

By the same author
VOICES
GO ASK ALICE

JAY'S JOURNAL

Edited by
BEATRICE SPARKS

 Times BOOKS

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Dedicated to every kid who might need to do some soul-searching
in his or her own life, to ask himself or herself: **Can I handle**
things if I continue to pursue my present course?

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message. This is Jay's story—what scared and troubled him, what he couldn't tell his parents and what he couldn't tell anyone.

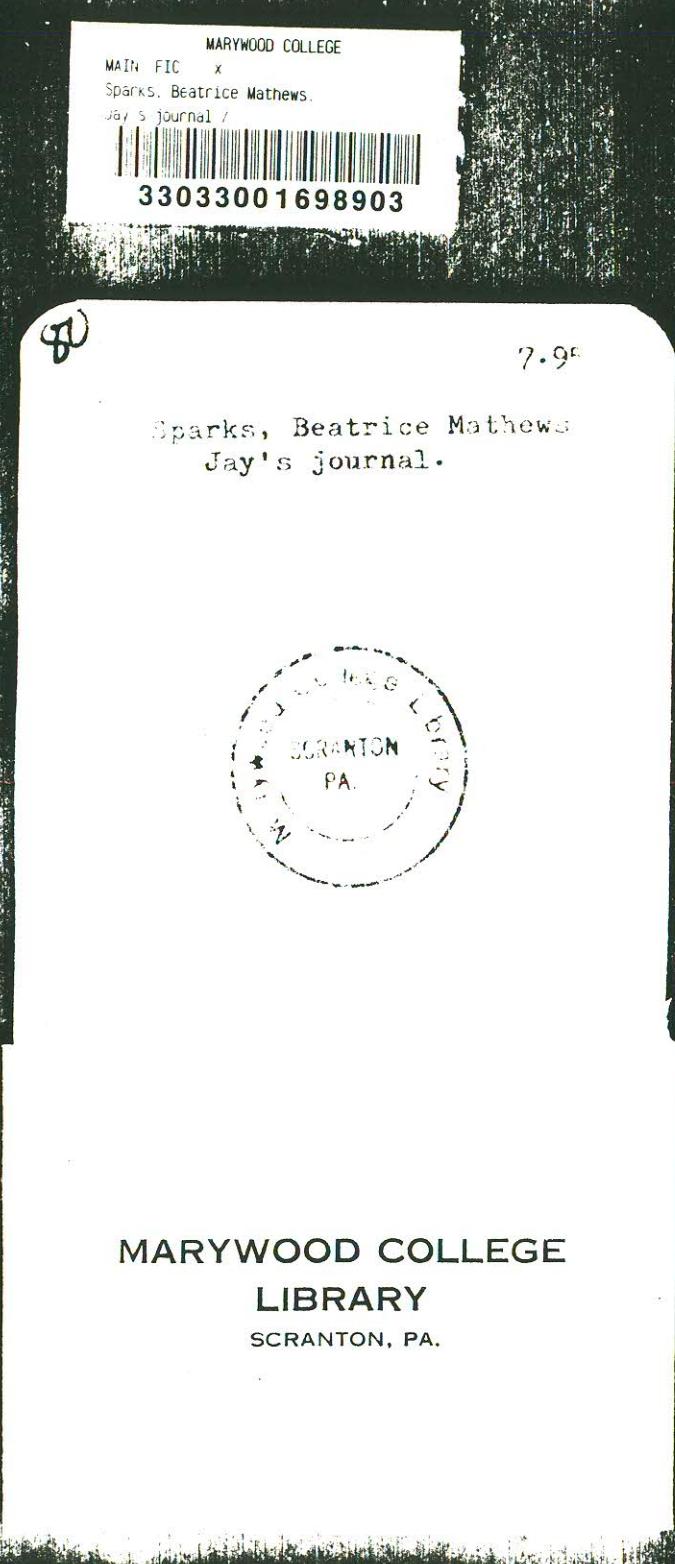


PHOTO BY STEVENSON'S PHOTOS

BEATRICE SPARKS is the best-selling author who prepared *Go Ask Alice* for publication—a bestseller which today can be read in sixteen languages—and more recently *Voices*. Working as a professional counsellor with troubled kids since 1955, Ms. Sparks has taught music therapy, conducted special seminars for parents, professionals and teenagers, and spoken at hundreds of youth conferences across the country. The mother of three grown children, she lives with her husband in Provo, Utah.

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Introduction

At 7 A.M. January 3, 1978 a very distressed mother phoned. She said she had read an article about how I had prepared *Go Ask Alice* from an existing diary, and *Voices*, not then released, from personal interviews; how I hoped both books would help educate young people as to the problems and pressures and weaknesses of their peers, and make it easier for them to consider alternatives and make wise decisions in their own lives.

The lady said her son, Jay, had kept a journal—a seminary book—and many papers and letters, which she felt could also be of benefit to both kids and parents looking for answers and ways out.

Jay, 16½ years old, had been into witchcraft, how deeply neither his mother nor his father had ever suspected, until after Jay put his father's pistol against his right temple and pulled the trigger.

As Jay's mother and I plowed through the many containers of favorite footballs, basketballs, tennis rackets, trophies, diplomas, awards, letters, notes, books, etc., that she had not been able to part with, she remained calm and helpful. Only when she unfolded Jay's worn, stained "grub jacket" at the bottom of the last box did she cry; telling me how she had put the leather patches on the elbows after his motorbike had gone out of control and spilled down the slope and into a tree, how she had replaced the front pocket with an emblem he had picked up on a trip to Las Vegas, how he had stained the front lapel and shoulder helping his dad bring a deer down on a pole slung over both their shoulders, how he had made the long slash on the right arm

INTRODUCTION

when he had rescued their cat, Hamlet, from the top of a 200-foot tree, how the two stars over the left breast represented his "eternal and forever" buddies, Dell and Brad.

From the corner of the lining she patiently pulled out a half-eaten, liny M&M and holding it, as reverently as though it were the Sacrament, she whispered almost to herself, "*Jay always thought he could handle anything, everything!*"

Jay was an exceptionally intelligent and articulate boy, with an I.Q. of 149+. In his journal, he often worried that his best friends weren't able to handle things the way he could because of his detached, intellectual approach. He analyzed, composed lists, fought against giving in. But he was sometimes relieved when he didn't *have* to handle things—drugs, alcohol, the occult, or even sex.

Jay's journal became his intimate confidante. In it, he felt free to express his confusions, his hopes, and his fears.

Hoping to fill in sketchy gaps in Jay's journal I interviewed many of his friends and teachers. As a whole they said he was a "mostly just like everybody else" boy. Three kids who had been into the occult with him seemed more skittish. As long as we were talking about school, dating, family, drugs, hobbies, or sports, they were relaxed and friendly, but when I tried to question them about witchcraft they changed, became frightened, secretive, withdrawn. Through bits and pieces I gathered that they were under some strange kind of "sacrifice my own life or have it taken from me" type of programming. They sincerely seemed to fear that I could bring harm to myself or my own kids if more information were divulged to me. Their obvious and abject terror was contagiously and hauntingly real. I wanted out and I wasn't even in!

INTRODUCTION

Jay's mother's voice returns, "*Jay always thought he could handle anything, everything!*"

That dirge, much more repeated than most people imagine, mixes with the lonely cry of every frightened little girl I ever worked with or talked to who found herself pregnant: "I didn't think it could happen to me!"

The voice of every kid hooked on drugs, alcohol, or the occult joins the sad chorus, "Not me! I didn't think it could ever happen to me. I WAS SURE I COULD HANDLE IT!"

BEATRICE SPARKS
Provo, Utah

September 6

This afternoon Pete took me on a work detail and I can't figure out whether he's some kind of a screw-loose or . . . I don't know, he's really got some strange ideas. They sound crazy weird but still I'm so curious to know more I just about wet my pants thinking about when we'll have a chance to talk again. There's no way I could ever dig any of the bull he and another guy, Kurt, are trying to lay on me, but at least it makes me think about something besides my troubles. Pete's into Astara and all forms of the occult. It's so far out it shatters my wavelengths. He talks so easily about intuition, meditation, ESP, auras, life after death, the oversoul, how much karma a person must erase before they are liberated, how they can better influence the world in the new age, how they can recognize their soul mate, mysticism, esoteric science, hidden teachings of the ancient, the equations of life, etc. He says "an Astarian in need never walks alone." I need that. Man, right now in my lost cluttered life I really need something like that.

Pete showed me how to meditate and relax for sleeping. I hope it works. It's got to work because I hardly ever can sleep anymore. Judas I'm so lonely and confused. Jim and Bob and Cal are all such yucks, and it's the three of them against me. Oh Brad and Dell, I need a friend!

12:47 A.M.

Pete told me he'd be pulling night emergency duty because old Klamus has the flu. He said I should pretend sick after 10:30 when he'd be at the nurses' station and come on down.

The minute I opened his door I could feel . . . I don't know. He looked at me without speaking, for what seemed like forever, then at a chair, which soon started rolling slowly towards

me while Pete continued to stare at it, straining so hard it made creases like the Grand Canyon in his forehead and squinch wrinkles around his eyes. I pretended I thought it was some kind of trick and tried to laugh and find the wires or strings or whatever he'd hooked to it, but of course I couldn't. Pete moved it absolutely with mental powers. He did! I saw him do it! I keep telling myself that's ridiculous and dumb and impossible but he did! He actually did!

After sitting there uncomfortably for another long period Pete looked down at the little wart on my ring finger that I've had for—man, I don't even remember how long. He asked if it was a personal friend and when I shrugged he suggested we get rid of it.

Patiently he showed me how to synchronize our breathing and concentrate together. Then he put his pointer finger on his forehead, then on the wart. Fascinated, I put my pointer finger on my forehead, then on his. He closed his eyes and a strange guttural low "ahhhhhh" sound started kind of leaking out of his mouth. I, completely unbelieving, but out-of-my-head curious joined him.

After a minute Pete got up and pulled the curtains in the little room and locked the door, then we went back to our ahhhhing. Up to this point nothing had happened to my wart and I didn't have any faith that anything would but, Judas, as I look down at my finger now where the wart used to be . . . man, I can't believe it. It did disappear! It really did! It's gone!

The whole concept is spooky . . . but maybe it shouldn't be. Maybe, like Pete says, mind over matter is just something man doesn't understand and is therefore afraid of. I don't think I'm actually *afraid* but I'm . . . man, I'm confused! Why is there this little low-keyed something inside me that's so, all the time, ill

JAY'S JOURNAL

at ease around Pete, and yeah, I guess a little-kid-type scared? In some ways scared out of my tree!

September 13

Pete has practically ignored me for a week. I guess he and Kurt told me all that crap just to see exactly how *crackers* I was! I guess what I thought happened really *didn't happen*! But what about the wart? It's still gone! Oh man, all the pressure is making me lose my marbles!

