one day Dylan's pictures will come off. Lately I have been masturbating very very much. I can't stop n I don't know what ta do when, while I'm tryin ta fall asleep at nite, I get the feelin - an I have ta do it. I feel like an animal doin it but I can't help it. It's lowering myself. But I can't help it.

4-5
Got report cards today. Got an 88 average and I'm 112 in the class of 664. Mom was all happy so I made a deal with her. If she lets me wear eyeliner on my top lid, I won't make any line on the bottom lid. She said fine with her.

4-8
Got a book by Woody Guthrie. He's a folk singer, Bob Dylan's idol. Read some of the book and found it terribly dirty. It began gettin me very bothered an I masturbated. The book confused me so becuz he said sex is ALWAYS OK. Finally after gettin all jumbled & scared I went for a walk. I thought as I walked an realized sex isn't a very stable thing. Someday when yer old, yer husband'll die and you'll be old and there will be no sex. And you'll be left with nothin if you think sex is everythin. An as I walked I looked at the gray-blue-pink sky and the wet cement and the leafless trees and I knew that this was everythin. Becuz when there is no sex, there is still love. I walked to Jude's, went to confession & told my sin of masturbation, an came back home happy. For I knew now where happiness really is. In God's nature. In my nature. And when sex comes I will use it right, for it is God's nature too. Too beautiful to make ugly. So when I have the urge to masturbate, I will make myself go and walk to look at nature an know that this is where I belong.

4-10
Everyone in the family went for a ride in the country. I sat by the window & dreamed of how excellent it'd be to roam along the highway with a suitcase & guitar. No home. Could wash my clothes at a coin-operated machine, eat in cheap places 'r just buy a can a sumthin. I could sleep in the fields where no one'd care. I could write an have the world & nature ta write about. I'd attend coffeehouses for entertainment. An try hard ta get a job singin at one. But I'm terrible at plain guitar & I'd have ta to sing. Who wants sum dumb girl readin her poetry? An where'd I get money otherwise? I wish I could save bout $100 & take it along & roam fer bout a month or so. I'd love to roam & write. That's my dream. I'd be very hard to come true, but I sure as hall 'm gonna try! Then I'd get an apartment. I realize it's bad for a girl to roam... dangerous. But I'd dress like a guy while walkin. Sounds crazy, hey? But I want it badly. Patty 'n I 're gettin ready fer her comin over tomorrow. I wonder if such a close friendship is healthy. Could be it ain't.

4-11
That dream I wrote about yesterday, it's drivin me mad. I want it so so bad. College. School says I'm college material. So I should go to college. I don't think it's be too bad. There are a lot of "beatniks" in college. They group together in coffeehouses. I'd love a guy who is like Dylan... knows what's goin on. An I yearn so badly to go to Avant Garde. I love the

atmosphere (friendly) an the music and the people. I feel like cryin now. Someday maybe I'll be free, free enough to take this... this life I desire. An Mom'll say go on Sheila I'll be here if ya need me an remember I'll always love you. Oh, please let this be. I am held from this. I know this is where I have to be--my yearning is so great. Somethin whispers hey this is where God wants you. And this is where I want to be. Avant Garde.

4-13
Alphonsa (Dean of Girls) called me to her office. I knew it was cuz of long bangs so I parted my hair in the middle 'n combed the bangs underneath. I went. She gave me a dirty look cuz I'd hidden the bangs, so she yells that I have to come to school with NO make-up (mascara) on tomorrow. Also that I have 5 tardies which means a 3-hour detention. No make-up! I'd hardly be seen by the family without any on. Didn't know WHAT to do. Asked John (GET THIS): he said, "Don't fight it!" Him, of all people. He says fightin doesn't pay... ya won't win anyhow. So I decided to put just a teensy bit just on my lashes (NO line) and get by with it. Wish I didn't feel I look only good in make-up... save money if I didn't wear any...

4-15
Well, Alphonsa came into class & we went out in the hall. She asked if my cooperation only lasted one day. She said bout how only a fraction of the girls wear so much make-up. She said yesterday she trusted me completely, but now she knows she has to keep an eye on me. Anyhow she was pretty nice bout the whole thing & made me feel like a creep for tryin to sneak it on. She said I'd have ta come in every mornin next week so she could check my make-up.

4-16
I don't really mind not wearin real much mascara (that's all the make-up I wear, by the way). In fact, I like it! But I'd like to wear a tiny bit more than Alphonsa will allow.

4-18
I'm all interested in what I heard on the news: A 16-yr-old boy beat to death his mother, sister & grandmother becuz his mother wouldn't let him go out to see his girlfriend. Lord, would I like ta know what went on in his mind while he was doin it. Can you imagine the craziness he was feelin or the mental disturbances an collisions. God. That drives me mad... it's so damn excellently interestin!

4-20
This whole thing with Patty is sorta gettin me all ugged. I mean, I kin hardly move n she's all hurt an everything. If ya wanna

know the truth it's like I'm tied down to her. I wish I could shake her off a bit. It's not that I don't like her anymore - it's just that I'm not free anymore. She even has a pet name for me! It's Boobie. I think it's cute, but gee. This's gettin a little too far now, hey?

4-21
Sometimes I think I was intended to be a boy. I can feel a boy's feelins sooner than I can a girl's. I can understand a boy more than a girl. I'd rather <u>be</u> a boy than a girl. I don't like these two big (ha ha) things stickin outa my front. Ugh. GAK. P.U.!

5-6
After school went to Patty and she started cryin bout her boyfriend Danny again. I was gettin frustrated cuz all it seems she's doing is cryin an she can't see it's not the end of the world an to look on to what's in store for her to come. We laid on her bed and put our arms around each other. She cried. Guess it just didn't go rite for me. I guess I was gettin a little neat feelin outa holdin someone.

5-7
Patty called. Danny'd been in a car crash & was in the hospital. She was cryin & mom was yellin ta get off the phone.

5-8
Patty said Danny was goin into surgery. Later she called & said he was in the recovery room but went back to surgery. Bought a record, "It's Over." This guys sings it so neat. He's got a <u>man's</u> voice & sings it how it's felt. My summer plans: (1) to go to Avant Garde, (2) to go to the courthouse and hear trials, (3) go to the lakeside & wrote, (4) go to the Art Center with Patty and alone. Mom is gonna try to hold me from the lakeside. She claims I'll be picked up. The hell!

5-10
Danny went into shock & they got him under an oxygen tent. Patty went to the hospital after school & saw him start gaspin fer breath. Guess it was pretty horrid. Some of my favorite authors are Tolstoy & Bronte & Salinger. There's this sophomore that looks much like Dylan 'cept his hair's straight & stickin out while Dylan's curly & stickin out. He's real hunky neeeet... his name's FRED! John knows him, says he has a great sense of humor, is in a band & plays bass guitar. He's so hunky!

5-11
I'm gettin sharp stabs in my stomache & chest. I HOPE they're growin pains (specially in the chest HA). I guess it's pretty possible that Danny could die.

5-12
Patty told me this morn that Danny was gettin worse, they'd brought a priest in for him. I got terribly scared and then I really felt he mite... yeah... DIE. I started cryin in class. Oh, he can't! Please don't take him!

5-15
Danny's writing me notes about how much he loves Patty. I'm all wrapped up in those two. It sounds like I'm intrudin but it don't feel that way. They're comin to ME!

5-16
At Pius 7 boys were caught drinkin beer at a retreat. Today they had to get up at an assembly in front of all 2600 students and have a big discussion about it. It got me sick. The priest kept askin them why they did it... oh, I just got SICK! I didn't even look at it & I started sewatin I hated it! The whole thing was none of our damn business an to have them stand up there & cut themselves & drag them down in front of all those kids. Ruin them so they can't even hold their heads up. I don't see why it was any of our damn business. Isn't it better to help them isntead of humiliate them? - Patty called to say Danny was up & walkin. She went to see him & he grabbed her an tried to do things & began gettin excited. Patty screamed & his nurse came in & pulled him off & gave him a sedative.

5-17
In Algebra Mr. [redacted] (I can't stand him) started beatin up this guy cuz he wasn't payin attention. I hate him more now.

5-19
Mary Ellen came in tonite and we talked for bout 45 mins. We were sayin goodnight & she started cryin, sayin that Bridget & her were cuttin me down sayin how "queer" I was. She asked how I can wear weird things & not care what people say... I said I guess it's cuz they don't even know me & they're laffin & they look even funnier in my eyes.

5-25
Tonite I asked ma again if John & I could go to Avant on Friday. She said, "I spoze." Yeah! Can't wait! Oh, I'm comin back Avant. I'm a-comin on back to ya! My love, my home, Avant Garde! Oh. How I've waited for you!

5-26
This one boy at school (Fred [redacted], nicknamed Fritzy). God, what a doll. He looks lot like Dylan. He always wears big baggy sweaters that he looks like he's drownin in, he's real skinny, and he always has a real worried look on his face. I just think he's SO sweet. When he's at his locker I bump into him on purpose, he looks at me, I look at him & smile. I've done that twice. He KNOWS I like him. He's so so cute! Oh, I WISH I had a chance with him. Tryin ta find that Tom Rush record, "The Earth's For Going." I just love it.

5-27
Got a letter from Danny. Lately Patty's been actin like a big stuck-up hood. I told her to either explain it or leave me alone cuz I have no room for put-ons.

5-28
Avant Garde. John & I got there (second one's there). It was light out. I ordered tea, John iced coffee. We got a table. Small, bout 3 ft. sq. with lite brown coarse table clothes, dirty, ours had a big patch on it. We got there at 8 p.m., started to fill bout 8:50. Band came on at 9. Same as last time, The Unit. Loud harmonica. Bout 8:20 a guy walked in. Matt! (Before I thought his name was Davie [redacted], it's Matt [redacted]) Sunglasses, lite brown suede suitcoat, black shirt, lite brown pants. God! Did he look TUFF! Anywho, all nite every once in a while I'd look at him and find him lookin at me. Had bout 3 cigarettes all nite. When the band took a break John got up to go to the bathroom an while climbin over chairs, knocked over his iced coffee glass. It crashed an went all over the floor. He was so embarrassed. A bunch of kids yelled "twenty-five cents." When the waitress found out, John asked how much he owned her, she said to forget it, she'd tell them she bussted it. I wasn't as excited this time as last. I wore my hair no bangs parted to the side with my found glasses, black poorboy sweather, white levi pants and sling back shoes with no stockings. An a long gold chain with dad's army conduct medal around my neck. It took hell to make dad drive us there. I had to reason with him as he ran around yellin what damn lazy kids we were, so I cleaned the front rooms to make him take us. Mom stayed away from home today cuz dad got her so sick from all the bull he put on last nite at Kath's graduation. So I had to battle it by myself. - When we got home, Patty called against the phone rules again. She told me she might be pregnant. I said now she can never join in my world cuz she had no respect for herself. I cried myself to sleep.

5-29
Patty called tellin me Danny called her - this is how it went. Patty fell asleep at the hospital with Danny & when she awoke

Danny told her he had intercourse with her. Today he told her he was just lyin cuz he wanted to see her reaction... he was cryin. Patty got mad at him & told him to just leave her alone for a while. I tell you, I don't know WHAT to think anymore.

5-31
Second last day of school and first day of work... desk clerk at Paradise Dry Cleaners. Grandmother taught me as we went along. She gave me a key to the store an the boss gave me a work permit to be signed by school. Patty & Danny 're gonna break up. From Danny's letters to me, I figure he isn't emotional bout it. He sorta put Patty in my care. He wrote that I'm her idol.

6-1
Last day of school. Grandmother don't have to come out into the store with me anymore. I can do it alone. I'm all proud. I'm gonna mail a letter to Danny. I care about him. I may be skinny, ugly an weird, but, Danny, I care.

6-5
Patty and I really don't get along too well once ya get down to it. Sometimes she starts actin like a real stinkin hoodlum girl that gives everythin ta any guy that wanted it. She begins on how she's gone steady with 5 guys, bout as far as she's gone with them and it just sickens me. And I think bout the hate. How all it is is gettin all ya kin outa someone an ta maul over their bodies. It sickens me.

6-8
Well, every mornin when I wake up these last few days I've been masturbating. I just can't help it. I want to stop but I'm just too weak to.

6-9
Danny came to Patty's and said she'd better not make trouble or she'll never see Dennis again. While I was on the phone with Patty, Danny walked in her room. Patty asked him if he wanted to talk to me but he wouldn't. You know, I have PERFECT grounds to not believe there is such persons as a Danny or a Dennis. Never seen nor heard them. But I guess I have to believe it cuz Patty isn't THAT good of an actress. Somehow it's terribly terribly hard to believe Patty could be pregnant. I'm sick of guessing. I'm gonna forget it til I hear the truth.

6-13
Boy, oh, boy. You'd never believe it! GOD. Patty told me she made this whole Danny thing up. There is no Danny. But there once was. She worked this all up outa nuthin. All the letters I

thought were from Danny she wrote. I was cryin & sayin how could she make such a fool outa me, how could she let me cry an pray over nuthin. She played me for 1-1/2 months. She doesn't know why. She said she was gettin deeper & deeper in it an she didn't know how to end it. I kept cryin cuz she didn't respect me at all, not even enuff to not make a fool of me. I wanted to hate her so for what she did but I couldn't cuz I felt so sorry for her. She made & eas existin in a dream world an I know dream worlds cuz I exist in one myself! I can't understand why she did it to me.

6-14
Got my first paycheck yesterday. For 16 hours, after all the taxes were taken off it came to $15.23.

6-16
I'm 15!

6-20
Mom said the phone's off at 10 p.m. cuz she wants me to get my rest so I can "get around" durin the day. I said yeah an when I wanna get around I can't. Her reply: All you wanna do is sit in a dirty old hole. Avant Garde. If that's a dirty hole then I belong in a dirty hole cuz Avant is like a home. I wanna look like what I am but I don't know what someone like me looks like. I mean when people look at me I want them to think - there's one of those people that REASONS, that is a philosopher, that has their own interpretation of happiness. That's what I am.

6-21
I started cryin cuz I felt so monged-up an the phone bit an most of all... I felt I had to tell mom bout this masturbation thing. It's gettin pretty bad. Lately (twice) I've stuck my finger up myself. Oh, God. I pray to Him, help me. But I can't think when I'm doin it. All I know is that I want it. It's a great feelin and I want it an I can't think of anythin else.

6-22
I know that I am some variety of a masochist. I also know I masturbate. I want help. But where? I went to the priest in confession, told him I masturbated an he said I should go to a doctor. Got a library book called <u>Crime and the Mind</u>. It discussed sex crimes, etc. an I became aware of this masochism deal. I've scratched my back to make welts an I've takin a leather belt an whipped myself in satisfaction. The talk in the book made me so aware. I felt so guilty an afraid. I wanted help so much. How could I go to mom? Doesn't she have enuff problems with Bridget & John? The priest is no help... go to a doctor... without mom knowing? Impossible! Where? Once I get stimulated

it's too hard to resist. I think "this is wrong" but I can't stop. Today I was an I thought of Dylan... an I stopped!!! Maybe he's must more than "my hero," he's also my "savior."

6-24
Read 88 Men and 2 Women by Clinton Duffy, ex-warden of San Quentin prison.

6-25
Bout 8 p.m. Lar drove up on his brother's motorcycle. Down by the street John talked to him. I stood very unconcerned. He does nothin for me any more. On the phone with Patty. Mom started screamin. We hung up and I was about ta burst. I asked mom what I should DO! She said take a pill and lie down. I looked at her unbelievingly an walked outa the house.

6-26
The whole sex thing with me is gettin me sick. Just sick. I'm so fed up with myself I can't stand it no more. I masturbated all over again today. Just makes me so damned mad with myself! John had two friends over tonite an they were goofin around, playing ball. They ignored me an once more paid huge attention to Bridget an her friends. I got depressed.

6-27
Didn't do nothin bad today (sex-wise).

6-28
When I was about in 5th or 6th grade, while talkin to a nun, she said, "You love life, don't you?" This was before I even knew I loved it. I guess it shows. Mom said I always did love life.

7-8-66
Downtown, when mom and Grandmother separated from me a few minutes, a snappy dressed man of about 25 approached me an asked what I was doin. I said nothin, actin very indifferent towards him. He asked if I wanted to have a coke with him an I said no. He walked across the street with me. I asked if he didn't have anythin better ta do. He said no. He said well goodbye. I walked on. I gotta think of a good come-back that'll make guys like him THINK.

7-9
I hate bein tied down to Patty... can't it just be a friendship an not a relationship or an attachment? I'm glad I don't have friends an even Patty's gettin me sick. I finished knittin that sweater. It looks nice for like Avant Garde wearing, if I ever get there. No one to go with. John's grounded til he gets a haircut. Kath hates me. Who? who? I guess I have what the folksingers call "the highway blues" an ma calls "ants in the pants."

7-12
My first teen course lesson at Boston Store. Takin the course for girls 15 to 18. The other girls look at me like I forgot my head 'r sumthin. The teacher said I had very interesting eyebrows an I shouldn't do them like everyone else does cuz they'd lose their individuality. Gee, just think. Interesting eyebrows!

7-18
Grandmother told me bout once when I was about 3 yrs. old I painted my leg an lay on the floor. The kids came runnin up telling Grandmother I was sick an couldn't move my leg. She came runnin down panicky. It was the time of the polio scare & she thought I had it. She picked me up yellin "Oh, God, her leg is all black an blue!" I was layin like I was dead in her arms, but I looked up an said cheerfully, "I put that there!" Grandmother said I had the greatest imagination. That's when I was also on that Lassie kick. When mom was drivin me ta kindergarten, I screamed cuz I said mom'd slammed the door on my Lassie, my imaginary collie dog pet.

7-19
Went to Charm School an when the lady saw my bouncy walk, she laffed an asked me if I always walked like that. I said yes. She tried to make me walk rite but I kept stumblin an it was really funny.

7-20
Have a new nutty get-up: My black rain-hat, sunglasses, my blue an black striped dress, long black necklace, black textured

nylons, an my black shoes. Looks real neat. Also, of course, my black shoulder bag.

7-21
Lar called John & John went to his house all afternoon. What's this? Yup, it's true! They're both hard up for a friend. Well, I guess it's okay... it's Thursday!

7-22
I feel weird. Like I have ta prove I'm different. Like I've gotta show someone what's in my head. I don't like teenage radio stations or records. I don't like movie magazines. I'm gettin "old." But I know if this's "old" then "old" 's the only thing for me. No, I could never be like them, the teenagers. I like records that they have never heard an that they cannot understand... simply becuz they have never seen in life what I have an what the writers of my records have. Ah, but they don't appear to be as happy as I am. No, I have to be what I am becuz if I try to act like them I can see an feel the falseness of it. An I get sick. I am so grateful for life. I thank God so much for making me alive. I love life more than anything. An I wish everyone could see how lucky they are just merely to be living. My motto: Love life an it'll love you.

7-24
I've made a major decision. I've decided to let my bangs grow out an wear my hair Joan-Baez style. I feel this 's one step to lookin the way I feel. It's a way I can maybe have people look at me an get across to them "yeah, there's a different one. She's not like the rest. There's sumthin different about her."

7-26
To charm school an then shoppin. My hair in my Joan Baez do an hopin ta make the impression "There's one of them that started this business in the South." Good guy, of course. I'm protestin all kinds of things an I'm happy about it. I walked all side streets where the dirt was heavy. Went into a restaurant an ordered coffee an wrote. I am going to go into a dirty little coffee shop next week. You see, I'm a beatnik... an ethnic. Walkin, one boy says, pointin at me, to another, "Look at THAT!" Course he got a long Dylan look. I'm a completely new person. I am happy an new. I've got somethin ta tell the world an shout on the rooftops. This is my one wish: to be able to tell the world what I want to. I'm a weirdo... I'm different an man I got somethin in my head that everyone should.

7-28
Tonite Patty an I had a long talk. Tellin her that she never to me could be the friend I need. I said I didn't believe she ever

wanted to go to the library with me or like Bob Dylan or wanted to go to Avant, ever since this Danny thing happened. I guess I really lost a big thing when I found out she played me for a fool. I lost a lot for her when I found the truth. I could never be close to her again. She admitted she didn't wanna go to the library. She lies to me to satisfy me, but it just chips our friendship.

8-2
Today I torked into a broken-down ole coffee shop on 1st Street an had tea. It was wierd - the waiter asked me if I wanted a "meal" with it. I shook my head.

8-7
Durin Mass I felt a little faintish so I went outside. Mom said I looked green an I felt as if my knees were gonna buckle under me. Then like I was walkin on a cloud. I got home an laid on the couch an Mom was all panicky givin me milk an everythin. She says she's gonna get a doctor's appointment for me. I wonder if I should tell the doctor about my masturbatin. I've been very much lately. I haven't been to confession for about 4 months but I dunno what ta say, "I masturbated about 1,000 times." I'm sure. I feel so embarrassed an it's just horrid. I know somethin's wrong with me physically cuz once in a while down there I get a tinglin sensation an itchin and I gotta touch myself to relieve it.

8-8
Went to Chicago with Patty an her parents. I dug the broken buildins an the dirt and the crowded narrow sidewalks. The old rottin stores an the crowds of kids. I dug the confusion. Chicago's big an mighty an it's got life. It's what's happenin in my mind. That's where life is for me. I will come back, Chicago. An I'll only leave ya ta only come back on my way around. Cuz for me life is the slums... and the castles in the skies.

8-9
Yes, I am a dreamer. But my dreams 'r not so unreal. They can be fulfilled as one already has been. To find what I wanted... an I have. An all it is now that I need is opportunity... a chance to have my dreams fulfilled. An that will come in time. For my independence is not too far away an yes when it comes I will softly walk away - leaving only a memory for the ones I love. An there will be the love an the world of trials starin me in the face an I'll say OK I can beat you, too. An I'll reach for my shiv an cut at the hates an trials an I'll allow no strong grasp on me. "I ain't leavin the track cuz it ain't worth the lonely road back." I'll stroll along the shore an laff with my friends an cry when I know hurt will be tossed at me many more times to come. An when he comes along my heart an his will join ta create

sumthin too solid to destroy an only death will put an end to our songs, our love, an our happiness. Oh, yes. A dreamer's thoughts. Ah, yes, I am a dreamer. But many a dream has been fulfilled in the past, an many a dream for me shall open into the world an cry out.

8-10
I sent a letter to the Milwaukee Sentinel sayin I was writin a chapter against capital punishment an I would appreciate letters agreeing, but most of all disagreeing with me.

8-17
At 10 a.m. the phone woke me us an a man's voice asked for Sheila Sullivan. I said this is she an he began telkin that this was the Correctional Agency. He explained what the agency did an who they work with. He said that they have a library with books on capital punishment... sayin you wrote a letter to the Milwaukee Sentinel askin about capital punishmmment an our library has all the facts an statistics an anythin else I'd need ta help me with my writins. He said I could call or come down in person to consult their library. Actually I didn't get all he was sayin cuz I was half asleep but later I began wakin up. He gave me the phone no. of the place. I said thank you an we hung up. I told mom an everyone an I was so happy. I decided I mite as well go down there rite away tomorrow. This jus mite be the "break" I need or at least the nudge ta really get a-goin. Ta top things off, letter from J.C. sayin he'll be able ta come here for a Sunday. He said the only reason he's comin down is ta see me.

8-18
Went to the Wisconsin Correctional Service and the secretary took me to the man that called me. He took me to an office with shelves of books, introduced me ta 2 more of the staff, an him & another man plowed thru the books findin stuff. They asked when the term paper was due an I said it wasn't a term paper, I was doin it on my own as a personal interest. Then the man told me there was voluntary work open to people of all ages an I should think about it. They left and let me go thru the stuff an copy things I wanted from their books. Then I "took out" 2 more books.

8-20
At 9 p.m. cousin Mary Kay called. She decides that NOW she wants ta go ta Avant Garde cuz a girl said it was real neat. So we rushed about an got there bout 9:40. John & her got a table but I told 'm I wanted ta sit on the window sill an I did. Wore my green combat shirt, wrangler jeans, an John's blue jean jacket. I felt real great, put my round glasses on too. The singer was pretty shot. He was OK at the guitar but every song he sang sounded like the one he sang before that. An guess who was there

again. Matt [redacted]. Oh! He wore the same as last time. When I'd look at him I noticed a few times he was lookin my way. I like him so much. Curled up on the window sill, the stained glass window opened, bars on the window, I gazed out the window a lot at the streets, that street is sorta a cobblestone effect an it really was so great. I fell in a deep mood.

8-25
Well, 5 blocks from here there's a big protest riot. Some thousand people 'r picketing Judge Cannon's home cuz he belongs ta the Eagles Club an the club don't allow Negroes ta join. 5 people were arrested yesterday an it's a big things.

8-26
Took down from my bulletin board the Bob Dylan pictures an put up all pictures of cities, of deprived hungry little children, of a convict takin his son for a walk, of trees, of a subway when it's pure dark and one lite shinin, an of 3 of my favorite excerpts from Dylan's writins. All the pix are overlapped an crowded an it looks very confused. I love confusion. Kath said it looked terrible, uncreative an uncolorful. But I love it. It expresses the things I lvoe - for all these things I love.

8-28
Jumped up at 20 to 8 a.m., washed my hair an had dad rush me ta St. Judes' for early Mass. J.C. drove up at about 11:00. He jumped outa his car an I was instantly proud of him, he looked so so great. Octagon sunglasses, small tho, yellow shirt, levi pants, lt. brown cowboy boots an a dk brown beat-up ole folk guitar over his shoulder. I almost died he looked so tuff. The great was J.C., Kath, our John an me. We sat around an talked, jokin, laffin, happy. The whole family went ta church but me. J.C. an me, me in my green combat shirt, chain necklace with dad's good conduct medal from the army attached to it, levis, an black sing-backs, we walked on up to Kohn's. Jokin laffin an I was hopin everyone saw us cuz I liked him so much & though he was so tuff. We went ta the gas station nex ta Kohl's, got some matches for his cigarettes an walked back. People were LOOKIN so hard at us, so funny, an we waved ta 'm an laffed as they stared in disbelief. Got back home an played some a the records he brought until the family came home. Then we all hopped in his car, two Johns in front an Kath n me in back. I was holdin on ta J.C.'s guitar I liked it so. When we'd been talkin before breakfast he played an he's really great. His singin's bad but he really can do a talkin blues an sound tuff. He played great folk. We drove downtown to the lakefront, took the wrong turn an couldn't find our way ta Avant. We drove all over, talkin, radio on, really whoopin it up. Finally we found Avant locked. I walked with his guitar slung over my back. Tuff'r than hell. We got back in the car after standin by Avant a while an went ta the Art Museum. We all looked so funny. J.C., me, our John in a lt blue shirt, tan

vest, black corduroy pants, boots an his long long hair. Kath in levis, orange shell, an square wooden earrings. People were just lookin an it was funny. I still had the guitar on my back. We went all over it and when we hit where the paintings were, over a loud speaker, "There's no smoking in the gallery, SIR!" Talkin ta John, ours. People looked! They were actually facin us, standin and mouth agape starin! I felt 20 ft. high! Later at Avant. Got a table, ordered iced coffee & J.C. Turkish coffee. The same guy from Aug. 20 sang. An of course Matt [redacted] was there. I sorta sat & stared, kinda mentally separated from them. They all talked & laffed. At the break I went an sat on the window sill. When I came back & the guy sang again, J.C. kinda gave me special attention. He said ta Kath he could never live with me, "she prob'ly only talks drivin on the way to church on Sundays, an that'd be it." I said, oh I talk but I just don't talk bout normal things I guess. We started talkin an I showed him my Bob Dylan look. He said "You're so snide yer cute." That made me a little happier. He told us of the one ticket he got fer drivin. He said the cop pulled along the side an yelled, "Pull oveer ya damn cowboy." That hit me. Drove us home. He shaked my hand but I wouldn't let go an he had ta pull away.

