

US FIRST: THE CHRONICLE OF A LOVE STORY, Part 3, by

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We had some low ebbs between us sometimes in August 2004. She, Borsalinec and I went to Newport, South Wales. A series of photographs in which I stripped off at a Newport party earlier the same year were passed round. All laughed and so did Jean, but did she really laugh? The day after, it was a Saturday, we were back to Cheltenham and Jean was in one of her moods and it presaged nothing good to me. Then we met later on in the evening at the Costwolds Inn as mutually agreed. Then she said she wasn't impressed by weird people and left, sulky, to see her working class female mate. I went to see Kym and Emma later on and Borsalinec was there too. I told them of Jean's latest antics for, by then, I was contemplating the break up of our relationship. The day after, Sunday, we had to go to Winchcombe as the entire cast of FLARE PATH was to be photographed. Jean came to my flat, as she said she would, and then explained to me in Winchcombe, that she'd been disappointed of my strip tease earlier on that same year. She said she treated my body with respect as she loved me, and couldn't conceive I would mock my body by stripping off and she thought people were laughing at me, not with me. The tension went down, she wasn't sure if our relationship would continue but it just did. I had started to frequent the local Unitarian Church. Unitarian religion is a sort of creed-free, reason encouraging, tolerance promoting and freedom-defending reflective worship. I liked the open mindedness of the church and I started to become a regular attendant. An estate agent employee decided to buy Jean's house as she saw it. Jean got a flat at Tom Price Close. The apartment was cozy, small but spacious enough at the same time with a separate bathroom and Jean like it from the start. Johnny was housed at some foster parents in Painswick. My job was doing my head in but I carried on. I was immersing myself into Christian literature. Jean was to get the money from the sale of her house sometimes in late September. Rehearsals

went on and some sort of stability was settling at last. My translation was well finished and I was counting on some favorable astrological configurations to have it published soon enough. Jean's daughter and her boyfriend moved to Cheltenham from Gloucester. I was waiting for my new identity card a little more worried about my father's increasing illness in Brittany. A year earlier, in 2003, I thought he might pass away during the summer of 2004 due to the transiting of Saturn in Cancer, reaching my natal Jupiter in the sign of the crab and squaring my sun in Aries. And I linked that with the possible death of my dad. My dad did pass away, not at the end of September, coinciding more or less with Jean getting the money from the sale of her house. She was now loaded, giving me just like that a cheque of £500. I was not really surprised when I heard the passing away of my dad. I had just written him a little letter he must have read either a day or only a few hours before his tranquil demise, after having been in and out of hospitals for diabetics and some blood condition. We also were close to the public performance of FLARE PATH.

So we arranged with my brother to travel to South Brittany, to St Brevin les Pins exactly, to where my dad was going to be interred. My brother phoned in the Friday-Saturday night. Jean, Gertrude and myself went to lunch in a café in the Arcades. Jean's mum, her youngest sister and other relatives were there too; the matriarch looked at me with a disapproving eye. I must have returned the same feeling. She didn't speak with her daughter and neither did Jean communicate with her. Only Gertrude was the diplomatic corps between the two tables. On Monday, we left for London, got my passport at the French Consulate. They were under pressure from my brother and the news that my dad had passed away so the red tape was removed so to speak. We took the train to Paris and then to Nantes. I must say Jean paid for all the expenses. In Nantes, one of my cousins, Helen, picked us up and the day after we went to my mum's flat. Many elements of my extended family—cousins, uncles, and aunts—were there and dad was in the bed, lying still under the blanket. The guys came with the coffin

and the burial service was carried out in the church opposite the flat. I cried during the service and my brother was moved too. Jean liked it too and she talked to the few members of my family who could speak English. All in all, she was well received by my family, unlike me in her family. After the service, we went to the crematorium where my dad in the coffin was cremated. The urns were going to put in the Saint Brevin cemetery the day after. Not only my dad but one of his brothers in law died too and so there was another funeral service in Bouayes later on the same day. The church was made of concrete, which I disapproved of, unlike the old church in Saint Brevin. A post-funeral reception was organized at my widowed auntie. Jean was again welcomed. The atmosphere in my mum's flat reminded her of her distant relatives in Ireland. So the day after, after putting the ashes of my dad in the cemetery, I took her to Saint Nazaire across the estuary of the Loire river and shown her round the port. We went back to England the day after, stopping a bit in Paris in the Montparnasse area where we went to a Breton shop and I bought there some Breton music CDs. Back in Cheltenham, Jean bought a car, a new television, a laptop, etc. I was pleased that she had been so well received by my family, considering the brevity and the circumstances of the situation. I was also grateful she paid for the trip to and back, considering I was, as usual, penny-less. The only time when I had managed to pay back Jean was earlier in the same year, around April, after I borrowed a loan from the Post Office and I gave £100 back to Jean. We enjoyed the performance of FLARE PATH. Before the showings, we were sometimes visiting places, like Sharpness Docks or Worcester. She now had her flat well settled and I had mines too. Jamaican Sizzla made quite an impression on me when we went to Sharpness in her car. The reggae was enthralling me and that motivated me to buy and copy several dub CDs in the following months. In spite of my dad passing away, this was one of our best periods together where things were refreshed and renewed. I was considering becoming an Anglican priest and was formally received in the Church sometimes in October 2004. I was engaged in a new translation and started contacting publishers

about the finished other translation. Johnny started to be settled after a fashion with his foster parents in Painswick though he longed for his mum. The job was doing my head in though, as washing up and being kitchen assistant in a cooking environment that was like FAULTY TOWERS can be depleting enough. Janet was the sun in Aries spinster dispatching her tasks to me and grimacing in a funny strange way when she was upset. Katherina started to appear in a different light. One day, in Jean's flat while Clara was there whom she's only been presented to, Katherina suggested the three of them should organize lesbian orgies. Katherina also let them know of her corresponding with a murderer locked in a US jail. He, apparently, was Wiccan, but I doubt if he would have been approved of in the local Pagan community. As a matter of fact, I introduced Katherina to Georgina the kind of Witch 'she-Pope' of Cheltenham. Katherina wanted to become a witch, and when she was presented with what was involved in Alexander Wicca initiation, she lost it and wanted to report Georgina to the police, never mind if the so-called 'infamy' had been known for years as it had already been written about. But Katherina would have none of that. I had to warn Georgina of my 'friend's intentions' and fortunately the matter calmed down. Jean suspected Katherina could have been partly responsible for alleged gossips about me in my workplace. We thought it safe to take some distance from Katherina. A shame really as talking with Jeffrey was always good. The love affair on the pen of Katherina and her US prisoner didn't seem healthy and we didn't want to be involved. Yet, it was during an evening in a pub with Katherina and Jeffrey that I asked Jean in marriage. Even though the theme had been with us for the last three weeks, I somehow became afraid that I would lose her if I didn't marry her. All in all, I'm grateful to Katherina for the support she gave Jean and I during the critical times of Jean's failed suicide attempts, but I cannot feel at ease with a person claiming to fall in love with a murderer locked in a US jail and committing a form of adultery in the form of letters. The last blow between Jean and Katherina was when Kym and my beloved tried to persuade Katherina to allow the use of her correspondence with the