September 14

I dreamed again about her! HER! HER!!! Not Debbie! Her! She would make me a better person, not tear all my morals down!

September 16

Today Pete took me into the city to have the school station wagon repaired. I can't recall ever having had a more fantastic day! Maybe it was just because I've been in stir for so long, but then again maybe there is something to all the strange alien stuff he believes so completely. Just because it seems unnatural to my little sheltered provincial mind shouldn't mean anything. Man, it *really* is heavy thinking. This is the first time I've been emotionally stimulated since I don't know when. To expand my intellect . . . to comprehend things incomprehensible . . . to actually experience other planes of existence that have not even been complete fantasies before. Man, could it possible, conceivable, feasible be? Did Atlantis genuinely once exist? Does it still?

JAY'S JOURNAL

I've never been so upped in my life before, even on drugs and booze. I wonder when we will be able to get together again.

September 17

Last night I met Pete after lights out. We talked for hours about my aura, which shows fear and grief and pain. I can't see auras on other people like he does, yet, but Pete says I can learn, actually I really think I saw a soft whitish glow around him, denoting spirituality, security, dependability and honor. I've got to change mine. As my self-conditioning changes, my aura will change. I want to learn everything all at once, but I know I can't. It's so frustrating! Pete is going to help me find myself! My true self! My inner auwa.

September 18

Pete gave me a herb to chew before I go to sleep. He says it will relax me and give me wonderful dreams. It will show me my inner auwa, my own aura and the aura I can yet obtain. I know I saw Pete's aura tonight and also I am beginning to see the dark sinister ones around Cal and Jim and some of the others. It's a new plateau of existence that I didn't even know existed before. Man, it's so strange and exciting.

September 19

Last night I really did experience cosmic consciousness . . . something supernatural. Pete was right! My psychic self is a slumbering cosmic power. It is my link with infinity to be drawn upon

JAY'S JOURNAL

October 10

I'm hurting so bad I don't know if I should scream or beat myself or throw up. God, tell me, how can people who are supposed to love me and care for me and protect me do this to me? Aunt Meg and Uncle Carter and Aunt Ruth and Uncle Jim came over to dinner and we were just sitting there talking about how uptight the world was getting. I tried to explain a little to them about Transcendental Meditation and Cosmic Realization for inner peace and I can't believe how they all cut me and made fun of me. It was almost savagely ritualistic. Superficial old dumb squares, they didn't know anything about it and they didn't want to learn, all they wanted to do was condemn, hurt, cut, maim. I wasn't trying to say TM or CR would take care of all the world's ills or that they should give up their own beliefs . . . only to implement them. Oh God, how could they be so mean to me? How could they so cruelly, knowingly hurt me? Each taking turns torturing me while the others all sat around and laughed, vicariously enjoying my suffering. I know now how Christ must have felt when they were preparing him and nailing him on the cross.

If that is what Christianity is all about, I must find something better. I must find out who I really am! Not who *they* say I am!

I am a child of the universe. I am a person, self-made, custom-made, handmade. Not seeing all and therefore not judging all.

I am what I am for myself, to please myself and bring good vibrations to others. Fine, absolute, inquiring, acute, working. Unstable at times but still expanding, creating, producing, having, sharing, being, loving, knowing, losing, gaining, happening. Established now, not so alone, but lonesome. Original, a feeling, an organism, an orgasm, a closeness, a level, a conflict.

A disciple, a follower, a leader, a speaker, a person of untold

JAY'S JOURNAL

but defined absoluteness and relativity. Eyes alive, mind still growing, long hair flowing . . . (inside) hurting heart beating.

October 12

When I got home from school there was a phone message that I should call Pete. It really zinged me. We talked for about an hour. Dad will go straight up the wall when he gets the bill, but he can just hang it in his ear because . . . Oh Judas, Pete's got me even more confused than ever. Something inside me could buy the Astro stuff and the Cosmic Concept . . . but witchcraft, that seems too childish and scary storylike . . . But he did . . . he really did . . . right over the phone levitate the pen. He says white witchcraft is of God? To me it's like Satan appearing as an angel of light or some weird thing. I wish I could talk to Pete in person.

October 16

I cut out and hitchhiked up to see Pete for a couple of days. I had to! It was like a magnetic force. Exciting as hell. Now that I'm home and *grounded again* nothing seems real or exciting. It's like some dumb midnight movie, or I was half stoned or something. Pete wants me to get Brad and Dell in. He said he could feel good vibes from their pictures. Oh hell, when I'm with him everything makes so much sense . . . when I'm away it's so much shit.

October 17

Brad and Dell and me cut our last two classes and went down

JAY'S JOURNAL

to the lake. Mom's at a convention so I "borrowed" her car. At first they both laughed when I started to tell them about Cosmic Consciousness but I understood because I remembered how uncomfortable I'd been when I was first introduced to it. Pete told me to be sure and not bring in the witchcraft part until after they'd been in a couple of weeks at least. He said that the innerata has to grow like the outside body, that you don't start out with heavy things that can't be digested mentally. First it has to be milder more palatable stuff, sort of like a baby starting with pablum and milk—they couldn't take steak at first.

Judas, I know if Pete had thrown witchcraft at me the first time, I'd have told him in no uncertain terms to blow it out his rear end. It's funny how hypnotic the concepts are though once you get into them. Brad and Dell both seem as curious and fascinated as I was. I'm glad! It's not fun to be into things alone.

In some little way I'm worried about what I'm getting Brad and Dell into though, because at first it's innocent, unhurtable inquisitiveness then . . . I don't know, it's dumb but it's compelling, like you've *simply got to know* what's the next step. Like you're, in some way that you can't understand, being drawn in a direction you're not really willing to go. Oh crap, now I'm philosophizing like the old man. HE can take an hour and a half to say "How do you like the rain?" explaining how cirrus and stratus and cumulus clouds work . . . how each is a mass of condensed water vapor like tiny drops of water or ice crystals . . . and on and on into forever crapland. He's always been like that. I don't want to be like that too.

October 18

Today a letter and a bunch of junk came from Pete. It's weird

JAY'S JOURNAL

but my first impulsive inclination was to burn it . . . isn't that childish? Shit, it was almost like I was afraid.

October 19

There is something hypnotic and right about Pete's people and his teachings. I'm thinking more and more about them. It's like they and I can communicate in ways besides letters and phone calls. I wish I knew more . . . In some ways I'm repelled in even the little I know . . . it's dumb . . . I'm scared and repelled, yet indeed at the same time, drawn and, almost out of my head, curious. I think I'll forget it, all of my background and teaching tells me Pete and his concepts are wrong . . . But what is wrong? Pete says "wrong" is only programming . . . conditioning . . . tradition . . . Man, I wish I had a sleeping pill.

October 20

I'm sitting here in my room so confused I don't know what the hell way is up. Pete's letter today has about blown me away and Brad and Dell are both working at the market so I've no one to talk to.

I've got to get a job! I have too much vacant time on my hands, that's what is giving me these apprehensions and . . . Oh crap, I'm just bored and confused and neither kid nor man, neither fish nor fowl, neither beast nor vegetable, neither mineral nor vitamin . . . see, I'm really cracking. No, I'm beyond cracking, I'm shattered. I'm lost. I'm fragmented. Everyone belongs, knows where they're going but me. I am the only lonely . . . how lonely . . . how sad . . . how unfulfilling . . .

I wish I hadn't left my guitar at Brad's.

JAY'S JOURNAL

Can people have daymares as well as nightmares? That's what Pete's letter conjures up, daymares. Oh crap, crap, shit, crap, shit!

October 29

Dad got me a job at the stationery store. But I still can't get my head out. Man, life can be a downer! Pete has sent two missionaries to Brad and Dell and me. Man, that seems strange, *missionaries* connected with witchcraft! . . . I can see auras now and I can levitate very very small things and my auwa is taking more form but . . . I WANT OUT!

November 1

Halloween was ghoulish. How can you be stoned without being stoned? It wasn't real. IT WAS NOT REAL! I'm hallucinating. I'm afraid. I won't even drink anymore.

November 2

Could I be having flashbacks? I haven't used for two or three months now. I've written a ten-page letter to Pete. Oh Judas, he's got to be able to explain it. I can't go on this way.

November 4

Brad, Dell and I drove up to see Pete. He says we're being pushed by the intruders because we aren't doing enough for the order. He gave us a list of the kids he knows about who are investigating, or in, in our area. I was absolutely and beyond belief

JAY'S JOURNAL

amazed at how many there are. Twenty-five in our own school that we never dreamed about, and each one of us is obligated to bring two more in this year if we are to have the strength of the group to combat *outside influences*. Oh crap, I don't want to bring anyone else into this shit hole, but I can't stand the outside pressures either.

I thought I was unhappy before. I was just a stupid young kid that didn't know what happiness was. I was like a snot in a candy store who not only wanted all he could eat, but the whole thing. Life is stupid! Stupid! Stupid! Or at least to this point, mine is.

Pete says that happiness beyond belief lies only two steps, or days, beyond now. That we are just being "tried and tested" to see if we are worthy of O. I guess I'll try that much more. Just that much! IF it doesn't work I'll go back to the old ways . . . my father's ways, though I do not belong either place. Brad and Dell are going through a shit time too. Two more days! I will only wait *two more days!*

2 A.M.

I just finished the book Pete sold me, and went through the nightly rituals he suggested. Made me feel upped, but somehow mentally disjointed.

One after another I have intrusions of unwanted family into my room. My auwa nightly rituals are the only thing that make me feel better, and the strange sounds of the ancient expressions as they gurgle out of my throat.

November 5

So today was another Sunday. Had a far-out discussion on evo-

JAY'S JOURNAL

June 8

I've had a real strange feeling since Carl and Nelson left. When we were using our Astra expertise Kendall came running into my room crying. He was having bad dreams of things he couldn't explain. A few minutes later Chaddy toddled in all sleepy eyed and scared. He had felt the same vibes or whatever. I had to leave both their lights on to get them to go back to sleep. I was glad mom and dad weren't home.

A while later when we were talking to the Ouija board Chaddy came in again. I know he'd never seen an Ouija board before because I hadn't until I saw Pete's at the Pine Boys' School; anyway Chad pulled away from it like it was poison and said he hated it. Isn't that hard to comprehend? I wonder if Chad could feel its psychic forces? Being so young naturally he couldn't understand them, or maybe he's just too young to handle them so he feels afraid. I wish I could talk to dad about these things but I'm sure he'd try to get me to drop the whole research project I've decided to do about the occult. I can't do that! The occult thing is growing so fast it has to have something. In fact, I know it has something—I've seen and used its powers! If I find it's wrong or does evil, after I do my research, I'll get dad to help me instigate a drive against it.