8-29
Tonite there was another of them damned picket lines. Dad drove to Halan's an I went along stayin in the car. It sickened me. The streets were packed an tons of people were comin ta "see the show" bringin little children in their strollers an kids holdin onta mommy's skirt all come as if it was a circus or a Christmas parade. My hate boiled. I could see no sense in it. National Guardsmen stood in pairs on every corner of every block all the way down to our block. They were mostly young boys in green army fatigues, rifles with bayonets an the helmets way over their eyes. They stood expressionless an my sympathy went to them. Why did they have to put up with such trash! Why can't the leaders of this business have a meetin to discuss & settle this like humans. As people sat on their lawn chairs in the front yard to watch the party, I sat an tears trickled down my cheeks. WHY?

8-30
To Avant Garde ALONE! There was spozed ta be poetry readin. I sat starin an weird. Two guys came up an asked if they could sit with me. I nodded. The one, Roy, was the big hearty talker, while the other, John, was silent, wistful and he sketched abstracts. I sorta gave Roy the shock cuz I acted like I was real way-out. But I gave John looks of approval an I complimented his work. The poets were SORTA OK. Roger [redacted], a great beatnik poet that came to Pius for an assembly, was spozed ta be there but didn't show up til after I had to leave. Roy offered me a cigarette, but I said no, I couldn't find a reason to an I have to have a good reason for everything I do. He put one in his mouth an flicked his lighter. I blew it out. He said, "You're so bitter. Why?" I said it was only first impression. They asked

why I was here an I said there was no riotin tonite so there was nuthin else ta do.

8-31
Went downtown in my beige shirt, levis an chain with dad's good conduct medal. I just bombed up an down the deserted crummy streets other than Wisconsin Ave. an you shoulda seen the people look. My act was that I pretended I'd just been let outa jail after servin a month for distributin Communist propaganda when it really was only my philosophies. I luv actin an sure wish I could be a boy so I could be an actor. I can act like a boy better than I can a girl. Yesterday had ta register at Pius. Met some teachers from last year and they both said my how I've changed. I copied some of my best poetry an stashed it in my purse in place of some make-up. I wear NO make-up, absolutely none. I've got natural beauty HA HA HA

9-3
J.C. wrote a thank-you note for last Sunday. It said: "Sheila, keep thinking, 'cause it looks so good on you." I was glad he said that cuz I was beginnin ta think he didn't really like me much. I wanna buy a pair of cowboy boots but ma won't let me. She says I should dress more feminine an those boots are "bad enuff on boys!" But I keep ribbin her maybe she'll give in. I think I know why I got into that mood when J.C. was here. He was everythin I wanted to be but couldn't. He was a boy, played guitar, dressed an looked like a cowboy, talked an sang weird. An I was jealous. I wished he'd love me but never could that be. An I didn't want him to leave. I cried after he'd left when I was about to fall asleep.

9-4
Went to confession an told the priest bout my masturbation. He said I should PRAY!!! Great help. Ya know, as if prayin's gonna distract me when I'm all hopped up. What a fat help he is! I could go ta South Africa an become a religious fanatic an still get myself excited. Some poeple! Well, I gave up feelin like a sinner so I went to Communion today. I dunno if'n I believe in it'r not, but, well, I dunno. Patty 'n I were talkin bout war tonite. If'n I was a guy, I don't think I'd go ta fite. Killin just isn't for me I guess.

9-7
First day of school. The day teared at my heart an mind. The uniform dangles on my body. I carried the books. But my mind carried the Big Sur Wind an the gray foamin ocean dashin against the stones. I wanted everyone to know this, but I looked an saw physically the same girl of last year an I am sad. Is there a way to conform an also to yell out you are not like them? To yell out, no, I do not understand a routine life or clothin that

stereotypes. I looked at all the content faces of all the teeny-boppers an I sank in a nowhere world. My arms want to hold in them the cold ocean, the hidden horizon, the leafless bare an brutal trees but they held books that tell me TZ equals ND an that WERE is plural an WAS is singular. An as my feet walked the linoleum floors I could only see the large bricks of the corridor walls, on an on forever, an my eyes craved the site of natural real life. Again tonite I could not help but cry. The ocean is callin me, why can't I too have the Big Sur Wind? But as I sit in a bed unmade, I try to tell myself I will... when I am 18 an able to say yes I am sure. Only then will they believe I must be out on that wild wind, blown away out into the salty sea, where me an mine float an laff, not where loneliness crashes an cries.

9-8
So lonesome for downtown that after work I hopped the bus there after changin inta my levis, black topper an one of John's old abandoned shirts. Had the mornin Sentinel, my purse & a paper bag with some brownies in it. Got downtown wearin also my sunglasses an went to a little side coffeeship. There was all old old men sittin around. The waitress asked me what I wanted an I said "Seein as that I'm desperate, gimme this beef sandwich job." I acted as tho I was really starvin not eaten for a couple days. When she brought the food I gobbled it quickly down. I was very involved in my game an I eagerly glanced around me as I chewed vigorously. Then took the bus to the lakefront. As I bopped down the street, a convertible with 2 guys in it went past an one yelled "Hi ya, slut." Well ya can't blame 'm. That's where they DO go an I DID have on tite pants. I walked along the lakefront alone singin Joan Baez songs ta myself. I sat on the wall rite behind the Memorial Center and wrote an meditated an cried cuz I was so happy. Passed a buildin with 'Rooms for Rent' on it & I thought of going in an askin how much a room cost but I was runnin outa time an I didn't know HOW long it'd take me ta find downtown. I hooked my thumbs in my pockets like I have been lately. That's what cowboys do. My hair was dirty an scraggly, my pants dirty an I felt as tho I resembled a waif. Had ta be home at 9:30 so I hopped the bus. I was so happy. I had the GREATEST nite!

9-9
Last nite 'fore goin ta bed I wrote a letter ta mom. See, when I got home from downtown, she wanted ta know WHAT I did an where. She'd kill me if she knew I was at the lakefront. She looked worried an disapprovin of me. I told her in the letter that I was writin, thinkin of the starvin children in Brazil an the fact that they still use a whip in an Arkansas prison, an I had been. Before leavin for school I put the letter on the icebox. When I got home she kissed me an said the letter was a real "tear-jerker." She said she understands things a little better but she wishes I wouldn't eat in "dirty little holes where the bums go."

9-10
In Patty's homeroom there's bout 3 boys that rib me awful. I dunno how it originated but they call me "Sea dog" an then bellow like a sick cow. They just sicken me. Then the boys in my homeroom were wise-crackin, but they didn't really bother me.

9-11
Went to the lakefront with Grandmother. We talked bout the cowboy boots I want so badly but ma says I can't have any. Grandm. says I should just go buy 'm anyhow. Well, tonite I once more told ma I wanted some an we had a 2 hour discussion on them. I told her how I disliked bein a girl & all girls want is to throw their bodies around an get picked up an I hated it when people held sex over everythin, even God. She said well, that's how things are, you just have to live with it. HA! I'd sooner DIE than be a stinkin sexy piggy girl. Well, I told her I didn't feel part of this family or that anyone really cared whether I was dead or alive. An it's true. Just the other day I was thinkin, boy, I live in a house with 7 completely strange people. Weird, man... weird. So as it looks I have a 60% chance of a yes answer to if I kin get the books. But I'm not expectin anythin.

9-12
The joke's on me. Ferget the boots. Ma told me drivin ta work, an man I had a big sob fit. Then I told her I wasn't mad an we hugged an all. She promised ta take me downtown tonite so we picked up Grandm (I announced, please, not one mention of the boots) an we went on down. I bought Tom Rush's first album, a folk magazine and a book called Prison. Afterwards ma gave me a big talk on how she's clampin down on everyone in the family from all weird stuff. Bridget got permission ta put red tint to her hair. Hmm, I think somewhere along the line I'm gettin a raw end.

9-19
After supper ma & I went ta Penney's Outlet ta see about the $10 folk guitar she saw there. We bought a $16 one an I asked her if they sold those "unmentionables," meanin the cowboy boots. We went by where they were an jus outa curiosity I slipped a pair on. I walked up an back with 'm an luvved 'm so much. Pulled 'm off, ma grabbed 'm an asked the sales lady the price, $5.88! She looked at me an I said come on let's put 'm back, but inside I said please mama PLEASE! She took 'm an said come on. I couldn't believe it, I went into a complete state of shock. I said yer kiddin, 'r ya sure?!? She said I better quick buy 'm for she changes her mind. We did an when we got back in the car I asked if I could wear 'm now. OK. We went to another store to buy strings for the guitar. Drove to Grandmother's ta show her my stuff. I can't believe it! I feel so great bout havin my very own guitar an I'm still in shock bout the boots. My stomach's tight with nerves. I'm afraid if I fall asleep tomorrow when I

wake they won't be there. I'm so happy. Kathy's REAL mad. She's jus DISGUSTED with ma for lettin me get 'm. I have conditions were I can't wear 'm but ma said she'll probly get used ta 'm & let me wear 'm all around.

9-25
J.C.'s what I'd like to be. A boy working at the railroad. Tough. Hard. Solid. Real. Kath said, "Yer tryin ta bring life after death into THIS life." An she also said sex an money are the 2 most important things in this life. I feel sad cuz they don't understand me.

9-26
I feel alone an sad. I want the roamin life. The life at nite, sittin in a room of freinds, singin, talkin, laffin. At school there is a very large crowd of ridiculers of me. In my class some boys snicker "Sheila, oh, Sheila" an laff away! In Patty's class they call me names. In my Speech Class they call out, "How's capital punishment these days?" It is not teasing, for lately it has become the pastime of the "crowd." I cannot pretend to laff with them. My life is too much to me and I do not consider myself an my dreams funny. I want to run away from here.

9-29
I don't know what I did but I'll tell ya how I did it. Downtown an to the lakefront, walkin over to the lake a group of 5 boys came up. One was bout 16, the rest were between 10-14. The 16-yr-old sat by me on the wall an asked my name, age, where I lived. The rest were standing around smokin an swearin like nobody's business. They kept sayin let's push her over, fuck her, an boy, you name it, they said it. But the 16-yr-old didn't. I asked his name, "Rich." I acted like my solitary moody self. He said he liked my boots and chain. I handed him the chain an he put it on. He liked it. They said let's go. I said no, I came to see the water an the moon an that's what I intend on doin. The little kids said push her over but the 16-yr-old said stay off her, leave her alone, she's OK. I said I was a good girl, I answered yes I wouldn't have it any other way when they asked was I a virgin. Rich looked at me like I baffled and interested him. I liked him. He wore blue jeans, black boots, a grayish patterned shirt an a leather jacket. They asked for matches, I gave 'm some. They said they wanted to go "where the action" was, I pointed to the waters with the moon shinin on it an said that's where the action is. They looked at me like I was nuts, but Rich looked in my eyes wondringly an I looked in his. They said well let's go I said no but they kept on so did I. Rich grabbed my arm an one grabbed the other an they pulled me, I pushed the other off but Rich I let on a little, then he pulled more, overpowerin me, an I shook him off too, a wild mad glint in my eye. I guess they got scared so they left an I sat back on the wall thinkin of Rich. I started to cry cuz I felt so sorry for him and suddenly I got the great great

urge ta find him. I started walkin an yelled "Rich!" three times 'fore he said, "Here I am." He ran up an said what's the matter, I said I don't know why, I just wanted ta talk to him. He said OK and told the others to "go get" some girls up the way. They asked if I changed my mind an he said "No, she just wants to talk to me." I said what were ya doin an he said makin a fire. With my matches. We walked together an I said I just wanted tto tell ya to stop what yer doin cuz it isn't worth it. He said you know what yer askin me to do? go to heaven. I said what's wrong with that. He said hell's where the action is. I said no it isn't. He said are you a Catholic? who got this all in yer head? I said nobody I just thought of it myself, it's my own religion. He looked interested, curious. I said do you think this'll all pan out in the end? He said I'm not crazy, I'll stop when I'm about 18. I said it isn't all that easy. I say yes I'd been in court, I've gone to observe (before the group'd asked if I'd been to court an Rich said he was twice). I said I wrote an he asked if I drew, I said no I've tried but I can't. He said on't tell anyone but I'm an artist. I smiled an said oh, that's great. He seemed real proud an said if ya got time I'll teach ya how an I said no, I don't have the time. I said I was different an showed him my glasses, he smiled. I said you've ever been to Avant Garde. He said what's that, I said a beatnik place, told him where it was, he said he'd go there. He said he'd jus been on his way back to apologize ta me for the other guys an the way they were actin, "they don't know how girls think," he said. The others came back then an I left with him, us two walkin together, the rest behind us. They said they'd seen some girls an wanted Rich ta get them for them. As we walked I took his hand, we walked hand in hand. He asked if I'd ever had a boyfriend. I said once an I think you know why I got rid of him. He said did you get ridda him or did he stand you up, I said no I dumped him. He put his arm around my shoulders an said you don't mind, do you? I said no & put my arm around his waist. He walked a ways ahead of the rest an lost 'm way back. As we went thru the park he told me they'd knocked over the benches. Suddenly we saw a cop. We sat down on the bench. The cop asked if he was with that group, he said yeah. The cop said well, I don't know if you knocked these benches over, but I have my suspicions. An they better behave 'r he'd bring the old man down an they'd pick up the whole park. He made us sit an wait for the others. When they came we all left. Soon the cop came buzzin over on this little motorcart an said do you kids have school tomorrow. They said yeah, he said well then ya better get on home. I had to get to my bus so I told Rich where Avant was an he said OK. We all stood talkin bout it an I said you had to be REAL ta get in 'r they'd spot ya out. He said you be down here again tomorrow. I said no, next Thursday. He said by the lake an I said yeah, bout 8 p.m. He said OK we'll see yua then. He leaned over an we kissed each other in a split second. I hope I did the right thing. I pray to God. I want to help Rich.

10-2
Bought an album, a man's wallet, a combination change purse & key case, and a $27 jacket with matching pants. The jacket is the western kind, brownish suede cloth with the fuzz lining. It looks so great with my boots! I just love it. The pants are of the suede cloth. Kath just had a FIT when she saw the jacket cuz it's really the style men wear, an cowboys! Ma's beginnin ta let me wear the boots all around, just not to church or school. I wouldn't wear 'm there anyway. They look horrid with a skirt. UGH! Well, Kath says I'm a disgrace to the women sex and she won't even look at me or talk to me an she's actin like I don't even exist. I wish she wouldn't be like that. I wanna be her friend. Oh, well. I guess the world I'm in holds its joys an sorrows just like any other, it's friends an enemies, happinesses an disappointments.

10-6
By the lake a car drives up an Rich jumps out. We walked an he showed me a bottle of beer in his pocket. I said, "I thought you said you were smart." Rich was actin real stupid, laffin 'n everythin. I told him he wasn't different, he was like all the rest. He said don't try ta convert me ta be a beatnik. He said he'd draw a picture for me an see me next week. We were together bout 1/2 hr. Wore my whole cowboy get-up. Remarks here 'n there, "Ride 'm cowboy" and "Howdy, Clem."

10-7
Out of uniform day. Wore my gray "reform school" dress. It's lonely bein weird. There's this one boy in my homeroom that keeps tryin ta make a fool outa me while he makes one of himself.

10-9
Met a guy named Charlie through a mutual friend and spent Sunday with him. When I look at him I think of Lar. I can't believe there actually is a whole new person Charlie that likes me. He came over about 8 p.m. I decided I wanted to buy a new dress. That's weird cuz I'm such a "boy." At the end of the evenin I said yer a typical teenager, ya know? He said yeah I'm stereotype. He was proud of it. When we kissed good nite I'd rather've kissed a DOG. I don't like him at all, I mite as well admit it.

10-13
8 p.m. on the wall by the lakefront. I heard "Hey, Sheeka" (that's Rich's name for me). A figure walked towards me and Rich sat down. "Ya got a comb?" I did. He said, "Use it." After a long silence he said, "How do you know I wasn't actin like myself but like the crowd?" Another silence. "Well, cuz that's what the crowd does, just like you were doin." He said, "The crowd doesn't paint like I do." I said, well then paint an don't drink. We

looked out at the fog, the black waters, the moonless black sky with faint gray clouds. He laid down on the wall an put his head on my lap. He laid sideways with his nose to my stomach. I put my hand on his shoulder an with the other, petted his hair. He asked if I had a boyfriend. I said no. He asked will you be my girlfriend? I said, "sure, why not? I like you," said kinda unromantic but I was flabbergasted outa my senses. He laid quiet a long time. We put our arms around each other an he cuddled under my coat. Then I had to go.

10-14
Charlie came over an after a while I started cryin cuz I felt bad about what I had to do. He kept sayin "What's the matter, honey?" an I said, "We've gotta forget it." He asked why an I said cuz I just don't care about you. I was holdin him and cryin hard. He said, "I could tell from the start."

10-15
Watched my favorite an only TV show I watch, a cowboy show called "Shane." Put on my black turtleneck, blue army shirt, levis an cowboy boots an Western jacket. Dad drove me to Avant and when they drove away I left and walked to the lakefront. It was very cold an Rich said we were goin ta his boyfriend's house. I was a bit afraid. He said his friend, Bob, had been tryin ta convert him to stop his wild way of life for 4 mos. an was mad cuz I'd done it in one hour! Rich carried his canvas an I carried the bag of oils an brushes. Bob was 25 yrs. old. When I heard that I felt better. Well, I figured, I had to take my chances. Bob had friends over and one girl looked like a beatnik. VERY GOOD. Rich an I went to Bob's studio, Rich pointed out his paintings. One of a woman an two little boys. It was so real it haunted you an you felt scared to look at it. He told me Marilyn was the girl he was goin with, "I have one of her nylons in my bedroom so now you know what kinda guy I am." His parents were divorced an he was livin with his dad an grandma. He has a long police record an he's supposed to be in 10th grade, but he's in 8th, not cuz he's dumb, but he just doesn't care or try. I felt so sorry for him. Oh, Rich.

10-16
Rich an I decided I would tell ma bout him. So told mom I met him at the Avant Garde, that he was Catholic (which automatically helped ma to take to him) an that he drew.

10-18
Rich came to my house and I introduced everyone. He'd brought his painting and I showed it to everyone. Mom says he's a very nice boy but rather "shy."

10-19
Wrote Rich a letter and wrote I loved him.

10-20
I got my seat changed in my homeroom. There was a group of boys around me before and they constantly used me as a center for their jokes and cuts. A few times they hit me, pushed my desk around, and threw stuff at me. I couldn't read or write in privacy cuz they read it out loud over my shoulder. It's all becuz I'm not a teenybopper, but I'm not like them. Cuz I don't like and agree with them. So after school I asked to have my seat changed. The teacher said yes, she was gonna ask me if I wanted it changed. I'm very happy in my new seat. God, if anyone knows what persecution for bein different is, it's ME! Talked to Rich. His teacher'd called his grandma an she slapped him and threw some junk at him. He was almost cryin when I talked to him. I told him to calm down an not do anythin crazy, he said he wouldn't cuz he loved me. He said if his father came home an beat him, he was gonna run away cuz he couldn't take it anymore. He told me to call at 9:30. His grandma answered an said no when I asked if Rich was there. They'd better not have done anythin to him. Oh, God. Help him.

10-23
Met Rich and we went ta Bob's apartment. Sat on the floor with records on and kissed. Then we began wrestlin. Then he laid there an I scratched his back. He liked that. God, he looked beautiful. Dark brown floppy hair, dk blue eyes, thin face an a light blue shirt. Grrrrrr.

10-24
Rich called, told me some dirty jokes and said he was gonna join the Angels again, the group he was with when I met him. I was rather mad. I asked why an he said cuz it's his life an they NEED him. I said oh yeah, they really NEED you to show them how to be crumbs, they really NEED you to help them in jail.

10-27
From work went downtown with my cowboy outfit on. Wasn't gonna go to the lake ta see if Rich was there but 'fore I knew it my feet were headed down there. He came runnin up and I asked why he came. He asked if I was mad. I said yeah cuz he didn't call an really had no reason not to. He started sayin he's goin to a party Saturday. I said spoze there'll be booze, hey? He said no. I said oh sure. We jus stood there an he said well leave no one's stoppin ya an he walked away. I called him and gave him "The Meaning of Success" book I bought for him. He gave it back but then took it after he said bye an I said "Jus like that, huh?"

10-28
Ya know 2 yrs ago when I was wearin all those English clothes. Well, they're all popular in Milwaukee now! Corduroy skirts are all the rage - Grandmother made me 4 of 'm 2 yrs ago! English hats are all COOL. Funny nylons are all hip. I was wearin all that stuff LONG ago an everyone laffed. So, maybe in 2 yrs. from now everyone'll be wearin cowboy boots. Heaven Ferbid!

11-3
Today is Thursday an I didn't go downtown. I have a feelin Rich was at the lake at 8:00 as usual an I wasn't there. He hadn't called in a week an we've had no communication whatsoever. I hope he reads the "Success" book and a little brains penetrate into his numb skull. I wish I could drop from school TODAY an hop a freight train an LIVE

11-5
Called Rich, he said he was back with the Angels an Marily an he was happy, that he don't go fer any a that "holy shit" anymore an I said it's not "holy" and I never said it was. He said he wasn't any guy for a "nice" girl like me an I had a "holy face." I said well there's no reason we just can't be friends. He said OK.

11-6
Crappy day. All I did was masturbate. Shoot! Patty said las nite I looked so great an I sure accomplished lookin like a boy. She said I really looked like a boy a lot an she had sorta an "attraction" to me an she wishes I weren't a girl.

11-8
I'm gettin a "D" in Religion cuz I ain a-handed in none a the assignments cuz I'm too lazy ta waste time on stuff I don't believe. Like Christ is the host an bull like that. So, nunnie said iff'n I don't hand in assignments nex quarter she's gunna flunk me. Went shoppin with ma tonite, she even let me wear my cowboy boots.

11-12
Today's John's birthday. Gave him a book "God Is For Real, Man." It's a collection of excerpts from the Bible, written in modern day form by boys from detention homes, jails, etc. It's a great, great book.

11-13
Ya know sometimes I feel jus once more I'd like to put on the make-up, wear bangs and rat my hair up an be the way I was bout a year ago. Carefree. But it's hard to be carefree when there's such things goin on as are these days. I read in Pakistan they're

adopting public whippings for narcotic users, an they MIGHT abolish the lash in English prisons. They STILL USE IT! That's so hard to accept when we know so much bout criminals these days.

11-14
I'm gettin very used to myself. The cowboy excitement is "growin" on me an I feel very natural bout it. There's a customer at work, bout 24, married, an the HUNKIEST guy I've ever seen. He always looks like a beatnik. He has dk brown hair, parted in the middle an combed down an he always is the perfectest form. His wife is good, too, but not as good.

11-16
I'm the 229th highest among 617 students in the sophomore class.

11-24
Would you believe it? RICH CALLED! No kiddin. He said, "I'm readin a book." I asked, "What the name of it?" and he answered, "Success." Rich, oh, Rich. If only I could help you an we could be. I think his callin was a slight beggin fer me not to stop tryin to help him. Rich, I won't.

11-26
After work went to Patty's. We watched "Shane" on TV. It's the only show I watch failthfully, about a cowboy who used to be a big gunfighter but gave up his rowdy life. Shane is very ugly, so ugly he's the most beautiful thing. The show is very emotional an symbolic an Shane is very good at Bobby Dylan looks.

12-2
Don't think fer one minute I stopped masturbation. Not once! I've been a lot lately. I was thinkin a some of the cool things "in my childhood." When ma got the sand fer the sandbox... the swingset... playin cowboys an how I really FELT it.

12-4
I have an idea for a story, well, in fact I've had plenty of ideas for stories that involve sex an mostly homosexuality. I seem very obsessed by the latter. But I never commenced ta write any of those types of stories for fear someone reads them an I'm in one hell of trouble. But I figures... I'll jus pack 'm away an who'll know. Anyhow things like this homo stuff does happen an maybe someday I'll be able to use those type a stories. So today I started my first story. About a mute 17-year-old whose father is afraid of him sexually becuz the boy has homo tendencies & strong ones. So the father takes to abusing the boy which gives him (the father) sexual pleasure. He makes the boy strip and the father beats him with a leather strap. - When I think of stuff like this,

I get all kinds a wet stuff in my underpants. I dunno what it is but I once read in a magazine that the stuff emitted in masturbation wasn't harmful--

12-8
No school so I buzzed downtown. Not in my cowboy stuff. Tonite mom an I went shoppin. I got a $6 suede-cloth jacket that looks real good with my cowboy stuff. MOM LET ME WESR MY BOOTS TONITE.

12-10
Spider John Koerner was at the Avant Garde so at the las minute John an I went. Wore my cowboy stuff. The Spider was marvelous.

12-12
Saw a documentary program on Prisons on TV. It was the story of a 22-yr-old guy who was charged with burglary an given a trial. he fought and smarted-off to police and they were constantly wrestling with him. He was sentenced to 3-10 yrs. in prison. When asked if he had anythin to say he said, "Yeah, go ta hell." So he got into one a those rotten prisons. He stayed for 3 yrs. an when reviewed by a parole board he said he was interested in photography. The men said well he can't jus think bout stuff he's interested in, he's gotta take up sumthin that has available facilities. The guy jus answered well I sure wish this place had some course in photography. They reviewed his case an told him they didn't think he was ready to leave. They showed his face when he was bein told that, an his eyebrows wrinkled in hurt and his eyes displayed hurt and rejection. They told him they'd review him again in 6 mos. and hoped to see improvement. They asked if he had anythin to say. He sat and looked with a little child's rejection at the men an slowly got up and walked out. It showed him walkin down the prison hall an lean against the wall, his dead down, lookin close to hears. The guard prodded him to go into his cell but the guy shook him off. The guard began wrestlin with him an shoved him into his cell. The guy kicked over his table an turned around, ran at the bars an shook them... an screamed.... Then they showed a sketch of him as a child, wide-eyed an frightened. Then they put on the credits with his child picture in the background. Tears fell down my cheeks. Dad said how lousy it was for those poor guys in those jails. I asked him if he still believed in capital punishment. He didn't answer.

