

Summer of Hiking and Reflecting
August - September 1970

FRI	Aug 6
SAT	" 7
SUN	" 8
Monday	" 9
TUES	" 10
WED	" 11
THUR	" 12
FRID	" 13
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THURS	" 19
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THURS	2

CHICAGO
 LONDON
 LONDON
 CAMBRIDGE
 LONDON - CANTERBURY
 DOVER - CHIS - PARIS
 PARIS
 PARIS
 ZURICH
 Schaffhausen
 ZURICH - LAGANO - MILAN
 FLORENCE
 FLORENCE - VENICE
 VIENNA
 WIENERWALD
 DANUBE STEAMER
 MUNICH
 BONN - KOBLENZ STEAMER
 HEIDELBERG
 MUNICH + STUTTGART
 HAMBURG - TODENDORF
 TODENDORF
 HAMBURG
 BRUSSELS - TOURNAI
 AMSTERDAM
 AMSTERDAM
 LONDON - CHICAGO

It is a strange thing about people that you can't live without them and yet sometime you can't live with them.

If they don't function at the rate you need to function, they become a drag. I find myself constantly disgusted and out of sorts.

I guess that there are many things that I determined to do while I was here - both physical and spiritual.

The physical I can deal with a little in the sense of not doing certain things. But I am very disappointed with the time I waste.

The spiritual I find to be much more complicated. I would like to think of this trip as a "spiritual" religious experience. I need the time alone to comprehend & understand all of the strange exciting things I am in contact with. To pick up

The vibrations of a larger
world than the one I
know. I also need the
time to get myself to-
gether and determine what
I want to do.

I think that I can make
these decisions here. But I
need time to be alone -
to experience the world.

Change is definitely eminent.
I feel that very strongly. I
think that I am able to do
more than what I am
doing now. I KNOW THAT.
But I have wasted time
and I don't want to do
that again.

Today was a tremendously beautiful day. I spent it in Stauffhausen with some beautiful people.

David, who we met at breakfast came with us to this little medieval town. At the round Castle we met Reth, a Swiss guest.

Together, Her 4 of us journeyed to The Rheinfell. But before that we stopped at the Helen Dahn exhibit.

The power of H_2O is frightening. It rushes past, and very little escapes it or is not affected by it. Even when it moves slowly, it affects everything. What a fantastic thing a drop of water is.

Happy talk with strangers

Today I have established a goal
to hike and camp in the Swiss
alps. They are the most magnificent
things I have seen in my
lifetime. Nothing can capture
their power and joy and splendor.

I have been overcome with
a desire to express what I
comprehend. I want to draw
and to paint. To say something
profound and beautiful.

I feel very peaceful and
very full. Joyously calm.
I desire to comprehend and to
experience.

I am suddenly free and
daily being made aware
of all the possibilities.

Things are exciting me and
yet I am numb.

I have a fear of being
frustrated and contented when I
express myself. But I think
this is due to lack of experience.

I long to have a good
guitar to hold close to me
and say simple things
with. Maybe by
tomorrow this will happen.

I feel confused and even depressed. Day by day I let things slip from my control.

I realize now that I often give in rather than struggle for the things I want.

I wanted to be alone, to ~~conspire~~ observe, to communicate. None of these have I done, and it is my fault.

I should be reaching a point in time when I can deal with other people. Accept their limitations and then do the things I must do.

Two things stop me. First I am afraid. Second, I don't want to hurt people.

Afraid. Of what am I afraid? Of myself primarily. I Of the things I don't know.

I think that the fear comes of ~~not~~ needing to be in control

and how can I control that
which I do not know? It
is very frustrating to me.

But in essence this is I
think my major problem. I
will work to overcome this.
Both in relationship and with
things and places

Daily as I view more people I become aware of the fact that most are in the same category - with a few better & a few much worse.

I say that I want to express myself and yet I rarely provide myself with the time or the proper tools. Once again I think that I am afraid of what I will learn by doing this.

Knowledge is such an overwhelming thing. It must be dealt with subtly or it loses its strength.

My being long to be free. I must try.

If I keep on reasoning I will never know the thing I could be capable of doing -

Time is crucial.

Grandmothers are the same no
matter what language they
speak.

It is good to be alone in a strange country. It makes me realize the size of the earth and how little of it I know.

I wonder how I can be so smug in my knowledge when I know so very little. Learning is the essence of living.

My mind becomes dull when I don't keep exercising it. This happens too often lately. I must push myself to farther points. I must find my limits.

Part of a person is formed by what he can or cannot be. Sometimes I fear I will never know because I am so lazy.