June 9

I tried to talk to Pete at the Pine Boys' School but whoever answered the phone was very curt to me when he found out what I wanted; he wouldn't give me any information at all, just said Pete had left and that they didn't have any forwarding address, then Bang—he hung up.

JAY'S JOURNAL

I was so curious I waited a couple of hours then called back and asked for Dave. Everybody knew he'd be there for a long time because he was a ward of the court and considered violent and dangerous, but he was into the supernatural and knew Pete well. Sure enough Dave finally came to the horn. After the initial shit I asked him about Pete and his voice lowered. He said he couldn't talk. I gave him my address and he promised to write right then. I can't wait for the mail tomorrow, or will it take till the next day?

June 11

Dave's letter has about done me in. I'm not surprised that Pete was a fruit, but raping a little ten-year-old boy in the broom closet? Man, what kind of a weirdo is that? And hurting him enough so they had to take him to the infirmary? Dave said he'd have killed Pete if he hadn't cut-out before the kid was found.

I wonder how long it would have been before Pete put the move on me? Dave said he got to no telling how many kids with promises or bribes or just gentle offers of friendship and acceptance. Lots of kids need that so badly they would do almost anything to get it from almost anyone. Judas, just thinking about it makes me sick to my stomach, and I thought Pete was *soooooo* neat! I wonder if he was using PCP or something?

June 12

I think I'll ask the folks if I ~~can~~ visit Dell in Las Vegas if Mr. Thomas will give me time off at the store.

JAY'S JOURNAL

ing is good, that it's fun and exciting! It's the results that are bad! It's like they are willing only to see their side and the kids are just as tunnel visioned about seeing theirs. I wonder where this thing will ever end? The blind wanting other people to be blind in that area too! Man, it freaks me out—the stupidity, the waste, the hypocrisy, on both sides. . . . We won't listen. We won't learn! Not only wanting to be blind but deaf. I think I'll talk to the principal tomorrow and see if we can together work up some kind of a program for self-help.

I lie here waiting for Tina's call like it controls the world. Her parents really are strict! Especially about me! So she calls me after they are in bed. People would think we were bananas. Us both putting our alarm clocks under our pillows and waking up at 2 A.M. so I can catch her phone call on the first ring. It doesn't seem to bother our sleep though. In fact I think we both sleep better after we've hashed out our problems and things. We're really both on the same wave length . . . have similar auwas . . . oh crap, what made me think of that.

September 26

I can't believe this! Tina's into O too! I say it's a surprise and yet in my heart I really think I've known for some time. When she was so sure of herself about the election . . . and, I don't know, I guess just a couple of little things she's said. I don't know how to lay it on Dell and Brad! We all made a sacred pact to play it cool till Christmas when we were going to have another evaluation in our lives. No booze, no drugs, no sex, no occult! Now this dumped in my lap. Oh crap. . . . I want to go running back to daddy, crying that I've got another problem I can't handle.

JAY'S JOURNAL

September 27

Tina is really strange. She's so cool and loose about most things but when she's talking O she becomes tense and serious as another person, a nine-million-year-old ancient that seems to have all the answers for everything.

Her folks were away for the evening so I went over to her house. She has a beautiful little chest in her room. It's got drawers for jewelry and scarves and stuff, looks mostly like other little what-not pieces, except that it has a secret compartment that opens in the back; in fact the whole back comes out and one sees that actually the drawers in the front are dummies, only go half way through. In this secret part, she's got an Ouija board, a crystal ball, little jars of herbs, lots of Cosmic Consciousness and Rosicrucian stuff about the mastery of life, and of course all the Astra junk. Besides that she's got garbage I've never even heard about like the voodoo wanga she said was mine that she just keeps for me. It's kind of a weird little gismo made in Haiti, the land of voodoo. It's supposed to bring wealth, love, health and good or bad luck.

It was a spooky but fun night, sort of reminded me of the old Halloween parties I went to when I was a kid. Tina and I sat on the floor with a candle between us. In a very low, muted voice she told me how, in the dark evening in the hills of Haiti, the drums begin to throb in the warm night air and the Houngan priests conducted sacred secret ceremonies requesting favors from Ibo, Damballah and other gods. It was like we were there almost. Slivery shaky shadows from the candle wobbled on the walls and curtains as she leaned over and placed the wanga in my hands. Tina said that sometimes wangas were advertised in the *National Enquirer* and other magazines, but without the knowledge to know how to use them it was sort of like giving a baby

JAY'S JOURNAL

electricity when he didn't have the instructions or wasn't smart enough to turn on the switch.

I took the wanga in my hands and felt a strange sensation . . . curiosity mixed with repulsion.

Tina asked me to work through its powers to bend a bobby pin she had placed beside the candle. I felt stupid and couldn't make myself do it. I said I'd pass.

Ignoring my negativeness she began to chant and concentrate herself. Slowly the bobby pin straightened itself from a tight U to a loose, barely bent one.

After a while I relaxed and we levitated a few coins. For me it's physically and emotionally harder than lifting the heaviest weight possible. Tina says it gets easier with time and practice. I hope so. Tonight I sweated like I'd played center through a whole basketball game, just to get two measly little coins four inches off the floor. The bobby pin is the same principle.

Then we messed around for a while with the Ouija board and the crystal ball. Tina said they had both told her emphatically that she was going to win the election, that's why she had never had any question.

What's the difference between what we were doing and faith? The church teaches faith! It's the "*secret combination*" bit that scares me. I can understand why it has to be secret because the scoffing of the unbeliever will dilute its power and yet . . . Oh crap, it's so confusing. Tina is trying to convince me that it seems confusing because I'm just beginning to see that these, unknown to most people, powers work and I don't know yet how they work. I wonder if she's right and it will all be very simple once I understand the principles?

It seems kind of childish and immature of me not to at least give the whole concept a chance. I know faith works! I've per-

JAY'S JOURNAL

sonally seen it heal the sick and other things. God said faith can literally move mountains. I believe that! I can't understand it, but I literally know *both* these strange but uncomprehended power sources work! Or are they both extensions of one?

September 28

Tina's mother thinks she went to a school function. Actually we went to this queer old lady's house who has powers I still can't believe. She actually levitated *me!* I know I didn't just think it because I was very careful not to eat or drink anything. Again, could there possibly be something piped into the air? That's the only explanation other than that it really happened.

We took turns concentrating our group powers on one person and it was amazing how we could make that person feel a sensation that he/she didn't know we had chosen for him/her.

When it was my turn to go into another room, I really strained to hear something but I couldn't. It was like they weren't even whispering as they made their decision. When I got back in the group I sat again in the yoga position like the others and waited; in a few minutes I literally could feel heat waves striking my body. It was like squatting in front of a fireplace and having someone pile Christmas tree branches, or something highly flammable, on the fire. Sweat began to run from my hairline down my face. I tried to fight the power, set up a defense, block it out, but I couldn't. At last when I thought I was going to explode like a pressure cooker I gave up and admitted that I could feel it. . . . Feel it? Judas, it almost cooked me alive. I wonder if their power, or faith or whatever, ~~really~~ could have cooked me . . . killed me?

Wow! This has been my first encounter with voodoo. Who

JAY'S JOURNAL

would ever have dreamed that I, the egghead, would become involved in the primitive, the superstitious . . . THE TRUE! It does work. They don't need pins and all the stuff you see on T.V. and in movies. No, they just need controlled cosmic *mind power*. Once I read about the power of a single atom. We are all composed of atoms, most of us just don't know how to harness their amazingness. The first chance I get I'm going to the university—as well as the public library—and see how much research has been done regarding voodoo and other unknown powers.

It's beginning to scare me less and intrigue me more, and it's easier to stay detached than I thought it would be! A thorough scientific study really must be made of these phenomena.

September 29

This afternoon, after church, Tina said she was going to a girl friend's and we went up the canyon. She had her Ouija board tucked away in her big school bag and we sat under the trees in a little grove and asked it questions about life. At first I felt little rushes of uncomfortableness, but they passed, and we asked about school and sports and my job and our families and everything we could think of.

Then we just stretched out and both took a nap. The yellow leaves that completely covered the ground were like a soft comforter, and the fragrance of the wild shrubs around and the gentle plop plopping of the water over rocks made us feel like two children out of a fairy tale. Old Toad was the good green dragon guarding us and we were safe . . . life was pleasing, fulfilling and at ease.

JAY'S JOURNAL

Did problems and pressures, angers and hurts really exist? Not in our world! I remember thinking all kinds of beautiful thoughts like that while we hung on the fringe of sleep. In fact, I held back not wanting to let go.

What can I say? We communicate, we express, we interact, we feel, we happen. We happen! We (I) can dig it. It just is there. Good vibrations. We lean on each other. It doesn't need reminder, or force of lies or encouragement, it just happens. I am joyful.

September 30

Tina has become part of my life! We cut assembly and lunch and drove up River Dell. She feels as I do that our auwas have merged. That we are one. At her insistence, I am going to include her in my rituals each night as she has included me in hers for some time. She wants me to be one with her in all things, but I'm still holding back about O . . . I didn't say so but I know she can feel it for we can now send ESP messages to each other even though we are in different classes or at home. It's a phenomenon but not one of the powers that are completely foreign to me because I see my parents and other people who have married for long periods and are very close, and they often finish sentences for each other or say "I know" or something long before any of the rest of us know what's coming off.

I sit here at my desk thinking how important Tina is in my life, how I love her body and her mind and her soul, but I can't be with her completely . . . I can't dedicate myself to her forces, and reject my church completely . . . Everything was fine as long as her thing was an extension of mine, an expansion, but I

JAY'S JOURNAL

noid. I've got to make myself go to sleep. I'll be a mess for the game tomorrow as well as for the test in Milner's class.

Good night, good night nice friend. It's important to have someone to tell my troubles to, especially now that I'm so confused about Tina and keeping something from Brad and Dell. That's really hard. I think they suspect. Hell, what do I do? I made a pact . . . a vow . . . a promise . . .

I wonder how I would react to my paper if I were a judge?

October 3

Tina's parents found out about her using the phone at night so they've stopped that and she's got a cold so she's not even in school. In a way it seems good. Dell and Brad and me have been like in the olden days, wandering the halls and spouting off at the chicks, wrestling and playing a little rugby on the lawns when we've got a few minutes and racing around in Toad like he was a sports car. He does his bloody best and we screeched around corners and hung out the windows and threw water balloons. Man, today I felt like I was ten years old again.

October 4

Last night me and Brad and Dell all fell from grace . . . fell . . . splattered ourselves! After the game Jim and some of the kids invited us to a kegger up the canyon so we went, saying all the way up we weren't going to drink only make out a little with the chicks but . . . well, we just couldn't resist and once we started we all tried to outdrink each other, then out pot-smoke each other. Just as we were getting ready to cut out, Lyle and Fats came in with some PCP which none of us had ever tried . . .