12-17
Long day at work. Felt lousy. Bout 4:30 I began cryin. I cried an cried when mom called, I cried an told her I just didn't wanna go to Patty's. Mom made me call Ptty an tell her I wouldn't make it. Then I was cryin for no reason. I jus cried an cried. Dad picked me up an I cried all the way home. I told him how I hated school. I jus cried. Got home an mom an I went into her room an I told her bout my teachers tellin me I'm gettin low grades. She

cuddled an comforted me. I was so tired an still cryin. She laid me on her davenport an covered me. She left. It was dark cept for a ray of lite from the door opening. I was comforted but still cryin. Then someone completely shut the door. Total darkness. I felt as tho I were sinkin deep into another world, insanity. My mind whirled and I felt as tho I was goin to die. So close. An I was gonna scream. In a few minutes I'd just begin screamin an could never stop. I was so so scared. If I went insane now all my plans in life would be ruined. I ran outa the room an clutched mom an pleaded with her to call the doctor. I felt the insaneness I was goin thru. I told mom I was goin crazy an please call the doctor. She got scared an told me to stop it. She put me on her lap on the rocker, bundled in a blanket an I held a wet cloth to my forehead. She gave me a nerve pill. An I rested on her breast and she rocked me an softly began singin a song I remembered from childhood. I rested an slowly began comin back to reality. I felt as tho I'd have to learn the entire map of the house over and get introduced to everyone except mom. I ate some soup and I watched "Shane" and I had the chills. Mom said my skin looked blotchy. I was back to life an reality and I hope I never will have to experience insanity again. Once is enuff. But now I know what it is. I WAS MY STORY CHARACTERS. I was in the world of fear, horrible fear of the unknown I was going thru. I have my story characters in me--

12-19
Mom's been takin good care of me. She's makin sure I don't do much work an she's gonna help me get breakfast in the mornin. I only get a cup of coffee every school day until 12:20. So we're changin that. An I got my period today. Gob all over. I hate it. Crap of being a damn <u>girl</u>--

12-22
Today Patrick an I walked to the Allis Chalmer's freight yard. There was no one there but a lonesome snow-ladden freight train. She was cold an sleepin. Pat an I watched some construction men build a buildin... we didn't know WHAT the buildin was to be. When we started freezin we headed fer home. Before we got to the freight yard we stopped at a little coffee shop an had coffee. I always wanted ta go there but not under these circumstances. I had my cowboy stuff on. Well, this comin summer I'll dress up cowboy one nite an go on over there with my guitar an mourn. A dream. I'm thinkin by nex summer I'll be all changed an never get to fulfill the above dream. But I hope I don't change an I seriously don't think I will. - I'm in a wild mood tonite. All wrapped up in that one unfinished story, "We can go around this way..." I dunno why but that particular story is botherin me. Not exactly "botherin." But it's playin at my mind. Keepin me in mysterious thought.

12-29
Went downtown with my cowboy stuff on, bopped around. Went to the lakefront an man it was cold. Snow was all over, so I jus left.

by Sheila Sullivan:

When I was younger
more carefree
Oh I remember this place
cars of all makes
an colors
every type a people in m
was forever buzzin
up an down up an down the street
in our front yard
the roar a the big truck
huge wide an silver
with twelve wheels
black smoke chokin
from the exhaust
a roarin on the cement
that put me ta sleep
ya couldn't hear yerself talk
when they passed
yeah it was
a weird sight then
ta see the street empty
it never was
we lived in a middle-class
residential area
streets were lined
with tall stately green trees
everyone had
a fairly well-kept lawn
but I didn't care
I was a little girl
bouncin playin
"the ringleader"
my dad said
I never really knew
what he mant
the ringleader

I remember the games
I was so wrapped in them
ready for fun
I'd go to the library
gettin a book of games
there weren't many kids
none really
to play with

so me an my two
younger sisters
we dress up
in the holsters an hats
an guns
make up names
we played on it hours an hours
day after day
week upon week
an I loved every bit of it
I was Bobby Cordail
gunslinger

a few years later
me I looked
at my older sister
she was three years older
liked the boy nex door
bought movie magazines
an painted her nails
man, it was different
so I pick up her magazine
an looked at a star
lord was he ugly
I slopped on polish
like a tomboy
stared out the window
at my sisters rolelr skatin
an sadly asked my mother
if big girls could roller skate
an that was the end
of growin up for me

couple years later
I guess ya can't play forever
ya start finding things out
learnin bout things
there are no games
school was still
only a place ta
get away with things
an a challenge ta see
how mad
ya could make the teachers
an bluemound road
was gettin tired
a big expressway went up
an the cars went there
an now there are only some
that travel the road
in my front yard
only a few
that come to visit me
an sometimes

the road is lonely
an bare an silent
an I wonder
where it has gone
an if it will one day
come back

our neighbors have moved or died
the old man
who loved our family
an lived across the road
has died
the couple nex door
who never had their keys
but used ta have
an attic
full of big lady clothes
have died
an the empty lot
we called "the mountains"
has died
it was there
where we buried
the dead birds we found
has been leveled down
an three homes are there
sometimes I look there
tryin ta picture
how it used ta be
the tall weeds an grass
an dandelions
bluemound road
isn't the same no more
an neither is
the little girl
the gunslinger

but I have realized
how I loved bluemound road
an how much I loved
the gunslinger life
somewhere
back in my memory
will always be the picture
of little Bobby Cordail
little Davie Crockett
an the silver trucks
an I have vowed
ta always be
the bouncin playin
lover of life
cuz for me
there is no other life
an if you asked me

this minute
to don
a holster an hat
an gun
an ta look up when
the name Cordail is yelled
you couldn't not in yer whole life
find a better gunslinger
or a happier one
for I have learned
that there is nuthin more beautiful
nuthin more sacred
than life

1-5-67
Ya know, I think so much...well, not just lately, but for a great number of months I've been interested in homosexuality. It excites me. I think of all types of stories I make up concernin it.

1-6
I read in a book that 50% of all female teenagers masturbate. A bit of comfort. I remember once when I was about 7 or 8 yrs. old I asked mom if playin we were poor (playin house that Brid., M.E. an I were poor an dressin in rags) I asked if it was a sin. Now we kin see from this I had a guilty feelin sexually bout playin we were sufferin masochism.

1-7
At work things went so slow I had time to masturbate. Yup. Nice goin, hey? While pagin thru a magazine I came to a pix of 3 girls in bikinis. That's what excited me. Homo? Sounds like it.

1-12
I am a PRUDE! That's a girl who doesn't like sex an (well, not exactly not like sex, but keeps it private) an objects to played up sex.

1-17
I had this dream: I was in a Christmas Mass singin with all these other girls when I got up an began singin "Ave Maria" solo. Suddenly I was on a stage singin it with all these people listenin. When it ended I swept back to my place, I had a flowin chiffon dress on. Everyone commented on how beautiful my song was, an then Kath woke me up rite in the middle of it all for school. Layin awake I realized deep down I really wanted to be a flitty feminine girl. I felt sad an told all to Patty, who reminded me mental beauty was more important than physical an I came back down to earth.

1-19
In Study Hall at school I sat at an empty table. Two boys came and sat with me. Mr. Krauska came over, jabbed me in the shoulder an told me to sit at a GIRL'S table! As if I could help they sat with me! Grrrr.

2-6
I don't know what to do bout this masturbatin stuff. I CAN'T help it an I'll jus have to suffer thru til I can.

2-7
Kath gave me an article on Dylan from Playboy magazine. On the backside of one page is a big story on mashochism an I'm typin out the article so I kin destroy the original cuz I masturbated all over cuzza the big story.

2-18
When I go to get Patty's & my milk fer eatin upstairs at school, there's a group of 4-5 senior boys who group around their homeroom door ta wait an hoot & holler at me fer fun. Somewhere they got my name, too. Well, everytime I go pass 'm I STARE an give 'm a real Bobby Dylan look. This's been goin on fer many weeks now. Also Steve [redacted] has a group of boys in Patty's homeroom where I am most the time an they call me names, etc., with [redacted] heading it all! Do you believe it? After I had to DITCH him only 2 yrs. ago!

2-22
Well, I made out my junior year an senior year schedule at Pius. That crappy school! All a girl can prepare for there is bein a secretary. Ugh! What a rut! Well, big choice. I'll be glad when I'm outa school.

3-1
"Patty's ma" is breakin Patty & I up. I put " " on that cuz I dunno if P. makin it all up ta get my attention. Accordin ta P. her ma thinks I'm a communist and I'm leadin P. astray! Everythin I do is wrong. P's sister told P. that she thinks P. an I are homosexualists & I have probly prompted P. into every type of thing homosexuals do!

3-3
No school. Up early & downtown in my cowboy stuff. To the lakefront an I romped in the melting snow.

3-11
One of my bad days again. Sex-wise, that is. I masturbated bout 5 times at work, drew dirty pictures, wrote dirty stuff - fer my own release. When Patty called she could sense my tension & asked what came. I of course told her I was jus tired. Later, downtown with mom and Grandmother, I sneaked to the book place & paged thru dirty books to find the "good" parts (HA HA). Now that I write of it, it all makes my stomach sick. I nauseate myself right now. Well, after I went into Grandmother's bathroom & had a good workout on the floor, I was over it all. Makes ya wanna throw up, hey?

3-12
Why do I appreciate JC so? Maybe cuz he's what I wanna be, an I'm so happy I am the type to be what I wanna be. I mean, a "prophet" is lonely an feels like he's failin once in a while. The mere fact JC likes me gives me hope that I'm not off the track, cuz if someone as great as him likes me, I mus be OK.

3-21
The latest big argument among city groups is this thing on whether or not to make it legal for pharmacists and physicians to distribute birth control pills to unmarried people. The argument is "they're gonna do it anyhow, there's no reason to make a child suffer"; "yes" goes the other side, "but why make it easy for the unmarried to carry on a life of sexual intercourse & elt them get away undetected with it." I'm for the latter side, course. This whole thing gets me sick, another Sodom & Gommorah.

3-24
Went in my cowboy stuff to the railroads on 70th St. & Main. I went down there & walked along the tracks & "kicked around." I talk to myself a lot when I kick around. Near 76th, some railroad workers were down the way & they whistled & waved. I returned the greetin & it made me feel good.

4-7
Kath got a Time Magazine that had an article for birth control. She said I should read it cuz it was sooo great. I read it & it got me sick. It said birth control doesn't promote promiscuity among unmarried, but it proposes a "<u>sense of responsibility</u>." Now instead of a girl refusin relations cuzza fear of pregnancy, she'll "make decisions accordin to her own conscience." Oh!!!

4-13
Yesterday at 10:24 a.m. a man died in the gas chambers of San Quentin prison for killin a cop durin a hold-up of a tavern in 1964. The first execution this year in the U.S. and the first in Calif. in 4 yrs. He was Negro. 500 people picketed the prison & Gov. Reagan, who refused to "intervene in the clemency conference." I am pretty mad and wrote a letter, more like a plea, to Gov. Reagan of Calif. to abolish capital punishment. Also later I heard they found Richard Speck guilty of murder on 8 counts, with recommendation of the electric chair.

4-20
At school in religion class our teacher asked if any of us had any "special intentions" we wanted to pray for durin the prayer at the start of class. I raised my hand, "For the life of Richard Speck." God! everyone looked at me like I was nuts & a few said,

"Oh, no!" "I'd pray for his soul, but not his life!" Teacher looked away & said we should all pray for our own intentions.

4-21
Every Friday I have resolved ta send $1 to the Care Foundation so they kin send a Care package to some little child overseas. No one at all knows of these donations but me & you, diary.

4-24
I find myself daydreamin an awful lot. My hearin goes off, I stare at somethin & I'm in the world of my stories... sometimes watchin a young boy being beaten, screaming, bleedin. Sometimes seein a sex-starved, love-starved boy raping a girl, panting, pleading. Today I've been dreamin SO much.

4-30
I can't even express it. At 1:45 John & I went to a gatherin, called a Be-In, at a picnic area at the lakefront. When we got there, there were about 300 people standin by a tree, on which hung an American flag, and were singin 'My Country 'Tis of Thee.' An no teenyboppers, I'd say about 20 outa the 300 came to see the weird-o's. But there were guys with long hair & beards, girls in granny dresses, funny hats, guitars. We went to a small crowd where a boy & girl were singin to the boy's guitar, dancin around. I felt left out, stupid & dumb. Everyone was jus walkin round with balloons, etc., lookin weird. But then it started whoopin up. John got the empty hamster cage outa his car. We carried it around & when people looked in we told them the hamster'd died. They acted very sympathetic, one girl gave us a big flower for the cage, another gave us a stick of incense to burn over it. It began hittin me. This was an assembly of brotherly love. And I had more fun that I can describe on these pages. I fit. About 100 of these people held hands & created a large circle & we joined. In the middle was a girl & boy, the boy holdin shoes to his head as bullhorns & the girl held his coat out as a matador. They played as everyone yelled "O-lay!" Then the circle began running ahead, running, running, and everyone landed in a pile on top of each other. The circle formed again & we played crack-the-whip. There were little gatherins of singers. No one knew each other, but it was as we were all brothers. We made several rings of circles around a guitarist, our arms around the persons' on the sides of us, their shoulders, rockin back & forth singin 'He's Got the Whole World in His Hands": He's got LBJ in His hands; He's got the CIA in His hands; He's got all the bananas in His hands; He's got all the draft cards in His hands. At the end of our song, a guy peeled a banana and anyone who wanted to took a bite as we passed it round. Several people flew kites. And there were 2 nuns there, smilin, singin. About 15 cops roamed about jus in case, but when they passed a group, we all clapped. About 3 people yelled out the time when I asked for it. Bout 5:00 it began gettin cold out & the crowd began breakin up. Four kids

held up the corners of a blanket & people picked up litter from the grounds. I thought that was neat. We left. Headed for the Garde to see if it was open. The doors were open but when we got in, a boy waiter (about 23 yrs. old) asked if he could help us. We asked if they had anythin ta drink & he said he only had water, did we want some water? We accepted. A waitress, the waiter, John & I sat, the waiter played my guitar. They'd been at the Be-In, too. We all agreed it was better'n we expected it to be. We talked bout the guitar, the waiter told us they at the Garde had been blowin bubbles & it was really weird to see the color reflections on them from the stained glass window. Then two teenyboppers came up. The waiter mumbled, "Oh, no, the plague." Another waiter told them sorry, they're closed. I felt great. I was included. I was accepted. It was great. I am happy.

5-5
Down to the lake & a guy sits on the wall bout 10 ft. away, looks at me, I at him & say hi to him. He comes over & sits down & we talk bout the garbage floatin in the water. He's got brown long hair to the collar in back, a mustache, bushy eyebrows, about 6'2", hazel eyes, thin built. We went to the snack bar in the Memorial Center & got coffee (both paid for their own, which I like). We read the initials scratched into the table & I whips out my handy pocket knife & carve "She" into the table. Told him bout the Be-In. Said he'd intended to go, but didn't. He looked to me bout 20 yrs. old. We trapsed around the art stuff, all op-art & we laffed & criticized it. We walked up Wisc. Ave. singin 'We Shall Overcome.' I had on my cowboy stuff. Walked around a magic shop, the library, in the museum we square danced to music, looked at the mummies. In our fun we held hands sometimes. Told him I hadda be on the bus for work and he rode with me. He showed me his birth certificate: Ralph [redacted], born 1950! He looked older than 17! Told me a lady'd jus stopped him on the street & asked why wasn't he in Vietnam. As he got on the return bus, I gave 'm a quick kiss on the cheek. Bout 6:45 he called and we agreed to meet at the Garde tomorrow nite.

5-7
Ralph came to Bluemound Rd. He had on dark green pants, a red plaid long sleeve shirt, a coat and penny loafers. Had on my black & white dress. Later mom told me she didn't like him becuz of his hair & mustache & his part of town. But she didn't forbid us to see again. She said he's low class & I'm not THAT HARD UP. And that he didn't "seem too intelligent." She said he looked like a beatnik on marijuana... what would the neighbors say seein him come around.

5-17
He called wondrin if I could come downtown tonite & mom & Grandmother drove me down. We walked down Wisc. Ave. under people's stares. I am so so proud of him. He walks tall,

seriously, lookin cooly ahead of him in sorta a Bobby Dylan look. And he's mine! Two guys said, "Why don't ya get a shave!" I narrowed my eyes an said "You jus leave him alone, hey?" They didn't comment. At the Memorial snack bar, he pulled me onto his lap & he opened the 2nd button on his shirt. I pulled it aside an said "Wowee!" He pulled my collar up & I dunno if he saw anythin (didn't have on a bra) but I pushed him back & lightly hit his cheek. I surprised myself & was so sorry. Tried to make up for it with hugs & kisses. Ma siad she's take him home and Grandmother took us for food. I was so proud. He opened doors for them, helped them with their coats & said his grandma'd taught him how to knit and crochet. Grandm. says he's real cute & a doll & mom now thinks he's real nice. So so happy.

5-20
At the Garde, Ralph and I sat in the back. We held each other & he rubbed my neck. He ran his hand over my shoulder under my dress. He leaned back & opened his shirt about half down, took my hand and put it on his naked chest. I was gettin excited so I pinched him by the neck. He got the hint. His hair was messed, he looked so tired, so sad in the dark. He asked if I wanted his bracelet. Said wouldn't refuse if you gave it to me. He took it off & slipped it on my wrist & we kissed.

5-22
Ralph said he hated it when people misused sex, "Ya know it really is a very beautiful thing." He told me there were a few homosexuals at his school an it really got him sick. He ranted on & when he stopped, I said, "Ya know I've been sittin here WAITIN for you for a year and a half. You are beautiful. Every boy I ever knew always thought of sex as dirty or fun, but I never found anyone that thought this way as I did."

5-28
Ralph came over. He said he didn't think morality was goin ta the dogs. I said I thought it was sickenin how they used sex to sell thoothpaste & cigarettes. Asked if he condoned premarital sex. Said he'd never do it but if other people want to that's OK. I was kinda shocked. Ralph? He said well ya gotta "experiment" a little. I didn't say anythin & felt so bad. He's jus like all the rest. Asked how can I be sure he's sincere & not experimentin on me? He got mad & said he should just shut up, he kin never keep his mouth shut. I felt sooo bad. He isn't the one. My dream was shattered.

6-3
Ralph and I met at the Garde. The band came in, real pills, ya know, shoulder-length hair, beads, real spazzes. Ralph LOVED 'm & sat up lookin & lissenin to 'm. I felt rotten. "The Velvet Whip" were AWFUL! A lotta electric noise. The singer had to read the

words cuz he didn't know 'm & the tambourine player had NO rhythm & bashed it whenever he felt like it. UGH! I took an aspirin. Ralph thought they were wonderful. I said they were uncreative & noisy. He was so tender & lovin when he notices me, but when he doesn't, he acts like he couldn't care less. Goin home I felt the distance being put between us and the tears trickled down my cheek. And I thought, There is somethin in his eyes... something I don't understand. In his eyes....

6-7
J.C. came up with his new girlfriend. He said to me "You <u>still</u> walk like <u>that</u>? I thought you'd get over that!" I said I probly never would.

6-16
I'm 16!

6-17
He called me at 4:40. Yes, he's goin to Denver tomorrow for approximately 10 days. I sang Happy Birthday to him. Bought him a carton of cigarettes and John drove me to his place. He came out & stood by the door. He looked so sad, sad or was it hungry? I couldn't tell. Maybe a yearning. He looked at me like he didn't ever wanna leave, like he was gonna cry. Sorta like I am now. I gave him his present and a piece of my birthday cake. He looked at them and then at me. I kissed him. I put my arms around his neck & squeezed him. Goodbye, Ralph. Goodbye. He mumbled, "Thanks, goodbye"... he turned away holding the presents almost helplessly. Goodbye. Hurry back.

6-20
John & I went to a drive-in for a coke. He was all weird as usual, as I was. We got out & there was a group of boppers, bout 25 of 'm in a group. They started yellin cuts, "queer" seemed to be the favorite they all began chantin it. "Hey, yer not gonna serve those queers, are ya, Howie?" They all yelled "booo" as the guy gave us our cokes. We walked without a word to them back to John's car & sat & drank our cokes. They kept callin John "hair boy" (?). All the boys, average age 16, bout 15 of 'm, began walkin to the car. John ordered me to roll up the windows & lock the doors. A few of 'm bashed on the side a the car, as some said "Come on out, queer, an let's see how good you are?" "Queer!" We just sat casually drinkin, not even payin attention to 'm. After bout 2 min. they all walked back to their little group, all but one big tuffie. He stood there actin like Joe Collie 'r sumthin. I remarked to John, "As if they wouldn't do the same thing if their mommies'd let 'm." John said, "No kiddin'." I smiled. Joe Coolie saw me smile, he couldn't hear us, an he yelled, "Come on out here an say that?" Oh, lordy! So John said aw, let's clear out. I agreed. He started up & backed out, much to the hurrays

of the boppers. I was so proud, the way John handled that. He'd've been only showin he's the same as they if he'd a quibbled with 'm. I felt 10 ft. tall - still do. I sure love & am proud of my big brother, Johnney.

6-23
I guess this's a big day. I bought a cowboy hat! No lie. It's dark brown felt an cost me $4.95. At Hall's Saddlery. They had jus beautiful stuff there... saddles, shirts, hats, pants, boots, ties. Great stuff!

6-24
West Allis Western Days, so I got to wear my cowboy stuff to work. Wowee.

6-28
John & I went to the poetry readin at the Garde. I'm sure, all their poems were bout free sex, sex, open sex, public sex and nudity. I was really gettin sick.

7-2-67
He knew it all along. Now I know why he looked so helpless, so sad when I gave him his presents, when I saw him for the last time. His mother called last nite. Ralph got a job cooking for a family of 10 in Boulder, Colo. They'd be living in a 3 bedroom trailer. She said, "Well, now you're out an escort," and I was too lost to tell her I'll be out a lot more than that.

7-3
Downtown. Sat behind the Memorial & I thought of him. I will wait for infinity. I wish we could still stay together, thru thought & our hearts & I can still wear his bracelet. His bracelet is all there is left of him.

7-14
I sent in to the post office for his address. He still has not written me once since he left.Downtown in cowboy stuff & hat! Went to the lakefront & sad & cried. Sensitivity...the mystery I could not read in his eyes... It was gentle sensitivity, And it took me until now To discover it... Oh, my gentle Ralph. Don't you realize I love you so so much....

7-15
I tried once more to write a letter to Ralph that would express how I feel. But it all sounded so stupid. Bridget, John & I went to the Garde. The Velvet Whip were playin & I'm gettin ta like them. They're real NICE guys personality-wise and after hearin them read some of the lyrics to their songs at one of the poetry readings, I realize they are great songs.

7-25
Johnney & I went to the Garde by 6:45. At 7:30 Mr. Barker, the owner, came & said he should give the key to us two, we could open up the place cuz we're always here first.

7-27
Went downtown shopping and saw a suit at Boston Store that attracted me, then I realized it did cuz it looked like something Henry from the Velvet Whip would wear. I got my floor-length skirt, put on my big black earrings and was off with Johnney to the Garde. Bob, who I met at the Garde, shared a chair with me & put his hand on my shoulder. We held hands a bit.

7-29
It is before me. All my waiting has been rewarded. "I love you dearly and shall never forget you." He wrote that. Mary Ellen woke me at 10 a.m. & said, "a letter from Ralph." I tore it open and read, "Dear Love..."

7-30
Came home from the Garde and mom was all nervous. Over TV they're callin for all cops to report on duty immediately. Don't say why.

7-31
Kathy woke me this morn 6 a.m. saying there were riots downtown, 2 people were dead. Las nite Negroes roamed around bustin windows, shootin stuff on the street, shootin at cops & an old lady found dead with a bullet in her head & a cop burned to death tryin to rescue people from a buildin. There was an emergency alert curfew that NO ONE 'cept doctors, nurses, cops & newsmen were allowed on the street.

8-8
Went down to the lake in my cowboy stuff. Got some very "witty" remarks: "Hippie, hippie, how's it goin hippie?" "Hey, Jesse!" "Head'm up, move'm out!"

8-10
I decided this was my last visit to the Garde. The Whip played all weekend. The place is full of loudmouth babies, even Gordy looked shot. The place's changed so much, it's jus turned into a teenage hangout now. And Ogre...ever since he found I'm against drugs, he's snubbed me, walks away when I'm talkin to him, and I once caught him talkin behind my back how skinny and bad I look in my long skirt. Hypocrite. No one there likes me. I'm jus not like them. I guess I will always be alone. Am I ugly? Unfriendly? Self-centered? Repulsive? Why don't they like me? Is there something wrong with me? - No, they must be wrong, there isn't anything terrible about me. Ralph loves me.

8-14
Patrick was feeling lonesome so him & I went to State Fair. I wore my cowboy stuff & saw one guy I knew from the Garde.

8-15
One of Kath's boyfriends called & I answered. He jus got back from the service & he's real nice. We get along. Told him bout Ralph & later he said, "So you got a fairy for a boyfriend." (Fairy: homo) Aw! how mean!!! Still very puzzled about this identity thing with the people at the Garde. I'm not like them, yet I am! I didn't go to their films cuz 1/4 of them are bare ladies & crap & it makes me sick. So does their poetry.

8-16
I finally bought a new purse. It, of course, can't compare to my old saddlebag, but it'll have to do cuz the other's had it.

8-22
My girlfriend Kathy from the Garde & I went shopping in our long skirts, then to Terry's house and Kathy & Terry sat there like 2 teenies gigglin round bout all that's happened lately. Big deal. I sat there & felt like an idiot. Said about 5 sentences in the 1/2 hour. I began feelin everythin I did Aug. 10. Wow, what a hassle. What am I gonna do? Where do I belong? Grandmother said I'm jus a unique person who jus has to be myself alone and not in a class. I feel better and will bid "my group" farewell, I think.

8-29
During supper dad rushed in the house sayin he had a surprise for me in the backyard and, you know dad, so I went storming, ranting, swearin out the door & there stood J.C.!