inmate for writing purposes. I couldn't feel OK with the wrong potential she might have brought upon Georgina. Jean agreed to marry me. We decided to ask the Unitarian Church for a proper wedding in their space, for the marriage could reflect our religious individualities and could be truly ours, as opposed to an institutionalized ritual whose contours were unchangeable. The Unitarian minister, Donald, agreed to perform the wedding and a proposed date was set for sometime in the following year, and that was going to be finalized as being the 26th of February 2005. We thought of asking the Costwolds Inn for the wedding party and Jean choose her working class mate as bridegroom as I asked Newport Johnny to be the best man. They both agreed. It may have been around this time that I started tickling her and teasing her with the thought of me doing a dangerous job and she would answer: "No! You're not allowed!" or "You will drown in the sea" when I would mention I was gonna become a fisherman in the Irish Sea. I started hiding under the bed while she was in the bathroom, or occupying the wrong position of the bed. And she would yell: "Get off!" And I would answer: "Come on!" And she would command: "Don't give me your 'Come on'!" For, even though we now had our own private spaces, I would spend my weekend at hers. The period leading to Christmas was more peaceful than the previous year, although the job was getting increasingly something of an ordeal to me, leading to the hostility I showed towards Jean's ex-competitor until I had to apologize to her in early January 2005 as the last straw was added as far as she was concerned. During the good bits of her recovery, Jean was writing again and came up with a few ideas and even a few comedy sketches. Here is one of her short stories:

"A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN: A dark red room. A heavy room. I wear this room like a monstrous topcoat in a hot and stifling summer. It is a locked room and one from which, I fear, I will never be permitted to leave. Here I have been since the day of my wedding which, by my reckoning, is four years past. I knew not then that this was the life my husband, Aaron, had planned for me.

Sometimes, the notion of rescue or escape enters me. What must mother and father think has become of me? Do they believe me dead or gone abroad? I do not know what my rights might be. I know that, as his wife, I am the property of Aaron, listed as one of his goods and chattels. And did I not, in the presence of almighty God, promise to obey? I have before thought of alerting a passer-by, even a constable to my fate by knocking on the window. But what punishment might await me if it were to transpire that Aaron is within his rights to keep his wife just as he so pleases? His study is situated directly above this room and I often hear his footsteps. I also hear the arduous tick of the mantle clock and the carriages that pass along the cobbled street outside my window. On top of the grand piano-forte are sepia photographs of my husband's relations that I whisper to in an effort at a conversation. Sometimes, I fancy, they whisper their most unfriendly replies. I am forbidden to touch the keys of the piano-forte lest I disturb Aaron at his work. There are no means by which I might amuse myself. I have no book to read or embroidery and so I stare and listen to the mantle clock mark the passing of my time. Sara, the maid, brings me a meal and clean clothes and changes the chamber-pot once a day but even she is under instruction not to exchange even the briefest of pleasantries with me. Occasionally, but not often, Aaron comes. Even then I must utter no sound at all. I have had no bleed since his last visit and now my breasts are tender, my waist thickening and I fear I am with-child. I do not know what will happen if this proves to be the case. Will my child be confined with me or will he be destined to spend his young life all alone, locked away separately from me? Will I ever be permitted to see him, even on a rare occasion, say, to give him a kiss for his birthday? Will he be taught to hate me or allowed to know me? I wait. I whisper. I listen. I listen to the footsteps of Aaron, the tick of the mantle clock and the cruel whisperings from the photographs on top of the piano-forte. I feel my child swelling within me and dread what might follow his silent birth into this dark red, heavy room." But the recovery started to slow down when she felt she had to resume her medications and the inspiration started running out.

We had one major disagreement which may well have turned sour, although nothing is sure. I had been to a party organized by a muscled gay member of the staff. At the same time a friend or acquaintance of ours' birthday was celebrated at the Restoration and Jean was there. I joined her towards 10.30 PM. Jean's ex-competitor had also been to that party and, when one evening Jean learned from my mouth I had been to that party, she started to freeze. I had to tell her I didn't let her know about the party because I didn't want to end up in a conversation like the one we were presently engaged in. Jean evidently asked if the ex-competitor was at that gathering, and I had to answer yes because I don't like lying. But never mind if I had returned to Jean at 10.30 PM, it didn't assuage her doubts. We were still debating the unmentioned episode of the party when I had enough and was going to leave her alone in the Costwolds Inn, but she said calmly: "Please, don't storm off!" My anger cooled down and the matter was dropped for a while.

On the whole, the period from FLARE PATH to our wedding was for once relatively uneventful, or at least so because it was pretty free of tribulation, minus Jean's late autumn starting decline of recovery, my own 'problems' at work and the last-paragraph-mentioned 'trouble' between us. Jean was settled in her cozy flat. I tended to see her most weekends and shortly after work. We went to Hereford one day in the autumn of 2004. Jacky Boy came to see his mum on either Wednesdays or weekends and, in spite of missing his mum and moaning about the strict Christianity of his foster-mum, seemed settled enough. He, Harry and Gertrude saw no problems with Jean and I getting married. The drink was relatively more moderate than previously. I thought I was safe drinking only English ale to the exclusion of all the other alcoholic drinks. The one piece of bad news—or 'good news' depending on which angle it is looked at—was some social-security organized family conference sometime in the Summer or Autumn of 2004, in which Jonas, father of Jacky Boy and molester of Harry and Gertrude, was also convoked. There, Jean learned that her mum