JAY'S JOURNAL

so . . . not feeling any pain at this point, we all indulged. Judas, I can't believe that stuff . . . Just minutes later half the people there were swinging at each other, even Dell, the peacemaker. I felt some girl grab my hair and I reached out and clobbered her but couldn't beat her off, she was like a wild animal, just crazy; and I guess I was crazy too.

I saw Brad weaving off through the bushes with some Loosie Goosie and I remember laughing and thinking that now I could forget about the little padlock I'd planned on getting him for his zipper.

October 5

Today in school Tina had Kim slip me a note asking me to meet her through the block from her house at midnight. "Important, urgent, important," she had put all around the edge.

It's no trouble to slip out my bedroom window and roll old Toad down the driveway and let him coast to the corner before I start the motor, so I did, wondering a little about Tina because we were having a summer thunder shower and it was raining and thundering and lightning like crazy. For a while I thought maybe she wouldn't come and then she appeared running through the shrubs like some little lost fawn in the mountains.

I tried to talk to her but she seemed cool and detached, directing me to go to a certain house on the outskirts of town that was hidden way back in some trees. At the driveway she told me to stop my motor and turn the lights off and coast in.

Something inside me, all along, had felt kind of squeamish and I wanted *out*, but Tina seemed so intent that she made my sensations seem childish.

She knocked a certain way and the door was opened by a

JAY'S JOURNAL

woman as old as my mother and kind of fat. She had on a checked pants suit and looked like every other lady you see in the supermarket, pushing her little old cart. What in hell are we doing here? I asked myself as we were led up a flight of stairs without even introductions.

In a small room at the top of the stairs I stopped wondering. One whole wall of the room was glass like an artist's studio window, and outside the lightning flashed like white neon spears being thrown across the sky. A group of people sat naked around a spurting little candle. Quickly Tina and the woman peeled off their clothes. The old lady's boobs sagging down to her waist and her belly dangling down to her knees. I thought I was going to throw up but I couldn't—I really couldn't move! I could feel the whole group throwing power at me as real as the thunderbolts flashing across the sky, and a strange burning incense filled my nostrils, my throat and my chest. The small room was hazy with the smoke. Detached from my own self, somewhat surprised, I found myself undressing and joining the circle.

I continued to try to fight but soon I was floating along with the rest. I remember thinking "What are they burning?" It wasn't hash! What could possibly be that strong? Zombies sat around the flame. Thirteen stoned, ugly, naked zombies.

They went through incantations I had never heard before and did things I, even now, will not let myself believe.

When the storm seemed at its most severe Tina was given a vial filled with a foul smelling, sticky, thick liquid, half of it she drank herself and the other half she passed to me. Like the zombie I was at that point, I drank it; then, as the torrents of rain beat on the window and the lightning shot and exploded through the sky and the thunder roared and banged and crashed through the clouds I hit her and kicked her and mauled her, sex was not

JAY'S JOURNAL

enough, I wanted to hurt her! After what seemed hours the drug wore off. The people came back into place in the circle. Panting and groaning, I was led back to mine.

Tina crawled over and gathering blood from her cuts on her fingers she placed it in my mouth. "Master, Master, Master," she whispered over and over. I was too groggy to do anything more than swallow.

After eons, someone opened the windows and the doors; a damp, cold blast blew through bringing me partially to my senses. "Let's get out of this hell hole," I gagged, hoping I had just had the worst of all bummers.

Tina, whose body someone had patched with big Band-Aids hurriedly slipped on her clothes. "Let's."

Nothing was said on the way home. What was there to say? Oh God, I'm ashamed! I know I was drugged but that is still no excuse. Why do they want to do things like that? Why do people want to act like animals? After what happened in the canyon I had vowed never to use angel dust again, but what in the world could they possibly have given us except it? Or worse. Was anything worse? Even the name offended me, was blasphemous! "Angel dust!" It should be called Devil Dust!

Oh dear God, I've got to do something. I can't let anything like what happened to me happen again or happen to anyone else. I wonder if I wrote an unsigned note to the police department . . . but what could I say? That the place is used by a witch—is a drug drop? Yeah! Yeah, first thing in the morning, before school I'll drive by and get the address and report the house. Oh Judas, how could Tina ever have let me in for anything like that? Let herself become involved? I know she didn't do it willingly. I'm sure she is as heartbroken and humiliated as I am. What am I ever going to say when I see her tomorrow at school . . .

JAY'S JOURNAL

long as we're just with kids who are into O we're all right. It's the adults that are the freak-outs. I never did hear anything or read anything about the Scott house that I turned in anonymously. I wonder if anything ever happened or if the local narcs just thought it was another crank letter. Oh Judas, I can just see this square old dumb policeman coming up to this nice little supermarket-type lady's door and asking her if she was a witch, if she "dispensed controlled substances?"

Man, it's so underground!!!!

October 9

I've got to make myself study for a debate Monday and a biology test. I've got to get myself back on the track. I've got to get myself up off my ass . . . auwa . . . think . . . concentrate . . . auwa . . .

Tina called, said not to worry, she loved me. That made me feel better.

October 11

Home for lunch.

I won the debate thumbs up. It was like my mind had computerized every fact I'd ever put there and I could bring them out at will. Man, it's an exhilarating feeling to have that much control over your mental abilities. I received almost a perfect score from the judges, and I was flying, flying, flying until I went to the boys' room and found that, sometime before the debate, Tina had slipped a tiny miniature feathered wanga into my pocket. I was so mad I wanted to flush her down the toilet and it too, but I didn't dare . . . voodoo is supposed to be as

JAY'S JOURNAL

powerful for bad as it is for good . . . Oh Judas, I don't believe all that crap! I threw the dumb wanga away and now I'm *really afraid!* Fear is a terrible handicap!

3:45 P.M.

I had my biology test in the afternoon and was so screwed-up I had to get an uppie from Tina to get my head and ass off the floor . . . think I blew it.

October 20

Tina won runner-up in the Miss Apple Hill High contest. She was a little miffed because she wasn't made queen and said it was because I'd been so busy with my own shit that I hadn't used any power in her behalf which really isn't true . . . but then it is. Oh Judas. It's like I'm a puppet. Like I'm controlled and I don't want to be controlled! I want to be me! Free, with *my* free agency to do right or wrong, good or bad, smart or dumb, but still my decisions! I'm not going to let some dumb wanga or anything else control me! Tina said the Ouija board and the crystal ball both had said she would be queen and that only my negativeness made her slip down to princess. Could that be true? Could that possibly be true? Oh crap, this is like living in a primeval culture during the dark ages.

Scary . . . Hairy . . . Scary . . . I just got home from the library and now I wish I hadn't gone. Man, why, why, why did I ever go? Everything I read just makes my position worse.

Al Rossiter Jr., a UPI Science editor from Washington, wrote about a 33-year-old man from Arkansas who became paranoid and then after two weeks in the hospital suffered a fatal heart

JAY'S JOURNAL

seizure. An autopsy found no reason for his death but his wife said he had angered a two-headed, who had caused it.

Kenneth Golden, an instructor in the University of Arkansas Psychology Department knew about a two-headed. It's an old woman witch who heals people, and casts spells, both good and bad.

Professor Golden described things in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*. He explained that two-headeds, along with "conjure doctors," "root doctors," and "hoodoo men" are believed to be able to trick or hex a person, causing sickness, insanity and death.

Golden says "Hexing practices are no longer a phenomenon only of rural isolated communities in the deep south. Physicians have provided evidence that voodoo and hexing practices exist as far north as Connecticut."

Man, if he only knew about the underground kid movements in nice little Apple Hill and Salt Lake and Denver and Las Vegas and all of California, etc. I've met kids from all over and they say it's big and ever growing everywhere. Actually the occult movement is kind of a Pied Piper sort of thing: we want to go but we don't want to go . . . in the end we have no choice . . . we've just got to see what's in that mountain. And besides, the Pied Piper seems so nice at first, so friendly, caring, supportive, sharing and giving only good things, elevating things, all the things kids want and need and don't get enough of at home and school. It's kind of an "in," a "belonging" thing too. We want to belong! We want to be "in." The underground secretive part of it just makes the whole setup more compelling and irresistible.

Professor Golden says people in the United States are afraid

JAY'S JOURNAL

to tell anyone about hexing practices for fear of being belittled or misunderstood. *He is so right!*

In a way I'm glad I did today's research because now at least I've got someone to present my material to when I get it all gathered, someone that at least has a little background. Maybe Professor Golden will appreciate my findings. Actually I'm sure he will, because there is no way in God's green earth that anyone could get this material unless they'd been there. Man, the vows are so *secretive and so sacred!* I'll only dare break them myself because it's a scientific endeavor and I want to help my fellow man.

October 25

Thirteen of us went up to Mavis Johnson's cabin for the weekend. Tina lied and said she was going with a girl friend, to plan for the Coronation Ball. I lied and said I was going to get away to study for next week's debate in Arizona. Man, talk about manipulation, we've got it down to a science.

As I look back I, in a way, feel upped by the weekend—frightened but enlightened—in another way I feel downed, dishonest, disgusted, dishonored. But no matter what I can't deny the *POWERS!* The Satanic Black Powers! I've heard about the devil all my life, that he tempted Adam and Eve, that he misled Cain, that he's always been around to tempt us and get us to do evil, but it's mostly seemed like a fairy story . . . along with elves, or munchkins or Santa Claus. Not now! . . . now I KNOW HE'S *REAL!* That he does exist, that he does, or maybe just on occasion *can*, control parts of this universe!

JAY'S JOURNAL

they are drawn together in the right way. Those people, being informed, would be running to call the nut factory to make reservations for new inmates. But I can't blame them. A year ago I would never NEVER NEVER have believed some of the things I'm experiencing now. It's scary but it shouldn't be, no more scary than electricity, or the telephone, or T.V. or radio, or even how the garage door works from a button. Those things are all kind of magic too, it's just that no one wants to use that word for things they can't comprehend or explain.

I just found out there is a Dr. Hans Enger at UCLA who's becoming accepted and respected in working with phenomena. He's only one of many around the country. He says he has successfully used "energy healing" on scores of patients, even though he admits he has no idea why the procedures work.

In one spectacular demonstration he showed his technique by relieving the throbbing pains of a lady who suffered an agonizing nerve disorder of the neck and face and head.

This lady, a desperate Jane Elliot of Wood River, Ill., said, "He stood over me and put his hand above my head. Immediately I felt this tremendous charge of electricity pass through me, like the light bulb into the socket. Then the pain seemed to scatter."

For ten days Dr. Enger treated her, then she was "entirely free of pain."

Oh, the wonder of it! Why isn't everybody in the world as curious and as searching as are we?

Oh Tina
I love thee
And the sacred ancient truths
You've brought to me.