9-2
I met a guy at the Garde. He sang some songs on his guitar & I sang 'Suzanne' for him. He said I was one of the best flower children he's seen cuz I'm so impulsive. He sure seemed to like me. We skipped down the sidewalk, I warmed his hands. I told him I was sad becuz the guy I love is far away and may never come back. Later, he gave me a feather. On the way home, I threw the feather out the window. Uh-uh... Ralph is more beautiful than truth...

9-3
At the Garde, that guy from yesterday began buggin & followin me round but after a while he was gone. His friend said this guy loves me, don't I love him? Said I am very much in love with someone far far away & you can't love 2 people. He agreed.

9-6
First day of school. Usual hectic runnin, shovin, cursin. I was alone. So was John. Got hassled, "Oh, no. Look at <u>that</u>." An I just kept thinkin of Richard of the Velvet Whip and by noon I was writin the titles of all the Whip songs to keep my sanity. I sang them in my head all day. I dread the routine, the time given to the non-beneficial courses for me.

9-7
Just as I was going inside the Garde, Gordy stops me and asks if I go to school or am I out? I said, "I go to Pius," and "yeah, I'm straight." Bout 10 mins. later, Gordy's girl beckons for John to

come downstairs and when he dame back up, he asked me..."How'd you like to work here?" I almost fainted. That has been one of my long lost wishes - to work at the Garde. Gordy said they'll need someone to wash cups, sweep up, straighten the chairs, etc. So he asked John & I. Of COURSE we accepted. What an honor!

9-20
Poetry at the Garde was good. John & Ann got stoned. Ann couldn't believe I don't take drugs! She said, like wow I'm one of her best friends & I'm straight! John said when he told her, she said she'd heard bout people that jus got high on life, but never met one until now!

10-8
At 2:30 John & I came to the Love-In at Juneau Park with 2 loaves of bread, chocolate milk and orange drink. Everyone was jus sittin down. Nik & I ran down the walk, holdin hands. Nearly everyone was there. Bill, Dan, Crazy Dave, Ann. Four people played guitar, 2 guys bongos & a girl flute. Pretty. Passed round a Winston like a joint & when I took it, everyone teased me bout breakin my religion of being straight. As they laffed, I completely inhaled the smoke & choked on it. WOW, everyone roared! I was teased bout being the "Blessed Virgin." Really wild. At 4:30 John & I left for the Garde. I washed dishes, swept the steps, scrubbed the kitchen floor. John & I talked how great it was to be really a big part... how we used to sit and talk how great it'd be to work in the Garde & be known by everyone & now we are & can't believe it.

10-18
Mom says she mite get me a psychiatrist or see if I can go to John's. I really wonder if I'm crazy. It's hard to write or talk about my state of mind. There are so many things in my mind I don't understand - like when I wake up in the morning all these senseless names, questions and sentences leak into my conscious. And sometimes I actually see that boy being whipped or shot and I am he and I want to cry out his pain. I sit in school and think how distant it would be to get up and jus walk out, and then I realize how easily I could rise and walk out. And I get scared. My mind is so horribly violent that somehow some day I will not be able to control it and I'll hurt myself or someone else. Bad. A psychiatrist mite see this. And help me keep my control of it. Or put me away--

10-24
Tonite I discovered that Richard is everything I ever wanted to be. And I've decided not to wear my beads anymore. His wild eyes, his gentle face... I realized he is my heart & mind in a person. I realized I could never be like him because I am a girl and I cried. What can I do, Richard? I'd do anything. He is the

violence and fear of the boy of my stories, yet the gentility and sensitivity of poetry. I begin feeling a sense of betrayal to Ralph, yet I know I will have to forget Ralph forever. There is nothing I can do but try to be like him, even tho I know Richard is not sane.

10-27
John & Gordy were talkin at the bottom of the Garde steps. They filed in, bout 20 of them, drunk teenyboppers. They went right up past Gordy, who yelled, "Get down here and pay." When they kept goin, he pushed up ahead of 'm & stopped. They pushed him & yelled & he pushed. They kept up & I pushed John, yellin, "go help him!" He did. They pushed some downstairs as I pulled some, pleadin, "Please don't start trouble here, please!" But they kept on. John & Gordy fought, later John told me some got upstairs but they began beating Gordy. John grabbed them & pushed them down the steps. They fought on the steps. Meanwhile downstairs 5 of them grabbed Eric, yelling "Hair boy" at him & got hi mdown & beat him. I couldn't stand it. He was gettin hurt, my beautiful people of love, & I pushed thru, pullin them off of him. I remember cryin out, "What's the matter, are you insane?" They pushed him, knockin over Gordy's table. Someone had a handful of my hair pulled out. By then Gordy & John had them down & they pushed outside, me behind. About 7 of them chased 2 long-haired boys, one ran, the other stood in front of them & yelled, "OK, if you're gonna beat me up, go ahead." And they did--bad. They were all pullin & shovin him & I grabbed some arms & yelled, "Please, stop!" One picked him up and threw him on the sidewalk. I ducked down, grabbed him, someone grabbed me & the guy was free & he ran. Two grabbed the outside door & smashed one window after another with his fists & feet. I grabbed one's arm & pushed him into the other, still yellin, "Please, please stop!" They ran across the street to their cars, John, Lee & Gordy after them to get license nos. & I buried my hands in my face & cried. And Richard came over & put his arm around me, in his soft, beautiful, gentle voice said "It's OK." I cried & I didn't even know where to go & I had my arms around him, crying into his coat. Richard, oh, Richard. They pulled up the street and 4-5 came back up. Everyone ran back into the Garde. Richard pushed me in & I found myself later holding Ann & crying & she said, "It's OK, windows can be fixed. We have to show people like that we love them. They just don't understand. We can't hate them. They're just ignorant." I went outside, John, Richard, Gordy & Barker were cleaning up the broken glass. I kept thinkin bout the guy that got beat outside & I walked around 2 blocks trying to find him. When I got back 2 cops were talkin to John & Gordy & I went over & told John I thought I'd recognized one as Tim [redacted]. Eric sat on the stair railing, staring sadly, expressionlessly. I asked if he was OK & he nodded & smiled & said yeah. The buy that got beat outside came back looking for his glasses. I asked if he was OK & he kept sayin yeah. He looked OK. Said he'd been beat up before.

10-28
Ann said Lee told her when they were outside the Garde and I was trying to stop the fight, he felt about an inch small cuz he could just stand there. I felt great.

10-29
In the backroom of the Garde, Barker's wife asked if I'd like to work as a waitress on the weekends when they're real busy. Oh, I can't believe all this is true. "Of course!" I was just flying. I'm hesitantly, almost fearfully, recalling that I had held Richard in my arms, a dream I dare not think.

11-15
The latest issue of Milwaukee's only hippie paper, Kaleidoscope, came out and it's pretty crummy. Series of rather smutty pictures that caused me to masturbate. Shit! Not one mention of the bust up at the Garde.

11-16
Velvet Whip night at the Garde. In between sets, I came from the backroom upon hearin a lotta noise & saw Richard, stripped to the waist, leaning over the chair on stage. Tom had the belt they tie the piano with and was whipping his back in fun, but it must have hurt him...that belt is canvas-like. The Whip for me are very much of a sexual outlet, believe it or not. I guess I really am somewhat of a masochist. Even some Whip songs are an outlet for me, mostly 'A Little Girl's Dream' which is hard bass music & Richard screams thru the whole thing. It reveals what's constantly sounding inside me. This beating Richard went right over my head when it happened, but now, when I look back, oh, wow. A lot of things Richard does makes me feel he is somewhat of a sadist or masochist. Wore my black dress, hair in bow, black nylons.

11-28
After work went shopping downtown. Fr. Groppi's civil rights marchers were on Wisc. Ave. and I joined them for about 4 blocks until they broke up.

12-7
I am writing this
Becuz I don't think you understand
Why I left you
I left you because
You could not laugh
I left you because you could never let anyone
see you, or penetrate you
I left you because you only loved yourself and me
Maybe if there was some way to bring back that guy you once had

I could be happy
But you and I both seem to know
Altho we never spoke of it
There is no means by which he could ever return

You told me a few times, you whispered it
You told me how you had really loved him
How you just loved him so much
You never said so
But you told me how you met him
And then you got this far away look...
the beach, the sea, the cold...
looking in windows all the time
his eyes were like ice, you said
and his smile, well, his smile was like amazement
I noticed the tear streaming down your cheek

That is why I am leaving you
I could never love you

So many times I watched you
So many times I thought as we walked on the cold beaches of the sea
I am leaving you because I have finally realized
Your smile is like amazement

I am going away now
Someday I might once again see you
But I think, even if it were many years in the future
You still could not laugh
Without my seeing the hope in your eyes

12-10
At about 9am everyone was awake. John hadn't come home all nite & ma was having a fit. Told her he'd told me he might stay over at the Whiphouse. His suitcase & things were all packed, ma was going to kick him outa the house. I sat at the diningroom table. Wanted to be home when he came. Told both ma & dad since ma said she felt I'm old enough to decide my own religion, I won't be going to Mass anymore. Neither of them made too much of it, ma just said she hopes I change my mind & go before I die.

12-19
Downtown shopping. About 7:45 Fr. Groppi's NAACP group came demonstrating down Wisc. Ave., singing, walking in a column. I hopped behind. One of the Commandos, guys that guide the line & keep it in order, walked by me & we began talking. Marched about an hour & 15 min. I can't tell mom I marched or she'd kill me.

1-4-68
Talked with a guy who goes to UWM that I know as a casual acquaintance for the first time tonite. I think he likes me. He commented on the dress I wore last Friday! Name's Jim.

1-6
That Jim from UWM came over & sat by me & said how I just have the most beautiful clothes, they are so simple and pretty.

1-10
My childhood friend Linda wrote today, "One thing I have always liked you for--you were always the most honest person I knew. No put-ons ever since we were kids. And I don't think you'll ever change. Don't ever. I envy you." - Ralph said that once, that I'm not a fake. So glad she said I never was. I don't remember ever being.

1-11
At the Garde, sat & talked to that Jim from UWM. He read some of my poetry & thought it was real good.

1-12
Before The Unit, a blues band, started at the Garde, Jim & I went to the Indian Head. He put his arm around me & below my arm. I didn't hold onto him, tho. I think he needs a friend, he's always so alone. During the last 2 songs, I sat next to Jim & he clasped my hand. As they played he wrenched & sweated to the music. When I was with Jim I felt so guilty & wondered if Ralph would understand Jim needs a friend if he saw us.

1-13
At the Garde, that Jim stayed by me (Ann commented he sorta tagged behind me like a puppy). He said I'm one of the few people who gives him a boost. I don't want to be mean to him but I can't lead him on.

1-14
That Jim told me to come see his band at the Jewish Community Center. They were sorta OK but needed practice. When they took a break, we had a coke (Jim & I) and he grabbed my hand again.

1-17
Tom Whip's been on speed for days, hasn't slept all that time. He's gotta go in for his physical for the draft this Friday & has to get strung out to flunk it. He cut his hair a bit below his ears. Also Ogre & Wa have to rerpot the 24th, so they're

starting, too. So glad I'm not a boy when it comes to that respect.

1-19
That Jim said all he wanted to do in his future was play his harmonica & be with me. I have to tell him rite out that I love Ralph so much I could never think more than of a friend of him.

1-20
Wrote a letter to that Jim telling him bout Ralph. From what I wrote, he must understand how much I love Ralph. Didn't give it to him cuz I didn't even talk to him all nite as he was only there about 1/2 hr.

1-26
That Jim is still hanging around. I'm kinda avoiding him. If I don't it may become necessary for me to give him that letter.

1-27
I was waitressing and suddenly heard all this glass shattering downstairs. Gordy ran upstairs & said, "If anyone will help us, please come." No one went. I sat down & buried my face, ran to the backroom crying, looked out the window & saw 2 guys jump in a brown car. I yelled "Get the license" but someone said the lights were off it. John was soaking his bloody hand in the sink, blood all over his shirt and face. He said help Gordy, he's bleeding too. I ran downstairs & Gordy was standing there, blood all over his nose & mouth. The glass door was completely shattered all over the floor. I swept it up. In the kitchen I cried & that Jim held onto me & I cried in his shirt. John said it began when about a dozen guys came in and asked Gordy if there were any girls upstairs. Naturally Gordy didn't know what he wanted, so played it safe and said "I don't think so." Then the guy yelled, "Well, we're gonna close this place down!" and picked up Gordy's table and hit him with it. Poor Gordy. He never did nuthin to nobody & now he has to get hurt.

2-1
My first religion class with Fr. Schute. Heard he was very opinionated & kicked out of the class anyone who disagreed with him. There were 13 of us in class. Began talking bout Catholic mags & why people don't buy them. I said they were such a drag cuz the Church never takes a real definite stand on any controversial subject. He said well just this Sunday, because of archdiocesan orders, he preached on open housing and people's right to use and ownership. Told him I didn't believe anyone really owned anything. He argued & said I was a Communist. I said, "well, maybe I am. Christ must have been a Communist too then because he preached for us to give away all we have and

follow him." Fr. said, "he didn't say that to all people. Just some. When the apostles rebuked the woman for pouring costly oils on Jesus, he said let her." I said, "They were still giving, tho. The woman was still giving something, but to Christ. Maybe he didn't feel she was ready to understand how to give away for no purpose." Some guy in the class said it was simply illogical to give everything away. I told him of something that once happened at the Indian Head. A guy went over to another guy & said, "I really like your coat. I would really love to have that coat" & this guy took off his coat & gave it to the other guy. And this coat was the only winter coat he had! The class was silent. Fr. said well you mean if someone wanted your uniform, you'd take it right off & give it to them? (I remembered the old Zen story of a thief who came in to rob a Zen master, but found nothing to steal. The Zen master said to him, "Take my clothes." The thief, ashamed, snuck away with the man's clothes. The Zen Master sat naked beneath the moon & said to himself, "I wish the moon were mine so I could have given it to him.") I answered yes. Everyone laffed & began making fun. I just sat there. Fr. took off his watch & held it in front of me, not saying a word. I looked at it & said, "If I asked you if I could have the watch, would you give it to me?" He looked at me in silence a real long time. Turned, walked around. Said if he "wanted to stay overnight at my house tonight, would I let him?" I said yes. He walked around, sat & looked at me again a real long time. Then he said, "You know, you're right." He admitted to that class he was wrong & I was right. It really blew my mind. He kept looking at me sort of in wonder. I felt so good. Then some kids began opposing me, but Fr. argued them down on my side. The bell rang & as I walked out, he said to me, "You're very sympathetic with those kind of people, aren't you?" I said, "Yes, they really are beautiful." He said, "It's a little different when you have to fight for it, isn't it?" I told him I was constantly fighting for it, but didn't mind. He asked if I agree with everything they do & I said, not everything, no, but as far as I've seen life, they are more Christlike than anyone I know.

2-2
Kathleen moved into her own apartment about 8 blocks from the Garde, so now I've got my own room! The Garde is like one big uptight mess. So glad Gordy isn't around there cuz I don't want anyone to hurt him. I'be been thinking so much of the beautiful person he is. To me, Gordy is the model of the perfect man. Fully masculine. He is tall, straight. He does not talk much, when he does hou know he is speaking for a real reason. When he laughs...Gordy has a real deep funny laugh...you have to smile & laugh too, just because he is laffing. You're so glad he is happy, you are too. And he's so gentle. When he & his girlfriend are together, there is yellow warmth all over. Gordy is all I want to be.

2-7
God, I'd love to see Ralph again. I surely miss him. 7-1/2 months. I think maybe he will return & we will find each other so changed during the year. I think I will always carry with me the deep love I had for him so long ago. Report cards came from school. Have a 91% overall average & rank #50 in a class of 600 juniors.

2-10
Sat downstairs in the Garde most the nite. Jim was there & we stood & suddenly I threw my arms around him & we jus stood there arms round each other. I relized I was using him to satisfy my need. What an ass. I hope I don't grow to like him. We have a lot in common as to likes and dislikes, but I have no physical attraction for him.

2-12
Saw Ed & Helen at the Garde. They were so beautiful! He had long hair & a mustache & their 1 year old baby strapped on his back. Helen stood meekly by him, with long flowing hair & a skirt to the floor. The baby slept. They were so poetic & someday I want to be just like them. Have a beautiful little baby & a tall, straight man & be by him, hold his hand.

2-19
My name is on the first class honor roll, the list of kids just after the honor roll list. I really don't understand it. I never do more than I have to or feel like. Mom was so up about it so I enrolled to take the National Scholarship Test. <u>I don't want to go to college</u>, damn.

2-24
Got a letter from Ralph and he asked me to MARRY him. Wow!! Really. His bracelet is on my right wrist still. It's chipping, wearing. He seems distant, away, gone. I'm so tired. At the Garde that Jim from UWM seems to be gobbing all over me. Told mom everything's been going for me so well I'm getting bigheaded & I'm just waiting for something really terrible to happen that's meant to humble me, but she said no, all good things come to him who waits, "and, Sheila, you've been waiting a long time."

2-25
Mom & I were teasing dad. Mom said to him she was gonna sign for me to marry Ralph & I was going out there as soon as possible. He believed it & we sat there, calling back & forth from the rooms. He asked how is he gonna support me, etc. etc. & we had rather an intellectual talk (bout as intellectual as dad can get).

2-28
At work wrote my letter to Ralph. I wrote that in answer to his question, "I will say yes. Maybe as time goes on we may change, and change our minds. We have to think of that. But I hope we never change. I really hope we never do."

3-1
John was in court all day with Gordy and one of the guys they caught who busted up the Garde. The kid admitted the whole thing but got off with ABSOLUTELY nuthin. No probation, not even a warning. Just an "open case," which means the NEXT time they smash it up, they'll get trouble. FUCK. Then this pissin judge turns to Gordy & says, "You don't have much longer to stay open" - LEGALLY he said this, from the bench. Gordy was soooo mad. Can you see the hassle if some freaks busted up a CYO dance? LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL. Fuck that!

3-2
At the Garde that Jim from UWM came & sat next to me like a faithful dog while I knit & when I told him they were mittens for Ralph, he got all introverted and left within 1/2 hour.

3-3
It was such a beautiful day - the kind I remember when I was about 9-10 yrs. old, wearing a waist-length jacket, corduroy pants with an elastic waistband, tennis shoes, my hair short, and I was Bobby Cordail, maybe Christopher Iran. I really was.

3-4
Asked mom if I could take a bus to give Kois the money for the Kaleidoscopes I sold and get the "new" ones that've been out a week & I haven't even read yet. No, I couldn't go cuz I'd have to walk probly 1-2 blocks <u>from</u> the bus stop to his house and back & she didn't want me to get raped. I am not kidding. I was so damned pissed I came in my room & just cried. Just wanna run, never stop.

3-5
Got hauled down to Grover's office, principal of Pius. He says he's gotten reports I've been selling that Kaleidoscope & have I? I said yes. He asks if I read the recent one. Yes. Didn't I see anything WRONG with it? No. He says well he don't care if I buy it & read it, or if anyone does, but just not inside the school. I shall be getting my supply Thurs nite. They'll be on sale at Pius Friday. A bit more undercover, but they'll STILL be there, man.

3-7
Talked to Richard. He made me stand up so he could see fully what I was wearing cuz he really liked it. Told him I didn't know if I should wear a dress or slacks, so I wore dressy slacks. Tod said I looked like a Viennese choir boy gone hippie.

3-10
While playing Tom Rush's Panama Limited, I thought of the days I really thought I was a cowboy. I dressed my part & I really was one. I don't have to dress up anymore & I'm glad. The cowboy's in my soul, where he counts. He doesn't have a name cuz he's 1,000 different men. Always men, tho. I really shoulda been a boy. I'da been so much happier as a boy. I'll probably make a good marriage cuz my husband'll be me in all I wanted for myself. I'll treat him as tho he were me. Strange & I wish Ralph were here.

3-13
For the past 3 days or so I've been thinking extensively on a story I began about a year ago, bout a sergeant & his troop finding a 17-yr-old enemy soldier boy in shock. I wrote a 3rd version of it, parts of it. Can't think of a decent beginning or end, but I've hit a pretty good middle.

3-22
There were 2 freaks at the Garde I never saw before. They were really beautiful. Especially one. He had hair, dark & real soft, hanging on his shoulders and down his back. He sat very alone & lost in himself. Kath's friend later scowled & commented about him that "he looked just like a girl, he had such fine features." I wished I could make her see how beautiful he is, but I couldn't.

3-23
Waitressed at the Garde. That boy I described yesterday was there. I looked really nice & I probably was flattering myself but I think he was staring at me a bit. When I put on my coat to go, I said bye to Kath & he was sitting on the floor by the door. As I walked past him, I glanced down at him. He didn't look up, but raised up his hand slightly & put some fingers us. I think he meant it as a goodbye, but then again it probably was my imagination.

3-27
Had a dream that Bridget & I were walking downtown & some guy kept coming over & bothering Bridg, asking her to come with him, etc., and we didn't answer him. But he kept botherin her so finally I took Bridget by the hand & held our clenched hands up for him to see & said very sadly, "Listen, we aren't like that. Now would

you please leave us alone?" meaning we were homosexuals & this guy was really stunned & embarrassed & backed off.

3-29
Richard read on stage 'Signs to tell if your boyfriend is a homosexual.' One was if he's 20 yrs. old & has a 40-yr-old roommate, or if he's 40 yrs. old and has a 20-yr-old roommate. Later at a restaurant saw about a 17-yr-old boy and a 35-yr-old man eating together.

4-4
Martin Luther King, a man who dedicated his life to civil rights and the liberation of the Negro, was shot in the face & killed today by some fucking white bastart in a white Mustang.

4-5
At school we had a Funeral Mass for Rev. King in memorial. It was so sad. I thought of the freaks, my people & at the pulpit the priest said how Martin Luther King was dedicated to love with no boundaries, peace, freedom & they killed him. I crued thru that whole mass. My people are dedicated to those things & I am afraid for them. Some young Negroes are rioting in 46 cities throughout the U.S., burning, stealing and shooting other people. One Negro vowed to kill the first white man he saw after he heard of King's death & he shot a white neighbor of his to death in the street. There will be a memorial mass & peace march at St. Boniface with Fr. Groppi and mom says if there's no rioting in Milwaukee, she'll let us off school & we'll all go to it.

4-6
Tod, the bouncer at the Garde, talked to me. Out of the sky, he says, "How old are you, 17?" I said will be in June. He walked out & said too bad. Later he returned & I was washing dishes. He just stood & watched me, I asked if something was the matter. He just shook his head, walking out saying, "You sure are an interesting broad." ???????

4-8
The entire family ('cept Kath & dad) went to St. Boniface Church in the Inner Core & stood back in the street because of the throngs of people. Heard Fr. Groppi, a true saint, say Mass & then the march began. A man gave us signs & Johnny & I held one: Martin Luther Kings says, Get Out of Vietnam, Our Fight is in Milwaukee. Mam came eagerly but a little hesitant, frightened, but after 2 blocks she was full of spirit. There was, I'd say, 1/3 white and the rest Black. It was beautiful. As far back as I could see was people, we were pretty well at the head of the line. From tiny babies to old rickety men & women, they walked. Cops lined the sidewalks, holding billy clubs all set to use & riot

helmets. I wanted so bad to yell to them, "Take off those helmets & join us, brothers!" but I held my peace. Mom and a big fat mama black lady walked together & said if there's one thing they accomplished from this, it'll be losing a few pounds & they laffed. After 2-1/2 hrs. and 6 miles they march ended. A cop estimated 15,000 people. Dad keeps asking, what did we accomplish: I expressed to all who saw me my total oneness in being with all my black brothers & sisters. The papers claimed this to be the largest civil rights demonstration in Milwaukee's history, and I got to be one of it.

4-9
On returning to school, ma wrote a note for us saying that we had attended the memorial funeral & march at St. Boniface. So the babe in the office checks off "no good reason" as the reason for our absence. OK. So I goes into my homeroom, gives the pass to the nun, who asked why I was out for no good reason. I said, well, if she calls attending Rev. King's funeral & march no good reason, I guess that's why I was absent, cuz that's where I was. They she asks WHY I went THERE and I told her cuz I feel he was a great man & it was one of the most beautiful experiences I ever had in my life. She says, "OH IS THAT SO!" real sarcastically. Told her my whole family went & she said, "Even your big brother?" What a creep.

4-12
Beautiful night at the Garde. John came by upstairs once & I took his arm & said, "Wouldn't it be great to WORK here?" becuz it was just like that. Like last summer when we were so in love with the Garde, but didn't have it. And it seems so ironic that now I am PAID to come there!

4-16
Bridg, M.E., John & I went downtown and we ran into Jim from UWM. So he comes with us, tagging by me & grabbing my hand. At the lakefront we collected seashells & 7 ladybugs that we had crawling all over Jim's hand and arm.

4-18
That Jim from UWM is owrrying me. He's such a nice guy, very good friend, but I'm afraid he's getting serious about me. I've told him a lot about Ralph. And I don't want to directly confront him becuz I'm afraid I may be getting the wrong impression & he too thinks of me only as a good friend. But I don't know... I just don't know.

4-19
It's been over 6 weeks since I've heard from Ralph and I'm beginning to worry. Has he forgotten me?

4-24
Saturday a beautiful freak came into the cleaners with some clothes. He was about 25, long brown hair & mustache, in a suit, tho. I was so dazed by him I mismarked the whole invoice, put a 2-piece dress & coat when it was in actuality 2 dresses. Well today he picked up the cleaning & I tell him the stuff didn't come back (I was thinking of another order) but he showed me in the racks where it was. Then I jammed the cash register & knocked over the cardboard sign on the counter. Felt like such a fool when he left. God, I still do.

4-27
Jim from UWM walked in the Garde. I was close to tears. So sad. About Ralph. And he came in & I knew I had to tell him I could never love anyone except Ralph. So we left the Garde & walked until we got to the beach & sat on the steps there. He knew something was very wrong & said, "Sheila, tell me." I gave him the letter. The letter ended that I like him as a great friend but I could never love anyone but Ralph. I think he may have been crying cuz we held onto each other & I just cried & cried & said, "He hasn't written in 2 months." He told me I was the only one for him & he couldn't turn himself off. We tried to talk but seemed not to be able to understand each other. He told me he really admired me, I was music to him & he wishes he were as "popular" as I. I told him I admire Gordy, that he's all I want to be, that I think I know more how to act like a boy than I know how to be a girl. And we were silent. He kissed my eye & my forehead & we walked back to the Garde. When we got in, John hopped up to me to tell me something & when I turned around, Jim was gone. I went upstairs, so glad to be at the Garde. The Avant Garde is my whole world.