thought it OK for "the family to forgive Jonas", without consulting Jean's kids and herself. Apparently, the Kelly family coincided with its 'Prime Minister', i.e. Jean's mum. The family, minus Jean, had later on a drink with Jonas. Gertrude and Harry were to become angry upon learning their maternal grandma taking decisions with the potential of affecting them but without consulting them. So, to Jean and I, it was 'comforting' us in the sense that we weren't wrong in the sense "they"—the Kelly family and its female dictator—thought we were wrong. It rather made us think that something was not quite all right with somebody preferring a father who could get the kids to get up and eat their breakfast on time, never mind if he was also a child molester, than another 'father' who was on the surface less practical, but who at least wasn't a tyrant. In December 2004, Harry gave me a Christmas card in which he stated that I was "the best step dad" he ever had. Jean was also closer to her daughter, both in terms of feelings and in terms of distance, only five minutes away now. Jean moaned about her potential 'son-in-law', Gertrude's boy friend, and Yann-Vari was teasing Jean about it. 2005 was going to have some painful moments, but on the whole nothing like what happened in 2004, but Yann-Vari would fall low. Jean gave me a long leather black coat for Christmas 2004 and the year ended rather well considering the psychological tragedy of the first seven months.

So we worked the wedding ceremony with Unitarian minister Donald and did a rehearsal. On the eve of the wedding, I went for a stag night on my own to the Campbell pub and met with Robert and David-Alexander, two Chaos magicians. There too was Josephine who Jean and I met alongside with Robert in some of the 2004 pagan meetings organized by Georgina. I couldn't believe my ears when Josephine told me she was a Marxist. Never mind. I drank enough ale that night. The day after, Johnny the best man from Newport came in the morning to Cheltenham and I met with him. We smoke a joint. He helped me dress properly, for I am usually alien to the idea of suit. The jacket Jean bought for me was smart with some 'Punk Rock' 'graffiti' on it. I

bought the trousers from Littlewoods, at a reasonable price, and Jean started to worry when I told her the colors of the trousers were brown. She thought I was gonna look awful but she later relaxed when she realized it wasn't that bad. You will have to excuse my French but during the wedding day, I was shitting myself. The transiting Saturn was squaring both Jean's Moon in Libra and my own Sun in Aries. Jacky Boy helped the attendants find their seats. Most people that had come to our 2004 handfasting were there plus other people like Jean's grand parents, her youngest sister, Kym and Emma, Catherine and Jeffrey, etc. JERUSALEM and HOW GREAT THOU ART were sung during the service. Celtic music was also played. The minister quoted extracts from Saint Paul and Kalil Gibran. The church's inside was quite full up actually. At the Costwolds, reserved for the wedding party, Johnny the best man made a speech and I was afraid I would have to hide but people laughed and that was OK. I drunk enough beers but yet not enough to get real pissed and become an asshole. I was tipsy and that was it. The Costwolds landlord and landlady did a superb job in setting up the food and all that. Then, Jean and I did the business newly married couples are supposed to do and the day after we were going to see my mum in South Brittany. The day after was Sunday. Jean had invited her parents to come to the wedding but they obviously declined as they weren't present. My own folks couldn't make it across the English Channel. We went to Bristol airport in which a bullying old security-guard guy asked me why I was carrying so many lighters with me. The staff was humorless to say the least. When we landed in Paris, we were welcomed by wind, snow, gray concrete and seemingly badly organized public transport. We slept in a hotel room that Jean paid for. She actually paid for most of the wedding's costs, like the reservation of the Costwolds for the wedding party. We arrived the day after to South Brittany, to Saint Brevin-les-Pins where were living my mum, my brother, my sister-in-law, my niece and my two nephews. My mum thought our decision to get married was too early. But then, she has unfortunately been depressed since the demise of my dad. Jean and I went to Le Croisic where she

noticed the similarity between Bretons place names and Welsh place names. The town she preferred was Pornic. During that time, Jean's mental state started to decline again though not to the extent of the previous year, thanks God for that. On our return, very shortly after, we went to the Campbell pub where Jean told me she wasn't too sure our wedding had been a good idea and she also said she wanted to visit Rome. I was opposed to the idea, mainly on the ground that she would be in a non-English speaking city in a fragile state of mind, and she spoke only English. I knew what it was like to come to a foreign nation not speaking the native language as it had been the case for me when I arrived in London with practically no English at all, but I had my cousin and his mate around me, so I wasn't on my own. I was more favorable to the idea of her going to Rome with her youngest sister. Jean said that we might break up if I was still going one with that mood. But I was stubborn and she started to weep as I went to buy my last ale. I authoritatively enjoined her to come with me to her flat and she showed no opposition. In the flat, I yelled to her and she at some stage got up as if to hit me. But it seemed I yelled stronger and she starting pacing the kitchen going round in circles so to speak. I calmed down and seemingly managed to cool her down too. I must say I was surprised at her manic pacing, She then relaxed a bit more and me too as well. Till now, I don't know if my yelling attitude was correct and I don't know if this course of action was the sole opened to me.

I think it was the Friday after we returned from Brittany. I was finishing relatively early in the afternoon and I joined Jean that was drinking with her working class female friend, the bridegroom, and her female mates at the Taylors. For some reason, I drank heavily but was happy, met a pal of mines at the Costwolds and went to Jean's flat. I lost memory of what happened in the Costwolds but kind of vaguely recollect being in her flat, and she did return only to find the dry content of pot noodles spread on her carpet. The day after, I was afraid I had done something bad in the Costwolds. I apologized to

them and the landlord told me my performance had been rather funny. They told me I had to leave the pub as I was drunk enough but I insisted to have more drink and eventually I left; but a buddy of mine later let me know he was concerned I could have ended up badly. Jean, to start with, was nonplussed with the bits and pieces of pot-noodles spread on the carpet but then laughed it off. I was doing open mikes in the Costwolds with a few of my songs and the lyrics of William Blake I sung on melodies of mine. Jean and I thought that Harry could perform his music in the Costwolds. He was getting increasingly talented with his blues. And then, at only 15 years old, Harry did his first open mike in the Costwolds, leaving such an impression upon the local fans of blues that this was the start of his career as Gloucestershire's young blues prodigy. One of those blues fans, an old enough pal, became Harry's manager and he started to play, supporting blues artists in small pub venues; and Harry was building a steady portfolio. Jean's mum and dad came one evening watching their grand son play the guitar. Jean's youngest sister was there too, alongside her ex-army, Sun in Sagittarius and manic-depressive boyfriend that was seemingly liked by Margaret Kelly as he was seemingly in their eyes a real sound bloke, unlike me. When I did my performance, Jean's mum told Harry he was much better than I was, but Harry was pissed off by her grandma's comments about me. It's undeniable that, at least as far as blues was concerned, he was ahead of me who had some twenty but erratic years of guitar playing. Nonetheless, even if I had been Jimi Hendrix, Jean's mum would have claimed I was crap. But Margaret was also pissed with white wine and had to vomit bits and pieces in the ladies. She didn't like Jean and I enjoying dancing on some rock and roll. So we had our sweet revenge after all, as I didn't make a fool of myself, but Jean's mum did, and she even annoyed Harry instead of winning him on her side by criticizing my playing.

