

Colin had
Jello.

Aug. 16, 1984 - 11:20 p.m.

Now only half an hour from my birthday.
I sit here at the kitchen table eating jello.
Colin has been making it since he was in D.C.
We were in D.C. on Monday to see a
counsellor, a Dr. White, Alan, on 29. N.W.
Garfield St. - Chesire - Anway, it was just
another instance of all that I had seen
before, a man telling me what I had
already known. But somewhat differently,
this one spoke of 'the child coming out', i.e.,
that we (me?) homosexuals are afflicted
with childish traumas that carry over
into adulthood. This was the major import
of his analysis of the problems plaguing
Colin and I. Colin said that Rod French
of the Experimental Humanities Dept.
recommended him and he seemed to be
doing just that.

We went to see mama yesterday and
she seems well. I made her a pie!

There is something peculiar about
that Chinese couple in the shop at The
Village (enter but I cannot put my
finger on it. Yesterday when I went to
get the paper she said Colin always paid
for it and today we collected one from
her shop and found another in our

unp/er
counsellor.

Suspicious
of Chinese
wife

MONDAY 23 MAY

1960

Rotation Day
144th day - 222 days to come

I do hope Colin's love for me is strong ^(this I know) enough to carry us through these uncertain days. It was as if some deep drive or desperation had taken hold of me when I went through his papers and read the letters he had sent Michael telling him how much he loved him. More than anything, this galled me. Colin was in love with a boy named David and when he deserted him for a millionaire, Colin was hurt, but there was Michael telling him how he still loved him and this to me is the reason Colin wants to bring him over. He has turned from him once and thinks that because Michael waited for him he should make an effort to return his love - to love him.

Colin hasn't told me but I am wondering what reason he'll give me for the "something Michael did for him" it

TUESDAY 24 MAY

1960

Rotation Day
145th day - 221 days to come

Could there be a love greater than Colin's and mine? I do not think so. It is more than anything I've dreamed of. I think Colin is simply a doll! A wonderful guy which I love more than anyone. Last night we talked and afterwards my doubting faith was gone - only faith remained. Somehow we'll win. I must spend my life with Colin. I thought he might think me too forward in prying into his past, but he didn't. He told me and I understood.

WEDNESDAY 30 MARCH

1960

90th day - 276 days to come

I come to Colin and every
thing, all worry is erased from
my mind. I love the guy
like none other.

He met me for lunch and
looking across the table at
him, I knew there can
never be another love for
me.

THURSDAY 31 MARCH

1960

91st day - 275 days to come

Buy Mary Jane's present.

I forgot to buy the present
and will try to send her
something next week.

I am with Colin.

Jan. 31, 1983

And so the week-end has ended, and we begin another week. It has been an interesting time. Well, things have improved. I believe Colin knows me better now and yet I still get the feeling he is covering up some dirt - planning to use it upon me. Just the general demeanor of his actions convey this - spending the whole day recording, as though he is manipulating something. But right when I came to bed, I found an empty mint candy wrapper there - it is these silly little things done while I am out of the house that are so sad. Anne told me years ago that Colin was intensely selfish - insecure, and now I can see it. If you cannot love and reveal your weaknesses to your lover without fear, then there can be no love.

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Sunday, June 24, 1984 -

~~Lottery~~

I did not win the lottery.

Colin finally came in today around 9:30 or 10 p.m. saying the N.Y. Turnpike was blocked and that they had to take back roads. He had been at some "Story-Telling" Conference in a place called Lexington, N.Y. He said it was a few miles outside of Albany. He looked quite bedraggled when he arrived. Maybe it was the rain. I was so sad. I do love him in spite of everything. But I am drawn to younger men for sex. I must overcome this failing. Maybe, being here in N.Y. a few more weeks will help me. Last night I was ~~trounced~~ (worn out) by a young man in Harlem and even though my body was satisfied, my soul thirsted for feeling. At least, when I was in Uganda, Robert cared for me, and was tender, loving. Oh, Uganda!

Now Colin has returned to Va., with Gussie, our dog. I hope we are doing the right thing in preparing to go to N.Y. I could not live in Va. with that sterile environment.

Be:
Sep in
Harlem.
of. to
Everest