

Then he asked, 'Is he Jewish?' (He's been our family doctor for a long time). I said no. He looked very disappointed, but asked 'You're not planning to get married yet, are you?' I shook my head. He brightened, somewhat. Whenever I think about it now, I start to laugh. It was so absurd.

When I left there I had the freest, safest feeling I'd ever had in my life.

Marc agreed to pay for the pills. At first I thought that was the right thing to do, but later I was sorry. It got so that when he would hand me the two dollars every month, I would get this very prostitute-like feeling. I don't know - it just bothered me.

I think maybe, while the thing with Marc was still going on, I was starting to grow up a bit. Anyway, I found I needed something stronger and deeper than what we had. Love, I guess.

*And are you really lucky
and are you really hexed
and how does love distract you
from one moment to the next?*

Anyway, I got dissatisfied with the situation. We both had been dating other people and gradually I began to see more and more of one boy. He was in most of my classes and I'd always had a semi-crush on him anyway.

His name was David and he was every Jewish mother's dream, - quiet, sweet, studious, fairly well-off with a promising future.

Even after I fell in love with David - and he said he loved me - I didn't call it quits with Marc. It went on for about four months. Often I would go out with David on a Friday night but spend the weekend with Marc.

I spent that time with Marc because of David's attitude to sex, which I felt was unnatural. After four months of talking about love, David had never tried to make love to me - beyond the usual petting stage. If he had tried, I would have left Marc immediately. You don't sleep with two guys - there's no way for that.

It drove me out of my mind. I had become used to a stable, safe, pill-taking sexual relationship. But David wouldn't make love to me and I didn't know what to do, so I kept on seeing Marc.

I don't think David knew I was sleeping with anyone, but he did find out by accident via one of my big-mouthed girl friends, that I was taking pills. But not why. To cover it up, I said they were for an internal disorder and he appeared to accept that. And he still said he loved me, but that was all.

Finally Marc and I split for good. I turned to David more, but it became very strained between us. Because when sex is withheld it becomes the most important thing in a relationship - whereas when it is freely given it becomes a very valuable part - but only a part, of the bonds between two people who care for each other. Anyway, that's how I see it.

And because David said he loved me, and because I believed him, I could not understand why he wouldn't make love to me. Finally we discussed it, and he said 'we're not ready for that yet', or some other lame thing. It was only then I realized he was probably a virgin. And of course, that's what it was. But I kept taking pills, and hoping.

*At one place you will find my love
Asleep and waiting
And I cannot know how long
She has dreamed of all of you.*

If a girl wants very much to be made love to, then necking just won't do. When someone you love that way gets you very high and then leaves you - to fight your way back down alone, you can go insane.

I was starting to go off the deep end. In many ways David was very young. He just didn't understand. So I told him to get himself a teeny bopper and get out of my life. Exit David.

That was in the summertime. I tried to shut the whole thing out of my mind, and succeeded fairly well. For me, it was a humiliating failure. It meant I'd failed as a woman - I didn't have the qualities to make him want me as a woman. This is what I told myself. I guess this is what I still believe.

Or maybe he is one of those guys who stays a virgin forever, but I have only myself to blame. And the pills, too, if I wanted to. Taking them is a waste unless you are involved in a relationship, and knowing this only increased my general frustration with David. Anyway, I stopped taking them when we broke up.

poems by Leonard Cohen

I spent a miserable summer and went back to school completely emotionally mixed-up. I found I couldn't talk to the people who had been our friends and started avoiding almost everyone.

Finally I went away for a weekend in October and met Lennie. It's pointless to go into all the details about how we met, and what he's like. But he's not tall and handsome and self-assured like David, and I don't love him like David.

But Lennie needs me and I need him, and our relationship, thank God, is a hell of a lot healthier than David's and mine.

It took an awfully long time before I was able to respond to him physically, but I told him all about what happened with David and he understood com-

Once again, the great decision was to start taking pills once more. I thought 'oh no, not again', and had visions of my druggist smirking at me knowingly and saying 'Ah ha, you're at it again'. But as it turned out, pills have gone down recently to \$1.95 (from \$2.00). When he gave me the bill I said without thinking, 'Hey, they're five cents cheaper' and we both laughed and I felt much better about it.

Lennie lives out of town so we're not together as often as we'd both like to be. But I'm still my own person. I date other people when I want to. But when it gets down to the sexual nitty-gritty with anyone else I cool it right away. Pill or no pill, I can't convince myself there's anything valid about sexual involvement with two guys at once.

*My lover I imagine
He cannot form a name
I'll nestle in his fur
And never be to blame.*