Needless to say, Jean was proud of her son's achievement, as not only was he very talented and inspired in playing blues, both cover versions

and his own melodies or lyrics, but also because of the turbulent times he had known while under the ordeals of abuse done by his old step dad Jonas, but also considering he developed some form of fear of people and then there was the elephant in the china shop that I was, so for all those reasons Jean was proud of her son. We regularly maintained contact with Jean's daughter and her boyfriend, the potential son-in-law. Jacky Boy was coming once or twice a week and the whole family was sometimes all together in restaurants during a celebration of some sort, like a birthday. I was helping with some service as All Saints high church, convinced I wanted to become an Anglican priest. I was mostly absorbed a lot in Christianity, Mary Magdalene and Sophia, while I was also a regular of the Unitarian Church, itself pleased that our wedding took place in an Unitarian building. I was also doing my open mikes, as stated before, and sometimes Jean was singing accompanied or not by her son. Gertrude thought of getting a driving license and the potential son-in-law was busy with the Playstation and the smoking of joints. The job was getting on my nerves but it was still not as bad as it became the following August of the same year, i.e. 2005. Jean started to lose inspiration big time but still her state never equaled anything as bad as the previous year. She also had some difficulties with Stacey, Harry's foster mother, who was behaving in a funny sort of way around Harry. Some thought as if the foster mum was in love with or fancying a lot the foster son. During the night when Jean's mum came to see her grand son playing and she made a fool of herself, the foster mum was included in the "family conference" that took place in the ladies with Jean's mum and Jean's youngest sister. Stacey threw some allegations against Jean and she was getting quite pissed off with it all. More seriously, Stacey's stupid actions were maybe having an impact on Jean's mental health. One evening I joined her at her daughter's flat and she was deeply annoyed at one of Harry's foster mum's silly schemes and I was concerned that Jean was quite drunk and difficult to reason. Stacey was incensed when she learned Jean suspected her of fancying the foster son. Jean claimed that Stacey put Harry on a pedestal to the detriment of her own sons.

Like Stacey would come to see Harry playing blues but would not turn up to see her own son play football. It is indeed possible, whatever the truths behind all this, that this quite affected Jean in a way I'm only now realizing the possible seriousness it actually had. We went to Falmouth, Cornwall, for a weekend in June, and I certainly enjoyed the ships and the Celtic vibe of the place. We took some walk in the town, a mere 17,000 inhabitants, twinned with the Breton port town of Douarnenez which is also located in Breton 'Cornwall', the CORNOUAILLES. Jean and I even argued over the so-called 'Englishness' of Cornwall. Jean favored the Englishness of it whereas I was stating Cornwall is only English administratively-speaking, that it was a Celtic entity distinct from England. In Cornwall, Jean thought the place names weren't really English after all. We went to see a band's gig in pub later on in the evening. The day after, I went for an Anglican service in the local Anglican Church. It was not high church, but seemed traditional Anglican enough. In the church was a flag of Brittany and I asked the priest about it later with Jean. He told me: "We are Celt in Cornwall!" The day after was a bit depressive for me. The thought of living alive Falmouth for drearier Cheltenham and my horrible workplace didn't inspire me much. I wanted to have a quick stop at Truro, which Jean agreed with initially. But this Monday morning, she just drove past Truro and that was a bit disappointing. We stopped for a bit in Exeter along the boring-ish port. Yes the port is better than nothing but the city did seem to us sufficiently boring in comparison with Falmouth. Although I suppose you can't expect much from any provincial medium-sized cities and Monday morning. Later in late July or early August we went to Ireland. Leaving on Monday, we took the ferry from Pembroke Docks after a nice train trip in West Wales, the interesting bit of the journey being between Swansea and Pembroke Docks of course. The Ferry took us near Wexford where stayed enjoying some beers but not so much the non-smoking policy of all Irish pubs. We took walks in the town and along the harbor. The atmosphere reminded us a bit of the atmosphere in Breton port town Le Croisic. We bought some books and saw twice some good music,

especially a kind of 'folk-rock' guitarist, singer and composer whose music was soulful and funny in a sort of way, exhibiting incredibly talented sounds with his special effect pedals. Both Jean and I were stunned by the quality of the music and the performance. Wexford appeared to us much more relaxed than Cheltenham. We slept in the ferry harbor before taking the ship back to Britain. We had a really good walk among some rocks and it was really relaxing. It wasn't the same back in Britain with the thought of my horrible workplace. I was passably irritable in the train and so was Jean. They were going to change my working hours at Grevill House and I would have to start working on Sunday, which idea I hated. The last trip in Jean's car was an aborted trip to Sharpness as she couldn't, or we couldn't, find the right road to the port, going instead round in circles around Stroud. By then, Jean's mental was declining further and my anger and frustration were getting worse.

Yet, in that August were two positively memorable moments for Jean and I. The first was the third art event in Newport, taking place in fact in Wentwood, the start of which seemed doomed as it was gray and raining, but it developed fine although it had an irritating New Age touch about it. The second event was the marriage of Clara and Holly, and Jean and I went to the after wedding party organized in the Suffolk Arms, Cheltenham. There Borsalinec and Nicholas Papaflovski made up after two years of persistent cold war between them over the Borsalinec-unwillingly-instigated incident of him holding Nicholas, kind of, by the throat. Most of the fellows of the former experimental theatre group were there, minus Helen as she had left Daniel Brainy a year earlier, and Daniel had found a new female companion in the person of Jenny, over whom Jean and I nearly split up two years earlier. All in all, the whole lot had a good time.