JAY'S JOURNAL

November 28

Today I gave my handmade announcement of our wedding to twenty-six friends. It's going to be a full moon and a clear night (the weatherman says and he's GOT to be right this time for a change). After the debate in the auditorium and the dinner at the Country Club, and the Sweater Fling in the gym, wow! I'm not sure I can stand the wonder of it! Our marriage! Tina has planned all the particulars. She and Meg and Rosalee have been like three sparrows chirping, flying and roosting up and down the halls. Everyone thinks the excitement is about the dance, because all three of them are in student government or some kind of control at school, but anyway, the excitement is about us! Not me and her—myself and her, or however the hell it goes grammatically—in reality we'll be no more *two* but *one*! Oh man, I'm not sure I can stand this much joy. I could kiss a cactus!

November 30

When I found out Tina was having our wedding in the cemetery, by the big tomb, I about died. It was like making a mockery of the whole thing. I knew we'd invited only the kids connected with O and it was to be part of the sacred ancient sacrament but . . . Anyway, it was fantastic! The moon was perfectly round and it wasn't even all that cold. By the single little black candle, which we certainly didn't need for light, we went through the ritual of eternal slavery to each other although I, the male, would always technically be the master. Then we each cut our tongues and let the blood pour into each other's mouths. It was Nirvana. We were one! One blood, one toulca, one being!

Rosalee passed the sacred vial around and we performed the

JAY'S JOURNAL

ritual of extending ourselves to extend others. Bright colors and lightning flashes streaked through the sky. Sometimes the colors exploded like rockets on the Fourth of July, both in and out of our heads.

When the chanting started Martin brought in a teensy mewling kitten. With one twist he wrung its little neck. Instantly we all put forth every gram of power at our command to bring it back to life again, that being the supreme taloa.

I don't know how the others felt but I concentrated until I thought my whole being was going to detonate, then I relaxed . . . calling the cat's karma . . . magnetizing its karma . . . but in vain, we had not yet advanced to that plane.

In a way the stilled kitten ruined the evening. We were progressing—but apparently not far enough to call back the karma of even a kitten that had departed at the same second we strove to bring it back. I ran my hand over its soft little body and felt a tear drip down my face. We had failed! Even during the high time of the consecrated marriage ceremony, we had failed! Someday we would bring spirits into the world through birth, that was an accepted way, but to bring the kitten's spirit back into its own body, before it had hardly had time to leave this sphere of existence had . . . Oh Judas, I'm off into the areas that blow my mind, or is it just that knowing Tina and I are married yet still have to sleep alone in our own beds that is driving me bananas? I'm going crazy. The saber-toothed crotch crickets are leaving their abode, are taking over the whole of my body, inside and out. I am dying, dying for you, Tina! I need you, want you! This is ridiculous, not normal on our wedding night! I can't let myself think about it. Oh sweet sleep, where is thy handmaiden, the sleeping pill?

JAY'S JOURNAL

December 3

I can't believe that Tina and I are married. I see her in the halls and I want to take her right there. I don't care about teachers, friends, classmates, anything. I want her! Want her! Want her! Actually I'm not *that* depraved, but oh Judas, it's bad! Almost worse than before.

Our lives have become one giant INSTEAD OF! Instead of going to assembly we go get it on in Toad. Instead of sports or practice or any extra-curricular activities we're off experimenting, studying, in the occult, sometimes I feel like I'm drowning, being sucked under in some way that I cannot understand, but it's so exciting, so thrilling, so exotically and hypnotically compelling! The mundane is becoming so much more super-mundane . . . school, family, etc. I'm beginning to live for my O experiences. They're more fulling than anything—life, death, drugs, even sex! I couldn't possibly tell Tina that, or does she possibly feel the same way? In a way, I'm almost sure she does!

I've begun to study Sanskrit. Swami means "self mastery in all things," that is where I want to be.

Tina showed me some material during lunch that is fragmenting. We're getting there. The Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas, is aware of some of the powers. They, under the strict supervision of their Voluntary Controls Program research department had Swami Rama leave his ashram in northern India so they could check his mind-body relationships, checking his mind's ability and capacity to regulate his physiological processes, especially those functions usually labeled involuntary or automatic. During the demonstrations Swami Rama stopped his heart for 17 seconds and produced differences of temperature in the palms of his hands at will. The Asians are so ad-

vanced. How long will it take us to learn their High Wisdoms in the simple things? Westerners are so enamored by the pursuit and worship of power and riches that they are unaware or unconcerned about the wonder of the unseen and the unexplored mysteries and truths around them.

December 4

It is so advantageous and stimulating being a man, even in our society. Dell and Brad and I are taking off with Mel for Colorado tomorrow afternoon right after school. Our parents are content thinking we are going skiing for the weekend. Life was just so yuck—nothing—dull today till this came up. Poor Tina is sick because she couldn't manipulate her way into the trip. It must be tough beans being a girl.

I'm as excited as a little kid before his birthday! Will the Bootan really work? I've seen voodoo work, not once but enough times to have accepted it on a proven basis. Now . . . WOW . . . a higher power . . . BOOTAN!

This morning was like the morgue, this afternoon is like starting the circus cycle!

Hurry Friday, come on! Hurry, hurry, hurry Friday! I'm giving up a big debate in Washington for this chance . . . Please, please let it be worth it.

Tonight Dell and Mel and Brad and I sat in the back of his dad's van and talked and marveled. Mel's eighteen. He went up to a Bootan ceremony two years ago. He said it was practiced more then than it is now. In fact, he quoted John Welsh, some kind of biggie in the National Cattlemen's Association, who said that in 1975 and 1976 there were about 3,000 cattle mutilations.

I can't allow myself to think of Bootan as that. It's a force as real as faith and stuff that people understand and accept. Mel says most seekers now use small animals for rites but that cattle are still the supreme gifters, like the hallowed bulls in ancient Egypt. I guess the ancient Egyptians knew many of the sacred secrets that have been lost.

Will tomorrow ever come?

December 7

The whole weekend seems unreal. Driving along pasture roads until Mel found exactly the right bull. Mel's bow with the electric arrow made from a many times increased battery-powered cattle prodder, but with a charge strong enough to stun said bull. Our rushing to the giant beast as he tried to struggle then fell to the ground.

I remember the blood sloshing up into my ears as we raced into the pasture. Dell held the flashlight while Mel made precise little surgical cuts in exactly the right places. He had practiced in the van on a big chart we'd ripped off from the market showing a side of beef. Oh, first we siphoned off the blood from a careful tiny slash in a vein, put it into gobs of gallon jars we'd ripped off from the A&W and the caterers, trying not to spill a drop. It would be used as part of a ritual when we returned home. Mel, like a surgeon, cut out the eyes, tongue and balls. Then we had to go for another animal. Taking all the parts from one would lessen the power they retained. Each organ was immediately sealed in a fruit jar, and whisked off to the van. That kept me and Brad jumping. Besides, the bull smelled like nothing I'd ever smelled before and made strange gurgling sounds in his throat and belly even though he was dead. It was bad enough

to see the eyes and balls in jars. I don't know how Dell managed to watch Mel do it. Actually none of it really seemed *real!*

We were half way through before I was even aware that all the cattle that had drifted away from us were mooing and making other strange noises that I didn't know cows made. It was spooky and I wanted to get the hell out of there. When Mel finished and we sprinted across the field with the last of our stuff, I wondered if anyone would ever suspect we had been there. Mel had had his knives so sharp they had gone through the cow's hide almost without effort and each cut had been so clean and almost bloodless that I had been amazed. A few flies on the cuts and no one would ever know what had happened except that parts were missing and that jars and jars of blood had disappeared.

In the van, Mel and I sat in the back while Dell bounced back towards the highway with his lights off, all of us grateful for the big clear moon. Even with its light, however, we hit chuck holes and rocks, without it we might have high centered at any point and found ourselves in a mess I don't know how the hell we would have gotten out of. After we'd been on the highway for about half an hour Mel had Dell pull over and we added anticoagulant something to the blood and parts. It was important, Mel said, to keep them as exact as possible. *I couldn't wait!* Kept wondering if Bootan really would work! The excitement was intoxicating!

After about another hour of driving we took off on a second side road and started looking for a cow that came up to all Mel's requirements. It didn't take long to find one and soon we had downed it and slit its vein also, the tiniest little incision. This time each of us took turns drinking the warm blood directly

from the female animal. It was hard to get down because it came out in such great spurts, and was so hot, so much hotter than I had expected, or maybe it was me. Again we drained the blood, this time not so carefully, and took a few parts, Mel having informed us that all living things are composed of both female and male whatevers.

It was a relief when we got back on the highway and started heading towards home. Mel wouldn't even let us stop to piss, though, and the excitement had about exploded our bladders.

All four of us squeezed up in the front area and Mel told us how ranchers from at least twenty-two states had reported cattle mutilations. Man, O must be even bigger than *I* thought! Brad, who was driving, slowed down when Mel added that various rural groups had gone together and put rewards up, some as high as \$25,000.

The blood we had drunk was supposed to have given us the strength of the animal and at that time I'm sure if we had stopped we could have lifted the van. We felt like T.V. or comic strip supermen. Dell wanted to try but I guess we were all more afraid of getting caught than we were anxious to test our powers.

So we started reading each other's thoughts. It was amazing how accurate we were. I wonder if the foreign substance in our bodies had anything to do with that. After a while we all had to stop and throw up. Then it was gone, all of the excitement as well as the strength. We were just a bunch of bitching young turkey tails, mad about everything and wanting the hell to get home to nice soft warm beds and some decent food.

We drove right past the ski resort turn-off and into a motel just three hours from home. I was bushed and it seemed like such a damned stupid thing to have done, wasted all that meat,

JAY'S JOURNAL

drunk gobs of blood, which just made us throw up, and . . . oh shit . . . the whole thing was a bummer. How did I ever get sucked into this weirdo sick kind of thinking. It doesn't have anything to do with mind control and expansion, it was just the old fashioned, superstitious, stupid, childish kind of stupid thing the world hates and suspects about cults, and rightly so. We were just four asshole kids looking for excitement—any kookie, hair-brained thing to explode the boring, boring, boring every-dayness of average life.

FLESH IS CHEAP!

God, what's got into me?

December 8

All 13 of us cut school this afternoon and went up the canyon to Dell's uncle's cabin. We had stashed the blood and things in the cemetery shed on our way home, now we had to sneak them out into our cars. It was unbelievable! Tina coming out with two gallon jars of blood under her coat and trying to look nonchalant. We laughed ourselves silly on the way up. She looked pregnant with the jars and if she had dropped them, people would have thought she was having the bloodiest miscarriage ever. Eight quarts of blood in a person her tiny size? Would wonders never cease? And her still strutting on down the street, looking as robust as ever after the big loss.

