

Oct 87

October 15, 1987. Returning from Holland
Thoughts: *for my friends*

This trip broke me out of a routine I didn't even realize I was in. A whirlwind of caring and sharing and giving. I was emotionally exhausted from the excitement of the building of the new Frontier--of the Beat the Street expansion, of the money suddenly pouring in, of the well deserved acknowledgment of Jack's work and my work.

I was also exhausted and fed up with the petty bullshit and mediocrity of the CACL crew which has now become simply irrelevant and foreign. I knew after July that something had to change re my relationship with CACL and it has changed. The cord is broken finally and completely and whatever happens I will determine on my terms. I have made the psychological break, the divorce decree is final and now we can work together but in a new way. The old Jacques and Marsha days are over in my heart as well as in my head now. I have said good-bye to an organization that could have been so much more but isn't. Tough shit-- but goodbye--They really hurt me and i didn't deserve it but IT IS OVER!!!!

How could I let them get to me like that? The utter stupidity of it all astounds me. My own stupidity and collusion in their organizational pettiness makes me sick. They have lost -- we are moving on.....

It is the work I love, not any organization. I am not an organization person and this trip really told me that. I am representing a vision and showing images of a dream that I truly believe in. I represent no country, no government, no party--I have managed to capture a vision and have the gift to share that and reach into people's hearts and change my own heart in the process.

My dreams come as all good visions do from self interest and self hurt. From having struggled so hard with parent/mother and husbands(plural-past not present) who loved me as they wanted me to be and destroyed my spirit. Now i am part of something new--a chosen family that allows me to be crazy, funny, eccentric, wild, and loving without putting limits on my heart or on my spirit. I have found a new and remarkable family in Jack and Judith, and Marlene and John and Sherry and Tracy and Rick and dear little Shaunee.

But once in awhile its good to leave the family (even a good one)and find out if the reality is indeed a reality or an illusion. Thank god (just an expression) its real, i'm real, the dream is real and i know that my circle will be there to greet me and love me in Toronto.

The new risk was letting strangers into a corner of my heart and allowing these unique new friends, struggling with their own identities and hearts, to show me once again that the me I want to be really exists and that i can allow myself to be in the now

famous and immortal words of the Netherland's Congress --"she was fucking remarkable!"

Through this reaching out I have reaffirmed that I can indeed live up to my own rhetoric and that its still possible for me to go beyond my comfortable circle and talk to apparently more normal individuals who aren't normal at all.

Unlike Tracy or Rick or Marlene -- who all need me and hold me and grab into my soul -- these new strangers watched and peered into me only with their eyes and hearts as I seemed to remind them of lost values and jewish culture they can't possibly understand but can enjoy and admire. The European especially dutch guilt around the annihilation of over 150,000 jews is an ever present reality in Holland. i was a visible reminder...

Being away I felt that Jack is me and I he. He is daring and passionate, controlling, demanding and a risk taker. He is as mad as I am at a world gone mad. He despises prisons and institutions and he is a revolutionary in saskatchewan clothes who can mask his anger in the cloak of respectability that he knows so well how to wear at the right time. Together we are a powerful force each in his/her own particular manner.

Right this minute I'd like to play a vicious game of squash, have a very hot tub and then make mad passionate love in my leaky water bed. (This may not be possible due to leaks so I'll settle for an unwater bed.) Then I will show this to Jack and take a long long walk where I'll ramble on at length about the trip, our life, the future, the past, today, tomorrow and then I will finally sleep and sleep and sleep--secure in warm solid arms that know me and love me as only I could wish the world could love one another.

I know that people who love like this won't kill strangers in africa or amsterdam and that people who love like this can grow older and never old.

The strangers in our lives open doors to what isn't strange at all but they introduce us again to what is already there and so often missed.

This week reaffirmed my anarchy, my loving needing self, gave me confidence to write again and will give me the energy to give again when I get home.

It affirmed that the direction and people in my life are just fine.

I used to wonder what made life significant. I now only know that ~~my life is significant and real and wonderful. I would not~~ change much...I would add a little more time to think and reflect but we'll build that in too.