4-30
There's a new performer out called Tiny Tim. I'd heard about him: guy with real long hair, real femmy. Watched him on TV with Johnney & I think he's beautiful. He's tall and very thin. His face is sunken in, thick dark eyebrows & sparkling eyes, wide mouth & lots of teeth. Black hair that curls down his back. He sings in a very high-pitched voice & holds up & mores his long thin hand & bony fingers for expression. Sometimes he plays the ukelele. When the host introduced him, he said he was a very gentle person. He sat down & crossed his legs, looked intensely at the host as he talked with him. He talked fast & in a girlish voice. He did act very feminine & I just loved him. He told the host people laugh at him but he doesn't care what they think. He reminded me so much of Richard when he puts on his femmy act. I thought of how, once the Whip were in the backroom, Richard was

sitting on Tom's lap, Tom had his hand up Richard's shirt & was scratching his back. Every once in a while, Richard would wiggle a bit & giggle in a high-pitched girlish voice. And suddenly a member of this CYO band comes in the room. Everyone acted real casual & this kid was so embarrassed but tried to act casual. Then someone said to him, "It's not what it looks like, they're really just good friends!" I'd love to get to know Tiny Tim better. Now he's another sexual outlet for me--

5-1
All day thought of Tiny Tim & I began to think I loved him or something. He was practically the talk of the school & I only talked to <u>one</u> kid who liked him. For the most, everyone found him "revolting," "turned my stomach," "put-on." I stuck up for him. I couldn't stop thinking about him and Richard.

5-2
Went walking with Kathleen and told her that the last time I got horny was when I saw Tiny Tim & she stopped, her eyes bugged & she said <u>YOU'RE KIDDING</u> like it was a sin or something. I laughed & said, "I'm sure," I felt embarrassed. I don't know, but male homosexuals <u>REALLY</u> turn me on. Just thinking about it. I guess it's just natural, but I got it pretty bad.

5-3-68
Jim from UWM came in & I didn't know how to act. Mom had told me to be nice & be friendly, so I went over & said, "Hello." He didn't answer. I said what's the matter, can't you say hello? He just looked straight ahead like I wasn't even there. I asked what's the matter? He just ignored me. So I left & continued waitressing. Later I sat next to him, he put his arms aroumd me & said what did I want from him? I sat limp and asked what he wanted from me. He said he can't be my friend & he loves me. I said well I don't know what I can do. He said I couldn't do anything, and "if you won't have me," he'll just have to leave me alone.

5-5
This is one year ago Ralph & I met. He hasn't written in over 10 weeks. - While the Whip were playing, Richard hops over everyone, over to Tom, leans down & begins licking Tom's hand while he was playing his guitar, the hand with which he plucked the strings. He must have licked him for about 5 min. & Tom was really laughing & freaking on it. It was really funny. God, Richard sure is a sexual outlet for me.

5-8
"Dear Sheila: Do you know the song, 'Goin' Away'? That has been Ralph's theme song for a long time. He went to the Haight-Ashbury

area, flew from here, and I have not heard from him since," his mother wrote. I wrote this in school today: For me, you are the person inside me, the person I could never be because I am myself. I love you, because you are me. Because you are everything I would want to be. With you, I am complete, as I own myself and my dreams. You once said, "I never thought I'd find anyone like me." And you are not like me. As in me, there exists in you a deep person, lost to any reality because you are you. Yet you say I am like you, and as you are the person in me, so I in you. Now I am certain that he is fully what I have been waiting for. He's got the urge for going. He is the wandering, lost cowboy inside of me. I'll die if he doesn't come back. Ralph...Ralph....

5-12
I thought of Tiny Tim a lot & listened to his records. I would like to write him, simply say, "The first time I saw you I could see & feel the warmth coming from you. You are very beautiful. You turned me on to your music."

5-19
Kathy, Bridget & I went to a play. I feel so cool - Kath & Bridg wear these <u>real</u> short skirts & try to look real sexy & all, & then I come along with my skirt about 3" <u>below</u> my knees & look like a real peasant. I feel so beautiful. I plan only to be very sexy looking in my husband's presence. I think it's a privilege to be reserved only for him. And I'd like my husband to love me all the more for keeping that side of me for him alone. I wonder about Ralph & if there's some pushy little chick in Frisco trying to seduce him or if he's seducing her. I don't much care if he is, tho. I understand. He's gotta get it outa his system. Saw Fr. Shute in the hall at school & he gave me a special hello.

5-23
The big front window of the Garde was smashed again sometime between 12-4 a.m. A bolt was thrown thru it. Gordy was fuming. I guess they suspect the cops to have done it.

5-29
Last day of school, plus my last day working at the dry cleaners.

5-31
Richard did a sort of subtle "striptease" during <u>Artificial Insemination</u>. He simply took off his shirt & slipped out of his undershirt & hopped over to Tom & began "flirting" with him. After the song he said, "What's the matter, Tom? Don't you find me attractive?"

6-3
Barker said I could be a fashion model cuz I have a "really strange face." When I said I'd had an offer to be in the Boston Store Teen Board, he said oh no! That the girls on those teen boards are so BAD & the ones at Gimbels when he was working there almost made him throw up.

6-5
My radio turned on at 6 a.m. this morn & I awoke to "Senator Robert Kennedy has been shot..." and I burst out crying, "Oh, God, no..." I turned on the Tv and cried as they showed pictures of him laying and bleeding from the head, his eyes started fixedly, clutching a rosary and a man in the background weeping, "oh, no, no, no." I couldn't keep listening to that man. And last night he & McCarthy were running real close in the primary in Calif. and I had never really decided between them. But Charles Evers, a great civil rights leader, said his people hoped for Kennedy last night & then I decided he was my choice, too. Now this. He'll never be able to come back, he hasn't awaken from surgery yet. He'll always be retarded in some way, never be able to fulfill dreams for this country - right now I don't even think this lousy country is worth any effort. I haven't been away from the TV or radio all day & tonite I intend to keep awake to hear any news. All day I laid in mom's bed, had a horrible headache & felt like throwing up, very dizzy, very light & high. And I hope he lives, the TV said less than 10% chance. I feel so bad. I just feel so bad.

6-6
Awoke at 5:30 a.m. to hear he had died at 3:45. I watched TV coverage of his death & felt so bad & cried. Dad said, why should everyone be sad, he's dead, so what, "he was a lousy Socialist bastard anyhow" and I told him to shut up.

6-7
Kennedy's casket stood in state at St. Patrick's Cathedral & the public filed past it. They had several "honor guards" standing around it at all times. I watched as his oldest son, Joseph, stood next to it. He stared down at the casket with his dead father inside, so did the next oldest boy, Robert. And they stood there straight & upright, sullen-faced, but not once did either flinch. Mom said there were tears running down Robert's face. But Joseph stood stately and king-like and it was beautiful. The people passed by & 2 ladied fainted & had to be carried out, while those 2 boys stood there sad, but upright. Johnney Young played at the Garde but Walter Horton didn't show up. So Jim from UWM played hormonica. Not too good.

6-9
All day I kept thinking of things: Ralph, John, mom, this dope bit, everything. It all made me sick. Even Ralph. I'm even sick & tired of thinking about him. I haven't heard from him in 3-1/2 months. I feel like I might as well forget him and our whole thing together.

6-15
Got real snazzed up for the Garde. Put 2 dangling curls in my hair & a big silk bow & tons of mascara like I used to wear, my short dk blue skirt, white ruffle blouse, black nylons & patten-leather shoes. I did look cute & when I got there, Gordy's girlfriend almost died over how cute I looked. Barker said I looked terribut, but I told him even if he thought I looked great he wouldn't tell me, but he said yes he would. I got lots of compliments & wondered what Gordy thought, but since his girlfriend liked it so much, I figure they must get along in tastes.

6-16
I'm 17. Didn't find Ralph sitting in the livingroom with a bow on his head.

6-17
Got a birthday card from his mother & one from him. No note, no words on it, just signed his name after the card rhymey. It's been exactly a year tonight since I saw him last.

6-23
Oh, God, Ralph. He's here. Ralph. I feel numb, my mind has gone blank. - I laid on the floor in my room, reading <u>Crime and Punishment</u> and heard mom calling "Sheila, Sheila, come down here," her face was excited and beaming. Dad was close behind saying "We got something for you." Mom said, "Comb your hair, hurry" and I thought Ralph, but I knew it couldn't be so I wondered what. Mom almost pushed me out the back door & said "in my car." I stood on the side & before I can remember there was his smiling face, he was standing between the car & the just-opened door & I froze - I saw his face but couldn't move & felt the face would fade into someone else's. I didn't know what to do or say & I burst out, ran into his arms & managed to say, "Oh, God, Ralph" & kissed him & hugged him. He was leaning against the car & hugging & kissing me... When we walked into the Garde, everyone looked at us mouth opened. He kept hugging kissing & biting me & I asked did he want to go to the backroom & rape me. He said yes, so I said OK, let's go. We went into the far backroom and kissed & hugged. He said is that what you call rape? I said, well, what'd'ya want? He stood in front of me, I stood silently & he slowly unzipped my dress. I think I hit him off & said "nice guy" or something like that & zipped my dress back up.

1968

6-24
We walked down to the lakefront, and after a while he said something I'll never forget. He looked sad & said quietly, "Let's turn back, it's so depressing here... I get so sad, the cold water & the wind & those foghorns make me feel so sad." I was shocked, but could only mumble something of how much I loved the sea, but my feelings got lost in the wind. We talked seriously & he asked if I knew how to cook or sew. I said no & he seemed mad, asked where are you when your mother cooks dinner. I said at work. He did a great job of making me feel like a real club & he said what do I plan to do for a living & I said write. - Later at Kath's, I helped her chop lettuce for salad, trying to do it real good to show Ralph I could do something in the kitchen, then I cut my finger & it bled all over. After dinner, he watched TV while I hugged him. Later we began wrestling around. I put his shoes on & walked around. At the garde he was a real angel. He sat near the kitchen door & everytime I passed, he reached out to touch or kiss me. I was very proud. Barker told me I should take off my skirt & just wear my long sweater. Ralph nodded.

6-25
I don't know what to do... he keeps asking me to marry him. He said he'll buy a restaurant and be cook and manager. But little things we don't agree on... like music, literature, the theater... they're all important. Even attitudes are different. - By the way, he got his ear pierced anyhow. He wrote & asked me & I said no, I don't like pierced ears on boys, so he does it anyhow. He put his groovy earring on & it looked rather dumb, if you ask me. Later he said, "You know, yesterday you were asked if I changed & you said generally I haven't?" I said yes. "Well, you have." I asked how. He said last year I was a lot more sensible, but it doesn't matter to him. God, I felt so bad. I'm crying now. Somehow I wish he'd have never come.

6-26
He said my story, "Not Only Mortally," had possibilities - "for being a cheap 10 cent book at a dimestore." That ripped me apart inside. - Went downtown and he was DYING to demonstrate how much money has has to me. He bought an ugly necklace I hated but told him he's wearing it, so if he likes it, he should get it. Met a friend & Ralph scored some THC from him, drank a can of malt liquor and glass of whiskey besides. Ralph bought a knife from him for $5 and did up about 2 joints. Later he was getting pretty wiped out & began playing with the knife. He wrapped it up suddenly, gave it to me & whispered would I please put it in my purse & not give it to him til tomorrow, as when he's stoned, knives make him very sadistic & he may rip up everyone in the room. So I did. We went to dinner & he was so wiped out. His eyes were bloodshot & mellowed out, he swayed when he walked. He said he hoped this wouldn't hurt my feelings, but he sure wishes

he was with this one chick in Haight-Ashbury. I told him I didn't care. He said she's really great to trip with. At the Garde I tickled the back of his neck. He brushed me off & said very gently, "I'm very horny right now so I wish you'd stop that." I consider that a big compliment he'd think that much of me. I got sick of all the idiot teenyboppers he was enjoying so immensely & went to the kitchen & Jim from UWM was there. On the bus, going back home, we talked on sex. I said if I had sex before marriage, it would ruin me as a person in my own eyes, that I'd probably commit suicide cuz I'd feel so low a person. He said well it didn't bother him. - I told him of how I remember when I was very young, there was some guy & a whole buncha cops were looking for a gun he'd thrown in the yard on the corner of our block & they had flashlights & this guy was struggling to get away from the cops who were holding him. He asked who of anyone in the world would I want for parents & I said Gordy for a father, but couldn't think of anyone for a mother other than mom. I told him I really don't know any great ladies. That I'd rather be a boy. I asked what were the results of his analysis of me & he said he thinks I'm basically a very frightened "little girl, and I mean <u>little</u>."

6-28
Ralph & I went to the Garde, and like yesterday, he spent half the time trying to score some acid. Gold old Jim from UWM was there & it seemed we kept bumping into him. I didn't identify him to Ralph so's to spare Jim embarrassment under Ralph's look. A super A-1 known teenybopper sold Ralph 2 tabs of acid & he dropped one. We went for a walk & 3 old men about 40-50 yrs. old in suits drive by & start yelling out the window about look at the 2 girls & isn't Ralph a cutie. - He asked why don't I marry him, he's been asking me for a year now. I said B.S., he asked me Feb. 24, 1968. Said he could've sworn we talked bout it on the phone last year. I said no. But that nonetheless we'd have to wait a year cuz I have school & then I'll be 18 & free.

6-29
I am sitting here crying & crying but my heart is broken & words can't help me.

I never remembered from long ago
The defiance burning in you
The hardness I have now found in your eyes
The coldness of your voice when warmth
would have overcome all
I only remember your gentility
Your sensitivity
Lost in the sea where I found it
And now you don't love the sea like you used to
Now you feel in it loneliness and sadness
Forever I will also feel the sadness of the sea
Sadness I had never found there before
Because I will remember

The days we ran in the sea
And know a day you ran from it

6-30
He has gone now. Two hours ago. I had thought of many things to say. I wanted to tell him to have a good time, to think of me once in a while... but as he left we could only look at each other, tears began streaming down my cheeks and we kissed long & meaningful & he walked to the plane & looked back & then turned & ran. He was gone then. I turned & walked back out of the airport, tears running wildly all over my face.

1968

7-8-68
For the first time since he left, I cried today.

7-19
I dreamed tonite that I was me but I knew I was a boy. I was the boy in my stories. I was struggling with some man in a military uniform & he shoved me against the wall & grabbed a whip & began whipping me with it. There were people all around & I acted just like the boy in my stories. Then this guy dropped the whip & while leaning over to get it, Jay (a guy from the Garde I really don't like...he makes me very uncomfortable like he thinks I'm a teenybopper) jumped on the guy & stopped him. I fell to the floor & Mary Ellen came up to me & I crunched into a kneeling-sitting position & wrapped my arms around her legs. That was it. The strange part is I never felt the whip lashes or remember the part where I was whipped. I only know it was part of the dream.

8-4
The family drove to Hancock, Wisc. to take Pat to camp. I got slightly hassled by some idiots, "Look at the cowboy," etc. etc.

8-12
I just discovered tonight that the Garde is shutting down October 15. I guess the landlady raised the rent again on that date which is when the lease is up for renewal. And they're so far in debt now it's just too much. God, I don't know what I'm going to do when it closes. I'll go crazy. My happiest times have been at the Garde. I blame Milw for not keeping it up.

8-13
Went shopping & bought an absolutely beautiful dress. When I tried it on, I had people actually stopping & staring at it. There was a style show nearby & the teenage models all stopped & looked twice at me. The lady managing the show stood by & complimented me.

8-16
Went to State Fair. It was sooo hot & people began bugging me & asking was I from the freak show & all that idiot guff.

8-18
Kath brought another sailor, Don, home for dinner from the USO. She figures he & I would get along real good. I must admit I was sorta anxious. He looked so much younger than Kath's other guys (he's 20). Of course I thought of Ralph, but I figure I can stick in things like this & really find if he's the one. Besides we could just have a friendship, guys and me.

8-23
Gordy said the band that played yesterday got beat up outside the Garde. A city alderman told one of their fathers not to worry, that the Garde won't be open much longer if he can help it anyhow. Did that make Gordy mad!! He said this city is just a "police state."

8-26
Went to the Garde to waitress. And there... there happened a memorium! Jim from UWM, since last May 3, has never spoke to me at all, only completely ignored me. And he came in the Garde today & stopped in front of me & said with a big smile, "Hello!" I was thoroughly shocked & said, "Hello" real cheery back to him. He kept smiling & asked how I was & all. I kept thinking he is REALLY STONED. But I guess not - I don't think he turns on. Then he said, "Do you want to talk to me?" & I said sure. So we sat down & he told me how he has a job & moved into an apartment nearby. I told him that all the time I had said secretly to myself whenever he passed, "Hi, crabby." He said, oh, he didn't hear me, & I said yeah becuz I just said it to myself. He said he's just been in a deep state of depression these last 2-3 months. I got him some lemonade and it was just like old times.

8-28
I keep running to the mailbox each morning to see if I got a letter from my Ralph. I wrote to both him & his mother, but I hear nothing from them both since he left.

8-29
The Democratic Convention is on TV & there are horrible riots where it is in Chicago. Kids protesting the war. I guess the cops there are really brutal & really beat hell outa them with clubs in the riots & all. I run out of the room whenever they show it cuz I can't stand to watch 4 cops standing over some boy laying in the street beating him with clubs. Wisconsin delegates are really wrecking the whole convention & it's SO funny. Wisconsin moved the Convention should be stopped & moved to another city cuz people are being brutally beaten outside, but madam chairman or someone kept yelling, "Wisc is not recognized" & we kept talking so they turned off Wisc microphones. Calif is going rite along with us & they're really making a joke outa this rooked convention.

8-30
Jim from UWM was at the Garde. Told me bout his apartment & decorating it & invited me over sometime to see it. I walked with him to the bus stop where he gets on to go to work.

9-2
Don and I sat in my room and kissed and I really got going. I mean it. He pulled me on him & I did with him what I do when I masturbate. I can't feel it was bad or dirty. We never touched naked at all. I guess you could call this my first "sex" feeling with a boy. I was so worked up & he took his hand & rubbed me <u>real</u> hard between my legs. It really hurt & I stopped & whispered to him, "Oh, God, what am I doing?" He said Don't think about it, it's beautiful. I sat up & cried. He tried to console me, said I should jsut say the word and he won't do it again, that he doesn't want to make me miserable. He wants to make me happy. I believe he really does. I thought of Leonard Cohen, what a beautiful sensitive poet he is, yet he talks plenty of sex. I concluded a few months back why a lot of freaks engage in sex, cuz they re very sensitive people, loving happiness, nature, love, human goodness. And sex is a part of this. They love both mental & physical stimulation, drugs, sex. - I debated a long time whether I should write what happened between Don & I. If anyone found out I'd be lost forever--

9-4
School's a lot better than I was prepared for. Haven't had <u>one</u> heckling yet.

9-7
Jim from UWM took me to see his new place. As we walked out of the Garde, Gordy stood outside alone & said to us, "You'll regret it in the end, you two." We held hands & I was in a real giddy mood. His place was real reeky. Nice place but the way he had it fixed was double-ugly. I was trying to give him a chance but everything he did & had was just out & out DEAD. I never saw such a DEAD person. Blah! When we came back to the Garde, Gordy was outside again & I said to him, "We didn't regret it." He laffed. But that Jim is so mealy-mouthed and hangy. God.

9-13
Sat with Don in the back of the Garde & began necking. I am thinking of him now as my first sex experience. I guess all girls & boys have one. It feels so good when he touches me. I don't want to go into details. I began feeling dirty & miserable... I cried again when we really sorta got going. Later, in bed, I cried hard & listened to my radio program whereon the poetry reader said the main reason people worry is because for some reason they didn't say no. Resolved to tell him just that.

9-20
Don & I got to "messing around" and I began crying & told him we've just GOT to stop it & he felt real bad & said he'd do anything just so I'm happy. I told him I just wanted to keep it

at kissing. I told him I enjoy messing around & that he really does turn me on but we've got to quit it cuz it's just not right. He said if he turns me on as much as I do him, we've got real problems. Got to pretty serious talk about ourselves sexually.

9-28
The Whip played at the Garde and I began to realize for the first real time that next week is the last weekend the Garde is open.... Don and I messed around again. Stopped & told him we had to quit it. So he gave me an argument & my heart kept telling him to go to hell, and I wanted to, too.

10-12
Had a jam session at the Garde and Jim from UWM played harmonica. And did he play!!! Kripe. I watched him & he looked so beautiful. Had this high-collared coat on & musta been dying sweating under those spotlights. And as I watched him I thought of things we did... April 16... and I began wishing I could hold him & kiss him... insane. He was so beautiful & he played so so well. And when they quit & he came to the back, I told him he was just excellent, he thanked me & moved on. When he came back over I told him he was so good & we clutched hands & began hugging. Suddenly we were hugging & kissing & I was so happy & so was he. We just sorta held each other & he asked me if I was happy. I said yes, asked if he was. Yes. He told me he wished he could kiss my eyes. - Well, I mailed my either/or letter to Ralph airmail with URGENT written on it on Friday.

10-13
Went to Mass. Felt awful all morning for what I'd done with Don. I just can't accept myself as a sexual being. I even cried I felt so guilty. But I think if I work on it I can begin to accept sex as part of a human personality, which it is... NORMAL.

10-17
The Garde was robbed the other day...guitars, mike heads, $5,000 tape recording system, record player & transmitting unit for sound. Jim & I were together all night, holding each other, kissing. I could feel him wondering if I was sincere & how long this would last & he kept saying this was like a dream & he couldn't believe it. I thought hard... I don't think Ralph will come back to be as he was before - I don't think he even cares & if he does, I don't know if I could still regard him in the same way. I thought so hard becuz I don't want to hurt anyone & then I asked him, "I think I'm for sale, do you want to buy me?" and he pulled me back & looked very intent & slowly nodded his head. He has been waiting for me since that April 27. I was so sorry for what had happened & I told him so. It is so good to be worshipped & loved so much. He is so beautiful. And he said to me, "You're so beautiful..."

1968

10-21
Jim said he just can't believe I'm not playing a practical joke on him. I pushed him away, unpinned Ralph's bracelet while he looked on wide-eyed, slipped it off & tossed it on the table at the Garde. He grabbed me to him & I said OK? OK. I told him that's the first time I've had it off in a year & a half & he said, "Are you sad?" I said no.

He still hasn't written....

I told him Gordy had given me the Garde's table lamp when the Garde closes & he said, "Yes, but look at the lamp he gave me, and I don't even have to wait til they close."

10-27
The last day of the Avant Garde. I spent all night in the kitchen alone washing dishes & Gordy came in, asked what I was gonna do now that they're closed. I said probably sit in my bedroom a lot. I went to the door & watched the Avant Garde & thought of the years I lived there... of Sleepy John Estes, Bugle Blues, Big Joe Williams, John and I, of the very beautiful people I had only dreamed of knowing, and Gordy made a point that Jim & I should visit him, and tears streamed down my cheeks. The end of one era, but the birth of a new and beautiful one...

10-31
Jim and I will be together alone & I'll cuddle near him & tickle him kinda & make little noises & he'll push me away & back up, covering his face with his hands, saying, "Please, don't. Please stop it! Stop it! Stop scaring me!" He'll almost get frantic! - I feel I belong with him.

11-9
I told Jim what I had told Lar & Ralph: "If we ever break up, you'll have to do it, cuz I never will." We sat on his bed & talked all night. He looked SO gorgeous. I was wearing my blue jeans & he said maybe he shouldn't tell me this, but whenever I wore that to the Garde, I was always the nicest to him those days. He is so tall & think & graceful. I love to just watch him standing there. He's about 6'4" and 139 lbs. I told him how I wished I was him, and he said no one has ever told him that before.

11-14
My "friend" Patty told me she thinks she's pregnant & it's the only way she & her great love can stay together. She makes me so sick. Can't wait to get out of school just so I can ditch her.

11-15
Jim told me he doesn't believe how many "faggots" (homos) there are in this city. That a couple days ago he was hitchhiking and one picked him up. He told me, "You know, he just didn't come right out and SAY it," but that he took Jim's hand & said, "Gee, your hands are cold" & he began showing Jim all scars on his hands! When he dropped Jim off, he asked Jim, "Where should I pick you up?" & Jim told him to "forget it."

11-17
Had Jim over to Bluemound for supper. Later ma said she really thought he seems OK. Then dad comes in, saying what a rare person Jim is, how I sure am lucky to find a wonderful person like him. He really raved how great he thinks Jim is & added, "I'd trust that boy with ANYONE!" Really freaked me out how he raved on him. I said that I'm making it known that I feel something really solid here. I really love him and I've never felt so loved back.

11-24
Found Jim's 19 years old.

11-29
Jim commented on the picture of John Lennon and his girlfriend. They had their full pictures taken standing side by side nude. I told him it made me sick. He acted surprised & asked WHY? I said I just don't think it's right. I said there's a place for everything & being nude isn't right on an album cover & it's wrong. He said very soft, "Sheila, they weren't doing anything... they were just <u>standing</u> there." I said I still don't think it's right & that's my biggest hang-up. He came over & put his arms around me gently & said, "Sheila, of all the evils in the world, nudity is the least of them all." I asked if he'd ever pose for a picture like that & he faltered & said he didn't know, he might. I said let's forget it. - Jim... Jim. I never loved anyone the way I love you. I don't feel dreamy or poetic, I feel secure and loved. I feel <u>good</u>, really <u>good</u>.

12-1
Mom told me teasingly how I'm a gypsy and that my grade school math teacher and some of M.E.'s friends saw Jim & I yesterday walking & the teacher commented how he couldn't tell if we were 2 boys or 2 girls.

12-3
I think maybe for the first time I really realize the Avant Garde is gone. Ma told me I can't see Jim tomorrow & I just don't know what to do. I live for the next moment I see him & he's the only reason I can take school & the bullshit & the idiots & senselessness there, and home & all the useless hassles there.

1968

When I found out, I just laid in my bed & cried. Remember being asked what would I do when the Garde closed and I answered Probably sit in my room a lot. And I sat in my room in the dark & cried, alone. - I don't think anyone in the family really realizes all that has happened to me. How Ralph shot me - how my Avant Garde has crumbled & died before me & how I died a lot with it. How I'm holding on by a thread... Jim.

12-14
Went with Jim to his music jam session and for about and hour we just sat around. They all talked bout hitchhiking round & homos who pick you up, etc.

12-15
At Jim's jam session, they talked about how the band was going & then got on to hitchhiking somehow. Bob said something about queers (homosexuals) picking up guys & Jim said yeah, they really can be pricks & that he knows a guy who got picked up by one out west & when he wouldn't "do it with him" the guy let him off in the middle of this desert during the night & he almost froze.

12-18
And I realize what a sexual outlet he is for me - like my story boys, weak & frightened & begging not to be hurt. I love him so.

12-20
Jim and I got slightly hassled on the bus: "Look at those two pretty girls." Jerks.

12-23
God, I've never seen a guy so relaxed with himself & his emotions & whole being & yet retaining his totally masculine & proud atmosphere. What a god. And he knows too he relaly is fully masculine.