I tried to take the whole thing lightly until we had all the drapes drawn in the cabin and rugs and stuff pinned up over every opening that let in the barest amount of light. It was going to be like a club initiation I told myself . . . dumb but not

JAY'S JOURNAL

dangerous . . . I didn't know then about Tina's and Mel's intensity, their insistence and seriousness.

I tried to pass when Tina offered the little vial of blood, having thrown it up once made me cringe. But Tina and Mel both had their little black books out, white writing on black paper, and they demanded that each thing had to be done with precision and exactness. Dell and Brad sitting next to me gagged when they took their tastes, but at least it was just a sip this time and not the spurt spurt spurting cupsful of hot stuff directly from the smelly pulsating cow.

Minutes after accepting the offering my eyes began to roll around in my head and a new kind of lightness lifted up my body. I wanted to accuse Tina and Mel of mixing some of their crazy berry or herb concoctions with the blood but the nice easy feeling told me I really didn't care anymore.

After we, through our vibrations, had changed the hands on the clock, levitated some material things, started fires strictly by mental friction, and done a few other little exercises in control, the animal parts were placed before us, and one by one we consecrated and consumed a bit of the part which we wanted to intensify in ourselves, declaring in return dedication for the rest of our existence to the pursuit of greater knowledge about greater things.

When we first got to the cabin Mel had gone out to the pump house and turned on the water and then the heater, now through a hazy mist I saw why. All the blood was dumped into the tub and one by one we were baptized in it, washing the sins and imperfections of our pre-O life away! Our heads were anointed with a few drops of the urine we had milked out of the bull's dingy as he was laying there. Actually it had been just dribbling

JAY'S JOURNAL

out, as was his feces, which I remember had amazed me at the time.

After the blood bath the person moved to the shower and was again anointed and cleansed from aroba, or the influences of the outsiders.

What amazes me most of all, as I look back, is that I wasn't repelled by all the ghouliness, but rather intrigued, at least a part of me was intrigued, the other part was fighting like a scared cat with turpentine up his ass.

Tina insists that O is against drugs. She says we just use natural herbs to enlighten our minds and intensify our auwas, but that's a pile of B.S.

I was stoned crackers. I would have to have been to have taken part in any of that crazy nightmare movie madness.

After we'd cleaned up every drop of blood from the bathroom, like slow-motioned zombies, going through slow-motioned zombie motions, Tina passed us another "potion." Again part of me tried to fight her off but I couldn't! It was like I'd been given sodium pentathol or something. I couldn't stop myself from saying and doing things I didn't want to say and do. I couldn't hold back! I remember feeling like a prisoner of war or something, that they had taken my will away.

I fought until I literally could fight no longer and fell weeping to the floor. Instantly I felt my spirit drifting out of my body. From this stranger outer position, in midair, close to the ceiling, I watched my body sit there, perform functions, repeat astramatas. I could not control it!

I wondered if Brad and Dell's spirits had left their earthly tabernacles too—if they had I couldn't see them.

It was kind of a nice feeling until I heard the group begin to

JAY'S JOURNAL

chant together. I didn't know what they were saying, it was new, but I desperately wanted to get back into my body, control it, protect it, make it behave, think right, talk right, do right! Stop saying those crazy things, other world things I didn't understand, didn't like! I was afraid! Not just kid-scared but desperately, sickeningly terror strickenly afraid! Again I fought with all my might to reenter but however I had gotten out would not let me in, something else—someone else—had taken over. MY BODY . . . ME! I wanted to scream, tried to scream, but no audible sound came out. However *my* body was speaking! Saying things I would not have said. Could never have forced myself to say!

Our Father which art in Hell
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdome come, thy will be done
On earth as it is in Hell
Give us this day . . .

I could not stand it and left the room, huddling behind the wheel of Toad begging him to help me, bring me back to sanity and reality. Then worried that something I *could control* would happen to my body I went right through the wall and back into the cabin. Each member was dedicating their soul to a strange flickering orange kind of light on a piece of metal in front of the fireplace. It wasn't like fire or a flame, it was like nothing I had seen before, condensed power or something conducting waves . . . anyway Brad, who had never been the school's greatest athlete, or student either for that matter, put his first finger to his temple and said he would dedicate his auwa if he could be the school's top basketball star. I tried desperately to stop

him but it was like he couldn't even feel my clutching and clawing.

Next Dell struggled to his feet in a slow-motioned manner. He too put his pointer finger to his right temple. I tried with every bit of power I had to pull it away, but without my body I couldn't! Dell mumbled that if he could have money he too would dedicate his auwa.

I tried to get to the flame, blow it out, smash it out, cover it with my, whatever was left of me, but some unseen black power held me back. Literally and absolutely bound me. My arms and legs were pinioned to my sides.

Defeatedly I began to cry. As I wept I saw some tears running down the face of my body, even though it was still occupied by something else and I could not enter.

After what seemed like an eternity, with everyone committing themselves to whatever evil force pervaded the area I felt a tremendous surge of pain and found that I was once more in my body, which somehow in some way seemed foreign to me. It, without my permission or favor, had dedicated itself to some mysterious black force for—I couldn't remember what—that part had been blacked out. How strange, when I remembered the rest so well. Was I blocking it out myself because I just didn't want to remember? Was anything too vicious and degrading and degenerate for these forces? Vaguely I recalled someone bringing two Great Danes into the house just as Tina and I had been leaving after I had abused her. Were the people and the dogs? . . . They would have done anything! I remember having felt the same feelings there as I felt at the cabin . . . The same strange vibrations . . . The blackness, the smells. I won't, I can't let myself think about it!

December 11

I haven't felt well. I've gone to school and worked my few hours but I simply haven't the energy for anything else. It's like my body's wasted, for good and eternally wasted. Man, if something doesn't happen soon to get me upped I'm going to have to see a doctor or a shrink. The bummer keeps bumping by and by and by!

Each day I feel worse. Tina wants to use her powers to heal me but I won't let her, and I won't use them for myself. I'd rather be sick! She conducted the forum today and seems even brighter and more bubbly than ever—but me . . . old man me, I'm suffering from nightmaritis. Chronic nightmaritis! Did they? Did someone take over my body? Can they do it again?

December 13

This is a miracle. Can one call an O power a miracle? Today Brad, who couldn't make a basket when he had free throws, couldn't miss! He scored twelve points in one game, more than he's scored in the whole season. What a coincidence! Or was it? Dear God, it had to be!

December 14

Brad and Dell and I are like three little kids, lost in the deepest part of the dark and scary woods. We don't want to talk about O and we can't think about anything else. All the chicks in the area plus the coach are treating Brad like an idol, but like he says, the thing he thought would make him the happiest person in the world isn't making him happy.

December 15

Tina came over and sneaked through my window and into bed with me but I couldn't get it on. I didn't even want to. It's like I'm not me anymore. Like I'm two people in one body . . . fighting, struggling for dominance. Oh hell, won't morning ever come? The darkness is my enemy. All evil lurks inside and hides it so I cannot see. But it sees me.

December 18

Things are going from worse to impossible. I'm fighting a losing battle with . . . whatever. Tina and Mel are planning a big anoua for December 24 but *I will not be a part of it!* I told her I wouldn't and she just smiled.

December 19

Brad won another basketball game by thirteen points! He hated it!

December 20

Dell's old aunt in Las Vegas sent his Christmas present early. Can you believe everything she owns to him? Her car, practically new, a \$13,000 bank account so he can go to college, plus the old L.V. house clear. In a few years the land alone will be worth a fortune. It's only one block from The Strip. She's had three heart attacks in two days and her doctor says she has no chance at all to recover. Another coincidence? Strange but, I insist, possible!

2:13 A.M.

There is something . . . someone in this room. I can feel it. I can smell it. I cannot see it, only the aura that emanates from it. It's black and murky yellowish-green. Oh God, please make it go away.

3:49 A.M.

It's still here. Will it never go away?

December 21

Brad and Dell and I sat up all night and talked. We declared we had to get ourselves put together. We're going to chuck O completely! Once and for all! Get out! It's got us all so screwed-up we don't know reality from unreality anymore. Brad and Dell have both felt foul presences in their rooms too, even though we now, all three, are sleeping with our lights on like little scared kids.

4 A.M.

Won't it ever get daylight? Won't this thing ever ever go away? It stands in the corner by my desk and stares at me. I can't see it completely but I can feel its glare. Once I reached out to grab it, and saw its hand, just like mine only of a darker, not so dense, matter, lash back. I felt nothing, which is strange because I know it can restrain me! Dell says the beings who sometimes surround him are always laughing: silently, goadingly, knowing-something-that-he-doesn't-know, laughing.

JAY'S JOURNAL

I dare not go to sleep.
I dare not ask the Lord my soul to keep.
No matter what the results—I am out!

December 22, NITE

Well, I cried today. Tina is going out with some bastard from Fairfax (God, what a hick). Man, sitting talking to her on the phone and my mind so shattered. Oh shit, this is going to be one fucked-up weekend.

Yes, I cried today. It seems so much like the beginning of the end. I would attempt to discourage this beginning but it's her show too. The empty feeling inside is like a silent earthquake, a hush a boom hydrogen bomb. Why oh why does it seem like my whole insides are making the transition from whole to part? She's part of me, I love her. I made the investment of my heart but the love market is down. I'm losing, going down, she kept me afloat but I'm beginning to sink. Why in God's name do I love her . . .

(How ironic, tonight I spent ten dollars on her Christmas present.)

December 23

I just read yesterday's "everybody feel sorry for me" bullshit and I think it's about time I changed the name of that tune. Man, my ass has been dragging for so long I've almost forgot how to get it off the ground. I've just simply got to pull my head out and start doing something constructive from the inside out. It's like now I'm building from the outside in, and it's not working.

JAY'S JOURNAL

I imagine it's something like a carpenter trying to build a house with the roof and the exterior first. It just can't be done! Much as it craps me I guess I've got to start conforming a little more, building on the good old proven things, stop being so afraid I'm going to let somebody else be right, or smart, or have an idea of their own. Anyway, right here—right now—all the never-never land, make-believe, magic, witchcraft bullshit is going to be flushed down the crapper where it belongs. I'm going back to the good old proven dependable, you-can-count-on-it concepts.

Now, today, this minute, is the time to get my life back in order. I've been screwing up long enough. I'm going to get my priorities all straightened out. Nobody controls my mind but me! Nobody is responsible for my half-assed thinking and actions but me! Nobody can set forth general characteristics, interests and goals *for me* except me! So here goes nothing . . . and everything . . .

December 24

DEAR GOD:

How nice to wake and find—
You've given me a brand-new day,
Which I can use in any way.
I lie here in *my* soft warm bed,
My pillow underneath *my* head.
The world is mine. Your gift to me,
THIS DAY IS MINE, and I am free—
Dear God, what will I make it be?
A thing of love, of joy and care?
Something wonderful and fair?