11 years ago I wanted to die. I pondered suicide in a variety of forms. I had given up myself. Trying to be the perfect wife, the perfect professional- I was dying both physically and spiritually by not being myself.

I understand teen-age suicide.

I understand why so many women are in mental hospitals.

The line is thin between me and them.

I cry with them and for them and I will work like hell to not be one of them. NEVER!!!

If I didn't take this trip, if I had missed the connection with the strangers in holland, if i had turned away from new eyes peering into the heart of my soul, if I had not come to this new edge I again would die.

Many are dead around me. Far younger than I and dead. How sad. They die and I am going to fly. I'm going to share every ounce of this with Jack for to be fully vulnerable to one person, to risk the honesty of no illusion at all is what I always wanted.

Shelves are full of books and poetry about the love that might prevent the next holocausts of the future. Politics and politicians won't do it. People will if they see that the similarities far transcend the differences and that catholic and jew, black or white, male or female-- our blood flows very red and very real and very deep.

Too many live in mental hospitals and jails of different kinds. I too was in jail--a jail of socialization and lack of choice--a jail of my own feelings where hope and vision were almost destroyed.

I escaped, broke free, broke out. I could again create a new prison by not daring to keep growing but I did it... -- I crossed the mighty Atlantic ocean, I laughed and had fun and made new friends in a new country. I am grounded in the celebration of living.

A good friend died a month before I left. She died at 41-- suddenly and without warning. It shook me to my very roots, for Barbara was alive and with me two days before she died. A student and a friend, she was just learning to not only be wife and mother but be a vibrant mighty force for kids. And she dropped dead.

And I miss her. And I need to face that i can't make life perfect--and that people will die. i will die. but focusing on ~~death is such a waste when there is so much to do, to see, to experience...~~

Barbara's life is however far less tragic than lives not lived

like my mother or others who are so afraid to live that they have paralyzed themselves into an eternity of despair. They have stopped living in order not to face the pain of their own past. And without facing life there is only death.

But I swear, i will continue to go deeply into the face of the pain, walk in the gentle rain, and never live a lie-never never never.

I would rather die than live any less than I live now and I know its just starting. Others want illusion- that's their problem or their choice but it is not for me. Jack will either fly with me or we too will die. But I know we shall fly together as freely as the loons we love in the parks in which we paddle.

Jack will read my words and we will make love and connect as only we two do and then he will draw his picture for me of how he feels and continue to take his photographs of life as he sees it.

We will walk and fly around the earth holding hands as two equal partners not dependent but entwined in spirit, value and in a real marriage of intimate partners who care enough to let each other grow and at times go.

Phil wants to live like this and does and so do my heroes of music and poetry and art. I want to be like them. I want to sparkle like Robert Morgan and like him deal with too much feeling rather than too little. I want to play life as Zuckerman and Itshak Perlman play their violins--and that takes time, energy, and much practice.

My fear of death abates as I touch life more. Death and life become part of the cycle and childlike fears disappear as a strong foundation is built.

Total strangers one week ago were simply the perfect catalysts - safe, bright, deep, decent, kind and caring.
New names: John, Pauline, Jaap, Hans, Jan, Et, Frans, Ron,

I can never go backward from today and I go home excited and scared--happy and sad--but very strong.

There is music in my heart as well as pain and sorrow and loneliness and fear... but I will face every fucking second of life with courage and passion...this time I stayed my week in europe. This time I didn't fail. This time I didn't run away and this time my relationship--the bond of my life will be stronger and not die.

I am so scared to show this to Jack as I want him so much to understand and see how important this week was to me for reasons far beyond work--it is the break with another epoch--tomorrow I will get my own unique and personal card designed to read - marsha forest address thome crescent--phone number and answering machine to be discussed..no longer CACL.

I'll do my duty to my mother and family and never let them know who I really am, but i will never mask myself to the people who matter.

I am unblocked now and MAPS and Circle of Friends will be a book by summer. Published by I don't know yet and distributed by anyone who wants it.

This writing is just starting the engine and clarifying the meaning of the rainbow.

october 1987

Marsha Forest
3/10