1-1-69
Jim was so so tired & I put him on his bed & he asked me to lay beside him. We held & kissed each other & he put my hand down the back of his shirt. We were both getting going & I drew him away & we were silent for a while. He asked was something the matter & I said I didn't know if this was right. He told me he didn't want to make that decision for me & I KNOW he would never do anything to me. If we kept it where it should be & not outa hand, it was like Christmas - giving and receiving making each other happy. Yes! Yes! Loved him so. We never touch each other below the waist & he hasn't touched me above it either. He is so good to me.

1-3
Kissed & held each other. He always gets thoroughly frustrated when we love each other hard. He says he doesn't know why he's alive & he can't wait to completely love me. We made each other feel good in all right ways. He bit by bit unbuttoned his shirt & he put my hand on his chest. Loved & kissed him. He stroked my back as I did his. Tried to tell him how deeply I love him but I couldn't find words & failed him.

1-5
He asked me to please be comfortable with him, that I'm the very very very first girlfriend he ever had & he's not any "swifty or Don Juan." I laughted, he said it so funny. He took off his shirt little by little & I told him how perfect he was. He said he was skinny & I told him I'm the one that's skinny. He said he didn't want to embarrass me, but I am just beautiful, all he's ever dreamed of. And he means it. He is so like me, he could never lie, I know. He was so happy, but I get sexual right off. Can't help it. I pray he can release me of all the hang-ups bout sex ma's instilled in me. I can't even see someone nude without thinking of sex. I told him how they always say you stop loving someone when you do stuff like that and he said look at Gordy and his girlfriend. I hope Jim can help me.

All day thought of Jim & I yesterday. If only I can release myself of feeling so sexual when we enjoy each other being together & don't feel so guilty about being natural. I know I'll be okay when I move outa this house, it's all ma. She makes me feel so dirty. Jim told me like you can touch someone & everything without getting sexual "unpassionately." I want to. I love him enough to let him help me. I want so to write how he is in you, diary, when we're together. He's so calm & natural & "unpassionate" is really the word for it. He says sexuality has its place & it's not now. "We'll have little Jennifers later." We talked of names these last few days & agreed on Geoffrey, Jennifer, Brendon. He said he wants to be totally free with me & not all hung-up. I want to be with him, too - free & good. I'd love to be that close to him & be calm & natural & unpassionate

but I don't know if I can be. I hope he can help me. I know I can't explain all this without making it still look dirty & stupid. I know. But that's why I feel I should stop writing in a diary. I can't explain things anymore. I feel like stupid shit - I should just not write in here anymore. SHIT

1-12
I don't know why I'm starting to write again. I'm over my "sex" hang-up. I can actually look at a naked body without getting hot bout it.

1-14
I threw out ALL letters, gifts, etc. from Lar which I'd kept all this time AND all letters, cards from Ralph and the gifts he gave me including the once-beloved bracelet & aspen leaf necklace. With it I threw out Ralph's picture but retrieved it since it is the only picture I had of him. And I don't care... I don't want all that junk when I move out. I want only me & all my future - Jim.

1-20
At Jim's friend's, I sat on the couch and, since the rest of the couch was covered with garbage, Jim just sat somberly on my lap. I hugged & kissed him & he read some papers there & then sat staring off & suddenly 2 big tears rolled down his cheeks. I was pretty startled, I whiped them away & whispered as I held him, "What's all this, huh?" but he didn't answer. I had to leave before I could even talk to him cuz <u>I have to go home for supper</u>. I felt so awful. Oh, Jim. I'm almost sure it was cuzza the draft again. I told him before I left that I MAY be able to come back tonight. So after supper ma said no, just cuz she didn't want me to. I kept seeing those tears & I wanted to comfort him so so bad. Ma refused to talk to me & I felt so desperate.

1-21
Dad came in my room on the way to his shower & questioned am I really gonna move when I graduate & why? don't I like my mother & father, and do I hate it at home? Regular guff. Then he asks don't either Jim or I go to Mass Sundays & will I ever? Etc., etc.

1-29
While listening to the radio, the disc jockey introduced a record and said for you to "cuddle up to your 19-year-old gravedigger boyfriend." And it really struck me. How it fits Jim!

1-31
Wore nylons & a skirt for the first time in a long time.

2-9
I hope I can be calm & good to him & our children. Sometimes I think I'd be a bossy mother. I don't know. Jim's policy is "let 'm run," but I know ya can't DO that!

2-11
Jim & his roommate had a big rap over Jim's draft problems & he was pretty worried.

3-29
Jim was still sleeping when I got to his place. It's going to be so excellent to live with him - it's a beautiful dream beyond my imagination. Just to feel him lying next to me is undescribable. I'd've never laid with Lar or Ralph and felt happy and so overwhelmed with joy. But I can with Jim & I love him so much I want to marry him. I want to live with him and have his children. Too much!

4-3
Well, I turned on for the first time in my life. Jim & I walked to a friend's, who offered Jim a pipe of hash. He dragged & offered it to me. Okay. Hell. In all had about 10 hits off it & about 1/2 hour later began feeling very light, kinda like when you stay up real late & yer so tired but still wanna stay up, but I wasn't weak. Felt mellowed-out. I had a little trouble with depth perception when I reached for something. Felt sorta laffy. By midnight, when I got home, I was SO tired. Wrote a note to John, since he wasn't home, saying I put my thumb up tonight.

4-6
Having bad problem with my crotch area, itches & burns like hell & I have to keep rubbing it to relieve it. Awoke at 3 a.m. freaking out & went down to ma, who tried to help me out & said we'd go to the doctor tomorrow.

4-7
Jim seemed pretty worried about me. I told him I have a "feminine hygiene problem" and gave him as much information as I had. He was worried he had something to do with it cuzza our being nice by each other & then says, "What if you're pregnant?" PREGNANT! I asked how could I be pregnant & he said he didn't know, but what if I was. I said, well, if I was, it sure would be pretty famous, cuz we've never done anything like THAT. So it's yeast mold infection & I gotta put these little Easter egg suppositories up

my vagina. Too much. Later, was all ready to fill Jim in with the details, but he didn't ask for them so I let it lay.

4-8
Had quite a bummer of a time getting in that damn suppository.

4-13
Jim in his super depressed mood. I asked if it was me & he said he didn't know. I felt torn to think he even felt it might be me & got up crying. He held me and said he just knows he's gonna flunk school & get drafted & go to jail. I comforted him as much as I could. Then he asked wouldn't I like some nice BIG boyfriend? I said NO, would he like a nice petite little blonde bunny? He said NO, and I said well then Okay. Ma said she's almost sure the army wouldn't take him--he's so skinny & weak & sickly-looking.

4-17
Hot news flash! My bust measurement is 31-1/4 inches!!! TOO MUCH. Man, I might make it yet. I was afraid I wouldn't make it past the old 29" which I've had since I'm 14 yrs. old or so. OUT OF SIGHT--

4-18
Told Jim I'd be sleeping alone at Kathleen's apartment tonight & does he want to sleep with me. YES!!! Too much! We drank tea, read her magazines & Kaleidoscopes, were nice by each other & then soon fell asleep. What a beautiful feeling to hold him as he sleeps & you are weary & smiling...God. That's all it is--God. I told Jim I'd gained 2" on the top & he said, "Oh, you got taller?" What a darling - what a perfect love. - He suddenly asked me if they ever told us the "facts of live" in high school. I told him no, only in biology we got a bit, but they'd always started with "when the father's & mother's seeds united" & never told you how they got there to unite. He said they'd told him his freshman year & he was so surprised when he found out. He asked if I knew what it was the first time I got my period & said the first times when he woke in the morning, he didn't know what had happened. I asked him again, did he ever go on a date before? and he told me, as usual, no, I am his first girlfriend. That is <u>so</u> strange. He told me how he'd been so self-conscious cuz he was tall. Then I admitted to him that I'd wore a padded bra in my freshman year. He asked what do girls usually wear underneath, a lot of slips & stuff? Told him usually just a bra, girdle, nylons, a slip, petty pants, and how you could practically totally change your appearance by girdles & stuff. He was <u>real</u> surprised. Asked if he thinks guys are after girls a lot, cuz I get the impression like girls are always after the guys. He said he doesn't know & I said actually when it gets right down to it, I don't know too many guys & he said he doesn't know many girls either.

4-27
Jim and I took a bath together at Albion and then were nice by each other. He's worried again that I'm gonna get pregnant. Told him it's a physical impossibility if we don't have intercourse. Yet he seems to think the semen'll work its way up somehow. I told him we better not be real nice by each other then if he's gonna worry so and he said OK with no fight. OK! He said he knew close to nothing about menstruation. He asked some questions & I volunteered a lot, as he had trouble asking.

4-29
I think we better quit being nice by each other a while, for 2 reasons: Jim is actually worried I'll somehow get pregnant & we're being nice so often I think we're going to either get bored with each other, horribly frustrated or maybe freak out & do what we'll later regret.

5-2
God, I can't wait til I'm outa school. To cope with school, I have to completely close my mind, live in my own world, not think, react or participate. If I let all this school shit in my head, I'll freak out like I've done several times there already. And I guess this attitude stays with me all the time. I'd like to open my mind to the outside but I just can't. I feel like crying, I think I'm just gonna go insane. Why isn't like enjoyable? Why all these institutions? I've got life but someone else is running it--

5-5
Almost freaked out in school. Felt I couldn't tolerate those idiots any longer. The differences of atmosphere & feeling between yesterday's crowd at the Love-In and the crowd at Pius was too far beyond my imagination to settle calmly into.

5-18
Jim & I were nice by each other & someone bangs on the door. So I got the door & it was Jeff, Jim's friend. So Jim walks out to greet him with just his shirt on - what an excellent feeling of freedom & pride of your body! Later, while Jim was just sitting there, his cat jumped up on his back & dug her claws & scratched his shoulders bad. When I saw his back with the reddened tears, I thought of so many of my stories & I kissed him & loved him so.

5-23
An incredible day - my last day of school! Man, I slopped around there with a give-a-shit attitude I've never had before. Gave a gift to my counselor, Mr. [redacted], and to Miss [redacted], who gave me

a note not long ago telling me I was special & should open to the world to give them my great qualities & who was so good to me in English class last year. I ran outa there at 2:15, saying out loud as I stepped out, "Go fuck yerself, Pius High School!" & ran out, my face lifted to the sky. Jim! Jim! Oh, I'm free <u>forever</u>! I threw the uniform in the middle of the livingroom & told ma to destroy it, so I never see it again & I disposed of all that'd remind me of that place.

5-24
Went to the bus stop where there was this little "nurd" waiting also. That's the only word I could think of to describe him. He was about 5'3", buzzed hair with a little sports cap, thinking he's God's gift to women, & he looks at me & says, "Hi, ya, dog-face!" I thought, man, this dude's gotta be kidding, & retorted, "Yeah, you do a lot for me, too!" That really jolted him. The bus passed us by, so he tried to run to the next stop. I knew he wouldn't make it, so I walked casually. When I got there he was hitchhiking & said, "Boy, you're really ugly!" I answered, "Turn me on, little brother." And he says, "I seen better faces on boys." To which I said, "Coming from you, that's a compliment" and when he said, "well, it's not," I said, "gee, that really hurts me." I feel so free I'm even smart-alecking back to idiots - something I hardly ever did.

6-2
First day of work at Trade Press Publishing Company. Outa site. I'm not wearing nylons anymore & am gradually eliminating my dependency on having a purse. I'm gonna sew nice secure pockets in my coats & finally rid of a purse altogether. I hope.

6-5
Jim left today on vacation, hitchhiking to San Francisco.

6-12
The 10th I signed a lease for an apartment on 1328 E. Albion, right across the street from Jim's. I move in June 14th.

6-16
I'm 18! Postcard from Jim: "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here. Happy Birthday! Was propositioned in Iowa; sick of right-wingers, stone freaks, hippies, jerks, farmers, smack heads, pigs, tourists, wild men, faggots, prostitutes, etc. See you very soon. Love You." It was postmarked in San Francisco. And I wonder who propositioned him, male or female, and I wonder if it was for sex & if so, why he mentioned it as such a main point. Well, that's all to be seen, I guess.

6-18
So today at work I just had to - I wore one of Jim's shirts to work. It was so affecting to me, I felt him all day. I thought of him constantly & almost wanted to cry - I wanted to kiss his neck so bad. I wanted him to lay with me on his bed & I remembered how we slept together & I kissed his hollow face as he slept. I missed him so terribly & tried to imagine what he'd be doing.

6-26
Jim & I have been sleeping together on & off at his place. How grand & beautiful it is. And this is even more far-out... Last night we had intercourse. I guess there's different stages for boys or something cuz he wasn't fully erected & had no ejaculation or anything. Far out! We laid there like that & talked. Too freaky. I can't believe it. I love him so thoroughly & wished we were married. I want to be with him always & I'm so afraid someday he'll leave me & I know someday he will die & I'll be alone again.

7-20-69
I am overcome with wonder, joy, emotions I do not know. Two men have landed on the moon today. And they're up there now... can it be true? For the times I've wished upon it--dreamed upon it, and it is now a mass of matter. I cannot comprehend this all. Two people sitting on the moon... tomorrow they walk upon it.

And could it be possible one must be lonely to be fulfilled - or can the fear of loneliness overpower the fear of rejection? Yet after rejection thee is only loneliness... and no fear. Can it all come to loneliness - the futile searching, the needing, the incapability to handle the truth once it is levied. Can it all come to loneliness in the end? And rejection caused by the fear of rejection? And you leave me becuz I feared... I always feared you would someday go... and then you are gone - and I do not fear your rejection any longer. Could it all come to that - and leave me fulfilled in my emptiness, fulfilled and in my loneliness happy?

Please release me - my fears my fears. I don't want to fear anymore. I'm so tired of being afraid. I want to be released & happy. Where do I go? And what is it all that I fear. If I only knew that.

And I love Jim so. Yesterday I wanted to die. I saw my own fear & hated myself. Will I ever get rid of these fears? If Jim leave me I will die because I cannot go on alone fearing my own mind, my own thoughts & violence. Fearing my own love. Somehow I must break thru a wall. A wall at the depths of my heart. A wall encompassing my freedom of mind and feelings. Idealism has been a barrier. How can I feel free to express myself....

8-2
I'm vacating my apartment Sept. 30. Mostly cuz there are bugs (silverfish) and Jim doesn't like the place & will hardly come over. And get this: Jim may have to move out of Albion as he thinks his roommate's moving out & he can't keep the place himself. How we wish we could live together! Oh, wouldn't that be wonderful! Oh, we both want to so bad, but how could we. We'll never get to til we're married. I feel bad.

8-7
Jim & I decided to move into Albion together & he suggested we go to ma's & tell her. So we took a bus there & they were all excited--they tought we were announcing our marriage. So when we told them, ma freaked out as usual. Was pretty bad. They lectured us both. Jim wanted to leave on the spot, but I couldn't leave the family all freaked out. He said he wanted to talk to me, so we went into ma's room. Told me he loves me & wants to live with me, but he's not ready to get married. I said I understood. We went out & told them we wouldn't live together & ma was so happy. She drove us back home, as Jim said he really

felt ill & thought he might throw up & he just wanted to go to bed. At Albion he held me & began crying. He actually sobbed & we cried in each other's arms. We love each other so but we can't be together. He said he wanted to die if it weren't for me.

8-28
I'm moving into a new place next week. A silverfish scooted out from under my loaf of bread when I was thinking what I should have for supper. Jim & I trekked all over & found a house for rent. He took a room & I took a huge 2 rooms right down the hall. He moved in about 2 weeks ago. At first ma had a fit when I told her & disowned me, but we made up a few days later. So the winter won't be terrible & we're together.

10-10
Last weekend Marc told me Gordy told him that when the Garde was getting smashed up, I was right in the middle of it, trying to get the guys to leave & how everyone else got scared & backed off, but I went right into it & Gordy told Marc he had a lot of respect for me for doing that. And he looked up to me for that. I feel real proud. Lee said that once, too, how he felt like an ass standing off while I was in there trying to stop the fights.

10-15
Today was Vietnam Moratorium Day. People all over the U.S. protested, marched, sent telegrams to Nixon to stop the war, etc. After work went to the University, met Jim there & bout 6:30 about 3,000 people & us marched from UWM to the War Memorial Center. The Furry Quim Slash (FQS among the "in" crowd) consisting of Ken Blochowiak, Tom Ruppenthal, Chuck Reitzner & Jay Borgenhagen, were playing. We pushed up closer. Ken & Jay began walking around chanting in a low monotoned chant, waving for people to join in:

Stop the war, stop the war,
Stop the mother-fuckin' war

Some people on the other side of the room outside set up & Tom said now we'll turn the mike over to the "liberals." They had this little program all set up--really lame. - Jim and I celebrated our first anniversary October 12, one year together.

11-2
Today I am beginning to feel piggy. I haven't really been dressing pretty or fixing up much - I am only beginning to find out Jim likes me in bkacl nylons. I never know if he thinks I'm being commercial, fake, stereotype or pretty. He wants me to do as I want, not be what I am just to please him - but pleasing him is me & is what I want. I like being both piggy & at times pretty, too.

11-16
The 14th Jim and I set out for Washington DC. Saturday the 15th was scheduled a mass march to protest the war. We got on one of 4 buses leaving Milwaukee for DC. I'll never believe how many beautiful freaks there were. Man, the streets were loaded with them. I've heard estimates from 250,000 to a million people there. We passed a large march of freaks about 6 blocks long, piled all up, freaks all over the stores & eating places & sidewalks, freaks loaded down the street loading up the street in a march to the Washington Monument about 3-4 blocks long, plus huge huge rally at the Monument. Once there, I freaked. So many people! Some guy raised me up on his shoulders to see & everywhere I looked was heads, no lawn you could see nothing but one huge mob of people and they were all so friendly, giving away food, playing the radio & laughing bout what they were saying about us, just enjoying it all. They raised up flags on the tons of flagpoles around. Flags with peace signs, college names like NYC for Peace, etc. We heard Pete Seeger & Arlo Guthrie. We tried to find where our buses were leaving from. One cop told us there was no such street as the one we were told to get our bus, then another told us where it was. I must say tho the cops were OK. I mean, most of them were young & they looked more scared than mean. Heard a bit of Dick Gregory & Dave Dellinger (one of the Chicago 8) speak. Saw Peter, Paul & Mary play. Jim & I were a block away across the street from the Justice Dept. in a park when we saw tear gas go off & a row of cops lined up in the street like a Dr. Zhivago thing & marching towards the people. Saw a few fires but couldn't tell what it was. The cops backed a mob of kids into a cement ramp & teargassed them. All I could keep saying was "Oh, Jim, those poor kids!" We were high up on the sides of this ramp & with a row of kids just watching & suddenly heard a crack & a teargas cannister blew off about 10 yards from Jim & I. The people around us began scattering but people all yelled WALK, WALK, DON'T RUN, cuz when people begin freaking like that they get trampled & hurt. So as this gas was going, the freaks walked passed it. We got a few good tokes off it but it didn't get us. So we decided to leave as others said let's go back. But neither Jim nor I would get that into a cause to get hurt or to hurt others for it. So we set out for the bus place, still hearing chants of "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh, the NLF is gonna win" and cracks of more tear gas. Bummer. Someone said the Weathermen faction of the SDS were breaking windows, throwing jumk at the cops & shooting paint bombs at buildings, so I guess they deserved the gas. Were told our bus would probably be at the West Potomac Mall on the other side of the Capitol by the Wash Monument. By then it was already dark & we couldn't see, so while crowwing the Monument lawn, suddenly our faces & eyes began burning, so come to realize the whole area had just been teargassed. Bummer. We look around & there's a hissing cannister laying right next to us. My eyes ran, my nose ran, my throat burned. It's just like as tho you'd been peeling onions for an hour. At the end of the lawn were 3 freaks with water jugs & clothes & they dabbed our faces with water & told us not to rub it & that's all can be done. It

was really beautiful cuz they were standing there in the gas looking for people to aid.

12-26
Christmas Day at Jim's parent's. His brother's gonna get married & gave his fiance a sapphire ring. When we got back home, Jim was sitting real quiet playing his guitar & he said to me, "Sheila, would you like me to get you a ring?" Well, my teeth nearly dropped out & I told him no, that they cost too much & you usually can't tell if they're real expensive jewels or plastic from Woolworths, which is true. We agreed that we'd go to the lakefront & find a stone or rock to be our symbol of engagement, etc. But he said he only asked for future plans, not now!

1-16-70
How deep-rooted Jim's & my love is now! He said today I've really gotten more beautiful than since when we first were together. He has, too. I still watch his cheeks & his sunken chest - I honestly can't see why every girl on earth doesn't love him or want him. He's so perfect, so masculine, yet gentle, kind, soft. Each day he looks more & more this way to me. I wish I could tell everyone we live together, sleep together, love together. That's why I want to get married - so I can tell everyone - so they can <u>know</u> we love each other totally - not stupidly or dating or something.

1-31
"The happiness of incessant victory, the happiness of fulfilled desire, the happiness of success and of total satiety - <u>that</u> is suffering." - My mind is forever clouded. I cannot lift the haze from my thoughts which are not thoughts at all but confusion. My mind rings of well-organized confused music, not words. I cried at work, I called Kathy & told her I was afraid to sleep with Jim. That I have to stop. I had a nightmare where I had a baby & no one knew. I had to hide it all the time becuz if anyone knew they'd all condemn me & hate me. I snuck from room to room with my baby so no one would see or know. And if I could just spurt it out. If I could know what it is that is clouding my mind. What it is that is confusing, scaring me. What do I tell Jim? I would say I want to marry you so badly, to be yours & all could know it. But I know I fear it - I fear the finality of it. The end of free love - love you are not expected to give. We are not bound now - we will our love, our togetherness. Jim gets mad when I feel sad & cry like I am now. If he knew he'd get mad & tell me to just stop it. I want to tell him he's stupid & he doesn't know me at all, he doesn't know anything. I wanted to tell him that yesterday. Mom & Jim told me I should get professional help. I don't think there is anything anyone could say to help me.

2-1
I cried & told ma of the dream of the baby & she said she knows Jim & I have found what we were looking for & she knows we are good & right for each other & she approves & loves all we are doing, "but just don't give me any grandchild for a while til you get married." I love her so much. I told her I felt I was sinning, but I love Jim so much & I'm so happy & she said no I should never feel I'm sinning but the only thing I should think of is my happiness - I want to do that so bad. She told me to put my mind at peace about everything. And she sent me home to Jim. God, I love him. I love so so much.

2-16
A "free university" has been formed in Milw & I signed up for a class on Russian history. I really don't know why but being learned in things of Russia really drives me. I want to read

Russian stories in their original language, not distorted by translation. I want to know the truth of the people, the life of Russia. I bought 2 books on beginner's Russian language.

2-22
Wrote a letter to M.E. telling her not to let people hassle her out of things she likes, such as her boyfriend. "What's the sweat if he's short if it doesn't make you dislike him? People have called Jim everything to a faggot - but if you know he's good & you like him a lot, roughy-toughy, hey?"

Friday was a march for the 'Conspiracy 8' (the Chicago 8). There were a lot of good people there, sponsored by the SDS so mostly heavy radicals and not just high school kids. We started up Wisconsin Ave., loud shots of "Free the 8," etc., but it was funny cuz everyone was all yelling their strength, but no one even crossed against the red light. We marched to the Federal Bldg, about 5 blocks from the Memorial Bldg where were started, and everyone crowded & swarmed unto the steps & sidewalk. Yelling chants, etc. Riot cops started moving in, so everyone came down & all started up Wisc. Ave. We got about 2 more blocks west & everyone stopped for the light. There were riot cops with their clubs held horizontally in front of them. All of a sudden--and I tell no lies in this entire account--the cops all started pushing us back into the street. I grabbed Jim by the coat so he wouldn't get pushed in front of a car & I got pushed up against one of those big cement tree pots. I was like sitting in it against the tree. Shoving, so much & I thought they were kids being pushed up against me, but when I looked up there were 3 cops with their clubs horizontal, all pushing their clubs into my chest. I couldn't get away & looked up, feeling calm, and said, "I didn't do anything, why are you pushing?" It was insane, like the police that were shoving me weren't even looking at me, they were like nuts! I heard some girl yell, "Get that chick outa there!" Meanwhile Jim was trying to get me out too & cops grabbed him. Jim put his hands up to show them he wasn't doing anything. The girls grabbed me out & I said "thanks a lot, man" & when I turned back around, there's Jim standing against the wall with his hands up. I dind't know what had happened with him, I hadn't seen him since I grabbed his coat. I just stood there & put my hands to my mouth & said, "Oh, no, Jim! Oh, Jim!" He looked at me and shook his head. There was a cop right in front of him & I walked over, thinking maybe we could jsut walk away, but the cop told me to get moving. I said, "no, if he's going, I am, too." He shoved me & said get moving. I said no, I'm going with him! So the cop grabbed me & shoved me at Jim & said, "OK, then, you're going!" We stood there a while. I looked at Jim & he looked up & put his hands on top of his head. Then the cop grabbed us each & took us to a paddy wagon. We sat in there a while & then another chick was put in. There was an "America, Love It or Leave It" sticker inside. Then we were taken out & put into a bigger wagon & we sat. Another guy & girl were shoved in. Jim hadn't said anything to me all the while. He was sitting quiet, silent, looking down &

sad. I was scared. Three cops got in the cab & as we started driving away I tried to think of anything I had in my purse that could be used against me. But I couldn't think of what I had in my purse! From the time the cops started shoving, my mind was almost completely blank. The first chick put with us was yelling slogans out the window. She was super-obnoxious & Jim & the other guy told her to just cool it. We were taken to the Safety Bldg. We sat in the wagon for a long time, then they took the 2 guys out & searched them. We girls weren't searched. We were all herded into an elevator & down a row of cells. There were a lot of kids I knew, the guys in one cell, we 3 girls in another. So there we were. I squatted on the floor & stayed there. A cop came & took the obnoxious chick cuz she was a juvenile. One cop asked how old I was. 18. 19? No! 18. Then another cop came over & asked, "how old are you?" 18. 19? No, 18. Really nuts. So then I started reading graffiti. Mostly names. Two strange ones: "Thank You God" and--this one really hit me--"I miss God, and this is only make believe." Cops asked my name, address, date of birth. That's all. Then we were taken to be booked. We were taken into one room & told to stand against the wall. It was like a hassle-waiting-room. We stood there & 8-10 cops hassled us. Brother, "you can't tell the boys from the girls." One cop said, yes you can (?) "Look at them! and they call us pigs!" They told me I looked like a veteran & that I couldn't even stand next to a veteran. I stared woodenly ahead all the while. Some kids tried to argue with them. One by one, taken into a small room & booked. Took one fingerprint, never asked or told a thing. Then taken to another room, asked name, etc. and do you know what you're charged with? Unlawful Assembly. A boy behind me was getting hassled. "You're from Greendale? Why don't you stay in Greendale instead of coming here & causing trouble? I'm gonna call the Greendale Chief of Police & tell him just what kind of a guy you are." Felt sorry for the guy. Then taken to individual cells. Number 22. A matron searched me & my purse. A very unthorough job. She asked if I wanted to keep my Russian grammar book to read. No. So she took my purse & left. I sat alone, sad, so alone & I curled up, looking at the back wall, tears rolled down my cheek. Matron asked if I wanted anything to eat. No. She brought me a cup of lukewarm coffee & a baloney sandwich saying I looked like I could use it. Drank the coffee but gave the sandwich to the girl next to me. My mind was a total blank. All I could think of is, where is Jim? What is he doing? I was scared for Jim. The boys in the other wing were making so much noise, pounding on their cells, yelling "Down the Pig" and "Power to the People" & I was afraid they'd just go in & start hurting them. Then we were all taken down to the FBI Dept. Sat in the bullpen awhile. Then taken individually to a clerk. I was freaked! There the clerk had a big long report about me! Fingerprinted 3 more times. FBI mug shot photographs with my number in front of me (119876). The cop who brought me back from FBI asked what awful crime I committed. I said I'd wanted to be with my boyfriend. He asked "was it worth it?" & I said yes, I'd rather be here than home worrying. He asked why Jim was arrested, said I didn't know, that all of a sudden he was standing there with his hands up. After a long time

2/22

the matron & a cop came & took 3 girls out--someone was bailing them out. One other girl and I were the only ones left in the cells, but then they released the other girl. I was alone. It was past 2 a.m. I was very glad to be in jail, I was sale, finally I was in jail where I'd dreamed of being for so many years. I wanted to stay there--couldn't figure out why all the other girls wanted to get out so fast. Maybe it's like an escape to the womb or something. I really liked the feeling, tho. The matron told me a lawyer wanted to speak to me and took me to a large room. There was a steel door with a small window of a fence-like grating. All I could see was my lawyer's face. He explained he's from the American Civil Liberties Union. They're famous for being freak lawyers. I told him I refused to leave unless my boyfriend could. He told me I better leave now when my bail was low cuz in the morn the judge will set it higher. He kept asking is there anyone who would sign for my release, anyone who at least has a job. Marc & Lenore! He eagerly took their names, but I repeated unless Jim was out, I'd stay, too. About 3:30 a.m. matron said I was being bailed. Asked if my boyfriend was out. She said yes, he was downstairs waiting with my friends. She took me down and I saw my Jim standing tall & meek & smiling with a look of relief. He told me his side of the story: When the cops began pushing me, he tried to grab me out & a cop took hold of him. Jim said he immediately put his hands up "to show them I wasn't <u>doing</u> anything!" He said he was pushed back & forth between a mess of cops & then shoved up against the storefront & that's how he got there.