That tonight, as the sun is sinking low
 I can, with special inner glow,
 All unashamed, and filled with glee
 Present more proudly back to thee.
 Dear God, this I hope I can do!
 For me!—and you.

Christmas Eve

Family, Brad and Dell, life is looking up after all the blackness. Brad and Dell are so understanding about how I feel. They keep telling me I'll get over Tina like I got over Debbie, but that was different. It's like I'm only part of a person without Tina . . . without . . . that's stupid! And I won't let myself think that way —won't let her or anything else control me!

I bought a neat digital watch for Kendall and a turquoise ring for Chad and a catcher's mitt. For mom I bought her favorite perfume which she always says is too expensive and makes her feel like she's being extravagant. I love making her feel extravagant and special. She is special! She is the most special mom in the whole world! And dad, nothing material in life could ever represent in the slightest his worth to me, but anyway I bought him a fishing pole.

And Brad and Dell, we opened our presents tonight in my room. I'm so lucky to have two such wonderful, all through my lifetime, forever after, friends. I'm glad I've got money so I can buy them nice things, not that I'm trying to buy their friendship or their love, just that I'm trying to tell them how important they are in my life . . . in my eternity . . .

Man, I've got a headache! Like someone's in there pounding

to get out or someone's out here pounding to get in. Oh Judas, why did I have to think of that? And ruin my whole night.

December 25

Brad and Dell and I went to church together. We partook of the Sacrament and rededicated ourselves to things we understand and, deep down inside, always have believed in and respected.

We were all three sick to our stomachs and headachey and hurting all over but that's probably because we didn't get any sleep last night and we've been eating Christmas goodies and junk for the past few days, or maybe we're coming down with the flu.

Hail the Christ child!

Everybody knows what I'm aiming for. Everybody knows why I'm here.

I'm lookin' for a place to hide and boy I'm gettin' near.

The girl that moved me left. I'm here alone, above the clouds, below the rain

It's such a shame I love her. The reasons were simple yes, and no answers to questions of freedom and loneliness. My caress could not find her or bind her

She's gone

Out of the dream of a lasting time

She changed her mind and said that no one knows what she must be. Leave her be.

A ransom of happiness the price to pay

I heard her say. She's gone.

2:43 A.M.

I've never been in a more scary winter storm. Usually I love the snow and the wind, tonight it's lethal.

I wish I thought that I had lost my mind, but I know I have not! The experiences I am living through are real. They are not flashbacks of a drug-sodden mind. Oh Judas, how I wish they were!!!!

About an hour ago I got up because I could feel that someone was staring at me. I got up and tried to turn on all the lights in the room but they wouldn't work—only the small light that I am afraid to sleep without remained glowing. I flopped onto my knees to pray but the staring entity, with a cosmic-consciousness type of power stopped me.

Breathing heavily I forced myself to look up. Across the bed from me was a person, I swear by all the Bibles in the world! He was real! As real as I am real! His skin was more gray than mine, like more refined matter, where did I hear that? But other than that he is just like me. Probably in his late twenties, good looking, sharp and thin, wearing a gray kind of tight-fitting jump suit thing. Our whole conversation remains seared upon my mind word for word:

"Hello again Jay."

"Who are you?"

"I'm Raul."

"What do you want?"

"You know," he smiled, a most knowing frightening little mouth twist.

"But you're not real."

"I'm not?"

I pulled away, having to know but not really wanting to ask, "W... Who are you?" I whispered hoarsely.

He folded his arms across his chest and in a mocking way stated matter of factly, "Remember the third of the host of heaven that were cast out without bodies?"

I nodded weakly, wanting more than anything in the world for the whole thing to be a bad dream but knowing beyond a shadow of a doubt that it was not.

"Wh... what do you want?"

He grinned, "Would you believe . . . your young virile bod?"

I buried my head in the covers, cutting my cheek on the belt buckle I had left on the bed. "Our father . . . our father . . ." I tried to pray, but it was like mental arm-wrestling, Raul's pressure against mine, and me from the beginning knowing, somewhere in the back of my mind, that *he* would win. He had a wedge in somewhere, like his foot in the doorway of my mind and try as I would I couldn't get it out.

"There's no way I'm going to let you . . ." I mumbled.

He interrupted, "You already have!"

"No."

He reached over and ran his fingers through my hair. I cringed.

"Not once," he hesitated, "but twice."

I remembered both times and whimpered, "But no more! I swear no more!" Raul laughed aloud, "Want to bet?"

There was something shockingly unreal about Raul talking like just anybody, dressing like just anybody, looking so . . . ordinary and unstrange. Evil spirits . . . devils, looked . . . always in horror movies they looked . . .

JAY'S JOURNAL

"How?" he asked, reading my mind.

I shrugged.

"Feeling more relaxed now you've accepted who I am?" he asked.

I panted, "I guess so." But I was cold! All the way through my body frozen cold!

"Not so scared?"

I took a deep breath. "It's so unreal. . . . I can't believe" My teeth chattered so much I couldn't finish the sentence.

Raul sat down at my desk like he owned it, "Why?"

"I don't know."

"You've always known we existed."

"Yes . . . and no . . . I . . ."

"You mean you didn't want to believe!"

"Maybe."

Raul looked grim, "How did you feel when *you* didn't have a body?"

I gritted my teeth, hugged myself and tried to draw my head and arms and legs into myself like a turtle.

"You wanted a body desperately, just like I want one, didn't you?"

I started crying, yelling inwardly for dad to come help me.

Raul got uncomfortable, "Stop that!"

I blubbered, "Dad, dad, I want you, need you!"

Raul growled and swung at me. I felt nothing.

Somewhere during our conversation I had heard Hamlet, Kendall's cat, making the ugly weird sounds he makes only when he's in heat or fighting. As the sounds came closer to my room Raul disappeared.

Not wanting to awaken the family, not feeling that I could handle any more at this point, I ran out into the dark hall to get

JAY'S JOURNAL

Hamlet and let him out. He hissed, jumped at me, and I could tell from the look in his eyes that Raul had taken over his body.

I wanted to scream, run, jump in bed with my parents, or get the boy scout hatchet and hack the cat into little bits, but what good would that do?

Feeling I was suffocating and being overwhelmed by the stench Raul had left to permeate the house, I ran to the front door.

As Hamlet shot off through the dark, mom, dad, Kendall and Chad all came running down the hall.

"What's that awful smell?" Mom asked.

"If you let that damn cat go stinky in the house again," Dad threatened.

"It's not *my* cat," I screamed, relieved at being able to dare scream.

"It smells worse than the time we went past the oil refinery," Kendall said, holding his nose.

Chad ran over and clung to dad's legs. "I'm scared. I had a dad bream," he said, mixing up his letters the way he had when he was very little.

Kendall went closer to mom, "Me too . . ."

Dad put one arm around mom and one around me, "Strange," he whispered, "so did I."

I could feel mom shaking but she tried to be light, "Crazy family, having community nightmares. Even Hamlet is screaming out in the lilac hedge."

She led us all into the kitchen for hot chocolate.

Oh dear God, how I do wish it had all been a nightmare!

I've got to make myself talk to dad about it, but not tonight . . . not tonight . . .

December 29

I was so happy the day after Christmas when we left to go see Aunt Laura in Phoenix. I had wanted to get away! I had to get away from—mainly Raul—and his cohorts—more than I'd ever wanted anything in my life.

Now to come home to this! Brad dead! I still can't believe it! I won't believe it!

Brad was just peacefully driving out of the Blue Moo when the dumb truck turned the corner and, running with its left front wheel on the high curb, crashed over the hood of his car. Dell said the bumper hit him directly on the right *temple* like a giant hammer, killing him instantly. Why there? It's so awful. It's so useless. Such a coincidence. Brad, 16½, barely starting in life.

I didn't even get to pay my last respects or go to his funeral. Maybe that's a good thing. I would have cried like a baby, made an ass out of myself, embarrassed his family . . . Oh God, I wish I knew what happened to him—especially him, after death.

Cub Scout together, we
Three
In kindergarten and
In grade, and Junior High and High
How dare you die
And leave me here
In fear,
Of all the great unknown
Alone.
You know the answers now,
No problems, intrigues,
Stress or strife.

I miss you so! I loved you so!
But love you more in death
Than life.

11:27 P.M.

Dell came over and spent the night. I wonder if anyone else in the whole world knows how we feel? The loneliness, the love . . . the guilt! Oh dear God, we're both so confused. We curled up in each other's arms on my bean bag and cried like we did the time we got stranded on the broken ledge when we were about seven. Bawling, bawling, bawling, no way out until morning came. I remember the howl of coyotes back somewhere in the hills, and the darkness . . . the terrible, awful, consuming, engulfing darkness. That same darkness is with us now, but this time it's like it's inside. Even keeping on the light all night doesn't get rid of it.

Tina told Dell at the funeral that Brad had known he couldn't get out. That no one can get out once they've dedicated themselves. But we were not responsible even if it is real. We were all stoned! Tina and Mel had given us . . . whatever . . . mixed with that blood and . . . oh dear God, it's too awful.

Dell is lying at the foot of my bed in his sleeping bag, slumbering fitfully. Oh God, what have we done with our shining birthrights and heritages?

Before we tried to sleep (he made it, I haven't obviously), I got out my trusty Bible and we took turns reading in the New Testament. It's so beautiful and peaceful. I especially like Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Dell and Brad and I studied those four books in seminary one semester. How kind and gentle and good those men were. How they loved Jesus and tried to follow

JAY'S JOURNAL

his teachings. They cast out evil spirits too. That wasn't unusual in those times. Maybe that's what Dell and I need, and maybe we shouldn't wait too long. Oh Judas, I wish I dared talk to my dad about it. He'd know! I wish I dared go right up in his bedroom now and ask him to come down here and talk to us. He would! But would he, could he understand? I don't want to hurt him anymore. Maybe we should talk to someone else. Our seminary teacher, the Bishop. I'll talk to Dell about it in the morning. It's just a matter of *who* to talk to now, and I feel better.

December 30

I tried to talk to the Bishop, actually made an appointment, then chickened out. When Dad and Uncle John asked Dell and me if we wanted to go cross country skiing with them for the day to try and get our minds off Brad's death, I called and cancelled saying my problem wasn't serious. Actually, I do think things are getting better. Basically, Dell and I just need time to clear our heads, get things together, get back our strength. The shock of Brad's death was too much! But at least it made us see how far off the track we were.

The skiing was fantastic. Powder snow floating out behind us like wings. The sky was so blue and clear it made the pine trees seem an unearthly different shade of green, and when we stopped and dad made a fire and cooked our meal it was . . . Oh Judas, why didn't we have more fun? Why couldn't it have been like old times? Everything's beginning to bug me—school, the folks, forever tending kids. I'll be glad when school starts again. Man, I'm uptight!

