

## Part I

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The insanity and the old age were unplanned for.

Nobody is telling me I'm mentally ill. I alone know it.

The most basic, elemental life, without stimuli is necessary.

Otherwise I can't cope.

Whether thinking is sane or insane, it is still thinking.

The explosion of my sexuality is elicitedly gained.

Being is hard to attain, but easy to disrupt.

The world is my hallucination.

When love dies, there's no recourse.

In my life, there's no prevailing point of view.

New Jersey excites me beyond measure. I can neither control the excitement, manage it, or understand it.

This schizophrenia is all a major hell, My mind is in constant turmoil.

My imagination wears me out. It's such an ordeal.

I'm always looking for a male role model--in life and in art.

Who is this man I have raised here in the Mount Holly area?

People we ask for advice tells us what we ought to do, not what we can do.

You can laugh at anyone you want, but someone always gets the last laugh.

People live like this all the time, but I haven't lived like anyone.

Words make things smaller.

This life is imperfect.

I felt fear of a bull in a dream. I didn't know I could feel that much fear without actually feeling it in real life.

Some blind truth is out there, waiting.

The air is heavier this century--more full of pollutants.

No one acknowledges me. I acknowledge everyone.

A man can't see beyond his own nose. A woman sees everything with her emotions.

I have never seen such a rapid decline in a person as in me, with personality, character, consciousness, body--all declining. I am lead to believe I am destined for glory.

What it takes hours to learn, takes only a minute to dispatch.