Living is a difficult proposition and I like taking the easy way out. Even when I know I am committing a kind of suicide,

Death of the mind is far worse than death of the body. Of what good

is a person if his mind is
functionless.

I feel quite at home in foreign countries, especially when I travel in the countryside.

I am glad that I have not been impressed with places, although I've enjoyed seeing them.

I am beginning to realize that happiness is a state of mind. This I think is a difficult feat, and I have just begun to comprehend it.

Today I feel completely out of sorts. I thought I wanted to be alone. And I did for a while. But now, I long for some sort of companionship to spend the last few hours of my time here in Amsterdam.

Tomorrow I will be in Chicago. Looking back and don't know if I have accomplished my goals.

I will really miss Europe. Needless to say, I don't want to leave. I would like to stay here longer. I'm not sure that I gave myself the time that I need.

I must learn how to be more open with people. That is something I have a lot of trouble with.

Peter + I had a good talk last night. I know he is basically right. But that is something that is hard for me to admit. I really want to believe that Charlie loves me, but can't admit it.

Peter seems to think that he has ^(Chad) never really been touched by anyone. I would like to think that I touched him deeply, maybe that is ego-oriented, but that is what I want to believe.

I think I will see him again - if for nothing more than to satisfy my own curiosity. And also to make a better ending of this situation.

Like I told Peter for me I can deal with this intellectually. And intellectually it is over. But emotionally is another world.

Emotionally... I don't feel very old & this I must do something about. I am having trouble settling my self to the point where I can accept without regrets Charles rejection. That's a tough road for me anyway.

It seems as though each day I find new things that I must work on.

I am very far removed from China. Sometimes I wish that there was more to make me want to go back. Right now I think I would like to check everything and wander for a longer time. I wonder when I will be content.

That's a baited question - for I already know the answer. The problem is finding the answer - or having the answer find me - which would be ever nice.

I want to take some of his place and bring it home with me. I don't want to lose that which I have gained.

It is very difficult to keep pushing oneself to seek after the greater things. But I must keep trying. I don't want to go backwards.

Well, I am back and I wonder if I have really been there. It seems so unreal at times.

When I was gone I missed my family. But when I saw them I couldn't figure out why — exclusive of the kids. Because I love them and miss them very much.

I realized what a detrimental effect my parents had on me. Within an hour I had lost the desire to tell them of my experiences. Instead of being excited by things their children do, they are jealous and have an innate need to put them down and make light of the things that are important.

For example Dad spent 1/2 hour telling me all the places I didn't go and wasn't even interested in where I did go.

Not wanting to give up easily,

I tried again. This time there was a fight as to what you had thought in 1939 + Dad thought of Europe clearing the way. The way they live in the past is frightening. They don't want to know about the present and they fight any attempts to arrive at knowledge of it.

I see one of my prime roles to the kids is that of world informant. To keep reminding them that most of the world is beyond Bruce. I want them to learn of it so that they can make informed choices about their life styles.

I am very worried about them. Life at home becomes more destructive every day. If they end up neurotic + not paranoid it will be close to miraculous. The youngest ones will have the hardest time.

I saw Tom again - our eyeing meeting. Only this time I found myself very much attracted to him. I am confused as to what this means.

I wonder if the attraction is based on honest interest and respect for him as a man. I found that he had grown and had become more self assured.

Even before I saw him I was nervous and excited. I felt like I was ^{going} on a first date. There was definitely a fluttering inside me. And when he came I was excited. He looked fantastic.

In the beginning I didn't feel at ease. It was difficult to find things to talk about. There was a strong feeling that we both had changed.

Seeing him again reminded me what a good person he is. He really cares about other people. I know that the person he decides to marry will be well taken care of. And he will be a fantastic father.

I feel confronted with the question of what I am looking for in life. I used to deal in spectacular things. I thought I would do tremendous things. But I haven't. I am much more ordinary than I used to want to admit.

I am looking for someone to love me. to understand and help me. I am looking for someone I can care for and help and love.

I haven't found that much satisfaction in my work. I do enjoy it. But I am often bored by it.

This vacation helped because now I am determined to exercise my mind and make better use of my time. I will take 3-6 credits at night school and I want to spend time doing ceramics and playing my guitar.

I am also determined to experience new situations and people and to try to overcome my fears of them.

But getting back to Tom, I wondered when I was with him if perhaps we were just too young for each other before.

I wish we lived closer together so that we could get to know each other again. I am possessed with the desire to find out more about him - to see if we could make a go of a more permanent relationship.

I wonder if this is foolish women talk. - if the moon is in a bad part of the cycle.