2/22

Next morning at 8:30 we had to appear at the D.A.'s office. An ACLU lawyer told us not to make any statements there. All 51 arrested were there. Two of Jim's friends were there, not arrested tho, but said they'd witnessed both of our arrests. Then me and a guy were called into the D.A.'s office. Suddenly there was a phone call, Ass't D.A. freaked & rushed outa the room. Student lawyer told us there was a hassle cuz the State didn't want to issue warrants against us. Then our cop took us out, we were "rejected by the State." As we left, Jim was being taken into the other D.A. I was taken to the city branch to see if they'd issue warrants. We sat a long time, then taken back up to "State charges." The lawyer told us no one knew what was going on and this is what's called "legal bullshit." Back we went to city charges. There was about 20 cops, 5 ACLU laywers & 13 of us kids. The head lawyer said the cops agreed to drop all of our charges if we would sign a statement saying we wouldn't sue the cops for false arrest. I almost broke. Where is Jim? Are they gonna convict him & let me off? The lawyers advised us to sign cuz if we didn't, the cops would charge us. All were super-willing to sign & get out of there. But it was the first time since the whole hassle that I wanted to cry. I asked if we were the only ones getting this deal. Yes. The tears came. I signed. The lawyer took me to where the people on bail were coing out & I saw Jim walk out. Ran to him. Just to show how fucked they all are, the guy who was charged with <u>battery</u> & led around in handcuffs all day was released with NO BAIL and here's little Jim, who didn't

even DO anything, practically crawled up to the judge's bench, and he's on $250 bail.

3-15
Friday was my last day at Trade Press, and when they asked where I was gonna work and I told them as Secretary of the Slavic Languages Dept. at the University, tkey asked what that was. When I said Russian language, they all got quiet.

3-28
My job at the University is incredibly out-of-sight. The chairman told me ANY time I want to attend a class in the Dept. I should just let her know, so I'll go this summer to Beginning Russian. Took a half-day off the 18th to attend Jim's trial, but they postponed it til May 6.

5-5
Things are getting more serious. I'm beginning to think maybe there will be an entire political revolution in thie country. Sunday May 3 there was a block party for May Day. We had a permit, all legally OK... free music, food, lots of beer and wine. Dancing. I even enjoyed it, which is hard for me to do half the time. There was an incredible amount of old people--we'd hitchhiked there and the man who gave us a ride must have just come to the U.S. with his young daughter. He was sad, said now only the "hippies" celebrated May Day in the U.S. & he was going to the block party cuz he's always celebrated May Day all his life. - Jim and I were leaving, about to cross the street, when a police car with siren going suddenly sped down the street, about 35-40 mph, made a sharp turn, smashed through the barricade that blocked off the street for the party, smashing the car headlights, and continued at this speed right into the crowd of about 300 people. Naturally, I freaked. The cop car just missed us. Meanwhile a motorcycle cop came up the other side of the street & I was so afraid to move becuz I knew he wouldn't hesitate to hit me. I grabbed Jim, or rather he me, and I put my hand right on his cigarette. This was all in a split second's time. We dashed across the street, I yelled "Fools!" and Jim pulled me angrily and said, "Sheila, let's GO!" The last I saw was the car speeding through the crowd of people. I would've never believed it. I never saw anything like it. And God, I'm so afraid. Yesterday, four students at Kent State Univ. in Ohio were shot and killed by National Guardsmen--2 guys and 2 girls. The paper said there were 1500 students protesting U.S. intervention in Cambodia, bout 300 guardsmen. The guardsmen claimed they heard sniper fire at them, so they opened fire into the crowd. Eleven other kids were hurt. I'm scared, so is Jim. He said yesterday he wishes we could go to Canada and have a baby. I would. I would. And now tomorrow is Jim's trial. They're filing an alibi that Jim wasn't IN an unlawful assembly, cuz we were arrested before it was even announced unlawful.

5-16
Things are bad and sad. It's no coincidence, I think, those 2 words are similar. Since May 6 the University has been freaked out. There is a mass nationwide student strike affecting some 440 colleges, many high and elementary schools. Everyone freaked by the Kent State kids who got shot. Rumor has it one more student died from bayonet wounds. And also the official report and preliminary hearings determined that <u>there was no sniper fire</u> at those guardsmen. So from May 6-13 I haven't had to work a full day. I like went in a few hours, then students made raids on the buildings and all the faculty & staff freak & go home. I was freaked, too, when about 30 kids came in smashing classroom door windows where classes were being held. They seized the Student Union and immobilized it til the 14th. They still occupy the 2nd floor where rallies, workshops, etc. are held. Several times on the 12th, I thought I was done for. Once I was sitting around the 2nd floor of the Union and some chick comes in & says there are cops all over & if they tear-gas you do this & if they mace you, do that. I thought, oh, great, this is the end. They're gonna blow us all up. I go outside and there are riot cops standing there, so I thought THIS is time for me to flee. Went home and about 4 hrs. later there's a knock on my door. Two men, one holding a police badge right in my face. Brother, I just about held out my hands for handcuff & told 'm I'd go peacefully. What a drag! They were questioning all witnesses Jim had implicated for his trial--I didn't know if I was spozed to say anything, but they had all kinds of legal papers & I just cooperated and answered questions. I was just so shocked I didn't know how to act. We had a trial May 6. Had our witnesses all lined up & Jim got up there. My hands were like ice. The cop gets up there & this is the first time I heard a cop lie and tell what Jim's accused of. Really amazing. Right in the middle of the trial, the cops say they want to "make an amendment" to their story, and wanna change the name of the street where we were arrested! So the judge says OK. Now we have to go back June 16th for his trial. Incredible! The new loawyer just about out and told us we didn't have a chance. And then we come home to find a Selective Service letter for Jim, a questionnaire about when will he graduate so they can draft him. I feel so depressed. Everyone want to take Jim away from me. It's incredible the amount of oppression one can get in a "free country."

6-3
So April 30 our landlord got a notice from the Health Dept. with a big list of violations which had to be taken care of or our house would be condemned in 30 days. So Jim & I began looking for a new place. I kept wishing we could stay at least the summer, til Jim's 21, and then we can just get married and the hell with it. The 9th Jim has to go to a motion's hearing in court.

6-25
June 16th, my 19th birthday, Jim and I went to his motion's hearing. All 3 motions were accepted, which is nice. One to accept Jim's alibi, another to give us names/addresses of state witnesses, since they have ours, and another go forfeit our "right" to a jury trial. You're probably wondering why we had the hearing the 16th and not the 9th as originally scheduled. Well, we went the 9th, our lawyer didn't show us and it was postponed. They told us to be there the 30th. So Jim called our lawyer the 15th to see what's new and he says we have to be in court the next day! If Jim hadn't shown up the 16th, there'd've been a warrant out for his arrest & that'd been it. The lawyer said the judge wasn't "holding any torch to the American ideal," so that's good. June 22nd I started going to Russian classes and still get paid for being at work.

7-5-70
June 30th we went all ready for this big trial. Our 2 witnesses were there and Big Chief of the Tactical Squad Sgt. [redacted] showed up with 6 of his men. Our lawyer says well, the judge's calendar is pretty full today & this kind of trial has been known to take from 1 to 6 days, so it's postponed AGAIN til Oct. 8!!! I didn't believe it--this is getting to be a big joke. So Sgt. Miller said to his men Oct. 8 & they pulled out their notebooks and wrote it down. Really a drag. So after this Jim & I went to eat breakfast and out of the sky Jim says real serious, "I guess we can't get married in September then," becuz I said I didn't think a wife could testify for or against her husband on trial. It really freaked me - I had told Jim when we first started going together that I will not bring up the subject of marriage at all, but he should just know I'm dying to marry him and when he gives the word, I'll jump in his arms, but til then I won't force the subject at all. But recently he's talking about it as our living quarters are shaky as ever and we know we can't get a place together unless we do get married and neither of us want to live apart.

7-19
Some good things happening. The girl who moved into Jim's old place on Albion is moving out Aug. 15. I called the landlord immediately the next day & it's mine Sept. 1st. I'll pay $65 a month, plus utilities. I'm not sure what Jim's gonna do. He's gonna call his lawyer to see if it's OK if we get married because of his trial. He wants to move in with me very much but is worried. My Russian teacher told me I'm too intelligent to be a secretary & should be a professor of Slavic language and literature. I've subscribed to 3 magazines from Moscow.

8-4
Well, things are settled. Jim is looking for a place together with his old roommate from Albion. Jim didn't tell me, I found out from his old roommate July 26. I was really broken hearted. I felt all he had ever said about wanting to be with me forever was just a big lie and cried harder than I ever did in a long long time.

8-10
Jim has decided to move in with Michael, a friend of his. He'll be living 2 miles from me. How can things NOT change?

9-1
Yesterday I moved into Albion, closed my door & went to bed and Jim had left, too, to take his mattress over to Michael's. I could see I can't forgive him for what he did, moving in with someone else when for so long he said he wanted to marry me and always be with me and then after a whole year of being exclusively

alone, just us, he goes. Today he asked why am I sad? I begged him to come live with me; he said he was uptight, paranoid, afraid, and I whispered, "Please marry me." Desperately. I didn't want to have to say that. But he said this to me: "It's not like how your mother said. You aren't forcing me to get married. But it's just different, it won't be the same anymore after marriage. Maybe it will be for you, but it's different for boys. It takes time getting used to... it's a big step to take." I told him I just felt he only liked me becuz I go to sleep with him and I feel like a big slut. He said he knows I feel that way, but it's just not true. He loves me forever, he said.

9-14
When Jim and I are together, I feel no hostility towards him or feel I'm getting ripped off - it's only when I'm alone or not with him that I feel gypped. I'm really insecure, man. Thanks to stupid Lar and Ralph, those turds. I just feel so creamy and dreamy when I'm with Jim that I can't hate him or be mean to him. Fuck it! I wanna stay single, too! Too fucking bad they don't allow common law marriages... or do they?

9-16
Today's Jim's 21st birthday. The 14th, when Jim came to get me after work, I hugged him real hard, told him I was real happy cuz I realized I don't wanna marry him either. And he suddenly pushed me back & said, "You <u>don't</u>?" with a real hurt & surprised look on his face. I said no, it'd be such a drag and I like things the way they are. So now things are back to normal: he's talking about us getting married and I'm not!

10-15
So my boss came in my office and said I must learn to whom I can tell certain things and to whom I shouldn't. That a member of the department told her he doesn't understand how I could possibly celebrate the 2nd anniversary of living with my boyfriend and how disgusting and immoral it is. She told me I must be more discreet, and when she left my office, I just died. Why are people so hateful? If we were celebrating our 2nd wedding anniversary, everything would be wonderful & la-dee-da, but becuz we don't have that shitting lousy rotten piece of paper that says we're married, any love between us, any goodness and happiness is disgusting, revolting and full of smut and scum. When Jim came to go to lunch with me, I begged him to "please marry me 'cuz I can't continue like this anymore." He reacted sharply, coldly. But later he softened up and said OK, after his trial he <u>promised</u> me we would get married. I felt relieved, but not happy.

10-25
I wish there were some way I could know what I want of Jim. I want <u>him</u> so much - I want to look at him, to touch him, to smell

him, to kiss him, to press him against me & that's all <u>all</u> I want to do, nothing else. But it can't be. He comes and goes. I am obsessed by him. I realize I am nothing next to him. He is everything. I am only low & disgusting, tagging after him, trying to marry him yet wanting him to leave me forever, becuz next to him I am no good.

11-9
I just read Oct. 25 and can remember nothing of this fit of depression. They come & go, for no reason it seems. Today I feel love, gentleness, happiness & none of those feelings. Can I blame it on the supposed "two personalities" of the Gemini? HA HA

On Oct. 22, Bridget's dearest friend, Kathy, had a baby boy. The day after Grandpa died. He's real cute and she's keeping him, tho she's only 17 & unmarried. I love the kid! I'm happy!!!

11-22
I just finished reading <u>City of Night</u> by John Rechy. Excellent book. A long time ago I saw the Gay Liberation Front recommend the reading of several books on homosexuality, which you know I have always been strangely attracted to. One of the recommended books was <u>The Gay World</u> by Martin Hoffman. It was real good and it recommended <u>City of Night</u>. I got it immediately. Story of a male hustler, a male prostitute for homosexuals. The whole story was so sad and lonesome... my heart and soul is with the "drag queen." Beautiful portraits of them. Only one example was the portrait of a queen whom the narrator describes as so very beautiful, the face that any woman would envy on another. This queen, Kathy, was plagued with blackout spells & was close to death. Rechy's story:

"In the courtyard of The Rocking Times, moments later, I saw Kathy. Still with Jocko as if he can protect her from something shadowing her, she smiles as she stares at the mobs.

God damn it, I want to shout to her, dont smile, dont laugh! I want to say to her: Cry, Kathy! But the smile is permanent as she seems to loom over the crowd--a luminous apparition: amused perhaps by the cruel knowledge of herself--the knowledge that shes been twice doomed: by the limbo sex and death lurking prematurely in a threatening blackout which will end, in her very youth, even her defiance of the despising world that tampered with her sex and stamped her face with Impossible Beauty. Struggling through the crowd toward her, I said, 'Kathy...Kathy.'

'Yes, baby?'

'Why are you smiling?'

'Because,' she said easily, 'Im going to die.'"

Beautiful excerpts such as these haunt me. Another:

"'...And, oh, do you believe in God?' she asks me abruptly, and I answered its a cussword. 'Oh, yes, my dear,' Miss Destiny

said, 'there is a God, and He is one hell of a joker. Just--look--,' and she indicates her lovely green satin dress & then waves her hand over the entire room. 'Trapped! ...But one day, in the most lavish drag youve evuh seen--heels! and gown! and beads! and spangled earrings! - Im going to storm heaven and protest! Here I am!!! I'll yell - and I'll shake my beads at Him... And God will cringe!'"

And how can I help. This last week or so I've wanted to go and leave everything and join that world. But where do I fit in. I feel so deprived and sad and lost. Last Monday I came home on the bus alone and was so close to "cruising" Brady Street and trying to get picked up. So damn close. I think it was Wednesday I cried and told Jim I was so restless, so unfulfilled & starved for excitement. I tried to make him see what I'd been thinking of, but only feeling him out, cuz I don't know how he'd react. I told him maybe he shouldn't marry me cuz he's taking an awful risk cuz I don't know what I'm thinking, which way I'm going (thinking, as I spoke, that what can become of a girl who's real desire & passion is with male homosexuals. That I wnt to be one. That I fancy him to be one & I pretend I'm a man when we make love.) He told me he doesn't want me to feel trapped. That for him ideally he wants our relationship to be a totally free one. To come and go as we please. He wants a relationship where "everything goes." I was silent, thinking what he would feel if I had got picked up on Brady Street, but afraid to ask, but he continued as if reading my mind: "...except probably unfaithfulness." I almost sighed in relief. Our love is so real that there is already a sin such as adultery in it. I was so happy & this craving in me stopped. But still, still what can I do to help those to whom my heart & soul reaches out? In The Gay World Hoffman repeats over and over that: "The most serious problem for those who live in the gay world is the great difficulty they have in establishing stable paired relationships with each other."

Oh, what can I say? I don't want to marry becuz I'll then forever be deprived of many of those beautiful compliments, I'll never be sought by another. I still yearn for that world, that world I know nothing about, a serious threatening sad ferocious stormy lost world.

12-15
Jim had another meeting of the famous Nowhere Trial on Dec. 9. It was of course postponed til January. - Began crying in bed and told Jim he must be so bored with me, cuz he never talks to me, looks at me, nothing. He tried to comfort me and said I should get some friends. I told him I wnt new things, new faces, new experiences, and he says I maybe should get another boyfriend. That's all I need. What do I say to him? I don't know. I even thought of asking him to stay away from me for awhile to give both of us a vacation from one another. Why has everything changed? I'm just so tired of living.

1970

12-26
I think I'm in love with Kathy [redacted]. in a strange way. She's a phantom, she seems to suffer all and always smile, always quiet, she barely speaks. She's radiant and she wears flannel shirts and is beautiful. And I'm no good. I can't be beautiful becuz I don't know how. I just don't know how. I am no better than any other fucked-up clod off the street. Today Jim said he loves me sometimes. I wish he'd leave me sometimes. He hangs around like a loyal puppy & at the same time moans that he doesn't wanna be tied down & wants to be "friends" with other girls. So go the fuck ahead. - I've never loved anymore more than the prince of my imagination. The king who never existed. My image of Ralph. That stately prince I conjured up. I'll always wonder what happened to him. For Christmas I got a pair of white levis; haven't had 'm since my cowboy Garde days. I want something to happen, to change, but I don't know what. I told Jim to do himself a favor and sleep at his place more often. Stop worrying about me - I can take care of myself, I've done it before. He said OK. I kept building my wall up, my shield, my armor. I did pretty good. I couldn't look at him, tho.

12-30
Called the Wisconsin Correctional Service and asked for volunteer work. A big burly sounding man told me about their big buddy program where ex-cons get together with straights and try to adjust to civilian life. I felt apprehensive about this before and said, "Well, I'm not sure I'm that stable myself," and what he said still makes me feel so good. he kinda gave a little chuckle & said, "Hell, maybe we'll all get helped out by this." He was so warm. I meet with him Jan. 4. - And with Jim, I don't even know if he doesn't love me or does. He says he's tired of the same old thing every day & he wants to go out & meet other girls, and then when I give my consent, he continues to sit around my house and ignore me. If you want to go <u>Please go</u>

1-6-71
This year's really starting out good & shitty. For some insane unknown reason I'm losing Jim. You can tell just by the way I write it that I don't believe it myself. Somehow he's just good & bored with me. When I tell him I love him, he says, "I think I love you, too." Things like that. And I don't know what to do. Last Sunday nite was, I think, the first nite in about 1-1/2 years that we didn't sleep together. Tonite again he called & said it was too cold to go out, so he's staying at his place. I guess what I'll have to do is just not be around when he wants me - maybe then he'll find out how he feels about me. Cuz I'd really like to know if these past years have been another funny-guy thing like Ralph.

1-13
I guess I really need someone to shrink my head, cuz I am truly fucked up. I want so badly to quit my job, go to Boston & shack up with some male homosexual & get in with the real folksy people & maybe even learn to play my dulcimer really well. These are my big dreams rite now. Sounds completely fucked to me. I don't know - maybe some of it might happen in 1971 yet. I'd even be happy with parts of this dream. I'm just trapped cuz I can't get my mind on anything else I could do to achieve happiness. Sunday nite Jim, some friends & I went to see Mick Jagger's film Performance. Jagger played a bisexual male living with 2 bisexual lesbians. Jagger got attached to a straight male. But the role Jagger played turned me on so - I could identify with a bisexual male, that's how fucked I am that I had possibly the most satisfying sex contact with Jim that nite I've ever had. There's so much written about all kinds of sexually weird people but a female who imagines herself a bisexual male is way beyond anything I've ever read. And so how do I cope with myself. Since that nite I've been "bored" with Jim again & maybe it's just those stupid spells I get while having my peropd, but I'm really losing interest in him - there's little to keep my interest alive except his body. His mind & personality are a secret that he only shares with his Greek books. Today he angrily told me to leave his books alone after I playfully and unintentionally took a bookmarker out of one. Really pissed me off. (Brother, I think I'm weird, he probly wants to fuck his Greek books.) He figures it's too much trouble for him to come sleep with me tonite so I promised to meet him at school for breakfast. I've decided not to show up.

1-23
Will I never be able to dance?
Am I only to watch & wait & pray?
(I was meant to dance & laugh
for if I can dance & laugh
I will love forever)
Please don't ask me to wait any longer
Tell me
Jim Jim

1971

Where is our party?
Where is the party where all dance & laugh
     where all escape the death
               escape the adness that fires into hate
               escape songs you <u>know</u> are not beautiful
Because you no longer dig graves
You seem to have become one
Yet somehow
If you would only speak
(If you would only ask me to
     make love wearing your clothes
I would do it)
Somehow I think you know
But are afraid to speak
     to tell me why I have suffocated you
...what your dreams ask of me
     (Because if you don't know
     If you have no dreams
     it is no wonder ine have become lost)
If you have no dreams
I cannot ask mine of you
Jim Jim
Where is our party?
     Shall I look for it alone?

* * * * *

Went to Kath's and she gave me a book <u>The Sensuous Woman</u>, by "J" while I downed 5 glasses of wine. The book was so out of site - tells you how to be real sexy & get & keep your man. At home I got on my sexy nightgown & didn't wear underpants & laid down to read Kath's book. When Jim came in, I hid the book & when he began telling me about some lecture he went to, I played with his pants leg with my toes & in no time he was on top of me. I was so drunk, I did all kidns of super crazy things in bed & when I ran out of things to do, I said, "Think of some more crazy things" & he said real weakly, "I can't think of anymore!" But it was fabulous. That set off a new world for me.

1-26
Went downtown with Kath & got a dress, 2 pairs of naughty underpants & an outasite purse - I haven't bought a purse since the cows came home. So many new things are going on. I'm really making a lotta personal changes. When I finished reading <u>City of Night</u> & really getting into it - so depressed cuz I want so much to be a boy & I really started dying. Then realized that I can't so I might as well face it. New things: I got rollers & have turned up my hair, scented bath oil, have been wearing sheer nylons when I usually wear black tights. I talked to ma bout getting an appointment for me at the eye doctor's to try & get contact lenses, I bought a pretty lacy full spee & garter belt, few new clothes, a <u>purse</u>, wanna get an electric shaver for my legs. Last but definitely not least - I'm gonna try & get birth

control pills. Jim & I have been living together for 1-1/2 years & haven't gone all the way yet & are really driving each other rotten - like stunting natural actions & pretty soon both so fucked over we won't be able to do it when we can. So before it's too late & we get like mom & dad, I even asked Jim if he'd come to the Free Clinic with me to try & get them & he said sure (I was almost sure he'd say no). All these things I'm doing for an ego-lifter. I know I can be attractive if I try. I know I can keep Jim's attention if I try. And if I can make myself like being a goddamn girl, maybe I'll feel a whole lot better.

2-10
I met my first "queen" today in drag. We had attended the Russian class together last summer & even then I noticed he dressed & moved a bit girlish. But I guess he's decided to "come out" & came to say hello to me (he has off & on) with eye make-up, earrings, nail polish & a girl's pant suit. I was really freaked but played it cool. Asked if he was in a theatre class & he said no, it's just me. Said stuff like he wanted to get an operation to complete the transition. Asked if he went to any gay lib meetings & he said no, he's not gay. Said he has a bisexual roommate. He seemed pretty pleased with himself & said he felt good to talk about it & I told him to stop & see me again cuz I'd like to "see him." I still, after 2 days, haven't gotten over it yet. - Downtown with Kathy again and she got some contraceptive foam for me. I got some mascara. It's appearing to me now just as fun. Lately Jim has been so attentive & good & complimenting to me that it's getting more & more fun.

2-16
I told Jim in the dark while laying in bed that I wished we could get married. He immediately got angry & turned off & said sternly how stupid & needless it is. I feel so lonesome. I had told Mom that Jim & I sleep together & I'm getting pills soon. It freaked her out & now I don't have a family. I want to belong somewhere, be part of something. Jim isn't my boyfriend. He said he's my lover & I should tell everyone he's my "lover" if I don't like "boyfriend." I told jim how I felt. I want to belong. He said I'm just grasping at some false security. Said he just DOESN'T want to get married - he wanted to once but he's changed him mind cuz it's stupid & it wouldn't change anything anyhow.