So at work, Timothy was demoted from being a cook in charge to a cook not in charge, or kitchen assistant number one. Our manageress Dorothy still advised us that things were going to be all right, in her inappropriate optimism. Now my participation in the High Church

mass was compromised and that partly put me down. I was also wondering if I would ever take off or remain prisoner of this low job, wondering if my doing a degree had been a complete waste of time and everything else. One evening, I walked to my flat to Jean's, and I don't know why, I had bad thoughts towards her, except by attributing that to my anger and my projection of it onto her. When I came to hers, she told me she had an idea to get me out of my situation. She said we could set up a second hand bookshop. That idea had been in the air on a few occasions, born in Jean's mind. I didn't make any effort to hide my despondency and then Jean went into a funny mood. I could have made at least an effort to appreciate her endeavour of getting me out of my shit job situation. I tried to comfort her but we were both in a low mood. Then there was the episode when we had been in a shabby pub down the lower high street on some Sunday afternoon, to see some Irish music which turned out to be cheesy music, where I expressed to her my regret of having lost the many female friendships I had before meeting with Jean. She didn't take it gladly. By the way, now that our relationship is not so rigid and an "US FIRST" type, the same problem seems to carry on so I cannot impute that to Jean but only to myself. Another time, a Wednesday afternoon, Jean, Gertrude and Harry were at the Costwolds Inn and I was there too. Jean was weeping and said she couldn't live with me, that her jealousy or obsession was too strong and that she'd rather commit suicide for she couldn't bear the thought of losing me either. Harry left crying and so did Gertrude. Her younger sister joined us but then, both angry and upset, I left for my flat. Then the youngest sister texted to come back to the pub and be with her sister, i.e. Jean as she couldn't be left on her own. A year ago, she would have said to Jean that I should be have been kicked out of the picture for Jean's welfare. Now I was begged to come to her for her welfare. It is true that Jean's youngest sister seemed to have changed her opinion about me as she attended our wedding for instance and confessed to Jean that she used to feed her nephews' mind with funny ideas about me. Back to the pub then! The sister left and Borsalinec came later. By then, Jean's consumption of alcohol seemed

to give her a different countenance. She wanted to see a gig at the Slak pub. Her attitude was now what I would describe as the unreasonable, "I-do-what-I-like", fuelled by many drinks. I just was pissed off with the whole situation and refused to go to the gig, so I left her with Borsalinec. I slept in her flat after doing the open mike at the Costwolds, more "punk-rock" than usual as I was using the energy aroused by the anger in the performances of the songs. At some stage in the night, I was awake or it might have been before going to bed, and Jean texted me saying I had to rescue her from being at Borsalinec, even though nothing bad would take place. She certainly was safe with him. I was annoyed first for being dismissed and then for being begged to be considerate for her. I refused to comply and fell asleep. Jean might have been struggling with disturbing contents of her unconscious, like forgotten wounded memories surfacing to the level of her conscious mind, for she was following some NHS funded counseling or psychotherapy and she had, due to it, some understanding of her. It seemed that she had been abused as a child and that her mum's attitude to her had been detrimental, something we both suspected. But at that time of August 2005, our relationship was under serious enough strain and I was getting increasingly angrier. Then the last but one Sunday of August 2005, I went to her flat in the evening finding her totally distressed and drinking wine with Borsalinec. Obviously he had tried to help her but didn't seem to realize that her hitting the bottle wasn't helping her at all. She then, or I, or both of us, got angry and she claimed to have slept behind my back while she was away in Crete and that it was fault she was in this state. I then lost it and started fighting with her, not even drunk. Later on I was drunk when I joined both of them in the Campbell and we had other fights when we went back to her flat, Borsalinec screaming for us both to calm down. I left the flat being told by her next door neighbor that he had called the cops, and I said: "Fine!" I thought this time we were finished as a couple. I took a day off the morning after and she texted me to come to her flat and mend our relationship. Then the following Monday, the last one of August, it was a Bank Holiday and I left the

workplace in the afternoon, angry at what I thought was my kitchen female colleague's conscious or unconscious manipulation of the kitchen's atmosphere and the subsequent putdown of Timothy. I joined Jean at the Weatherspoon and we drank many ales and bitters. Clara and her boyfriend-now-turned-husband were there too for a while. Then it was US FIRST drinking more beers and having a good evening. Jean even gave me a cheque of £1,000 for me to spend for she wanted to prove the point that having money wouldn't make me happier. Earlier that day I saw a guy walking two pig bull terrier type dogs and I liked the scene. On the way back to her flat from the pub, I told her I would like to have a dog like that. This she refused pointblank. In her flat she was debating with me that I couldn't look after the dog and that if I had a dog, she wouldn't move with me, for we had the idea of moving back together, and I projected this would take place in early 2006. But upon hearing her refusal, I lashed at her and hit her, calling her a "mentally ill bitch". The next door neighbor heard the noise and called the cops again. This time they arrested me and I spent the night in one of the cells of the police station, tearing my clothes apart and yelling at the cops. But the day after was a different story. How could I have fallen so low? What made the event sad among other things is that she had had an understanding of her psychology very lately as a result of her psychotherapy.

So the day after I left the station after the loss of genetic samples and a caution for Assault Occasioning Bodily Harm. I was dressed in some mean black outfit given by the police. I half lied to the workplace saying I had been involved in a fight that got me spending the night in a police cell. I went home to change and went to Jean's flat, saw Jean on the bed and said: "Sorry!" She replied, fairly pissed off: "Are you really?" The tension abated and I was soul-searching while she was recovering as best she could from the beating up. She found it harder, she told me, to cope with the actual insults than the physical hits. Gertrude came later and I confessed right away what I had done. She said we both needed to sort ourselves out and that we should stop

drinking, otherwise our relationship would break up. Later that day or the day after, I phoned the Alcoholic Anonymous to tell them what I did under the beer-aggravated circumstances. I went to see a Catholic priest to confess the deed and I then arranged with Father Mike of All Saints for a proper confession. I started to see GIDAS for working out my drink problem, for by then I couldn't hide it. I was not in control, even when limiting my drinks to bitter and ale and nothing else. I could be violent and abusive when drunk and angry, and the husband-beating-his-wife behavior certainly contradicted the Woman's Studies degree I was holding. For even though I had hit her before in the Autumn of 2003, I regret to say I felt justified because I couldn't see any other way out. But here was something entirely different, as what she was saying was reasonable. I think what triggered the beating was her saying she wouldn't move with me if I was to take a dog. I don't think it's the actual preference of her keeping her flat that sent me wild, but the fact of yet, again, a new set of conditions and restrictions on me, and perhaps it was felt as the last straw, but the rage was deeper and bigger, maybe having been accumulated over a period of time. But whatever the reasons, it was just unacceptable and now I had the black and white choice of improving and not drinking, or continuing drinking and going down hill, and of course continuing drinking would have meant losing Jean. But Jean was also struggling with the drink, mostly vodka in her case, and her behavior changed dramatically when she hit the bottle, like the cheque of £1,000 she gave me earlier in the evening I beat her up. That cheque was of course cancelled, and I couldn't come to terms with the fact that she gave me a cheque of £1,000 and that I hit her after, ending up in a police cell. So, of course I had to stop drinking. Jean, the day after the incident, told me: "Now I won't be able to feel safe with you." She started to be wobblier. The Friday after the incident, I had decided to go to a local AA meeting held in the Quaker building very close to Jean's flat. For some reason, she said she couldn't come herself and that she would have rather me staying in the flat, because she couldn't be left alone. I was adamant I was gonna go there when she somehow

