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Gas Lamps

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Dear Diary,

I have discovered less than I thought I was going to. I now have more questions than answers. I know my female self. It is very obvious to me who I am. But the masculine side, it really eludes me. I am trying to bridge the gap, crawl under the fence, to the other side where there isn't a divide. The Runner seems to be the guy that I identify with the most. Recently, I have grown to understand he is not only running away from things, but he is also running to something. In the process he gets pretty beat up.

Poor Runner, he is just one of the characters in my story. In my brain, if I don't understand something, it orbits through every channel in my mind on repeat, such redundancy. My past relationship lasted nearly thirty years; it's pretty epic. I feel like I have been released from a time capsule. Dating, the mistakes that I have made. I used to think that I knew a lot, and I would answer a lot of my own questions. In order to defuse that bomb, removing my self from the role of the ultimate answer-er, I started writing dialogues about what I thought the men in my life might say to each other. I also research extensively about masculinity and femininity, dating, love, biology, what a healthy relationship might look like.

I also have secret letters, so many letters, written but never sent. I copy all of these things and put them in a book. I'm not certainly hiding them, but I don't share them either. Well, except for sometimes. I really want to find some semblance of truth and the only way to do that is to share. Sometimes with real people, but then there are the characters. They are real and tangible. They make me cry. They also make me laugh. Reality seems very difficult; nothing as it seems. My world of unreality manifests itself through copies of copies. The characters are three dimensional forms that, through chicken wire, burlap, and all of the other stuff that I use, show me sides of themselves that, I otherwise, can not sort out. I am ultimately trying to discover who my masculine form is. I feel like it hides within me, and that I am only just learning of its existence.

...And "Gas Lighting". When a gas light is turned on, it effects the fate of all of the others. They remind me of aspects of self and relationships; two poles, female and male. There are many different factors and characteristics within those aspects. It is literally crazy making. We are effected by the people around us, obviously. Poor Dad, he always hid in that a cigarette suit. He was vulnerable and afraid. He was kind and mean. Smoke and mirrors.

CAST of CHARACTERS:

SELF: I am the only woman. (I can only communicate with the narrator, however, I am aware of all of the conversations and can comment regarding them. They are not aware of this.)

THE NARRATOR : He knows all and can communicate with all.

THE ARCHETYPES: These characters symbolize universality.

MALE CHARACTERS: These include friends, family, relationships (and enemies?).

Maybe there is a woman who has sound advice too. Would the narrator speak for her too? I feel that it is almost time to make that personality. Not yet, though. I still don't understand enough.