3-13
Went to a gynecologist for the first time in my life & told him I've come for birth control pills - he told me I've come to the right place & in 45 mins. I was at the drugstore getting my prescription filled. What really dragged me out is when I got back, Jim didn't say a word to me about the whole deal & acted completely disinterested like he couldn't care less what I do. He said some people are real interested in sex & get books about it & read up, etc., but that he simply is not INTERESTED in the

subject, there's better things to spend your time doing. To me, I don't think it's a matter of being interested in SEX but in your fellow human beings. And especially about the goddam person yer supposed to goddam LOVE. Also times like these make me sure he's a latent homosexual. - Yesterday he saw this guy he once met at the store & who he thinks is real beautiful. Jim told me when the guy passed him in the store he felt his heart beating faster. I don't know if he was kidding or merely emphasizing the guy's good looks but seems a funny thing to say to me. Thursday we were talking with friends & one asked who I think is the sexiest in the world. I said Gordy. I mean, stuff like saying you just don't care about sex is just not normal. It's fucked up. How am I spozed to communicate with someone who I don't even know where he's at? Specially when I don't even know after being with him almost 2-1/2 fucking years! When I asked Jim who he thought sexiest in the world he said he doesn't know (he forgot about the guy in the store. I widh he'd admit to me he's gay. It'd really turn me on.) He's definitely hiding something, man, NOBODY can dig fucking books THAT much. Another fishy thing is he's never been able to tell me <u>why</u> he loves me. I mean, all I get is cuz I have a good choice in records or something, or I'm real smart & pretty. Thanks.

There's a really weird guy who hangs around the University. He's real tall, has long brown hair & a beautiful face & wears dark black eyeliner & gorgeous clothes. Jim told me someone told him that this guy's friend (who's also far-out) is a smack (heroin) freak. But they're not sure. I've been thinking I'd like to make a pass at this tall guy tho. He really is attractive to me.

I wish I knew Jim. He's probably a very interesting person. If he'd only be honest with me. I mean he's the type that, if he starts warming up to me & getting turned on & I say "no being nice" (what we call making love), he can say OK & go about his business without a second thought, take it or leave it. Far out.

There's a deal where they say some people want a girl with a penis so they get a girlish boy. Maybe Jim wants a boy with a vagina so he takes me, a boyish girl. I don't know. The whole deal's screwed up. So these are the kind of things on my mind. How come I always get the weird-o's.

His trial was also postponed for the tenth time last Friday.

3-29

Watched for the one guy I'd seen around. He really was strange-looking. Looked like he wore eye make-up & he always wore a long red corduroy coat. Looked really elegant & almost like a male homosexual. Felt real daring all day & finally about 5:30 saw him walk by with 2 friends. Followed them into the bookstore & when the guy stood alone, I reached out & took his hand. He was real shocked & asked what was going on. Told him I liked him. He didn't know quite what to make of it. Anyhow, skipping over some details, we stood around & talked about an hour. Name's George. Really an interesting person. I had a feeling he was kind of talking down at me like I was a little suburb chick who got a

crush on big freaky him. I left myself wide open & hoped either he'd come with me or I could go with him & spend the nite. He said some good stuff to me - like if I really dug blues music, I should sell my record player & live & BE the blues. Well, he took my address & phone & said he'd come over someday with some people I might like to meet. Shit. So went home, downed a gladd of really BAD wine & listened to music, contemplating how I could live & BE the blues.

Saturday morn I boarded the bus to visit JC in Rockford, Ill. He's a mailman now & really physically changed. Skinner, longer curly hair, a little beard. We spent the whole time at some of his friend's place in Sycamore, getting drunk & doping. There was a good-looking guy there but he had a girlfriend. We saw 4 stag fils there & I felt real good cuz I was the only girl who stayed thru all 4 & I really came out with some good dirty wisecracks during them. Everyone laffed & joked cuz the films were so badly made. When I arrived back in Milwaukee, to my great unexpected pleasure, Jim was waiting for me at the station. Loved him so much for that!

Monday George intentionally ditched me. His friend, who was eager for George to lay me, went looking for George when he saw me, insisting I wait but after they didn't return in 10 minutes or so, I left. George walked right past me - looked RIGHT at me & kept going. Fuck you! The first time I ever made a pass at a guy & it all turned out a flop. - Shopping with Kath & I bought a beautiful white sheer nightgown & dressing gown set. Kath said he never saw me look more beautiful & like a woman than when I tried it on. Felt real good. I was thinking too that probably the best person to show me how to be a woman would be a queen as they probly got domen down more than women do. It's a real ART for queens.

4-7

Well, the super trial of James Martin [redacted] (they couldn't even pronounce his NAME) comes to a glorious end. The case was thrown out even before we got to the good part. As usual - for the eleventh time - we all showed up at 9 a.m. in Judge [redacted]'s courtroom (Jim, me, our 2 witnesses & Jim's partner-in-trial, Gilbert [redacted]--or something like that, whoever <u>he</u> is!!). So Jim & Gilbert (who <u>is</u> he?) & our lawyer got up front at the table & me & our witnesses sat back in the audience's benches. An Asst. D.A. called hi state witness to the stand, the cop. Well, in the eleven times we've been there, we've had at least 2 different cops posing as Jim's "arresting officer" & this guy I'm POSITIVE wasn't the real one. The real one was a big tall guy, this was a little short stocky cop. Patrolman [redacted] proceeds to tell exactly how he had seen this march of demonstrators going went on Wisc. Ave. & stop at the Federal Bldg. & shout "obscenities" & <u>march to the Marine Plaza</u> where Sgt. [redacted] made an announcement that this is an unlawful assembly & you must disperse but you can't go east. [redacted] said [redacted] made the announcement 3 or 4 times & then he (E.) arrested [redacted]. Well, up to there he may have told "the truth & nuthin but" as far as I know. But then he said he

returned after putting [redacted] in the paddy wagon & saw Mr. [redacted] in the Marine Plaza joining a group of marchers who immediately began marching east after [redacted] said not to, & arrested him. Oh, man, I coulda shit. Fucking liar! Our lawyer cross-examined. First he concentrated on [redacted]'s part & made the officer testify there were people blocking [redacted]'s way on the west & south & that he couldn't go north cuz that'da been jaywalking across Wisc. Ave. & he couldn't go east. So he had no way to disperse in the 1-1/2 minutes time E. said elapsed between [redacted]'s announcement & his arrest of [redacted]. Then he followed E.'s statements of Jim's situation & determined that according to E.'s testimony, Jim was dispersing from the crowd & that [redacted] has no authority according to the state statute to say which WAY people can or cannot disperse. There was a lot of hasing & rehashing all the details about where this & that was & how many feet & about how much time & approximately which, etc. etc. I was just boiling & shaking & pissed at every fucking lie. Asst. D.A. asked E. to identify in the courtroom "the man" he refers to as Mr. [redacted]. I really got a surge of pride & love when he called him "the man." But I don't know how they can just outright lie when he knows it's not true!! So after all this rehashing, our lawyer turns around & tells me to stand up & asks E. if he had at any time seen this young lady at the march. He said not to his knowledge. The D.A. made an objection that this was irrelevant to the case & our lawyer said that it was, too, relevant; that this is Sheila Sullivan who will later testify as to where this arrest was made. The cop freaked & our lawyer asked if he denied the fact that Mr. [redacted] was arrested between Broadway & N. Water Sts. (about 2/3 of a block from the Marine Plaza) while he was talking to a girlfriend as she sat on a cement flowerpot. It really sounded funny. The cop really stammered & said yes, yes, he would deny that. It was pretty far-out. I coulda screamed standing up there. The lawyers continued hashing over details & our lawyer kept asking E. to repeat exactly what [redacted] announced. The D.A. objected that this was repititious & E. had already answered this several times & our lawyer said, yes, and each time he has answered differently. The judge said yes, he noticed that, too, & made E. repeat it again, when he really blew it, that [redacted] said this is an unlawful assembly, you must disperse or arrests will be made & you can't form up & go east. It was all kinds of little boners like that that really slaughtered his testimony. Our lawyer asked E. what day this had occurred & he said Wednesday, Feb. 20, when it was really on a FRIDAY. He didn't even know what fucking DAY it happened! Then the lawyers stated their cases & ours asked for dismissal, pointing out that according to the State statute an unlawful assembly is one that threatens person or property & that no evidence in this case shows that this march did & that [redacted] has no authority to decide it's unlawful & so it should be thrown out on those grounds. The D.A. said but the statute also says it's unlawful if it in fact obstructs traffic or hinders pedestrians as this one did. But our lawyer said they have given no proof that it did. The judge said yes I see no proof here & the D.A. whimpered that we can't probe the minds of these people as to their purpose, we can only interpret their

actions, which WAS a good point but the judge kind of poo-pooed that off that the statute asks for proof. The D.A. wasn't acquainted with the case or possibly just didn't care so he just said well judge, as we know, these "modern day demonstrations..." bullshit, bullshit. It was really funny.

So the judge just said well as far as he could see the state can't show that this was IN FACT an unlawful assembly & so on those grounds he just dismissed the case. I didn't believe it!!! So our lawyer packed up & walked out & I ran after him & got him in the corridor alone & grabbed him around the neck & hugged him so hard, jumping up & down, I was so thrilled. What an excellent outasite lawyer! He laughed that I didn't even have to say anything!

4-26
Saturday nite Jim & I went to a super beer bash on the South Side with Randy, Paul & friends. Drank a whole bottle of Mateus Wine myself. Had the best time at a party I ever had!

4-27
Went to Bluemound Road for Pat's birthday. Felt very conscious of the fact that mom doesn't want to see Jim. Felt like a guest all the time I was there & couldn't wait to get back to Jim. I have such mixed feelings about mom. At times I hate her to no end & never want to see her again. I realize Jim will never feel comfortable or even like by her. Make me feel so bad. He'll forever hate her. Yet she is good to me & I know she loves me like a mother does her little baby girl. Why can't I have parents like so many of my friends who accept their kids' lovers & ways & are very congenial & good? I know when you're an adult, you choose your husband over your parents & I have done that. But I still love my parents, I still have them & those years of memories, tho they seem so far away.

5-30
Jim visits his friends Randy, Paul, Pat, etc., & I go along pretty much cuz I really like those guys. Specially Randy. Jim & I are getting alone really well, as usual. Nothing changes.

6-7
Well, the family found out Johnney's the father of K.S.'s kid. He was freaking out & told them himself.

6-8
I guess ma is <u>real happy</u> about Johnney & K.S. I'm really glad everyone is being so nice about it, but it really pisses me off that Johnney having an illegitimate kid who he'll hardly recognize as his is so wonderful, but Jim is so offensive they can't even look at him. Like the only way for us to get any recognition from

them is to have a kid. Just makes me more bitter about the whole deal.

6-13
Mom said she's beginning to feel a little better about Jim and me, that she doesn't feel like "kicking Jim in the pants" for doing me "wrong" by not marrying me, but she still just isn't ready to face him cuz she still feels she might "say something to hurt Jim's feelings & she doesn't want to do that." I told her she was really blowing it, that I'm just getting more & more bitter about it. Told her I'm real glad everyone is taking the news about Cheyney so well but it only makes me agrier that that's OK, but Jim & I aren't. Asked if we had to have a baby to be recognized by them & she said it would probably make her feel <u>better</u> about the relationship, but that she can accept K.S. & Johnney cuz there's an "innocent soul" involved (Kathy said she thinks Jim's the "innocent soul" in this predicament). I told ma if Jim & I ever do get married, I don't even want to look at her happy face cuz to me it would just be hypocrisy. That if she can't be happy we love each other now, then it's too late. She said well she just has to try to get used to these "new ideas" of the younger folk & that I have to "give her time." I said I've been going with Jim over 2-1/2 years! How much times does she need??

6-14
Just talked to Kathy; seems it's a different story when I'm not listening. She says mom says Jim and K.S. have nothing in common cuz K.S. really loves Johnney & Jim really doesn't love me. I just don't want anything to do with ma anymore.

6-16
I'm 20.

6-30
Told my boss I didn't want a full-time job anymore, so she said she'd try to get someone for afternoons & I could work just mornings. Outasite!

7-4-71
Jim, Randy, Paul, Ted & I went to Elkhardt Lake camping & had a really good time.

7-5
Lar came over, he just got a divorce a few weeks ago. He said I was the only one he ever felt "at home" with, that in every thing I did, he could see that I cared. Said he was so stupid to have let me go. I told him I had a feeling for him, too, but I don't love him, that I did a real good job when we brok eup of wiping him out of my mind, and that I do love Jim very very much & could never leave or hurt him. Lar said he loves me so much & can't get the feeling out of him by writing or talking. He asked what kind of feeling did I still have for him. I said I mostly feel sad when I see him, that I remember how hurt I was. I said I wish I could send him off with some piece of hopeful philosophy but that all I can say is life is so full of these little deaths. That it isn't even frightening to die becuz we die so much in life. He said "you don't really know that this is dead" & I said Lar, I know it's dead, you don't. I said it seems obvious that Jim & I could never break up, can't he tell just by the way we are with each other? Lar said he can't tell cuz he's never seen Jim hold me or kiss me, we always just act like brother & sister. I said that's why we'll never break up, becuz there is that kind of feeling between us. He said if Jim & I ever break up, I should know that he'll be still waiting for me, that even if he met someone else, he would still always wish it were me. He asked if I had anything he'd given me when we were together. Told him yeah, the pin he gave me for Christmas that year. He asked if he could see it, looked at it real long & said if I ever wanted to get rid of it, to give it to him. He asked if Jim knew how he (Lar) felt. I said I suppose he's guessed. Lar said, well, maybe it's better you don't tell him, let him think he's the only one. I said "he is." He sat quiet a long time, I saw some tears coming down. He got up & said he better leave now. I took the pin & put it in his hand - he took it without a word & walked to the door. He hugged me, I him, & said goodbye real solemnly & left. I don't think he'll come back.

7-14
Took a walk by myself by the lakefront. Seems I can always think best when I'm down there alone. Came to the conclusion that I must establish some freedom from Jim - mental freedom, not physical. (Physical relationships must have a love like ours to be worth anything.) And the only way to establish this freedom is for me to begin acting independently of his consent; by that I mean I have to do things I want to do without worrying or hesitating that he might not approve of it. I'm not real conscious of doing that, but I guess I do it a lot - always cuz I think him to be so superior in style to me that I want to be as much like him as possible. But I gotta quit that & begin forming

ME (whatever the hell that is). That decision (maybe it's more of a realization) has made me very happy these last few days.

7-20
Jim & I went to Randy's garage where we helped him fix up his Fiat car. I waxed the car myself & cleaned it out. Really liked working with the guys as a guy. Randy & Ted were teasing me as usual. There was an article in Kaleidoscope by some girl who complained how males shouldn't call females "chick, baby, or girl" (?) cuz they were derogatory expressions (women's lib stuff) & so Randy & Ted always referred to me as "female human being" or "unequal of man." I hold the conviction that just as a lot of blacks deserve the name nigger, there are plenty girls deserving the name chick & if they present that image, that's exactly what they should be called. Got all grungy doing the wax job, but did it real good. Randy was telling me all how these 2 draggy CHICKS, Kathy & Diane, have been hanging around their place and that Diane was hanging all over Paul & wouldn't let him alone & once Paul got away from her, he complained to Randy for 45 mins. what a dragged-out bitch she is & how he can't stand her. So after that, went for pizza all dirty as we were. I really like it - I mean, it's like an extension of when I used to play "boys" when I was younger. I like to play "boys" now. I know how to be one of the boys, I never knew how to be a chick & I'm Glad! Yet I think I can still be one of the guys & keep my identity as a girl, I hope, to make a pleasant combination. Then to Randy's where Pat & Paul were with Kathy & Diane. We all sat around drinking wine & then to a housewarming party for Mickey & his roommate Mike. I went with Randy in the Fiat as I always do, cuz we all have to pair off driving places cuz they only have those 2-seat sports cars. When we got there it looked like it would be a drag, a lotta draggy party-type people there, girls all decked out & guys with he-man cologne on. I drank a whole bottle of Mateus & got really really ripped. I only remember bits of the nite. First I got into the music & started dancing around by myself & teasing people, like telling Ted what a sexy shirt he had on. I faked like a real sexy dance in front of Ted & he was making like he was fainting cuz it really knocked him out. So Funny! I pretended to flirt with Kathy & Diane & then would point to them, to me, & then to the bedroom & nod my head "yes?" They knew I was teasing & would apologetically shake their heads "no" & I would act real disappointed & shrug my shoulders & walk away. I like to do gross things. Well, I finished off the Mateus & Randy threw the bottle on the sidewalk, after that I remember little. Some country music came on & all these guys were faking a square dance & I was the only girl who'd join in. Only saw Jim a few times all nite & he told me he wanted to talk to other girls, etc. & I said I doubt whether anyone even knew we were together. I got real tired & slumped in a corner to rest & Randy comes & throws some beer on me to "wake me up." Dragged him in the bathroom & poured water on his head. Can't remember why but he tookd a piss when I was in there, too. We were wrestling around & he tore my shirt. I got cigarette butts outa ashtrays & walked around dangling a butt in

my mouth. Randy & especially Paul (who'd say, "Sheila, what're you doing?") would grab the butt from my mouth, but I just got another. Towards the end of the nite I would lean on anyone around & imitating a drawly Southern belle-type of voice, would chatter on & on like: "An' they says to me, Honey, you jus' don' look like the reliable type an ah says Look, honey, all an needs is $2.50. Ah mean, anyone on TV'll tell ya you jus' can't get yo' man without this here cologne an' honey, ah jus' ran outa my las' bottle! Ah mean, ah jus' can't go ta this here party without some o' dat cologne! Ah mean, how 'm ah spozed ta get ma man!!" The person sould laught at me or something & I'd go fluttering around to all different people. I got the idea from all the chicks around there all spruced up trying to act proper to attract all the guys. I tell you, that house was so messed up, you'd be sliding around on the wet floors from all the spilled liquor & there was liquor on the ceiling. Then Jim, Ted, Randy & I went out to eat again. We were all so drunk & everyone was getting shocked. I was smarting off to Randy who says he'd smack me in the mouth if I didn't have such a baby face. Then back to Randy's to crash. Fell asleep IMMEDIATELY.

In the morning Randy said, "Jim, wouldn't it be nice if someone cooked some eggs for us?" He, Jim & I were the only ones there. I just wanted to lay there, had such a hangover, but was about to do it when Paul & Diane and Pat & Kathy drove up. Randy was really pissed & said Shit, now the whole morning's ruined. So Jim did the cooking. Later we all went to some big picnic held up north. Jim & I played badminton against Mickey & Randy. Well, Kathy & Diane wanted to play them next & Randy told us later he was SO bummed out that he had to play them. He won 21 to 3 or something and it was really sad to watch them play. I can really see how guys think girls are idiots. I mean, they giggled thru the whole game, were singing at the birdie without even getting near it & then giggled some more. Really a drag. Like they have no pride at all. Driving back Randy told me he doubts he'll ever get married cuz he's set his ideal & hasn't found anyone who made it yet. He said Jim & I might as well get married. I said I'd been scared we'd have to a few times & he told me "Jim has, too" (so he's discussed it with Randy!) We talked over how dragged out we were over Diane & Kathy, and Randy was kinda mad at Paul for being such a dreamboat all day if he really thinks Diane's a bitch. Said he must want some ass.

7-26
This morning Jim laid in bed til the last minute whimpering he loves me so much & I should lay with him a while longer. And I wish we could just get married so I would feel free from inner hassled I still have with mom. I just love him so much & how can I express myself?

8-6
Jim
like a mysterious fawn
you walk away
to be alone
a yearning virgin
who will leave at any sign
and I
desiring you
realize with shame
that you are purer
each time I defile you
you become more and more
a sacred virgin
each time I ravage you
and I fear you...
fear you like
a sinner fears
his God

I wrote the above cuz I'm always reading dirty books & masturbating and Jim is so pure, studying & says he doesn't care that much for sex.

8-11
Jeff, Jim & I drank all nite. I was MESSED UP. Real messed up. Later at home Jim & I got into one of our big talks about how Jim would like a vacation from me & go out with other girls but doesn't want to lose me. That I should go with other guys, too. As the talk progressed I started crying & told him I couldn't play a role that I didn't care if he went. He said he didn't want to go, either. Then it came out in the end: he feels guilty that he thinks of making love to other girls, especially cuz he thinks of making love to other girls while he is to me. I told him everyone does that, that's part of making love! to think of all kinds of crazy stuff while you're doing it. Well, he didn't know that & was freaked out, felt much better & began understanding himself more. Brother! So we were real happy then & he got horny & said he loves me so much after these talks we have & then we made love. If he'd only stop reading his damn Greek books & try to read his heart...

8-18
Jim & I just made love in the back office of my work to which I have the only key. He was frightened, like a mischievous little boy, worried we'd be caught. But his eyes sparkled & he came in my mouth quickly, but still kept his hard-on. I love him purely. I would have him wrapped in soft white sheets & sent to heaven. He ran off right away but with a saint-like smile & radiant face. If only I could speak his ghost-like soul...

1971

8-21
Yesterday the homosexual Russian teacher, Mr. B., left UWM. He is so good-looking, even Jim says so. When I told Jim he left, Jim asked me if B. kissed me goodbye. He was serious, too. No, but we hugged. He said, "good," implying he was glad we did something. Maybe Jim can read my heart better than I think he can.

Jim, Randy & I took speed & talked all night. Randy told me I really freak out all the girls around there when I come into places "all snaked up on Mateus" (my favorite wine). Randy said "they all think oh I could never do that! which means they can't be themselves."

Ma called me at work. I had nothing to say to her. When I hung up I realized that it's cuz everything I do that means anything to me is either immoral or illegal. HA!

11-3
Randy had a birthday party & we decided it would be "formal attire" only. Jim wasn't real gung-ho on it & I was beginning to think maybe the rest of the guys wouldn't be either. But I have this old black lace dress that's all ripped & goes down to the floor & looks like a vampire dress & these black lace elbow-length gloves that don't have fingers in them. Got a black velvet "evening bag" with gold embroidery. Jim got a top hat. So Ted came to get us all spruced up in an old 1950 zoot-suit that fit him perfectly & his hair was parted down the middle & greased to each side. Really funny! When we got to Randy's, I really felt glad - they really went all out - had a PUNCH BOWL with lemons & limes floating around it, a relish dish with sliced dill pickles - the whole scene. Randy had a suit from about 1920 that fit him just perfect & an old hat that made him look like Mugsy or Big Louie or something. They have a pool table in their diningroom so all night they played & we called it "billiards." Well, didn't take me long to get good & fucked up on the punch & really get into it. Anyone who came in without a tie, I'd ask why didn't they have their "kitchen help" come in the back door. Everyone got into it. When my glass ran out, I gave it to one of the guys & 'd say, "Darling, would you be so kind as to get me another glass of punch?" in a real stuck-up tone. They always got it, too! or "Do get me more punch, darling." Well, one by one they began dropping. Schultz was on his way home & passed out halfway down the stairs & fell the rest of the way. While he was on the floor with everyone standing around him debating what should be done with him, Squeaky (Randy's younger brother...I'm infatuated with him, he's really good-looking) kind of rolls under the pool table moaning, "Oh, Schultzie, poor Schultzie..." & he begins throwing up. Really a lot of fun!!

Cheyney was just one year old. I'm beginning to like him a lot better. At first I really thought he was an ugly baby, but he's looking real cute lately & can walk & responds to things. I like him much more. Had a good cry in the bathroom by myself at the parents' during Cheyney's party. Felt so bad cuz not one

person asked How's Jim? or anything. Mom and Grandmother just pretend he doesn't exist. And it just makes me hate them.

This past weekend there was a party at some old friend of Jim & Randy's crowd. The guy is married to this real bitch. The party really stunk. A Big Fight broke out upstairs & all the jerks ran up to see it, so our crowd grabbed the beer & split. Shit party.

11-15

It seems I am always reminded how young & inexperienced with thoughts I am. Saw the movie "Death in Venice" by Visconti. It was absolutely beautiful & I cried practically thru the whole thing. There was so much depth to it - so little action - the whole thing dealt with emotions & thought. And to be able to get this across in film was amazing. Seems that so few people could apply themselves to it, tho. All reviews & people who saw it that I came in contact with invariably remarked on the "homosexuality" of the movie, a subject that never even entered into the picture. Sexuality had nothing to do with it! And it irritates me becuz people cannot associate beauty with males unless introducing homosexuality into it. I see so much lately how females are really used & associated with sex - so much! Page thru any magazine & it attacks you in glaring colors. The UWM Bookstore decided only to stock Playboy, Penthouse & a few news magazines becuz they're the only ones that sell. I would wholly support a male-exploitation magazine, Playgirl. Just show a lotta bare guys in sexy poses. There is an excellent new magazine out called <u>New Woman</u>. It's bad in that it's geared toward the professional woman who's made it big in the money/prestige world, but it has such excellent articles on Why Get Married? and Having Kids is a Drag and trying to equalize out the male/female thing.

My female boss just brought up the old saw that if I don't marry Jim & he leaves me, he'll walk away with the thought oh well, just another affair, but I'll be left whimpering & sobbing & totally destroyed & shamed in the eyes of the whole world. I asked her couldn't that happen even if we were married? She says yes, but at lease I'll have a "DIGNIFIED" sorrow then. What bullshit!!! If it even got to where Jim left, everyone can take all their lovely dignity & fuck themselves with it. And I couldn't <u>even</u> walk away from my love, married or not, being the poor wronged lovely lady who, even tho that nasty man has taken her honorable enslavement & used it for his own self-interests, still walks away pure, holy, oh so dignified & of course RIGHT in the eyes of man, God & apple pie. If he does turn out to be the naughty boogy-man, they better believe they'll see one good & fucked up mess of hateful shit: ME. If Jim turns out to be a liar I won't believe love or any kinds of truth from anyone, so <u>what is dignity</u>? You can't make a relationship like my mom & dad's pure with 50,000 legal & religious documents. And you can't make Jim's & mine filthy with rules & regulations. Just as Mr. Aschenbach's love for Tadzio was not sexual but pure & filled with awe.

12-31
So this year goes out with fond memories, despite earlier predictions of the opposite. Mostly of the fun times with Randy & his crowd & getting so much closer to Jim. I love him now in a way I've never felt before - a relaxed, certain, comfortable & honest feeling. It seems to have been a kind of molding year, a growing year, a year of realization & finding myself. But old feelings still creep into me, especially my inferiority complex, lately I've been feeling unwanted at Randy's place & haven't gone there the past couple weeks, but we ended up all going to a New Year's Eve party we all knew would be a bore. It was - the same scene with party-dress girls with their hair done for New Year's Eve and guys with "casual" suits & men's cologne. Randy was the drunkest I've ever seen him, and it made my New Year's Eve cuz he came real close, kind of drunk leaning on me & said, "You know, everyone at this party is a real drag except you." Ted said his saying for this year is "Fuck you in '72!"

91-7 Journals : Typed Transcript 1961 - 1971 19

GLC 2

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