gave me the impression to hit herself with the kettle and swear after it either because she missed the hit or some other reason. She had used strong language as the kettle was filled with cold water and she hoped to find some boiling water to carry out the self harm. Her screaming and self-harming got me panicky as I thought the next door neighbor would think I was beating her up again. So I just ran away and, in Saint James Car Park towards the flat of Gertrude and her boyfriend, although I don't know if I was really walking to their place, Jean texted me begging me to return to the flat. I walked back to the accommodation and then decided to go to the Londis to buy some white wine. Even though I was opposed to the idea of her drinking, I couldn't think of anything else that would calm her down. So then she relaxed with some wine while I went to the AA. I returned to the flat with some AA literature and I passed some of it to Jean. The morning after I went to work and later Jean let me know she'd been taken aback by the AA literature for she could recognize herself in it, i.e. as an alcoholic person.

So her discovery of being an alcoholic re-invigorated her desire to stop drinking. I was wondering whether I was a "borderline alcoholic", as described to me by my friend Jones-Jones, or completely alcoholic. In any case, alcohol was bad for me, as demonstrated by me beating up Jean and the other tens of troubles I got myself into due to the drink controlling me, like the sabotage of parties I've executed, etc. In any case, attending the AA gave me a new perspective on my drink problem. It's not just poor people who become alcoholic. It's also people from a good social background who end up losing wife, kids, job and houses due to their alcoholism. There were and are still enough similarities to put me into the side of alcoholics, considering as well that my dad had been one except that he stopped drinking in 1979 till his death in 2004. I think Jean's alcoholism is stronger than mine but it doesn't matter at the end of the day concerning the degrees of alcoholism. The fact that I have to think of not going beyond a certain level of drinks is proof of alcohol controlling me. It seems healthy

drinkers know when to stop, instinctively so to speak if that may be said. So I resolved to stop drinking altogether in mid-October 2005, hoping that what I truly aspired to experience would come true, and to an extent that has been the case. Our relationship wasn't broken and was given a new vigor by us confronting our respective alcoholism. Towards the end of October 2005, a Saturday afternoon, at the workplace, I was hit by an industrial injury. I was pulling the tray of dishes having been just cleaned in the dishwasher when a flower vase I took from the said tray exploded into the palm of my right hand, leaving a scar still visible to this day, and I could have had my right hand unusable for six months had the cut been deeper. The second in charge of Grevill House, Heather, who was one of my favorite workers there—she left the nursing home not long after—took me to hospital and Jean came there later on to check on me after I texted her about the incident. I took a week off and then resumed work for about a week until my GP advised me to be off sick for a while, as I was depressed and apparently suffering of OCD, manifested in the manner of compulsively doing the Rosary during my work breaks. Jean has revealed she also had OCD, as told her by her psychotherapist, and she reckoned I had the symptoms of Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, mine manifesting in the religious rituals and earlier on in my childhood, and her manifesting in her obsession of and towards me, as well as other counting mania. So, in a way, seeing us as both suffering from alcoholism and OCD, although in different degrees, cemented, I think, our relationship. And now I was off work, as I was then nervously exhausted to work in a kitchen I completely hated, as *Faulty Towers* is funny when it's on the telly, but when it happens nearly everyday in your workplace, it can become a nightmare for some, and it was a bad dream to me, except that the dream was real. We were now in November 2005.

I spent most nights of the rest of November and December 2005 at her place, going to mine in the afternoon to pick up the mail, do some readings and work on a new translation I started around my last few

working days. It was a book about the Goddess which has a translated title of THE GODDESS OF THE BEGINNINGS. I now was following a counselor at GIDAS and could sort my thoughts out by telling him a few things. We had pretty much decided to move back together and Jean found a house round the corner of her inhabitation. We would be moving in early January 2006. We nearly broke up over the question whether I was going to return to Kali or not and that, if I returned to Her, I would lose her. It was a pain in the arse to work that out and I can't remember what my resolve was but I decided to come to her place later in the evening of the same day and that was it. The tension went down. Apart from this mishap and another, this was a relatively enjoyable period for both of us in which she would do her yoga practice and then I would translate on her computer and email other works of mine or translations to potential publishers. I was also playing Driver 2 on a Playstation 1, which had been recently acquired from Jacky Boy. The last major mishap of that year occurred one day in November or December. Jean had returned to the flat from her psychotherapy, in which she had a talk with her counselor about some of her issues, and then she started mentioning her OCD-obsession of me, and what happened in late January 2004. She started to collapse, yelling she wanted to end up our relationship which was also a marriage. I don't know how I managed or she managed to calm down but at some stage, her therapist was on her mobile and advised me to step back and comfort when moments of crisis like that would hit her. I believe we went to the Campbell pub afterwards. At that stage I was not drinking alcohol anymore, but it is possible Jean had a few, although I can't really recollect whether she had a few or not. On the way back to the flat, I was still pissed off about the crisis of the afternoon just gone and about other things too, so her and me, we stepped in the flat and I said she was lucky I was not drunk, and at that she said I was always the same, "never considering (her) situation or not comforting (her) enough" when she was having a blip, for that crisis had been a blip. Things calming down a bit, we were in bed and she was happy telling me her heart was uniquely in love with me, but I

was frustrated because I was convinced I was having communication problems with her, due to not knowing how to articulate my communication to her, as I was fearing upsetting her by making myself misunderstood. So eventually I yelled a bit feeling unable to express what I felt was a communication problem between us. And she started sobbing, protesting how I could shout at her when she was revealing her intimate heart to me. She went to the bathroom to finish her sobbing. I went after her and tried to comfort her. I didn't feel too right about it. But on the whole, we had a good relatively quieter and certainly lovelier time between us, as opposed to the lower hours of August just gone. The intimacy was sprinkled with sex, "Tickle!", "No", "I'm going to be a fisherman in the Irish Sea!", "No! You're not allowed!", both us having a bath together, reading and massage.