This is silly rambling on my part I have very little idea of what he is thinking about this. I just know that when I was with him I felt very close to him. And I was overcome with a new aura of strength and manhood about him.

I think that I am approaching a time in my life when marriage sounds much more palatable in fact, it sounds very pleasant to me.

My god, am I fickle on what I was just telling Peter less than a week ago that I was emotionally hung up on Charles and now I'm indulging in romantic delusions of Tom with little thought of Charles.

Seeing Tom made me realize how young Charles is. He will change, I am sure. But what will that change bring. I do still miss the psychic excitement that Charles brings with him. I question whether emotional excitement would be a better why to describe it.

I would like to see Charles again to settle this thing in my mind. I do miss having him around and I want to sort out my feelings. I think that seeing him will help to do that. Maybe I can plan a trip to Boston soon or maybe he can come to Chicago. Somehow I think that we would be better off in a different place — away from memories that can cloud the issue.

But today, even stronger than my desire to see Charles, & long to spend a period of time with Tom. I want to find out what still exists between the 2 of us - if anything. I think that there is something and I wonder what this enchantment is. I would like to live with him for several weeks. I want to cook for him and sleep with him and travel with him for a time - to see how we get along.

I never felt like this before and it bothers me. Yet when I think of Tom I find myself smiling. Dred. Why am I such an emotional mess. This whole thing should be over.

It seems I have a tendency to drag out relationships. & find it difficult to let go.

How does one approach a situation like this. The interval - both time & space between us is very great. And I have not been the best kind of friend. I ignore Tom & treated him as though he didn't exist. At the time I thought nothing of it. Now I wish I had been a better

person. I must approach this situation with subtlety & care. If he is interested then perhaps we could spend sometime together at Christmas.

All of this is dependent on whether we communicate & what form the communication takes. And more importantly how Tom feels about this little endeavor of mine.

I wish I knew what he was thinking and whether I affected him or not. And if I did whether it was positive or negative.

I view Tom as a basically conservative person who moves deliberately through life. I think he is open and must philosophically accept an idea before it changes his life. I also think that he adapts well.

But are these things enough. I don't know. I remember only too well the long list of objections I had only a few years ago.

Is it possible that we have both changed that much?

Tomorrow I begin a new year of teaching. Right now I am enjoying the last sunset of my vacation. With it, I say goodbye to a time in my life when I was responsible only to myself.

Tomorrow I will take on the responsibility of being a teacher to at least 180 12 year olds. And that is no easy feat.

Looking back of even the past 3 years I see tremendous failures, some successes and some mediocrity.

I wish I could say that I was excited about the year, but I'm not. I think that I have perhaps stayed too long.

This year will be rough and I know that there will be times when I will need all of the emotional, intellectual + psychological strength I can muster.

My hope for the year are many. In terms of the dept., I would like to get it in shape. I would like to see that the kids are getting a good well rounded science

program. I can't start to see
inefficiency and -ineffectiveness.
But mostly I don't like to see
people who can't admit when they
have taken a wrong turn they
can handle - especially when they
work with kids.

I feel very strongly about the
importance of teachers on children's
development - and inadequately
prepared teachers bother me.

I would like to be able to communicate
to the people I work with the
importance of their jobs and why
it is necessary that they perform
properly. I would like them to
realize that science is going to
become increasingly more important
in our lives. If we are responsible
for turning kids off to science and
making them hate it, then we
are responsible for cutting those
kids off from at least half if not
more of the world they must live
in. We will be lessening, not
increasing their ability to function
in the world.

That is a responsibility that cannot
be ignored or accepted without
thought.

For the kids, I hope that I will be able to help them to function effectively and reasonably in the world. I hope that they will be able to adapt reasonably well to the situations that exist.

I hope that I can help them achieve discipline and the tools to gain knowledge. I hope that they can discover some of the beauty and mystery of the world.

I hope that they will be able to confront the world and deal with it.

I hope that they will be able to see people as miracles. As mysterious, as beautiful creatures. I hope that they will think about who they are and how they fit into this world.

I hope that they will achieve a desire to learn about the world. I hope that they will become more tolerant of differences in people.

I would feel I had done a spectacular job if I could help

them to look at the world and gasp in awe at its beauty, complexity, magnificence, and ultimately at its simplicity.

I just caught a glimpse of
the moon and I know that
it explains a lot of my
confusion tonight & for it is
full.

Maybe all of these ramblings
is just so much Cassia
leaves. Perhaps in a few days
I will feel totally different
I HOPE THAT THIS IS NOT TRUE.
for I feel very warm, loving,
and peaceful tonight. My only
regret is that I have no
one to share these feelings
with.