Hmmm. It seems as though there are a lot of repetitions of

JAY'S JOURNAL

ideas in this here "book" of mine. They are important so no harm in it.

I'm all alone today with something on my mind.
I'm searching for someone, a person I can't find.
Just thinking back to times, that person I could see
Just wondering if all that time that person could see me.

It seems like I should have better things to do than sit around and watch a bunch a shitty kids. The minute I turn my back they screw up and my mind breaks. I get blamed for it.

January 4

How gray the day. One nightmare on top of another. Bondage . . . psychological bondage! Fear so near . . . Raul so close.

Mom coming in and saying Dell's Aunt Dicey called and told her *Dell is dead! First Brad . . . Now Dell . . .* my heart is warped.

No, no
I will not let you go
Till I go too
Then we will be
Again, the three.
Say Hi, to Brad
And take him by the hand
He'll understand
That soon we'll be
Again the three

Oh dear God, how can I be so morbid? It's just another of

JAY'S JOURNAL

Kendall's coincidences. Mom said, with tears streaming down her face and overflowing from her soul, that it was! I know she loved Brad and Dell almost as much as I did. She baked us cookies and homemade bread and jam, and special cakes when birthdays came around. Oh death . . . how sad the sound.

Only last night Dell said that he was going to the Bishop Sunday. That nothing, absolutely nothing, could stop him—even me! Then we cried and I promised I would not try to stop him, but I would help him, encourage him. . . . MAKE HIM GO! Now it's too late!

Of course it was a coincidence!

Larry called and gave me the details. Dell's car stalled on the Freeway just off the Twenty-third Street ramp for some dumb reason. He started walking back to Stabley's Gas 'n' Go to get Myron or Jake to come help him. Just at the foot of the ramp he got some gravel in his shoe and sat down on the shoulder to shake it out.

A carful of kids from school were pulling off the ramp, not going fast or stoned or drunk or anything, and as they pulled off, Kyle, who was driving, told Larry it was just like someone grabbed the wheel of the car out of his hands and swung it to the right. Larry in the back could see the car swerving directly towards Dell. Kyle started pulling and pulling and the kids started screaming but Dell's head was down and the bumper hit him guess where? *Directly on the right temple . . . just like Brad!* Oh dear God, I can't bear the pain! I can't!

Kyle just phoned. He's so broken up he could hardly talk but he knew how close Dell and I were and he wanted me to hear his side of the story and know how sorry he was. I felt better just sympathizing with him and trying to make him feel better. He's coming over after a while and we're going down together

JAY'S JOURNAL

to the mortuary to see Dell's body if they'll let us and where the accident happened and everything. Kyle said he didn't know if he could ever drive his car again, so I'm going to pick him up.

MIDNIGHT

I am soooooo tired! How can emotional shocks make you so physically tired?

They wouldn't let Kyle and me see Dell's body at the mortuary but we went by and saw his folks and cried and talked with them for a while. Man, they're taking it good. They loved him so much, and thought he was such a good kid. I'm glad they don't know. I'm *really glad!*

Kyle told me he didn't think he'd ever sleep again, that he'd always be dreaming he was trying to wrestle his car back onto the road, away from Dell, just innocently sitting there emptying the stones out of his shoe.

Kyle said everyone felt the steering mechanism had malfunctioned but *he knew it hadn't!* Jim Kroller at the garage had checked it over minutely directly afterwards and there was not one damn thing wrong! I wanted like hell to explain to Kyle about Raul and the forces and the third of the hosts and everything, just so he would feel better and less personally guilty, but how could I? I certainly don't want him mixed up in that garbage shit. Maybe in time he can forget and forgive himself. Will I ever be able to?

January 5

Dell in his casket looked like he was asleep. They had turned his head so the right side didn't show. Oh the gruesomeness of it! When I looked at that body I could again see him putting

his pointer finger to his right temple and declaring with his life that he would dedicate himself to . . . I can't even write it . . . I went to the men's room and puked and puked and puked, everything I'd eaten for days and then some, and it was red, like blood. Most likely I had broken a little blood vessel in my stomach or throat with my wretching, or was it part of the rituals? Part of the mutilation ceremony? Part of the driving me crazy bit? Is that my price to pay? Will institutionalization be my end?

Dear God, will I ever be the same again, or sane? Will I be next? Anyway, *I will not go back on Dell and Brad!* My eternal friends. *No matter what I will not!* Even though Raul and his pack are now really getting to me. It's becoming harder each day because Raul likes different music than I do, different food, pornography. Oh Judas, I hate him so! With a kind of hate I've never known before.

January 10

Tina is being so kind and friendly to me it's hard to keep away from her; she brought me chocolate chip cookies and a batch of fudge. Also a note saying how badly she felt and vowing her love forever but . . . I guess I'm going bananas but I really feel that she is Brad and Dell's enemy, even in death. That's sick—sick and paranoid and dumb! But it's still the way I feel.

January 13

I can't understand how things can go on in school as they always have, and at home, and work. How Tina can race up and down the halls laughing and joking. How she can preside at student

government meetings and assemblies and be a princess at the games and parties and stuff. It's like nothing had ever happened, like Brad and Dell's lives made only holes in water that soon filled up for everybody but me. Like she and the others don't do the crazy things I know they do, after hours.

11:47 P.M.

Next month we're having another debate in Canada, man I hope I can get my shit together. Last time it was so neat, and I've got to prepare for the one in Mexico in the spring. I've *got* to make that one, but I feel so low, so draggy. Life must go on! Without Brad and Dell? With Raul? Why?

January 14

Tina and I had lunch together. She said she was really worried about me and tried to get me to start coming to their O meetings again. I said, *no way!* She insists, lots of new fun people are coming in and they've found some wonderfully advanced phenomena meanings that would fascinate me. But I don't want to be fascinated anymore. Tina even promised she'd go with me to see Dr. Peters, the head of the psychiatric department at the university so we could find out who we could present the facts we've already gathered to. She said *that* was the least I could do in Brad and Dell's memory. I don't know, I'm so confused and down.

Then she asked me what in hell *would* make me feel better. Trying to force myself to be light I said, if I could have the lead in the play, "Barefoot in the Park." Hell, they've already cast and are into rehearsals.

JAY'S JOURNAL

Tina laughed, pecked me on the cheek, like in the old days, and skipped off down the hall. I wonder if I'll ever feel that way again? Skipping? Laughing? Right now it's like I'm alone and carrying the burdens of the world. Without Brad and Dell's help those burdens are *so heavy!*

January 15

Mr. Jensen, head of the drama department, called tonight and asked me if I'd take over the Robert Redford part in "Barefoot in the Park." We were at the dinner table and mom and dad said I turned white as a sheet. Mr. J. said Ty Turner, who had the part, had had his appendix rupture during the night. My blood ran cold. I could just see Tina and her bunch practicing black witchcraft . . . voodoo . . . mambo . . . on Ty. It was a real principle! It could happen! I'd seen it work! But she'd promised me she'd stay out of black stuff. She'd promised.

Why had she done it? She'd already traded me in on the nose picker from Texburg, who was supposed to be such a big . . . whatever . . . I can't even remember what they call male witches anymore. My mind just isn't working like it used to. Oh, Warlock . . .

January 18

I've been reading in the *World Book* about witchcraft. It says from earliest times people have believed in witches by one name or another. Most people no longer believe in witchcraft. But some primitive persons (primitive persons? Tina says 1 percent of all high school kids!) cling to their belief in evil, mysterious

JAY'S JOURNAL

powers. Such persons believe that accidents may be caused by an individual who has these mystic powers. They believe that a person who practices witchcraft calls upon spirits or demons to rise up and hurt his or her enemies.

The *Book of Knowledge* states that formerly people "thought that the world was divided into a kingdom of good and a kingdom of evil." It is! Oh, if all human beings would only accept the fact that it is! They would keep themselves from *so much hurt and pain!* Like me . . . I'm lost, in limbo . . . I don't want to go down, and I don't seem to be able to go up. It's so physically and emotionally and spiritually painful. Raul now comes and goes at will, even when I'm around others. Kendall and Chad both can feel him, although they can't see him. I can tell by the look in their eyes when he's around. And Hamlet . . . Hamlet always loved to sleep at the foot of my bed when I'd let him. Now he won't stay in the same room with me, doesn't even like to come in the house when I'm there.

I keep remembering the parable of Christ commanding the evil spirits to leave the man and how they went into the swine. Hamlet knows!

I still haven't worked up the guts to talk to dad or the Bishop, but I'm going to. I AM GOING TO!

January 19

The parents are really leaning on me—mad because I didn't take the "Barefoot in the Park" part, mad that I chickened out of the last debate, mad I wouldn't turn in my essay, mad that I won't . . . can't . . . go to church, mad that I spend so much time in my room . . .

Mom gave me a list of things to do and I can't force myself to get past the first two. I'm being driven out of my mind, out of my own body!

HOW ... HOW ... GOD, HOW CAN I EVER GET BACK?

The list—number three, get hair cut. Get hair . . . on that body that no longer belongs to me . . . cut. There's no one inside!

January 22

Tonight I was so lonely for Dell and Brad. I took Chad for a ride in Toad then stopped at 31-Flavors and bought him a double decker of his favorite pralines and cream ice cream. I needed his love and warmth and companionship and I tried to be light and talk about fun things we'd done in our family in the past. But even he can feel Raul . . . who is more and more often with me . . .

When we got home I invited Chad into my room to sit together with me in my bean chair while we played checkers. He used to love that, but tonight he pulled away and looking me straight in the eyes in his honest innocent little way, he said, "You're not Jay anymore . . . You don't look like Jay . . . You don't smell like Jay . . . You don't act like Jay." He stared at me intently for a minute and then kind of whimpered, "Who are you?" Afraid of the tone of his own voice, he ran from the room slamming the door behind him.

Sweet little Chaddy, that was so unlike him, but in his child-like purity and incorruption he knows . . . Chaddy alone knows . . . that I no longer control my own destiny, own my own body, I am no longer captain of my ship, no longer master of my soul.

10:49 P.M.

Tomorrow I must, I WILL call the Bishop. I wish it were not so late and I'd do it tonight.

1977, Year of Our Lord

Dear world, I don't want to get my hair cut, I don't want to tend kids, I don't want to not see Tina at school Monday. I don't want to do my biology assignment or English or history or anything. I don't want to be sad or lonely or depressed anymore, and I don't want to eat, drink, eliminate, breathe, talk, sleep, move, feel or live anymore.

Tina, it's not your fault. Mom and Dad, it's not your fault.

I'm not free, I feel ill, and I'm sad and I'm lonely

One last request—all my worldly possessions go to Debbie as my wedding present.