Jacky Boy was coming most weekends and, unfortunately, I started to be annoyed by his constant "Mum! You are so beautiful! I love you!" Not that I was against him showing affection to his mum, especially considering his unwilling witnessing of what took place with her since we met, but because they were uttered every ten minutes or so. I may also have telepathically connected, on an unconscious level, with Jean's desire to have him back. It is not that I was opposed to them being back together, it's with Jean changing her mind that I had trouble with. For at first, she told me more than just a few times that her role as mother was over, so to speak. And we moved to this house in this new rented house, round the corner of Jean's flat, towards the second half of January, after a nice Christmas and New Year. Once we were more or less settled with the main stuff inside, Jean started to stay in the living room doing nothing. And then she resumed going to the psychiatric ward for at least a fortnight. She claimed that the stress of moving into a new place was probably a bit too much, and then she said she regretted her old flat and didn't like the new house. And that's where I started being a bit anxious again at the prospect of any disrupting new idea of Jean. And then on a few occasions, she threatened me with eviction—one involving that Jacky boy would have

to move back and that I would have to move out. And then she would change her mind but insisting that I was to leave my space for turning it into a bedroom for Jacky Boy, which I did by moving my stuff in the conservatory which I turned into a reading space, and she was so pleased she bought a book on fairies. I did agree for Jacky Boy to move back but provided we were going to take things one at a time. So to start with, he was going to move back in July, and then it was in Easter. But Gertrude, as far as I recall, and I were advising Jean not to rush into things. And then there was the occasional drink and bout of drunkenness, not as bad as 2004, but still bad for me due to precisely remembering too well what took place in 2004. So, I told Jean that she would have now the responsibility to sort herself out and not to drink. The psychotherapy was on its way out and I thought Jean would work hard on herself. Then, sometimes in May 2006, Jean went back to the psychiatric ward for a few hours. In the car driven by her youngest sister to the ward, she accused me and her daughter to telepathically control her, or something of the same ludicrous order. Inside the car, I yelled to be dropped off. I went to see Clara and her boyfriend moaning about the turn of the domestic situation; they then mentioned they were going to rave parties and that I probably could find ecstasy easily enough there, for I wanted something of the kind to refresh my vibes so to speak. Then Jean phoned from the ward on my mobile begging me to take her back home. I went there and learned that she had trashed her assigned room. Somehow, the staff agreed to let her back to her accommodation. Then Jean was crying while we waited for the taxi at the entrance of the ward. Back in the house, I didn't hide my annoyed feelings, and she said she was sorry and couldn't help herself. Then I tried to let her know that Clara and her boyfriend... Sorry I was forgetting they got married the previous August. So I said to Jean Clara and her husband told me they were going to rave parties and I was interested to go there now and again with them. But Jean would not have any of it and point blank refused to discuss the matter further. I was getting frustrated of having any bit of freedom left threatened while being subjugated to her drastic mood swings and

changes of mind, as I am a person who needs a stable environment. And I lost it again due to anger and hit her, although not as bad as the last time in August 2005, and she also hit back but, to the horror of feminists, I felt this time justified as the conversation option was refused from the start, never mind the menace of eviction, again, suggested earlier on by Jean on her way to the hospital. And so the morning after she said I could not stay in the house as I hit her, never mind the emotional tribulation she put me through in a single afternoon. So then I was reluctantly but not that unwillingly resigning to the idea of moving out of Jean's life, once and for all. I went out for a while as I had to breath fresh air, so annoyed was I with her. Returning to the house later in the afternoon, she asked for a hug and not to hit her again. Which was fine with me. I just wanted her to be more consistent in her moods, wishes and attitude. Sure, the violence was regrettable, encouraging me to undertake a course in anger management, which I still haven't taken.

On a more positive note, both Jean and I went to see Harry performing in the Gloucester-based Guildhall Arts Center. He played there twice, supporting established blues bands. On one occasion, the mayor was there too. So here we have our 15 year old playing blues classics and his own compositions on his own, with only his voice and his guitar, supporting blues bands composed of people in their fifties. And Harry's talent won the hearts of everyone. So both Jean and I were pleased for him. Harry got also interviewed and reviewed by the local Cheltenham newspaper. Gertrude got her driving license and could now drive the car her mum had given her last year, as Jean felt she could not go on driving any more.

So Jacky Boy moved back in Easter 2006, and we all started to acclimatize ourselves to the new circumstances. Some family life normality was re-established. We spend quite a few evenings together, watching East Enders, Doctor Who and other material. Johnny from Newport was now a good mate of Jacky Boy and was now coming to see Jean's youngest in Cheltenham from time to time. I was pleased with

this development in Jacky Boy's life, as being friends with Johnny could be great good in a sort of educational way. After all Johnny has got a degree and a master in English Literature or Poetry or something of the like. Now and again, Jacky Boy was going to Newport, sometimes with me, sometimes on his own. What the both of them also shared was a passion for Doctor Who. Johnny, Jean and I had started watching the new Doctor Who and that constituted to me some of the good moments of 2005. Daniel, former director of the staging of THE KING IN YELLOW, came once or twice and Jacky Boy was happy to have him playing the board game JUNTA with him, Borsalinec and Nicholas Papaflovsky, about the electoral and governmental tribulations of a banana republic, and Jacky Boy was glad when he was elected president. I was reading a lot of Aldous Huxley while doing massages to Jean, as I wanted our literary culture to be enhanced. I was finding more and more my spiritual niche within the Unitarian Church. Gertrude was often coming to help her mum with the cleaning and caring for her too. I contended myself with washing up and the occasional washing of clothes. In any case, Jean had decreed that the kitchen was her queendom. But in spite of a certain normalcy which we all needed, Jean had a few blips and drinking bouts, which in my opinion and the thought of some, she could not afford if she wanted to keep Jacky Boy. I was not prepared to return to a 2004-type home situation. On the positive side, both Jean and I had resumed our involvement in the Play House and we both appeared in the performance of ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS during the Summer of 2006, although her part was far more substantial than mine. Thanks to Jean, I got a place in the pantomime that was to take place in December of the same year. In August 2006, Jean, Jacky Boy, Harry and his dad went to Crete again for holiday, and I went to Brittany for the same purpose, helped by Jean's money it must be said. Pretty much right before their departure to Crete, Harry returned to live with his mum and now we had to find a new house. The estate agent helped us in booking a house for us to move into in early September 2006. I was glad to spend a longer time in Brittany to see a few of my mates I

didn't see in years. My mum was still the same in her stagnant depression. At least she was not getting further below but she was unfortunately not getting better since the passing away of my dad. Jean said she had a good time, although it was not as fantastic as the first time they went to Crete, and she missed the meetings at Alcoholic Anonymous. But things started to crash down again when I returned from Brittany. First of all, she found out I had been visiting Dikka one day while she was away, for I had left the Cheltenham-Caldicot period return train ticket that, as she returned home from holiday before me, she found lying somewhere and, instantly, her OCD centered on me having affairs behind her back resumed. I was exasperated to be doubted again just because I went to see an old female pal of mine I've been knowing for 7 years before meeting Jean. Then 2 or 3 days after my return, we were returning home from an Alcoholic Anonymous meeting, in the last week of August, I told her I was thinking of resuming naturism, which I had done a few times back in 1994 and 2000. Upon hearing this idea, Jean decided she could not live with me and that I would have to find a place to stay. That was the crashing down. The day after, I was fuming. I had an appointment with WTCS, some sort of organization helping people get back to work. I had to explain what had happened to the staff of WTCS. I went in the afternoon to the estate agent telling him of the development of my family. So I was cast out because I wanted to do some naturism, nice one! Then the day after, the estate agent found me a flat in Tom Price Close, pretty much around the corner of the 99 Fairview Road we were due to leave the morrow after. I calmed down and Jean and I got a new understanding of our relationship, which now would not be an exclusive "Us First"! Incidentally, the new house Jean and her kids were moving to was pretty much round the corner of the flat I used to live in after the Social Services compelled me to leave Jean's former house in the Summer of 2004. So here was I with a certain freedom allowed to single people, and so Jean was restored to her single person freedom. Good things happened to me, like performing three times with the Newport-based experimental rock band BOSCH in... Newport.

I carried on with the rehearsal of the pantomime scheduled to be performed in December. Jean had a time in which she was on high, but then she started to deteriorate, drinking more often. Harry didn't feel comfortable and again moved back to his foster mum. I was coming every Friday to see Jean, spending part time lover moments with her. Jean had sex with Borsalinec, when both of them were drunk, and she forced the situation upon him and she was distressed after, texting me a request to forgive her. I was more amused than anything else though it must have been laughable for Jean, even though she initiated the situation from A to Z so to speak. She had also in October or November a short-lived affair with Paulo, a mental patient she met back in her 2004 voluntary internment in the psychiatric ward. I was not jealous. I just wanted her to make the right choice in terms of partner, a thing she was not able to do when she was having a blip as, on one occasion, she had met with this fifties-something guy, and I met the pair of them in the High Street. He was going to accompany her to her doctor, as Jean was uncontrollable in her mood passing, swinging from giggling to sobbing. I had some deal to carry out at the bank but, right after those formalities, I rushed to the surgery as I didn't feel too right about the guy. He was rich and turned out to be quite a pervert. I accompanied Jean to her new and nice house and the guy walked off. She also had an infatuation for a woman who had gotten beaten up by her boyfriend after her and Jean had an evening out.

But in November, my beloved fell further down in terms of mental health. I could see she was pretty bad and I remember my feelings of love towards her as I was describing her condition to a new acquaintance of mine; and then, at turn of the month, just before December, she decided to kick me out of her life, pretty much a week after she begged me not to drop her because of her depression. I was furious for a whole fortnight; I even threw wedding and handfasting rings down the toilets. My mood was fuming but still I carried on with the performance of the pantomime, in which I played a psychotic and cannibal pathologist, a role that suited me. Some tarot cards done for

me helped me to understand I had to give up the hatred and resentment against Jean. I was able to see Jean and the kids before going to Newport for Christmas 2006. She told me she was too centered around me, that she did the ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS to impress me, that her life ought to be centered around her. I accepted the new terms of our relationship. In the period of Christmas and the New Year, I got some of the numbers I play recorded on CD in Newport which was, to me, a nice achievement even though I lost the percussion beat a few times but never mind. Jean on New Year's day went to St Mary Church, felt at peace there and started becoming a practicing Christian, stopping hitting the bottle and the weed and the fag. Her writing resumed as she completed her first assignment for the Open University ahead of the deadline. I had two further CDs done and started to develop an interest towards Jewish mysticism. I'm again a sort of part-time lover with Jean and herself, and even though she threw as well her own wedding and handfasting rings away, she considers me to be her only love. I know I love her as I was distressed enough by her deterioration prior to December 2006. I'm glad she's on better tracks. Now, for the first time in four years, she has her three kids with her under the same roof as Gertrude left her flat and Harry had to move back with his mum, evicted by his foster mum who was apparently jealous of Harry continuing to see his biological mum. So it seems US FIRST continues. God put us there together for a reason. And I could go on and on, mentioning the things she brought to me like Tony Hancock, Michael Caine, Ben Helton and a renewed appreciation of dub and reggae among other things. She has mostly challenged some of my assumptions and compelled me to mature, not mentioning the erotic experience I was lacking. But the most important things she brought me was the love, pure and simple, as expressed in this love card she gave me in 2006, with a poem of Lori Langer entitled "Why I Fell in Love with You" (1):

"I fell in love with you For everything you say And the way you say it That allows me to believe You care very deeply for me, Understand

me, And respect me. I fell in love with you For everything you do And the way you do it - The way you help me. The way you touch me. And the way you share with me. You let me into your heart Where you hold your deepest secrets And your deepest feelings. I fell in love with you Because you made me smile From the very first moment I met you, And you've never caused That smile to disappear. Most of all, I fell in love with you Because the first time I looked into your eyes, I found the love I had dreamed of finding All my life."

Among other things, I did manage to reimburse her a bit, from March to August 2005 and earlier this year of 2007, but I reckon I still owe more money. As to what I brought to her, it's up to her to write her own version of US FIRST. JM AVRIL with the contribution of Jo, Sylvia and Laura SALMON

(1) Blue Mountain Arts, Boulder, Colorado, no date is indicated.